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THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS"



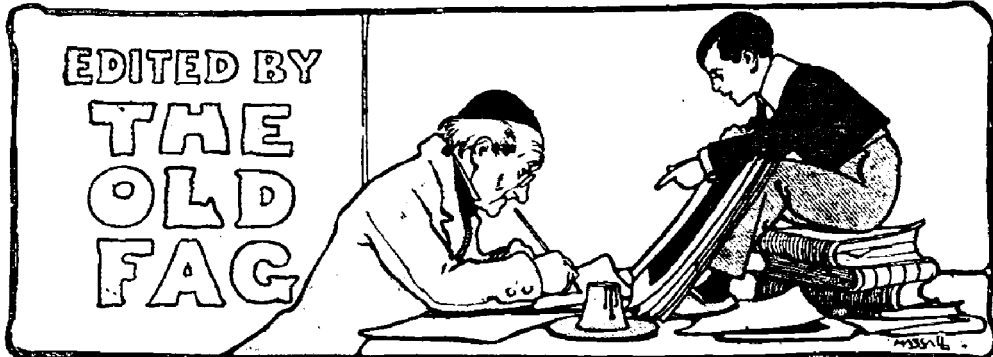
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Natural History Editor.

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MORNING WITH THE WILD RED DEER.
S. J. Carter.

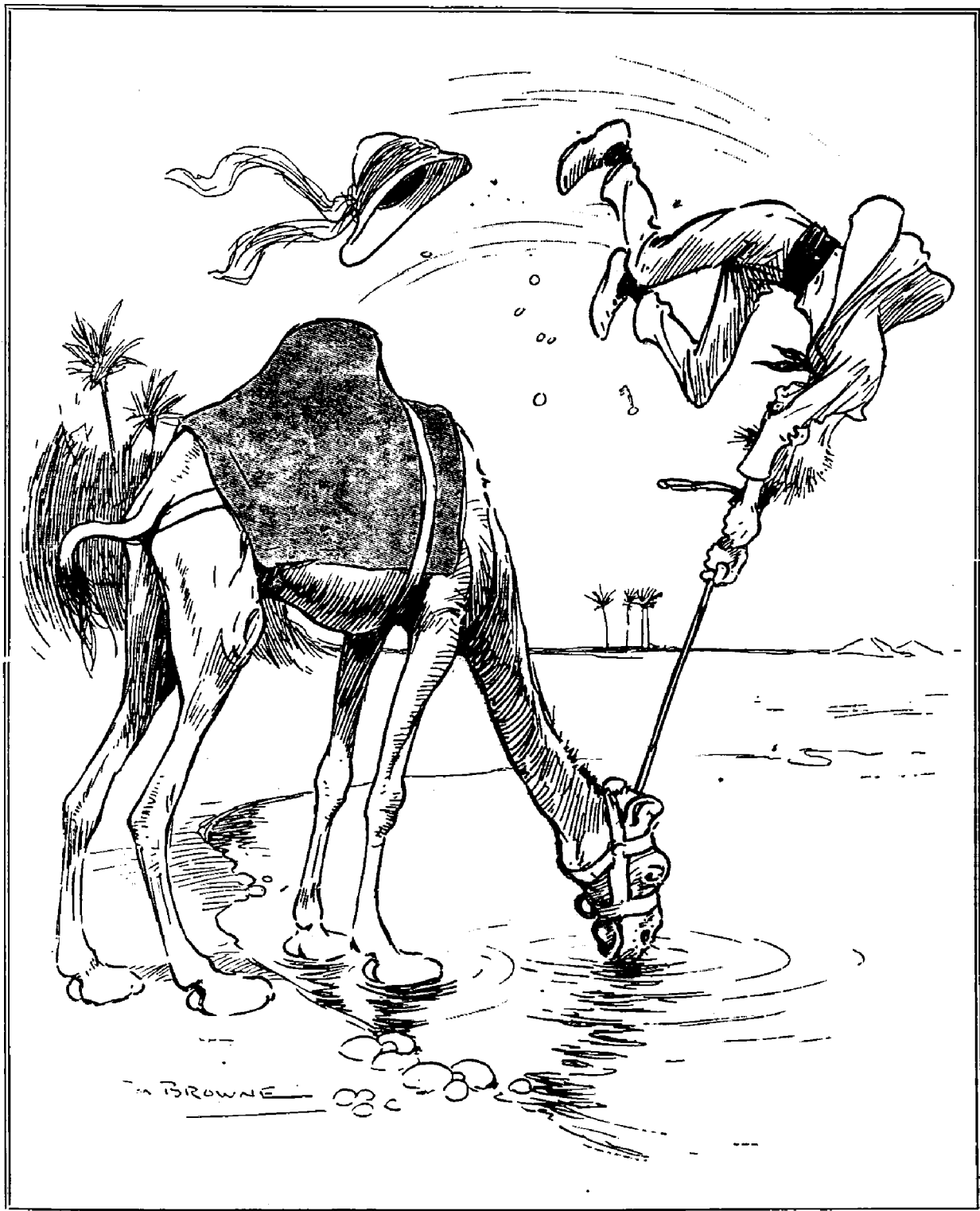
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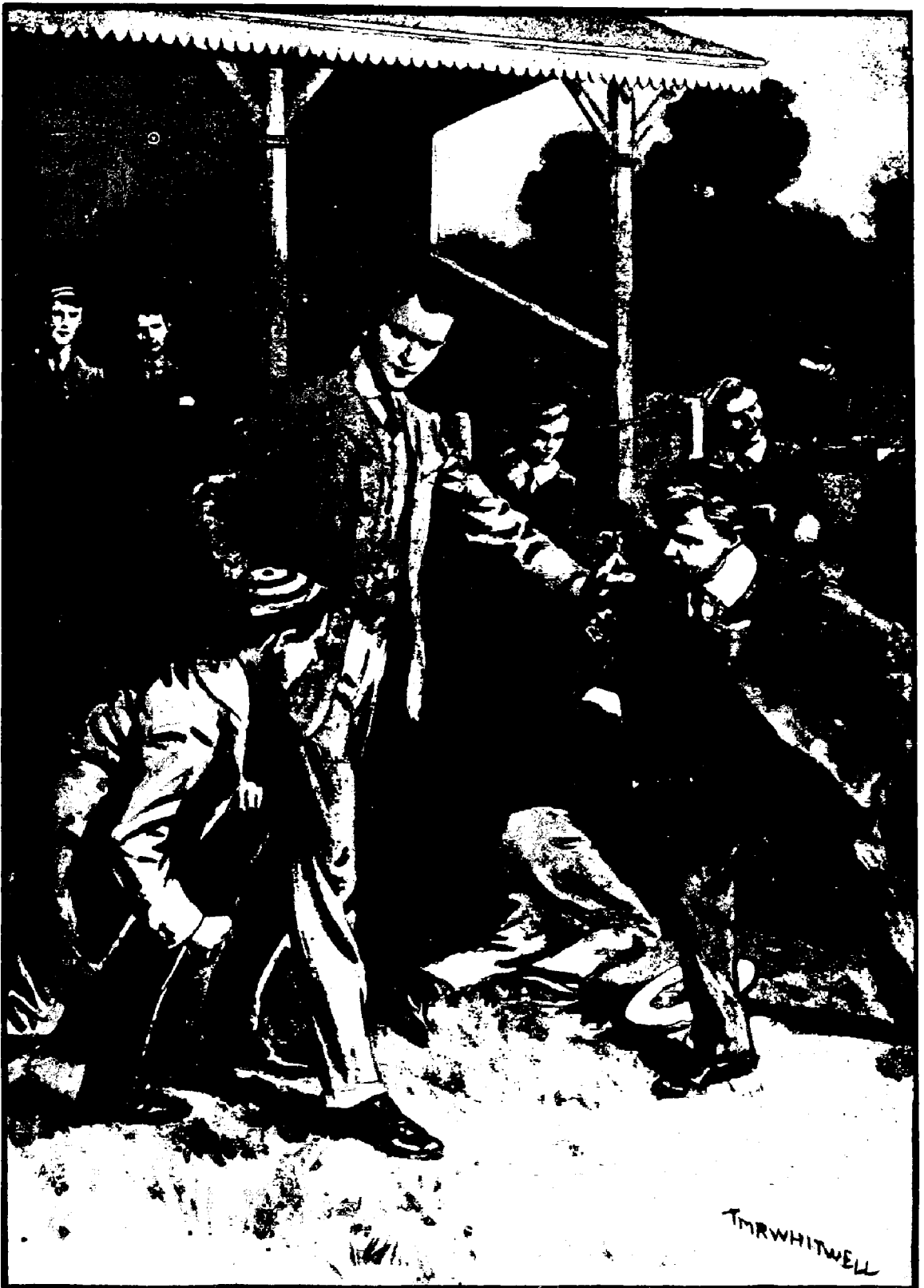




A HINT FROM OUR ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO EGYPT.

If your camel wants to drink, do not restrain him.

By Tom Browne, R.I.



HE SEPARATED TWO HEATED YOUTHS WHO WERE JUST BEGINNING A FOURTH ROUND.

THE HEAD OF KAY'S



A
PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY
BY
P. G. WODEHOUSE.
ILLUSTRATED BY
TMRWHITWELL.

CHAPTER I.

MAINLY ABOUT FENN.

“**W**HEN we get licked to-morrow by half-a-dozen wickets,” said Jimmy Silver, tilting his chair until the back touched the wall, “don’t say I didn’t warn you. If you fellows take down what I say from time to time in note-books, as you ought to do, you’ll remember that I offered to give anyone odds that Kay’s would out us in the final. I always said that a really hot man like Fenn was more good to a side than half-a-dozen ordinary men. He can do all the bowling and all the batting. All the fielding, too, in the slips.”

Tea was just over at Blackburn’s, and the bulk of the house had gone across to preparation in the school buildings. The prefects, as was their custom, lingered on to finish the meal at their leisure. These after-tea conversations were quite an institution at Blackburn’s. The labours of the day were over, and the time for preparation for the morrow had not yet come. It would be time to be thinking of that in another hour. Meanwhile, a little relaxation might be enjoyed. Especially so as this was the last day but two of the summer term, and all necessity for working after tea had ceased with the arrival of the last lap of the examinations.

Silver was head of the house, and captain of its cricket team, which was nearing the end of its last match, the final for the inter-house cup, and—on paper—getting decidedly the worst of it. After riding in triumph over the School

House, Bedell’s, and Mulholland’s, Blackburn’s had met its next door neighbour, Kay’s, in the final, and to the surprise of the great majority of the school was showing up badly. The match was affording one more example of how a team of average merit all through may sometimes fall before a one-man side. Blackburn’s had the three last men on the list of the first eleven, Silver, Kennedy, and Challis, and at least nine of its representatives had the reputation of being able to knock up a useful twenty or thirty at any time. Kay’s, on the other hand, had one man, Fenn. After him the tail started. But Fenn was such an exceptional all-round man that, as Silver had said, he was as good as half-a-dozen of the Blackburn’s team, equally formidable whether batting or bowling—he headed the school averages at both. He was one of those batsmen who seem to know exactly what sort of ball you are going to bowl before it leaves your hand, and he could hit like another Jessop. As for his bowling, he bowled left hand—always a puzzling eccentricity to an undeveloped batsman—and could send them down very fast or very slow, as he thought best, and it was hard to see which particular brand he was going to serve up before it was actually in mid-air.

But it is not necessary to enlarge on his abilities. The figures against his name in *Wisden* prove a good deal. The fact that he had steered Kay’s through into the last round of the house matches proves still more. It was perfectly obvious to everyone that, if only you could get Fenn out for under ten, Kay’s total for that innings would be nearer twenty than forty. They were an appalling side. But then no House bowler had as yet succeeded in getting Fenn out

for under ten. In the six innings he had played in the competition up to date, he had made four centuries, an eighty and a seventy.

Kennedy, the second prefect at Blackburn's, paused in the act of grappling with the remnant of a pot of jam belonging to some person unknown, to reply to Silver's remarks.

"We aren't beaten yet," he said, in his solid way. Kennedy's chief characteristics were solidity, and an infinite capacity for taking pains. Nothing seemed to tire or discourage him. He kept pegging away till he arrived. The ordinary person, for instance, would have considered the jam-pot, on which he was then engaged, an empty jam-pot. Kennedy saw that there was still a strawberry (or it may have been a section of a strawberry) at the extreme end, and he meant to have that coy vegetable if he had to squeeze the pot to get at it. To take another instance, all the afternoon of the previous day he had bowled patiently at Fenn while the latter lifted every other ball into space. He had been taken off three times, and at every fresh attack he had plodded on patiently, until at last, as he had expected, the batsman had misjudged a straight one, and he had bowled him all over his wicket. Kennedy generally managed to "get there" sooner or later.

"It's no good chucking the game up simply because we're in a tight place," he said, bringing the spoon to the surface at last with the section of strawberry adhering to the end of it. "That sort of thing's awfully feeble."

"He calls me feeble!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "By James, I've put a man to sleep for less."

It was one of his amusements to express himself from time to time in a melodramatic fashion, sometimes accompanying his words with suitable gestures. It was on one of these occasions—when he had assumed at a moment's notice the rôle of the "Baffled Despot," in an argument with Kennedy in his study on the subject of the house football team—that he broke what Mr. Blackburn considered a valuable door with a poker. Since then he had moderated his transports.

"They've got to make seventy-nine," said Kennedy.

Challis, the other first eleven man, was reading a green scoring book.

"I don't think Kay's ought to have the face to stick the cup up in their dining-room," he said, "considering the little they've done to win it. If they *do* win it, that is. Still, as they made two hundred first innings, they ought to be able to knock off seventy-nine. But I was saying that the pot ought to go to Fenn. Lot the rest of the team had to do with it. Blackburn's, first innings, hundred and fifty-one,

Fenn, eight for forty-nine. Kay's, two hundred and one. Fenn, a hundred and sixty-four not out. Second innings, Blackburn's hundred and twenty-eight. Fenn ten for eighty. Bit thick, isn't it? I suppose that's what you'd call a one-man team."

Williams, one of the other prefects, who had just sat down at the piano for the purpose of playing his one tune—a cake-walk, of which, through constant practice, he had mastered the rudiments—spoke over his shoulder to Silver.

"I tell you what, Jimmy," he said, "you've probably lost us the pot by getting your people to send brother Billy to Kay's. If he hadn't kept up his wicket yesterday Fenn wouldn't have made half as many."

When his young brother had been sent to Eckleton two terms before, Jimmy Silver had strongly urged upon his father the necessity of placing him in some house other than Blackburn's. He felt that a head of a house, even of so orderly and perfect a house as Blackburn's, has enough worries without being saddled with a small brother. And on the previous afternoon young Billy Silver, going in eighth wicket for Kay's, had put a solid bat in front of everything for the space of one hour, in the course of which he made ten runs and Fenn sixty. By scoring odd numbers off the last ball of each over, Fenn had managed to secure the majority of the bowling in the most masterly way.

"These things will happen," said Silver, resignedly. "We Silvers, y' know, can't help making runs. Come on, Williams, let's have that tune, and get it over."

Williams obliged. It was a classic piece called "The Coon Band Contest," remarkable partly for a taking melody, partly for the vast possibilities of noise which it afforded. Williams made up for his failure to do justice to the former by a keen appreciation of the latter. He played the piece through again, in order to correct the mistakes he had made at his first rendering of it. Then he played it for the third time to correct a new batch of errors.

"I should like to hear Fenn play that," said Challis. "You're awfully good, you know, Williams, but he might do it better still."

"Get him to play it as an encore at the concert," said Williams, starting for the fourth time.

Fenn's abilities included music. He was not a genius at the piano, as he was at cricket, but he was a sufficiently sound performer for his age, considering that he had not made a special study of it. He was to play at the school concert on the following day.

"I believe Fenn has an awful time at Kay's," said Jimmy Silver. "It must be a fair sort of

hole, judging from the specimens you see crawling about in Kay caps. I wish I'd known my people were sending young Billy there. I'd have warned them. I only told them not to sling him in here. I had no idea they'd have picked Kay's."

"Fenn was telling me the other day," said Kennedy, "that being in Kay's had spoiled his whole time at the school. He always wanted to come to Blackburn's, only there wasn't room that particular term. Bad luck, wasn't it? I don't think he found it so bad before he became head of the house. He didn't come into contact with Kay so much. But now he finds that he can't do a thing without Kay buzzing round and interfering."

"I wonder," said Jimmy Silver, thoughtfully, "if that's why he bowls so fast. To work it off, you know."

In the course of a beautiful innings of fifty-three that afternoon, the captain of Blackburn's had received two of Fenn's speediest on the same spot just above the pad in rapid succession, and he now hobbled painfully when he moved about.

The conversation that evening had dealt so largely with Fenn—the whole school, indeed, was talking of nothing but his great attempt to win the cricket cup single-handed—that Kennedy, going out into the road for a breather before the rest of the boarders returned from preparation, made his way to Kay's to see if Fenn was imitating his example, and taking the air too.

He found him at Kay's gate, and they strolled towards the school buildings together. Fenn was unusually silent.

"Well?" said Kennedy, after a minute had passed without a remark.

"Well, what?"

"What's up?"

Fenn laughed what novelists are fond of calling a mirthless laugh.

"Oh, I don't know," he said; "I'm sick of this place."

Kennedy inspected his friend's face anxiously by the light of the lamp over the school gate. There was no mistake about it. Fenn certainly did look bad. His face always looked lean and craggy, but to-night there was a difference. He looked used up.

"Fagged?" asked Kennedy.

"No. Sick."

"What about?"

"Everything. I wish you could come into Kay's for a bit just to see what it's like. Then you'd understand. At present I don't suppose you've an idea of it. I'd like to write a book on 'Kay Day by Day.' I'd have plenty to put in it."

"What's he been doing?"

"Oh, nothing out of the ordinary run. It's the fact that he's always at it that does me. You get a houseful of—well, you know the sort of chap the average Kayite is. They'd keep me busy even if I were allowed a free hand. But I'm not. Whenever I try and keep order and stop things a bit, out springs the man Kay from nowhere, and takes the job out of my hands, makes a ghastly mess of everything, and retires purring. Once in every three times, or thereabouts, he slangs me in front of the kids for not keeping order. I'm glad this is the end of the term. I couldn't stand it much longer. Hullo, here come the chaps from prep. We'd better be getting back."

CHAPTER II.

AN EVENING AT KAY'S.

THEY turned, and began to walk towards the houses. Kennedy felt miserable. He never allowed himself to be put out to any great extent by his own worries, which, indeed, had not been very numerous up to the present, but the misfortunes of his friends always troubled him exceedingly. When anything happened to him personally he found the discomfort of being in a tight place largely counterbalanced by the excitement of trying to find a way out. But the impossibility of helping Fenn in any way depressed him.

"It must be awful," he said, breaking the silence.

"It is," said Fenn briefly.

"But haven't the house matches made any difference? Blackburn's always frightfully bucked when the house does anything. You can do anything you like with him if you lift a cup. I should have thought Kay would have been all right when he saw you knocking up centuries, and getting into the final, and all that sort of thing."

Fenn laughed.

"Kay!" he said. "My dear man, he doesn't know. I don't suppose he's got the remotest idea that we are in the final at all, or if he has, he doesn't understand what being in the final means."

"But surely he'll be glad if you lick us to-morrow?" asked Kennedy. Such indifference on the part of a housemaster respecting the fortunes of his house seemed to him, having before him the bright example of Mr. Blackburn, almost incredible.

"I don't suppose so," said Fenn. "Or if he is, I'll bet he doesn't show it. He's not like Blackburn. I wish he was. Here he comes, so perhaps we'd better talk about something else."

The vanguard of the boys returning from preparation had passed them, and they were now standing at the gate of the house. As Fenn spoke, a little restless-looking man in cap and gown came up. His clean-shaven face wore an expression of extreme alertness—the sort of look a ferret wears as he slips in at the mouth of a rabbit-hole. A doctor, called upon to sum up Mr. Kay at a glance, would probably have said that he suffered from nerves. Which would have been a perfectly correct diagnosis, though none of the members of his house put his manners and customs down to that cause. They considered that the methods he pursued in the management of the house were the outcome of a naturally malignant disposition. This was, however, not the case. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Kay did not mean well. But there is no doubt that he was extremely fussy. And fussiness—with the possible exceptions of homicidal mania and a taste for arson—is quite the worst characteristic it is possible for a housemaster to possess.

He caught sight of Fenn and Kennedy at the gate, and stopped in his stride.

"What are you doing here, Fenn?" he asked, with an abruptness which brought a flush to the latter's face, "why are you outside the house?"

Kennedy began to understand why it was that his friend felt so strongly on the subject of his housemaster. If this was the sort of thing that happened every day, no wonder that there was dissension in the house of Kay. He tried to imagine Blackburn speaking in that way to Jimmy Silver or himself, but his imagination was unequal to the task. Between Mr. Blackburn and his prefects there existed a perfect understanding. He relied on them to see that order was kept, and they acted accordingly. Fenn,



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, FENN?" ASKED MR. KAY.

by the exercise of considerable self-control, had always been scrupulously polite to Mr. Kay.

"I came out to get some fresh air before lock-up, sir," he replied.

"Well, go in. Go in at once. I cannot allow you to be outside the house at this hour. Go indoors directly."

Kennedy expected a scene, but Fenn took it quite quietly.

"Good-night, Kennedy," he said.

"So long," said Kennedy.

Fenn caught his eye, and smiled painfully. Then he turned and went into the house.

Mr. Kay's zeal for reform was apparently

still unsatisfied. He directed his batteries towards Kennedy.

"Go to your house at once, Kennedy. You have no business out here at this time."

This, thought Kennedy, was getting a bit too warm. Mr. Kay might do as he pleased with his own house, but he was hanged if he was going to trample on *him*.

"Mr. Blackburn is my house-master, sir," he said with great respect.

Mr. Kay stared.

"My house-master," continued Kennedy with gusto, slightly emphasising the first word, "knows that I always go out just before lock-up, and he has no objection."

And, to emphasise this point, he walked towards the school buildings again. For a moment it seemed as if Mr. Kay intended to call him back, but he thought better of it. Mr. Blackburn, in normal circumstances a pacific man, had one touchy point—his house. He resented any interference with its management, and was in the habit of saying so. Mr. Kay remembered one painful scene in the Masters' Common Room when he had ventured to let fall a few well-meant hints as to how a house should be ruled. Really, he had thought Blackburn would have choked. Better, perhaps, to leave him to look after his own affairs.

So Mr. Kay followed Fenn indoors, and Kennedy, having watched him vanish, made his way to Blackburn's.

Quietly as Fenn had taken the incident at the gate, it nevertheless rankled. He read prayers that night in a distinctly unprayerful mood. It seemed to him that it would be lucky if he could get through to the end of the term before Mr. Kay applied that last straw which does not break the backs of camels only. Eight weeks' holiday with plenty of cricket would brace him up for another term. And he had been invited to play for the county against Middlesex four days after the holidays began. That should have been a soothing thought. But it really seemed to make matters worse. It was hard that a man who on Monday would be bowling against Warner and Beldam, or standing up to Trott and Hearne, should on the preceding Tuesday be sent indoors like a naughty child by a man who stood five-foot-one in his boots, and was devoid of any sort of merit whatever.

It seemed to him that it would help him to sleep peacefully that night if he worked off a little of his just indignation upon somebody. There was a noise going on in the fags' room. There always was at Kay's. It was not a particularly noisy noise—considering; but it had better be stopped. Badly as Kay had treated him, he remembered that he was head of the

house, and as such it behoved him to keep order in the house.

He went downstairs, and, on arriving on the scene of action, found that the fags were engaged upon spirited festivities, partly in honour of the near approach of the summer holidays, partly because—miracles barred—the house was going on the morrow to lift the cricket-cup. There were a good many books flying about, and not a few slippers. There was a confused mass rolling in combat on the floor, and the table was occupied by a scarlet-faced individual, who passed the time by kicking violently at certain hands, which were endeavouring to drag him from his post, and shrieking frenzied abuse at the owners of the said hands. It was an animated scene, and to a deaf man might have been most enjoyable.

Fenn's appearance was the signal for a temporary suspension of hostilities.

"What the dickens is all this row about?" he inquired.

No one seemed ready at the moment with a concise explanation. There was an awkward silence. One or two of the weaker spirits even went so far as to sit down and begin to read. All would have been well but for a bright idea which struck some undiscovered youth at the back of the room.

"Three cheers for Fenn!" observed this genial spirit in no uncertain voice.

The idea caught on. It was just what was wanted to give a finish to the evening's festivities. Fenn had done well by the house. He had scored four centuries and eighty, and was going to knock off the runs against Blackburn's to-morrow off his own bat. Also he had taken eighteen wickets in the final house-match. Obviously Fenn was a person deserving of all encouragement. It would be a pity to let him think that his effort had passed unnoticed by the fags' room. Happy thought! Three cheers and one more, and then "He's a jolly good fellow," to wind up with.

It was while those familiar words "It's a way we have in the public scho-o-o-l-s," were echoing through the room in various keys that a small and energetic form brushed past Fenn as he stood in the doorway, vainly trying to stop the fags' choral efforts.

It was Mr. Kay.

The singing ceased gradually, very gradually. It was some time before Mr. Kay could make himself heard. But after a couple of minutes there was a lull, and the house-master's address began to be audible.

"... unendurable noise. What is the meaning of it? I will not have it. Do you hear? It is disgraceful. Every boy in this room will write me two hundred lines by to-morrow evening. It is abominable. Fenn." He wheeled round

towards the head of the house. "Fenn, I am surprised at you standing here and allowing such a disgraceful disturbance to go on. Really, if you cannot keep order better—It is disgraceful, disgraceful."

Mr. Kay shot out of the room. Fenn followed in his wake, and the procession made its way to the house-master's study. It had been a near thing, but the last straw had arrived before the holidays.

Mr. Kay wheeled round as he reached his study door.

"Well, Fenn?"

Fenn said nothing.

"Have you anything you wish to say, Fenn?"

"I thought you might have something to say to me, sir."

"I do not understand you, Fenn."

"I thought you might wish to apologise for slanging me in front of the fags."

It is wonderful what a difference the last straw will make in one's demeanour to a person.

"Apologise! I think you forget whom it is you are speaking to."

When a master makes this well-worn remark, the wise youth realises that the time has come to close the conversation. All Fenn's prudence, however, had gone to the four winds.

"If you wanted to tell me I was not fit to be head of the house, you needn't have done it before a roomful of fags. How do you think I can keep order in the house if you do that sort of thing?"

Mr. Kay overcame his impulse to end the interview abruptly in order to put in a thrust.

"You do not keep order in the house, Fenn," he said acidly.

"I do when I am not interfered with."

"You will be good enough to say 'sir' when you speak to me, Fenn," said Mr. Kay, thereby scoring another point. In the stress of the moment Fenn had not noticed the omission.

He was silenced. And before he could recover himself, Mr. Kay was in his study, and there was a closed, forbidding door between them.

And as he stared at it, it began slowly to dawn upon Fenn that he had not shown up to advantage in the recent interview. To put it crisply, he had made a fool of himself.

CHAPTER III.

THE FINAL HOUSE-MATCH.

BLACKBURN'S took the field at three punctually on the following afternoon, to play out the last act of the final house-match. They were not without some small hope of victory, for curious things happen at cricket, especially in the fourth

innings of a match. And runs are admitted to be easier saved than made. Yet seventy-nine seemed an absurdly small score to try and dismiss a team for, and in view of the fact that that team contained a batsman like Fenn it seemed smaller still. But Jimmy Silver, resolutely as he had declared victory impossible to his intimate friends, was not the man to depress his team by letting it become generally known that he considered Blackburn's chances small.

"You must work like niggers in the field," he said; "don't give away a run. Seventy-nine isn't much to make, but if we get Fenn out for a few they won't come near it."

He did not add that in his opinion Fenn would take very good care that he did not get out for a few. It was far more likely that he would make that seventy-nine off his own bat in a dozen overs.

"You'd better begin, Kennedy," he continued, "from the top end. Place your men where you want 'em. I should have an extra man in the deep, if I were you. That's where Fenn kept putting them last innings. And you'll want a short leg, only for goodness' sake keep them off the leg-side if you can. It's a safe four to Fenn every time if you don't. Look out, you chaps. Man in."

Kay's first pair were coming down the Pavilion steps.

Challis, going to his place at short slip, called Silver's attention to a remarkable fact.

"Hullo," he said, "why isn't Fenn coming in first?"

"What! By Jove, nor he is. That's queer. All the better for us. You might get a bit finer, Challis, in case they snick 'em."

Wayburn, who had accompanied Fenn to the wicket at the beginning of Kay's first innings, had now for his partner one Walton, a large, unpleasant-looking youth, said to be a bit of a bruiser, and known to be a black sheep. He was one of those who made life at Kay's so close an imitation of an Inferno. His cricket was of a rustic order. He hit hard and high. When allowed to do so he hit often. But, as a rule, he left early, a prey to the slips or deep fields. To-day was no exception to that rule.

Kennedy's first ball was straight and medium-paced. It was a little too short, however, and Walton, letting go at it with a semi-circular sweep like the drive of a golfer, sent it soaring over mid-on's head and over the boundary. Cheers from the pavilion.

Kennedy bowled his second ball with the same purposeful air, and Walton swept at it as before. There was a click, and Jimmy Silver, who was keeping wicket, took the ball comfortably on a level with his chin.

"How's that?"

The umpire's hand went up, and Walton went out—reluctantly, murmuring legends of how he had not gone within a yard of the thing.

It was only when the next batsman who emerged from the pavilion turned out to be his young brother and not Fenn, that Silver began to see that something was wrong. It was conceivable that Fenn might have chosen to go in first wicket down instead of opening the batting, but not that he should go in second wicket. If Kay's were to win it was essential that he should begin to bat as soon as possible. Otherwise there might be no time for him to knock off the runs. However good a batsman is, he can do little if no one can stay with him.

There was no time to question the newcomer. He must control his curiosity until the fall of the next wicket.

"Man in," he said.

Billy Silver was in many ways a miniature edition of his brother, and he carried the resemblance into his batting. The head of Blackburn's was stylish, and took no risks. His brother had not yet developed a style, but he was very settled in his mind on the subject of risks. There was no tempting him with half-volleys and long-hops. His motto was defence, not defiance. He placed a straight bat in the path of every ball, and seemed to consider his duty done if he stopped it.

The remainder of the over was, therefore, quiet. Billy played Kennedy's fastest like a book, and left the more tempting ones alone.

Challis's first over realised a single, Wayburn snicking him to leg. The first ball of Kennedy's second over saw him caught at the wicket, as Walton had been.

"Every time a cocoanut," said Jimmy Silver complacently, as he walked to the other end. "We're a powerful combination, Kennedy. Where's Fenn? Does anybody know? Why doesn't he come in?"

Billy Silver, seated on the grass by the side of the crease, fastening the top strap of one of his pads, gave tongue with the eagerness of the well-informed man.

"What, don't you know?" he said. "Why, there's been an awful row. Fenn won't be able to play till four o'clock. I believe he and Kay had a row last night, and he cheeked Kay, and the old man's given him a sort of extra. I saw him going over to the School House, and I heard him tell Wayburn that he wouldn't be able to play till four."

The effect produced by this communication would be most fittingly expressed by the word "sensation" in brackets. It came as a complete surprise to everyone. It seemed to knock the

bottom out of the whole match. Without Fenn the thing would be a farce. Kay's would have no chance.

"What a worm that man is," said Kennedy. "Do you know, I had a sort of idea Fenn wouldn't last out much longer. Kay's been ragging him all the term. I went round to see him last night, and Kay behaved like a bounder then. I expect Fenn had it out with him when they got indoors. What a beastly shame, though."

"Beastly," agreed Jimmy Silver. "Still, it can't be helped. The sins of the house-master are visited on the house. I'm afraid it will be our painful duty to wipe the floor with Kay's this day. Speaking at a venture, I should say that we have got them where the hair's short. Yea. Even on toast, if I may be allowed to use the expression. Who is this coming forth now? Curtis, or me old eyes deceive me. And is not Curtis's record score three, marred by ten chances? Indeed yes. A fastish yorker should settle Curtis's young hash. Try one."

Kennedy followed the recipe. A ball later the middle and leg stumps were lying in picturesque attitudes some yards behind the crease, and Curtis was beginning that "sad, unending walk to the pavilion," thinking, with the poet,

"Thou wast not made to play, infernal ball!"

Blackburn's non-combatants, dotted round the boundary, shrieked their applause. Three wickets had fallen for five runs, and life was worth living. Kay's were silent and gloomy.

Billy Silver continued to occupy one end in an immovable manner, but at the other there was no monotony. Man after man came in, padded and gloved and looking capable of mighty things. They took guard, patted the ground lustily, as if to make it plain that they were going to stand no nonsense, settled their caps over their eyes, and prepared to receive the ball. When it came it usually took a stump or two with it before it stopped. It was a procession such as the school grounds had not often seen. As the tenth man walked from the pavilion, four sounded from the clock over the Great Hall, and five minutes later the weary eyes of the supporters of Kay's were refreshed by the sight of Fenn making his way to the arena from the direction of the School House.

Just as he arrived on the scene Billy Silver's defence broke down. One of Challis's slows, which he had left alone with the idea that it was going to break away to the off, came in quickly instead, and removed a bail. Billy Silver had only made eight; but, as the full score, including one bye, was only eighteen, this was above the average, and deserved the applause it received.

Fenn came in in the unusual position of

eleventh man, with an expression on his face that seemed to suggest that he meant business. He was curiously garbed. Owing to the shortness of the interval allowed him for changing, he had only managed to extend his cricket costume as far as white buckskin boots. He wore no pads or gloves. But even in the face of those sartorial deficiencies he looked like a cricketer. The field spread out respectfully, and Jimmy Silver moved a man from the slips into the country.

There were three more balls of Challis's over, for Billy Silver's collapse had occurred at the third delivery. Fenn mistimed the first. Two hours writing indoors do not improve the eye. The ball missed the leg stump by an inch.

About the fifth ball he made no mistake. He got the full face of the bat to it, and it hummed past coverpoint to the boundary. The last of the over he put to leg for three.

A remarkable last-wicket partnership now took place, remarkable not so much for tall scoring as for the fact that one of the partners did not receive a single ball from beginning to end of it, with the exception of the one that bowled him. Fenn seemed to be able to do what he pleased with the bowling. Kennedy he played with a shade more respect than the others, but he never failed to score a three or a single off the last ball of each of his overs. The figures on the telegraph-board rose from twenty to thirty, from thirty to forty, from forty to fifty. Williams went on at the lower end instead of Challis, and Fenn made twelve off his first over. The pavilion was filled with howling enthusiasts, who cheered every hit in a frenzy.

Jimmy Silver began to look worried. He held a hasty consultation with Kennedy. The telegraph-board now showed the figures 60—9—8.

"This won't do," said Silver. "It would be too foul to get licked after having nine of them out for eighteen. Can't you manage to keep Fenn from scoring odd figures off the last ball of your over? If only that kid at the other end would get some of the bowling we should do it."

"I'll try," said Kennedy, and walked back to begin his over.

Fenn reached his fifty off the third ball. Seventy went up on the board. Ten more and Kay's would have the cup. The fourth ball was too good to hit. Fenn let it pass. The fifth he drove to the on. It was a big hit, but there was a fieldsman in the neighbourhood. Still, it was an easy two. But to Kennedy's surprise Fenn sent his partner back after they had run a single. Even the umpire was surprised. Fenn's policy was so obvious that it was strange to see him thus deliberately allow his partner to take a ball.

"That's not over, you know, Fenn," said the

umpire—Lang, of the School House, a member of the first eleven.

Fenn looked annoyed. He had miscounted the balls, and now his partner, who had no pretensions to be considered a bat, would have to face Kennedy.

That mistake lost Kay's the match.

Impossible as he had found it to defeat Fenn, Kennedy had never lost his head or his length. He was bowling fully as well as he had done at the beginning of the innings.

The last ball of the over beat the batsman all the way. He scooped blindly forward, missed it by a foot, and the next moment the off stump lay flat. Blackburn's had won by seven runs.

CHAPTER IV.

HARMONY AND DISCORD.

WHAT might be described as a mixed reception awaited the players as they left the field. The pavilion and the parts about the pavilion rails were always packed on the last day of a final house match, and even in normal circumstances there was apt to be a little sparring between the juniors of the two houses which had been playing for the cup. In the present case, therefore, it was not surprising that Kay's fags took the defeat badly. The thought that Fenn's presence at the beginning of the innings, instead of at the end, would have made all the difference between a loss and a victory, maddened them. The crowd that seethed in front of the pavilion was a turbulent one.

For a time the operation of chairing Fenn up the steps occupied the active minds of the Kayites. When he had disappeared into the first eleven room, they turned their attention in other directions. Caustic and uncomplimentary remarks began to fly to and fro between the representatives of Kay's and Blackburn's. It is not known who actually administered the first blow. But, when Fenn came out of the pavilion with Kennedy and Silver, he found a stirring battle in progress. The members of the other houses who had come to look on at the match stood in knots, and gazed with approval at the efforts of Kay's and Blackburn's juniors to wipe each other off the face of the earth. The air was full of shrill battle-cries, varied now and then by a smack or a thud, as some young but strenuous fist found a billet. The fortune of war seemed to be distributed equally so far, and the combatants were just warming to their work.

"Look here," said Kennedy, "we ought to stop this."

"What's the good?" said Fenn, without

interest. "It pleases them, and doesn't hurt anybody else."

"All the same," observed Jimmy Silver, moving towards the nearest group of combatants, "free fights aren't quite the thing, somehow. For, children, you should never let your angry passions rise: your little hands were never made to tear each other's eyes. Dr. Watts, 'Advice to Young Pugilists.' Drop it, you little beasts."

He separated two heated youths who were just beginning a fourth round. The rest of the warriors, seeing Silver and the others, called a truce, and Silver, having read a sort of Riot Act, moved on. The juniors of the beaten house, deciding that it would be better not to resume hostilities, consoled themselves by giving three groans for Mr. Kay.

"What happened after I left you last night, Fenn?" asked Kennedy.

"Oh, I had one of my usual rows with Kay, only rather worse than usual. I said one or two things he didn't like, and to-day the old man sent for me and told me to come to his room from two till four. Kay had run me in for being 'grossly rude.' Listen to those kids. What a row they're making!"

"It's a beastly shame," said Kennedy despondently.

At the school shop Morrell, of Mulholland's, met them. He had been spending the afternoon with a rug and a novel on the hills at the back of the school, and he wanted to know how the final house-match had gone. Blackburn's had beaten Mulholland's in one of the early rounds.

Kennedy explained what had happened.

"We should have lost if Fenn had turned up earlier," he said. "He had a row with Kay, and Kay gave him a sort of extra between two and four."

Fenn, busily occupied with an ice, added no comment of his own to this plain tale.

"Rough luck," said Morrell. "What's all that row out in the field?"

"That's Kay's kids giving three groans for Kay," explained Silver. "At least, they started

with the idea of giving three groans. They've got up to about three hundred by this time. It seems to have fascinated them. They won't leave off. There's no school rule against groaning in the grounds, and they mean to groan till the end of the term. Personally, I like the sound. But then, I'm fond of music."

Morrell's face beamed with sudden pleasure. "I knew there was something I wanted to tell you," he said, "only I couldn't remember what. Your saying you're fond of music reminds me.



THE AIR WAS FULL OF SHRILL BATTLE-CRIES.

Mulholland's crooked himself, and won't be able to turn out for the concert."

"What!" cried Kennedy. "How did it happen? What's he done?"

Mr. Mulholland was the master who looked after the music of the school, a fine cricketer and keen sportsman. Had nothing gone wrong, he would have conducted at the concert that night.

"I heard it from the matron at our place," said Morrell. "She's full of it. Mulholland

was batting at the middle net, and somebody else—I forget who—was at the one next to it, on the right. The bowler sent down a long hop to leg, and this Johnny had a smack at it, and sent it slap through the net, and it got Mulholland on the side of the head. He was stunned for a bit, but he's getting all right again now. But he won't be able to conduct to-night. Rather bad luck on the man, especially as he's so keen on the concert."

"Who's going to sub. for him?" asked Silver.

"Perhaps they'll scratch the show," suggested Kennedy.

"Oh, no," said Morrell, "it's all right. Kay is going to conduct. He's often done it at choir practices when Mulholland couldn't turn up."

Fenn put down his empty saucer with an emphatic crack on the counter.

"If Kay's going to run the show, I'm hanged if I turn up," he said.

"My dear chap, you can't get out of it now," said Kennedy anxiously. He did not want to see Fenn plunging into any more strife with the authorities this term.

"Think of the crowned heads who are coming to hear you," pleaded Jimmy Silver. "Think of the nobility and gentry. Think of me. You must play."

"Ah, there you are, Fenn."

Mr. Kay had hustled in in his energetic way.

Fenn said nothing. He was there. It was idle to deny it.

"I thought I should find you here. Yes, I wanted to see you about the concert to-night. Mr. Mulholland has met with an unfortunate accident, and I am looking after the entertainment in his place. Come with me and play over your piece. I should like to see that you are perfect in it. Dear me, dear me, what a noise those boys are making. Why are they behaving in that extraordinary way, I wonder!"

Kay's juniors had left the pavilion, and were trooping back to their house. At the present moment they were passing the school shop, and their tuneful voices floated in through the open window.

"This is very unusual. Why, there seem to be boys in my house. They are groaning."

"I think they are a little upset at the result of the match, sir," said Jimmy Silver suavely. "Fenn did not arrive for some reason till the end of the innings, so Mr. Blackburn's won. The wicket was good, but a little fiery."

"Thank you, Silver," replied Mr. Kay with asperity. "When I require explanations I will ask for them."

He darted out of the shop, and a moment later they heard him pouring out a flood of recriminations on the groaning fags.

"There was *once* a man who snubbed me," said Jimmy Silver. "They buried him at Brookwood. Well, what are you going to do, Fenn? Going to play to-night? Harkee, boy. Say but the word, and I will beard this tyrant to his face."

Fenn rose.

"Yes," he said briefly, "I shall play. You'd better turn up. I think you'll enjoy it."

Silver said that no human power should keep him away.

The School concert was always one of the events of the Summer term. There was a concert at the end of the Winter term, too, but it was not so important. To a great many of those present the Summer concert marked, as it were, the last flutter of their school life. On the morrow they would be Old Boys, and it behoved them to extract as much enjoyment from the function as they could. Under Mr. Mulholland's rule the concert had become a very flourishing institution. He aimed at a high standard, and reached it. There was more than a touch of the austere about the music. A glance at the programme was enough to show the lover of airs of the trashy, clashy order that this was no place for him. Most of the items were serious. When it was thought necessary to introduce a lighter touch, some staidly rollicking number was inserted, some song that was saved—in spite of a catchy tune—by a halo of antiquity. Anything modern was taboo, unless it were the work of Gotsuchakoff, Thingummyowsky, or some other eminent foreigner. Foreign origin made it just possible.

The school prefects lurked during the performance at the doors and at the foot of the broad stone steps that led to the Great Hall. It was their duty to supply visitors with programmes.

Jimmy Silver had foregathered with Kennedy, Challis, and Williams at the junior door. The Hall was full now, and their labours consequently at an end.

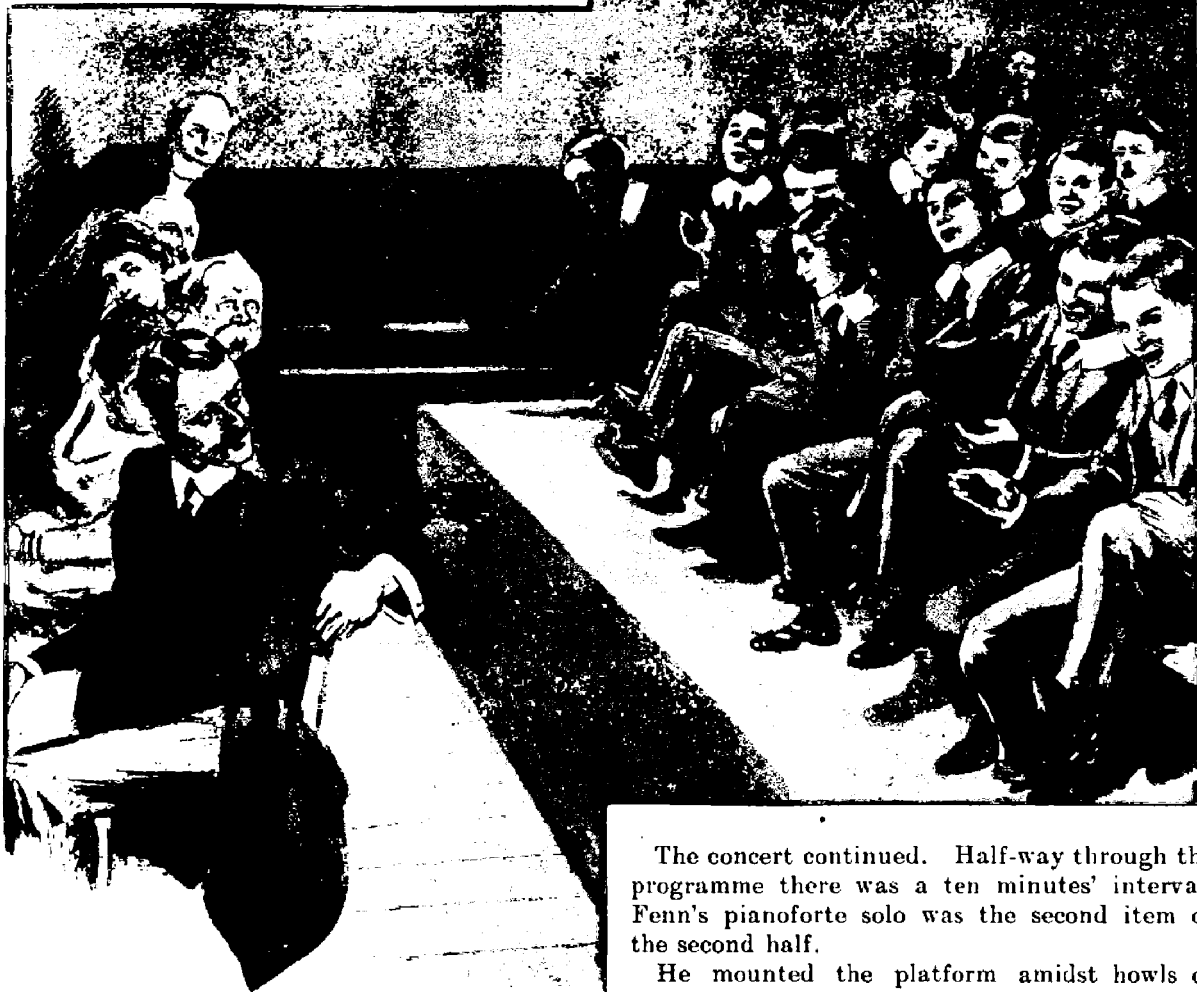
"Pretty good 'gate,'" said Silver, looking in through the open door. "It must be warm up in the gallery."

Across the further end of the Hall a dais had been erected. On this the bulk of the school sat, leaving the body of the hall to the crowned heads, nobility and gentry to whom Silver had referred in his conversation with Fenn.

"It always is warm in the gallery," said Challis. "I lost about two stone there every concert when I was a kid. We simply used to sit and melt."

"And I tell you what," broke in Silver, "it's going to get warmer before the end of the show. Do you notice that all Kay's house are sitting

in a lump at the back. I bet they're simply spoiling for a row. Especially now Kay's running the concert. There's going to be a hot time in the old town to-night—you see if there isn't. Hark at 'em."



FOR FIVE MINUTES THE DIN PREVAILED.

The choir had just come to the end of a little thing of Handel's. There was no reason to suppose that the gallery appreciated Handel. Nevertheless they were making a deafening noise. Clouds of dust rose from the rhythmical stamping of many feet. The noise was loudest and the dust thickest by the big window, beneath which sat the men from Kay's. Things were warming up.

The gallery, with one last stamp which nearly caused the dais to collapse, quieted down. The masters in the audience looked serious. One or two of the visitors glanced over their shoulders with a smile. How excited the dear boys were at the prospect of holidays! Young blood! Young blood! Boys *would* be boys.

The concert continued. Half-way through the programme there was a ten minutes' interval. Fenn's pianoforte solo was the second item of the second half.

He mounted the platform amidst howls of delight from the gallery. Applause at the Eckleton concerts was granted more for services in the playing-fields than merit as a musician. Kubelik or Paderewski would have been welcomed with a few polite handclaps. A man in the eleven or fifteen was certain of two minutes' unceasing cheers.

"Evidently one of their heroes, my dear," said Paterfamilias to Materfamilias. "I suppose he has won a scholarship at the University."

Paterfamilias' mind was accustomed to run somewhat upon scholarships at the University. What the school wanted was a batting average of forty odd or a bowling analysis in single figures.

Fenn played the "Moonlight Sonata." A trained musical critic would probably have found much to cavil, at in his rendering of the piece, but it was undoubtedly good for a public school player. Of course he was encored. The gallery

would have encored him if he had played with one finger, three mistakes to every bar.

"I told Fenn," said Jimmy Silver, "if he got an encore, that he ought to play the—My aunt! *He is!*"

Three runs and half-a-dozen crashes, and there was no further room for doubt. Fenn was playing the "Coon Band Contest."

"He's gone mad," gasped Kennedy.

Whether he had or not, it is certain that the gallery had. All the evening they had been stewing in an atmosphere like that of the inner room of a Turkish bath, and they were ready for anything. It needed but a trifle to set them off. The lilt of that unspeakable Yankee melody supplied that trifle. Kay's malcontents, huddled in their seats by the window, were the first to break out. Feet began to stamp in time to the music—softly at first, then more loudly. The wooden dais gave out the sound like a drum.

Other rioters joined in from the right. The noise spread through the gallery as a fire spreads through gorse. Soon three hundred pairs of well-shod feet were rising and falling. Some-

body began to whistle. Everybody whistled. Mr. Kay was on his feet, gesticulating wildly. His words were lost in the uproar.

For five minutes the din prevailed. Then with a final crash, Fenn finished. He got up from the music-stool, bowed, and walked back to his place by the senior door. The musical efforts of the gallery changed to a storm of cheering and clapping.

The choir rose to begin the next piece.

Still the noise continued.

People began to leave the Hall—in ones and twos first, then in a steady stream which blocked the doorways. It was plain to the dullest intelligence that if there was going to be any more concert, it would have to be performed in dumb show. Mr. Kay flung down his bâton.

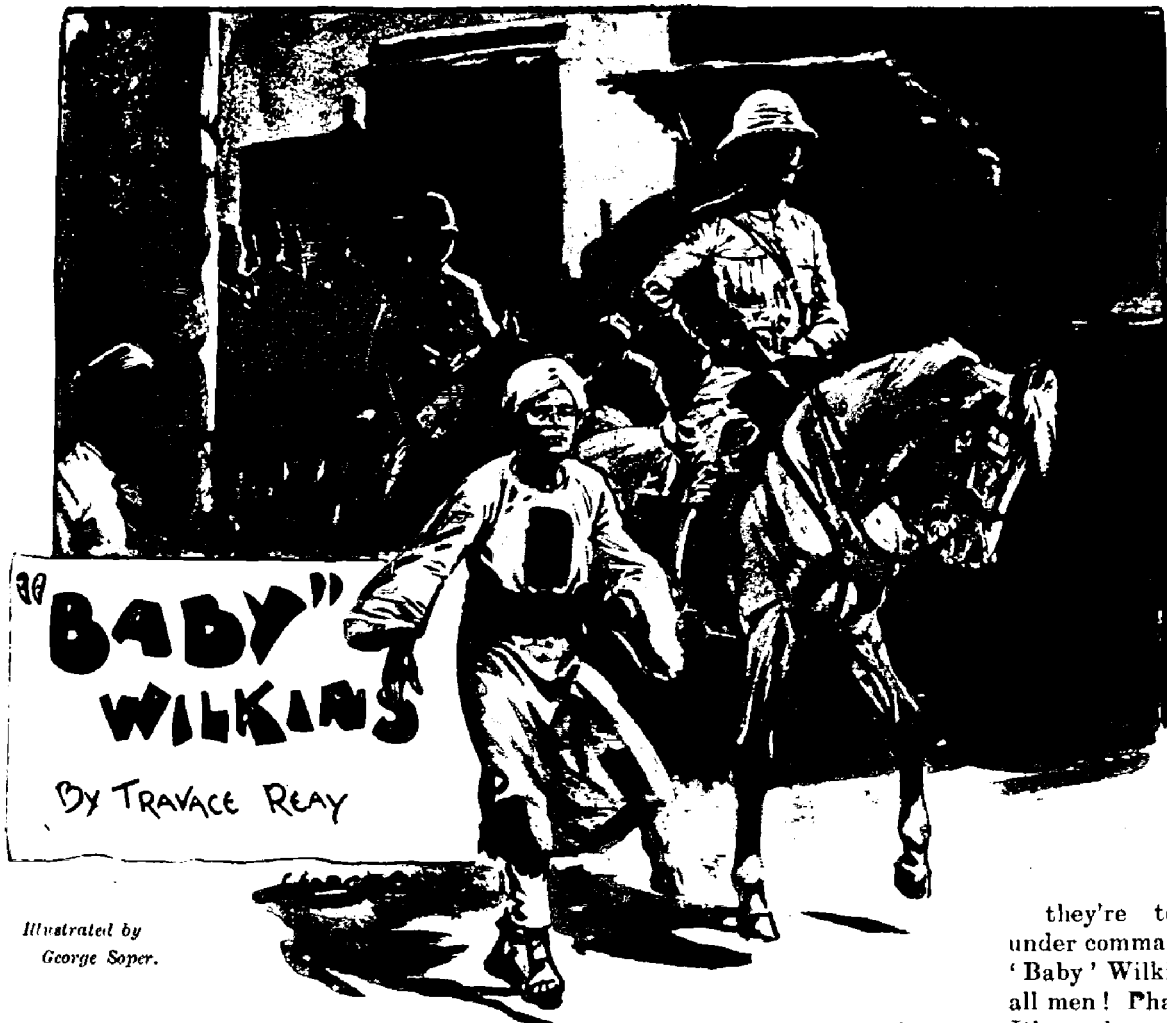
The visitors had left by now, and the gallery was beginning to follow their example, howling as it went.

"Well," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully, as he went with Kennedy down the steps, "I think we may call that a record. By my halidom, there'll be a row about this later on."

(To be continued.)

THE BOYHOOD OF RICHARD JEFFERIES.

THE idle do-nothing hours, when Richard lay in the sun, or scampered and romped with his companions, were those that were the making of him. It was then he acquired the wood-magic that enabled him to interpret the wild bird's song, and familiarised him with the weasel's cunning, and the wiles of rat and fox. He made stories for the timid and gentle hare, that, save in dead winter, when there is no other harbourage, avoided the woods as carefully as the rich traveller avoided Epping Forest in the days of Dick Turpin; what the brook sings to the rushes, what the bee hums to the flowers, were the dreams of his solitary hours. And even in manhood he retained all a child's surprised delight at the sight of a magpie's odd gestures, the flashing plumage of jays quarrelling under an oak-tree, or the autumnal parliament of rooks. In frequent times of solitude he learned to love before he had quite come to understand the cooing and warbling and chirping, the pretty quarrelling, of the birds, and the discord of shrieks that arises when thrush and blackbird and finch are alarmed by the visit of a wandering cat, or unite to repel the invasion of a predatory hawk. Oftenest, however, as he grew up, he chose for his wandering the bare green Downs, where no one was to be met save the shepherd, and the rolling monotony is broken only by Follies or small clumps of trees. There he sat and wondered how the kestrels climbed the air, how they could hang so motionless midway between the blue and green, where they flew to when, mounting high with strong and steady wing, they fared off swift and straight into the immeasurable distance. But he had almost an equal delight in the butterflies playing on the breeze that sighed round the buxom hill or swished in the hollows. He had to an intense degree the Nature-lover's delight in the wind. Its moaning and whistling in the bare winter woods, the soft rustle of its play with the nodding corn or the foliage in harvest, its autumn lament as it plays huntsman to the chasing leaves, or bellies the elm standing like a draped woman with her back to it, or blows tempestuously over reddening thicket and thinning hedgerow, were music and poetry to him.—From "NATURE IN BOOKS," BY P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.



Illustrated by
George Soper.

I.

INTO the officers' mess of the Oneth Brigade at Asarki Camp, Upper Nile, strode Staff-Major Trevelyan. "It's like my confounded luck," he snarled, challenging the company generally.

"What's the trouble?" asked complacent Spencer Bey of the —th Soudanese, looking up smilingly from a game of bridge.

"Well, here am I going plenipotentiary to that old scoundrel, Sheikh-ed-Dein, and whose cavalry troop do you think is to be my escort?" growled the major.

"Some one who needs good strategetic instruction," softly flattered Spencer.

"Don't rot, Spencer, old chap! The business is serious, going a week's journey from base right up river to ascertain by either moral or physical suasion what is the present political position of that wily double-shuffler. Whom does he support now, Khedive or Khalifa? He does both as it best suits him. He is sensitive on the point, too, and more than likely to act crooked, and my sole safeguard is a troop of Gypies. I don't grumble at that, but

they're to be under command of 'Baby' Wilkins of all men! Phough! It's a shame."

"I entirely agree," assented sturdy Powell of the Artillery.

"And I entirely differ," broke in Spencer, with some warmth.

"Then I wish you'd tell me why?" retorted Trevelyan sarcastically, "it might prove comforting, for you cannot by any stretch of imagination term that doll-faced child a reliable subordinate. He's timid as a girl, I'm certain. It makes me quite afraid." And the big, brawny Intelligence officer, who had traversed the Sudan end to end with his life in his hand, affected to be utterly despondent.

"Nonsense, Tom, you never were afraid in all your life. Come, don't be so hard on the youngster; I've known him and his people since he was a nipper fagging for me at school. He's not as soldierly as he might be, I admit, but, hang it, man! the fault's not his he's soldiering. He is a martyr to paternal ambition, the only son among a family of girls, and his gov'nor has queer notions about family traditions; and so the lad, against his inclinations, is in the Army to please his father. He has grit in him, I'm sure; it only wants bringing out—you know what

a whiff of burnt powder can do for that sort. Give him a fair chance, for my sake, at least. I've a soft side for 'Baby.' If you'll only encourage him he'll be faithful as a dog."

Trevelyan fretted and fumed, but, Spencer being his particular chum, he said at last, "Well, as you wish, Spencer, I'll suffer him. But, great Scott! I prefer something less precarious on which to try new material."

II.

A FEW mud huts, a stone house or two, jumbled in a heap on the east bank of the Upper Nile, formed Baski, chief village of the Sheikh-ed-Dein. From here he ruled a turbulent warrior tribe, whose fighting abilities had prevented their identity being merged into the teeming mass of Mahdism. They possessed other qualities, less praiseworthy, and these were well exemplified in their crafty chieftain, who had been slave-dealer, robber, and raider by turns, yet whose subtle statecraft had played off one foe against another, rendering existence possible in the debatable land which still separated the Egyptian from the Omdurman governments.

It was to this village that Trevelyan came, escorted by two score Gypjie troopers, on a mission to gain the allegiance of this political profligate, or to make him declare open hostility; for General Dunne, about to continue his forward march through that territory, desired trustworthy information whether he should meet friend or foe.

The Sheikh and the Major were old diplomatic acquaintances, so the Arab received the band with every manifestation of friendship, but the Major's trained observation had noted the tribesmen's sullen acquiescence to their presence in the village. Nevertheless, the Sheikh listened attentively to the British overtures, though professing this and that other little objection to their acceptance. Orientals dwell long on their pleasures, and scheming is a pleasure in the East, so Trevelyan was not disturbed when the Arab from day to day evaded a final answer. This he had expected, but he was at once wary when the chieftain professed, through short supplies, to be unable to give his visitors any further rations than fodder for the chargers.

"He is on the crooked," Trevelyan remarked to Wilkins; "we have only got provisions for a six-day stay, and a week return march, so I have demanded a definite reply by to-morrow."

It came, though not as anticipated. Reveillé had not sounded, when Trevelyan and Wilkins,

who occupied a house together, and had their force quartered in the surrounding huts, were rudely awakened by the report of rifle shots. They dashed outside to encounter Jones, the white sergeant, coming to arouse them.

"They've done it, sir; the murdrin' thieves has cut down sentry, an' made off with our commissariat" (commissariat).

Trevelyan received the news calmly—no man had ever seen the Major betray excitement. He formed his men in readiness to meet an attack, but they were not assailed, and daybreak showed the village to be entirely deserted.

Trevelyan, after completing his plans, explained them to Wilkins, who endeavoured to comport himself as the occasion required. But his war-hardened superior viewed with compassion the subordinate, who, with teeth in lip, strove to control his emotion and attend to instructions.

"Wilkins," the Major began firmly, "I think it's a pity the General sent you" (certainly not an encouraging remark, but Trevelyan never fenced with speech). "This work ahead is much too grim for your sort, and I'm sorry my weakness allowed Spencer to cajole me out of my objections."

"Did Spencer Bey persuade you to take me, sir?"

"In so far that he induced me to forego the protest I intended making to the General. It beats me why he should ever have detailed you."

Wilkins blushed, and answered nervously: "I hope you'll forgive me, sir, but I begged to be allowed to serve under you."

"Oh! indeed! Why?" asked Trevelyan laconically.

"Well, sir, in every letter my gov'nor sends he repeats the question of when am I going to gain the V.C. or the D.S.O. I confided in Spencer Bey, who is my friend, inquiring of him how either could be obtained. His advice was to get under a special service officer, and suggested you, because you have both, and are always performing duties which earn them."

"Ah! that was considerate of Spencer," commented Trevelyan blandly; "and did he tell you how to win those coveted decorations?"

"Yes, sir; he reminded me how once I won a cricket match for School v. Town. He was captain of our side, and I last man in with a dozen runs wanted to win. I was very nervous, he saw it, and clapped me on the back, saying, 'Now, Dicky, say the old school-cry, "Elemore ever," and keep saying it till the shakiness leaves you.' He repeated that injunction, telling me to obey orders implicitly, as your way always led to success."



TWO SCORE SABRES CAREERED DOWN UPON THE TRIBESMEN.

"Spencer to the life!" muttered the Major, though not ill-pleased with the lad's frankness.

"Well, then, Mr. Wilkins," continued he impressively, "since the command of this expedition will devolve upon you in the event of anything happening to me, take heed to what I say. In the first place, we're likely to have a scrap, and as you, Jones, and myself, are the only white men, we must set an example to the native troops. Jones is an old stager, and solid; *you* are to be put to the test. For your country's sake I beg you to maintain the cool, confident courage that the world expects from a British officer. Regarding our mission, you must realise how we stand—the Sheikh has conveyed his answer in the bullet which struck the sentry dead—the tribe is against us. Consequently, what I, or you, as it may yet happen, have to do is, firstly, to

place that information at the General's service, and secondly, to withdraw the force safely to camp. I propose without further parley, because it would be wasted on that old miscreant—I propose to cut through the cordon, and fight our road back to base. This present moment is one of those in which decorations are earned; let me see you prove worthy of one."

"I'll do my best to play the man, sir," answered Wilkins doggedly.

"I hope you will," remarked Trevelyan, as he swung himself into the saddle, though mentally he added: "Yet I doubt you attempt the impossible."

III.

THE country about Baski was rough, boulder-strewn scrub affording admirable cover to the Arabs. Trevelyan, by a concentrated movement on the weakest point, hoped to penetrate the cordon,



THEY DIMLY DISCERNED A
HUGE BLACK SHAPE MOVING
SLOWLY DOWN STREAM.

so with a dash he led his men out of the village, but scarce a hundred yards had been traversed ere gruff Sniders began barking a formidable chorus. The troop dismounted to test in extended order the strength of the whole position; for fully an hour they tried this direction and that, but found the volume of fire everywhere equally strong.

"We cannot break through—it's madness facing this fire. We shall retire and entrench in the village. It's our only hope—living on air until reinforcements arrive," shouted Trevelyan to Wilkins, and was instantly sorry for doing so, because his subordinate visibly shuddered at the words.

However, the Gypies responded cheerfully enough, for so great was their faith in Trevelyan Bey that they were prepared always either to advance or retire with the same alacrity. The retirement, it seemed, was not to prove easy, a force of spearmen having posted themselves, unperceived, just outside the village. Trevelyan:

daunted, gave the order to charge, and amid mightful yells two score sabres careered down upon the tribesmen, who crumpled, broke, and fell away like dust before a broom. Once through, the Major rallied the troop for a further onslaught, and as he wheeled his horse his eye caught something which stung him like a whip. "Look there!" he growled to Jones, who chanced to be near. They both gazed for a moment on a shameful sight—Bimbashi Wilkins, huddled abjectly on his charger's neck, was flying ignominiously up the opposite slope!

"The unspeakable coward!" snarled Trevelyan, but the sergeant was gone into the fray, where the Major instantly followed, thankful that the fight had been sufficiently fierce to prevent the troopers seeing a British officer showing the white feather.

IV.

TWO days had passed; the second night had come: still Trevelyan with his devoted band held the desert village against the whole tribe of the Sheikh-ed-Dein. It was evening; the sergeant had come to Trevelyan's hut to call him for duty; they were taking watch and watch about. In the darkness glowed a huge semicircle of camp fires, which, with the deep-flowing river, marked the lines of investment, where beyond rifle range lurked a savage foe, relentlessly waiting till hunger should deliver the hated infidel into the hands of Allah's Faithful. Ever and anon the distant detonation of a Snider rifle would betray the presence of snipers, but before the bullet's moroseful wail had ceased, an Enfield would crack a snapping reply like a terrier's bark, showing that the fellaheen were still at their posts.

"How now, Jones?" queried Trevelyan cheerily, as the tired-eyed soldier dragged himself wearily into the hut.

"Worse an' worse, sir; two more men hit; the rest showing less stomach for action. You can't expect 'em to fight on water, sir, an' that's all we've got to feed 'em on; an' bless you, sir, ain't a Gypjie just half a man after all?"

"True, Jones; oh! what wouldn't I give for a score of British lads at my back! They'd show those human wolves how white men can die. Well, we must keep up heart. Do you think Muskah, the corporal, got through their lines last night? I heard no firing in that quarter; still, it's only a forlorn hope, unless we can find something to put in the men's stomachs. Where can that old fox have his secret larder?"

"Not within the village, sir, you may be sure, 'cos those 'ere starving Gyppies have scratched it through and through. Grub they can't nose don't exist."

The sergeant then stretched himself sleepily on the straw pallet his superior had just vacated. "May as well have a good 'un for the last, sir," he uttered with grim humour.

Trevelyan snapped his jaws savagely. "You may, for unless the miraculous happens we shall all be beyond sleep this time to-morrow. There's one thing to be thankful for, anyhow—we shall be spared awkward explanations about Wilkins."

"Yessir; we couldn't hoodwink the General as we did the Gyppies, by saying he broke through for help."

"It doesn't much matter now, but he was a mad fool! They'd cut him to pieces before he went two hundred yards. What can have possessed him?"

"'Tain't what he possessed, sir, it's what he lacked. He was only a raw recruit."

"I'm sorry for his people; it would be a death-blow to his father if he knew how he died."

So saying, Trevelyan passed out to cheer the men who dumbly suffered their hunger, drawing in their belts to the last hole—sustained by un-failing confidence in the white-faced Bey.

Nothing untoward happened during Trevelyan's watch, and when he had once more exchanged with the sergeant it seemed to him that his eyes had just closed when Jones was again at his side shaking him into consciousness. "Are they attacking?" he cried eagerly, springing up erect.

"I suspect so, sir, a new dodge this time—from the river."

In a few moments they were at the waterside, from where, strange though it seemed, the Sheikh had never thought fit to attack before, although he had had more than one felucca at anchor when the British force arrived; these, however, mysteriously disappeared on the outbreak of hostilities; consequently, one sentry had proved sufficient to guard this side of the village. Him they found prone on the ground peering across the face of the waters; doing likewise, and following the direction of the excited soldier's finger, they dimly discerned against the dark sky a huge black shape moving slowly down stream.

"Fay—lookah! effendi!" chattered the native volubly.

"It is indeed!" assented Trevelyan, after a scrutiny. "A surprise attack. Beat the men to quarters, Jones; we'll give it 'em hot!"

In a very short time every available man was

posted in readiness with his rifle trained on the approaching craft, which came with painful slowness, having only the usual sauntering night wind to propel it. It had just passed the point where the enemy's lines abutted on the riverside, when suddenly a shot rang out, then another, finally volley after volley.

"Why, blime me, sir, if they ain't a firin' on their own boat!" exclaimed the astonished sergeant.

"It's a poser, Jones, whose it is. We've no force up river; in any case, if relief should come by water it would be in a gunboat, but there were none above the cataract when we left."

"My word, sir, whoever holds the tiller under that fire is simply brimful o' grit. Jes' look! they're simply raining lead on him."

Still the craft crept onward; finally, when opposite the village, it turned its nose toward shore, ran into bank, and grated its keel on the beach, where it lay with flopping sail, gaunt and ghastly, and never a sign of life aboard.

This alarmed the superstitious Gypies, who began to murmur in fear.

"Who goes there?" called out the Major's stentorian voice.

"Friend," came the cheering response, and a shadowy figure loomed on deck. "Friend with rations aboard!"

And every listener yelled in unison: "Wilkins Bimbashi! Hurrah!"

Lieutenant Wilkins it was, too, with a shipload of salted fish, rice, and dates—food for a twelvemonth: and, except for two unconscious Arabs, only himself on board the craft, whose deck and sail were riddled with bullets. And one had found its way into Wilkins' shoulder.

V.

THERE was feasting and revelry in Baski village that night, amid which the simple-minded soldiery often paused to call down blessings upon Wilkins Bimbashi, and all



"HERE IS MY SWORD, SIR; I THROW MYSELF ON YOUR MERCY."

his blood relations, for the Allah-sent gift to the starving.

In Trevelyan's hut, Wilkins, very pale of face, and with his arm in a sling, was watching his brother officers make rapid inroads upon a meal of stewed rice and dates.

"You've yet to tell us how you managed this feat," said Trevelyan, between mouthfuls.

Wilkins shifted uneasily in his seat, winced, then commenced haltingly: "I—er—I got through their lines somehow or other—"

"So you did!" interjected the Major very pointedly. Then, seeing the remark had silenced him, he continued more encouragingly, "Well—after that?"

So Wilkins began afresh: "Their bullets missed me, but unfortunately hit my horse, and, I think, so maddened the poor brute that he went by them like a whirlwind, and put pursuit out of the question. However, the effort proved too much for him, for, after carrying me in splendid

style many miles to the south, he collapsed in some scrub from sheer loss of blood, and I was compelled to end his sufferings. That placed me in a plight; however, I made for the river with the intention of following its course right down to Asarki to seek relief. But I knew there was little hope of evading the enemy on this bank, so there was nothing for it but to swim the stream; that accomplished, the next step was to commence my march. I think my emulation of Indian tactics was very creditable, for it brought me unnoticed to within sound of your firing. It was there I found the felucca—several of them together—and while hiding in the scrub I noticed that the tribesmen drew their supplies from these craft. Then the wily old Sheikh's scheme unfolded itself before my eyes. He had hidden all his provender on board the boats. Naturally, then, it occurred to me that I might make a capture, and bring to you what was perhaps more needed than reinforcements. Last night was favourable to the execution of the plan, so I swam out, knocked the sleeping guards on the head, cut the grass ropes that moored her, shook out the sail, and stood to the tiller. Of course, that was all easy enough. You see, I was in the Canoe Club at Elemore School."

"Seems to me you was blame plucky to stand up to that fire, sir," remarked the sergeant, ceasing for a moment to worry his food.

"I didn't stand up, actually," answered Wilkins apologetically; "really, I was compelled to lie on my back and work the tiller with my legs."

"Don't matter s'posin' you stood on yer 'ead—'tain't none the less plucky," argued Jones.

Trevelyan assented with a bow of his head; then, submitting Wilkins to a cold, stony, searching stare—a disciplinary habit for which he was famed ("readin' yer blame conscience," Jones termed it), he said sternly: "Mr. Wilkins, I can commend your achievement, but you must have known that it is customary to have the consent of your superior officer to any individual enterprise. In this instance, might I suggest that your departure was a trifle suspicious?"

The subaltern paled and bit his lip, but Jones who was allowed more latitude with the Major than any other man in the army, came again to the rescue. "But what can you do, sir, when yer bloomin' horse bolts? Strikes me Mr. Wilkins 'ad this little job in his eye all along. He's 'enter than we took him for."

Wilkins sprang to his feet, and with his un-

injured hand attempted to grasp that of the sergeant. His eyes were full of tears; he seemed too emotional for speech. "Beg pardon, sir," protested that worthy, "but you're a-spillin' o' my gruel, an' I've a far better place than the floor ready for it."

Trevelyan smiled, then asked curiously: "How have you managed for food these last few days?"

"I never had any," replied Wilkins, bashfully.

"What? Here, take mine," cried both listeners together; but, hungry as he was, Wilkins declined to deprive them of their shares, and the matter was at last solved by Jones hurrying away for a further supply.

Immediately he was gone, Wilkins moved toward where the Major sat, his head sunk on his breast, and proffered his sword. "Here is my sword, sir; I throw myself on your mercy."

"Why?"

"Because—because the horse didn't bolt, sir. I spurred him—I lost my head."

"I am well aware of that," responded Trevelyan very coolly. Then for a few moments he remained silent, thinking deeply, while poor Wilkins suffered acute mental torture. It ended by the Major rising to his feet and placing his hands affectionately upon the young man's shoulders. "My boy," he said tenderly, "I know all. In simple language, you ran away! I've known men do that in their first fight—some remained cowards to the end of their days, some afterwards became heroes. You are of the latter sort, because, conquering your fear, you returned to the danger. When a man once does that he never runs again. I shall not take your sword, for, had it not been for you, mine would have fallen into the enemy's hands—you have my thanks for that. I called you a coward; I apologise. I told Spencer you were but a girl; I shall tell him differently on our return, and I shall also have something to tell the General when he comes here. He should not be long. You, my brave boy, will have something to tell your father of which he will be justly proud."

So it all ended: with the provisions Wilkins had brought, the force was enabled to hold out successfully until relief arrived.

Captain Wilkins is still in the army. They call him "Baski" Wilkins now, for, as they say, you cannot call a man "Baby" when he is entitled to put V.C. after his name.

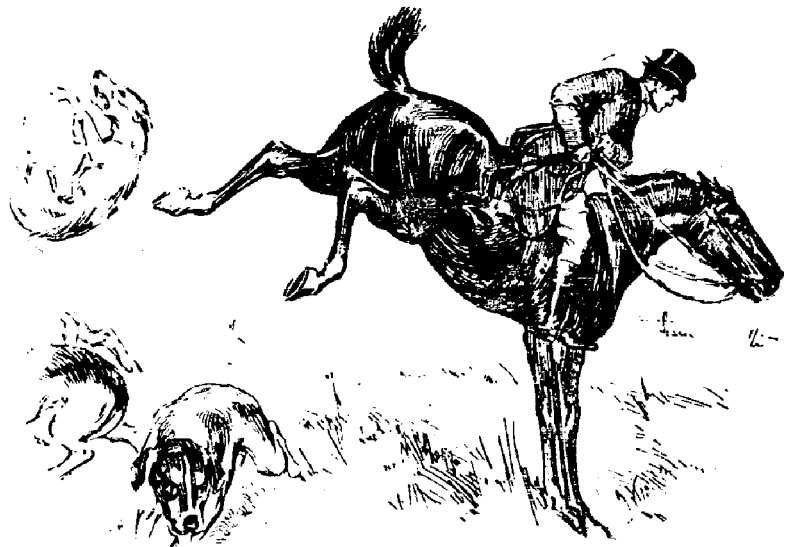
A HUNTING LETTER

By

"TAFFY."

Sketches by

REX OSBORNE.



KEEP YOUR HORSE'S HEELS AWAY FROM HOUNDS.

MY DEAR JACK,—

I am delighted to hear of your good fortune in having had a horse given you, and at once sit down to comply to the best of my ability with your request for a letter of hunting advice.

You tell me that your only experience of hunting, hitherto, has been confined to an occasional day with Mr. W——'s Harriers, and that you are sadly afraid of making a fool of yourself when you make your first appearance with a smart pack like the L——. Let me remind you, however, that we have all of us had to make this beginning some time or other, and that the ethics of hunting are far more easily acquired at your age than later in life.

As you say I am to advise you about "everything," we will start at the commencement and discuss your hunting toggery. You are just at an age when clothes seem to play a very unimportant part in the enjoyment of hunting, but though I am far from wishing to see you a dandy, yet I would remind you that slovenliness in your own and your horse's turn-out is really an act of disrespect to the Master, implying that you do not think it worth troubling yourself how you come out with his hounds. Go to the very best tailor you can afford, and then, no matter how plain and unpretending your get-up, or how long you have to make your clothes last, they will look well to the bitter end, and you will not have to labour under the uncomfortable feeling of being worse dressed than your neighbours.

As with clothes, so with saddlery, the best is cheapest in the end, and I would advise you to get a really good second-hand saddle in preference to a cheap new one.

Any of the best saddlery makers will supply you with a first-rate saddle of their own make in condition equal to new from £4 to £6, and this, if well cleaned and looked after, ought to last you for several years. Plain flap saddles are most generally used, and, personally, I infinitely prefer them both for comfort and use to one with knee rolls, but this I must leave to your own taste. See that the saddle is amply wide enough for the horse and long enough for yourself, and then, if properly stuffed by a competent saddler at the beginning of the season and again after Christmas, you should never be troubled with that most abominable of all evils—sore backs. I need not tell you to refrain from indulging in fancy forehead bands or any other little eccentricities; let everything be good, unpretentious and workmanlike.

You tell me that your new horse is a fine "lepper," but that you are afraid he is rather quiet and slow, and that you would sooner have had an animal which required more riding. Quite right, and a very laudable ambition, but I think, nevertheless, that as you are a beginner in the hunting field, you will find that a clever old screw (pardon the expression!) such as yours appears to be will teach you more for the first season or two than a green young horse, upon whom you would not be able to go your own line with the same confidence, and who would take up so much of your attention to manage, as to prevent your being able to give sufficient attention to the hound work. Re-

member, however, that I only advise your sticking to quiet horses for, say, a couple of seasons; after that, ride as many different animals as you can get hold of. Nothing improves your horsemanship so quickly as riding young horses; and let your elders say what they please about "the folly of risking your neck," etc., etc., I quite agree with you that there is no use in being nineteen and nine stone if you mayn't risk something!

Ingenuous youth having now got all the implements of the chase "scraped together, let us imagine ourselves on our way to the meet. Five or six miles an hour is quite fast enough to jog on to covert, and, if you have a long way to go, it is much better to take an hour less in bed than hurry the horse along. Once there, be careful to keep your horse's heels away from hounds and also from other horses. A fresh horse will often kick out from sheer light-heartedness, not intending anything vicious, but, whatever the reason may be, the result is the same for the victim. Directly hounds are put into covert, be on the look-out for the first whimper that proclaims a find, and, once hounds are out and settled down on the line, be ready to get your start.

"What thou doest, do quickly," is certainly applicable to hunting, and a very little hesitation and uncertainty may lose you your place, never to be regained during the run. Till you have learnt enough about hunting to be able to go alone, you will have to follow a pilot, and here I advise your selecting the very best man you can. You will learn much more by trying—and perhaps failing at first—to follow some one really good than by contentedly riding in the ruck with the greater majority of the field. One thing I would impress upon you, however, and that is—give your pilot plenty of room. There is no more unpleasant feeling than that of having some one riding in your pocket, and, of all unpardonable hunting offences, jumping on any one is the chief.

Although it is quite right for you to follow a pilot for your first few seasons, it must at the same time be your aim to be able to go alone. To quote a recent writer in *Bailey's*,—"He who goes his own line, if only for a few fields at a time, experiences some of the rapture that the creator, the leader, reaps in any pursuit, and that those who simply follow never know." Try from the commencement to pick your own places at the fences and watch hounds for yourself, not pressing on them, or riding directly on

the line, but keeping a little to one side or the other ready to turn when they turn, and to pull up directly they check.

An "eye for country" is one of the most valuable gifts that any sportsman can possess. There are some people who seem to have an instinctive knowledge of the line a fox will take, coupled with an ability to get to hounds in the best and quickest way possible, but this gift, rare as it is precious, is only possessed in perfection by the favoured few. However, common sense, reliable nerve (which will enable you to get *out* of difficulties when you have got into them), and "that infinite capacity for taking pains," will go far to supply the want of a natural gift.

By trying to ride your own line and not blindly following a leader, you may find yourself in some awkward places, and possibly get one or two nasty falls, but at any rate you will have the satisfaction of feeling that you are doing what quite nine-tenths of the people who hunt dare not attempt, and each



IN A HILLY COUNTRY, KEEP ABOVE RATHER THAN BELOW HOUNDS.

day will see you improving in knowledge of country and ability to select the best instead of the worst places at each fence.

Whyte Melville says that judicious choice of country is one of the first essentials to success in the hunting field. Any one who has tried running after beagles will know the

effects of a very few yards of plough on both legs and wind; therefore, in ploughed land, if you can't find a wet furrow or a footpath to push along on, pull back to a trot, even at the risk of losing a little way, rather than hustle your horse through the deep ground. In a hilly country, keep above rather than below hounds, for if they turn away from you



"THE MASTER'S EYE MAKES THE FAT HORSE."

it is much quicker to go down than up hill. In riding down hill, pull your horse well together and keep him perfectly straight; if you remember to do this you can ride down as fast as you like, and then ease him up the other side.

In jumping, when choosing your places, try and pick those with the best take off; it is easier for a horse to jump a larger place where the take off is fairly sound than one which looks easier, but where the approach is boggy or bad.

At a brook, if possible, choose a place where you see bushes growing; the bank is likely to be sounder there than anywhere else.

Jump off your horse at a check, or, indeed, whenever you get a chance of doing so; it is the greatest rest to a horse's back to get rid of his burden even if only for a few moments, and when the run is over and you have started on your homeward ride, a halt of five minutes to get him a drink of warm gruel is time well spent.

Never hurry a horse back to his stable, no matter how anxious you are to get home to your dinner, and if you have had a hard day and have got a long jog home, get off and walk by his side every now and again. Remember that you cannot be too thoughtful for the welfare of the generous, plucky animal which gives you so much pleasure. To quote from Whyte Melville again: "In all our relations with the dumb creation there is none in which man has so entirely the best of it as in the one-sided partnership that exists between the horse and his rider."

As soon as the horse comes in from hunting, see that he has a pailful of warm gruel given him, if he will drink it, before the groom starts cleaning him; and if you have only a boy or inexperienced man in the stables, I should strongly recommend your staying and seeing him put away comfortably for the night yourself. "The master's eye makes the fat horse," and if your groom sees that you take a keen interest in every detail of stable management, he is much more likely to exert himself, and to do his work thoroughly.

A hunting letter would not, I think, be complete without some reference to the noble art of falling. As the old Spanish proverb says, "He that would venture nothing must not get on horseback," and a certain number of tosses, especially if you ride young unmade horses, must be reckoned upon every season. We are most of us rather apt, I am afraid, when falls do occur to

"Lay the blame of the disaster
On our silent friend the horse,"

despite the fact that in nine cases out of ten it was our own bad riding or bad judgment which caused the mishap. Time and experience will probably teach you how to reduce your falls to a minimum, and one great secret I think is not to part company with your horse till you are absolutely obliged. It is wonderful what tight places an active horse with a light weight on him will contrive to get out of, provided the rider only sits still and gives him his head.

One little hint when you do come a cropper, however, is to *hang on to your reins*. The good Samaritan who will stop in the middle of a run to catch your horse for you is not always to be met with when wanted, and nothing in this wide world is more trying to the temper, than to spend the best run of the season in pursuing a fresh and cunning horse round and round a ploughed field.

You ask me to tell you what to subscribe to

the hounds, but, as almost every hunt varies in its scale of subscriptions, your best plan is to write to the secretary, telling him how many days a week you will probably be out, and asking him what sum you should send him. Whatever amount you can afford, however, be sure that it is in the secretary's hands not later than November 1st.

So far we have been looking at hunting chiefly from the riding point of view, but as your aim is to be a good sportsman as well as a good horseman, you must try and study hounds and learn all that you can about them.

I am not quite sure how far the kennels are from you at H—, but at any rate go over and see hounds whenever you can get the chance. If the huntsman sees that you are really keen and anxious to learn, he will probably take a good-natured interest in teaching you. Get him to show you the good and bad points of a hound, and when you can recognise these for yourself, and can distinguish each separate hound in the pack, with a knowledge of their hunting capabilities, which can be relied upon and which not, then I think you may be said to be well started on a hobby that, if pursued, will give you a good deal of happy and wholesome enjoyment through life.

Talking hunting is such a congenial occupation that I am afraid I have already written you an unconscionably long letter, but there is one more thing I should like to impress upon you, and that is, that you cannot show too much courtesy and consideration for the farmers. In hunting, as in other matters, we know that "evil is wrought from want of thought," but it is small consolation to a farmer, after you have galloped across his tender young wheat, to hear that it was because you "didn't know" it would hurt it! Learn to distinguish one crop from another, ride close in to the hedges in places

where you may do any damage, and *shut the gates* after you if there are any stock in the field, even if it delays you a few moments in getting to hounds. Remember that riding over other people's land is not our "right," as some people seem to consider it; also that if it were not for the courtesy and goodwill of the farmers, fox-hunting in England would soon become non-existent. Finally, I would advise you to read all the books that you can on hunting, old and new; also, never be above taking advice from older and more experienced sportsmen than yourself.

Don't be disheartened by failures; hunting would not be the fascinating pursuit that it is if it were not for its difficulties, and the more you learn about it the more you will find there is to learn. In addition to this, though hunting in itself is only an amusement, you will find that the cultivation of



WHEN YOU DO COME A CROPPER, *hang on to the reins.*

those qualities of quickness, decision and nerve, which are so necessary to any one who wishes to excel in the hunting field, will also stand you in good stead and help to keep you in front in the harder run of Life.

And now, with my heartiest wishes for many jolly runs,

Believe me, my dear Jack,

Your affectionate old Godfather,

TAFFY.



AT HICKSON'S.

No. 1.—JONATHAN'S EXPERIMENT.



By F. L. MORGAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED PEARSE.

I.

HICKSON'S COLLEGE is an enormous red-brick building, about five miles from San Francisco. Surrounded by aggressively high walls of the same up-to-date structure, it strikes one as being defiantly ugly and very new-looking. No old oaks or historical hedges sport in the front garden, and the chapel contains no tablets or "memorials"—of which the English public-schoolboy is so justly proud. For the College was founded less than twenty years ago by its present head-master, Professor Samuel Hickson. Professor Hickson had spent many years in England, and, having been greatly impressed by our grand old schools, he endeavoured to run his college on similar lines, striving to instil into the sharper, shallower natures of his boys and girls, some of that deep sense of honour and love of truth that has made the sons of England so respected by other nations. At the time of which I write there were over three hundred scholars at Hickson's. These were divided into two great houses, Carr's (boys), and Bowen's (girls). Though not in any way neglected, out-door games were not given so much time and homage as they are in England. Hickson's possessed the best base-ball "nine" of any school in the States, a fair eleven, and a first-rate fifteen. But these things were considered *after* the business of Hickson's, *i.e.*, brain-work. I think this was a great deal due to the girls. Girls are such swotters, and at the College they kept the boys up to the mark.

This story concerns "Hickson's Pride"—the school name for a public scholarship called the "Little National." For ten consecutive years it had been gained by a Hickson man—hence the "pride." The scholarship was open to girls, but though six or seven years back one of Bowen's had tried for it, it was so long since there had been any girl competitors from Hickson's, that Carr's had grown to consider it their rightful property. Therefore you can understand

that when, towards the beginning of one summer term, Margaret Collins, of Bowen's, announced that she meant to try for the "Little National," there was a great deal of talk and not a little scoffing over the matter.

Margaret Collins win the "Pride"? No fear! John Caton would get it; or, if he died beforehand, it would go to his chum, Maurice Selby. Rather!

Now, there reposed near the wrong end of the sixth one Jonathan Flower—clever, but strangely averse to labour. He was a peculiar youth, much given, as he was wont to explain, to the study of Human Nature. He declared that, to the student of Human Nature, life could never be dull or tiresome. That it was the most absorbing, the most natural of all studies. That the student of Human Nature had far more scope for his intelligent researches than the slaves to science or art. Ay, to such an one—

But when he reached that point he was generally persuaded to desist. When he heard of Margaret Collins' intention he betook his long, thin body and shrewd grey eyes into Bowen's, in search of Margaret. It pleased and amused him to think of a girl competing for the "Pride," and the idea of her *winning* it was positively stimulating. He was absolutely devoid of any sense of loyalty towards his house. He merely wondered how Carr would take it, and what John Caton would feel like if she won it—which she wouldn't do if she were left alone. He referred to the list hanging in the corridor to find the number of Margaret's study. Ah, here it was.

"No. 6—Margaret Collins and Isabel Uridge." Margaret Collins was alone when he entered, and she did not look particularly enraptured at the sight of him.

"What do you want?" Her voice was neither polite nor gentle; it was high and thin, and it grated unpleasantly on Jonathan's ear. He looked thoughtfully at her sharp, clever face, and almost wished he had not come. But still—

"Say, are you really going for the 'Pride'?"

Margaret Collins nodded, and glanced significantly at the door.

Yes—and I'm doing Greek trans."

Well—I'll coach you for the 'Pride,' if you like." He had hitched himself on to a corner of the table, and now awaited Margaret's reply with seeming indifference and very real curiosity. It came, with a strong flavour of sarcasm about it.

Thanks so much, but I rather think I shall get on all right by myself."

however, was just passable—even with the square toes. She was nervous rather, and had a trick of glancing rapidly from one eye to the other of the person she was talking to. She was not really brilliant in school, but she had marvellous swotting powers, a splendid memory—and she *loved* to be first. She knew that if Jonathan Flower worked with her she would get on three times as quickly, so she said, slowly:—

"Do you think I have any chance?"



"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Just as you like, of course. Only I would give something to see Carr's face when he heard that one of Bowen's *girls* had taken the 'Pride' away from his house."

There was silence. Margaret Collins was thinking. She was a queer sort of girl; nothing to look at—your beauty would have to be very pronounced to be at all noticeable at Hickson's, for all the girls wore straight pigtailed and square-toed shoes. Margaret,

"Yes, I do. Caton's so easy-going. But it'll mean work—unlimited."

"Then I'd be awfully glad of your help. I'll meet you in the Lecture Hall on Monday evenings."

"And Thursdays and Fridays," supplemented Jonathan; "you are leagues behind Caton in ready knowledge, you know." And he strolled out of Bowen's across the flagged court and into Carr's.

"It's an experiment," he thought; "wonder how it'll work."

II.

JOHAN CATON was a big man at Hickson's. To look at, he was tall, slight, and clean-limbed, and to know he was—well—*straight*. His father, a wealthy grocer, naturally wanted him to carry on the business, which was rapidly increasing; but John had other ideas, and the dream of his life at present—when he thought about it—was the "Little National." On hearing this, Caton senior had said, "Well, John, I had reckoned on having you in the business; but if you think you can win this scholarship, I'll not prevent you. Stay on at Hickson's until the end of this term, and have a try for it. But remember, if you don't get it, I shall expect you to come into the business without any more bother." And John had answered, "Right, Pater!" feeling in his heart—for about five minutes—that unless he won the "Pride" he was a doomed man. He had great faith in his own powers, however, and he knew there was no one at Hickson's who could touch him. Therefore, unless some outsider proved the victor—which was unlikely—he would be safe to get it. And he let it go at that.

One free "half" in the beginning of September, he proceeded, as usual, to the nets with Maurice Selby. There was a junior mixed base-ball match on in the lower field, and the senior nets were almost deserted. Here and there a slothful one lay full length on the grass, his (or her) face shielded from the sun by his (or her) "straw," and under an enormous tree, seated bolt upright with a pile of books beside them, were Margaret Collins and Jonathan Flower. Selby nudged his chum.

"There they are!"

"Who?"

"Why, Margaret Collins and the weed."

"Well, what about them?"

Maurice Selby stared hard at Caton for an instant; then he chuckled.

"What innocence! D'you know, I *thought* you hadn't realised it!"

"My dear chap, what are you gassing about? I see nothing remarkable in two of our fellow sixth-formers—excuse the expression—notable swotters of late, spending their free half in earnest brain-expanding—"

"Oh, dry up, man! Don't you know, *that* is Margaret Collins—the one who is going for the 'Pride'—our 'Pride'!" John Caton raised his eyebrows and laughed.

"Really? How interesting! I hope she won't do anything rash. But what's the weed got to do with it?"

"That's just it. He's coaching her no end," returned Maurice. John raised his eyebrows again, this time in real surprise.

"How weird! But come, man, let's get on to the nets."

Jonathan grinned as the two came forward, and Margaret shifted her light-blue eyes uneasily from one to the other.

"Say, Flower," called Selby, as they passed, "John Caton is getting nervous. He wants to know if you'll coach *him* a bit for the 'Pride' in your spare time!"

"Delighted, I'm sure—next year!" answered Jonathan. Margaret Collins looked after them.

"I hope I get it," she said, fervently; "conceited beast!"

"Oh, I say, give him a chance, he's all right. He's a rum chap, though. He's keen on the 'Pride,' and yet he thinks he can pull it off without swotting!" Margaret smiled, and a little nervous shiver ran down her spine.

"Won't it be simply 'gr-and if I take it? What a feather for Bowen's!"

III.

LATE in the afternoon of September 23rd a number of excited seniors were gathered together in the Lecture Hall. They were all talking. Silvery sopranos and thundering basses mingled with limpid contraltos and the nondescript; and over all was the soft intonation—the "speaking in time"—that characterises the American. Being considerably subdued at the College, the effect was not unpleasant. Hickson's had suddenly awakened to the fact that, unless something extraordinary happened, Margaret Collins would take the "Pride." This was the third day of the examination—there were two more days to go—and, as was customary, John and Margaret had publicly compared notes regarding their work on the papers. John's were good, but Margaret's were better—and everyone realised it. The faces of Carr's men were almost laughable in their deep consternation and astonishment; while the girls were openly and irritatingly triumphant.

phant. Neither John Caton nor Margaret was there, so opinions and comments were let loose without reserve.

"Isn't it *awful!*" said one Silas Hodgson; "she'll get it right enough."

"Get it? Of course she will, and good for her, too! John Caton didn't give himself a chance—he thought it would be a walk-over."

Jonathan Flower shook his head.

"Not I! To the earnest student of Human Nature there are no such petty divisions as 'houses.' To such an one, I say, life——"

"All right, Jonathan, soothe down!"

Jonathan twisted his face into what he meant to be an expression of sublime indiffer-



JOHN AND MARGARET PUBLICLY
COMPARED NOTES.

The speaker was one of Margaret Collins' champions, a senior from Bowen's.

"You're out of it, Selby—quite!"

"I know," returned Maurice gloomily; "but that's nothing. I wouldn't mind John Caton—but Margaret Collins! How rotten for Carr's!"

"It's O. K. for Bowen's, though."

Maurice Selby glared at the speaker.

"You know she'd never have managed it by herself; it's all through Flower—he's a traitor to Carr's!"

ence, and walked out of the Lecture Hall. That Margaret Collins would carry off the "Pride" was certain (Hickson's never considered outside competitors), if she did as well during the two remaining days of examination as she had done during the first three. Jonathan felt that he was, in a great measure, responsible for Margaret's success, and he wondered curiously what were John's present feelings. Did he *mind* much? A sudden impulse sent the student of Human Nature to Caton's study. He knocked.

"Come in!" He went in.

John Caton held an open letter in his hand, and his face wore a white, strained sort of look that gave Jonathan an uncomfortable feeling somewhere inside him.

"Oh, it's you, Flower?"

"Yes. I say, you look like missing the 'Pride'—this year, anyhow." Jonathan was never one to beat about the bush.

"I know. And I'm leaving at the end of the term." Three little furrows showed themselves in his forehead, and his look suggested that Jonathan might as well go away. He, however, stared blankly across the room at Caton.

"No! Oh, Jerusalem, I am sorry!" Caton looked down and said nothing. He was evidently hard hit over something. At last he glanced up with a smile—not his usual merry sort of smile. It was characteristic of the fellow that he felt not the slightest resentment towards Flower, though *he* was really at the bottom of the present trouble.

"Here," with a plucky attempt at gaiety, "read that, my weedy friend, and see if you can inwardly digest it," and he passed the

sheet of notepaper in his hand over to Jonathan, and Jonathan read.

It was a letter from Caton senior, telling his son not to worry if he failed to win the "Little National," and assuring him that there was a better berth in the Chicago branch of Caton and Caton's Grocery Stores than any amount of book-learning would give him.

And Jonathan understood. The fact that his own father was a successful politician, while Caton's people were grocers, did not affect him at all. He would have felt the same interest in and sympathy for John, had his people been chimney-sweeps, providing the son had brains and was straight; his parentage and position outside Hickson's walls did not count either for or against him. They were like that at Hickson's.

Caton had risen, and was staring out of the window. Jonathan felt regret. His experiment involved rather more than he had bargained for, and it no longer called forth his enthusiasm. Instead, he felt that he would do anything to keep Carr's best man out of that Chicago branch! He wished he had not coached Margaret Collins during the past weeks. He knew that the scholarship was of no real importance to her; she merely desired the honour, while Caton—

If she *knew*, perhaps—

"Oh, please, Caton, Margaret Collins says, please will you tell her what German it is for Saturday's prep.? And I'm in rather a hurry." It was Jane Hobbs, the reddest-headed and fleetest-footed junior at Hickson's. It seemed to Jonathan a heaven-sent opportunity.

"All right, I'll give it you. Caton's busy." Caton was still staring out of the window. Jonathan tore the letter—the letter from John's pater—in two pieces, and deliberately wrote the desired information on one of the half-sheets.

"Here you are," handing it to Jane Hobbs; "just like that Margaret Collins, to bother about next Saturday's prep. before the 'Pride' exam. is ticked off!" Fagging was not known at Hickson's, but if you



SELF-GRATIFICATION WAS
BEING FORCIBLY UPROOTED—
AND IT HURT.

were a decent sort, and asked them nicely, the juniors were fairly generous. Jane was, as she had said, in rather a hurry, and it did not take her long to rush back to Bowen's and tumble into No. 6 study.

"Jonathan Flower gave it to me—he was there," and dropping the little fateful screw of paper into Margaret's lap, she disappeared. Margaret copied Jonathan's note *re* the German; then she idly turned the paper over and read the other side. She understood as quickly as Jonathan had done, and more thoroughly. She knew that Caton had not sent this scrap of letter; as to whether Jonathan had done it on purpose, or merely by accident, she could not make up her mind. The greatest wish of her heart was to win the "Little National." She longed for the loving praise of her relations. Again and again she heard, in imagination, the Head's congratulations, and pictured to herself Bowen's proud triumph, and Carr's discomfited astonishment. She knew Caton had more natural talent, but she wanted to defeat him in order to show that she was as clever as he, and to make Hickson's, in its admiring hundreds, think her *cleverer*.

There were two more days of the examination.

* * * * *

"Hurrah! Caton—long live Caton! One for Caton—Hurrah! Two for Carr's—Hurrah

—Hurrah! Three for Hickson's—Hickson's for ever—Hurrah—Hurrah—Hurrah!"

With a flushed face, and eyes shining with astonishment and excitement, Caton looked as if he could hardly believe his ears. He had won the "Little National"! Hickson's still retained its "Pride," the honour of Carr's was maintained, and, so far as he was concerned, the post at the Chicago branch would remain unfilled! He rose to his feet, and the College burst into the grand old song—an ever-living memory at Hickson's of the Head's days at Oxford:—

*"For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fe—ell—ow,
And so say all of us!"*

The strains floated out of the Lecture Hall, across to Bowen's, and in through the open window of No. 6 study, where Margaret Collins lay curled up in an armchair, weeping very bitter tears. Her long brown plait drooped miserably to the floor, and her small, nervous hands clutched the cushion convulsively. Self-gratification was being forcibly up-rooted—and it *hurt*.

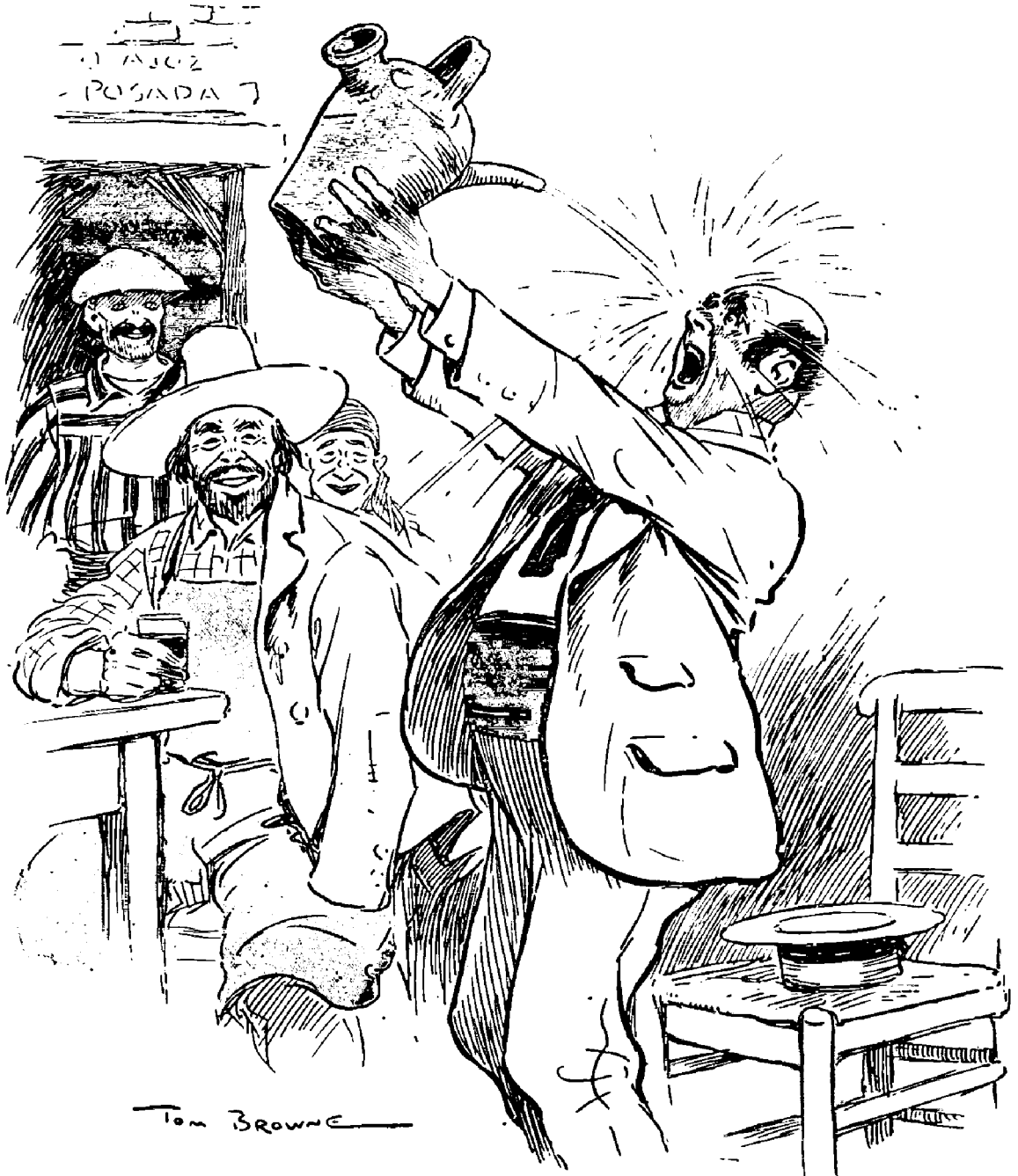
Outside, a tall youth walked restlessly up and down—one eye on the window of No. 6. Jonathan was thoughtful. He felt that Human Nature—especially the kind possessed by Margaret—was sometimes beyond even an earnest student like himself.

NEXT MONTH: "*Carson's Last Triumph*."

WHEN TENNYSON WAS A BOY.

AMONG the Tennysons the one game, the one amusement, the one art, was literature. Strong and healthy though the boys were, one never hears of their skill in sport or athletics. Out-of-doors, the Rectory children played only such quaint and original games as could be invented from their reading. The future bard of Arthur and Lancelot, with improvised buckler and wooden sword, was a bold warrior in tournaments, where a heap of stones served as castle, and happy laughing sisters of seven or eight were the Elaine, Lynette, and Guinevere of his fancy. Indoors the eternal game was to play at being authors. Each submitted his little tale or essay to the criticism of the rest. Alfred distinguishing himself by the composition of an interminable story that it took days to read. But in that period his achievement appears to have been the object of mockery rather than of hope, though the old grandfather, who after listening to some of his early verses, gave him half-a-sovereign, with the remark that it was the first and would be the last payment of his pen, cuts an unexpected figure now, his one title to fame being this idle jest.—From "NATURE IN BOOKS," by P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

WHEN IN SPAIN.



Tom Browne

The Spanish water-bottle is a thing to be handled with care and deliberation if you would avoid an undignified contretemps.

Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.



THE CYCLING CORNER.

CYCLING IN "THE FALL."

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

DURING late September and early October the approaching winter already casts its shadow before. Our thoughts turn back somewhat regretfully to the long summer evenings when we spun over the dusty highway through the glamour of the fading sunlight that gave a mystical beauty to everything it touched. The cold and slush and darkness of the winter months are a painful contrast to conditions so favourable to the full enjoyment of cycling. One shudders at the bare recollection of the lamplighter going his rounds when 'tis but four o'clock, and of the flinty or granite horrors spread broadcast by the road-mender—save the mark!—to dismay the man on wheels.

We must be thankful that Nature finishes up the fair season with a grand set-piece which, if only the weather be fine, is indeed a thing for all good cyclists to revel in. The roads have recovered from their summer looseness, and are firm and compact, and the temperature is moderate. Then is the time for a spin among the woods and over the commons.

The beeches are glorious in their many tints of red and yellow. The elms have a foliage that has been transmuted to gold; the fern is golden, too, in parts. Ripening apples decorate the orchards temptingly. Here and there the gatherers are hard at work with ladder and basket, and a cheery word may bring you a juicy gift hurtling through the air. If luck is on your side you will perhaps stumble on a spot where the sportsman is busy among the driven partridges, standing back to them behind a lofty hedge. Keep your eyes open, and they will be rewarded by the sight of the lordly cock pheasant strutting through the stubble, unconscious of the coming day when he must rocket over the high trees to take his chance

of the deadly shot-storm singing up from below.

Then there is the ploughman preparing the ground for the winter sowing. It is worth while to lean over the field gate a minute or two to watch how he swings round his team at the furrow end, and how the rooks crowd in to snap up the delicacies turned up by the share. If you have a camera with you, you often get a nice chance of a pretty picture on the plough-land.

The cottage gardens and houses also are not to be overlooked. Dahlias stand up bravely with their trim, shapely flowers in serried ranks, and the Virginia creeper clothes the walls with a crimson mantle, very beautiful and delicate. There is, indeed, "no end," as our schoolboy friends say, to see in the Fall. At no season of the year can you get into closer touch with Nature.

Though it is now seven or eight years old, I well remember

A MOST DELIGHTFUL RIDE

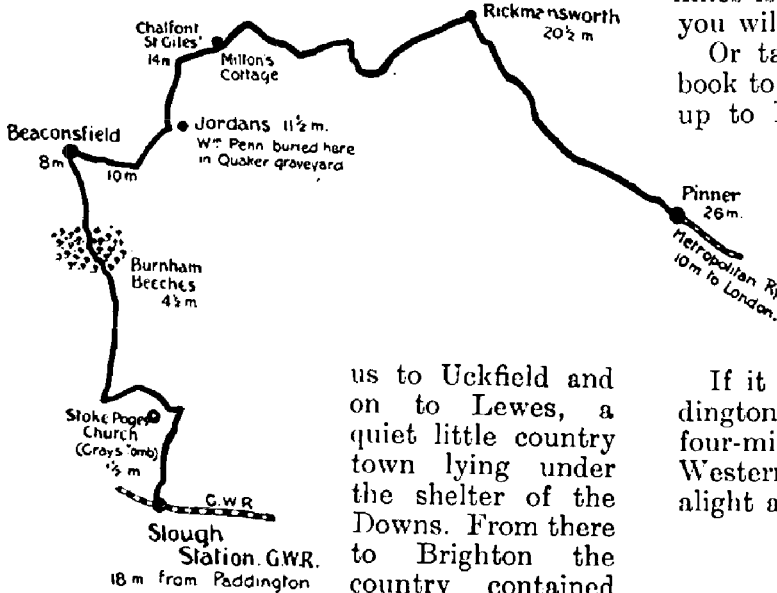
that I took on the 18th of October, from Gravesend to Brighton, a distance of about fifty-five miles. The train carried us—my sister was with me—from our home in Essex to Tilbury, where we crossed the Thames on the ferry steamer. The river was lapped in a cold mist that struck rather shrewdly through our clothing, since the hour was early and we were not provided with wraps. But the sun soon made his presence felt, and caused us to congratulate ourselves on our comparatively light attire. The roads were in splendid condition, and the beech-woods on the hills round Wrotham simply enchanting. All the way to Tonbridge Wells we revelled in the lavish beauties of the country, far exceeding even those of the early summer. After break-

fasting in the once fashionable Spa, we pushed on up a long hill, where small boys implored the privilege of shoving our machines in return for a few coppers, and were soon in the fir-woods of the Eridge Castle estate, a complete change from the scenery we had already enjoyed so much. Then up, up, up again to Crowborough, where the air is an invigorating tonic and the view

ONE OF THE MOST MAGNIFICENT

in southern England, commanding, as it does, the Ashdown Forest on the west, the high ground about Wadhurst to the east, and the South Downs far away towards the Channel.

The long climb was amply repaid by the miles of falling gradient that now hurried



A PRETTY RUN IN SOUTH
BUCKS.

us to Uckfield and on to Lewes, a quiet little country town lying under the shelter of the Downs. From there to Brighton the country contained no sight of peculiar interest, but the low sun lit every-

thing up with its golden rays, and we were truly sorry to part with one of the most pleasant journeys that I can recall. On the morrow there came floods of rain, and for a week the roads were greasy and the sky threatening. Then fine weather returned, giving us an equally delightful ride northwards again through the same country, which, taken in the reverse direction, provided us with views that we had missed before.

I do not say that this particular route is superior to a dozen others that offer themselves to riders in the southern counties. Within a radius of forty miles from London there are

SOME LOVELY STRETCHES

that are well worth a little trouble and expense to reach. I will open my map of this district and see which I can most heartily recommend. If you happen to be one of those persons who prefer quality to quantity you may like to use the train to get you free of the macadam roads that make suburban riding such sore work. For instance, a short train run from Liverpool Street will carry you clear of the traffic on the north-east side of London, and deposit you at Buckhurst Hill, whence you may start on a ramble through the pretty glades of Epping Forest, and then past Epping and North Weald to Chipping Ongar, and so back. This little round of about twenty-five miles is covered easily in an afternoon, and you will have time to look about you.

Or take your cycle to King's Cross and book to New Barnet and sample the country up to Hatfield. Then bend westwards to St. Albans, stroll round the fine old cathedral, and return *via* Watford, Bushey, and Elstree to New Barnet. This is a matter of about thirty-five miles, and might well be spread over a day's riding, with a comfortable interval for lunch.

If it is convenient for you to make Paddington Station your terminus, a twenty-four-minute run on the speedy Great Western will land you at Slough. There alight and push due north a couple of miles

TO STOKE POGES CHURCH,

which, as the scene of Gray's famous "Elegy" and on account of its beautiful surroundings, is a place not to pass by unvisited. Another three miles, through Farnham Royal, land you in the well-known Burnham Beeches—now the property of the London Corporation—where you may roam at will through nearly a square mile of splendid old trees, all twisted and gnarled by centuries of growth, and interspersed with pretty dells. In fine weather, artists are busy with paint-brush and palette, endeavouring to catch the autumn tints that are here seen to perfection. From the Beeches take the road to Beaconsfield, which passes through a delightful valley known as Dorney Bottom. Beaconsfield itself is an interesting, old-fashioned village, with a very wide, open street and a fine

church. Now follow the high road to London for a couple of miles and turn up a road to the left through some very picturesque woods, and over the new railway which will soon be opened as a quick route between London and Birmingham. If you wait on the bridge and look about you will get some idea of what a "railway in the making" is like, since here a very deep cutting has been partly finished. About a mile and a half from the London road, on the right, is



STOKE POGES CHURCH.—THE POET, THOMAS GRAY, IS BURIED IN THE CHURCHYARD.

THE OLD QUAKER BURIAL-GROUND IN WHICH LIES WILLIAM PENN,

the founder of Pennsylvania. This curious graveyard is quaint enough to merit a brief halt.

Three miles further on is Chalfont St. Giles, where Milton once lived for nine months during the Plague of London. You must, of course, do your duty by the picturesque cottage which harboured the author of "Paradise Lost" during that dreadful time, and see the room that he wrote in. If your time is short you may now go southwards again to Slough, through Gerrard's Cross and Stoke Common, or make a deviation of a couple of miles *via* Denham and

Black Park. In the last-named property there is a large sheet of water, quite close to the road, where wild ducks, coots, moorhens, and herons may often be seen having a grand time among the small fish and other inhabitants of the lake.

If, on the other hand, you are in no particular hurry, cut across country to Rickmansworth and follow the London road to Pinner. Beyond this point use the railway.

ANOTHER VERY PLEASANT ROUTE FROM SLOUGH,

takes you south through Eton and Windsor Great Park, west to Bracknell, and southwest to Eversley, once the home of that muscular christian, Charles Kingsley. Look round the churchyard and notice the queer chain arrangement for closing the lych gate, said to be the work of Kingsley's own hands. Then strike southwards to the Hartford Bridge Flats, and you will be on the fine road which will bring you eastwards *via* Bagshot to Sunningdale. There branch off north to Windsor Great Park, and so back to Slough.

FOR STRONG RIDERS

I can heartily recommend the following run:—Start at Croydon and travel south to Merstham, and take the right-hand road to Reigate, past Gatton Park (ten miles); to Guildford, *via* Dorking (twenty-nine miles); to Reading, *via* Farnborough, Yately, Eversley, Arborfield and Shinfield (fifty-five miles). This will include country



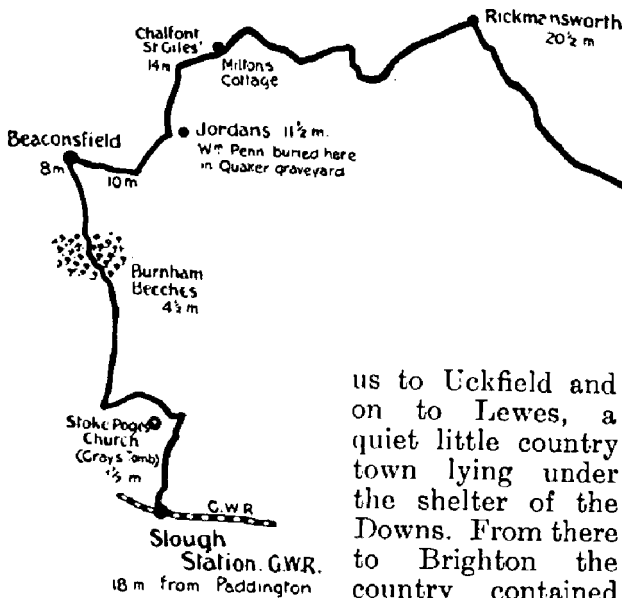
EVERSLEY RECTORY.—THE OPEN FRENCH WINDOW LEADS INTO THE STUDY WHERE CHARLES KINGSLEY WROTE SOME OF HIS FAMOUS BOOKS.

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church. Now follow the high road to London for a couple of miles and turn up a road to the left through some very picturesque woods, and over the new railway which will soon be opened as a quick route between London and Birmingham. If you wait on the bridge and look about, you will get some idea of what a "railway in the making" is like, since here a very deep cutting has been partly finished. About a mile and a half from the London road, on the right, is

THE OLD QUAKER BURIAL-GROUND IN WHICH LIES WILLIAM PENN,

the founder of Pennsylvania. This curious graveyard is quaint enough to merit a brief halt.

Three miles further on is Chalfont St. Giles, where Milton once lived for nine months during the Plague of London. You must, of course, do your duty by the picturesque cottage which harboured the author of "Paradise Lost" during that dreadful time, and see the room that he wrote in. If your time is short you may now go southwards again to Slough, through Gerrard's Cross and Stoke Common, or make a deviation of a couple of miles *via* Denham and



STOKE POGES CHURCH.—THE POET, THOMAS GRAY, IS BURIED IN THE CHURCHYARD.

Black Park. In the last-named property there is a large sheet of water, quite close to the road, where wild ducks, coots, moorhens, and herons may often be seen having a grand time among the small fish and other inhabitants of the lake.

If, on the other hand, you are in no particular hurry, cut across country to Rickmansworth and follow the London road to Pinner. Beyond this point use the railway.

ANOTHER VERY PLEASANT ROUTE FROM SLOUGH

takes you south through Eton and Windsor Great Park, west to Bracknell, and southwest to Eversley, once the home of that muscular christian, Charles Kingsley. Look round the churchyard and notice the queer chain arrangement for closing the lych gate, said to be the work of Kingsley's own hands. Then strike southwards to the Hartford Bridge Flats, and you will be on the fine road which will bring you eastwards *via* Bagshot to Sunningdale. There branch off north to Windsor Great Park, and so back to Slough.

FOR STRONG RIDERS

I can heartily recommend the following run:—Start at Croydon and travel south to Merstham, and take the right-hand road to Reigate, past Gatton Park (ten miles); to Guildford, *via* Dorking (twenty-nine miles); to Reading, *via* Farnborough, Yately, Eversley, Arborfield and Shinfield (fifty-five miles). This will include country



EVERSLEY RECTORY.—THE OPEN FRENCH WINDOW LEADS INTO THE STUDY WHERE CHARLES KINGSLEY WROTE SOME OF HIS FAMOUS BOOKS.

of many types and beautiful views of all our English trees in their autumn garb.

Further routes cannot be detailed here, owing to want of space, but, speaking generally, Kent, Sussex, and Surrey are very pleasing in the Fall, and also the country round about Henley-on-Thames. I shall now conclude with a few hints on riding at this season, and in the first place suggest that you



GIANT SCOTCH FIRS IN THE GARDEN, EVERSLEY RECTORY, SAID TO BE THE SURVIVORS OF A GREAT FOREST THAT ONCE COVERED THE DISTRICT.

START EARLY FOR A DAY'S RIDING,

as the evenings draw in fast, and there is not much daylight left after tea-time. In the summer, tea can often be made the central meal of quite a long ride, but, in October, lunch must be "half-time." A reference to the calendar will show you that on October 15th the sun sets a few minutes after five o'clock, so that lamps must be lit at six.

A GOOD LAMP

may be advantageously purchased, if you are badly supplied, to carry you over the winter. Should you be held up by a puncture, the lack of a really powerful light may spoil the end of your ride. Now is also the time to invest in a

SET OF NEW TYRES,

since the summer droughts caused the stone splinters to lie in their millions about the road, and your tyres are sure to have been badly punished. The advent of the wet season will require sound rubber as a protection to the canvas lining of the covers, and unworn corrugations to prevent side-

slip. October is often one of the finest months of the year, but the effects of a shower pass away more slowly than in June, on account of the lessened heat of the sun. Also, when out for a ride,

DON'T TAKE LIBERTIES WITH YOUR BODY

by wearing summer clothes or lying about on the grass too much. The hottest October day often has a chilly evening, which will find out your weak spots if you are insufficiently clad; and the grass is only superficially dry. It is a good plan to carry

AN EXTRA WAISTCOAT,

to be donned when you enter the train on the homeward journey, or while you are stopping at some place of interest to look round. A macintosh cape should certainly be taken, too, as it will be useful to spread out when you want to rest a bit at the roadside. If you possess a

PAIR OF GOOD FIELD-GLASSES,

sling them over your back, since, as I have already hinted, October is a time when the proper use of the eyes forms the special feature of a pleasant ride.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. Evans.—I do not think that there is a better feather-weight camera stand on the market than one of French make, sold by Messrs. Houghton, High Holborn, W.C. It is made of aluminium, and has five telescopic joints, which are secured when extended by a series of catches. To shut it up you have only to start the last catch, and the rest are released automatically in succession by the covering tubes. The whole folds up to make a circular rod about 15 inches long and 1¼ inches in diameter. With its leather case it weighs a trifle over a pound. This stand does excellently for tourist work, though you must not, of course, expect it to bear as rough usage as a stout wooden tripod.

Theo. Crawford.—Thanks for submitting the idea, which shows that your sister is one of those people whom necessity quickens to invention. I cannot honestly say that I think it could be exploited, as a deep gong would not only add considerable weight, but also be much more easily broken. Furthermore, why should not one do at a spring what the Gideonites did of old at the river-side?

Martin Slater.—It is hard to clean rusty spots on spokes or rims without injuring the adjacent enamelled surfaces; so that, unless you like to clean the enamel off the whole wheel, polish it well with fine emery cloth, and start afresh. I should advise you to be content with scraping off as much rust as possible with a knife, and coating the spots with Aspinall or Maurice's Porcelain.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS,

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.

No. 7.—A PAIR OF CHAPPAREJOS.

I.

AT nineteen years of age, Frank Coffee was chief commissary clerk and paymaster for the firm of Adams and Caswell, railway contractors. In its rock-work upon the "Frisco" in I. T., the firm employed nearly five hundred hands.

A lad of Frank's age could scarce have attained to a position of such responsibility

east of the Alleghanies. In the Far West, however, many things were possible to the young man of pluck and capacity. Frank's youth was not a matter of comment or consideration at the camps of the contractors. He was an efficient manager of his department, and was popular with the mixed and often anomalous gangs of labourers. He had a pleasant, often humorous word, not only for the foreman, but for Jack, Mike, Ole, Francisco, "Hobo Number Ten," for men of numeral designation and unpronounceable names, when each or any of them came to the commissary tent to make inquiry.

The firm's nearest supply depot and banking point was Paris, eighty miles to southward. A wilderness inhabited by solitary communities of Choctaws or negroes, with here and there the ranch of a white man, lay between.

Twice each month, for the most of the way over a rough, new freight road, Frank Coffee was compelled to make a trip to Paris and return. These journeys were made on horseback, and when he went for money he had as body-guard four trusty men armed with shot-guns and rifles.

Silver for making change was brought in in small amounts by the freight wagons.

But the ten or twelve thousand dollars in bills required for each month's pay-roll had need to be amply guarded. Twice in five months Frank and his close riding squad met cavalcades of horsemen of superior numbers and suspicious appearance. He and his men were on the alert, however, and nothing came of these encounters.

Spring came and the men who "carried their beds" began taking their time-checks and leaving the camps to move northward. No men came to fill their places; time was crowding the contractors, and there was uneasiness in their quarters.

Some two weeks before regular pay-day, the senior member of the firm visited Frank at his private tent. It was late in the evening, and the young man was alone, hard at work upon his books.

"Frank," said Adams, "the freight wagons must pull out to-morrow. Do you think you could undertake——" he hesitated.

"To bring the pay-roll? Yes," said Frank, "if you're ready to assume the risk. I've thought about the matter. I don't see how we can possibly spare an extra man for that duty. I have a plan and think I can manage it safely. I will go bare-handed—without arms—and carry the stuff in a way no one could suspect."

"Good," replied his employer; "our regular routine is so well established now that I scarcely believe there can be risk."

Two days later Frank reached Paris without incident of note. He made purchases of powder and provision, and provided for loading his freight wagons. In the meantime he carried a pair of chapparejos, which he had worn, to a harness-maker—recommended at his bank—and set the man at work sewing calf-skin pockets in the leggings. When twelve pockets were completed, three upon either inner half of each legging, the packages of pay-roll money were smuggled into the workman's back room and sewed firmly into the compartments.

When the insides of the leggings had been



pressed, rolled, and worked with lamp-black and grease, the chaps had every appearance of having been padded for the comfort of the wearer. Outside, the stitchings, which had been given an ornamental turn, were made to show wear and use.

Some three hours after leaving Paris, and about sunset, Frank halted at a log tavern in a village at the Red River crossing. Here he had been in the habit of "putting up" of a night. The tavern was a primitive hostelry, kept by an ancient, affable Texan.

The traveller had determined, for safety's sake, to talk and act exactly as he would upon an ordinary occasion—to shut the consciousness of carrying a large sum of money out of mind. Therefore, upon entering the dingy compartment which served as office and baggage-room, he hung his yellow slicker and his chapparejos, as usual, upon one of a row of wooden pegs reserved for guests.

Supper had been eaten, but the newcomer was invited to take a "snack" in the kitchen, and did so. When he had finished eating and returned to the cheerless bar-room, there was no one to talk to, except the usual crowd of village loafers. These and the flickering lamp with smoke-begrimed chimney, the backless chairs and tobacco-laden atmosphere, lacked wholly of attraction. He took down his slicker and chapparejos and climbed a pair of stairs to the bunk-room. The inn had but one large sleeping apartment with a dozen or so of beds arranged along the walls. No lights or et ceteras were furnished. Frank chose a bed, flung his leggings and extra clothing down by the bedside, and was soon fast asleep.

He arose at daylight in the morning, and it was not until he had descended to the room below, and had started to tie on his chapparejos, that he made the frightful discovery they were not his own.

The leggings he held in hand were of the same pattern, with strings adjusted in exactly the same way, and they were of the same colour as his, but of newer and heavier leather.

He sprang to his feet at this astounding discovery and ran his eye along the rows of pegs. There were several coats hanging, and one saddle, but no leather leggings. He made a hasty search of the room, then ran to the bunk-room and looked over and under each bed, overhauling the discarded gear of the sleepers.

But no other chapparejos than those he

had in hand were to be found. His brain whirled in a maze, and, in the sudden fury of despair which seized upon him, he would have welcomed any calamity to his person—even death—could he have been certain of the recovery thereby of his employers' money.

He gathered his wits with an effort. There was no one up yet, except in the cook-room, where there was an early rattle of dishes. He ran to the kitchen door and called to the cook to wake the landlord and send him around at once.

After some minutes the man appeared, half dressed and rubbing at his eyes.

"Off a'ready, air yo'?" he inquired. "Might a lef' yo're bill, misteh, til yo' done come agin," he added, in mild reproof.

"Not that," said Frank, controlling his voice with choking effort; "some fellow's gone off with my chaps, and I want 'em."

"W'y, dea' me, dea' me! Ain't these yo'rn?" asked the old man, taking up the pair Frank had thrown across a chair.

"No, sir, they're not," said Frank, more calmly. "Somebody's certainly taken mine, and they were a valuable pair."

"Wall, seh," said the old man, examining the leathers, "hit 'twas sho'ly Ike Smith, from Doc Wheeler's ranch, that tuck yo' chaps. He came in las' night, Ike did, w'ile yo' was eatin' yo' snack. Yes, seh, an' he just hung his slicker an' chaps up an' went out en got half shot with apple-jacks usyul—en he rid off with yo' leathuhs sho' nough."

"Never mind, old gentleman," said Frank, his normal pulse fast returning; "put me up a snack, please, and I'll be off up the line. I can ride by Wheeler's ranch and trade chaps on the way," and he was off to saddle his horse.

Although he was far from resting easy in mind, something like a ton's weight seemed to have been lifted from his appalled brain. He knew the location of Wheeler's ranch by hearsay. It lay some twenty miles up the line and five or six miles to the west of the freight road.

He was soon across Red River and clattering through the woods to northward. It was well toward noon, however, and after hard riding, in which he had twice lost his way and got tardy and finally intelligible information at solitary Choctaw cabins, that he reined in a sweating horse in front of Wheeler's ranch house. An Indian woman came to a door at his call, and showed two rows of white teeth in a not unpleasant smile.



"I RECKON YEW'VE GOT THE BEST OF THE SWAP."

Was Doctor Wheeler at home? The woman answered in good English that her husband had gone to Tushkahoma.

And Ike Smith?

She pointed across an open, newly wired enclosure, and Frank saw a distant figure at work constructing fence. He rode at a gallop around the field and approached the man who was lazily driving posts. The fellow dropped his maul as Frank halted and stared with changing countenance.

"Well?" queried the horseman, breathlessly, "well, I suppose my chaps are down at the house. I've brought yours, you see?"

The man's colour came and went, and he grinned in a foolish manner.

"W'y, yo' see, stranger," said he, "I was a little onswa'dered las' night. I reckon I tuk yore chaps sure enough, but yew've got the best of the swap. I cudn't wear yore leathers at all, and so I swapped 'em with a nigger—a half-breed—for a musket. I—sure I never allowed yo'd turn up this way!"

With a sensation of fainting Frank leaned upon his saddle pommel. In a kind of grim

despair he struggled against dizziness until he could again think clearly.

"Where does this half-breed, this man you traded with, live?" he asked at length, and with a brave assumption of indifference.

"He lives in Logtown—Injun town about eight mile straight east o' Caney's Fork," answered the man, evidently much relieved that he had escaped a show of displeasure. "But, beggin' yo' parding, yo' don't wanter go foolin' 'round Logtown. Yew've got a good pair o' chaps on, so w'y——"

"What's the man's name?" Frank asked.

"He's called Jim Daylight, seh."

Frank wheeled his horse to go. "Say, misteh," the man called after him, "I wouldn't go foolin' 'round Logtown—'tain't safe!"

II.

BUT the distracted young man had but one thought in mind, and that was to find Jim Daylight in the briefest possible space of time. He could not trust the secret of the hidden money to Ike Smith or to any other stranger.

He rode back partly over the route he had followed from the railroad right-of-way. At a contractor's camp he again inquired for Caney's Fork and Logtown. At first he met with ill-success, but at length, in riding along the line, came upon a grade foreman, a Kansan, who was well acquainted with the lay of country thereabouts. This man gave minute directions, stopping work to trace upon his dump the winding of Caney's Fork and the exact location of Logtown, and describing Jim Daylight's cabin beyond the possibility of mistaking.

"Dunno, though, what any white man, in his senses, wants to go projecting around there for," he added, in almost the words of Ike Smith.

Frank Coffee did not stop to tell his errand, but thanked the man, and rode on. The dull despair and misery at his heart had passed, and he was again able to think clearly and calmly. He believed now that he would find the chapparejos at Logtown, and he trusted to the silver in his pockets to arrange matters finally. With a map of Logtown in his head, his plan of action assumed definite shape, and presently he discovered that he was hungry. He had not tasted a mouthful since the ill-fated supper at Red River.

He halted at a small branch presently, turned his horse loose, and ate a part of his snack.

After a needed rest he rode along the branch—by direction—until he reached the shut-in valley of Caney's Fork. He soon came upon the Logtown trail, a cart-wheel road, rutting a red-clay soil and twisting among trees, huge sycamores and white oaks, paw paw, pecan, and hackberry, and amid a tangled undergrowth of briar and ivy.

Six times this rough trail forded the shallow creek, each time plunging the horse-man, like a diver, into a deep, ditch-like channel cut into strata of friable clay. The twisting road, the gloomy woods, the bush-grown, stealthy ditch, were suggestive enough of a proper environment for rogues.

After the sixth ford he came suddenly into an opening adjoining a small truck-patch of the first domicile in Logtown. Some general attempt at a clearing had been made. Within its area, amid an acreage of dry stumps, stubs, and skeletons of girdled trees, the bark roofs and rough stone chimneys of several cabins could be seen. There were also pony and cow corrals built of rails laid close and high like Arkansas turkey pens.

The dense enclosure of green woods, the

scattered patches of young corn, "yams" and vines served only to accentuate the desolation of a "dead timber" clearing. The gray, mud-plastered cabins of monotonous, hencoop pattern offered little to enliven interest as he passed them one by one. Here and there one or more black faces peered, with curious, rolling eyes, from an open doorway, or half-naked pickaninnies scuttled around corners and peeped between projecting ends of logs.

Mongrel curs, of many sizes and colours, yapped in varying degrees of ferocity.

The seventh cabin, standing—like the fifth—upon a slight elevation upon the creek bank, was Jim Daylight's. In front of this domicile the horseman dismounted, tied his animal to an up-tilted ox-cart, and, with perfect assurance, walked in at the cabin's open door. A woman of mixed blood sat near a corner bed, busy with some kind of rough mending. She arose, as he entered, with a startled air and a slight exclamation.

"Is Jim Daylight at home?" asked Frank, in the tone of one familiar and quite at ease.

"Na!" exclaimed the woman, huskily, "Na—gone—gone way."

At a glance Frank decided she was more Indian than negro. Her face was deeply flushed with emotion, evidently mixed of fear, anger, and embarrassment. She shrank away toward a further wall and two small, tattered editions of herself crept hastily under the pole-framed bed.

Frank's eyes swept the single living-room, which contained a fireplace, a few cooking utensils upon and under an old table, some three-legged stools, and a backless chair, with provision-boxes and barrels arranged in several corners. Upon one of the barrels lay a small, flat saddle, and under the saddle a pair of chapparejos which he immediately recognised as his own.

With a tremendous effort of self-control he stepped carelessly across to the barrel, lifted the saddle and took up the chapparejos.

"These are mine," he said to the staring woman. A glance assured him that the precious paddings were intact.

"A man traded with me at Red River," he explained, "and these I wear belong to your husband—see?"

"Me do' know, me do' know," muttered the woman, "me do' know notting tall."

Frank coolly sat upon a stool, and while the woman stared speechlessly, exchanged chapparejos. He tossed the ones he had worn upon the barrel.

"Tell Jim it's all right, now," he said to the woman, reassuringly, and out he walked, remounted his horse, and took the road.

As he rode away from the cabin two men appeared upon the creek bank near at hand. One of them was swinging a fish-pole and the other held a gun in hand. Both were black

Once out of the clearing and under cover of the deep woods, he could hardly restrain himself from waving his hat and giving whoops of delight.

Truly he had had a fearful scare about the money. His plan had been perfect enough, too, but for one error—that of not



—AND THE WORLD WAS A BLANK TO THE FALLING RIDER.

and they stared hard at Frank as he passed them. He merely gave them a careless nod and rode on with the air of a man quite able to take care of himself.

He jogged along leisurely, determined to pay no attention to any demonstration not absolutely hostile. He passed the line of cabins at a slow trot, and was aware of more curious and partly concealed observers.

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wearing his chaps to supper and until he went to bed at Red River.

He wondered, laughingly, what the lazy mongrel folk of Logtown would have to say of their abrupt visitor when news of his performance had spread and they came to talk him over. The woman—Daylight's wife—had evidently been more frightened than angry. If Jim really had been crooked she

must, of course, have feared that a marshal or some officer was after him.

He rode his tired horse at an easy trot, having decided to spend the night with a sub-contractor whom he knew some two or three hours' ride up the line.

He had crossed the third or fourth ford, and was jogging on in great content of mind, when he heard a rapid clatter of horses' hoofs in his rear.

In much trepidation he halted and listened. Yes, there were two or more horsemen coming along the road and at a pace that admitted of no construction but that the riders were hotly chased or chasing. The conviction seized upon him that the men he had seen on the creek bank had listened to the woman's story and then had mounted and were after him.

Doubtless one of the men was Jim Daylight. Instantly he plied his spurs and sent his horse at a run over the rough trail. He had not reckoned upon finding characters so desperate at Logtown, but since they were after him he would dodge them in some way.

He determined, as a last resort, to jump from his horse and take to the cover of briar and bush. They would be satisfied, probably, if they got his horse and saddle.

At a turn of the road he looked behind to see if any rider was in sight. And then there was a fierce concussion—an electric display of fireworks—and the world was a blank to the falling rider.

III.

THE prostrate rider awoke, as from a drugged sleep, to find himself lying face downward upon the damp, red clay of the road. There was a racking pain over one temple, and his eyes swam in a mist as he raised his head to look about.

It was some time before he came to himself sufficiently to sit up and take in the situation. He then discovered that he had been knocked out of his saddle by the projecting limb of a hackberry tree. His broad-rimmed hat lay near at hand, apparently where it had fallen. His slicker, torn from its strings in his fall, was spread across the wheel-tracks some yards away.

His chapparejos had been taken, and his silver watch, and his pockets had been rifled of all valuables save a jack-knife and a few pieces of small change.

Whatever had been the intention of his pursuers, the fellows had apparently left him

for dead and to be discovered as the victim of an accident by the next who should come along.

He had now abundant evidence of the existence of a community of scamps, such as the Choctaw wildernesses yet occasionally harbour and whose members are not confined to persons of colour.

As soon as he could use his legs he went to a ford and bathed his head. He had lain unconscious for some time, and the sun was nearly set before he was quite himself again.

In this wit-gathering time he debated much what move he should make next. He could tramp to Adams and Caswell's camp and bring a force of men, but in the meantime what would become of the chapparejos?

There was the constant danger that their present possessor would discover superfluity in the leather paddings and rip them out without compunction. At this moment he believed the leggings were inside Jim Daylight's cabin. He concluded that the sole chance of their recovery lay in immediate action.

Once this decision had been reached he acted promptly. He took off his shoes, and slung them over his shoulder. Then he approached Logtown by way of the creek. He found the water shallow, for the most part, but here and there were deep holes which he had to pass around, clinging to vines and branches.

Thus he waded forward, cautiously feeling his way as darkness came on, until a widening strip of stars and the skeletons of dead trees, reaching ghostly arms above his head, warned him of a near approach to the cabins.

It was yet in the edge of evening. Presently he could hear occasional halloos, the yelping of dogs, and the tinkle of pony or cowbells at the corrals.

He felt very certain that neither man nor dog had noted his approach to the village.

In the course of half an hour there came to his ears notes of fiddle music, rough and rasping in their lightest cadence, and then above these the muffled shuffle of cowhide shoes and the voice of a "caller-off."

So the rascals were dancing and their cabins would be empty! Considerably elated at this prospect he slipped into the water and again waded carefully down stream.

He located the cabin he had visited by several cautious bank-climbings, and finally, in a cluster of bushes, found himself almost under its eaves.

He was sorely disappointed at discovering a light through cracks in its chinkings, and at hearing a woman's voice within scolding

in a barbarous tongue. He discovered, however, a low addition to the hut, six or seven feet square, which had escaped his attention in approaching from the road.

Soon a dog, near at hand, began barking fiercely, and he slipped hastily down the sloping bank. Half way to the bottom he thrust one foot into a large hole. He nearly fell into a cavity, in fact, and stooping among the bushes to examine found it quite large enough for entrance upon the hauds and knees.

Unhesitatingly he crawled in at the aperture thus discovered, and lay upon the damp ground until certain that the dog had not followed him. He then moved along the dank, ill-smelling orifice, certain that he had stumbled upon a way of secret exit from the cabin. The hole turned upward, and presently the crown of his hat came lightly in contact with some hard surface. This he found, upon examination, to be a dry cowhide thrown over the mouth of the hole.

He lifted the edge of the skin with infinite caution, and, as he had confidently expected, found that the passage was connected with the outer apartment of the cabin. Lights shining through cracks of the inner wall disclosed a room without other openings and empty save for a heap of rubbish.

He pushed the cowhide aside, inch by inch, and finally got noiselessly to his feet and stood erect. Peering through a narrow crack, at the level of his eyes, he could look in upon a part of the living-room. There was no one in, evidently, but the woman and the two small children he had seen.

The woman sat upon the edge of a bunk-bed trying to get her little ones to sleep. She busied herself braiding her coarse, freshly greased tresses, alternately crooning and scolding at the youngsters, who kicked and tumbled in quite the fashion of civilised babies when there is sufficient reason why they should go to sleep.

It was a good half hour before the pickaninnies closed their eyes and the woman, bare-headed, went out, shut the door, and turned a key in a padlock.

Frank immediately began investigation. As he had suspected, there was a loose log—a bottom log of the main building—about four feet long. He gently rolled it aside, crawled through the aperture, and emerged from under the bunk upon which the young ones were sleeping.

A lantern, burning low, stood upon the back leaf of a table. With the aid of this light he carefully explored the room. The

saddle was in its place upon the barrel, but no chapparejos were to be found. He explored every nook and corner, even running his hand under the mattress upon which the black babies were lying.

His disappointment may be imagined. What should he—what could he do next?

A small, cheap mirror hanging over the fireplace, and the condition of the lantern in his hand, finally decided the matter.

At home he had made up for parts in nigger minstrel performances. The wick scrapings at the bottom of the dirty lantern offered material for the skin decoration of a company of players.

In the interests of his search he would go to the dance. He wore no beard, his lips were reasonably full and rounded, and his black hair had been closely cropped at Paris.

Fifteen or twenty minutes of careful manipulation served to transform him, in appearance, to a typical darky of the region.

His muddy pants were turned up half way to the knees, his woollen shirt rolled in at the breast, and his sombrero, with band changed from white to black, was jammed down upon his ears. To complete the "make-up" he borrowed a white jacket which hung near by on a nail.

Thus arrayed, he effaced evidences of his work, replaced the lantern, and crawled out the way he had entered. Putting on his shoes, he cut a stout stick to the length of a cane, mounted the bank, and boldly crossed the road to the cabin where the dancing was going on.

IV.

"**H**'LO, Nig! Wha'd yo' come frum?" a voice shouted, as he came into an angle of light near the door.

He stopped in the midst of a circle of curious ones, to give an account of himself. He told his story in a careless, happy-go-lucky fashion, and in the dialect in vogue. He had been working along the railroad, and in coming up the line had taken a wrong road, had fallen into the creek and—

Here his tale of disaster was interrupted by shouts of hilarious laughter. His introduction had been sufficient.

"Yo' gotter dance de nex' quotilyin wid me, Nig," declared a strapping wench, who leaned against a door-jamb.

"Ve'y happy, Ma'y Ann, I assho yuh," Frank answered, about to enter the room, "but I raikon yo' hatter scuse me, maam.



AMID SHOUTS OF "GIT AT DAT FIDDLIN'!" HE MOUNTED THE BOX AND BEGAN SAWING.

yes, maam, till I've got de kink outen mah laigs."

"Huccum yo know mah name, Ma'y Ann?" she demanded.

"Case all de good culled gulls is name Ma'y Ann!" Frank shouted, showing his teeth and rolling his eyes in a way intended to display humour.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo," giggled the girl, and there were guffaws of laughter from the bystanders. The newcomer had already made himself popular.

He stepped inside the door and was greeted with shouts of welcome from a number of dancers. He moved along a near wall, among lookers-on, grinning, rolling his eyes and kowtowing here and there.

He wished to get acquainted all around and to keep a shrewd look-out. Most of the dancers, apparently, were of pure African blood. These were the lively ones. If all were rascals, they were, at least, a jolly lot. There were both good-natured and evil faces among them. Some, however, of Indian feature danced or looked on with the impenetrable taciturnity of their race.

Nearly all the men wore their hats, and here and there one stood or danced, uncomfortably, in the leather leggings of the range. These last seemed to be visitors.

Eight or ten couple were threshing around the floor to the measures of a quadrille; the music was supplied by a fiddler who sat upon an upturned cracker-box with his back to a window opening.

This darky, a big African of pronounced features, was a boisterous fellow with an exceedingly ugly eye, yet much reckless jollity of demeanour.

"Hi, yo', strangah!" he shouted at Frank, as the quadrille finished with a final clatter of pounding heels, "lak 'nough, mebbly yo' plays de fiddle, yo'sef?"

"I does," Frank answered in a calm, superior voice. As a matter of fact, at his home he had, for a year or two, off and on sawed at an old violin which had belonged to his grandfather. Nevertheless, he knew that his playing was several shades in advance of that he had just heard.

The fiddler jumped from his box with alacrity.

"Come en play a chune," he shouted; "I wanter shake mah laigs."

Nothing loth, Frank stepped forward and took fiddle and bow from the willing darky.

As he started to mount the big cracker box, however, he noted that the fiddler had

used a pair of leather leggings for a cushion. A single glance at its upturned paddings told him the fiddler's cushion was worth ten thousand dollars.

His heart stopped beating for a moment, and he bent over, tuning at the fiddle, to hide his emotion.

He recovered his composure with difficulty, and amid shouts of: "Git at dat fiddlin'!" he mounted the box and began sawing.

To control his elation, to think of a plan for safely securing the chapparejos, and to play "Haste to the Wedding," taxed his powers of self-control to the utmost.

Yet the jubilation of his spirit seemed to pass into the bow-arm and the fiddle, and he played with a vim and rollicking cadence which set the dancers off stamping and jiggling until bystanders and outsiders joined with shuffling feet.

Shouts and yells arose from the dancers and clouds of dust from the clattering puncheon floor. The uproar speedily became something tremendous, and the air grew stifling with dust and the heat of exertion.

Then, in a sudden horror, the fiddler became aware that beads of sweat had begun rolling down his painted cheeks. In a *furor* of nervous alarm he flung fiddle and bow at a hanging lantern, caught his seat cushion in both hands, and turned a back somersault out of the window.

V.

A CRASH of glass was followed by yells of amazement and anger. As he alighted upon his feet unharmed and sped away, dodging among the stumps, there was a precious moment of wildest confusion in the cabin. But quickly the cry of "Teef! teef!" was raised—probably by thieves—and a mob of men poured out in pursuit. Not even the dance could offer excitement to compete with that of a man-chase.

Frank had reached the cart road when a whooping tumult was launched upon his heels. Stars were shining, and the crowd, or some of them, saw the runner's figure bobbing among the stumps. Instantly a half dozen revolvers were barking, and bullets sang spitefully in his ears.

Shooting, yelling, calling dogs, the mob came on, making the woods re-echo with the din of a regiment.

The runner kept to the road, going in a direction opposite to that from which he had

just entered the village. That way lay the nearest approach to cover of the woods and bush.

Hardly had he reached, unharmed, the shelter of the close timber, when he heard a great outcry of curs and the baying of several hounds, apparently just turned loose.

The chill of fear struck deep. A fearful fate seemed certain to overtake the brave runner. He could scarce hope to escape being brought to bay by swift, keen-scented

hounds. If not torn by the dogs, he would be dealt with summarily as a thief—all the more summarily should the value of his capture chance to be discovered.

The yelping dogs came nearer. There was a brief delay while his pursuers halted to put the hounds upon his trail. Then the whole pack of Logtown's curs came on the road at full cry.

In desperation Frank turned off the trail and crashed through the brush in the direction of the creek. He reached the stream in a short run and literally rolled down its steep, high bank, clinging to his chapparejos, scratched and torn by bush and briar, until he splashed at full length in the current.

He snatched off the hat, jammed down upon his ears, and flung it among bushes of the opposite bank. Then he lay flat in the shallow water, and, clinging to his leggings with one hand, paddled and kicked silently at the bottom, half swimming, half crawling down the stream. A moderately swift current helped him to make considerable progress.

He had turned a bend at some fifty yards or more, as he judged, when the hounds came to a halt behind. He heard them splash across the creek and then scramble among the bush with baffled cries.

Alternately between fear and hope he pushed silently on. If the hounds were not trained to the man-chase there was a possibility of evading their noses and their jaws.

Presently he heard angry human cries:

"Come off, yo' fools—come off—hyah yah! Dis way, nigguhs; down de crick, sho!"

Then he heard laboured threshings among bush and briar apparently on either bank of the stream. The men would gain upon him, though not rapidly on account of impeding undergrowth, and trouble with the dogs.

Something must be done soon. The swimmer had passed several deep holes, and coming upon another chose the last desperate resort which the situation offered.



HE LITERALLY ROLLED DOWN ITS STEEP, HIGH BANK.

He swam under the edge of the bank where there were projecting roots and bushes. He seized upon some sunken roots, and digging the toe of one shoe into the soft mud of the bank, lay upon his back, with only his eyes, mouth, and nose out of the water.

Holding on like a diving muskrat among the snags, with his precious chapparejos submerged, he waited in a suspense quite terrible enough. If the angry mob of men should decide to explore the creek channel, he would have little chance of escaping them.

With ears under water he could hear nothing of the upper world, but soon dark figures appeared tearing around amid the brush of the opposite slope. He saw one slip and fall to the water's edge. Dogs were leaping as high as the heads of the men.

Then the hider sank his face under water, held his breath as long as was prudent, slowly brought his nose to the surface, took in air and sank again. He repeated this performance for some minutes, not daring to raise his face enough to open his eyes. When he finally risked a glance the figures upon the bank had disappeared.

For a long time he lay, in desperate suspense, so still that small fishes came and

nibbled at the hand which held his chapparejos. Convinced at last, however, that the chase had left his immediate neighbourhood, he raised his head, shook the water from his ears, and listened.

Far off in the woods, and welcome now, he heard the baying of the dogs and the faint halloos of men keeping together in their chase.

The dogs had found a trail of somebody or something which satisfied their noses; it mattered not what to the rejoicing swimmer, who again took up his line of retreat in floating with the current.

It was five o'clock in the morning when Frank reached a railway camp where his smutty and bedraggled appearance caused much hilarious comment among the men at breakfast.

He got the ear of a trusty sub-contractor, who put armed men in his spring wagon and drove the tired adventurer up the line.

That evening, when he had delivered the money, scarcely dampened from its long submergence, and had told his story in the contractors' quarters, his employers looked at him and then at each other in a way that quickened his pulse-beats.



THE BARRIER.

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



LAVISH STAMP COLLECTING.

THE average stamp collector has only a very hazy idea of the money that is every year lavished upon the collection of postage stamps by wealthy collectors. Now and again his eyes are partially opened by the report that some rarity has run into three figures at public auction. But he is inclined to be more or less sceptical when he is told that some collectors spend thousands of pounds yearly in the enrichment of their collections.

A few months ago the sale of an unused copy of the 2d. "Post Office" Mauritius for £1,450 created quite a sensation. It was the highest price ever known to have been paid for a single stamp, and those people who generally draw upon their imaginations for their facts, said it was quite a fancy price, as it was known that it was being bought for the Prince of Wales. As a matter of fact, when the secret leaked out that an agent was acting for the Prince, one of the strongest competitors, a well-known City dealer, immediately abstained from bidding against His Royal Highness, although he held a *carte blanche* order to buy the stamp at any price and would, against any other bidder, have run up to £2,000, or even more, if necessary.

Wealthy men have always been prominent in the pursuit of stamp collecting, and since the Prince of Wales has so openly associated himself with the collection and study of the postal issues of the world the number of wealthy collectors has considerably increased, especially amongst our titled aristocracy.

THE MOST LAVISH COLLECTOR.

The wealthiest and most lavish collector of all is M. Emipp la Renotière, of Paris, known to most collectors as Herr von Ferrary. When his philatelic life comes to be written it will be found to be a most remarkable one, full of

eccentricity and romance. For many years he has occupied the leading position in stamp circles. To many dealers he has been a veritable gold mine. Some years ago a report of his death got into circulation, and when a certain London dealer heard of it he dropped down in a dead faint, and had to be taken home in a cab. To him it meant the loss of a serious portion of his livelihood. If a great rarity turns up it is forthwith offered, by the earliest post, to the great Parisian at a good round figure. If he returns it, then it comes down considerably in quotable value, and is sent out in turn to less wealthy specialists, decreasing in price till it finds a buyer. Medical men charge their patients according to their means, as evidenced by the class of house in which they reside. The stamp dealer prices his great rarity according to the reputed length of the collector's purse. M. la Renotière is the possessor of great wealth, inherited from his mother. But his father's still greater wealth he absolutely refused to touch, because, in his opinion, it had not been acquired by strictly just means. Neither would he wear the honours of the dukedom to which he fell heir. He indignantly renounced his father's millions and his father's title. For years he earned his living as a tutor, and to this day he insists upon being addressed as plain M. la Renotière. He has devoted his life to the collection of postage stamps, and regularly visits London and the capitals of Europe inspecting stamp dealers' stocks in his never-ceasing search for gems to add to his great collection. Two secretaries are continually at work arranging and rearranging it, and keeping it up to date, and a large room is specially set apart for its care and preservation. It is estimated that during the past 25 years he has spent close upon a quarter of a million sterling on his philatelic treasures. For many

years his annual expenditure with one London firm of stamp dealers has averaged over £4,000. The greatest of all great stamp collections is destined by its owner, at his death, to be handed over to an Austrian museum.

A well-known English collector is said to have spent for years with a London firm over £1,000 a year. One day there was a little tiff over some misunderstanding, and the £4,000 a year went elsewhere.

CLASSIFICATION OF WEALTHY SPECIALISTS.

Some months ago a London dealer, in a large way of business, drawing upon his own long and exceptional experience, classified specialist collectors, or the Great Moguls, as they are called, under three heads. First, the collector who can spend from £50 to £200 per annum on his collection; secondly, the collector who can spend £200 to £500 per annum; and, thirdly, the collector who can spend from £600 to £x per annum. The number of the third class is much greater than most people imagine. A rarity running into three figures will, if in fine condition, always secure keen competition for its possession at an auction. The known copies of that popular rarity, the "Post Office" Mauritius, have increased considerably during the last ten or twelve years, but the market price has nevertheless advanced by leaps and bounds with every fresh copy put up for sale, which means that the number of those who spend lavishly on stamp collections goes on steadily increasing.

The well-known great collections range from £10,000 up to the untold value of the Parisian accumulation. A few years since, Mr. M. P. Castle, J.P. sold his specialised collection of unused Europeans to Mr. Mann for £30,000. The Duveen collection is said to be worth close on £80,000, and the Avery collection not far short of £50,000. The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres is a collector of recent date, but already he can show an array of philatelic volumes that promise some day to rival even those of the great Parisian, for he collects on more scientific lines. His United States issues, when all mounted up, will run into over 40 large volumes.

These figures are apt to appal the young collector, and he may feel inclined to ask, "What is the use of my few shillings doled out on a hobby which so readily absorbs vast fortunes?" But he may solace himself with the knowledge that the great rarities of to-day were, in the years of their issue, to be had at face value. The celebrated Mauritius, which has so recently realised £1,450, cost its late owner only


a few shillings as an addition to his schoolboy collection. And so certain common stamps of the boyhood of to-day may, in the same way, become great rarities of their manhood.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF PRESENT DAY COLLECTING.

The extravagance of present day collecting is answerable for the lavish expenditure that marks the specialist. Every stamp must be in mint condition, *i.e.* it must be as unsoiled as when it was first issued. There must be neither spot nor wrinkle. It must be complete in every perforation, and the design must be evenly centred. The scarcer the stamp in such a condition the higher the price of a desirable copy when it does turn up. In the old days collectors were content not only with a single specimen, but they preferred it used. Now, it must be unused, and a copy of every shade must be included. Pairs, and blocks of four, and complete panes, or sheets, or strips with sheet numbers, all run up the cost of a specialised collection. I have seen a collection of a country in sheets, each sheet consisting of 240 stamps. The enthusiast often takes singles, pairs, blocks and panes, unused. Then singles, pairs and blocks used, and I have even seen a whole pane of 60 stamps used. The best collection of the V.R.I. issues of the Orange River Colony is in complete panes of 60 stamps in a pane, of each value and of each printing. If there happens to be a variety in a sheet, the specialist wants that sheet complete, and he won't be really happy till he gets it. Hence, the pace at which we collect to-day makes very heavy calls on even a well furnished banking account.

Nevertheless, whilst the specialist scatters his cheques right and left, the young collector may as satisfactorily, and with prudent economy of even his pence, gather together the framework of an admirable collection. There are few of us who are specialising to-day who do not regret having parted with even the most modest collections of our boyhood. Ergo, start while you are young, take only fine copies, and stick to your collection.

Notable New Issues.

 NEW watermark, multiple CA, referred to and described in the August CAPTAIN, still holds the field as the philatelic event of the day. In addition to the stamps of Cyprus, Gibraltar, and Virgin Islands, it is stated that the issues of British East Africa, St. Lucia, and Southern Nigeria, are being issued with the new watermark.

It is reported that several new values are to be added to the current series for Gambia. The new denominations are to be 5d., 7½d., 10½d., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. Surely this must be a canard. Gambia no more needs all these odd values than a cat needs two tails.

So we are not to have the promised series of elaborate designs of Italian stamps after all the flourish of trumpets. It was to have been a fine set. We were assured that the designs were to be the work of one of the best Italian artists. Now a correspondent informs *Ewen's Weekly Stamp News* that the issue has been abandoned. It seems that the dies were made, but the result was not considered satisfactory, and the production was regarded as too costly. I gather that the postal authorities wanted steel plate results from the cheap process by which the current stamps are produced.

Paraguay, which is never backward in providing novelties for stamp collectors, is said to have a new series ready for issue dated 1904. The centavo values are of the ordinary shape and size, and the pesos oblong.

The Colonial issues of the United States are on the increase. This month we have to add what has been named the Panama Canal Zone to the list. The first issue for this Canal Zone was provided by purchasing a supply of the current stamps of the Panama Republic, and overprinting them "Canal Zone," and these were issued for immediate use pending the arrival of a supply of U.S. stamps specially overprinted. The first issue of mongrels will probably be very scarce.

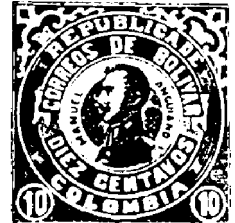
Chili.—Half a dozen surcharged provisionals have been received from this country. They are an indication that several values of the

current series have been exhausted, and that instead of ordering further supplies from the printers (the American Bank Note Co. of New York), provisionals are to be issued to tide over the time till the new series of local production (for which designs have been invited) are ready. For these provisionals a remainder stock of obsolete telegraph stamps has been overprinted with the word "Correos," the Spanish word for "postage," and in the case of the 1c., 3c., and 12c., where the value has had to be altered, the new denomination has been added at the foot. There are three types of the overprint, which we illustrate. Appended is the list with the numbers printed of each value.

Surcharged on telegraph stamps.

- 1c. on 20c. blue, Pedro Valdivia, 4,750,000, Type I.
- 2c. on 2c. brown, arms of Chili, 3,250,000, Type II.
- 3c. on 1 peso. dark brown, arms of Chili, 750,000, Type III.
- 5c. on 5c. vermilion, arms of Chili, 5,000,000, Type I.
- 10c. on 10c. olive green, arms of Chili, 2,250,000, Type I.
- 12c. on 5c. vermilion, Pedro Valdivia, 1,150,000, Type II.

Colombia. *Bolivar.*—Here are the illustrations of three of the ugliest postage stamps we have seen for some time. It is said that only



50,000 of each of these guys have been printed, and that a German dealer became enamoured of them, and bought up nearly the whole lot.

Perf.

- 5c. black, portrait J. M. del Castillo.
- 10c. brown, portrait Manuel Anguiano.
- 20c. red, portrait Pantaleon G. Ribon.

Cyprus.—Other values with the multiple CA watermark are being received. Up to date, the list with the new watermark is as follows:

Wmk. multiple CA.

- 3 piastres, green, name and value red.
- 30 paras, mauve, name and value green.
- 6 piastres, olive bistre, name and value green.
- 9 piastres, brown, name and value carmine.
- 18 piastres, black, name and value brown.



Type I.



Type II.



Type III.



East Africa and Uganda.—The current stamps of these Protectorates are now being received with the multiple CA watermark. The first to make its appearance with the new watermark is the 5 annas.



Wmk. multiple CA.

5 annas, yellow, brown, and grey.

United States. Panama Canal.—Having taken over the completion of the Panama Canal, the United States authorities have forthwith established a postal service for what they term the Canal Zone. For this service, and to supply immediate needs, a 1,000 dollars' worth of Panama Republic stamps were purchased and overprinted "Canal Zone." These are said to have been hand-stamped in bluish black. Then followed a regular supply of U.S. stamps overprinted "Panama Canal Zone."

Current Panama Stamps.

Over-printed "Canal Zone."

2c. rose and carmine.
5c. blue and carmine.
10c. yellow and carmine.

Current U.S. Stamps.

Over-printed "Panama Canal Zone."

1c. green.
2c. scarlet.
5c. blue.
8c. grey violet.
10c. brown.



Zanzibar.—A full set of a new design has been issued here. The anna values are of the ordinary small size, and the rupee values of a larger size and bi-coloured, but of the same design. We illustrate the small size.

Wmk. Quatrefoil. Perf. 14.

Small Size.

1 anna, green.
1 anna, rose-red.
2 anna, brown.
2½ anna, blue.
3 anna, grey.
4 anna, dark green.
4½ anna, black.
5 anna, yellow brown.
7½ anna, purple.
8 anna, olive green.

Large Size.

1 rupee, ultramarine and red.
2 rupees, green and red.
3 rupees, violet and red.
4 rupees, purple, brown, and red.
5 rupees, olive, brown, and red.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:—

Whitfield King and Co for Cyprus multiple CA. 30 paras and 6 piastres. Panama, U.S. Canal Zone, set.

Ewen and Co.—Cyprus multiple CA. 30 paras ½ piastre, and 6 piastres.

Lawn and Barlow.—Chili surcharges, set.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. F. P. (Upper Norwood).—The Universal Private Telegraph Co. 1s. stamp, with control number in black, is catalogued at 5s. The same stamp, with control number in lilac, is stated by Gibbons to be a proof. Has your friend any information to the contrary? The O.R.C., with no stop after the "R." is just as good used as unused, probably better if lightly cancelled with dated postmark. Yes, keep it on the envelope. The gum will not hurt it.

A Puzzled Reader (Penarth).—The stamps you describe are Orange Free State fiscals, not postage stamps.

R. R. (Hounslow).—The 50c. of 1866 is green, not yellow. Possibly you mean the 50c. of 1872, which is catalogued at 4s. imperf. used, and 5s. perf. used. Current South Australian 2d. are of little value, even in quantities.

S. C. W. (Ryde).—I do not recognise the Hongkong you describe. Russian China prices are, for used:—1k. 1d., 2k. 1d., 3k. 2d., 5k. 3d., 7k. 4d., and 10k. 5d. The Indian overprinted, as described, is not a postage stamp.

J. H. P. (Princetown).—I cannot say anything about your Samoan divided. The value depends on whether such split stamps were officially recognised.

L. B. (Cardiff).—Black 1d. English stamps are common enough. They are sold by dealers at from 3d. to 1s. each for used copies.

H. S. (Weymouth).—There are lots of Maltese and South Australian stamps, so I cannot tell you the value of yours until I know the year of issue.

Old Fuds (Witney).—The lack of perforation on the top or side of a stamp lowers its value, as it is, to that extent, defective. This does not apply to the first issue of Samoa, which should lack the perforation on one side, or top, or bottom. I believe the dealer you mention to be thoroughly trustworthy.

B. G. H.—Current English stamps in book form with inverted watermarks are, and will be, common. The newspaper paragraph to the contrary was obviously written by an ignoramus.

Muriel (Blantyre).—(1) A stamp written on instead of being defaced by a postal cancelling stamp is a fiscal, and is therefore not placed in a collection of postage stamps. (2) Yes, some embossed stamps are postage stamps. The earliest English 6d., 10d., and 1s. were all embossed. So also were the first issues of Portugal, Gambias, up to 1898, were all embossed. (3) If you collect postcards the stamps should not be cut out, but the card kept entire. Few now add postcards to their postage-stamp collections. (4) You can collect watermarks and perforations as you please. If you want to collect very economically, omit them, but if you can afford them, it is better to take them. (5) An embossed stamp that is not gummed is an envelope stamp, and is not now usually taken in an ordinary collection. (6) Local stamps are not now mixed up with a collection of postage stamps.

S. H., Jun. (Belfast).—The matter complained of by you and others has been inquired into, and the advertisement at once excluded. If you have not yet received stamps ordered write our Advertisement Department.

H. W. H. (Margate).—The English 1d. red, plate No. 182, is catalogued at 1s. 6d. unused, and 2d. used.

THE DUFFER.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," &c.

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

SYNOPSIS OF BOOK I.

THIS story concerns the fortunes of George Wellington Denver, a boy of sixteen, who spends several years at Silverdown, a public school, without achieving anything creditable. Finally, being very miserable, and anxious to escape from a disreputable set he is mixed up with, he procures his expulsion by breaking a very strict rule. On hearing that George has purposely brought this dishonour on himself, his father, Dr. Denver, gives the boy a severe horse-whipping. The thrashing is brought to an end by the intervention of Joyce, George's ten-year-old sister, and George dashes out into the storm which is raging at the time. Seeking a favourite spot under the cliffs (he lives at Mellerby, a small seaside place), he throws himself down and gives vent to his misery. There, soaked and forlorn, he is found by Munro, an artist, who occupies a bungalow near the beach. Munro befriends the boy and dries his clothes, but George, nevertheless, catches a severe cold. When he is well enough to leave his room his father tells him that he must go to school again, but George emphatically refuses to do so. Eventually he is given temporary employment in the office of Garrick and Mappin, a firm of Mellerby solicitors. Mr. Mappin, the junior partner, admires Molly, George's pretty sister of seventeen, and it is with the hope of improving his relations with the Denver family that he offers George this post. The boy, though he tries his best, does not give much satisfaction at the solicitors' office, and it is the opinion of Andrews, the managing clerk, that he will never do any good at this kind of work. George, however, has a considerable talent for music, and he is encouraged to persevere in this direction by Mr. Wall, organist at Mellerby parish church, who gives him lessons for nothing. Living in the town is a very old lady, named Mrs. Pardoe, said to be a centenarian. This old lady, who is very sharp-witted, considering her years, keeps in touch with the Denver family by the unconscious agency of little Joyce, who, when some trouble has arisen, or when she particularly wants anything, writes a letter to God, and posts it in an old oak tree which stands near Mrs. Pardoe's garden. These letters are taken out of the tree by Mrs. Pardoe. In one of them Mrs. Pardoe learns that Munro, the artist, is very poor, and so by way of assisting him she commissions him to paint her portrait. In the course of the story it is shown how Munro incurs the enmity of John Blunt (nicknamed, on account of his appearance, "Black Jack"), a huge boatman of disreputable character. One day Blunt publicly insults Munro, and in the course of the encounter that follows gets much the worst of it. Burning with a desire for revenge, the ruffian waits for the artist late that night by the latter's bungalow. Whilst a thunderstorm is raging, Blunt sees the figure of a man approaching the bungalow door. Taking this to be Munro, Blunt fells him with a boat-hook, and is about to repeat the blow when the prostrate man is killed by a flash of lightning, and by the glare of the lightning Blunt sees that his victim is not Munro, but Dr. Denver.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

THE TIME OF TRIBULATION.

WHEN

MUNRO, returning from the Mellerby Club after the storm had abated, was nearing his bungalow. he was startled by a strange howl from Rufus, who had bounded down the sandy slope ahead of him. The artist knew the tones of his dog's voice, and was sure there was something wrong else why that hoarse, unusual whimper? Quickening his steps, he found the dog sniffing at a figure which lay prostrate before the bungalow door. The moon shone intermittently, at the pleasure of the driving clouds, and by its uncertain rays Munro was startled to perceive that the rigid, upturned face before him was a familiar one. And a chill crept into his heart when he thought of how he would have to bear the news of this tragedy to that house beyond the common.

After his first hurried examination, Munro reasonably concluded that Dr. Denver had come by his death owing to the wound which the artist found on his head; but when a doctor had been fetched, hot-foot, by honest Tom Dwyer, Munro learned that George's father had in reality been killed by lightning. Thus had his assailant been forestalled in the committal of a terrible crime.

Of that assailant there remained no trace. The heavy downpour had washed away all footsteps from the sand and shingle; there was not the slightest evidence which could afford any indication as to the would-be murderer's identity. But Munro, piecing the day's events together, felt pretty certain that it would not be necessary to look beyond his huge long-hore

man fee. The landlord had warned him to be on his guard, and not without grounds. Blunt had evidently waited for him by the bungalow, and, in the gloom and blurr of the tempest, had struck down the wrong man. Munro put the facts before the police, and there ensued a vain hue and cry for Black Jack. The whole neighbourhood joined in the hunt, but all efforts proved fruitless. The giant had vanished, and none knew whether he was dead or alive. Terrified by the death-dealing flash which had anticipated him in administering the *coup-de-grâce* to his victim, and possibly acquainted at the same moment with the nature of the hideous mistake he had made, it was surmised that the longshoreman had sped down the beach and pulled away from the scene of the catastrophe in the first boat that came to hand. For Munro's dinghy was missing, and this fact lent colour to the conjecture that Black Jack had escaped out to sea. Whatever was the truth, he had gone—and it was generally agreed that Mellerby was a considerable gainer by his departure.

When Dr. Denver was buried, a vast following assembled to do him honour. A doctor, of all professional men, comes most intimately into the lives of his neighbours. The lawyer and the parson are near acquaintances of their fellows, but the physician sees men in their weakness, hears their confessions, reads them through and through. A certain number of those attending the sad ceremony had been snatched from the grave's very brink by the skill of the man they were now burying; others, afflicted less dangerously, had derived comfort and hope from his healthy, virile presence and decisive utterances. He had had a reputation for prompt and correct diagnoses. There were plenty of other doctors in the neighbourhood, but "Denver" was the man most had pinned their faith on when sore troubled with dangerous and puzzling bodily ailments. His death was regarded as a local misfortune, for, in addition to holding a most reputable professional position, he was respected as an honourable man, a good sportsman, and a worthy citizen. And besides the county gentlemen, farmers, and tradesmen who drooped behind the coffin, there were many of the Mellerby poor as well. Of all professional men, a doctor gives most gratuitous services. Not a few of the poor people in that procession had had the best of Dr. Denver's attention, and had not paid anything for it, because, knowing they were so poor, he had not asked them for a penny.

And so, when a week had elapsed, George, Molly, and Joyce found themselves alone again.

Fatherless, motherless, they gazed upon the future with anxious speculation. It was a new, bewildering experience, for hitherto there had always been Somebody to relieve them of real responsibility. Now, however, though they had a busy merchant uncle who was nominally their guardian, they knew very well—at least, the two elder ones did—that hereafter they would have mainly to make their own plans, and look for guidance to their own hearts.

The aunt who had previously managed the household for a brief spell, had expressed her willingness to act again in that capacity until the three young people's programme for the future had been decided upon. She was expected in a few days' time. Their uncle—Dr. Denver's elder brother—had returned to town after having done all in his power to soften the blow which had fallen upon the children, and to make satisfactory arrangements for their future. Pending the sale of the practice, Mr. Smallwood, Dr. Denver's assistant, would carry it on. One year's earnings—the usual sum paid for a practice—should represent about twelve hundred pounds; the horses and furniture would bring in a few more hundreds. The deceased man had saved no money to speak of. He had lived up to his income. He had not even insured his life. When everything had been realised, the children would have a possible two thousand pounds. The merchant uncle had put all this very clearly before George and Molly. The two thousand, when invested in trustworthy securities, would not produce an income of more than sixty pounds a year.

Sixty pounds a year! That was all.

"You two elder ones," their uncle had said, "will have to earn your own living. Joyce can come to me, and you two must regard my house as your headquarters—as your *home*—when you have a holiday. You, George, will no doubt stay on with Garrick and Mappin. You have received a good grounding by this time in the work of a lawyer's office, and I am sure Mr. Garrick will see his way to giving you a higher salary. He said as much to me the other day. That, with the twenty pounds a year that will accrue to you out of your father's money, should be sufficient for you to live upon. But you will have several months in which to think matters over and make your plans. You, Molly, I have no doubt, will be able to find a post as a companion or as a governess to young children. You must write to me later on and tell me what you would prefer to do."

Having spoken in this wise, their uncle—a man none too rich, and cumbered with a large family of his own—took his departure, and the

three young mourners were left staring the future in the face.

"Governess!" cried Molly to George. "Oh! I will never be a governess—or a companion."

"Well," returned George, "I really don't know what else you can be."

Molly did not reply immediately. Her head was in a whirl. She knew she would have to work and earn her living, and she was thinking

"You're far too young," returned George, in a patriarchal tone.

"Plenty of girls marry at eighteen," said Molly, "so why shouldn't I?"

"I should wait a bit if I were you," returned George, with commendable wisdom.

Of the three, Joyce—though the youngest and the one upon whose shoulders care might have been expected to sit the least heavily—mourned



"YOU TWO ELDER ONES WILL HAVE TO
EARN YOUR OWN LIVING."

of the walks in life open to a—well, presentable girl of eighteen, for she was just upon eighteen now.

"Yes, you'll have to do something of that sort, Molly," repeated George.

The usual rebound had come, and, though they lived very quietly and saw few visitors, the style of their conversation was now much as it had been before their father's death.

"Suppose I were to get married?" said Molly. "I would rather marry than be a governess."

most deeply for her father. She was an understanding as well as a "remembering" little maid. It was seldom that anything escaped her grave, watchful eyes. George had his office work and his music to occupy his mind; Molly her housekeeping and her numerous social duties; but Joyce, save for a little dusting and flower arranging, was practically occupationless. She, therefore, had the greatest leisure of the three for observing those about her, and consequently had been well-versed in her father's

changeable moods. She had often noticed him check himself when on the point of bursting into a violent tirade, and she knew what an effort such self-restraint had cost him. Most of his relatives had put him down as an inexcusably violent-tempered man, but Joyce had seen more than they did. She saw the unhappiness that was nearly always gnawing at his heart and setting him on edge, and she found many excuses for him in her own quiet way.

When their uncle had returned to town, Molly told Joyce how their affairs stood. It made the little girl very sad to think that they three would soon be separated, and would only meet again at rare intervals. She concluded that she could not do better than lay the situation before a certain Friend who had never yet failed her. So she wrote yet another letter, which ran as follows:—

The Gables, Mellerby, August 27th.

DEAREST GOD,—

Father is dead, as you know, and we have only sixty pounds a year to live on. Molly is to be a governess. George is to go on being a clerk, and I am to go to London to live. But Molly doesn't want to be a governess, and I don't want to go to London. Please help us, and I shall be ever so much obliged. It is so lonely without papa. I hope he is quite happy now. I don't believe he was *ever* really happy after mother died.

I am, ever your very loving,

JOYCE DENVER.

And it was a little black figure, instead of a little white one, which flitted over the grass and consigned the note to the keeping of the Great Oak.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROGRESS OF THE DUFFER.

THE wit and wisdom of centuries, strained by Time, yield a residue in the shape of proverbs. Whatever else may die, proverbs live, and live they always will as long as there are people in the world to be strengthened with sound advice and consoled with cheerful maxims.

Never was there a truer saying than " 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good." What is regarded at the date of its happening as a dire calamity, almost invariably proves of benefit to somebody or other. Dr. Denver's sudden and tragic death, for example, though deplored as a most unfortunate event both for the community and his family, had the effect of a strenuous tonic on George Denver. Up to this juncture he had gone to his work in a mood of "suppose I must"; he had groaned in spirit over

his tedious office duties, and breathed a deep sigh of relief each day when the hands of the clock reached the point of his release from bondage. Then he had hastened home to his music, and thereafter was happy. It was small wonder that Andrews had regarded him as an unsatisfactory clerk, in spite of the fact that George really did try, in a somewhat half-hearted fashion, to execute his tasks satisfactorily, and expressed regret when Andrews ventured to censure him—very mildly, of course, in view of his peculiar position in the firm.

When his father died, George, after the first shock occasioned by his loss, pulled himself together manfully. His sisters were, quite naturally, convulsed with grief; they were of a more sensitive and fragile fibre than he, and found relief for their feelings, as women do, and should, in frequent tears. But George went about dry-eyed and pale-faced. Though so young, he was now the man of the house, and it behoved him to behave as such. His demeanour surprised and impressed those about him—especially his uncle, who, from casual references in letters, had come to regard his brother's only son as an unsatisfactory youth of no particular ability in any direction.

While paying due deference to his uncle, George let it be seen that he was plainly aware of his responsibilities. He remembered, with feelings of the deepest gratitude and affection, that last interview with his father. The kind words still echoed in his ear; he still felt the pressure of his father's hand upon his shoulder. He determined that he would play the game now for all he was worth, that there should be no more slacking and no more repining.

During the pre-funeral interval—as trying a period as it is possible to imagine—he was most gentle and considerate to his sisters in a quite unobtrusive manner. They noticed the change that had been wrought in him, but did not speak of it to one another. It filled their hearts, however, with a new love for him—a deeper and better love than had existed aforetime—and when, on the night after the funeral, they kissed him before going to bed, they knew that this mood of his was no passing one, but that henceforth he would be a brother they would be able to look up to and lean upon.

Of a surety, 'tis an ill wind that blows *nobody* good.

When his uncle had gone back to town, George returned to his work at Garrick and Mappin's in a hopeful and resolute manner that was not lost on the worthy managing clerk.

"I do believe," said Andrews to his wife, "we shall make something of that young fellow

after all. He asked me several questions to-day which showed he was putting all his brains into his work, instead of dreaming about that silly music I've caught him writing once or twice."

"Be easy with the poor lad," said Mrs. Andrews. "I shouldn't think he has much stomach for work just now, considering what has happened."

"You needn't be afraid, old woman," was Andrews' reassuring rejoinder. "I know what's the matter."

He filled his pipe and then dropped into a reminiscent vein. "I remember," he said, "when I first went to Garrick and Mappin's as a boy—it was Endall and Garrick's then—I didn't cotton on to the work anyhow. I wanted to go to sea and fight pirates."

Mrs. Andrews laughed her thin little laugh. "Fancy you fighting pirates!" she said.

"Well, I'd been reading about that sort of thing," continued the homely managing clerk, "and it fired my imagination, as they say in books. All the time I was filling inkpots and running errands I was hankering for a life on the ocean wave. But my father told me that all the ocean wave I'd ever know was just this bit of a bay here—and he was right. After a time I dropped reading books about boys boarding dhows with their cutlasses between their teeth, and started on Dickens, who's all the other way about. He gives you a sort of liking for offices and old houses and such-like. Then I grew a bit older, and as I earned more money every year, I got to like my job better, and I've been at it ever since."

"And a good thing it's been for the firm that you have," observed Mrs. Andrews. "Honest men don't grow on gooseberry bushes."

It must not be imagined that George developed into a model junior clerk in five minutes. As a matter of fact, he never developed into a model junior clerk at all. But from the time we have mentioned he made a great advance in Mr. Andrews' estimation, not on account of the excellence of his work, but because he put his shoulder to the wheel and did his level best to give satisfaction. He still found the work trying and tedious, but by throwing himself into it with might and main, and striving to write as neatly as he could and take all possible pains, he earned the approval of his conscience.

For all that, he had no love for these dry-as-dust tasks. He wondered why legal business was conducted with such an unnecessary number of phrases; he could not understand why such old-fashioned language was used and why a man could not make his will without using the same sentences over and over again. If

he had had a hundred pounds, and was told that he must make a will, he would have written down: "I leave fifty pounds to Molly and the other fifty to Joyce. (Signed) George Denver." But he knew that if a lawyer made his will this simple declaration would be amplified into a statement occupying a big sheet of parchment!

The office work over, he was free to devote the rest of his time to music, and now that he desisted from tennis and boating out of respect for his father's memory, he found much pleasure indeed in his organ-playing.

But here again he met with obstacles. The principal difficulty he had encountered in learning the organ was the management of the pedals, for which he had to feel without being able to look at them. The next was arranging the stops. Thus his mind was busy in three different quarters—the manuals, pedals, and stops. Then, again, the touch was entirely different to that which he had been accustomed to use in playing the piano. In the latter case, if one raises one's hands, the sound continues; in organ-playing, under similar conditions, the sound ceases abruptly. One must learn to glide one's fingers from one note to another. One must learn, too, how to continue the playing with one hand while the other is manipulating the stops—a manœuvre that should be executed with expedition and accuracy if the performer wishes to become even tolerably proficient as an organist.

The tyro itches to learn how to play a hymn on the organ—preferably "Onward, Christian Soldiers"—but the wise instructor will keep him down to the scales and exercises with which he began on the piano. He will proceed from these to easy voluntaries, and thence to psalm and hymn tunes. When he is advanced enough to be able to control his feet and his hands (and keep his head), he should be able to play for a Children's Service, at which, bearing in mind the uncritical nature of the congregation, he will perform with more confidence than he would be likely to display at full Matins or Evensong.

Mr. Wall, the organist, came in one evening while George was practising. Denver was playing a simple voluntary. Mr. Wall stood by quietly until he had finished it, and then pointed out the mistakes he had made.

"Why," said George, "I seem to have done everything wrong!"

"Pretty nearly everything. One doesn't learn the organ in a month, you know. Now let me play it over to you."

George got off the organ-stool and the fat little organist clambered on to it. Then George spent a despairing five minutes. He would

never be able to play like this—with such consummate ease—with such feeling—with such perfect mastery of keys, stops, and pedals. The organ seemed to have become a different instrument under Mr. Wall's touch. George listened to him, speechless with admiration, which showed itself in his glowing eyes and parted lips—in spite of the despair at his heart.

"Thank you awfully, sir," he said, at the conclusion of the piece. "That was *grand*. Please play something else."

The little organist had been giving piano lessons all day, and was very tired, but he could not refuse such an appeal. The boy's enthusiasm touched and pleased him. He rambled among his battered music books and turned up one of his favourite voluntaries—"O Rest in the Lord." This he played, and George listened with all his soul as the sweet strains floated through the sacred edifice. The angels in the stained glass windows seemed to listen, too.

When it was done, Mr. Wall turned to George with a smile.

"Something else, or have you had enough?"

The expression on the boy's face was sufficient answer.

"Very well: I will play something that will test every quality of the organ and bring every stop into action."

He turned over the pages.

"Here it is. Of course you know it—'The Hallelujah Chorus.'"

He played it, and again George's young soul was filled with joy. The magnificent strains of the masterpiece seemed to lift him above the world: the flood of melody made his pulses tingle and his heart throb with delight. George was a musician.

When the last deep pedal note had died away, the boy heaved a sigh.

"It must have taken you a very long time to learn to play like that, sir," he said.

"All my life, George." And the little organist sighed, too, as he thought of the prizes that might have been his, of the position he might have attained, had Fate been more bountiful to him in the matter of bodily health.

The boy George had hired to blow came out from behind the curtain looking very hot. George handed him his usual fee of twopence, and added a penny for the "Chorus," which had evidently taxed the urchin's powers of blowing to the utmost. Then, when the boy had decamped, well-satisfied with his payment, George and Mr. Wall walked down the street together.

"Yes, music is a delightful profession to adopt, George," said the organist, "but there isn't very much money attached to it. And there's

a lot of drudgery in it—a lot of drudgery," he repeated, wagging his head mournfully as he thought of the pupils he had been endeavouring to drum music into that day—one in particular, a stupid little girl with sand-coloured hair—the Mayor's daughter—whose sluggish ineptitude was attributed by her parents entirely to the organist's want of perseverance with her.

"People expect their children to get on so fast, and blame me if they're backward," said Mr. Wall. "Sometimes I feel inclined to walk out of their houses and never enter them again. But of course," he added, "I can't afford to do that. So I keep on—it's the only thing to do—and hope for better times."

George felt very sorry for the poor organist, with his asthma, his invalid wife, and his tiny income. He felt that, if he were a rich man, he could never allow a gifted musician to struggle on as Mr. Wall had to struggle. He would find some way of increasing his salary.

But alas! to be rich is one thing—to say what one would do if one were rich is quite another. A good many rich men would never have become rich if they had yielded to generous impulses; a good many would soon cease to be rich if they relieved all the needy folk within their ken. The rich man will tell you that he subscribes to charities up to a certain figure, but that beyond that figure he cannot go, as he has a family to provide for and large household expenses. Yet he will ride in a costly carriage and sit down to a dinner of many courses, while, within a bow-shot of his dwelling, thin-faced, despairing women are toiling with their needles all day long in order to provide their children with bare necessities. And this can hardly be right—to toy with delicacies one doesn't want when little children in a neighbouring road are crying for something to eat.

George walked home thoughtfully. When we have cares, it is a good thing for us to compare them with the much greater cares of others. His work at the office was distasteful and wearisome, but how much more wearisome must Mr. Wall's music lessons have been—the constant driving of the A.B.C. of his art into the heads of dull little girls and boys! And then, George had something to look forward to when his work was over—the companionship of John Thompson, his sisters' society, and the joys of his musical composition. Mr. Wall, on the other hand, had a nervous, querulous wife, and all sorts of little anxieties concerning money matters. He had no children, unfortunately—or his home-going would have been ever so much brighter, in spite of his small means, and he would have gone forth to the day's work with a

much livelier step. Only his wife and himself—and the former always ailing and complaining. The little man could not afford to entertain, so he went very little into other people's houses. So, you see, there was not very much sunshine in his life, although there was more now that he knew Munro, who was not the sort of man that expected to be "asked back," and who always gave the tired music-master a hearty and sincere welcome when the latter called at his bungalow.

So George walked home thoughtfully, and made up his mind that he would go on bucking up at the office. Things might have been much worse for him, after all. And he had yet another motive for doing his best, in that he didn't wish the partners to give him a larger salary because they were sorry for him; he was proud, and wanted to deserve it.

He had two sisters on his hands now, and he felt that if he could manage to earn fifteen shillings a week, that, with what his father had left, would bring their income up to a hundred a year. They ought to be able to manage on that, with care, George fancied. From four shillings to fifteen was a big jump, but if he worked steadily for the next three months, and did his work intelligently rather than mechanically, Garrick and Mappin *might* see their way to give him fifteen shillings a week by the time he and his sisters had to leave The Gables and go into lodgings.

George talked this idea over with Joyce, and Joyce, who knew nothing at all about money, was quite sure they could do splendidly on a hundred a year, and be very happy. But Molly, when Joyce broached the subject to her, looked doubtful. She did not think that the partners, desirous as they were of helping her brother, would give him all that rise of salary, and if they did, the prospect of taking lodgings in Mellerby, where formerly she had mixed with the best society of the place and held her head high, was not an inviting one.

Nevertheless, she said very little, and what she said Joyce did not repeat to George, because she did not want to damp his ardour. She had a wise little head for ten.

CHAPTER III.

A LETTER FROM LONDON.



ONE of the things directly affected by the death of Dr. Denver was Munro's painting of Molly. Of course, after that sad event, the girl could not put on her gown of cornflower blue and flit across the common, little Joyce by her side, to give the artist a sitting.

So Munro put the half-finished canvas away, and set himself hard to work on other tasks.

Munro was by temperament an indolent man. If he had not been, his labours would have met with more success ere now, for he had talent, there was not a doubt of it, and the place he might take in his profession depended upon his cultivation of that talent. Just as you may obtain an ample crop from a pear or plum tree by judicious pruning, so may a man make the most of his gifts by wise development and ceaseless effort.

Munro, then, was an indolent man up to a certain period. He was indolent till he began to paint portraits. Then he became suddenly industrious, and his art ripened in a corresponding degree. And why? Because he found that this new work appealed to him. Painting people, he discovered, was a thousand times more congenial to him than the depicting of landscapes and still life. He went to his easel, now, with a keen appetite for work.

When he put the picture of Molly away he looked around for a subject to take its place. There was, to be sure, the theatrical manager's little girl, of whom he was making as presentable a portrait as possible, but he did not find her interesting, for she was a plain child with no compensating charm of expression or manner. He determined to finish that portrait as soon as possible, for he could see that the child herself was not at all interested in the sittings—she was a little bored, indeed—and this was their one bond of sympathy. So he finished it as soon as he could, for he was to be paid ten pounds for it; and ten pounds is ten pounds to a poor artist living in a bungalow.

He heaved a sigh of relief as he put the last touch to the picture of the little girl. Done at last! When it was dry he framed it and took it to the bungalow next door. The theatrical manager's wife was delighted with the portrait. It was exactly like the sweet darling! Her husband had gone to town that very morning to superintend the rehearsals of a new musical comedy. He would not be down again till Saturday week. When he came he would—

"Quite so," said Munro, going his way with a bow and a smile.

Now for a new subject. The portrait of Mrs. Pardoe he had just about finished. She had insisted that he had not made her look old enough, and was coming yet once again to have some more wrinkles put in. These wrinkles would complete the portrait. Meanwhile—

Munro looked round for a fresh sitter. He had done with beach scenes, quarries, and fishing-smacks. He intended, henceforth, to paint *people*. Real flesh-and-blood—interesting people—people that quite listless folk would stop to

look at in the course of their crawls round the Academy—if he was lucky enough to get hung!

It was not long before he found a subject ready to his hand. He was strolling along the beach one day when he came across an urchin of tender years, simply clad in a blue jersey and blue knickerbockers, and bare as to the head and legs, aiming vindictive blows with a stick at a small green crab that was struggling fearfully over the seaweed.

"Let it alone; it's no good to eat," said Munro.

The urchin turned a pair of eyes on the artist that made Munro wonder where he had seen them before.

"I don't want to eat it," returned the boy, aiming another murderous blow at the crab.

"Leave it alone, there's a good lad," said Munro. "You don't want to be killed before you're a man, do you?"

"No," said the boy, pausing in his work of destruction.

"Nor does the little crab," rejoined Munro. "So leave it alone—and here's a penny for you."

The boy held out an eager brown palm for the penny, and, casting a last glance at the crab, turned reluctantly away. At that moment a small, white-faced woman issued from one of the bungalows with a large piece of bread-and-jam in her hand. The boy ran towards her, received the bread-and-jam, and sat down to devour it.

"I should like to paint that little chap," muttered Munro; "wonder if it can be managed."

He advanced towards the woman, who had sat down by her son, and before many minutes had elapsed he learned that the boy was the only son of the badly-wanted John Blunt, boatman. And the upshot of the conversation was that Munro obtained an excellent subject for his brush in little Master Blunt, who, with his matted head of black hair, scowling eyes, and sturdy brown legs, afforded an excellent study for "A Son of the Seashore"—which title Munro gave to his picture before ever he made his first charcoal sketch of the lad.

The situation struck Munro as possessing a certain grim humour. Here was he, Black Jack's intended prey, painting a picture of Black Jack's son and heir. Meanwhile, the longshoreman himself was either lying at the bottom of the ocean or serving as a hand on some vessel that had picked him up when he fled out to sea on the night of the tragedy.

Little Blunt, unlike the theatrical manager's daughter, took a great interest in the picture that was being made of him. Likewise, he found much that was fascinating in Rufus and the parrot, and in the various paintings that adorned the walls of the studio. Little Blunt sat for Munro every day, for his mother was now work-

ing regularly at one of the bungalows which did not boast a servant. So while Mrs. Blunt performed her domestic tasks, her son sat—or, rather, stood—and scowled at Munro, who, as day after day passed, became mightily pleased with the picture of the lad which was growing beneath the strokes of his brush.

At length Mrs. Pardoe decided on a morning when it would be convenient to her to have the additional wrinkles put in. Forewarned by a note, Munro tidied up his bungalow, and told little Blunt that he needn't come on that particular morning. Whereupon the small replica of Black Jack decided that he would get a bigger stick than ever and prevent quite a lot of little crabs from growing into men.

Attended by the faithful Hannah, who, as usual, remained in the carriage during the sitting, Mrs. Pardoe duly paid her last visit to the studio, and Munro, bowing to the inevitable, satisfied her craving for wrinkles with a thoroughness which left nothing to be desired.

"If she wants to look a hundred, she shall," he said to himself.

And when he had done, the face that looked out upon one from the canvas was a full century old. One read there, in those seams and lines and shadows, the long, long tale of a life that had extended by thirty years over man's allotted earthly career. There one saw, in the stern hooked nose, the pointed chin, and beetling brows, the invincible will that had borne her triumphantly through the myriad cares of her five-score summers and winters.

Mrs. Pardoe was satisfied. For some moments she gazed upon the portrait without speaking. This was indeed real art that could show her to herself, in paint, as she really was!

She turned to Munro.

"When you began me, I thought you were a fool at your work. I was wrong. My boy John will be proud of that picture."

Munro bowed.

"With your permission, Mrs. Pardoe, I should like to submit it for exhibition at the Royal Academy."

"Certainly you may do that," said the old lady. "When they see it in London you'll get a lot of orders. That'll make up to you for the little I've paid you for it."

She looked again at the picture.

"Yes," said she, "you've not spared my wrinkles. I knew I looked old, but I'd no idea I looked as old as that. You're a clever fellow, and you deserve to succeed."

This was high praise from such a rough-tongued critic. Her final pronouncement upon the picture's merits fell like music upon the ear of the man who for years had schooled

himself to listen calmly to disparaging remarks about his work.

Instead of quitting the studio after this, Mrs. Pardoe sat down again.

"Now I've got something else to talk about," said she.

The old lady glanced round the studio.

"Where is the picture of the girl you were painting?" she asked.

"I have put it away. It must wait now," explained Munro.

"Let me see it."

Munro brought out the picture of Molly in her cornflower blue dress. Mrs. Pardoe studied the canvas closely.

"Yes, that is good, too. You like the girl, eh?"

Munro, endeavouring not to look embarrassed, replied that the Denvers were all great friends of his—especially the boy.

"Bah!" said Mrs. Pardoe. "Don't talk to me about the boy. It's his pretty sister you like. So does Mappin—and he'll marry her if you're not careful. Don't interrupt me. He *will*. She won't fancy working for her living. She's not built for a governess. But she's got to do something of that sort now, unless she marries, and she'll marry Mappin—or you—rather than teach the alphabet to a parcel of brats. So hurry up and make some money, man."

"I am endeavouring to," said Munro, stiffly.

"That's right. Now listen. I've taken a fancy to these children, and I'm going to help them. You'll remember I bought a farm not long ago. Well, I've put a bailiff in to look after the place for the time being, and I'm going to offer these children a home at the farm—house-room, that is to say they must provide their own food. The bailiff's wife will look after them—and, well, that will be better for them than going into lodgings when they turn out of their home."

"It is very kind of you," said Munro.

"At any rate, it will give them time to think and make their plans," continued the old lady. "So now I come to the part where you will be useful. I want you to convey my offer to them. You're a gentleman, and you'll know how to put it delicately to them. Will you oblige me?"

"With pleasure," said Munro.

"Good. I don't think they'll refuse. I suppose they'll have to ask their uncle, or whoever acts as their guardian, but I shouldn't think any objection would be raised in that quarter."

"Nor should I," said the artist.

"Then I leave the matter in your hands, Mr. Munro. When the boy came slinking home in June like a whipped puppy I said some harsh



GEORGE WAS READING A LETTER.

things to him, but he shall find I can play the friend as well as any woman."

After Mrs. Pardoe's departure, Munro stood for a long time in the doorway of his bungalow meditating upon this new turn of events. He blessed the old lady for her kindly thought. The farm-house was a tolerably large building—he had seen it—situated about a mile distant from

the northern outskirts of Mellerby. There would be ample room for the Denvers, as well as for the bailiff and his wife. It was a picturesque place, this farm, and he already saw in imagination the three children making themselves very cosy there. It was just the sort of snug old house one would like to spend the winter in.

As for himself—up to the time he had first met George Denver he hadn't harboured the slightest intention of wintering at Mellerby. His bungalow was essentially a summer residence. In the winter, when the gales howled round its frail walls, it would be a truly desolate place of abode, and, the other bungalows being all shut up, neighbourless save for young Dwyer, the coastguard, and his wife.

But since he had become acquainted with the Denvers he had quite reconciled himself to the idea of spending the winter on this wind-blown reach of sand-hills. He would have friends near at hand, and there would always be a pleasant evening resort in the shape of the Mellerby Club. He hadn't taken that into consideration before he met—Molly.

But now the Denvers' home was to be broken up, and he had been commissioned to offer them free quarters at Mrs. Pardoe's farm. Truly, a delicate mission! Of course, if they accepted Mrs. Pardoe's offer, and went to the farm, he would often go over and see them. From Joyce and George he was sure of a hearty welcome. Both were his firm friends. And Molly, too, would welcome him. Of course—would welcome him as a nice elderly bachelor uncle sort of

friend. It was entirely improbable that she would view him in any other light. Mrs. Pardoe had talked nonsense. He *knew* that Molly regarded him now as a person far removed from her own sphere of years, and he felt, considering the wide gap between them, that she was quite right to do so.

But he sighed as he turned into the bungalow, and, going into his bedroom, smartened himself up for his call at The Gables. These preparations completed, he locked up the bungalow. Then, Rufus accompanying him, he set off across the common. As it was close on lunch-time, he felt pretty sure he would find George at home.

On arriving at The Gables, he was told that the young ladies and Master George were in the garden. Would he go through?

He went through, and on entering the garden found the girls standing one on each side of George, who was reading a letter. On perceiving Munro, all three advanced to meet him.

Joyce reached him first, and put out her little hand in friendly greeting.

"Oh, Mr. Munro," said she, "what do you think? That gentleman who lives next to you wants Molly to go on the stage! He has just written to her from London."

Munro looked at Molly.

"Yes," said Molly, laughing up at his grave face, "he says I'm the very girl for a certain part in a new play he's bringing out. I should love to do it. Now, *please* give me your opinion! You are sure to be right."

And all three, clustering round Mr. Munro, awaited his verdict.

(To be continued.)

GREAT MEN.

WE must take our great men as we find them. It is entirely fatuous to reckon that it would have been better for them if this and the other thing had happened. We may in an idle hour please ourselves with dreaming what would have occurred under a re-arrangement of the decrees of fate—if Jefferies had been sent to college, for example, or Lord Tennyson born in a ploughman's cottage—but the reality is absolutely hidden from us. The very circumstances against which we complain may, for aught we know, have nursed and developed in them the gifts we chiefly prize. If only we are able to see it, the life a man has lived and the words he has written are parts of the same whole. All apparent contradictions and divergences exist only because of the imperfect knowledge and insight that prevent us from seeing the harmony that does and must underlie them.—From "NATURE IN BOOKS," by P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.



MISS MUFFIN'S MUDDLE IN THE GRANDE PLACE: "I took little Raspberry for a walk, but he didn't get on with the milk dogs. At one time I quite thought there was going to be a fight!"

Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.

"MY FAVOURITE HEROINE IN FICTION."



"Rebecca."

To name the fairest amongst ten thousand fair is necessarily a difficult task, and any selection made, depending so largely upon the

individual conception of what is best and most beautiful in woman, must, doubtless, appear invidious to others. Therefore, whilst awarding first place in my favour to Rebecca, the fair Jewess of Sir Walter Scott's immortal romance, *Ivanhoe*, I do not flatter myself that all will see her with my



REBECCA

eyes, or appreciate this panegyric so deeply as I should like.

Personally, however, I can call to mind no other woman of fiction, the contemplation of whose character affords me greater delight, or who is more truly worthy of the proud name of heroine.

Rebecca is, to me, the incarnation of womanly purity, truth, and loveliness; and when the milk of human kindness flows as freely and continually as it does from her heart, it surely matters not whether that heart beats beneath the bosom of Jew or Gentile.

Nowadays great importance is attached to the enormous influence exerted upon the individual characters of men by the forces of heredity and environment. When, therefore, it is reflected that both these factors were strongly opposed to Rebecca, may we not justly bow in lowlier reverence at the shrine of her memory? Not all the blood of the mercenary and cringing old Hebrew, her father, which flowed in her veins, could suppress the high-souled generosity of her nature; nor did the shame and ignominy of her alien position amongst a semi-barbarous people, to whom she and her kind were objects of hatred and contempt; nor did her enforced familiarity with the rude and licentious spirit of the times serve in the least to undermine or shake those lofty principles of virtue and truth which were as essentially a part of her being as the unusual beauty of her person, or the extraordinary brightness of her mind. From the devouring elements of her surroundings, which would have proved

the destruction of a less perfect woman, she rose Phœnix-like and triumphant, even to the lofty height of preferring death to dishonour.

For these reasons I enthrone her in my heart.

HARRY PAYNE.

"William the Conqueror"—(Rudyard Kipling's "Day's Work.")

ONE of the most attractive characters in fiction is William the Conqueror. At first one might be tempted to call her almost more man than woman; indeed, a certain critic has said, "William the Conqueror quite deserves her masculine name, and is only one of the author's men be-petticoated." But this is not so. True, she does possess the qualities of



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

courage, firm determination, and a strong will, which are, on the whole, more masculine than feminine qualities. As a rule, one takes for a hero or heroine a person who has certain qualities and characteristics which command admiration. William is none the less desirable because some of her qualities are not those generally found in a woman; nevertheless, she has all the ready tact and sympathy and the quick intuition which women are generally supposed to possess in a far greater degree than men.

Though we hear so little of William, we know quite enough to realise what a fine character her's is. We are told the bare fact that she has been through a cholera season, and has had many adventures, yet we can quite imagine what she would have braved and suffered from our knowledge of her splendid behaviour during the famine. All that is best in her comes out then, her tenderness to the miserable little famine-children, her readiness and capacity for work, her entire self-effacement and quick sympathy, both in her dealings with Scott, and others with whom she comes in contact.

There is no nonsense about William; indeed, she errs rather in the other direction and is almost *too* matter-of-fact. "Poetry," she says, "makes her head ache." But when

a girl has lived, like William has, among men who have no time or words to waste, she must needs know the value of both. William has neither time nor will for idle dreaming. Once she has made out her plan of action she straightway puts it into practice, neither asking nor desiring comments. She is in word and action alike perfectly straightforward and honest.

William the Conqueror is, in fact, a splendid type of a pure, true, straightforward English girl, doing whatever she finds to do with all her heart, perfectly ignorant that any of her actions are praiseworthy or heroic, and never dreaming that any one in her place would have done differently.

D. NEWILL.

"Cigarette."

CIGARETTE is the central female character in Ouida's famous novel, *Under Two Flags*.



"CIGARETTE."

What endears her to the reader, English as well as French, is her intense patriotism, and her devotion to the man she loved. But, at first sight, her character appears somewhat diverse, and it is only by a careful study of her life and actions that her real nature is revealed. Of course, she was a little Amazon; of course, she did not know what a blush meant; but she was *bon soldat*, as she was wont to say, and she had some of the virtues of soldiers. Soldiers had been her books, her teachers, her models, her guardians, and, later on, her lovers, all the days of her life. She had had no guiding star except the eagles on the standards; she had had no cradle-song except the rataplan and the réveillé; she had had no sense of duty taught her except to face fire boldly, never to betray a comrade, and to worship but two deities—"la gloire" and "la France."

Yet there were tales told in the barracks, and under canvas, of the little "Amie du Drapeau," that had a gentler side. Of how softly she would touch the wounded, of how deftly she would cure them. Of how carelessly she would dash through a raking fire to take a draught of water to a dying man. Of how she had sat by an old Grenadier's death-bed to sing to him, refusing to stir, though there was a *fête* at Châlons, and she loved *fêtes* as only a French girl can. Of

how she had ridden twenty leagues on a saddleless Arab horse to fetch a surgeon to a Bedouin perishing in the desert of shot wounds. Of how she had sent every sou to her mother, a brutal, drunken, vile-tongued old woman, who had beaten her oftentimes, as the sole maternal attention, when she was but an infant. Of a surety she missed virtues that women prize; but, not less of a surety, had she caught some that others miss.

Cigarette loved France as a Roman loved the city of the Seven Hills, as a Greek loved the city of the Violet Crown.

G. H. C. MANNING.

"Little Nell."

It has been my lot, whether fortunate or otherwise, to have read many girls' books, but I am sorry to say that I have never found an outstanding female character in any one of them comparable with Little Nell, portrayed in Charles Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*.



From the moment the reader is introduced to this fascinating personage, he is charmed with the wholesome purity and goodness which pervade her nature. She gives a reader the impression of being immensely inferior to herself in every respect, so noble is her character. Never can I recall having read of an angry word falling from her lips, and, considering her surroundings and her cares, this was indeed surprising. For was not her grandfather a gambler (though, poor man, he meant his gains for her), her brother a profligate, and had she not all the onerous duties pertaining to the household upon her shoulders? But complaint and discontent were too foreign to a nature like her's to be even dreamed of.

There is one event in her life which, I think, makes one of the most touching and realistic scenes ever painted by the hand of the novel writer. It is when she overhears the plotting of the gipsy gamblers and her grandfather to rob their illiterate benefactress, Mrs. Jarley. The dream she related to the weak old man was only an instance of what her love for the right would prompt her to do, and she had the satisfaction of knowing that her passionate pleadings had not been in vain.

Her early death was but a fitting finale to so pure a life. How beautiful and majestic is that death-bed! There, surrounded by her friends, she lies, sweetly looking and smiling at each one of them, and now and then speaking a word of comfort to some one who is overcome with grief. Ah! she had no fear of death, knowing that, if she had been unsuccessful at times, yet she had always tried to follow the right path, and do her duty well whilst "dwelling here below."

Such was Little Nell, a heroine of the noblest character. She is a type of woman which we cannot but all admire, faithful, kind, and just, with no hard-heartedness or jealousy to make her bitter and envious of her sisters.

JAMES MUIR BORTHWICK.

"Shirley."

AMONGST all the heroines of the world's fiction, a position absolutely unique and peculiar is occupied by Shirley Keeldar. Above all other types she stands the perennial symbol of purest maidenhood, the influence of her lofty, yet child-like, character pervading the lives of her less perfect sisters, filling the hearts of English maidens everywhere with something of her own persistent cheerfulness and sympathy, and their minds with some of the dreamy, stately, ennobling thoughts of her girlish imagination.

It is difficult to think of Shirley as a mere heroine: for the time being she becomes to us as one of our own personal friends.

In person Shirley is singularly attractive; her face and form are fair and girlish, but



she is chiefly remarkable for the wealth of varied expression which plays in the depths of her clear, grey eyes, or curves round her laughter-loving lips. But the light that changes on her mobile features, or the language that speaks in her brilliant eye, is not to be understood and interpreted all at once. For only her inmost secret feelings, only the rarest gleams of a fertile imagination, the most sacred thoughts, and impulses of a noble heart, can lend that illuminating radiance to her expressive, truthful face.

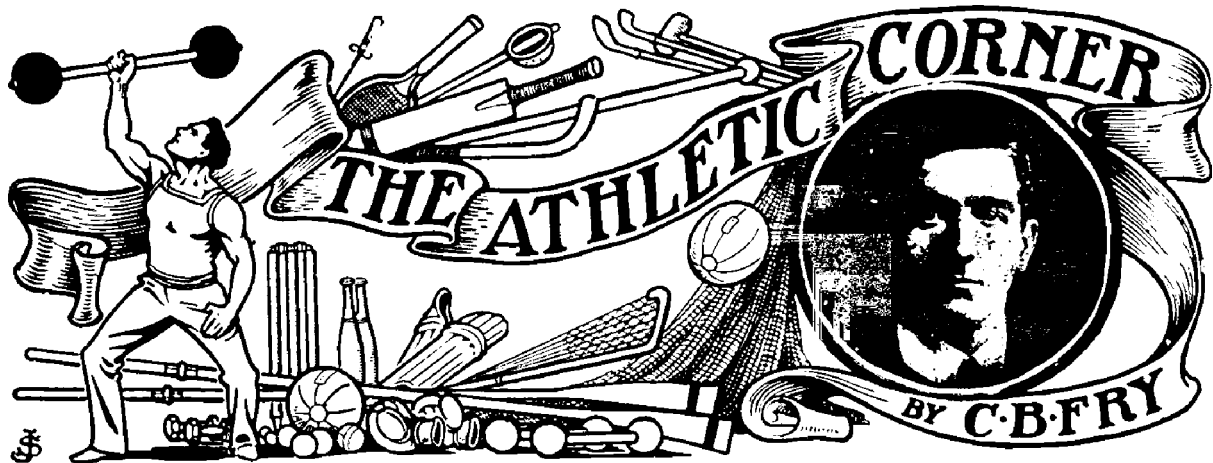
Shirley is a creature of moods; indolently she lets herself be swayed by whatsoever humour happens to come over her. She has, at times, feelings peculiar to one of her original temperament; there are periods when the mere fact of her existence, sincere contentment with her own condition, seems to lift her to the very fulness of happiness. But indolent she is, reckless, and most ignorant, for she does not know that these moods are rare, these sentiments unusual—"she does not realise the full value of that spring whose fresh bubbling in her heart keeps it green."

Nothing can equal Shirley's enjoyment of a good book. Her mind is given up to it; she neither stirs nor speaks; but it is finished at last, and has set her brain astir and lit with a sparkling light her youthful imagination. "A still, deep, inborn delight glows in her young veins, unmingled, untroubled—not to be reached or ravished by human agency, because by no human agency bestowed: the pure gift of God to His creature, the free dower of Nature to her child." The full enjoyment of an everyday delight makes, for the time, earth a paradise and life, to her, a mystery.

Such is Shirley, a dream-creature among maidens, the fairest flower of an ideal womanhood.

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she."

A. M. WAUGH.



CRICKET AND A MOTOR-CAR.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS AND A LITTLE ADVICE.

"To be what we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life."—R. L. S.

SEVERAL most intelligent letters have been received from various CAPTAIN readers referring to my "Holidays" in the August number. But my readers, in some cases, are mistaken. The places given were only those personally visited on cricket tours, and those I tried to make the best of. So very few people, alas! have the opportunity of seeing England—green England of the quiet, peaceful villages and running streams, the quaint market-places and curious old crosses, which lie away from the main railway routes. Some of these I have had the luck to see in driving from match to match on a motor-car.

One very interesting drive was on the splendid North Road, from London to Derby, *viâ* Dunstable, Rugby, and Leicester (rain spoilt the match at Derby; Vine played a real good innings); from Derby to Bath, *viâ* Lichfield, Birmingham, Evesham, Cheltenham, and Painswick; then over a long, rough road, across downs, right into Bath. The trees and country, coming through Painswick, were of the prettiest; also by Stroud. At this last place there appeared to be huge mills for producing umbrella and walking sticks out of the great trees waiting to be reduced. An awful storm was chasing us all this while, so perhaps we were in a bit of a hurry, though nothing to cause even a policeman to frown; we were just moving along. At Bath it rained very hard into the hollow, which felt like a great big fernery. Bath is a beautiful place, with

excellent shops. Braund, of Somerset, has a first-rate sports shop here, at the back of the cricket ground, just near the bridge. As there was no cricket after the first day we were shown over one of the best and largest curiosity shops I have ever seen—Mallets—a place where you may pay £14,000 for a diamond necklace, and £100 each for Chippendale chairs. There were gold walking-sticks, and also a certain number of Lord Anglesey's scarf-pins—really, altogether, a magnificent show! A great many motor-cars pass through Bath, presumably on their way to and from the West. At Messrs. Fuller's garage and carriage works you can get your motor repaired, or improved, in the most expeditious way. They really try to keep their word with you, and this is genuine praise in these days of highly inflammable petrol! There are a great many interesting sights to be seen in Bath, and some very beautiful, well-kept gardens. During the one-day's cricket the Abbey chimed "Auld Lang Syne," and a good band played "Hiawatha." Had the rain kept off the cricket would have been a great success; as it was, the first day's gate approached the nature of a crowd. Tents, ladies, and tea were greatly in evidence, and these three always ensure success.

What a pity it is that more of our cricket grounds do not pay greater attention to details, and dress themselves up in flags. It makes matches seem less serious, even if all the while County

Championship points, and our daily averages go on. A sad world, often, this cricket world! From Bath to Bristol is a very short distance. The Bristol hills test your motor-car well, so do the trams your temper; and the people evidently have some private arrangement by which they stay in the middle of the road, never walking on the pavement.

Clifton is green and pretty. Looking from the Suspension Bridge, the river seems very small, and the people appear mere specks. Tramways now run alongside the river. We had a poor match—for us—at Bristol, the cricket ground seeming too exclusively Gloucestershire and no Sussex. Jessop had no luck in either innings, so that bit of sport did not even come our way. Huggins bowled excellently, and Sussex lost points. Ah, well! that is all over, and since we were there Gloucestershire have had other visitors to score off.

From Bristol to Southampton, *via* Bath, Warminster, and Salisbury. If you collect post-cards on these trips you must very often stop. Some people also collect little cups, with the arms of the town on them; it makes everything doubly interesting, collecting. Between Bath and Warminster, above Westbury, is the "White Horse," carved, or dug, out of the chalk cliffs, and wonderfully well it looks from a long distance.

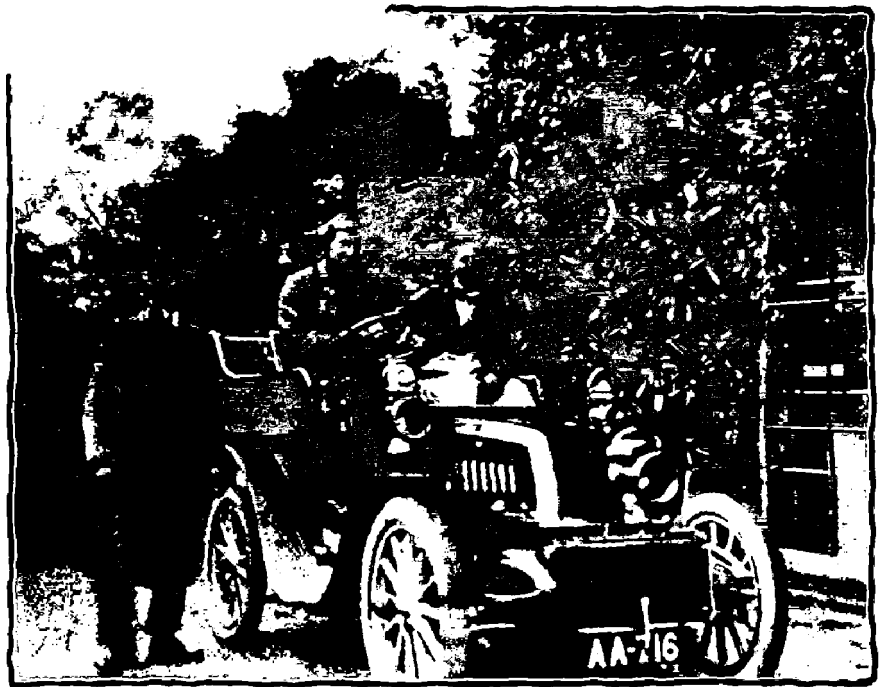
Outside Wilton, and before getting to Salisbury, we had a puncture, and while this was repairing we watched the lazy brown trout rising in the River Wylie. In this same river we happened to see a great big pike being snared. Salisbury is a fine old town. From there to Southampton was a glorious road, with fine views stretching for miles and miles around. At Southampton, two hours' rest and refreshment, then *via* Chichester and Arundel to Brighton. Not a bad trip, this, for one day.

The road between Arundel and Brighton was very rough indeed; terribly rough on

tyres. At the end of this splendid trip, with a night's rest between, we played Hampshire at Brighton. Sussex won this match, the first wicket partnership living up to its reputation in the way of scoring.

Motoring, if you drive yourself, is absolutely delightful. Perhaps its bad points may be that, owing to the quickness of the car, and the rigid attention required, it has a tendency to make you stiff and slow, and slightly to tire your eye; but, taking it all round, you would never, never go by train, if you could help it. But it means trying hard the next day, lest your side should be robbed of your runs.

Our next match was against Lancashire.



HURRY UP "CAPTAIN," WE WANT TO START.
Photo. "The Captain."

K. S. Ranjitsinji's match this was. He absolutely surpassed even his best. He might easily have scored a double century had he so wished, but he was not going for such records. He just scored 99 in the first innings, and 207 not out in the 2nd. A. E. Relf also played a really fine innings, hitting with great freedom, and no shadow of the "draw" feeling marred the play of Sussex's sporting side. Lancashire are a very fine side indeed this year, not only by reason of their not losing matches, but also by their winning play. Their bowling is fairly varied, they can make sufficient changes to avoid getting over-tired, and they



WHERE WE WATCHED THE LAZY TROUT IN
THE RIVER WYLIE.
Photo. "The Captain."

field splendidly. A very big crowd was on the ground for this match—one of the largest we have had this year.

The unruffled Craig was doing good business. His postcards of the M.C.C. Australian team are good value for a penny. Craig has the wonderful knack of keeping a large "attendance" in good humour. He objects to the word "crowd," as he says it has to him a flavour of rowdiness, and he will not have his constituents rowdy. I should say that Craig has any amount of tact; they could very well do with his tact in the "House."

After the Lancashire match it was a short, uneventful trip to London. Nearly a quarter of the road to London is given up to tramways. The tired pedestrian hails the sight of a tramcar with joy; not so the motorist, because the tramcar cannot get out of his way. The Surrey match was spoiled by rain, and Sussex found Hayward's excellent batting very troublesome. From London to Southampton, *via* Kew Bridge, Sunbury, Chertsey, Virginia Water, and Hartley Row. Here we had two good punctures! Busters! At Sunbury a regatta was under weigh. The river was crowded with boats of all descriptions, making a bright and animated picture. The worst of long trips—the real travelling type—is that you cannot stop as often as you would, so you must rely on your memory, instead of the camera, to retain the pictures. This somewhat rambling account of trips shows what it is possible to combine with county cricket, which is a hard taskmaster, allow-

ing mighty little leisure for one to follow one's own hobby.

So many correspondents keep asking advice about their bats, and a very good thing it is that they have a bat to care for! Make the bat a green baize cover, oil it occasionally, and hang it up in your bedroom, which room, I hope, is never very hot, and has the window always open, day and night. A good bat wants air as much as you do, but does not require ever to be rained upon. The bat I had when quite a small boy had its face all studded with nails instead of wooden brads. It split up long ago. I never valued the gem, and that is why I am so keen you boy readers

should value yours. It is a great miss not to have your own old boy-bat to look at as you grow older, and your play improves. The old bat recalls many a sporting run made under very varied circumstances, on gravel as well as on grass.

Cricket is almost over now, but for most of you comes football, a game of great possi-



MR. C. B. FRY AT BATH IN AUGUST LAST, SUR-
ROUNDED BY ADMIRING "CAPTAIN" READERS.
Photo. by K. S. Ranjitsinhji.

billiards for youth. It gives, and takes, some very hard knocks, and, played as you will doubtless play it, it is an out and out good game. All "go" for ninety minutes. Get into the habit of playing in any position, and kicking with either foot. Do not be bound down to one position. Practise cheerfully and carefully, and remember that nothing ever has been, or can be, done without taking infinite pains. No dumbbells, or chest-developers, or any outside help, will make you the player that practice will, provided you are physically able, and have the time. Practise, you schoolboy, with the ball; and you, whose time is very limited—possibly to one afternoon a week. Walk where you can get the purest air, and in proper walking clothes, which you can change after your walk.

So many readers ask for advice on cigarettes. For the would-be athlete, no use at all; for the young boy, "poison." Shun the brown-finger-look of the inveterate cigarette smoker. There is very little chance, with a finger like his, of his walking ten or running three miles.

Water is very much the best drink for young and old. You can get fitter quicker and better on water than on anything else—at least, this is my experience. Supposing you happen to get hurt, you will find the water drinker gets well much the quicker.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N.B. Correspondents must understand that it is impossible to answer questions in this magazine, or in any other magazine, so to speak, by return of post. Many letters we receive just miss being in time for the number that is going to press, and, in consequence, the answers are not published till the next number but one after the letters are received. But, of course, we do our best to oblige.

J. G. C.—(1) The ball is considered "dead" when the wicket-keeper, having received it, sends it back to the bowler for the latter to bowl the next ball. It is always quite clear when the wicket-keeper thus returns the ball to the bowler. When the wicket-keeper, after receiving the ball, throws it at the other wicket in order to run a batsman out, the case is quite different. The umpires can always distinguish between the two cases. (2) A batsman is out of his ground unless either his bat or some part of his person is grounded inside the crease; that is to say, over the crease on the inside; if his foot is on the crease, clear of the ground inside it, he is out of his ground. (3) The umpires have no power to order a player off the field.

"Captain" Reader.—I do not know of any five club in London. But I believe that there are five courts at Queen's Club, West Kensington. You could find out by writing to the Secretary, Mr. C. J. B. Marriott.

G. W. Bell.—No runs are counted from a

stroke which results in the batsman being out to a catch. It is reckoned that the batsman is caught immediately off his bat, and what happens in between is null and void.

T. Evans.—It is not usual for masters to play in a school cricket team, but, of course, it is entirely a matter of arrangement. In some cases the boys cannot find opponents whom they can meet on equal terms, so some schools meet the difficulty by including masters. No public school, however, does this.

F. M. Winowen.—(1) Two things are necessary for a man to be out l.b.w.: the ball must have pitched between wicket and wicket, and must also, in the umpire's opinion, not have broken enough to miss the wicket. (2) If the ball touches the bat before hitting the legs the batsman is not l.b.w. (3) Certainly you can be l.b.w. to a right-hand round the wicket bowler, though it is practically impossible for such a bowler to bowl a good length ball that will get you out l.b.w. on a fast, good wicket. Right-hand bowlers, Trumble, for instance, often bowl round the wicket on pitches where the ball breaks a great deal for the very purpose of getting batsmen l.b.w. Bowling over the wicket, they find that the ball breaks too much to pitch on the wicket and hit it. (4) It is not a no-ball when the bowler knocks the bails off the wicket at his end in delivering the ball. (5) The M.C.C. teams are chosen by a sub-committee of the club constituted for that purpose. England teams are chosen by a separate selection committee, not by the M.C.C. committee or sub-committee.

J. S. A.—If the two batsmen were exactly level when the wicket was put down, the one who ran from the wicket which was put down was out; it was his wicket because he had not "crossed" the other batsman.

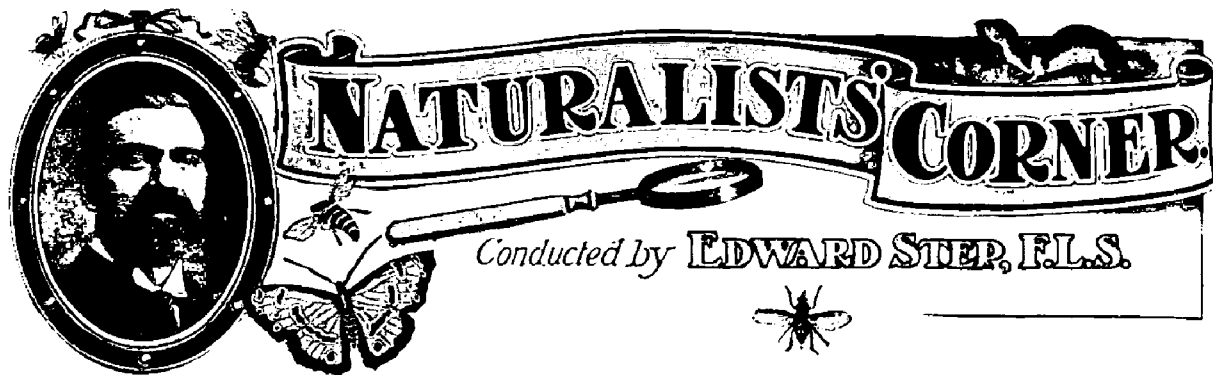
"Fister."—Legally, a catch does not count if the ball is over the boundary, even though the catcher's feet are inside it. Practically such a catch would always be given out, for the umpire would assume that the ball was inside the boundary, because the fielder was inside it. The case is too rare to be worth a special rule.

T. E.—A professional cricketer is one who is paid directly for his services as a player. There are no end of arguments trotted out to make out that amateurs are professionals. I once heard an idiot argue that Lord Hawke is a professional, because when he takes a team abroad in the winter, he has not as many expenses as if he were at home in his Yorkshire seat, and therefore saves, i.e., makes money. Equally cogent would it be to reckon the proprietors of a newspaper professional cricketers because the cricket news sells their paper.

K. K.—Your measurements seem about right now; at any rate, they are good enough. Glad to hear you are getting on so well with your athletics.

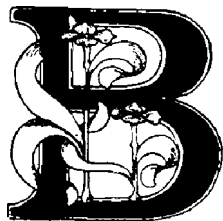
Left Behind.—Even I cannot tell you how to grow taller. It is a case of nature. But height is not by any means indispensable to athletic success.

C. H. Fry



NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEE, F.L.S.



Botanical Queries.—

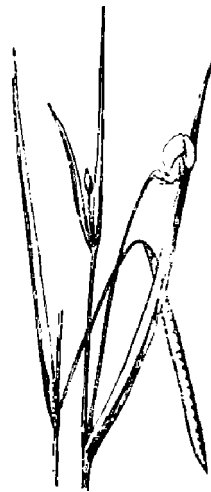
J. G. Blackledge (Ampleforth) (1) sends me a single detached "leaf of a small shrub for identification," asks (2) for my definition of a shrub, (3) what is the right time of the year to graft, and (4) is the wood of

the horse chestnut of any practical value? (1) It is impossible for anyone to say with certainty, on such meagre evidence, to what plant your leaf belongs. I believe it to be the common mugwort (*Artemisia vulgaris*), which is not a shrub, but a herb. Why did not you send me a shoot with leaves attached, and flower, if present? Will readers bear this in mind when sending me botanical specimens for naming? If the species is a small one, the entire plant should be sent in fresh condition; if too large to be sent entire, a sprig with flower and leaf attached should be furnished. (2) A shrub is a perennial plant with all the characteristics of the tree, save that of size. (3) Grafting may be performed at any time from early spring to early autumn, with the exception of the hot, dry weather of midsummer, when the graft is liable to wither. Spring is the period usually selected for the purpose. (4) The horse chestnut is a tree of rapid growth, and, in consequence, its wood is soft and light; it is therefore useful only for ornamental purposes indoors; exposed to the weather it would soon perish.

Gold-fish.—Answer to A. van Swae (Antwerp). (See my reply to J. G. F. Tree Frogs.) There is no doubt in my mind that the death of your gold-fish was due to the mud the gardener put in the pond containing some poisonous matter. You should introduce some of the weeds you find growing naturally under water in the ponds of your locality, and with them some of the water-tails. These will keep the water pure, and help to provide food for the fish. Don't change the water unless it becomes thick and foul, as it may do from throwing in more food than the fish can eat whilst it is fresh. Ant pupæ (the "ants' eggs" of the dealers) are a good food; also small larvæ of various insects, the crumb

of stale bread, &c.—A. J. (Tunbridge Wells) bought some gold-fish from a dealer, who told him that if he changed the water every day the fish would require no other food. I have no experience of Tunbridge Wells water, but it must be pretty thick if it serves for food and drink as well. I know it is possible to maintain existence for a time on water alone, but this knowledge has only been obtained by poor creatures under sheer necessity, or from a desire to win wagers. I am not going to try it, nor will I subject any other creature to such a diet. Your informant is an ignorant person, and you must not listen to him. Read answer to A. van Swae above. Fishes are best bought of local dealers, but if you have difficulty in this respect you will find all you require at Green's Aviaries, Covent Garden, London. I cannot recommend any particular firm as the cheapest. I do not remember a special book on gold-fish.

Flowering Grass?—J. Bennet (Surbiton) sends me what he describes as a "peculiar grass" he found growing at Horsley, its peculiarity consisting in its bearing flowers. To be exact, J. B. I ought to point out to you that all grasses produce flowers, but I understand your meaning that these are flowers utterly unlike ordinary grass-flowers. The reason is that your plant is *not* a grass, but a *pea* that mimics the grasses among which it grows. There are humbugs and pretenders among plants as well as among animals, and it appears to help this pea in the struggle for existence that it should closely resemble a grass. Its leaves are exactly like grass leaves, so that until the plant flowers it is exceedingly difficult even for an experienced botanist to spot *Lathyrus nissolia*, the Grass Pea, when it is growing in the meadow. When the crimson flowers appear there is no difficulty, but when these are succeeded by the seed-pods there is trouble



again, for these are at first flat and thin and hang down in just the attitude adopted by many grass-leaves. I wonder how many of THE CAPTAIN botanists have succeeded in finding this impostor? The portrait may help them.

Pigmy Parrot.—I have no doubt that the little parrot, "only a few inches long," which J. Cole (Walsall) inquires about is the Pigmy Parrot, a native of New Guinea, of which I am able to give a portrait-group. It is only about three inches long, with a short, squarish tail. The male bird is distinguished by its splendid colouring. I regret that I cannot give you an idea of the price, as I have never purchased one; but if you drop a note to Cross, the Menageries, Liverpool, or Harris, Naturalist, Newcastle-on-Tyne, they would send you the price if they have the bird in stock. The figures are reduced about one-fourth, so you can get a good idea from the picture as to the actual size and appearance.

Snakes.—G. R. Whitfield (Leconfield) asks for a cheap book on snakes. I have given this information several times recently, so can only assume that G. R. W. is a new reader. Leighton's "British Serpents" (Blackwood and Sons, 5s.), and Hopley's "British Reptiles" (Sonnenschein, 1s.). The snakes should be kept in a glass fern-case with cover. The floor should be covered with clean gravel, and a little bundle of moss should be placed in one corner. A dish of water for drinking and bathing must be provided.—C. Birmingham (Leek) also asks about the common snake. Any dealer in aquaria will supply you, and the price (from 1s. 6d. upwards) depends upon size. The snake-house should not be less than 12 inches by 6, and should be furnished as stated in the answer to G. R. Whitfield above. The favourite food of the snake is a small frog. It will also take mice, beetles, &c.

Frogs and Toads.—S. D. P. (Leytonstone) has several tadpoles, nearly developed into frogs, and wishes to know how to keep the latter; also how they are distinguished from toads. The best place for captive frogs and toads is a cool greenhouse or garden frame, where there is a chance of their finding insects for food, and where provision is made for a bath. If you have neither of these conveniences, they should be kept in a fern case, and fed with live insects and worms. It is impossible to lay down rules as to quantity of food; it must vary with the size of the animals. They will probably consume quite as many insects as you can catch for them. The differences between a frog and a toad are very marked. The frog is of slender

build, hump-backed, with very long hind limbs, and its general colour is yellow barred with brown. The toad is nearly as broad as long, with a flatter back and shorter limbs, and its colour is uniform dusky brown. The frog's skin is smooth and moist; that of the toad is covered with warts and dry. The frog leaps; the toad walks, and takes short heavy jumps.



PIGMY PARROTS.

Doubtful Query.—G. W. Izard (Blackheath) asks me several questions concerning the treatment of females and young of some animal which he has omitted to mention. As this may be anything from elephants to mice, I am unable to advise him until I get the missing word.

Young Kestrel.—In reply to H. H. Hamling (Sherborne), the young kestrel must have its food dropped into its beak until instinct prompts it to peck and tear its food "from the joint." Until then, strips of raw meat (mutton is preferable to beef) will be found the best. Yes, keep it in the

cage for the present, otherwise until it has the proper use of legs and wings, it is likely to injure itself.

Name of Moth, &c.—(1) The moth of which A. J. Groll (Tunbridge Wells) sends me a rough sketch is the Emperor-moth (*Saturnia carpini*). Its very handsome caterpillar feeds on heath. (2) You can obtain various species of lizards at Green's Aviaries, Covent Garden, London.

Captive Squirrels.—In reply to F. Grumitt (Sunderland), squirrels are creatures of such free and active habits that they seem to me as much out of place in cages as skylarks are. (1) If you do keep them they should be in a large apartment like an aviary, that they may have room for leaping, and large branches of trees should be provided for their comfort. (2) Their food consists of acorns, nuts, fir-cones, apples, and eggs. (3) Rarely.

Book on Birds'-eggs, &c.—J. W. H. Pattison (Kilmalcolm) wants a book on wild birds' eggs, with coloured figures; also a book on British wild birds with coloured plates of all the species. (1) Kearton's "British Birds'-nests, Eggs, and Egg-collecting" (Cassell and Co., 5s.). (2) "British Birds," edited by Butler and illustrated by Frohawk (F. Warne and Co., 6 vols., £3 12s.).

Tree Frogs.—In answer to J. G. F. (South-sea): Does not the name of this frog suggest to you that an aquarium is certainly not the place in which to keep it. As a matter of fact, the common frog only resorts to ponds during the breeding season, or for an occasional soak. The tree frog should be kept in a glass fern-case, or in a greenhouse where the air is kept moist. Of course, in either place provision must be made for its enjoying a bath whenever so disposed. Its food consists of living insects, chiefly flies. In a greenhouse it would probably find sufficient food for itself, but in a fern-case insects must be introduced for it. You say you will look for this answer in the July CAPTAIN. The greater part of the July number was printed before you wrote your letter, and the "Naturalists' Corner" for August was made up before I received your queries. You must remember that magazines of this character take much longer to prepare than newspapers. So that this reply appears as soon as possible.—Dorothy M. Vacher (Tunbridge Wells) has had an unfortunate experience. One of her tree frogs "has died from bleeding of the stomach and inflammation of the limbs." I have had no similar experience, and can only venture a guess that the trouble may be connected with the blow-flies which, she says, have occasionally formed part of its food. It is well-known that blow-fly grubs swallowed by frogs and toads sometimes attack the internal organs and thus destroy their captors, and as the blow-fly retains her eggs until hatched, this might easily happen when such a fly has been swallowed. The

obvious moral is: avoid blow-flies as food for your pets. With other kinds of flies this trouble is not likely to arise. The other details of treatment described by my correspondent are quite correct.

Young Jay.—"Jay" (Northiam) has had a pair of young jays given to him, and wishes to know how to feed them. So far they have had hard-boiled egg chopped up and mixed with bread crumbs moistened with milk. The jay is not a difficult bird to feed, and if your youngsters appear to be doing well I should continue the treatment. A little water should be given by dipping a bit of stick into it and letting it drip off into their open beaks. I used to feed young jays with a mixture of coarse oatmeal and raw egg. Some give, in addition, chopped meat (raw). As they get older you will find that wheat will form a good staple food, which you may vary with meat, fruit, and acorns, to which they are very partial in a state of freedom. Young birds are very easily tamed and become very amusing—and mischievous—pets.

Tortoise.—E. J. Solomon (W. Kensington) has observed what he considers remarkable behaviour of his tortoise. It mainly eats cabbage, but he has seen it eating "a lump of filthy fat," and the remains of a newt that had been dead a month or more. I have always found the land tortoise restrict itself to a vegetable diet, but I have provided it with more tender fare than cabbage, which is rather tough. Lettuce, dandelion, sow-thistle, and marigold would please it better. I should say that its selection of the animal food was a sort of silent protest against the unsuitable vegetable food you have provided. Even man will, under adverse conditions, eat things at which he would turn up his nose in loathing, if only chops and steaks, or bread and cheese were available. Give your tortoise more enticing vegetables, and then note if he still exhibits a depraved hankering after flesh-pots.

Hedgehogs.—T. Dow (S. Shields) wishes to know what is the food of the hedgehog, and in "what sort of box or hutch to keep it." If you keep hedgehogs at all, they should be allowed to run loose in a garden, where they will find their own food, or the greater part of it. They will not live happily or long in a hutch. I cannot tell you the ordinary length of a hedgehog's life. Their food consists of insects, worms, snails, snakes, birds, &c. I believe I have given this information before, but I am writing this out-of-doors, with the thermometer registering 85 degrees in the shade, and it is too hot to go indoors and turn up back numbers.

Personal.—To J. B. Wood (Manchester). I plead guilty to being the author of "Wayside and Woodland Trees." All the booksellers in your city would have it in stock, and would let you see it. It is published by F. Warne and Co., 6s.

HOW WE STOLE THE IDOL.

BY
C.H. SHANAN.



WHEN I am in a cheerful humour, which is frequently the case, I often ask the Burmese Idol, in a friendly sort of way, what he is meditating upon so solemnly day after day as he sits cross-legged on a small table in my study. But never a word in reply do I get. He gazes into space with that calm, inscrutable look on his squat, Mongolian type of face; only once I thought he smiled, but I must have been mistaken. Perhaps he is thinking of his native home in the wild Burman jungle ten thousand miles away, and longing to be back there once more; perhaps he misses the bright, warm sunshine in cold, foggy England—I know I do. Be this as it may, I must get on now and tell you how he came to be in my possession, and in the elevated position he occupies.

I could do this in a few words, for, as a matter of fact, I stole him. I am well aware that this is hardly a creditable thing to do, especially if you happen to get caught, and

I am not proud of it. But I am informed on reliable authority that the Editor pays for yarns, so I'm telling you this, and as I believe in speaking the truth, however incriminating, you see I am keeping back nothing. There were extenuating circumstances, of course—there always are! In the first place,

he is not worth much, except for sentimental reasons—both to my wife and his former owners; he has not eyes of emerald or any other precious stone (worse luck!); he is just an ordinary marble image of Buddha, and the only valuable part of his attire is his rosary of small gold beads. In the second place, when a pretty woman sets her heart on any particular thing, and asks you in a proper sort of way to get it for her, unless you are very old and crooked in temper, you will not hesitate at trifles; and when you are young and full of animal spirits, as we were then, you will readily understand that we gave no thought to the consequences of such an act. And so it came about.

We had just been married, and, as we are both fond of adventure and travel, we found ourselves in Kyaukpyauk (I daresay this can be pronounced by those to the manner born), a small, out-of-the-way place in Upper Burmah, where my brother was stationed as District Superintendent of Police. Burmah is an intensely interesting country to one who has not to spend the best part of his life there; it is vastly different to India in every respect, and we made the most of our visit. Everything was strange and new to us, the gaily-dressed and lively, good-natured men and women, the little babies with long cheroots stuck in their mouths—everybody in Burmah smokes, and the cigars are often quite a foot long. We saw ponghees, pagodas, pwès, and all the other side shows, and had a good time generally.

My brother was the happy possessor of a steam launch, and, by way of a suitable finish to our holiday, a long shooting trip up the Myutha River was proposed. All the arrangements had been made, when just at the last minute he was called away on a dacoity case in some inland village. As he would be absent some time we decided to go without him, and accordingly the next day we started.

The crew of the launch consisted of five Burmans, and in addition we had our own two Mahommedan servants from India, and three of my brother's Punjabee sepoys. And

what a delightful trip it was, too! At any rate, the first week of it, the finish being exciting in the extreme.

We took it very easily, steaming leisurely up the river, stopping when we liked and getting in as much shikar as possible. Towards sunset the launch would be moored to a tree near a village, and while the men went ashore to cook their evening meal and the servants prepared our dinner, we casually strolled off to see the Burman at home. The men are very sporting, fond of wrestling and boxing—in which kicking is allowed—and they are very fine football players as a rule. They are under the middle height, strongly

built, and very plucky and enduring. The women are decidedly fascinating and pretty.

Everywhere we were received most cordially by these happy, easy-going people, and they generally got up a pwè, or dance, for our amusement, though to tell the truth it seemed to interest them more than it did us, as they sat around for hours, men, women, and children, all puffing away at their formidable cigars, which are, however, the mildest of weeds in reality.

But one fatal evening we arrived at a very small village which boasted a very big name—no less a name than Cham-mukhunswe—and a renowned pagoda. These pagodas are scattered all over the country, and are the glory of Burmah, representing as they do the best of Burmese art and industry. Now, pagodas were my wife's weakness, in spite of the lepers that swarmed about the gates.

and we never missed one. Well, as soon as the launch was moored to a hoary old tamarind tree, we started off to see this one. It was certainly a very fine specimen, with its curious gilded roofs and splendid carvings in teak. Inside the air was heavy with the pungent odour of flowers and incense, and there was a remarkable collection of Gotamas, all ridiculously alike in appearance, only differing in size. We carefully inspected the whole family of them, bronze, marble, and wood, and some even of gold and silver; the wonderful bells and gongs, and, above all the really beautiful carvings. Just towards



LITTLE BABIES WITH LONG
CHEROOTS IN THEIR MOUTHS.

the end, my wife spotted another Gotama, stuck all by himself in a dark corner, and straight away fell in love with him. It was no use pointing out that he was only made of marble, yellow and mildewed with age, and no better-looking than his numerous brethren. She saw nothing in them and the world in him. So I gave up; but she startled me by saying that she wanted him, and, in fact, must have him. Here was a pretty fix! The ponghees would not sell him for his weight in gold, this we well knew, so it was no use trying a bargain. A disjointed conversation, in very broken Burmese on my side, then started with one of the yellow-robed monks. It chiefly concerned this image, and was confined to remarks on his age. We were told that he was fairly old, quite five hundred years or so. It also came out that this particular image was greatly revered in the village and surrounding district, and was, in fact, quite first favourite. I managed at last to get my wife reluctantly back to the launch; but peace and ease had now fled, and for the next few days she could talk of nothing else but the idol, and the more she thought and talked about him the more she wanted him.

At last we decided to steal the beggar—there was no other way out of it. We had travelled a good many miles past Chammukhunswe, and the time had come to start on the homeward journey,

so we matured our plans as the launch was turned and headed down stream.

It was a beautiful evening as we neared



MY WIFE SPOTTED ANOTHER GOTAMA, AND STRAIGHT AWAY FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM.

the village and tied up to the same tree we had used a week previously. Before going on shore I warned the two servants and the sepoy to keep close to the boat, to be ready



AS I JUMPED ABOARD, THE LEADING BURMAN HURLED HIS DHAH AT ME.

to cast off at a moment's notice, and above all to keep an eye on the crew.

It was some sort of national holiday. The village was humming with life and fun as we strolled into the pagoda and had another good look at the Gotamas, gongs, and carvings. My wife had put on a loose cloak reaching to her waist, the main idea being to collar the idol when we got a chance, hide it under the cloak, and walk off as soon as we could. Fortunately, the corner he was in was dark, and luck favoured us, for our ponghee guide was old and short-sighted. At a request from me he turned aside to get some of their palmyra leaf writings to show us, and in a twinkling I had lifted the image out of the niche—he was a fair weight, too—and given him to my wife, who expeditiously

popped him into the hollow of her arm under the cloak. We had enough nerve after this to finish the conversation with the old monk, and then made tracks for the launch, outwardly calm but inwardly very excited, for the Burman is a brute when his passions are aroused.

We had not gone very far, however, when there was a fearful uproar in the pagoda and village. All the bells and gongs in the place were rung and beaten, and a horrible noise they made. It was quite half a mile from the village to the launch, and we quickened our steps. When we had got about half-way, it apparently became clear to the ponghees that we had their treasure, and the whole village was soon on our track.

So far we had been in the open and, as it was a fine moonlight night, in full view of the pagoda; but another few steps brought us to the edge of a thick bit of jungle, which stretched to the bank of the river, and as soon as we got into the

shelter of this I took the idol from my wife and we sprinted for all we were worth. Of course, we were no match for the active young Burmans, and as we dodged through the jungle, now round a cane brake, now through a thorn bush, we caught glimpses of dark forms close behind and frequently the glint of moonlight on the deadly dha. Evidently we were in for a hot time of it, and now regretted the mad prank; still, we had the image, and intended to stick to him to the bitter end.

We were nearing the river now, but the pursuers were very close and gaining steadily. My wife, with set teeth and white face, was pegging away by my side, but her breath was coming in a sort of whistling pant, and my throat felt dry and scorched as if I had had

a mouthful of sand. Burmah is not the country for record quarter miles. We were dripping with perspiration, our clothes were in rags and covered with mud, but the hoarse cries and dark forms behind acted like a spur, and we ran on. The trees were festooned with thick creepers, which kept tripping us up, and several times one or the other of us was sent sprawling, only to be up again and off. An angry cobra reared his head and hissed as we crashed through his favourite bush, and a troop of sleepy parrots wanted to know what all the row was about. At last we burst out of the jungle near the bank of the stream, and there, not a hundred yards away, was the launch. We made one last desperate sprint, the nearest Burman being less than fifty yards behind. I shall never forget the joy I felt when I saw the fierce, whiskered face of Gurditta Singh, the Jemadar, as he looked at us in sheer amazement.

Between gasps I yelled out orders to stand by to cut the rope and for all to jump on board and keep a close guard on the Burman crew. The quicker-witted Mahomedan servants took in the situation at a glance and acted like bricks. The three sepoys stood over the crew and gave the necessary orders, and while Mahommed Ayoub helped

my wife on board, Abdul Haq cut the rope and we drifted out into mid-stream. As I jumped aboard, the leading Burman was barely ten yards behind, and in despair at not getting us he hurled his dhah at me, but fortunately it missed and stuck in the sky-light.

It took us quite an hour to recover from the excitement and run combined, and then we started to consider what the consequences would be—the incident could hardly be said to close here. Well, we made for Kyaukpyauk as fast as the launch could steam, and jolly glad we were to be in my brother's comfortable bungalow once more.

He looked uncommonly serious when we related our adventures, and assured me that we were in a decided hole, to put it mildly, for if the villagers complained to the Government it would go hard with me. He had immense influence with the natives, however, as he understood and liked them, so he immediately went off to Chammukhunswe to try and pacify them. How he managed to get out of our not returning the idol, for we doggedly declined to give him up, we never knew, but a goodly sum of rupees squared matters, and shortly after we bade farewell to Burmah.



THE JAPANESE ADVANCE : THE BATTLE ON THE YALU, APRIL 26-30.

A sketch by a Japanese War Correspondent.



A LOOK ROUND THE DARK ROOM.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

TO MAKE photography a real pleasure, care and neatness should be observed in all its processes. As beginners soon find out, sins of neglect come home to roost in the shape of spotted negatives and stained prints. The only way to ensure freedom from these and other troubles is to keep a constant eye on all the implements and accessories that you use.

It is, to a large extent, possible to judge the photographer and his capabilities by the condition of his dark-room, wherein are conducted some of the most important operations of photography. The dark room may be a mere cupboard under the stairs, or a well-fitted and capacious chamber replete with conveniences; but in either case the owner leaves his mark upon it and its contents. Here, for instance, you see everything higgledy-piggledy—dishes, bottles, boxes, plates, and apparatus scattered about in confusion. The floor is a litter of paper, which, to judge by appearances, has been steadily accumulating for years. The dishes are dirty; the bottles also. Marks of hurry and carelessness abound. Also, the air is foul, suggesting that the ventilation is bad; and the daylight insinuates itself through many a crack.

Under such circumstances good work cannot be done.

EVERYTHING MUST HAVE A PROPER PLACE, and be kept there.

Now, I am going to suppose that I have been called in to act dish-and-bottle-washer to one of my neglectful young friends, whose photography hasn't as yet won him any particular distinction. The first thing I see on entering the abode of darkness is that I can't see anything at all. Light! light! As soon as I have captured the lamp, cleaned its glass—which has become sadly smoky—and lit it, I contrive a shelf for it near the door, where it should be placed when not in use. Groping about is apt to upset things. Dear me! the air of this den is almost thick enough to be cut with a knife! I instinctively search for the window, which I find to be

permanently blocked up. You really ought to know that a photographer cannot do himself justice while his lungs are poisoned by the accumulated gases of the lamp and the fumes of chemicals. We must have that window to open and shut, and, as the room is very small, some additional

MEANS OF VENTILATION,

be they only a number of holes bored through the door and carefully shaded from direct light.

I would emphasise the need for pure air, because the neglect of it is largely the cause of that headache and heaviness which you often experience after an hour or so spent over the developing dishes.

If your room were a large one, the supply of oxygen would last you a long time, even if the air remained stagnant. But even so, you should be able to admit the outer atmosphere between whiles.

Now for these dishes and bottles, which my fingers itch to get at.

TO CLEANSE THEIR INTERIORS,

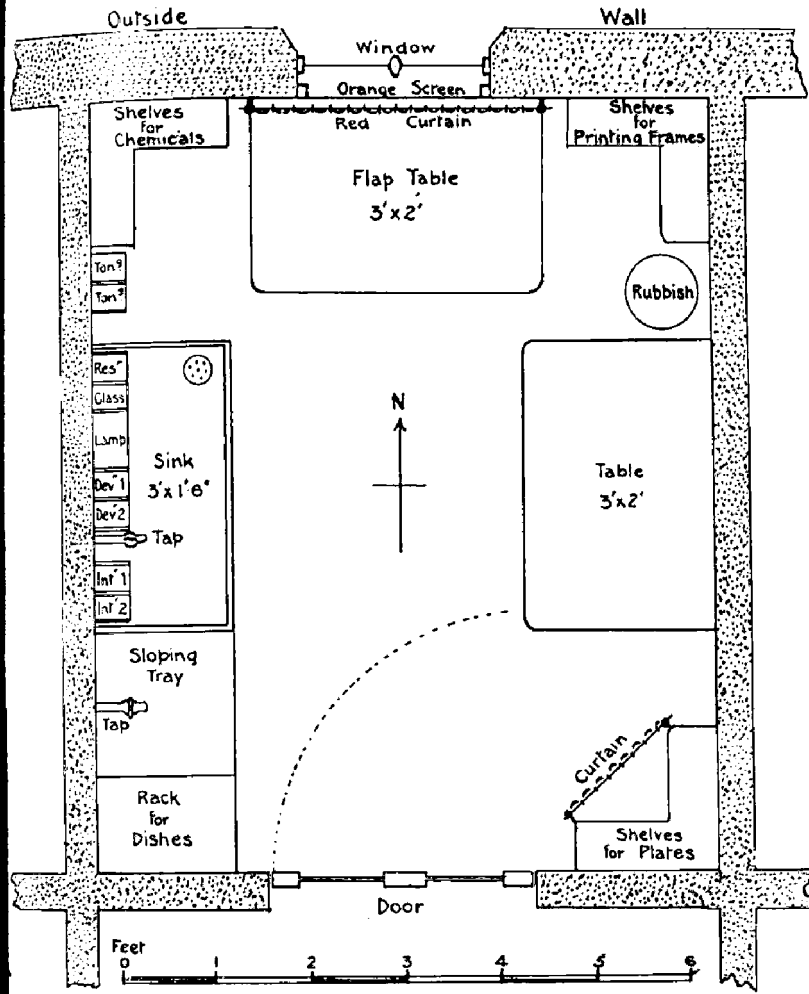
I take this phial of hydrochloric acid (also Spirit of Salt, which must be handled very carefully), pour a little into each vessel, and add some water. Then I shake the bottles well, and rub the dishes with a bit of clean rag. The latter soon look clean, except for the permanent stains, which nothing will remove.

The bottles give more trouble, because you can't get at their inner walls easily. Therefore, after the acid treatment, I empty them and introduce an ounce of shot and some clean water, and rattle it about. As you see, the pellets scour off any deposit. Next, a few rinsings round with hot water, and then we can turn them up to drain.

It strikes me that your dishes are hard to distinguish one from another. Since porcelain trays cannot well be marked, it is a good thing to have those devoted to each process

OF A DISTINCTIVE SHAPE.

Then, even in the dark, you will know which



PLAN OF A COMPACT DARK-ROOM.

DON'T KEEP ON CHANGING.

We will next put up a few shelves. Wood is plentiful, so are nails and screws, and the comfort of having plenty of shelf-room is worth the expenditure of some trouble. If you know how to handle tools, it won't take an hour to run together half-a-dozen useful ledges, six inches or so wide, on which you may store the odds and ends that accumulate by degrees, and cannot well be dispensed with altogether. At all costs you must have elbow-room.

I have sketched out a

PLAN OF A DARK-ROOM, which will also serve for printing and finishing off generally, as it is advisable to confine operations to one chamber, if possible.

Its internal dimensions are 8 feet by 6 feet 6 inches. The window faces north, because the light on that side is most constant; and in summer, when the bulk of photography is done, it will open on the coolest air. The sash, 3 feet by 2 feet 6 inches, is of the common rising and falling type. Inside is a frame covered with two thicknesses

of orange fabric, and hinged at the top so that it may be raised out of the way when daylight is needed, and fastened to a hook on the ceiling. As a further protection against injurious rays, there should be a curtain of Turkey twill running on a rod, large enough to overlap the window six inches all round. The ring on the extreme left is fixed to the rod, and the curtain is drawn to the right, so that the sink side of the room may be kept shaded even when the other is strongly lighted up.

Under the window I have placed a flap table 3 feet by 2 feet, which will be useful for printing and toning, and in the corners are cupboards to hold chemicals and printing frames. The central section of the west wall is occupied by a sink 3 feet by 1 foot 6 inches, overhung by a tap 1 foot from the south end. Against the wall is

A NARROW SHELF WITH FIVE DIVISIONS.

The middle, and largest, accommodates the lamp for night use, and next to it, on the right, are

is which. It is hardly necessary to remind you that a jack-of-all-trades is an abomination among dishes.

These chemicals have evidently seen better days, and as good stuff is cheap, suppose we pitch them away and start afresh. Dry chemicals of all sorts you should keep in air-tight receptacles—wide-mouthed stoppered bottles by preference—and each should be most carefully named.

We will now

CLEAR OUT ALL USELESS NEGATIVES,

and empty plate-boxes. By the spoiled plates, and empty plate-boxes. By the by, I notice that the labels on the last are those of several different makes. I advise you to

STICK TO ONE BRAND OF PLATE;

the same with developers. Try to master the peculiarities of one make and one developer. Of course, if you think that your choice is a bad one and you would do better with what somebody else recommends, try another, but

the half-pint measuring glass and the bottle of "restrainer," while to the left stand the two developing solutions. The glass will thus be ready to the right hand, and after use it should be

RETURNED TO ITS ALLOTTED COMPARTMENT.

On a little shelf north of the sink I have my toning solutions, protected from daylight by a small curtain. And to the south of the tap stand the intensifying solutions. It is very important to keep all these apart from the developers.

Between the sink and the south wall runs a lead-covered tray, sloping into the sink. A second tap overhangs this, for the washing of plates or prints while the sink is in use. Against the wall is a rack, in which dishes may be placed to drain.

Passing the door we have a set of curtained shelves for plates and such things as are best kept at a distance from the window. Then comes a table 3 feet by 2 feet, and a rubbish box. It should be a rule

NEVER TO BRING ANYTHING WET FROM THE SINK SIDE OF THE ROOM

to the table on the east wall.

By observance of this rule you will escape many chemical troubles.

Rooms of the dimensions here given are not to be had in every house, and many readers must put up with less commodious quarters for their photographic doings. But the general plan of arrangement will perhaps be useful. And a good legend to post over the door is

CLEANLINESS, NEATNESS, CARE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. Barry English.—Many thanks for the photograph of your bulldog. He looks a fellow who could get a good grip of a subject if he chose. I am glad to hear that photography hath its charms for you. Snap-shotting is, of course, far from being the ideal method of obtaining pictures that you will like to live with; and I hope that you make proper use of a stand and a focussing cloth.

F. S. Dod.—A very good developer for slow plates is that recommended by the makers of the Imperial plates:—Pyrogallic acid, 1 ounce; bromide of potassium, 60 grains; metabisulphite of potas-

sium, 50 grains; distilled water, 12 ounces. This forms a stock solution, three ounces of which mixed with 20 ounces of water makes the solution No. 1 for ordinary use. No. 2 solution is:—Soda sulphite, 2 ounces; soda carbonate (*i.e.*, washing soda), 2 ounces; distilled water, 20 ounces. Mix these in equal quantities for normal exposures. Under-exposure will, of course, need a preponderance of No. 2, and over-exposure an excess of No. 1. As regards the white deposit left by methylated spirit on plates that have been dried with it, this is due to insufficient washing, which results in a chemical combination between the hypo and the spirit. Give further washing after wetting negative and wiping off deposit with cotton-wool.

Jack Loutet.—Your trouble appears at first sight to be a rather mysterious one. What the photographer did you ought to be able to do also under the same conditions. There is evidently under-exposure for the developer used. Are you sure that the stop is as large as $f/8$? Perhaps the best thing to do would be to make a few exposures at, say, $1/10$ second, in a good light, and develop with the same solution that the photographer you mention used. Pyro-ammonia is good enough, though for very under-exposed plates I prefer pyro-soda weakened by the addition of an amount of water equal to the sum of the two solutions.

R. Ready.—To enlarge a $\frac{1}{4}$ -plate to whole plate the negative would need to be $1\frac{1}{2}$ times the focal length of the lens from the optical centre of the lens, and the paper three times. I advise you to buy a capital book, called "Photographic Enlargements: How to Make Them," by Geo. Wheeler, price one shilling. This will tell you everything you want to know more fully than space would permit me to do it here.

Nancy C. Holmes.—I think that "Photography For All," by W. Jerome Harrison, F.G.S., price one shilling, will be what you want. You can get it direct from the publishers, Messrs. Hiffe and Son, 3 St. Bride-street, E.C. I have no personal acquaintance with the camera you mention, but the maker has a very good reputation. I hope soon to give a chapter on the choice of a camera, which is nowadays no easy matter. A hand-camera at the price you name cannot be a *very* good one, because so much of the cost must go into the interior mechanism, leaving not much over for the lens, the most important item of all. An inferior lens must be worked with a comparatively small stop to obtain sharpness; a small stop means a great reduction of light, and consequent under-exposure, except under very favourable conditions. Yet a hand-camera, being used mainly for instantaneous work, needs a good lens working with a large stop. No! we do not care about sending answers to private addresses unless the circumstances are exceptional.

How Bill Jones the Test Match won



By HAROLD SCHOLFIELD.

Illustrated by RIP!

(With apologies to the author of "Bill Adams.")

ONE summer evening, whilst cycling through the county of Surrey, I came across a number of youths who were playing cricket on the village green of Dunton, and being fond of the game I dismounted for the purpose of watching a while. I had not been watching long before my attention was drawn to a remarkable figure, that of an old man of sixty or thereabouts, who held the important post of umpire. What made me notice him particularly was the hold he had over the players, and the great respect they paid to his decisions, which were not disputed on a single occasion. It struck me as so peculiar that an old man like this should be considered the cricket oracle, that I asked a young fellow standing by who this cricketing worthy might be. He turned round to me, open-eyed and open-mouthed with astonishment, and gasped, "What, d'yer mean to say yer don't know?" I confessed ignorance. Then, looking at me with fine scorn, he said, "Why, I thought every one knew Bill Jones."

"Bill Jones?" said I, "and who might he be?"

"Don't say you ain't 'eard of 'im! He's the chap that won the Australian test match."

I ran over the names of great English cricketers in my mind, but I couldn't bring the name of Bill Jones to memory, so, as the game

had just ended, and the great man was leaving, I stopped him, and asked him to tell me of his experience in the famous match. Bill was willing enough, so we adjourned to the "Spider and Pickaxe," followed by a train of eager youths who were apparently never tired of hearing this remarkable yarn.

When he had settled himself with his pipe and glass of ale, Bill cleared his throat preparatory to starting the narrative, which I will endeavour to give you as fully as possible in his own words.

"In the year 1878 England was in a bad way for players, so the fellers as chose the eleven 'ad their work cut out to get a good team together. One morning I came downstairs and found a blue envelope waitin' for me behind the door, an' I felt rather white, for I thought it were a summons or somethin' like that, so I ses to the wife, 'You'd better open it, and tell me what it is.' Well, she began grumbling, and asking me when I was going to reform, so I shuts her up, and sho starts to read it. These was her very words :-

"The English Selection Committee would be very glad if Mister William Jones would appear at the Lord's Cricket Ground on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, July 16, 17, and 18, for the purpose of playing in the test match against Australia. Signed, W. G. Grace."



ME AND GRACE HAD A MISUNDERSTANDIN'.

"Oh, yis, Grace did sign it. I've got it at 'ome somewhere. Eh! how did they find me? Well, yer see, it was this way: this committee had met and chosen Grace, Hornby, Webbe, Shaw, Morley, and some others, but only ten, and they was nearly off their nut for an eleventh man. Well, I tell yer, Grace 'ad a telegram in 'is 'and givin' the Australians back word not to come, when Hornby ses, 'Let's 'ave Mold,' but Grace ses, 'Not a bit of it, Phillips is umpire.' Oh, yis, Phillips was umpirein' then. I knew the feller well enough. A little chap, 'e was, with light whiskers and a bald 'ead. Well, to return to the Committee. Just then Shaw bursts into the room, an' ses, 'We're saved. Let 'em all come! I've got Bill Jones!' They told me that Grace almost wept on his neck, and fairly flummaxed Alf. Anyhow, to come to the match. I gets there in my Sunday best, and they introduces me to all the swells. At last it was time to start. The Australians won the toss, so they said they'd bat. I walked on to the field first,

but I didn't feel nervous, although the crowd cheered me so. Grace wouldn't let me bowl first innin's, and the Australians consequently got 143. I just walked about the boundaries that innin's, talking to a policeman that was there. In the interval Grace comes to me and ses, 'Bill, will you open the innin's with me?' I ses, 'No, William, my lad, take Hornby in, and I'll bat later.' So he ses, 'Right you are, Bill; go in 4th wicket down.' Well, Grace kept hitting away, but the other chaps did nothin', and at last my turn came. I marched in feeling that all England depended on me. There was a lad called Spofforth bowling at me, but I knocked him all over the show, till me and Grace had a misunderrandin' and he ran me out for fifteen, although I tried hard to get the umpire to believe Grace was out and not me. Well, we collapse for ninety. The Australians started again, and Giffen and Murdoch started knocking Shaw and Morley 'orrible, till Grace gets desprit, for they was two 'undred and sixty-four for no wickets. So he shouts Fry off the boundary. What? before Fry's day? Oh no! I remember the lad well. Naterally, he was a little young then. Of course Fry's slow bowling didn't do much, and at last Charlie throws the ball to me and ses, 'Bill, yer England's last 'ope.' Well, I tell yer I simply knocked them wickets over like skittles, and the Australians were all out for 266. When I got to the tent the Prince of Wales was waitin' to shake hands with me, and I had to lunch with him to satisfy him. Thanks, I don't mind if I do 'ave another. Well, to continue my tale, Grace walks out with Hornby to commence for England, but they both came out in a few minutes, and Gunn, Webbe, Fry, Ranji, Morley, and Shaw followed 'em. Yer see, I thought Grace had better let 'em get out before I went in to smash the bowling. Well, I tell yer, England was in a very bad way, for we were 360 behind, and only three wickets to go

down. What's that? Oh, yes, we allus played twelve aside, for it made the number even, yer see. When I went in we wanted 380 to win, so I went up to Jessop, and ses, 'Now, my lad, play the stonewall game while I 'it.' So seein' 'ow the game was, 'e plays 'is usual quiet game, and I smacks at every ball that comes, and when I'd bin in about an hour and made three hundred and ten, I whispers, 'Jessop, yer can 'it now.' He shook 'is 'ead, and said, 'No, Bill, I've 'it too 'ard already. Ten an hour is forcing the game too much for me.' The score kept rising, so did the Australians' temper, and at last we only wanted ten to win. You may tell 'ow I was 'itting when I tell you that all the fielders were placed on the boundaries, except, of course, the stumper and bowler. I opened my shoulders to one of Spofforth's extry fast,

and 'e shoves 'is 'and up to stop it. Yer should 'ave seen the way 'e dropped it. It might 'ave been red 'ot, and all the peoplo roared, but it made no difference to me, and I got the ten in two swipes. Then the crowd broke on the ground and carried me off. That's how I won the Test Match. For weeks after I'd nothin' but banquets and feastin's, and I got a whole column in *Lloyd's*, and my photo."

When another glass replaced his empty one, I said to him quietly, "It's funny it isn't in *Wisden's*," but he only shook his head knowingly, and said, "'Arf the things aren't put in *Wisden's*, but it's only jealousy that keeps 'em out."

With that I mounted my machine and left Bill Jones, the hero of '78, amid his gaping and awe-stricken fellow-villagers.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

"*ἤæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

Blue (Christ's Hospital).—The leading article outlines in brief the many associations of the "Blue-coat School" (as Christ's Hospital will always be known) with the late honoured Queen. An old Blue writes in interesting fashion of personal encounters, in India, with snakes of all sorts. Instances have not been wanting, in our own Zoo at home, of the difficult and sometimes ludicrous situations to which ophidian methods of feeding occasionally lead. Pity the hapless plight of the poor snake referred to in the following extract:—

Another cobra I noticed one morning on the verandah steps, looking as though he had a head after a bad night, very stupid and lethargic. A few bashes on the head temporarily roused him, but he did not survive long. I should have mentioned that there was only about two feet of him visible at the head end, the balance being in a hole in the steps. When he was dead I slipped a cord round his body, running the nose home, and pulled, with the result that after some resistance his whole length emerged. I then found that he had swallowed a frog in the hole, and on starting out was pulled up at the place where the frog was in his body, and was waiting half in and half out till by the process of digestion he would get free egress.

Blundellian.—The tercentenary number lies before us, not the 300th issue of the *Blundellian*, but the number celebrating the tercentenary of Jan Ridd's school. Two plates accompany it. One is an excellent reproduction of the traditional portrait of Peter Blundell, the founder, which hangs in the school, and the other is a facsimile of the very artistic card of invitation to the anniversary celebration, designed by Mr. E. S. Perkin, the present art master. It represents the old and new schools, the founder, and Sir John Popham, and bears the mottoes of the school (*Pro patria populoque*), and of the headmaster (*Quæ fecimus ipsi*), and will worthily take its place, as the *Blundellian* gracefully puts it, beside the invitations of the 1727 and 1753 celebrations, impressions of which now hang in the library.

Clongownian (Clongowes Wood College).—From Co. Kildare comes an imposing magazine which unquestionably, for magnificence of production—paper, printing, illustration, and the like—beats anything yet attempted, we imagine, in the annals of school journalism. Exclusive of ad-

vertisements (which are numerous), the *Clongownian* contains nearly 100 pages of well-printed matter, embellished by some eighty illustrations, in every case excellently reproduced. In the general contents are included contributions from Count Plunkett, F.S.A., and Mr. J. E. MacManus, the latter writing most suggestively and instructively upon the prospects offered by journalism as a career. Some of the articles are of considerable historical value and importance, while a remarkable feature is a contribution written (and printed) in Irish—real Irish, that is—by a boy of 14.

After the usual run of school periodicals the *Clongownian* is certainly by way of being stupendous! We incline to think, however, that its magnificence is overdone—or rather, perhaps, that its purple and gold is unsuited to what should be the modest requirements of a school organ.

Fettesian.—The latest number to hand contains an account of the last Fettesian-Lorettonian dinner. How they hang together, these Scots! Mr. Tristram, the new head of Loretto, was the guest of the evening, and made a first-rate speech. The career of Loretto's remarkable founder, the late Dr. H. H. Almond, he summed up finely thus: "For ten years he was laughed at, for ten years he was watched, and for twenty years he was imitated."

Grammar School Magazine (Aberdeen).—Lieut. E. W. Dawson, of the Royal Indian Marine, contributes some suggestive remarks in his "Personal Knowledge of the Japanese Navy." Here is an account of a strenuous Sunday evening on board a man-o'-war:—

Every Sunday evening during the passage home the entire crews were mustered on the spar deck, seamen one side and stokers the other, the petty officers placing themselves on the cargo hatches amidships, and at the word of command from the senior officer they commenced a long performance of patriotic songs, including the latest compositions of the local Kipling on their war with China, which was still quite fresh in their memories, marking time as an accompaniment to the music. One of these songs consisted simply of the names of the various battles of the war strung together. This was followed by a series of wrestling competitions between members of the crew, varied by an occasional round of fencing with the two-handed sword-stick, a formidable weapon to look at, but very skilfully manipulated by these masters of the art.

Haileyburian.—'Tis blazing hot as these lines are penned, whatever may be the weather in store for the day when they will appear in print. Full length in a deck chair within a riverside camp, a slowly diminishing pile of school magazines beside him, the Reviewer, as he tilts his hat further over his face and thinks of last year's sodden, sunless July, joins fervently in this little song of praise:—

SURSUM CORDA, JUNE, 1904.

I.
UPLIFT your hearts! The June-tide breezes blow,
And spread the chestnut blossom, falling slow,
To deck the ground as with a fleece of snow.

II.
Uplift your hearts! Fell Winter has declin'd,
And fickle Spring her doubtful sway resign'd,
When June in-glides upon the sun kiss'd wind.

III.
Uplift your hearts to joy which never fails,
The Sun is Lord, and when the daylight wales,
The throbbing air rings rich with nightingales.

IV.
Uplift your hearts! For though the Summer fall,
As Power or Pride that yield to shroud and pall,
Still Love is King, and Love rules over all.

Hibernia (Royal Hibernian Military School).

—In a magazine with such a title, one expects naturally to be entertained by something of native Irish wit. The following tale rewards us. The writer is referring to a notable occasion when a witty comrade underwent the (to him) novel experience of being scored off, instead of himself holding the advantage:—

About a dozen of us were returning from the usual constitutional one Sunday morning, when we met a typical-looking peasant at the junction of the Magazine path and the main road. The situation was tempting, and R.A.P. was in merry mood. Greetings, questions, and answers followed thus:—

"Morra, Pat!"

"Morra, Sor!"

"Have you a match?" queried R.A.P. Eager to oblige, Pat searched diligently through some half-score pockets, muttered something about people who borrowed boxes of matches and neglected to return them, and answered dismally:—

"I've nerra wan, sir!"

"Have you another?" asked R.A.P.

"'Tis in the same box, mister!" came the reply.

Hurst Johnian (Hurstpierpoint).—A contributor has had the honour of being presented to the Alake of Abeokuta, during the recent visit to England of that dusky potentate (the right phrase, I believe). It is sad that he should not have been more impressed. The Alake's conversation is described as a series of grunts. On the writer taking his departure, the monarch

grunted over me once more, and I asked my friend, the Secretary, to translate. He did so, and to my horror I learnt that the Alake of Abeokuta was wishing me a long life and many wives.

The following passage in an article dealing with "French Schools," may help to emphasise some of the evils of conscription—at least, as enforced on the Continent:—

You, perhaps, know that every Frenchman has to serve as a private in the army for three years, and is paid during this time the large sum of one sou (a half-penny) a day, half of which he must spend on boot polish and other items. Some schools, chiefly the higher commercial schools, give every year a number of certificates permitting their happy possessors to serve in the army one year only, instead of three. These certificates are awarded after a competitive examination that lasts a whole month. After the exam. many pupils have to go away for a month or two to recover from over-study, a disease of which the English school-boy has not the remotest idea.

Malvernian.—"K." contributes some charming little verses, with the poet's philosophy, "Carpe Diem," for their theme:—

WHEN the first smiles of spring are seen,
And every hedge is gay
With tenderest array,
And hundred shades of budding green,
We look for summer's sheen,
" 'Tis yet but May! "

But when the summer long delayed
Fulfills our hopes at last,
Then, then, we learn too fast
To miss the tender various shade
Which spring's first buds displayed
Ere May was past.

Our youth is gay with wondrous bloom,
But manhood glitters nigh:
And "Oh, for June!" we sigh.
To autumn summer yields her room,
Soon, soon comes winter's gloom,
And we must die.

Then quick, while buds and hopes are new,
Enjoy life's short spring day:
For long it cannot stay.
Soon will the leaves put on a sadder hue;
Though summer skies are blue,
'Twill not be May.

St. Peter's School Magazine (St. Peter's, Adelaide).—"A Reminiscence of Bishop Short" relates an incident too laughable to be missed:—

One Sunday morning on the clergy entering the room where the service was to be held, the Bishop was followed by "Tanner," a dog well-known to the College boys at that time. Tanner stalked solemnly up the Church behind the Bishop, and when the Bishop knelt to pray Tanner showed his kindly feeling by quietly licking the polished bald head of the Bishop, who, hardly knowing what was happening, and too frightened to move, wriggled and twisted until at last Tanner left him, walked up to the altar, and sat in front and beat time with his fine, massive tail.

Salopian (Shrewsbury).—We English have made little secret of the fact that our sympathies in the Russo-Japanese war are nearly all with our Eastern ally. Perhaps the fact that the Japanese navy learned its seamanship very largely from the English, and our natural pride in watching the fine feats of so apt a pupil, have something to do with our enthusiasm. Perhaps, also, there is some feeling of kinship between us of the West and the Japs—the naval power of the East. At all events, here is Shrewsbury bursting into a pæan of praise in honour of our allies:—

Let me sing you a song from the West to the East,
As you're bent on re-making the map,
And painting it yellow where once it was white,
Sagacious and scrupulous Jap.

Here's your health, then, my friend, with a Banzai "Nippon."
What it means does not matter a rap,
When you shout it your foemen all seem to nip off,
Intelligent, insular Jap

With honour your motto, and justice your creed,
And courage your virtues to cap,
You hardly seem likely to learn from the white,
My brave, but not blood-thirsty, Jap.

There are brains 'neath your bristles, ideas in your eyes,
And, in fact, you're a cute sort of chap;
Let them call you uncivilised, what do you mind,
Irrepressible imp of a Jap?

Give me kingdoms for cards, and whole worlds for a hand,
Then, by Heaven, I think I'd go nap,
Not on the remorseless and retrograde Russ.,
But the jocund and jubilant Jap.

Sedberghian.—And no sooner have we applauded the efforts of the Salopian muse than we pick up the next magazine on our pile to find that Sedbergh's got the same infection:—

We hear of a Kuro called Patkin,
 Who contends with a Kuro called Ki;
 Twins, perhaps, for one knows that of that kin
 Were the Tweedles called Dum and called Dee.

Now patkin's no doubt euphemistic
 For the nastiest kind of a knock;
 But a master-ki's characteristic
 Is to open the Russtiest lock.

Both sides, when maturing a patkin,
 Seem to try what's called "luring 'em on"—
 With such speed that not Dawson nor Gwatkin
 Would so much as see which way they've gone.

Let us hope that our own Tommy Atkins
 May be found, against either of these,
 Too wily to get the shrewd patkins
 And too shrewd for the williest kis.

And these stanzas do not exhaust the *Sedberghian's*
 Japanese lays. Moreover, the next lot begins with
 "Banzai." Observant readers will note that the

Salopian uses that mysterious phrase too. Even
 THE CAPTAIN had it on its July cover. Evidently,
 much virtue in "Banzai."

Tollingtonian.—The number before us contains so much in the way of general matter that we feel it a duty to pass at least some criticism. This, however, is difficult, for no one feature stands prominently out and calls for mention. The general level of merit is good, and perhaps the best contributions are the article on skiing, and other branches of "Northern Sport," and the letter from an old boy in Zululand. We do *not* like the cover of the *Tollingtonian*. What does it mean?

We have also received copies of *Chatham House Review*, *Cranleigh*, *Droghedan*, *Harrovian*, *Isis*, *Johnian*, *Lily*, *Lorettonian*, *Mill Hill Magazine*, *Ousel*, *Tonbridgian*, *Ulula*, *Yeseyan*.

A. E. JOHNSON.

HOW TO LEARN FRENCH.

"UN PETIT BELGE," writing in March "CAP.," hit the right nail on the head in the matter of the way we learn modern languages. It is extraordinary how many people in the British Isles "know a little German" or "have a smattering of French," and how very few can turn to practical account even the little they know. At school they learn, in the usual impossible way, the dry and uninteresting grammatical rules, plough week after week through whole pages, chapters, and sections of the theory until, in many cases, they know the grammar, as "Un Petit Belge" says, probably far better than the average educated native; and yet what is the result? When they go abroad they can scarcely ask for a dinner at a restaurant, make themselves intelligible to their landlady, or understand, much less reply to, a native who makes some simple remark!

This indeed, was my own experience. Though able to write good French with ease, I found myself quite hopelessly muddled when first spoken to by a native abroad. I was appalled at the utter strangeness of the sounds which flowed in upon me, and was disgusted and disappointed when I realised that, in spite of the fact that I was thoroughly at home in the grammatical subtleties of the language and had an enormous vocabulary at my command, yet I was quite unable to attempt anything like a reasonably spirited conversation.

Why is this the case with so many? There are two main reasons, both of which "Un Petit Belge" touches upon. The first is, we don't learn the right way; and the second, few Englishmen, comparatively, prefer or make an effort

to speak in a foreign tongue even when the opportunity arises for doing so. They are either diffident and afraid to make themselves look "foolish" (though where the foolishness comes in it would be hard to say!), or consider it not worth their while to try and make themselves understood in another language, going on the principle that if any man wants to speak to them, let him do so in their language, or not at all.

There is no doubt that the best way to learn a foreign tongue, next to that of acquiring it by a residence in the country, is to practise short, practical, everyday expressions and sentences from *the very beginning*, until quite familiar with the sounds of the new tongue; to study a minimum of grammar (which should be left to a much later stage), and to avoid like poison any "translation" on paper until fairly advanced and at home in simple but fluent conversation. Every opportunity should be taken of speaking with natives, and when they are not available, of practising the phrases learnt with friends who know as much, or more, than you do yourself. Pronunciation is, of course, of paramount importance, and from the first it should be correct; it will *not* do to have anything to begin with. Such a system results in mere waste of time. First impressions often last the longest, and correct accent from the beginning is essential to success. Finally, note this point; it is the *ear* that should be trained first; the *eye* afterwards. This is only natural, and any other method is simply putting the cart before the horse, besides being much less useful in practice, and far harder.

"DENBIGH."

COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Last day for sending in, October 18th.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, 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, 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 separately stamped envelope.

Owing to the frequency with which certain names appear in the Lists of Prize-Winners, we have decided to make a rule to the effect that a Competitor may only win one first prize and one consolation prize per month.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by October 18th.

The Results will be published in December.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"Initials which make Syllables."—It is said that it is lucky to have initials which make a syllable, e.g., Henry Edward Newman=HEN. It is said that people with such initials never lack money. However that may be, we think an interesting competition would result from your sending a list of twelve well known, successful men whose initials make syllables. Send post-cards. Prizes: Six "Sunny Memories" Photograph Albums; two in each class.

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—"An October Event."—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of October. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and

good spelling will be taken into consideration. Prizes: a Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Football in each class.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty one.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"Famous Men."—On one of the advertisement pages you will find drawings of twelve faces. Each face is that of a famous man. Supply the names, please. Prizes: Six of Messrs. C. Lindner's "Family" Printing Outfits; two in each class.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—"Photographic Competition."—Send a print from your best negative; any subject. Photographs must be original, i.e., not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three "Swan" Fountain Pens, value 10s. 6d. each; one in each class.

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"Queer Surnames."—Send on a post-card a list of the Twelve Querest Surnames you have come across among your acquaintances, or in your town, village, or school. The last competition we had of this sort produced some most amusing lists; we hope this one will do likewise. Prizes: Three of Messrs. Benetfink and Co.'s Footballs; one in each class.

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"Derivations."—Give the derivations of the following twelve words, and explain how they came to have their present meaning: melancholy, delirious, imbecile, pagan, dandelion, parallel, photograph, umbrella, teetotaller, character, monk, microscope. Prize in each class: Books to the value of Ten Shillings.

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to **November 18th**. By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living **outside** Europe. There will be **no age limit**. One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each competition.

"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: E. B. Clark, "A Watson Boy," Frances Whittingham, and F. de Silva. Each prize-winner is requested to send present address, and at the same time to select a book.

Football in Japan.

SEND herewith a photograph of the first Japanese Rugby football team. It is composed of students of the Keiogijuku University, with Mr. G. Janako (formerly of Trin. Hall R. F. C.) and myself. I am on the staff of the University, and introduced the game about four years ago. The students took to it like babes to their bottles. We have played several times with

the English team in Yokohama, but so far the weight and speed of the foreign team have proved too much for our men, who are much handicapped by their lack of these essentials. The foreigners simply make rings round them. After the first match, the students, on their way back to Tokyo, held a debate in the train and passed the following resolution: "That, seeing our present mode of squatting on our heels has a tendency to prevent the growth of our legs, we, for the sake of future generations, when we are married men and fathers, shall insist on our wives and children sitting on chairs."

I think I may venture to say that Rugger has come to stay. The Nobles' School (Gakuschuin) has already taken it up. I intended



THE FIRST NATIVE RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM IN JAPAN.

Students of the Keiogijuku University. Trained by Mr. G. Janako (Trinity Hall, Cambridge), and Mr. Edward B. Clark, who is the central figure of this group, and the sender of the photograph.

introducing it to the students of the First High School (Dai-ichi Koto Gakko), and to the army, but unfortunately the war and rheumatism have temporarily shelved my plans. Tokyo, Japan. EDWARD B. CLARK.

Adrian Jones, the soldier-sculptor, who also moulded and superintended the casting. A member of the South Australian Contingent sat as a model for the memorial, which is a worthy addition to Adelaide's gradually increasing number of statues. C. G. P.



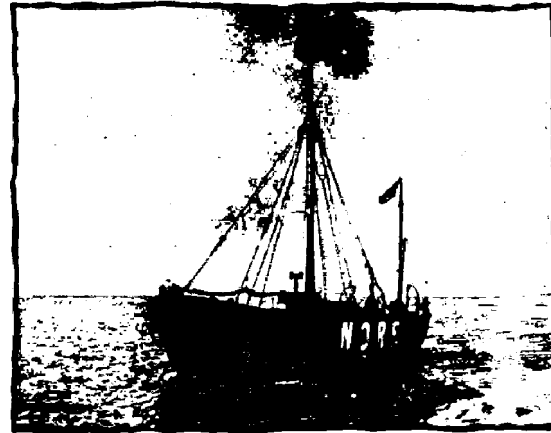
THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AT ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA. Photo. by H. Cooper.

"Pro Patria."

THE accompanying photograph depicts the National Memorial erected at Adelaide to the memory of the men in the South Australian Contingent who fell while helping the Motherland in the late South African War. It was unveiled by his Excellency the Governor on June 6th last, and occupies a very prominent site in front of Government House. The ceremony was rendered the more impressive by the presence of many relatives and friends of the fallen heroes. The statue is of bronze, and on a granite pedestal, on the sides of which are brass tables bearing the names of the officers and men who left their homes never to return. It was purchased by public subscription, and designed by Captain

Scottish Schools' Cricket Championship, 1904.

FETTES COLLEGE and Merchiston tie for first place with one defeat each, the former having been defeated by Edinburgh Academy, and the latter by Fettes. G. Turner, the Fettes captain, scored over 1,000 runs during the season, with an average of about 50. Loretto and Watson's come next with two defeats; Loretto's defeats were inflicted by the two champion schools, and those of Watson's by Loretto and Glenalmond. In the Watson-Loretto match, Loretto, who batted first, lost seven wickets for about 20 runs, but the other batsmen made a better stand, and the innings closed for over 70. Watson's, with over four hours to bat, were



THE NORE LIGHTSHIP IN THE THAMES ESTUARY. Photo. by C. G. Paul.

all dismissed for 37! Glenalmond and Edinburgh Academy tie for third place, the latter school's only brilliant performance being against Fettes, whom they defeated by nearly 100 runs.



THE "SOUTH AFRICAN PEST."—A LOCUST. Photo. by L. Keene, Cape Town.

FINAL RESULT.

SCHOOL.	Played.	Won.	Lt.	Draw.	Points.
1 Fettes College ...	5	4	1	0	-1
1 Merchiston ...	6	4	1	1	-1
2 Loretto ...	6	4	2	0	-2
2 Watson's College ...	5	2	2	1	-2
3 Glenalmond ...	6	2	3	1	-3
3 Edin. Academy ...	6	2	3	1	-3
4 Blairlodge ...	6	0	6	0	-6

One point deducted for every defeat.
Sent by "A WATSON BOY."



THE WILBERFORCE OAK.



STONE SEAT IN HOLWOOD PARK.

Photos. by R. Y. Y.

The Wilberforce Oak.

AT Holwood Park, Keston, Kent, the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, there may be seen a very large and ancient oak tree, known as the Wilberforce Oak, and celebrated from the fact that the Right Hon. William Pitt and Mr. Wilberforce held a conversation together under its shade, on the possible Abolition of the Slavo Trade. The tree, with its huge gnarled trunk, has now been surrounded with strong iron railings, and may be seen by any one visiting the park. Near it stands a stone seat, bearing the following inscription:—

"From Mr. Wilberforce's Diary, 1788.—At length I well remember, after a conversation with Mr. Pitt in the open air, at the foot of the old tree at Holwood, just above the steep descent into the vale of Keston, I resolved to give note on a fit occasion in the House of Commons of my intention to bring forward the abolition of the slave trade.—Erected by Earl Stanhope, 1862."

FRANCES WHITTINGHAM.

The Opening of Honiton Fair.

THE opening of the annual fair in Honiton, East Devon, is attended by a quaint ceremony, which attracts many people to witness it. As the church clock strikes twelve (noon), the gates of the Market House are opened and out steps the Town Crier, arrayed in his robes and three-cornered hat, and bearing a pole decorated at the top with a large bunch of flowers.

He rings his bell and cries at various stages in his progression up the High-street, "Oyez! Oyez! the Fair's begun: no man shall be arrested until it's done." The children, crowding round, repeat his words in a kind of chant. On reaching an inn near the top of the town, the crier places the pole on a balcony, where it remains till the fair is over.

Here nuts and hot coppers are thrown to the

expectant children from a window, and much scuffling and burning of fingers ensue.

During the two days of the fair no one in the town can be arrested for debt! E. B.



W. T. F. HOLLAND (AGED 11),

Who obtained seven wickets at the cost of one run, his fast bowling, however, being rather too much for the wicket-keeper. This was in the match. King's School v. Tredennyke, played at Tredennyke, this season.



WEAVING CLOTH IN A CHINESE VILLAGE.
Photo. by H. F. Birchall.

Pleasant Experiences Under Chloroform.

[BY AN OLD BOY READER.]

THE interesting account of experiences under chloroform given in the August issue of *THE CAPTAIN* not a little astonished me, because it afforded such a remarkable contrast to my own experiences under like conditions. Before I proceed to relate them I may suggest that one's experiences under anæsthetics depend, to some extent, at least, upon one's natural temperament. The fearsome or highly nervous patient will probably suffer most unpleasantly in mental impressions, while the more philosophic and easy-going man will probably pass through the ordeal of an operation not only without pain, either mental or physical, but even with actually pleasurable sensations.

Some ten years ago, through an accident, I was obliged to undergo a really serious dental operation, involving what dentists call a "considerable clearance" at one sitting. No sooner did I come under the influence of chloroform than I began to hear the sound of a tremendously powerful steam hammer, pounding away louder and louder, until its very noise, as it were, was so intense as to become a sort of numbing silence. Then suddenly I found myself carried straight back into my earlier schooldays, and

there I was with my dear chums again, having fine times, more than half naked, as all of us were, and playing Indians along the bank of a certain Avon River, chasing each other, shouting, frolicking in and out of the water, and enjoying life as only schoolboys can, no matter of what nationality they may be. In the midst of it all I had to leap forward again over a space of at least forty years, to find myself once more in the operating chair, having very successfully survived a decidedly gory campaign of which I had known nothing!

My second experience came about through another accident, a bad fall in a timber-yard, which resulted in a severe dislocation of the shoulder—"backward and upward" in medical jargon. This time I did not hear the steam hammer when the mask was applied, but instantly found myself in a most exquisitely beautiful garden, such as you boys may have read about in the "Arabian Nights." I was busily watering the flowers in it, and some-



THE LAST LAP.
By F. W. Wilkins

how it seemed that I had been there before. I am told that during my unconsciousness I said some few words in a language my surgeons did not understand. I daresay that I had lost my English and returned to the Spanish of my early childhood, for in this garden I was a little boy again. So happy was I that I felt quite annoyed and disappointed when the time came for me to return to this world again, and to the amusement of my surgeons I said so.

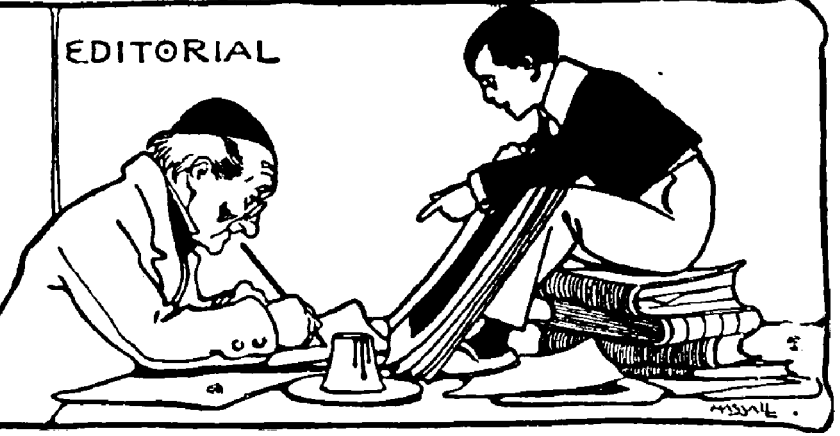
FRANCISCO DE SILVA.



THE UNION-CASTLE LINER, "SUDAN," AT THE NORE.
Photo. by C. G. Paul.

THE OLD FAG

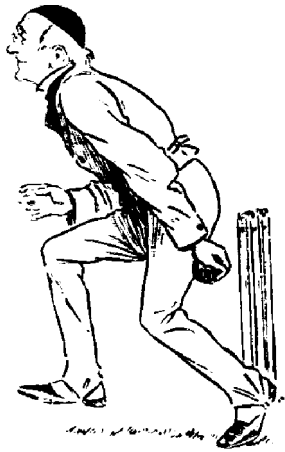
EDITORIAL



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Girls at Cricket: D. M. Morris sends a long letter about Athletic Girls. He likes them, and boldly declares that "less than ten per cent. of unathletic girls are really nice girls." He adds that he was watching a girls' cricket match some little time ago, and was filled with admiration by their play. "They bowled magnificently, batted well, and caught hard slogs with ease," says he.

Yes, and I, too, have seen girls play cricket well. In fact, I played against a girls' team in August. We—the men—had to bowl, bat, and field with the left hand only. The right wasn't allowed to participate in the contest.



WE HAD TO BOWL WITH THE LEFT HAND.

They put me on about sixth change, and the girls who were in hit eighteen off my first over, and about twelve off my second. Then I was taken off. As I bowled so persistently to leg, our captain put all the fielders, bar wicket-keeper, on the leg side. So then, being in a saucy mood, I bowled a ball to the off, and when it was slashed merrily into the country, away I went in pursuit of it myself. Not being accustomed to throw with my left hand, instead of returning the ball to the wicket-keeper, I somehow threw it at the boundary, and the girls ran a few more, with chuckles of delight. When we batted

I made an inglorious two, and that completed my contribution to the pantomime. We made about thirty, and the girls over a hundred. One girl alone compiled a sound fifty, thus beating us easily off her own bat. I call it a pantomime advisedly, for it was nothing more. Any girl with any idea of batting made hay of our cumbrous left-handed, underarm bowling. But it was very pleasant and sunny, the contest ending in the sides sitting down amicably to tea.



I WENT IN PURSUIT OF IT MYSELF.

Our side consisted of: One coroner, two schoolmasters, two doctors, two Malvern boys (one of whom plays for his House), three young gentlemen of no occupation, and one editor. And the lot of us only made thirty! In my own excuse I must urge that it was the first cricket-match I had played in for quite seven years. There was little excuse for the other ten, though, no doubt, they think there was a good deal.

The Athletic Girl: To return to D. M. Morris, his letter. I really cannot agree with my correspondent when he asserts that less than ten per cent. of unathletic girls are really nice girls. However, we have already threshed this subject out in *THE CAPTAIN*, so



I MADE AN INGLORIOUS TWO.

I will not dwell on it at any length. I think it is well for girls to play games: it makes them healthy, and jolly, and companionable. It is pleasant to go to a county match with a girl who understands and follows cricket sufficiently to be able to discuss the merits of the teams and players; at the same time, one

the pack, and proved most useful, being able to nose into places that the larger dogs couldn't enter. Indeed, on the third day's hunt it was the terrier who got first bite at the otter, which he seized by the nape of the neck, and hung on to like grim death until his big companions came to his assistance.



SHE COMPILED A SOUND FIFTY.

doesn't want to hear her talk cricket all the evening. Nor does one care to hear a golfing girl talk golf, golf, golf, all the time. The worst kind of girl is she who talks little else but *dogs*. Even the horsey girl is (conversationally) preferable to the doggy one. This, however, is straying from the question raised by Mr. Morris, which amounts to this: "Is the girl who plays games preferable to the girl who doesn't?" And the answer is: "Yes, providing she isn't a fanatic, and providing she doesn't neglect her music, reading, and those domestic duties which fall to women, in a too ardent devotion to field sports." As I said some months ago, there are plenty of nice girls who don't play games at all, but for all that I think that a girl is all the better for indulging in such sports as are suited to her physique and strength.

Finding the Otter: There are plenty of likely streams about, but it is not easy to find an otter. With reference to this, I extract the following, which forms part of an article on Otter-hunting which recently appeared in the *Birmingham Daily Post*:-

Naturally shy and retiring, the canine angler has been driven by jealous fishermen and ruthless water bailiffs to seek refuge in the remotest parts of the most secluded rivers and pools, but his presence in unexpected places is sometimes betrayed by half-eaten fish left upon the banks as relics of his supper. The otter himself is rarely seen, even by rival fishermen. Being a proscribed poacher and a hunted outlaw, he makes his raids upon the finny tribe under cover of the night, and he hides all day in an artfully concealed lair. Sometimes he burrows into an overhanging bank among the gnarled roots of the alder, or he may contrive his wicker couch in a drain or in the hollow trunk of an ancient willow. If he gets timely warning of the approach of the hunt he may swim up stream and keep a mile or more ahead of the hounds, but he is more likely to cling to his underground retreat, especially if it has a submerged entrance. In that case a particularly small, agile, and ferocious terrier is required to drive the poacher from his lair. When the lithe and vicious-looking creature has taken to the water the excitement runs high. The long, sinuous body of the otter wriggles through the water silently and almost imperceptibly. If the dogs happen to get a grip of his tough, slippery hide, he has only to dive to release himself. Thus he dodges up and down the stream till he eludes pursuit or gets exhausted, overpowered by numbers, and torn to pieces. He trusts to his swimming powers as far as possible, but when brought to bay he shows his formidable teeth and fights gamely to the end.

Otter Hounds: I was fortunate enough to be in Warwickshire in August, when the Bucks Otter Hounds—twenty-three and a half couples—visited certain streams in the southern part of the county. These dogs are curious animals, not easy to describe: they are big brutes—far bigger than foxhounds—and have the appearance of bloodhounds, with rough, shaggy coats. They are most inoffensive as regards human beings, but they fight among themselves a good deal. They were lodged in a stable behind an old-fashioned hotel, and the "huntsman" had to sleep in a harness-room adjoining the stable in order to be handy should a combat take place during the night. A little bit of a white terrier accompanied

The First Hunt I went to took place along a stream where the otters have had it

all their own way among the fish for years. It was known that there was a nest of them somewhere about, but nobody located it until some workmen, repairing an old bridge which spans the stream in question, discovered the nest cunningly concealed behind the brickwork. In order to reach it the otters had had to dive down and come up on the opposite side of the brick foundations, a manoeuvre similar to that utilised by the boys in "Coral Island." However, though the hounds got on the scent of an otter, they never collared their quarry. Two days later they caught a strapping dog-otter, after a hot chase; and on the third day a young female, after another long, dodgy run—this was the one the terrier nabbed. Then they started after another (three having been seen early in the morning stealing along the banks of the stream), but this fellow baffled them completely. At one point of the hunt, when hard pressed, the otter took to the land, and gave hounds and men a breathless run over the cornfields. Like the hare, the otter runs in a circle, and on this occasion he got round and back to the stream a good way ahead of the baying, disappointed dogs. A curious, melancholy howl these otter-hounds have, and when they are all baying together they raise a deep-lunged chorus which stirs the blood and gives one a fine zest for the chase.

A Drag that Ends in a Kill:

From the source already mentioned I extract the following vivid account of a "kill," which represents the scene with absolute accuracy, and is evidently from the pen of a man who "knows his otter":—

It is a stirring sight to watch the eager pack at work, with their muzzles down to the scent, their tails wagging with excitement and their paws churning up the sunlit waters. Little or nothing can be seen of the otter. We know that he has dived into some secret hover, and there is nothing for it but to patiently beat the banks. Eventually a sharp shout that he has seen the "varmint's" nose rise to the surface under the shade of a drooping willow. A rush is made to the spot. Of course, the wily otter has already dived, but a line of rising bubbles indicates his course. The excited followers raise a loud "hue gaze!" which the master answers with a blast of his horn. Seeing the otter heading down stream he cries, "Look out below! Guard the ford." Some hardy huntsmen wade into the shallows, while others seek out points of vantage on the bank, from which they may see the diver come up for breath. "He vents! He vents!" one shouts. "Over there!" A dozen poles are pointed toward a dark speck that is flecked with foam. It disappears in an instant, but the dogs are on the track, in full cry. Their deep voices fill the

valley with the exhilarating music of the chase. The master urges them on by name. "That's right, Pilot!" "Down to it, Captain!" Thus encouraged, the veteran of the pack makes a grab at the otter when next he rises. The dog's teeth make no impression on the otter's eel-like body, which wriggles away under water and reappears where least expected. Up and down the stream the chase continues, the otter's dives getting gradually shorter, and the hunt slowly but surely hemming him in. At last the wily one is forced into a corner. Growing desperate, he turns and makes a savage attack on the nearest dogs, and before they have recovered their nerve, he has bolted up the bank and is making a short cut for the deep stretch of water beyond the bend. If he can get there he is safe; but can he hold his own against the dogs on land? No. With all his agility and determination he cannot make his short, webbed feet cover the ground like the long, lithe legs of the foxhound that leads the motley stragglers of the pursuing pack. "Pilot" turns his quarry as a greyhound would a hare, and before the otter can regain his proper element he is surrounded by the frantic hounds. His fate is now sealed, and he knows it, but he means to sell his life dearly. Several of the dogs limp away with ugly wounds before the fierce, dogged fish-poacher is overwhelmed by numbers. The master runs up in time to prevent the dying beast from being torn to pieces by the maddened pack. He lifts the carcass high in the air, with an exultant "Whoop," and then proceeds to distribute the mask and pads among those who are in at the death.

The above forms part of an account of a day with the "B. O. H." pack, whose hunting area is Shropshire and the adjoining counties. The Bucks pack is, I was told by one of the huntsmen, the only genuine pack of otter-hounds in the country, the others being made up of foxhounds and all sorts of queer mongrels, whose qualifications for the chase are pluck, endurance, and a liking for water. Oddly enough, an otter doesn't like water, and only goes into it when he is after a meal or seeking his lair. His skin is one of the toughest in creation. He is not handsome, but he is domesticated, his chief pleasure being to lie high and dry in his nest, looking after his family.

Blundell's School Sports: It is interesting to compare these results with those of other schools previously published. The high jump, which seems to be the weak spot in public school sports, was a creditable jump for the winner, who was under sixteen. All the times are excellent, and I doubt whether any other public school can produce a better all-round list of results. F. W. Little appears to be the crack athlete at Blundell's, and is to be con-

gratulated on his performances. Here are the figures:—

Putting the Weight (16lb.).—D. P. Chesney, 28ft. 11in.

High Jump.—B. F. Newill, 5ft. 1in.

Quarter-Mile.—F. W. Little, 59 2.5sec.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—R. L. Bryant, 94yds. 2ft. 6in.

Long Jump.—F. W. Little, 20ft. 2in.

Hurdle Race.—F. W. Little, 17 4.5sec.

100 Yards.—W. H. Smith, 10 4.5sec.

Mile.—D. P. Chesney, 4min. 58 4.5sec.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. Evans.—"Black eyes snapping venomously" is quite correct. Haven't you ever seen anybody's eyes snap venomously? I have. Sorry to hear about your knees. Your doctor should be able to tell you what games you ought to play.

Jethart finds shaving a bother, and wants to know whether he can get rid of the hair on his face with some "depilatory preparation."—No, sir, none of those preparations will take it away permanently. It will only grow again all the stronger. But what a question! Be a man, and shave—or grow a moustache and shave the chin and "sides."

"Toi, Toi" (Christchurch, New Zealand) writes.—"In the May issue of *THE CAPTAIN*, you publish a letter from one signing himself 'Traveller.' Now I think this gentleman is most ungenerous in his criticism of New Zealand. Although not wishing to deny that England is a beautiful country, so also is New Zealand, with a beauty distinctly its own. I would like to ask 'Traveller' if he has ever tramped through the bush in New Zealand, and listened to the beautiful, ringing notes of the bell bird? or seen the beautiful plumage of the tui, bronze pigeon, kaka, parrakeet, huia, or the numerous small birds, fantail, waxeyes, &c., which are continually flitting across one's path, or if, in the vicinity of the many lakes in which the country abounds, he has seen any of the numerous water-fowl, such as the paradise, duck, pukeko, and others? Although the field flowers do not grow in such profusion here as in England, still we have a large variety of beautiful ferns, and many beautiful blossoming trees, such as rata, konini, &c. As to a purely blue sky. I think I can safely say that we see the sky as blue here as ever it is seen in England, and I would also point out to him that New Zealand is not unique in not being seen at its best from under an umbrella; the same could be said of any country. I would further like to state that we have in New Zealand what is acknowledged to be some of the finest scenery in the world. The great grandeur of the Southern Alps is admitted to compare favourably with the Swiss Alps; then we have the beautiful cold lakes and sounds of the South Island, and the wonderful and awe-inspiring hot lakes and geysers of the North Island. I think, dear Old Fag, that if you do take a trip to this country, we can promise you that you will find a greater variety of natural beauties than in any other country in the world."

Frank Paul (Southwark).—As secretary to a cycling club, you would carry out the instructions of the committee and write up the minutes of each committee meeting—to be read at the following meeting. The committee would arrange the runs under the direction of the captain, and you would see to the printing of the fixture cards and attend

to all the correspondence. As regards a football club, in addition to the above, you would search the local papers for "challenges," and arrange matches with clubs so advertising—clubs of your own strength, of course. You will always find secretaries of other clubs willing to oblige you with the addresses of teams they have met. That is really all I can tell you, as so much depends upon the club and the amount of freedom allowed to the secretary.

A. C. Doig (Guntherstall).—You could not sit for the exam. for a Patent Office Examinership (the department to which you refer) until you were 21. The exam. includes the usual English subjects, a wide range of mathematics, chemistry, physics, and other sciences. The fee is £5, and the commencing salary £200, rising by periodical increments to £360, with chances of good promotion beyond that. But why not obtain a post as an analytical chemist to a firm of manufacturers, or an appointment under the Local Government Board? See my paragraph on the subject last October.

E. T. F.—To enter the Diplomatic Service, you must be nominated by someone known to the Secretary of State, or on whose judgment he can rely. When a vacancy occurs you must sit for a competitive exam. in English subjects, four languages, and certain special subjects. The fee for this is £6, and the age-limits 19 to 25. Having passed this you serve for two years on probation as an *attaché*, during which period you would receive no salary. The position requires an income or allowance of at least £400 per annum. You are then appointed as a third secretary at a salary of £150, later on as a second secretary, and eventually as a secretary of a legation at a minimum salary of £500.

A Correction: I have received the following sarcastic epistle:—Buenos Aires, July 30th.

DEAR SIR,

I observe in your July number, in the space devoted to school publications, the following paragraph:—"KELSO HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE—There are several miscellaneous articles appearing in the April number, but, with the exception of a short account of Jujuy, the capital of the Argentine Republic, there is little to interest the general reader." and hasten to correct the error into which the contributor of the article alluded to has fallen, with respect to the capital of the Argentine Republic. Everyone knows that the capital of the Argentine Republic is Buenos Aires, one of the largest and most important cities in the universe, and the first city in South America. Jujuy, by the bye, is an unimportant town in the remotest interior, capital of the province whose name it bears. 'Tis true, but its population of barely 10,000 does not bear comparison with that of over 900,000 and bordering on 1,000,000 of this city, and is sufficient testimony to the ridicule into which such statements as that quoted above are read in EDUCATED circles. Really, the Argentine Republic might be on the other side of the North Pole for all some people seem to know of it, and it is not in the least surprising to find the Germans and other nations ousting us from our commercial supremacy and undermining our fiscal policy, when such vague ideas appear to exist in Great Britain as to this progressive country, which is rapidly striding on towards taking its place amongst the foremost powers of the universe. The fact that such a statement was allowed to go uncorrected when the magazine was

reviewed in **THE CAPTAIN** induces me to ask whether the "Old Fag's" brain is gradually breaking down under the strain and tension of continual work, or whether his geography, also, is, to use a mild expression, shaky. In the former case, I would suggest a pension as a desirable remedy, and, in the latter, a night class in the ordinary rudiments of English education.

In either event, I congratulate myself upon having once more enlightened enfeebled Europe, and beg to subscribe myself,

Yours most respectfully,

A SOUTH AMERICAN SAVAGE.

[I must offer an apology to the Argentine Republic for allowing this error to escape my notice, and at the same time I beg to congratulate my correspondent on his breezy style. His references to the state of my mind have caused me much amusement.—O.F.]

Steward.—As you are accustomed to the Coast and climate, you should have no difficulty in obtaining employment as a clerk, store-keeper, or agent. Land-surveying is a profession that takes many years to learn. You should advertise in West African and Gold Coast papers.

Student.—You must enter the Navy, both engineering and executive branches, at 14. For full particulars apply to the Admiralty, Whitehall, S.W. The Admiralty prefer candidates who have had the ordinary preparatory school education. They discourage cramming, so don't go to a crammer.

D. MacRowen.—The position of a purser is a very good one socially, as he mixes with the first-class passengers. The salary varies from about £14 to £16 per month, and he is able to make a lot more in gratuities, &c. The duties of a purser are to look after the ship's accounts, and see to the accommodation of passengers, &c.

Write to the big shipping steamship lines and enquire if they have a vacancy. You might even commence as an assistant-steward.

Manchester Grammar School Sports (a correction).—S. Coates's time for the Half-Mile should have been recorded as 2min. 12sec.—not 22sec.

Ecosais.—You must put your complaint before Mr. Howard Spicer.

E. V. R. R.—He ought not to have been represented as wearing Etons. You are quite right.

C. V. A.—Consult your present employers. **Bookworm.**—Send 1s. 4d. for the two back numbers you mention. **H. O. B.**—Try "Yanatas" for sea-sickness. **R. B.**—(1) Take plenty of exercise. (2) There are always a few in circulation, but when they reach a bank they are returned to the Mint. **The Orchid's Boy.**—How to Enter the Navy, published by Swan, Sonnenschein, price 1s., is the book you want. **L. Coldicott.**—(1) With this number. (2) Such a competition would appeal to only a limited few. **Reginald Stanley.**—Simply buy **THE CAPTAIN** every month to be eligible for the Club.

Official Representative Appointed.—C. L. Fisher (Uppingham).

Letters have also to be acknowledged from: G. Raper, "Australian" (will give your suggestion careful consideration); Max Morris, "Wellingtonian." J. C. Young, Porangi Potae (can't come out yet awhile, old man); Kaiwhatsamoaritane and Ranjitisa, (I have no doubt at all that N.Z. is all you say; you will see I have printed a long letter from "Toi, Toi" on the subject), Max Marvis (Bloemfontein), J. D. Hill, Laura Bell (send stamp for reply), T. J. Stafford, "An Argentine."

THE OLD FAG.

Results of August Competitions.

No. I.—"The Finest City in Great Britain."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF "LOUIS WAIN" PICTURE: James Urquhart, 13 Danube street, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Evelyn C. Pritchett, 14 Norton-road, Hove, Sussex; R. H. Oakley, Shireland, Poppleton, York.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. Francis Wilson, Lilian Martin, Norah C. Underhill, T. A. Wilson, R. Bruce Beveridge, Charles A. Gibson, M. Wilson, G. T. Robinson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "LOUIS WAIN" PICTURE: William Aitken, Oldfield, York City and County Bank, Doncaster.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Frances Whittingham, Kimberley, Kinnaird-avenue, Bromley, Kent; Marjory Charlton, Frinsted, Sittingbourne, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Norman Johnson, Mawgan Frenlin, Harold Scholfield, Thomas Bones, Florence P. Jones, S. Francis Wilson, John G. Campbell, Ernest H. Vinson, A. Mire, Gladys von Stralendorff.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF DARTON "EXCEPTIONAL" CAMERA: Marguerite Schindhelm, 4 Maley-avenue, West Norwood.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: L. Kingsley Underhill, 15 St. Clement's, Oxford; Evelyn Dingwall, 3 Trewartha Park, Weston-super-Mare.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. J. Evans, H. W. Hodgkinson, Lily Mesinger, Arthur W. Fox, Percy Hartill, Leila M.

Hawksley, T. Milner, J. P. Lumsden, Arthur M. Palmer, Elena Kenyon.

No. II.—"Twelve Most Popular Weekly Papers."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF SET OF SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS: T. Gordon, Church-street, Basingstoke, Hants.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Shirley Wilson, Castle Holme, Castle-road, Bedford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. W. Spikin, J. R. Whitaker, Nellie Cooper, Robert M. Beath, Harold Scholfield, Henry Hall, Mamie Darell, Gordon Tucker, Gladys von Stralendorff.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SET OF SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS: M. Wilson, Castle Holme, Castle-road, Bedford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Norah C. Underhill, 15 St. Clement's, Oxford; Mary Gillott, Upland House, Eastwood, Notts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. L. Harle, Alex. Scott, G. Davies, E. M. Tucker, Ernest A. Taylor, J. H. Coghill, Maud M. Lyne, Joseph W. Connell.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS: J. Wilson Campbell, 6 Vernon-street, Bolton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Wilfrid Pepper-corn, West Horsley, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. E. R. Saunders, Frank L. Christie, Ernest Cooper, Frida Phillips, N. Blanco White,

F. H. Cowell, G. H. Berry, C. G. Early, Leonard A. Pavey, A. Phillips.

No. III.—“Greatest Man that Ever Lived.”

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF “GUINEA CYKO” CAMERA: Rev. A. M. Parkes, Netherton Parsonage, Wakefield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Enid Cuthbert, Myland Grange, Colchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Evelyn C. Pritchett, Lilian Martin, Daisy Campbell, C. Tetlow, Harry Payne, Maud M. Lyne, H. Millicent Read, Evelyn Hewitt, William J. Merry.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF BENEFIT FOOTBALL: G. J. T. Russell, Fair View, London Road, Camberley.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Mawgan Fremlin, 9 Mount Ephraim, Tunbridge Wells.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Bridgman, Owain Ogwen, Marian Hewitt, Kate Perrin, E. M. L. Griffiths, Ethel Grenall, V. L. Manning, William A. Oldfield, F. J. Spencer, Ernest H. Vinson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BENEFIT FOOTBALL: Chas. Thorpe, 7 Kirby-road, Leicester.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Ethel Talbot, 9 Merivale-road, Putney.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. W. Fox, Frida Phillips, William J. K. Collier, Rachel Tancock, Marguerite Schindhelm, Amyas Phillips, Wilfrid Bathe, Nathalie E. McIver, George Roupell, H. Harding.

No. IV.—“Drawing Competition.”

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: H. Lawrence Oakley, Shireland, Poppletoe, York.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Mark Head, 32 Creffield-road, Colchester; Harold Whitaker, 161 Harrow-road, Leicester; H. S. Fleming, Moorlands, Bingley, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. A. Gibson, H. Evans, W. H. Fry, M. H. Pawlyn, Kate Reeves, Mabel Oakes.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: Frieda E. Myers, Penfordd Bedw. Gorsedd, Holywell, N. Wales.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Leonard H. Bucknell, 38 Dunster-gardens, Brondesbury, N.W.; George C. Nairne, Lovat-road, Inverness.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. A. Bell, John W. English, William B. Cook, Edgar Wood, Ian C. Russell, Randolph L. Pawlby, Ludovick Alfred Evans, Douglas Gordon White, J. Protheroe, C. H. Graves, E. S. Malden.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the “*Captain*,” “*Strand*,” “*Sunday Strand*,” “*Wide World*,” “*Technics*,” “*C. B. Fry’s Magazine*,” or one of the following books—“*Jim Mortimer, Surgeon*,” “*J. O. Jones*,” “*Tales of Greyhouse*,” “*Acton’s Feud*,” “*The Heart of the Prairie*.”

COMMENTS ON THE AUGUST COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—A large number of excellent essays were sent in. The two places which seem to have made the greatest impression upon our readers are undoubtedly London and Edinburgh, though Durham, Chester, York, and Oxford found staunch supporters.

No. II.—The following is a representative list:—*Illustrated London News*, *Graphic*, *Sphere*, *Sketch*, *Black and White*, *Punch*, *Tit-Bits*, *Truth*, *Answers*, *Vanity Fair*, *Pearson’s Weekly*, *Weekend Telegraph*.

No. III.—Very good essays were submitted in Classes I. and III., but Class II. was not quite up to its usual standard. The favourite “Greatest Men” chosen were Shakespeare, Napoleon, Alfred the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Martin Luther.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: J. Russell Knowles, 21 Benthall-road, Stoke Newington, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Kenneth Wallace Rainbow, Flodden House, King’s-road, Kingston Hill, J. W. Smith, Branksome, Edgeley-road, Cheadle Heath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frida Phillips, A. W. Porter, William H. McKenzie, C. W. Dockerill, Kathleen M. Daw, Arthur Greenhaigh, Ethel M. Pells, G. E. Coppard, A. Urquhart, W. C. Boswell.

No. V.—“Photographic Competition.”

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF “LOUIS WAIN” PICTURE: Constance M. Daly, 2 Haut Bois-terrace, Bellozanne, Jersey, C.I.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. J. Brough, Thomas Hogg, J. Marshall Hewitt, I. J. Phillips, J. W. Connell.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF “LOUIS WAIN” PICTURE: K. W. Dowie, 223 Commissioners-street, Montreal, Canada.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: John V. Haswell, Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge; H. F. Woods, 13 Oakley-square, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. H. Devine, E. J. MacLellan, J. P. Oakes, W. Grimshaw, Charlotte M. Natrass, W. G. Stott, Walter Jungius, C. Harte, Nina B. Herd, Eric W. Joyner, Gordon Soutar, H. S. Freestone, Percy H. Ford, E. G. Caldwell.

CLASS III. (Age Limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF “SWAN” FOUNTAIN PEN: W. Gundry, jun., Hope House, Balby, Doncaster.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Stanley Martin, 11 Washington-terrace, North Shields; Edward C. Denison, Norfolk House, Cowes, I.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Leslie R. Biggs, William G. Briggs, R. Gorbald, Norman Tosland, R. H. Bacon, Harold B. Randall, Marian Wadsworth, Percy Hanson, E. Pearson, F. H. Salter, Patrick Whitty, C. J. Kidman.

No. VI.—“Men for ‘Captain’ Interviews.”

WINNERS OF SANDOW DEVELOPERS: T. W. Spikin, 4 Soby’s road, Basingstoke; Walter Hartill, Manor House, Willenhall, Staffs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: W. S. Leeming, 69 Arbutnot-road, New Cross, S.E.; John Brown, 13 Argyle street, Paisley.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. V. Sergeant, Harold Scholfield, T. Gordon, W. Aitken Oldfield, S. G. Harris, C. G. Earl, May Watkins, J. H. Weeks, Percy Bennett, Thomas A. Gourlay.

No. IV.—Some very good sketches were submitted. Class II., as usual, being the most closely contested. We hope to publish some of the drawings sent in for this competition in a future number.

No. V.—A varied selection of groups was sent in, the winning photographs in Class III. being particularly good.

No. VI.—The winning list is as follows:—H. N. Pillbury, Chess; Melton Prior, War Artist; Montagu Holbein, Cyclist and Swimmer; A. F. Duffey, Sprinter; Rear-Admiral C. D. Lucas, first to get V.C.; G. W. Smith, Champion Hurdler; Harry de Windt, Explorer; Jules Verne, Boys’ Writer; A. Shrubbs, Champion Long-distance Runner; Donald Dinneen, Scotland’s Best Athlete; W. J. M. Newburn, Irish Jumper and Sprinter; Philip Waters, Designer to the Admiralty.

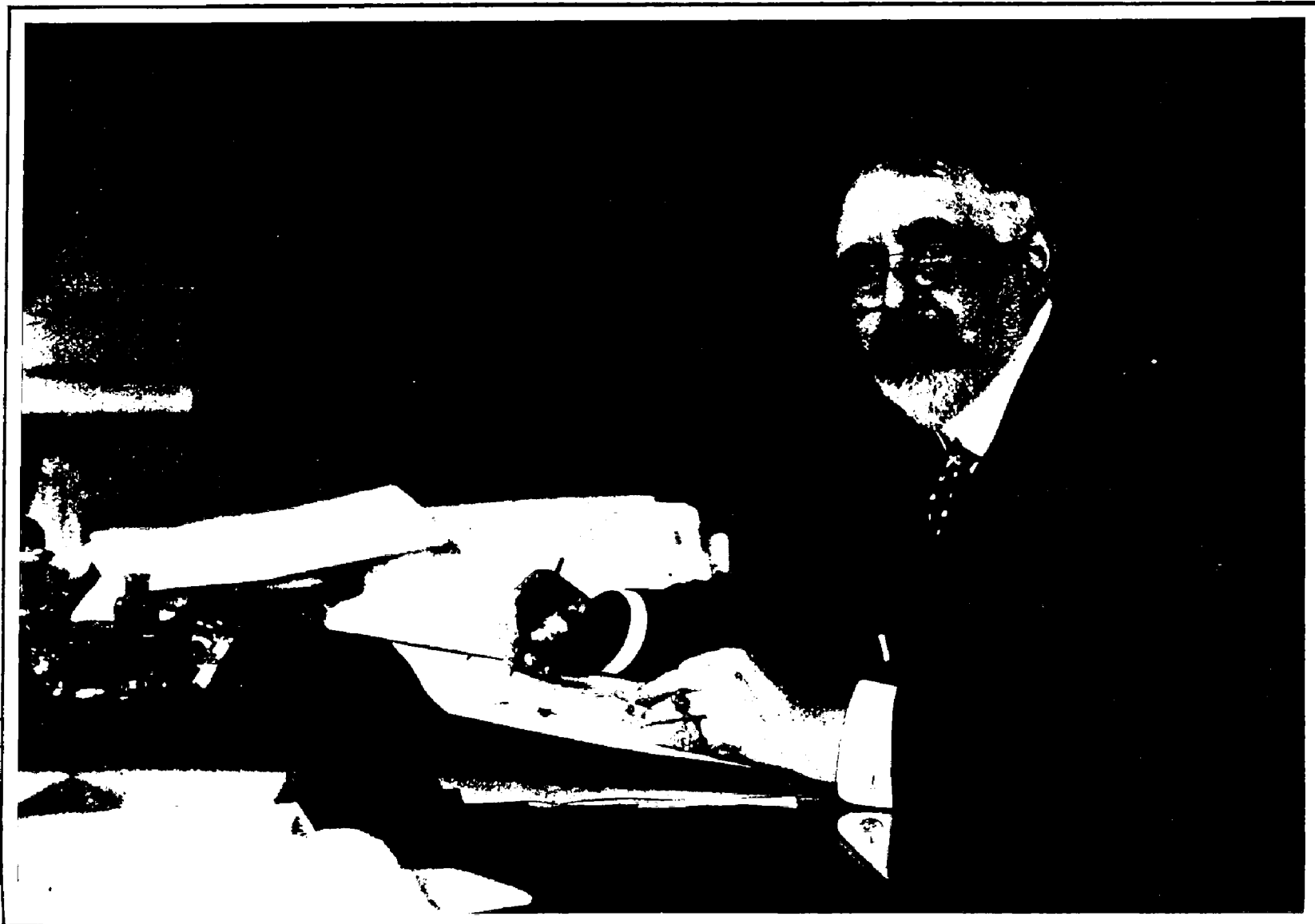
THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



IT WAS SAMBO!

INDIGNANT SPORTSMAN: "Now, isn't that irritating? I've fired my last cartridge, and it isn't a buck after all!"

By Tom Browne, R.I.



MR. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD, THE FAMOUS CARICATURIST OF THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE," AND PRESIDENT OF THE BOYS' LEAGUE
Photo: Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

"F. C. G."

An Interview with Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, the famous Caricaturist.

By A. B. COOPER.

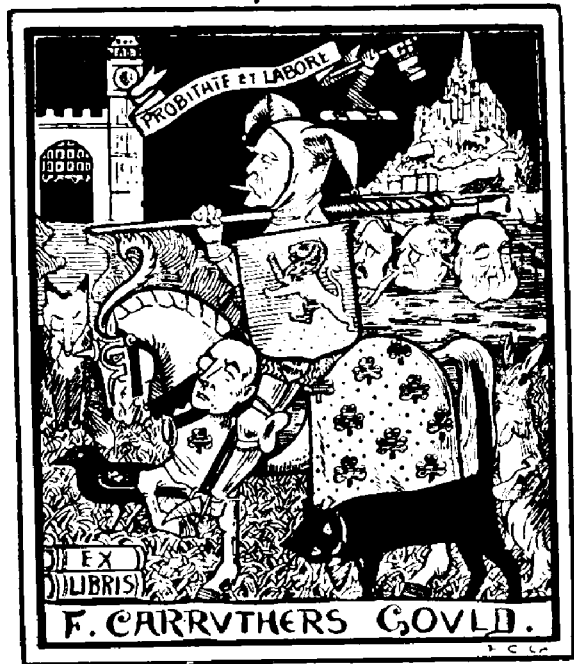
THE man who makes a hobby of his work is the man who succeeds. The man who is enthusiastic over anything and everything except the main business of life, is likely to die in a ditch. There are at least two men whose names are world-known, who, in answer to the question: "What are your recreations?" reply: "I have none," and these two great men are inseparably connected in the mind of the public by an association which is as strong as it is unusual. The one is a caricaturist, and the other is his favourite subject. They are known to the Man in the Street as "F. C. G." and "Joey."

When I called upon Mr. Francis Carruthers Gould, to give him his full style and title, he did not give me time even to dispose of my hat and umbrella before he was in the hall with outstretched hand and ready welcome. Three minutes later I was taking afternoon tea with Mrs. Gould—a lady who might have stepped out of one of Sir Joshua's gracious pictures—while F. C. G. was reclining in the big saddle-bag with the new kitten on his shoulder, and turning his keen and humorous eyes in my direction every now and then to say something which always revealed insight, knowledge, and kindness.

I opined that he was fond of cats, and he allowed the soft impeachment readily. "We all are," he said; "this is a home for stray cats, to put it mildly."

"We've just had two poisoned," said Mrs. Gould, in the accents of bereavement, "and we miss them dreadfully."

"But you seem to have several left," I put in, as a huge black Tom stalked into the



F. C. G.'S BOOK PLATE.

room and surveyed the scene with impassive dignity.

"Yes," said F. C. G., smiling, "we are like Dr. Barnardo—we keep open door for the waifs and strays. Even Pumblechook—"

"Pumble who?" I asked innocently.

"I say even Pumblechook Strafford—that's the big Tom-cat—was a stray from next door. His change of allegiance was the cook's fault. It was cupboard love at first, but I think his feelings have deepened since."

"But why Pumblechook—and the rest?"

"One of the maids had just been reading Dickens—hence his Christian name. The cook's name was Strafford, so he naturally took the name of his adoption. But come upstairs to my study, and we can talk and smoke, and look at the pictures."

If the kitten—another stray—had been made of china—like the wonderful puffin designed by F. C. G., which I afterwards saw on the drawing-room table—it could not have been more gently unseated. The artist seemed terribly afraid of hurting its feelings by prematurely disturbing its siesta. It was a true index to the man.

"Not a bad sort of outlook for a Bloomsbury house," said F. C. G., leading me out upon a very exalted balcony from his study window. Just at that moment a wood-pigeon flew from the tall trees that filled the space between the houses. "They're quite

common about here," he said. "Isn't it strange that they should be the shyest of country birds, and the tamest of town birds, barring the common blues and the sparrows?"

"You are as fond of birds as of cats, I think."

"I love all animals—but birds in particular. I know every English bird that flies and sings. They have been a life-long study, and my sons are just as enthusiastic. The series of bird studies now appearing

helpful and delightful. Talking of birds in caricature, I suppose the stork and the owl lend themselves best for the presentation of human traits, though the cockatoo—and parrots generally—are admirable. You perhaps recall the spick and span Chamberlain Cockatoo coming back from South Africa to the Parliamentary Parrot House only to find his Brethren almost plucked to the bone."

By this time we were comfortably seated for a chat, and our cigars were well alight. "Let us start at the beginning," I said.



JACK FROST RIDING ON THE WILD DUCK.—A GOOD EXAMPLE OF F. C. G.'S SKILL IN THE DRAWING OF BIRDS.

every Saturday in the *Westminster Gazette* are written by my second son, and, of course, illustrated by me; and, as you know, I use birds freely in my cartoons."

"Yes," I interrupted. "I particularly recall your representation of Lord Rosebery as a Penguin in the 'All Animals Gymkhana.' You got the bird to the life."

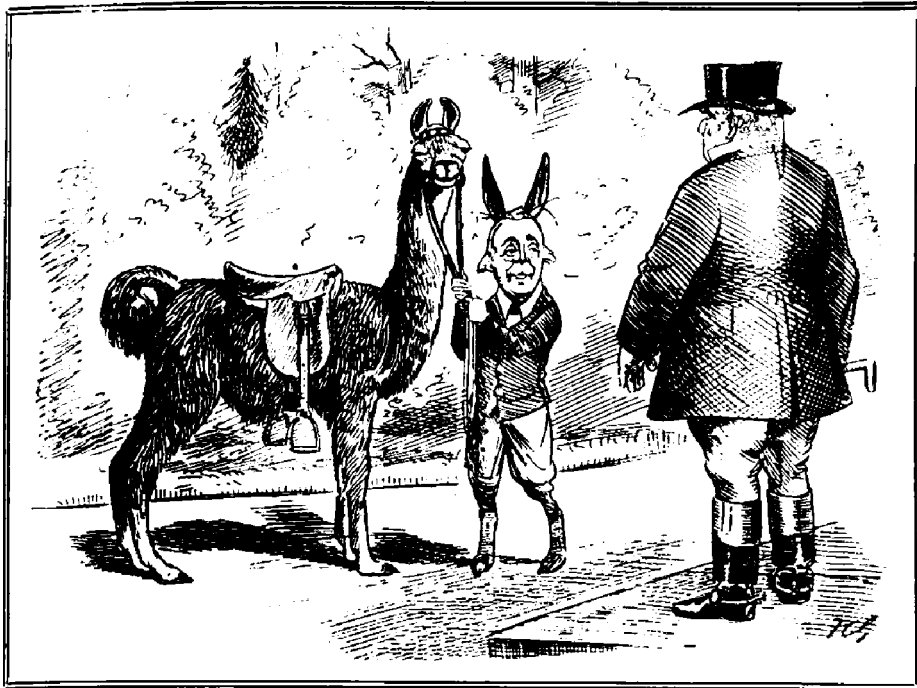
"So Lord Rosebery thought, evidently, for he bought the original. He gave me this set of Dresser's Birds of Europe, too. He knew my tastes, and, with his unflinching kindness, made me a present which is both

"The boys and girls—lots of girls—who read *THE CAPTAIN* will like to know how you began."

"They always want to know that don't they?" said F. C. G., puffing thoughtfully. "And it's one of the hardest questions to answer. If one had a prophetic instinct that one would make some little mark in the world, one would keep an eye on one's beginnings—but—there—! I forget."

"But you surely got tanned occasionally for drawing in school hours?"

"No, I never remember any painful in-



MR. BALFOUR AS THE MARCH HARE IN "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."
A Strange Mount.

MR. JOHN BULL: "Good gracious! What's that? It isn't a horse!"
THE MARCH HARE: "No, sir, it's a Grand Llama. I thought you might like a change. You could go to Thibet, or Timbuctoo, or some other new place."

worship," persisted the gaoler, "it's not only me as the young whelp takes off, but he's bin a-caricaturin' you," and he showed him a drawing of himself, lost in his high collar, and with a characteristic curl on the top of his bald head. But even this outrage didn't 'fetch' the mayor. He only laughed, and was rather pleased."

"I suppose, like the precocious genius in the Book of Exemplary Biography, some kindly philanthropist came and peeped over your shoulder while you were drawing, and, perceiving your uncommon talent, took you to London,

eident of that sort, but I certainly took to drawing as a duck takes to water. You see, my father was an architect at Barnstaple, and the atmosphere, so to speak, was impregnated with pencils, and india-rubber, and drawing-boards, and chinks, and the thousand and one delightful etceteras of the artist's calling. I simply got hold of these and draw. That's how I began."

"No scrapes then?" I sighed.

"Well, I once raised the ire of the town gaoler—a most bumptious individual, nearly as broad as long. I caricatured him so unmercifully that he complained to the mayor. "He's only a boy," said the mayor soothingly. "But, your



MR. CHAMBERLAIN AS "OLD FATHER WILLIAM" IN LEWIS CARROLL'S PARODY IN "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

(From "John Bull's Adventures in the Fiscal Wonderland.")

"You are old, Father Joseph," the young man said.
"Though your head doesn't show any white, And yet you incessantly stand on your head, Do you think at your age it is right?"



LORD ROSEBERY AND SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN AS TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE IN "ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS."

(From "John Bull's Adventures in the Fiscal Wonderland.")
Tweedle R— and Twee— C— B.

where you immediately made your fortune?"

"No such luck," replied F. C. G.—"for my sins I was sentenced to four years in a bank in my native town, where I occupied myself with 'long tots' and lightning sketches of all my colleagues. I turned them into animals of all kinds, for even then I knew the field and the farmyard and had a knack of using both wild and tame creatures as vehicles of caricature. Then I went to London."

"At last," I exclaimed, "you had your heart's desire gratified. You went to the heart of the Empire —"

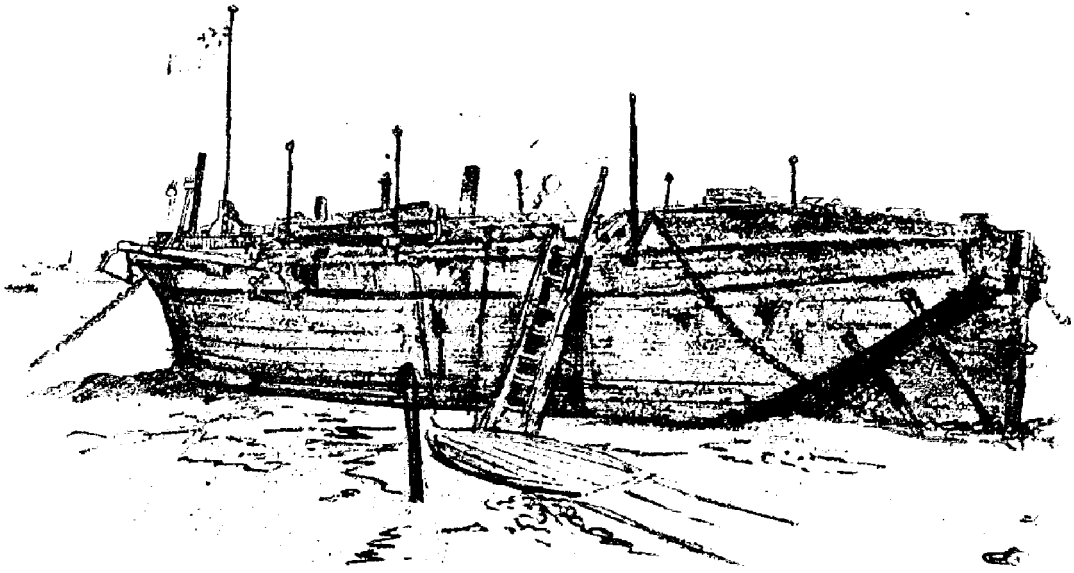
"Yes—to the Stock Exchange, where I spent over twenty years of my life. Do I regret it? Well, I do and I don't. I believe in working out one's destiny and living one's own life, without fretting about some other. Who is to compute

what the time of preparation is worth? I saw an infinite variety of face and figure. I came into intimate contact with every variety of the *genus homo*. The Stock Exchange is not a bad art school, after all—at least, for the caricaturist. Lots of stock-brokers have drawings of mine made in those days. My fame went abroad, and Mr. Voules, of *Truth*, heard of me. He persuaded me to contribute the illustrations to the Christmas number of *Truth*, and I continued to do them for many years.

"But my real start was when the *Pall Mall Gazette* asked me to contribute regularly to their columns. That was in 1887. Later, I began to go down to the House of Commons and sketch from life. This gave me a splendid opportunity of keeping up-to-date with politicians and public questions. I have continued to visit the House constantly



AN F. C. G. SILHOUETTE OF THE
G. O. M. AT HIS FAVOURITE
RECREATION.



AN EXAMPLE OF F. C. G.'S VERSATILITY.—A PENCIL SKETCH OF AN OLD HULK.

ever since, and thus my portraits are of men as they look to-day. As a man's face alters, I alter my representation of him."

"Then you draw from life?" I asked.

"No, I draw entirely from memory. I begin and finish my daily cartoon at my desk, with nothing in front of me but my bristol-board. The picture is in my mind. My task is to put it on paper."

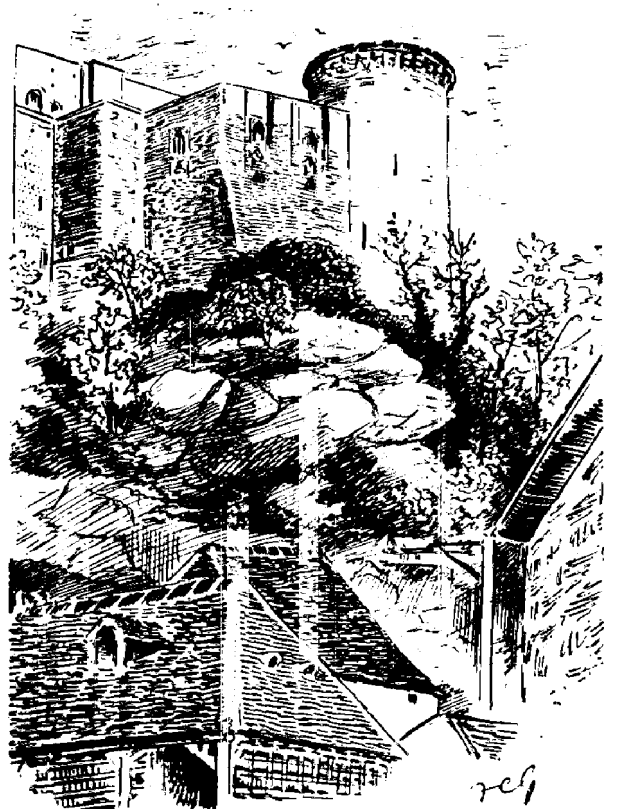
"But there is a thought behind the picture," I remarked.

"Ah—yes—that's the main thing. I do not sit down so much to make a picture as to express a thought. You would use words. I use lines. I use the best means I know to express my meaning. I want to say something to the public, and I let no thought of draughtsmanship, or technique, or convention, obscure my meaning. When the idea is expressed, I've finished."

"But how is it," I asked, "that you always seem to hit the nail on the head—to put the situation in a nut-shell?"

"That is because I'm a serious politician, and associated with serious politicians. We have convictions, and just as Mr. Spender, the editor of the *Westminster*—for, as you know, Sir George Newnes took over the staff of the *Pall Mall* to the *Westminster Gazette* when the former paper changed hands—writes what he believes to be the truth, I draw what I conceive to be the truth. We go hand in hand. The

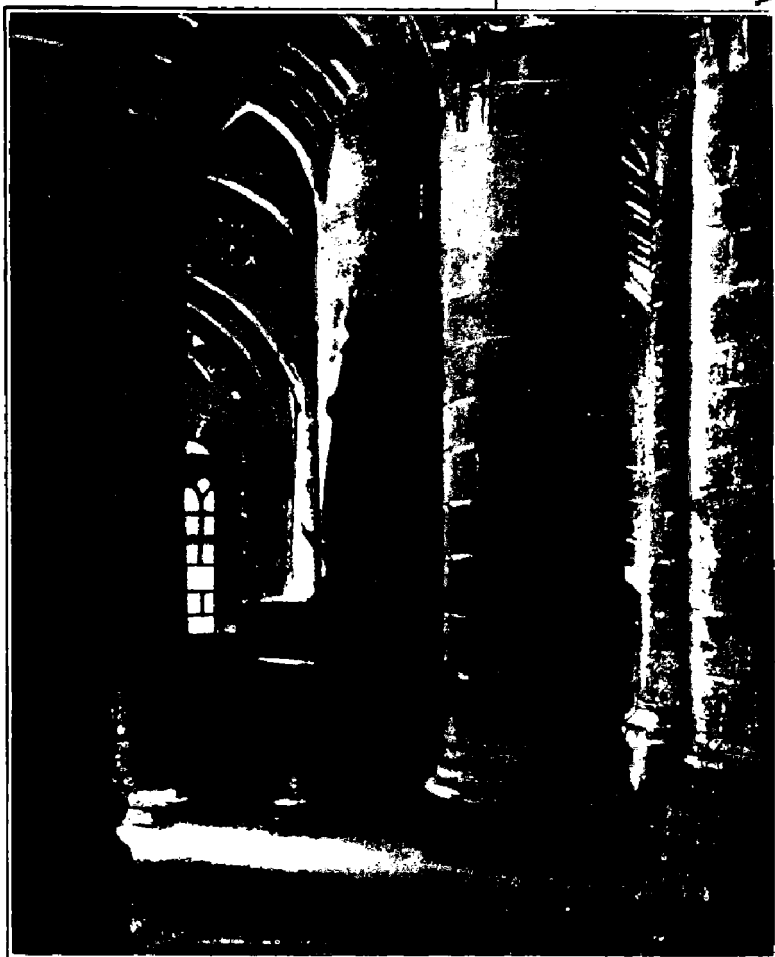
situation of the day is daily discussed, and the outcome on the one hand is the day's



THE CASTLE IN WHICH WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR WAS BORN. A SKETCH MADE BY F. C. G. DURING A HOLIDAY IN NORMANDY.

leader, and on the other the day's cartoon. That is the whole mystery. I can imagine a man making cartoons to order irrespective of his political creed, but I couldn't do it myself. I must draw what I feel."

There can be no doubt but that this seriousness of intent is the mainspring of F. C. G.'s unique influence as a caricaturist. He is a man in earnest. He is not the man to sell his talent to the highest bidder. He has that fine type of mind which refuses to pander to mere expediency. It is this quality which wins and retains the sincere respect and admiration even of his strongest political opponents. If you were to visit Highbury, Mr. Chamberlain's home near



A FINE EXAMPLE OF F. C. G.'S ARCHITECTURAL WORK, DRAWN ON "SCRAPE" BOARD IN PENCIL.

Birmingham, you might see many of F. C. G.'s cartoons, with the master of the house as their subject, adorning the walls. He counts his staunch friends equally on both sides of the House. They respect a man who is true to himself, and who, even when hitting his hardest, never hits below the belt.

Mr. Gould's study is like himself — unique. He has made a frieze of Fourteenth Century figures all round the room, and there, in procession, like the old Canterbury Pilgrims, one may see the leading figures on the political stage, mounted on ambling

F. C. G.'S ONLY HOBBY IS A CHANGE OF SUBJECT. HE DELIGHTS IN ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING.



A FISCAL ATTACK.

(With apologies to Mr. W. Weckes and his picture "Fallen Among Thieves.")

palfreys, making progress round the room. There is Mr. Chamberlain at full gallop, looking round and beckoning to the late Lord Salisbury, who, with dignified mien, follows slowly behind. There is Mr. Balfour coming along steadily with golf stick over shoulder, and the Duke of Devonshire, tall, stately, and somnolent, on a horse which singularly resembles him. There is Lord Lansdowne—a knight in armour, stiff and wooden, and the Lord Chancellor looking small for the big horse he bestrides. Over each he has painted their true armorial bearings. The effect is excellent. The over-mantle, too, is F. C. G.'s design in fourteenth century style, for *The Chronicles of Froissart* was a favourite book of his boyhood, and his *New Chronicles* are his chief literary work, and one of the best political skits of modern times.

He loves, too, those nursery classics *Alice in Wonderland*; *Alice through the Looking-glass*, and the *Brer Rabbit* of Uncle Remus. He says the Alice books are "inverted logic," and he finds them a mine of wealth—or, as some one said, a "mine of Gould"—to his facile pencil.

"And now tell me, Mr. Gould," I said. "what I shall say from you to the readers of THE CAPTAIN, many of whom are members of the Empire League, of which you are President."

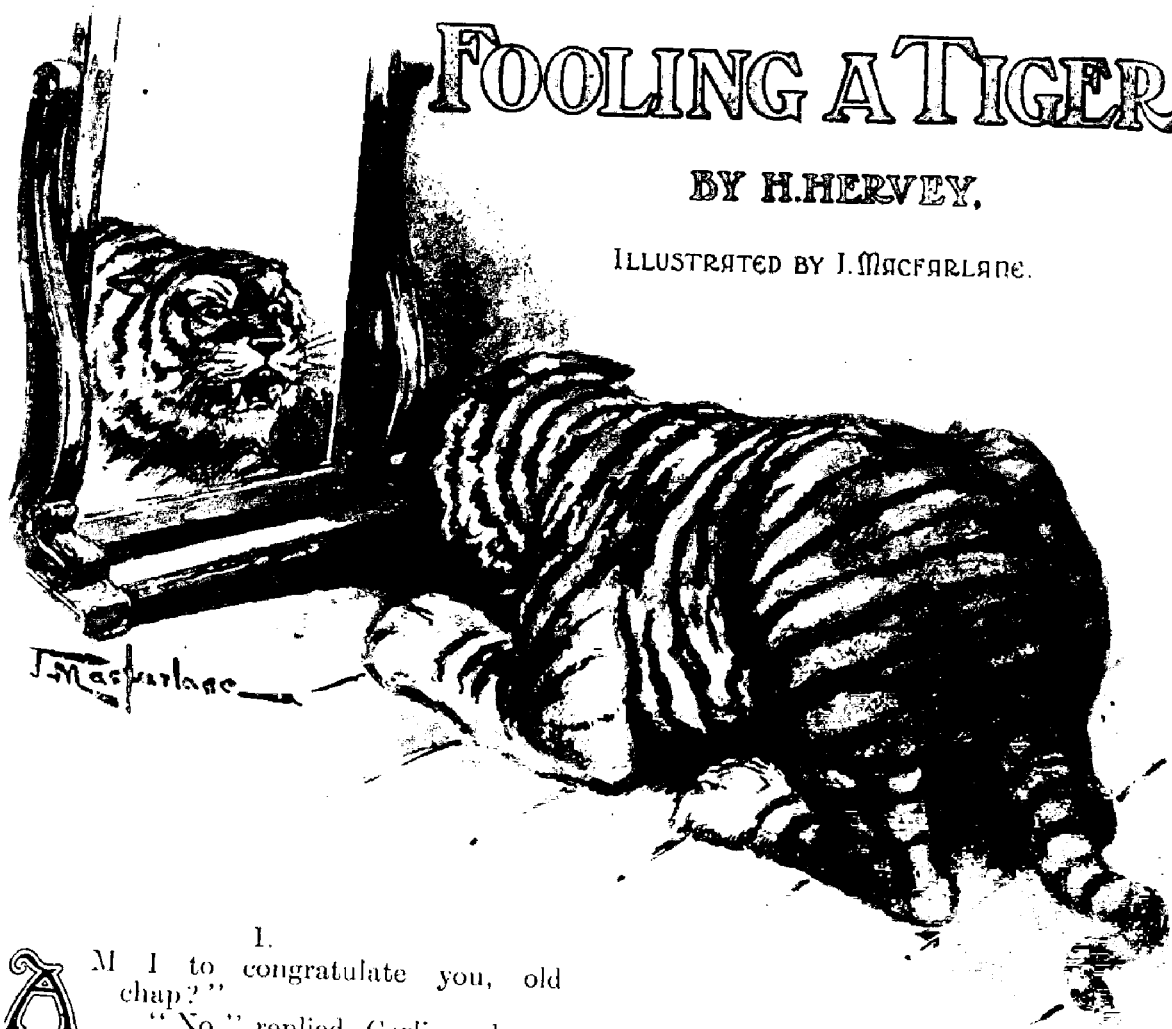
F. C. G. looked thoughtful. "Tell them," he said, "that the boy who keeps pegging away at the task which lies nearest, and strives to do it to the tip-top of his ability, is the boy who is the true imperialist. Yes, it is not the people who shout the loudest, and wave flags with the most frantic energy, who are this great Empire's best friends. The best citizens are the best imperialists. The Empire's destiny will take care of itself if every lad does his little bit well. The little tasks are the best preparation for the big tasks. Some day some one will want the lad—yes, and the girl too—who has filled a little space well, to fill a bigger space. They have been faithful in a few things, and they shall be made rulers over many things."

The people of Barnstaple—the quaint old town of the West—are proud of their townsman. On July 30th, 1903, the man who had left the town as a youth of eighteen went back to become its first honorary freeman. The Town Council, at a special Mayor's Court held in the Guildhall, conferred this distinction upon F. C. G., "in recognition of the signal and distinguished position attained by Mr. Gould, artist and journalist, by the exercise of his untiring energy, which has brought to him such world-wide reputation and esteem in his profession."

FOOLING A TIGER

BY H. HERVEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. MACFARLANE.



I.

“A M I to congratulate you, old chap?”

“No,” replied Carlier, sheepishly, as he stood looking up at me—perched on a quadruped post, superintending the soldering of thin wire connections. He had just alighted from the train, and, learning that I was in the station yard, had come along.

“Not fallen out—eh?” I asked.

“No, not exactly.” He spoke rather moodily, whereby I suspected there was a screw loose somewhere.

“What has brought you out here?”

“A wish to see you.”

“To see me! Why, man, I should have reached Mahendri by the end of the week.”

“Even so; I could not wait. Come down out of that, and I’ll tell you all about it.”

I was not “coming down out of that” till I had seen the last spiral fixed; so while Carlier waited I’ll say a word or two concerning him. He was a right good sort; a little my senior; assistant engineer at Mahendri—my headquarters as well. It was a small civil station, and all the houses of the European residents—some thirty

souls—stood on the banks of a canal, with steps leading down to the water. I had been out in camp for some three months, and was now returning for the hot season. I knew that Carlier was attached to Miss Ferrier, sister of one of our civilians, and judging from his unexpected presence at that out-of-the-way railway station, thirty miles down the line, coupled with his general state of lugubriousness, I at first thought that he was engaged, and then that something untoward had happened, either contingency having driven him to journey out to see me. Carlier was a first-rate all-round man, except as regards jungle sport, an Anglo-Indian essential in which he had proved himself lamentably deficient. When he came to Mahendri, fellows had invited him to join expeditions in pursuit of bison or tiger down to partridge or snipe; he was idiot enough to go; but the same fellows never asked him a second time, for his ignorance of jungle lore and sporting

matters generally caused his room to be preferred to his company, that is, beyond cantonment limits. Now Miss Ferrier, while not posing for a Diana in herself, admired the *shikarrie* or sportsman to the verge of enthusiasm; so it was perhaps natural that her sentiments towards Carlier were somewhat qualified by his lack of pre-eminence in this particular respect. I dare say that had Mahendri afforded another eligible—one who could lay claim to being even a mediocre *shikarrie*—Carlier's aspirations would have been nowhere; but, fortunately or unfortunately, he was the only bachelor in the station, and, barring the single shortcoming referred to, he was as desirable a *parti* as any lady could wish for.

"Well, how goes it—anyhow, Carlier?" I asked at length, climbing down and proceeding with him to the railway waiting-room, where I was putting up.

"I'm in a bit of a hat, Douglas."

"What put you into the hat?"

"That brute Johnny."

"Johnny! What has the little dog been doing?"

"You know that tiger skin Miss Ferrier is so proud of?"

"I've seen it, and a splendid skin it is, too."

"Her second brother—the chap who came down on leave last year—gave it to her. It is remarkable for being without bullet-hole or other blemish. He trapped the animal in Upper India somewhere—poisoned it, and so got the pelt entire."

"Really! No wonder she values it. But what about the hat?"

"Well, last week, taking Johnny with me, I called at the Judge's stairs to ask Miss Ferrier to let me give her a scull down the canal. Johnny stayed behind, and we found that the brute of a terrier had amused himself during our absence by worrying that confounded skin and ruining it entirely!"

"No! What did you do?"

"What could I do? I apologised, and all that sort of thing, but without avail; Miss Ferrier was awfully upset; I offered to spifficate the fiend of a dog, but that she wouldn't have. I asked for the hide, to get it patched up, but she would not part with the thing, and vows that she will never speak to me again unless I give her another tiger skin, equally good and perfect."

"Can't you buy one?" I suggested, anxious to help the poor chap out of his dilemma.

"There's not such a thing in the district," he replied, gloomily. "I've offered a hundred rupees for a skin, and that's a long price, you'll allow; but without result."

"Then how will you manage?"

"That's just it; I want your aid. I don't want to ask any of the others; they'd be sure to put me off with some excuse, or go in for their everlasting chaff. Will you help me?"

"Like a shot—if you'll tell me how."

"You're a brick, Douglas!" he exclaimed, brightening up. "I have been making inquiries, and learn that a fine tiger is haunting Covoor village—you know, where your old cable house is."

"Yes; and you want me to shoot the beast for you?"

"No! Miss Ferrier wouldn't look at a skin with a bullet hole in it. I thought that if we could contrive to trap this tiger in your cable house, we could poison him, and thus yank the skin intact."

I saw his drift now, and approved. I knew from experience that poisoning a tiger at large generally resulted in more or less after trouble and disappointment. As soon as he feels bad he sets to and runs till he drops. He will pull up within a hundred yards, or go ten miles before dying, according to the amount of poison swallowed. Moreover, his many enemies, seeing him wobble, sometimes attack him and damage his coat before the trackers come up. Clearly, then, if an immaculate skin was a *sine quâ non*, Carlier's idea of the cable house was the only feasible one, and avoided the necessity of constructing a cage trap into the bargain. Further, the undertaking was a novelty, and promised excitement. So I agreed, determining though to let my friend take the lead throughout, as it was by that means that I could assure myself of the humorous side of the affair.

"All right," I said; "when shall we go?"

"As soon as you are ready. My field work is over for the year, so your time is mine."

On the following day we set forth, preceded by our servants and three bullock carts carrying our tents, supplies, and camp kit. As we overtook the vehicles on the way, I noticed on one a large flat, oblong case, inscribed "Mrs. MacCorsland, London

to Madras. Glass with care." I made no remark, though I was curious as to the contents of that case. Mrs. MacCorsland—one of our senior married ladies—took a maternal interest in Carlier, and did all in her power towards furthering his suit with Miss Ferrier. She must, therefore, have known the object of our expedition. Otherwise, our intentions had been carefully veiled in secrecy, for, had they become public property, poor Carlier would have had the life chaffed out of him, and I—a sober married man of twenty-five—would not have escaped my share of banter.

Covoor—a walled village—lay seven miles up the river, and was reached by a good, smooth road on the crest of the levee, raised to keep the annual freshets within bounds. About half-a-mile beyond the hamlet, under the lea of the embankment, stood a disused cable house, a small brick-and-mortar building, twelve foot square, with a terrace roof, a door, a window, and central cable post. It was in good repair, still figured in my list of Government property, and I had the key. We arrived at eight, pitched camp near the hamlet, and after breakfast Carlier summoned the village *moonsiff*, or headman, to ascertain all about the tiger. The native described it as a big brute which was not as yet a man-eater, for it had not attacked any human beings, but played havoc with their cattle. But the people went about in terror of their lives. They did not confine their herds, he said, for fear lest the tiger might be driven through hunger to lay claws on themselves. The villager further observed that there had been an extensive jungle blaze some miles away, and that very probably this tiger, in fleeing from the fire, had happened on Covoor, where he evidently intended to stay, as there were no other hamlets in the vicinity; in fact, nothing nearer than Mahendri itself.

I explained that we desired to capture the tiger alive, and with that end instructed them to keep their flocks, herds, and dogs strictly penned up inside the village till further orders; not a man, woman, or child was to stir out beyond the walls, and they were to shut the gates, otherwise the animal would not be attracted by the bait we purposed setting for him. I also told the headman to send a quarter of goat mutton to the cable house at midday, by which time we should be there.

The *moonsiff* hied off to carry out my in-

junctions. At noon, accompanied by some men, and I carrying my rifle, we went to the cable house. It was on a piece of open ground, surrounded by thick jungle, while—fortunately for our plans—one large tree stood about thirty paces from the building, facing the door. With some of the followers keeping guard, we employed the others in constructing a *máchán*, or platform, in the tree, large enough to hold two easily. This done, I oiled the case lock of the door opening inwards, and soon got it to work smoothly. We had the meat suspended to a nail driven into the further interior wall of the room, so as to ensure the tiger's complete entry; then, taking the stout cord we had brought along, I fastened one end to the handle of the wide-open door, and, paying it out, took it up to the *máchán*. Then I sent the natives away, with orders to be back at sunset.

II.



HAVE an idea that the tiger must have been watching us, for, very shortly after the villagers had disappeared, the beast poked his face out of the opposite fringe of undergrowth, and looked about him. First, he scanned the tree; by his expression I felt certain he knew we were there. It also struck me that he could never have been under fire; a supposition confirmed when he presently came boldly into the open, a truly magnificent animal, unusually large, with a splendidly marked coat, and nothing of the hang-dog man-eater about him. He inhaled the air in all directions, and, having located the mutton, cautiously approached the cable house. Our hearts beat fast; Carlier's, in anticipation of laying that regal pelt at Miss Ferrier's feet; mine, as I made ready to pull the cord. But no, the cat advanced gingerly to the door, sniffed, licked his chops, looked wistfully over his shoulder at the tree, and then, exactly in the same manner as that of a kitten, reared himself against the wall and gently pawed at the cord, following its upward trend with his eyes. From the configuration of his mouth he seemed to mew silently, and from the frequency of his chop-licking he evidently hankered after the dainty inside the cable house. But he was a canny tiger, that, and would not enter; he often peered in, his ears laid flat, his tail slowly flicking; but he was suspicious, and perhaps had experience

of snares if not of firearms. Presently, he went round to the window side, where he was lost to our view; but he shortly reappeared at the other corner, slunk forward, and resumed his peering. Then, as if under the impulse of a sudden thought, he came warily to our tree, and, halting beneath, gazed up into the foliage; he soon spotted us—crouched on the platform, looking downward—and gave vent to a low, hoarse growl of anger. How I itched to put a bullet through him! Easier and fairer shot had never been presented to me, but under the circumstances I could not fire. He returned to the cable house door, but, after some more skirmishing round, he seemed to give up the job as a bad one, and walked off into the thicket.

"Come on," whispered Carlier, "let's try another dodge."

"Are you daft?" I exclaimed, clutching him by the arm as he was about climbing down; "we must wait till the people come; though the tiger is not a man-eater he's dangerous enough. But what's your other dodge?" I asked, as he reseated himself by my side.

"You'll see when we get back to camp," he replied, grinning.

We smoked and chatted till our followers turned up, when, descending from our perch, I locked the door, leaving the meat undisturbed, and we set out for the tents, hungry and tired.

After dinner my friend called for that flat, oblong case, and, using a screw-driver, speedily removed the cover, revealing to my astonished gaze a full-length cheval glass, such as ladies use at their toilette.

"What on earth is that for?" I asked, surprised beyond measure.

"The dodge," sniggered Carlier. "We'll try and fool him with this."

"Fool him with that! How?"

"Surely you've experimented with a looking-glass on a monkey, a cock, or a dog before now!"

"Often, and laughed over it; but, good heavens! man, a tiger is a different thing."

"I don't see it; what applies to the others applies to the tiger."

I cogitated; possibly he was right. Though the idea at the first blush seemed absurd, I now thought it worth the attempt, and the result I suspected would be diverting.

Breakfast despatched the next morning, we again went to the cable house, with a larger party, four men carrying the big mirror on their heads. As we approached, the advance line of beaters raised a tremendous din; they had evidently sighted the tiger. We halted, and prepared to shin up the nearest tree; but presently word was brought that the beast had been seen squatted by the cable house, and had



HE GAZED UP INTO THE FOLIAGE



been driven off into the jungle. We hastened on; I unlocked the door, and, having propped the mirror against the further wall, by the side of the now odorous mutton. Carlier and I ascended to the *máchán*, the natives retreating, with instructions to return at midday.

The tiger had not gone far; in a few minutes he crept out of the tangle, and came straight to our tree. Having satisfied himself of our presence, and as if deeming us altogether beneath further notice, he hurried back to the cable house. Now ensued a scene that so convulsed us with laughter that we nearly rolled off the tiny platform. As soon as the feline paused at the door and looked in, he caught sight of his reflection in the mirror; for a moment I hoped to see him bound through, for he uttered a short, sharp cry, sniffed vigorously, and settled down, as if about to spring. Seeing the other copy his antics, he probably expected that other to come for him, for he now bunched himself together yet closer, snarling and grimacing at his counterfeit exactly as the domestic tom cat does in the back garden. Emboldened by his adversary's apparent hesitation, or perhaps "smelling a rat" in the process of his snuffing, it suddenly seemed to dawn on him that he was not going the right way to work. He got on his legs, and, briskly flicking his tail, gave vent to another cry suggestive of a challenge or defiance. He

waited a few seconds for the response, but, none coming, it looked as if he had made up his mind to solve the mystery by taking the aggressive; not, however, by a frontal attack, as I had hoped, but by a sort of turning movement. No doubt he had mistaken the mirror for an opening in the wall, and believed that the other tiger was in the aperture. Crawling, as the pussy-cat does when stalking a sparrow, he set out to creep along the wall; halting just short of the further angle, he got himself triced up for a final spring, and then, cautiously craning his neck, peeped round the corner. He started—with obvious amazement, disappeared behind the house, and then commenced careering round and round it, in mad pur-

suit of his phantom fellow feline! Coming to a halt, he gazed perplexedly in every direction, up at us included, and, seeing no signs of tiger number two, returned to the door for another squint in. There was tiger number two sure enough; but I suppose that his reasoning powers were sufficient to finally convince him that what he looked on was a shadow, not a substance, for after a little more grimacing and silent mewling, he evinced his contempt for the apparition by sitting down and scratching himself. But fear of entering the house still predominated; we could see that he hungered; his sunken flanks rose and fell, while there was a ravenous look in his eyes that we had not observed before. Nevertheless, he would not pass that door. Anyhow, the second ruse had failed. Carlier, however, was not to be denied; he had still a card to play.

"Well," I said, on realising the mirror to be no go, "have you any more dodges?"

"Yes; just thought of one. I'll write and ask Miss Ferrier to lend me her tiger skin."

"What for?" I inquired, in a fog.

"Stitch it up, stuff it with straw, and put the beggar in the cable house, *rice* the mirror, a fiasco."

I stared at him as I digested the proposition. I questioned whether Miss Ferrier would agree to loan the skin, and I doubted if the idea would answer. However, I was

not going to interfere; I was enjoying the whole thing immensely, and would not put a spoke in the wheel, possibly to spoil sport. The tiger went away, and our people duly returned, making an awful din. I told the men to throw out that quarter of mutton, first, because it had become olfactorily unpleasant; second, to appease the tiger's hunger, and nail him—as it were—to the spot, in hopes of more. We took the mirror with us, and when we returned to camp Carlier despatched a messenger with a letter to Miss Ferrier, begging the loan of her tiger skin, but not stating the purpose for which it was required.

III.

WHETHER the young lady interrogated the bearer as to what we were up to, and had her curiosity whetted by his information, or whether she suspected Carlier of meditating banky-panky with that precious skin, I know not, but the next morning, just as we were about sitting down to breakfast, Miss Ferrier herself jumped off her bicycle at our tent door, with the tiger skin strapped to the machine, and Carlier's dog Johnny with her. Mutual explanations ensued; ours need not be recapitulated, but she told us that she had formed a shrewd idea of our proceedings from the little the letter carrier had said, and as she wanted something to wake her up, she had decided to cycle out and spend the day with us. Johnny saw her as she passed Carlier's gate, she whistled to him, and he had followed her.

After breakfast, when we were about to make a move for the cable house, our fair guest startled us by signifying her intention of coming too.

"Don't think of it!" pleaded Carlier.

"Why not? I shall be quite safe with you two on the *mâchân*, and I do so want to see it all! Mr. Douglas," turning to me, "what do you say?"

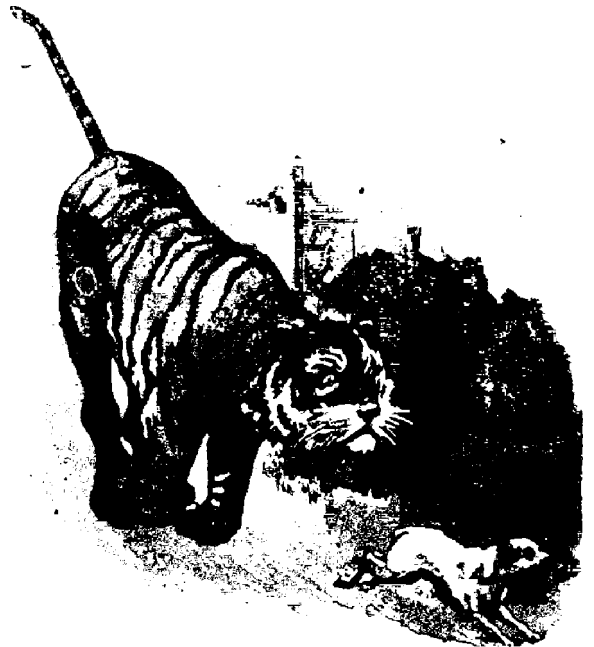
"That if you are sure of not fainting or screaming when you see the tiger, then come by all means," I replied, laughing.

This settled it. Telling the servants to tether Johnny, and sending forward the beaters, we started; one man carried a fresh quarter of goat; another, a bundle of straw and the skin; while a third—the village cobbler—came armed with his tools and sewing materials. As before, the beaters

had to scare away the tiger, who was seated by the cable house; he must have devoured the stale meat, for not a vestige of it remained, and—as I had predicted—he still haunted the spot on the look-out for more. The villagers had implicitly obeyed my injunctions about keeping themselves and their animals within the walls, so in all probability that quarter goat was the only food the feline had eaten for three days. We hastily made the dummy tiger up to look as life-like as possible, and stood it inside the cable house, with the fresh meat placed temptingly near its paws. Then, amid much hurried amusement, we assisted Miss Ferrier up the tree, and seated her between us on the *mâchân*. All this accomplished, we dismissed our followers, who would come back about noon.

The smell of the meat soon brought the tiger out of cover, and he made straight for the door; but, contrary to our expectations, the effigy had less effect on him than his own reproduction in the mirror, owing, I supposed, to the former being fixed, while the latter moved about as much as he did. After a careless survey of the figure, he seemed to trouble himself no more about it, but, squatting on his haunches and occasionally glancing round at the tree, he remained there licking his chops and grimacing in at the open door.

We were silently watching the beast, longing for him to cross that threshold,



THE TWO ANIMALS CAME TEARING ROUND THE CORNER.

when, suddenly, the white body of Carlier's dog shot out of the jungle, and, with his nose to the ground, advanced at a canter towards the tree; the terrier had broken loose, and was now lifting our trail! So intent was he on the task before him that he cleared the angle of the cable house before he became aware of the huge cat's presence. Johnny pulled up with a jerk; he gazed at the feline in astonishment; the tiger—equally amazed—returned the stare, and then, uttering a low growl, dashed at the dog. The terrier nimbly avoided the swoop, and deeming discretion with so formidable an enemy the better part of valour, turned tail and raced to the back of the cable house. The tiger sprang in pursuit, and next moment the two animals—almost nose to tail—came tearing round to the front, and Johnny plumped through the door. The tiger paused; then, evidently thinking that where the dog could go he could follow, he entered, and stood just inside! For a moment I hesitated to pull the string, in that moment we could see the poor terrier grinning defiance at his foe, with nothing but the central cable post intervening. During that moment the tiger must

have been meditating which to do, chase the canine or jump on him over the cable post.

"Pull the cord, Douglas!" shouted Carlier. "Hang the dog!"

"No, no!" shrieked Miss Ferrier. "Shoot—Mr. Douglas! Save Johnny!"

The latter mandate coincided with my own wishes. I promptly raised my rifle to shoulder, aimed, pulled the trigger, and sent an express bullet whizzing through the tiger's head. He soon lay motionless on the threshold; Johnny, taking a flying leap over the carcase, came gambolling up to the tree, frantically wagging his stumpy tail. I pulled to the door; we descended, and, after assuring ourselves that our enemy was indeed dead, we all three tailed out, and dragged him out. Our followers, attracted by the report, came scurrying back. They slung the defunct feline to a sapling, and we returned in triumph to camp.

In due course we flayed that tiger, and though it bore a bullet hole, needless to say the skin propitiated the lady, and Carlier was made a happy man, for a month later there was a grand wedding in Mahendri.



VICTORIA EMBANKMENT AND THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT BY NIGHT.

By F. A. Bailey.

AT HICKSON'S.

By F. L. MORGAN.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

II.—CARSON'S LAST TRIUMPH.

I.

THE secret of Hickson's success lay in its motives and in its one-ness. Education (with a capital E) was its motto, and Unity its coat of arms. After a year's steady grind, as exact and unchangeable as if worked by machinery, Hickson opened its gates and sent into the world its Results—covered with glory. This story concerns the most brilliant master Hickson's ever had, and the painful event that caused him voluntarily to give up his position at the college. For three years Stephen Carson was form-master to the fifth, and during that time, out of ninety-five boys and girls sent up for the States Distinction examination, eighty-seven obtained first-class honours, five second-class honours, and three satisfied the examiners. *And every candidate, at the time of entering for the examination, was a member of the fifth form.* Carson did not present fellows for examinations, but forms. The man himself was small, thin to emaciation, with a brown face, sarcastic expression—and he ruled by the sword. He was acknowledged to be the best master at Hickson's, and, though his methods of teaching were both forcible and unique, the yearly results beat all records. The juniors said he was a beastly bully, while some of the seniors declared that he taught by sheer force of nervous energy. Anyhow, he deemed it necessary to reduce the unfortunate fifth to a state of mental pulp before getting to business. At the beginning of the Christmas term of his third year at Hickson's, there came to the college, and into the fifth, a small pale girl named Alice Blair. She had a thin, bloodless appearance, a nervous manner, and a brilliant intellect.

"That girl," declared Simon P. Bartlett to his chum Will Morris, "has too much brain for her wretched little body." Though not given with delicacy, Bartlett's opinion touched the truth.

Alice Blair appeared to be stupefied by

the general electricity pervading Mr. Carson and the fifth. She stammered and hesitated when the master spoke to her; so, after the first few days, he concluded that she lacked brains. Meanwhile, Alice stared at his small, spare figure and contorted features, agitated with languages or working with mathematics, in wide-eyed petrification.

"Do I pay your fees?" he demanded, sarcastically. "Is it anything to me if you learn or not?"

He had been endeavouring to make clear the intricacies of the British Civil Service, and, though he had danced, grimaced, and explained for nearly half an hour, nobody seemed to grasp it.

"Are you all hopeless idiots?" he inquired, mockingly; "how can you expect to learn if you sit there staring like stuck pigs?—yes, you"—with sudden ferocity to Alice Blair, whose expression changed from consternation to terror. She commenced to speak stammeringly.

"Stop that idiot gibbering," thundered Carson, "and if you have anything to say, speak plainly. Now then—what have I been talking about?"

With her eyes fixed on the master, Alice Blair gave a clear and concise account of the decidedly involved subject in hand. Carson was astonished and gratified, and he decided that the girl had been merely indolent, and wanted rousing. After school Simon P. Bartlett followed the new girl into the library.

"Say," he remarked, cheerfully, "you're getting on A1, you know!"

The girl, who had started violently at the sound of his voice, turned round and said, quickly, "Isn't he *awful*! I know it's silly of me, but I feel as if I can't bear it when he speaks to me like that."

"Oh, you mustn't mind it," returned Bartlett, noting her twitching eyelids with some concern. "Carson's always that way—sometimes more so."

Alice Blair sighed hopelessly.

"It's jolly of you to speak about it," she said, "and I'll try not to mind. You know, I learn frightfully quickly, only I forget things so if I'm flurried. Anyway, I'll work hard, so that he won't have any reason to rage."

"You mustn't count on that. Seems to me Carson couldn't live without raging, and he won't wait for reason," rejoined Bartlett as he walked away, privately thinking that Alice Blair was rather impossible.

The term wore on, and, as Alice's "idiot gibbering" disappeared, her brilliant mental powers became more apparent. To please the master she entered for the Stanton Scholarship. She lived to work—and she worked for Mr. Carson. She became the most promising member of Hickson's fifth, and Carson treated her accordingly.

"You have entered for the Stanton Scholarship," he said, about three weeks before the end of the term. "Do you think I care whether you win or not?"—and he tore her carefully prepared work into strips and threw it into the waste-paper basket. "I wonder you have the face to bring me mere rubbish, such as this. You can throw your books out of the window, and go to the back row and stew, for all I care!"

This last was a favourite threat of Mr. Carson's, and greatly dreaded, for it was well known that if the master really lost interest in anyone and sent him or her to the back row "to stew," that one invariably failed in the examination (public or otherwise) at the end of the year. Alice, whose lips had grown to match her colourless cheeks during this tirade, bent her head over her books hurriedly. At this point, Simon Bartlett lifted his Latin dictionary and dropped it heavily on to the floor, thus attracting the master's attention towards himself. He partly understood Alice's terror of Carson, and he almost hated the man for not perceiving it also. Nobody realised that the girl was ruining her nervous system (already shaky), and exciting her brain to a dangerous pitch of brilliancy. Carson noticed the brilliancy, but not the danger. He was merely unobservant—not a brute. His teaching was quite apart from the rest of his character—a

thing by itself. He always taught *en masse*, and the power to moderate his methods for any particular or individual temperament was beyond his understanding. He worked for Hickson's—and with success. The Stanton examination was held yearly, at the different public schools and colleges of the States. This year it was Hickson's turn, and, until Alice Blair came, there had been no one at the college fit to prepare for it. This girl had all the necessary requirements, and Mr. Carson welcomed her advent—or, rather, the advent of her intellect—as a means of gaining the scholarship for the glory of Hickson's. That there was only one term in which to prepare her for it did not



"STOP THAT IDIOT GIBBERING," THUNDERED CARSON.

daunt him, and when he discovered that she produced better work under force of sarcasm, or punishment, he did not hesitate to use these means, which came to him so naturally in the school-room.

"You are not a fool," he said to her over a very nasty piece of German essay; "you can do this if you like. It's pure cussedness on your part that makes you hesitate. Now then—commence at line forty-two!" And Alice would commence at line forty-two, and translate the paragraph without an error, such was the influence of Mr. Carson—or of fear—on the working of her brain.

On the afternoon of the day before the Stanton examination, Alice Blair burst in

upon Simon P. Bartlett and Will Morris as they were partaking of a meal in their study. I say a "meal" advisedly, for it consisted of ham, cold fried eggs, bread and butter, stale buns, tea, and ginger-ale; and the time was half-past three.

"I've lost my Physics notes," she gasped: "can you lend me yours?"

Will Morris pointed hospitably to a chair.

"Fill up," he suggested, while Bartlett searched for his Physics notes. Alice shook her head.

"Oh, do rustle round. I'm in such a hurry. The exam.'s to-morrow—how *can* you eat?"

Morris laughed; then he looked apologetic.

"Don't know, I'm sure," he said, "unless it is because we aren't going in for it. Anyway, forty exams. wouldn't keep me off that other egg!" And he tenderly hooked the remaining egg on to his own plate. Alice looked at his solid, honest face with a little frown of nervous irritability, and turned to Bartlett, who had found the notebook.

"Don't over-read yourself," he said, as he gave it to her; "you're looking a bit soul-stricken."

"I know," returned Alice, wearily. "I feel ghastly. Thanks for the notes; I'll send them back to-night." And she hurried away.

Morris looked thoughtful.

"That girl will have a bust-up if she's not careful," he said.

"I know," answered Bartlett. "I've thought so all this term. She takes things too hard, and I know she's overdone it; but we can't help her." Morris was silent for a few moments. It took him some time to get an idea into shape. At last he spoke.

"My dear man, we *must* help her."

"But we *kaint*," said Simon P., impatiently. "It's Carson. I thought she was going to have a fit or something when he was going it over maths. this morning."

"Seems to me," rejoined the slower Morris, "he's pitched into her shockin' this term. Wonder I haven't noticed it before. Anyway, she must be helped. Shall we go and see Carson?"

Bartlett grinned tolerantly.

"All right, Intellect," he answered with point. "Lot of good in seeing Carson two days before we split up. The exam.'s to-morrow, and she won't have to work after that."

"I know, man. But the question is—will she get over that all right? I opine——"

"All right, Brains—soothe down. Opine away, only for Cleopatra's sake keep it to yourself!" And Bartlett pushed back his chair impatiently. He knew that Alice Blair was in danger, and the knowledge brought with it an uncomfortable feeling of responsibility.

II.



At nine o'clock on the following morning Alice Blair entered the Lecture Hall, which had been set apart for the Stanton examination. A goodly crowd was there—the cream of America's young brains—for the Stanton was notoriously stiff. Very pale, with shadows under her eyes, and shaking from head to foot, the girl found her place and tried to read the examination questions. Now, you fellows, don't think I am piling on the agony. Alice Blair was an overwrought and nervous girl, and she *did shake*. Happily, up-to-date education and physical training are causing the number of nervous girls to become beautifully less, but as yet they are not quite extinct. Alice felt a wreck. Her mind was a blank, and the printed words had no more meaning for her confused brain than if they had been written in Arabic. She glanced round. Already the others had headed their papers. Alice pressed her cold hands to her head and tried to think. At that moment, inexplicable in its agony to the bewildered girl, Mr. Carson entered the Lecture Hall to speak to one of the masters in charge. As he walked by the rows of bent heads and eager pens he glanced at Alice Blair. He felt assured that she would win the scholarship. She was Hickson's solitary hope, and almost unconsciously his eye sought her out. To Alice it was a menace. All her terror of the master awoke; the mere glance acted on her brain like electricity, and in one brief moment her mind cleared and her mental faculties were strung to their highest and most dangerous pitch. Quivering with nervous eagerness, she scanned the questions afresh. All was clear, and the answers came to her more quickly than she could write them down. Only now and again a red mist before her eyes and a sickening pain in her head would cause her to clench her teeth and pause in her writing.

At last it was over. The girl went out with the chattering crowd, feeling peculiarly light and airy about the head. She knew the

fifth would not be out of school yet, and instinctively she walked to her class-room. She opened the door and paused on the threshold. Two fellows rose to their feet—Simon Bartlett and Will Morris. Mr. Carson glanced up absently, and then pointed to her customary seat by the window.

"Go and sit down," he said, in his usual manner. Everyone's eyes were fixed on Alice Blair. Her strange expression and twitching features warned them of tragedy.

III.

A FEW minutes before six p.m. on the first day of the new term Hickson's gathered together in the Lecture Hall to hear the Head's first-night speech.

Simon P. Bartlett arrived late—he always did on the first day—and, after reporting himself, strolled into the Lecture Hall in time for a back seat. Seeing the elevated eyebrows of Will Morris signifying from the



HE RUSHED FORWARD JUST IN TIME TO CATCH THE GIRL AS SHE FELL.

Suddenly Bartlett's voice, harsh with fear, broke the silence.

"You fool!" he said, roughly, to the master; "don't you see she——" he rushed forward and was just in time to catch the girl as she fell, moaning and muttering discordantly.

The next day Hickson's dispersed for the Christmas vacation.

front ranks that there was room enough and to spare, Simon P. fought his way up the Hall and found the faithful Will calmly sitting on two seats, in spite of the indignant and audible protests of three small juniors from Bowen's. Bartlett "looked pleasant," to signify appreciation of the service just rendered, and then shook hands with his chum.

"Had a good time?" asked Morris. Bartlett nodded, and his eyes roamed round the Lecture Hall.

"Say," he remarked, "seen Alice Blair?" Several heads turned quickly at the question. Alice Blair! It was three weeks since she had fallen unconscious at the open door of the fifth class-room. They had been three glorious weeks of home and Christmas for Hickson's—but what of Alice Blair? Morris shook his head, and before he had time to speak the clock struck six, and a murmur of disappointment and hostility greeted the appearance of Mr. Carson on the platform.

"The Head," he commenced, "will not arrive until to-morrow midday. He wishes me, however, to give out the results of last term's examinations. I shall not enter into details, as you will be able to see the results in full on the south wall of this Hall as usual. Of the thirty-four candidates sent in for the States Distinction, all have passed, while 90 per cent. obtained first-class honours. The Head is satisfied with these results, and will doubtless speak to you about them on his return. I expect you have seen by the papers that two, out of the three, San Francisco scholarships have been won by Hicksonians—anyhow, it is all on the south wall of the Lecture Hall. The result of the Stanton examination was made known to me this morning, and the winner of the scholarship is Alice Blair. No doubt some of you are anxious to hear how she is. I do not know any details, as I only arrived this afternoon, but I am glad to be able to tell you that though she has had a severe illness—brain-fever, in fact—Alice Blair is now quite convalescent, and will be removed from the college to-morrow. Alice Blair's papers have beaten the record for excellence, obtaining four hundred and eighty-nine marks out of a possible five hundred."

He paused. Instead of cheering, Hickson's held its breath as a door at the top of the Hall opened slowly to admit Alice Blair. She looked taller, and her customary plait was gone. Without noticing her entrance—for she had come in so silently and a little to the back of him—Carson continued:

"Alice Blair's illness was greatly to be regretted, coming as it did on the very heels of such a splendid triumph. However, I am sure that, were she here now, Alice Blair would be the first to say that the honour she has won is worth all the suffering she has passed through." He paused again, and

started violently as, with a few hesitating steps, Alice came within his range of vision. Hickson's broke into encouraging cheers, but Carson raised his hand for silence. It had been a difficult and unpleasant duty to mention Alice's name in the course of giving out the examination results. Though the Head had exonerated him from all blame with regard to the girl's breaking down, he knew that among most of the masters and all the seniors feeling was very much against him; and had the girl died he would have resigned his position at the college. Alice's appearance at this moment was awkward, but he felt that now was the time to speak a few words of kindness and congratulation, which, if carefully put, might turn the tide and win back at least Hickson's respect. He braced himself for the effort, and turned towards the girl. Then he walked to the edge of the platform, for something in her attitude and the fluttering of her hands caused him to experience a pang of something more than anxiety.

"Alice!" he said, with the sharpness of fear. She turned her head and smiled vacantly, playing with her fingers. Then a uniformed nurse hurried in and, going up to the girl, spoke soothingly to her and drew her, unresisting, through the open door. The episode had occupied only a few seconds of time, yet it was long enough for everyone to grasp the painful truth. Alice Blair was convalescent, but her intellect was threatened.

The assembly broke up in a hubbub of talk, and many were the black looks levelled at Mr. Carson, as, pale and apprehensive, the fifth form master walked out of the Hall.

Weeks passed away. Then at last came news—great news. Alice was restored to health—mental and physical—but her physicians had absolutely forbidden her to indulge in any but the very lightest brain-work. If she disobeyed them, they washed their hands of the consequences.

So Alice had to give up the Stanton, which was thus lost to Hickson's.

As for Carson, disappointment (combined with certain plain truths spoken for his benefit by Alice's father) thereafter made Hickson's unbearable to him. At the end of the term he relinquished his post for another in a far distant college. And it is to be hoped that, warned by experience, his methods of teaching underwent a drastic and much-needed course of revision.

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2nd Life Guards.



1st King's Dragoon
Guards.



4th Dragoon Guards.



6th Dragoon Guards
(Carabiniers).



7th Dragoon Guards.



1st Royal Dragoons.



5th (Royal Irish)
Lancers.



6th Inniskilling
Dragoons.



8th (Royal Irish)
Hussars.



10th Royal Hussars.



15th (King's) Hussars.



16th (Queen's)
Lancers.



19th (Princess of
Wales's Own) Hussars.



Mountain Battery,
Royal Artillery.



The Royal Scots
(Lothian Regiment),
1st Foot.



The Buffs,
East Kent Regiment,
3rd Foot.



"THE KING'S OWN"
The King's Own
Royal Lancaster
Regiment,
4th Foot



The King's Liverpool
Regiment,
8th Foot.



The Devonshire
Regiment,
11th Foot.



The Prince Albert's
Somersetshire Light
Infantry,
13th Foot.



The Royal Irish Regiment, 18th Foot.



The Lancashire Fusiliers, 20th Foot.



The King's Own Scottish Borderers, 25th Foot.



The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, 32nd and 46th Foot.



The Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, 76th Foot.



The Border Regiment, 34th Foot.



The Welsh Regiment, 41st Foot.



The Essex Regiment, 44th Foot.



The Duke of Cambridge's Own Middlesex Regiment, 77th Foot.



The Manchester Regiment, 96th Foot.



The York and Lancaster Regiment, 65th and 84th Foot.



The Durham Light Infantry, 68th and 106th Foot.



The Highland Light Infantry, 75th and 74th Foot.



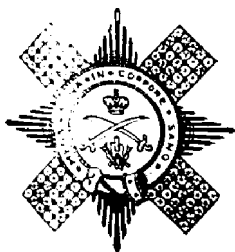
The Royal Munster Fusiliers, 101st and 104th Foot.



The Royal Dublin Fusiliers, 102nd and 103rd Foot.



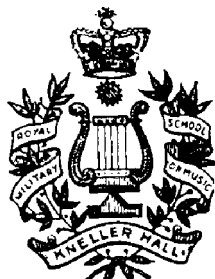
The Army Pay Corps.



The Gymnastic Staff, Aldershot.



The Army Veterinary Department.



R.M. School of Music, Kneller Hall.



The Submarine Miners.



THE CYCLING CORNER.

RAIN, MUD, AND WIND.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

IN my last article I treated of Autumn cycling, and therefore may fitly proceed one step further—into the winter months, when the cyclist is apt to think very small potatoes of his machine as a means of obtaining recreation. I well remember that not so many years ago it was considered brave, almost heroic, to take a cycle out into the stones and mud of a winter highway. But now it must be very bad weather indeed that compels a rider to walk ten miles instead of riding them. Personally, I use my cycle all the year round with complete indifference to the weather; and, as a result, I have some advice to give you.

First, then, we will consider

THAT TRYING PHENOMENON, RAIN.

Riding in rain is, at the best, unpleasant; though on many occasions unavoidable. Its results on your person vary directly with your proper preparedness to meet a down-pour. There are some people who affirm that they prefer to eschew all waterproofs, and to ride or change themselves dry: on the grounds that the heating nature and discomfort of a mackintosh more than counterbalance its protective powers. With all respect, I beg to differ; since it is much easier to get wet than to get dry again, and it often happens that an immediate change of clothes is unobtainable. It is, indeed, true that indiarubbered fabrics, by excluding air, also keep in heat to an unpleasant extent; but it should also be noted that at those times of year when a mackintosh is most needed the temperature of the atmosphere is comparatively low. The summer

thunderstorm lasts, as a rule, but a short time; and a damp jacket is not so dangerous when the thermometer stands near 100 in the sun. Winter storms, much more stubborn affairs, by wetting your clothes, make them a ready conductor of cold to the heated surface of the skin; hence chills. Wool being a bad transmitter of heat and cold, you should always have it next your body when riding. That forms a good internal protection to supplement the external waterproof, which may be eschewed in trifling showers.

YOUR CAPE SHOULD BE LONG ENOUGH

to reach well over the handlebars and hang down nine inches or a foot over them. To the forward edge sew three pieces of sheet lead, of 1½oz. weight each. These will prevent its blowing up, and also, by keeping it taut, help the water to drain off. A short, light cape collects a quarter of a pint of water, and then suddenly slips over the handlebar, deluging your knees most unpleasantly. Don't have a cape that buttons all the way down the front. There should be only just enough opening for you to get your head through.

FOR VERY HEAVY RAIN

I wear a pair of thin waterproof leggings—weight about 8oz.—which cover the legs to the thighs and button on to the knickerside buttons. These are a much better protection than stiff leather leggings, which heat the leg and cramp the muscles. Have the material reinforced at the bottom with a binding of soft black leather, to prevent its fraying out. Carry cape on handlebars.

leggings under saddle; and have the straps for each attached to the machine, so that you may not be obliged to put them into your pockets—and lose them sooner or later.

WHEN RIDING IN OVERALLS DON'T HURRY and make yourself unnecessarily hot. Ride your cape dry by preference, or, if you fold it up wet, be sure to shake it out as soon as you get home, and hang it up well away from a fire. It is ruin to the fabric to leave it wet.

When out on a long ride, and there is a considerable stretch still to be done, more or less against time, it is often bad policy to wait till the clouds have rolled by, especially if you are in a chalky country. The longer you wait the worse will the road be when you venture out. I prefer to slip on my overalls and pedal steadily ahead, unless the fall is terrific, and so gain several miles of travelling over a surface that has not yet been softened by the rain. If you were driving you wouldn't stop for a shower, so why halt when cycling, if properly protected? Don't forget to

DRY YOUR CAP

when it has had a good soaking. The neglect of this simple precaution leads to neuralgia in the head, which is a thing not to be easily forgotten.

A natural result of rain is mud; and as the effects of a shower are much more enduring than the shower itself, and a more serious clog on rapid progress, we may treat this heading at some length.

Of course,

EVERY SENSIBLE PERSON NOW HAS MUDGUARDS of some sort on his or her machine. To avoid them because of their trifling weight is to sink the ship to save the proverbial ha'porth of tar. The gentleman who prefers a triangle of brown paper pinned to his back as an alternative protection, deserves all the mud he gets on his chain and other parts of the machine, not to mention his clothing and back hair.

There are mudguards and mudguards. Beginning at the front wheel, take a tip from the motor cyclist and have an extra piece fitted, to project from the fork crown

nine inches or so over the wheel, so that mud flung up by the tyre may not be blown back on to you. Also attach a broad flap to the bottom of the guard, long enough to just miss the ground. The guards themselves should be at least half an inch wider than the tyre; in fact, the wider the better. On the chain side a strip of American cloth, two inches wide, should be fitted to the forward half of the rear guard, the cloth being doubled, and the two fabric surfaces glued together. Cut it to match the curve of the guard, to which it is secured on the upper side by wire loops running through



“WELL PROTECTED.”

eyelets, which any bootmaker will put in for a few pence. Turn the lower edge round a stout wire, which you fasten, by the ends, to the back fork and down stays. The tyre is thus completely screened at the point where most mud leaves it in the forward direction.

GEAR CASES

are undoubtedly useful as a protection against both rain and mud, and, if well fitted, are so far desirable. Wet shortens a chain, and causes it to crack unpleasantly; while mud acts as a grinding medium, and injures the teeth. If you prefer a bare chain, the roller pattern will prove more satisfactory. In fact, the block type is not

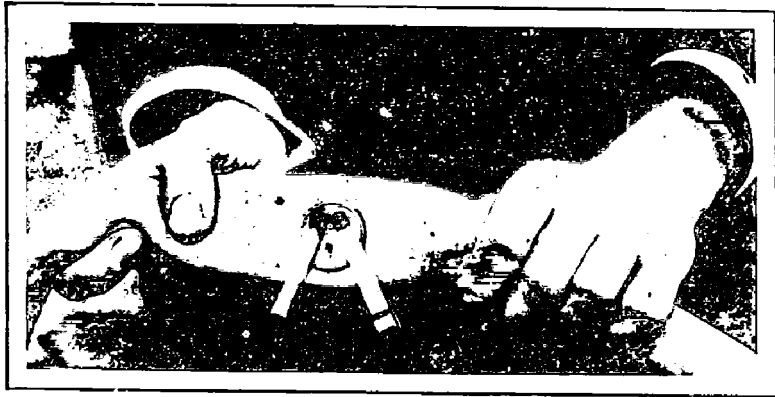
used nearly as much as formerly, for these as well as other reasons.

When mud is much in evidence, don't try to maintain your dry road pace. Deep mud, even on the level, adds 100 per cent. to your exertions at the same speed. Therefore, lucky is the person who has

A GOOD CHANGE-SPEED GEAR

at command. It is obviously better to be able to throw in a lower gear and proceed easily at a somewhat decreased velocity, than to be compelled to "plug" along on a fixed gear, and arrive at your journey's end in a demoralised condition. Under the head of change-speed gears something has already been said in the Cycling Corner, and I will not here enlarge on the subject, though in a future issue I hope to bring the topic well up to date, since the change-speed gear

and grey mud dangerous; yellow and red mud safe." I put my finger on Gloucestershire and Somersetshire as localities in which a spill is a peculiarly easy matter. Once, when riding from Highbridge to Wells, after a thunderstorm, I described a complete semi-circle, shot some yards backwards like a skater who has suddenly reversed, and ended up as a powerful road-scraper. My journey was seriously delayed by the operation of going over my clothes with a carving-knife; and even after its completion I found it necessary to keep my left side well away from the public in order to avoid remark. And how shall I describe my feelings when I cleaned a section of the Wootton Bassett highroad in a like fashion? These were episodes of the smooth tyre days, and now seem comical enough; though at the time the fun was not so apparent.



A TIP FOR PUNCTURE MENDING.

After putting on the patch, place a penny over it, another on the opposite side of the tube, and slip a couple of trouser clips over it. This will ensure proper adhesion.

will play an important part in the cycling of to-morrow. But for fixed gears I can recommend the adoption of a lower one for general winter work than the one used in the summer. Thus the 80-incher may advantageously reduce to 65 inches from November till March.

The rider who has a but moderate power of observation soon learns to distinguish between the different qualities of mud that he encounters. Sandy roads are practically innocent of causing side-slip in any weather, thanks to the gritty nature of the mud particles. But

ON CHALKY ROADS, BEWARE!

There are some highways which a slight shower apparently coats with a quarter of an inch of tallow. If I had to reduce my advice to a formula, I should say, "White

Of course you

KEEP YOUR TYRES WELL PUMPED UP for muddy roads. The reason is simple enough. A slack tyre flattens out and "skates" over the mud, which it cannot penetrate; a hard tyre, by preserving a more circular shape, is able to pierce the grease to a harder substratum. This explanation would be needless, had I not sometimes heard people declaring that a slack tyre is preferable.

The corrugations on a cover should be as pronounced as possible. For which cause it is good policy to

BUY A NEW BACK COVER

at the commencement of the wet season, when soundness is required also to exclude the wet. Tyres don't suffer nearly so much

from cubs on muddy roads as on loose; and, consequently, a new cover should carry you well through the season, and be good enough for the summer following.

In muddy weather

BE ESPECIALLY CAREFUL ABOUT ROUNDING CORNERS

and coasting. It is very unwise to fly a hill at full speed when there is grease about, as a sudden application of the brakes may cause a bad skid. Furthermore, a short twenty-mile-an-hour burst will throw more mud than ten times the distance at, say, twelve miles an hour.

RIDE ON THE CROWN OF THE ROAD

as much as possible. The safest place is not necessarily that where there is least mud, since a thin film may be very greasy, whereas a thick coating offers lateral resistance to a side-slip. Therefore, when I feel my back wheel begin to dance, I often steer for the deeper patches. Be very careful not to get near the gutter if the road shelves suddenly towards it. If you once begin to skid on the slope it is practically impossible to recover balance. And don't indulge in large angles when changing direction, or passing a vehicle.

The bulk of mud should be removed from a cycle while it is still wet, and not likely to injure the enamel. The smeary residue may be left till dry, though it is best to finish the job right off. Keep the chain well oiled when the times are rainy.

CHOOSE OPEN COUNTRY FOR YOUR WINTER RIDES

in preference to roads overhung by trees, where the surface is never dry for weeks together.

We next come to the element which is no speciality of winter, namely, wind. A strong head wind cannot be easily forgiven or forgotten by the cyclist, who finds himself plugging away at what is, in effect, an interminable hill. Though I strongly disapprove of a rider stooping over his front wheel, I think an exception may be made in this case, as by leaning forward the cyclist offers much less surface to the air. But don't omit to put up the handles again at the end of your run.

As the wind is worst in the middle of the day, the early morning and evening are the most favourable times for riding with the wind contrary. For a round trip you should therefore start early against the wind, and return later with it. Or start at mid-day

with it, and return when it has dropped. Very often a furiously gusty day ends in a delightfully calm evening.

TAKE ALL POSSIBLE ADVANTAGE OF COVER, keeping to the leeward side of the road, and as close to the hedge as circumstances will permit. But always get to your proper side to pass vehicles, &c.

The change-speed gear never proves more useful than when helping you to fight a wind. The exhaustion consequent on a long struggle with a stiff breeze is very severe if your gearing is too high for the purpose. In open country you get no respite whatever from the invisible force that holds you back, and you presently find yourself dismounting at decreasing intervals. With a change gear, however, you can push along quietly but continuously, and, if your speed is low, you keep fresh—which is half the battle in cycling—and probably "get there" as soon as an over-gearer rider.

IF YOU ARE RIDING WITH COMPANIONS

against a dead-ahead wind, you should proceed in Indian file, taking turns to go in front. The foremost rider will appreciably screen those behind. You should also take any legitimate advantage of a vehicle that is travelling your way at a smart enough pace to be useful; but don't "hang on" to a carriage, or in any way cause annoyance to the driver. People on the back seats of a dog-cart don't care to have a cyclist tucking his head under the tailboard. The tandem cycle, which we do not see about so much now as some years ago, is the machine for wind-plugging; though it has little else to recommend it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. C. Heerjee (Cannanore).—With regard to your inquiry as to the advisability of using self-sealing tubes in a rather "puncturous" district, I regret that my experience of this particular form of tube is not sufficiently wide to enable me to give you a very definite answer. Some years ago I kept such a tube in my back cover, and for a time I certainly had no punctures, whether on account of its virtues I cannot say. At last it *did* leak, and then there was the very dickens to pay. Only the tread was self-closing; consequently, when I tried to find the puncture the thin part would bulge and be ready to burst before there was pressure enough to show the leak. I gave it away to a friend. I shall be glad to learn what luck other users have had with their tubes. The fact that the plain tube is still used in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred suggests that self-closers are not yet what they should be.

J. Delius.—No! it won't do a cycle any harm to keep it in a rather damp cycling-shed if the plated parts are well coated with vaseline. Your

writing is certainly not "rotton," nor is it rotten; in fact, it is rather good if you are, as your verbiage suggests, not more than fifteen years old. Don't mind pressing for a speedy answer. We always try to reply by return of post, which, in the case of a magazine corner, means about five or six weeks.

Biker asks, "If a cyclist is riding on the left side of a quiet road, and he wishes to overtake a slow-moving cart which is keeping in the middle of the road, is it necessary to keep strictly to the rule of overtaking, or could he pass on the left, supposing that no other vehicles were in sight?" If you pass on the wrong side under any circumstances you will be responsible for any evil consequences that may occur. No doubt people often do transgress the strict rule; but, on the whole, it is wiser and more considerate to keep within the law. I was once fined 9s. for not ringing my bell when passing a coal cart, the driver of which had tied up his reins to the dashboard. This occurred on the Bath road, where four vehicles could have passed abreast. *Legally*, I was in the wrong, and suffered accordingly. The cycle you name is good value for the money.

"Coaster."—Does free-wheeling lead to slack riding and bad time? Well, it's rather hard to say. Personally, I think that one's mileage per hour doesn't work out so well as in the old fixed-wheel times; but, on the other hand, it is evident that the legs are saved a good deal of wear and tear. On long declivities, especially, it is a boon to be able to keep the legs in the usual position instead of having them stretched stiffly forward on to foot-rests, or wildly following the pedals. No! on the whole I should be sorry to give up the free-wheel; as for slackness, that would, I imagine, be perceptible only in the case of a person who was already pre-disposed that way. And I am not at all sure that slackness is not preferable to the overstrain which some riders mistake for good riding.

A. Gilchrist.—Some of the rubber solutions sold in the outfit for puncture-repairing are not first-class. For home use I decidedly prefer to dip into a large tin of the Dunlop solution, which is all it should be, and holds right well. Very possibly the

failure is as much due to your manipulation as to the nature of the adhesive. See my answer to a correspondent on this subject in last month's issue.

Petrol.—You certainly cannot expect to buy a good motor cycle *new* for £20, though at that price you may have your pick of second-hand articles. There is a great deal more in a petrol-driven engine than meets the eye; and when you set up a motor cycle you will soon understand why every part of these high-speed machines must be most carefully made.

C. B. H.—(1) It is not worth while getting your cover re-rubbered unless the canvas lining is in good condition. Generally, perished rubber means rotten canvas beneath. (2) Tyre-cement will help stop *cuts* in the tyre; *holes* require an internal patch of stout rubber backed with canvas. I often plug cuts with cotton wool, steeped in rubber cement, after cleaning the cuts out well with benzine. (3) Paraffin oil cleans out the bearings very effectively; but should never be left in. Always oil thoroughly after paraffining, otherwise the slight amount of water in the paraffin will set up rust.

New Tyre.—(1) If your Dunlop has lasted 2½ years it hasn't done badly. I wish my tyres would do the same. But perhaps I ride more than you do. I have never had experience of tyres cheaper than 15s. 6d., and, therefore, can only suggest that you try the "Bancroftian" Co. (49, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.), who supply a cover with endless wire edge at 10s. 11d., or, with beaded edge, at 11s. 11d.; also inner tubes, with Dunlop valves, at 3s. 4½d. They offer to re-rubber covers, *à la* Dunlop, at 5s. 6d. and 6s. 6d. John Graham and Co., Vine Street, Birmingham, offer similar tyres at 12s. I like Palmer's best. Dunlop tyres certainly don't wear as well as they did, say, six years ago; but their price is much lower. (2) A strip of leather inserted between the cover and inner tube would "slow" the wheel somewhat, and, by absorbing any moisture penetrating through cuts, tend to rot the canvas lining. If tough, it would, of course, help to prevent punctures. Your suggestion about prices is reasonable, and shall be given due consideration.

T E N N Y S O N .

HE was the central representative poet of the Later Victorian era of our literature; and, long as our language lasts, his insight, his ethereality, the music of his verse, the splendour of his diction mingling with its grace, will make him the inspirer of future English-speaking men and women, magnetising them by the spell of his genius, even although they may not all feel that he is the chief teacher of the illustrious brotherhood. I think that in his time he stood highest of all poets who were also seers the wide world over, and by far the greatest of our British bards; although in Browning we had a much deeper plummet-sounder, and a more subtle analyst of character and the springs of conduct. But there are tens of thousands now alive who owe to Tennyson far more than they can express.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM KNIGHT, in *The Treasury*.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST



By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Author of "Across the Wilderness."

No. 8.

OUR CELEBRATION AT TWO-OWE-TEE.

LAST Fourth of July the weather came on cool and beautiful in our mountains. But there were three people at Black Rock Horse Ranch who were anything but cool. In fact, Ferd, Florence, and I, were as "hot" as we could well become—hot with impatience and disgust.

For more than four weeks we had been preparing for a celebration—a picnic at our cottonwood grove, with all the family and all our neighbours along Black Rock Creek to join in making a great day. Ferd, who had borrowed some volumes of the Congressional Record from a local politician, had written a short address, and Florence had practised diligently some patriotic songs. Moreover, we had expended eight dollars for fireworks of a magnitude worthy of the largest obtainable crowd.

Our discomfiture may be imagined when



I say that father, mother, and the younger children, had failed in a promised return from their visit at Green River, and that, just two days before the Fourth, report had reached Black Rock Valley of a "monster celebration" which was to be held at Lander, to which every mother's son and daughter in our neighbourhood had stampeded.

We were left alone, we three. So far as we knew there was not a soul within twenty-five miles of us. We were, of course, still looking for the return of our family from Green River, but, as the morning slipped away and eleven o'clock came with no sign of them, Ferd and I gave ourselves up to sulking. We were lying upon our backs in the shade of some cottonwoods near a horse corral, when Florence, who was still on the look-out, shouted to us.

"They're coming!" she cried, running toward us and clapping her hands joyfully. "I can see the dust of their wagon down the valley. Splendid! splendid! We'll have a celebration all to ourselves!"

As there are eight of us, all together, the prospect was not quite so disheartening.

Ferd and I sprang to our feet and climbed the corral fence to look. What we saw was a trail of flying dust rising above a point about a mile distant. A glance, however, showed our more practised eyes that the dust-cloud was altogether too great to be kicked up by a span of mules and a spring wagon.

"That's not them," declared Ferd, in disgust. "It's a stampede of horses or cattle." A faint roar of trampling hoofs soon bore to our ears the proof of his assertion. The dust-cloud increased in volume and the mutter of pounding hoofs jarred like a distant rumble of thunder.

Our suspicions were quickly roused. We craned our necks and watched in silence. We had only a minute to wait before a big bunch of horses, going at a swift trot, broke cover of the point. A few seconds later we discovered, on the outskirts of the herd, which doubtless numbered many horses of our own, two pony-riders turning the leaders across the valley.

We did not have to guess that these men were "rustlers," and that there were more of them in the rear pushing the horses forward. Every movement of herd and men proclaimed the fact. A gang of our mountain freebooters had taken advantage of the stockmen's "stampede" to Lander to make another stampede, which should be vastly to their own advantage.

The men were steering their catch across Black Rock Valley up to the mouth of Two-owe-tee Pass. Once through that difficult gap they would hustle the herd into the fastnesses of Owl Creek Mountains, break it up into small bunches, and get away with the horses at their leisure.

Ferd and I did not say this to each other

—we did not need to do so. We slipped off the fence presently and looked at each other in a grim kind of way.

"Well," said Ferd, "we've got to head off that herd; stampede or scatter 'em, somehow."

"Sure thing!" I assented.

When Florence understood the case, she set up a frantic wail. "You sha'n't go! she almost screamed. "Those men will shoot you dead! Anyway, if you do, I'll go along and be shot too!"

"You will stay at home, Florry," said Ferd, kindly, but in a masterful tone. "We'll take good care of ourselves, never fear."

Thereupon she ran crying to the house. We could not stop to comfort her. While Ferd went for our guns, trappings and a snack to eat, I ran to the creek pasture, cut out two of our best riding-ponies and saddled them. When I had finished, Ferd came out, wearing his hunting-jacket and carrying my jacket and our guns.

The big side-pockets of the coats were stuffed to bulging, but my jacket felt light enough, and, when I thrust a hand into one of the pockets and drew out a giant "cracker" of the biggest size, I fairly whooped with delight. There were a half-dozen in each pocket and each one was a foot in length. They would make enough noise to stampede a whole tribe of Indians, let alone four or five hundred half-wild horses.

We were off in a twinkling. We knew of an old buffalo and cattle trail a half-mile distant, leading up to the head of Black Rock and round the slopes of several mountains into the north gap of Two-owe-tee. This trail we took.

"We'll plant ourselves in front of that herd in the gap," said Ferd, "and there we'll have our celebration. I believe we can 'counter-stampede,' run 'em over that crowd, and get away in the dust and racket."

The very probable event of a fight against odds, however, kept us feeling pretty sober. We clattered along the "cut off" at a hard gallop without exchanging many remarks.

We rode on for more than an hour passing up out of Black Rock and over a mountain-ridge. Then we heard a clatter of hoofs at our heels and turned to face Florence. Her pony was sweating, her face was flushed and beseeching, as she pulled up confronting us. As the trail was a plain one, she had had no difficulty in following.

"I can't stay behind!" she announced breathlessly. "I should die of fright! I

don't believe those men will fight when they see a girl along."

So that was her reason for coming! We looked at each other in dismay and some disgust. But she was a girl of sixteen, a capable horsewoman and of a determined spirit. We could not compel her to stay behind.

"Well," said Ferd, "when we get to business you'll have to stay where we put you, or we'll tie you up!"

Then we "hit" the trail again and Florence followed. I looked back to find that she was crying, although she rode bravely, and I was truly sorry for her.

In the course of three hours of hard riding we came out of a sharp cut into the cañon of Two-owe-tee. A brief examination convinced us that we should find no better point at which to make a break in the herd and turn them back upon the rustlers. The gap of Two-owe-tee was here some two hundred yards in width, with inaccessible steeps on either hand.

We rather counted on a fight, and Ferd planned for it like a general. He even consented that Florence should take a part in cannonading the herd, whereat she at once became a calm and superior sort of person. She agreed to keep close in to the mouth of the cut, after we had gotten the herd going, and in a certain length of time to take her flight back over the trail by which we had come.

Even when we told her we would fight—pointing out from a height the high banks of a dry run where we were to make our stand when we had run the herd over the rustlers—she approved the plan.

"You can stand them off easily," she declared. "Their bullets can't hit you in there, and if they charge, you can stampede them with crackers."

We rather thought so ourselves. We then ate a bit of dinner and rested, listening meanwhile for the approach of the herd. It was nearly four o'clock when we heard the rumble of their hoofs and sighted the trail of dust up the cañon.

We quickly took our places. Florence stood just outside the mouth of the cut, with several giant crackers and some matches in hand. She was a little pale, but cool and collected and showed no sign of fear.

Ferd and I sat our ponies on either side of the creek-bed and waited, I must admit, in a state of considerable excitement. We had no fear for our seats, however, as our ponies were gun-broken to firing from the saddle, and would not shy at cannon-shots even. They

were, in fact, accustomed to the crack of dynamite and black powder, used in breaking rock and splitting logs near our house.

The foremost horses of the herd were soon close at hand. Of course, the dust they raised completely hid us from the view of the rustlers in their rear.

They were coming at a free trot on each side of the creek channel. We waited until the leaders had halted, snorting, in front of us. Then we lighted our crackers and flung them, eight or ten, one after the other. Florence took her part in the cannonade, throwing her crackers as far as she could toward the horses.

For half a minute the cañon roared and reverberated with an astounding racket. This thunder and smoke flung the leading horses back upon their fellows until all were bunched like a flock of scared sheep.

Then we rode at them, each of us flinging a final cracker at their heels and all of us yelling like crazy Bannocks at a frolic. In no time we had them going—just "hitting the wind" in the wildest kind of a "counter-stampede." We followed, aware at first of the active operations of rustlers in our front. The swerving lines of horses told us plainly enough where they were. The dust and confusion prevented our seeing anything more than half a dozen yards distant.

By great good luck we came together in crossing a curve of the creek-bed. We rode at the tail of the herd until assured that the frightened horses would run as long as they were able—that our stampede could not be countered for an hour or more. We knew, from the time which had elapsed, that the rustlers, not fearing immediate pursuit, had saved wind and speed for a long chase.

And now we turned back, determined to take our stand in the mouth of the cut and guard the pass until the stockmen should begin to come in from Lander. It was only through the gap of Two-owe-tee that the rustlers could hope to run stock off our range.

Dust hung heavily in the gap, and in order to dodge the rustlers, if possible, we rode back down the creek channel, which here and there only held pools of water.

But luck turned against us just as we had reached a point nearly opposite the mouth of the cut. While riding across a flat where the ditch was extremely shallow, we sighted four horsemen scouting cautiously, evidently trying to discover the cause of the tremendous racket which had turned the stock.

They might easily have thought that miners were at work blasting rock somewhere near—doubtless they had come to some such conclusion.

But they saw us before we could get to cover. They were between us and the mouth of the cut, and they wheeled in an ugly fashion, holding their Winchesters at the "ready." We slipped out of our saddles and got behind our ponies.

The fellows were suspicious of a larger force

woollen shirt and a stiff hat. He had a drooping black moustache and long hair.

Presently the four got in line and began moving slowly toward us. They evidently wanted to make sure of us at the first fire.

"Halt where you are or somebody'll get hurt!" shouted Ferd. The rustlers glanced at each other. Two of them grinned wickedly. They came on without pausing.

Scared as I was, I was far more frightened in behalf of those reckless men than on my



THE BIG CRACKER STRUCK THE RIDER AND EXPLODED.

close at hand, or they would doubtless have charged us at once. They looked about rather anxiously, scanning the creek banks above and below.

As the dust had cleared somewhat, we could see their faces quite plainly. They were not more than fifty or sixty yards away. Three of them were dressed as cowboys and looked like ordinary line riders. The fourth, and apparently the leader, wore a blue

own account. If they could have known how quick and certain Ferd was with a rifle, they certainly would have kept their distance. I knew one of them must fall at my brother's first fire, and if they charged in saddle, I did not doubt he would kill them all before they could reach us—he was just as quick as that on the trigger, and could work his lever as a boy flips a marble. His rifle was already levelled, covering the leader.

"Halt, there, I tell you!" he called again, in a tone that would have stopped any but the most desperate of men. The rustlers fingered their Winchesters. They were about to begin the fight. Then, suddenly, out of the dust that still banked along the steeps, Florence came galloping directly at them.

The fellows turned their heads quickly at hearing the patter of her pony's hoofs, and the leader wheeled his horse sharply about. The latter lowered the rifle he had half-presented when he saw a girl confronting him. It was well enough for him that he did so.

Florence coolly pulled up in front and a little to one side of this astonished rustler.

"Those are my brothers down there," we heard her saying in a clear voice. "I am going to help them drive the horses. I guess my stirrup-strap is breaking loose." And she stooped over on the side opposite the man, as if to attend to her footing.

Then, before the leader or his men had recovered from the surprise of her sudden appearance, Florence straightened up and flung a hissing cracker at his pony's head.

At fifteen feet she ought not to have missed; but the pony dodged at the motion of her arm and the big yellow cracker struck the rider somewhere about his belt and exploded. The man was knocked or thrown out of his saddle, and sprawled upon the ground like a stricken frog. His pony sprang away, reeling from the concussion.

One of the mounted men yelled "Dynamite!" and all three put spurs to their dancing ponies and were out of range and sight in no time.

Ferd and I now advanced, with our guns covering the fallen rustler, who had raised himself to a sitting posture and seemed to be groping for his Winchester. He was blind and dizzy as yet from the shock he had received.

Florence had dismounted and secured his gun.

"I'm dreadfully sorry I hurt you, sir," we

heard her saying, ruefully. "I only meant to stampede your horses and keep you from shooting at my brothers."

She had, indeed, done execution. The man's shirt-front was blown away, his breast and face were blackened with powder, his moustache and eyebrows were singed off, and his eyes were red and bleary and rolled like those of a drunken man.

He was still lightheaded when Ferd and I came up. We got him to his feet and walked him round a bit. Florence ran to a pool and brought water in my wool hat. He drank eagerly.

When he had fully recovered his senses we knew that he was not seriously injured. He sat down upon the ground presently and, although the pain of his burns must have been acute, grinned at us with a sort of grim humour.

"Well," he asked; "goin' to shoot me up?"

I had already caught his horse.

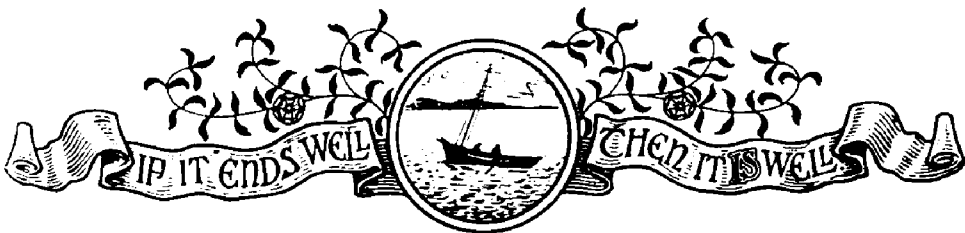
"Get into your saddle and get out of these parts," said Ferd. "Try to make an honest living in future, and no one will hurt you."

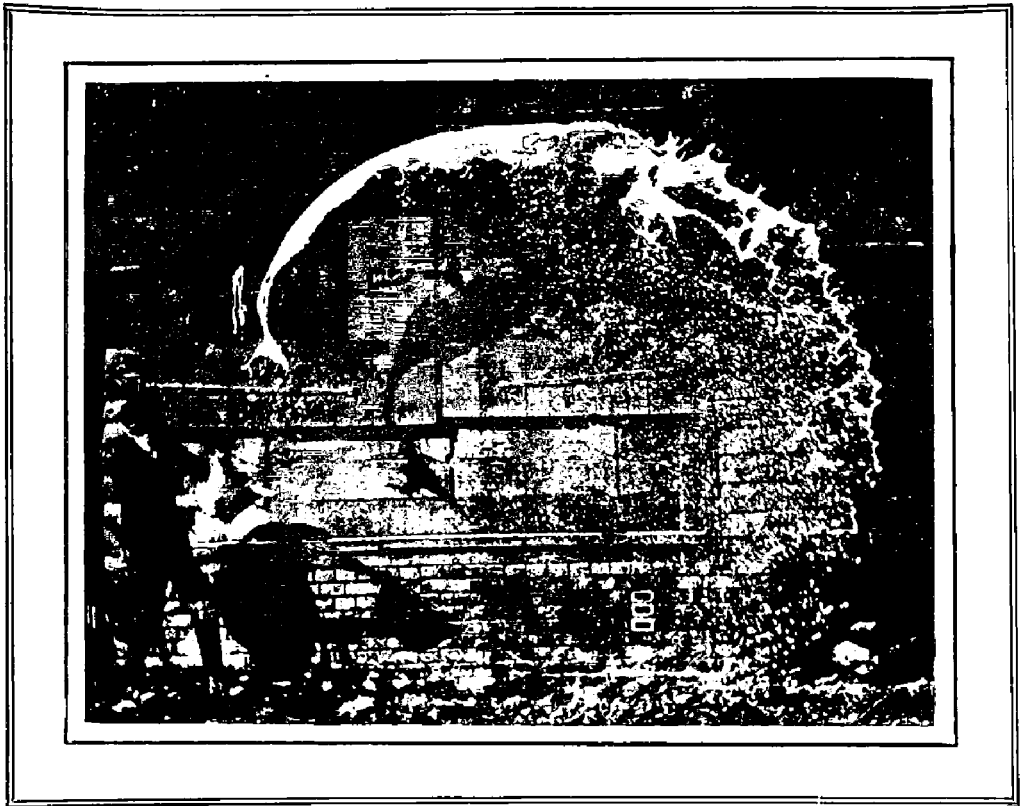
The man, with a grimace of humiliation, mounted his animal and rode away. We were glad enough to see the last of him.

We overtook the main herd of stampeded horses near the summit of the pass. That night we slept upon beds of spruce boughs. We reached home about eight o'clock in the morning and found the rest of the family awaiting us. They thought we must have gone to Lander.

When the stockmen came back from Lander they were in a great state of indignation. There had been no celebration, and they had ridden a hundred miles and back for nothing. It soon turned out that the rustlers themselves had caused the false report to be circulated.

I must add that Florence is now a person of considerable reputation in these parts.





A WATER-CAST, EXPOSURE 1/500 SECOND, TAKEN IN BRILLIANT SUNLIGHT IN JULY AT NOON.

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.



AM very often asked, by people of both sexes and of all ages, "What is the best camera to buy?" Before attempting an answer, I, in turn, query, "What purpose do you need it for?" Very possibly my friend looks a bit puzzled, as he really hasn't quite made up his mind, and only feels a vague prompting to "take to photography." So I question him further as to the sum he means to lay out, and the nature of the work that he would do with a camera when he gets it.

THE POPULARITY OF THE HAND CAMERA

is a proof that it has fulfilled a public need. It is portable, unostentatious, and so arranged that the user may make a large number of exposures without recourse to a dark room for the purpose of reloading. One has only to look at THE CAPTAIN'S Photographic Gallery to see that excellent work may be done with this form of apparatus, even when its cost is but very moderate. Of course, there are hand cameras and hand cameras, and the more money you pay the greater will be their conveniences and refinements. For a few shillings you can get a tiny box that really turns out

very creditable negatives, or you may pay £35 for the highest class "reflex" camera, which is all that the heart of the photographer can possibly desire. The majority of my readers will probably not soar higher than two or three guineas, at which price they have the pick among almost innumerable makes. As it is not my purpose to select here any particular camera, but rather to review cameras generally, I shall avoid the thorny and somewhat invidious task of stating my "fancy" among the cheaper-priced apparatus. One result of competition between manufacturers has led to very good value being given for the money in most cases.

Supposing that you have decided upon getting a hand camera, there is an important point still to be settled, viz.,

SHALL IT BE A PLATE CAMERA, A ROLLER FILM CAMERA, OR A COMBINATION OF BOTH?

This leads us at once to a consideration of the respective merits of plates and films. The former are, as any professional will tell you, much more easy to handle than films during all the processes of development and printing; and therefore be

sticks to them entirely for his work, which is carried on indoors to a large extent. The amateur also soon learns the virtues of a plate when he has wrestled awhile with films. The main advantages of the latter are:—

1. Their lightness.
2. The ease with which they can be stored and changed.
3. Their freedom from breakage.

It is also in their favour that the apparatus with which they are used can be made much more compact than the box-shaped plate magazine camera. The Kodaks are, of course, a leading example of compactness; and it is this feature that has rendered them so popular.

The roller film has, however, its disadvantages—

1. It is a troublesome thing to dismember.
2. It won't lie as flat as a plate in the dish.
3. It is more expensive than the plate, size for size.

This last is, to the beginner, perhaps the greatest drawback of all. The films used in one of my cameras cost three times as much as plates of equal size, and don't yield so good results; and other makes are at least twice as dear as plates. In the course of a year this difference may come to a considerable sum, perhaps almost equal to the original price of the camera. The fact is, that in films you have to pay for the extra cost of manufacture and their peculiar convenience.

Turning next to the

PLATE MAGAZINE CAMERA,

we find ourselves confronted by a box of a quite formidable size, even if it contains only quarter plates. The plates are carried in sheaths, which are easily inserted or withdrawn, and shifted on by simple mechanism. There are usually two useful “finders,” more accurately centred than on most bellows cameras, which generally carry a finder on the base-board. The chief objection to this form of camera is its size. But when once you have got to the developing room you think that the extra weight was worth the trouble it gave.

So much for these two types. There remains a third—more expensive—

IN WHICH BOTH PLATES AND FILMS MAY BE USED.

at will, by means of dark slides and attachments. The Pony Premo is a good example. Such cameras are usually also provided with a focussing screen which enables you to employ them as ordinary stand cameras. My own favourite instrument for hand work—a 5×4 Goerz-Anschutz—has a bellows movement, a finder on the top of the body, and a focussing screen with a hood to obviate the need for a cloth. I use

plates, contained in half-a-dozen beautiful feather-weight slides; and what with the fine workmanship, splendid lens, and lightness of the whole, I could hardly desire a better outfit, especially as it has the rising and sliding fronts so useful for stand work. In short, it is a hand-stand-camera. But its cost is too great to be within the reach of everybody.

It will aid you in your choice if you consider that

THE STAND CAMERA AND THE HAND CAMERA HAVE DIFFERENT VOCATIONS.

The former is used for picture-making, the latter for record-making. Nowadays the tyro is very apt to overlook the pictorial side of photography altogether. He has his hand machine, and snaps at anything that takes his passing fancy. A large proportion of his shots are failures. Either the subject was out of focus, or the light was too weak for the stop used. I am afraid that

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE HAND CAMERA

has led to a great deal of recklessness and want of discretion in the exposure of plates and films. The amateur so often fails to realise that the cheap hand camera has a *limited field*. Instantaneous photography demands either a strong light or a lens that will give sharp definition with a large aperture. Such lenses are not found on cheap apparatus. So you mustn't expect your guinea magazine to do in the winter what it will do in the summer on the sea-shore; nor, because it acquits itself well at midday, does it follow that it will be of any use after five o'clock.

THE STAND CAMERA HAS A WIDER SPHERE OF ACTION.

If fitted with an instantaneous shutter it will perform much of the work of a hand camera. And, being firm on its tripod, a time exposure becomes an easy matter where “still life” is the subject. You have merely to make the period proportionate to the strength of the light. This is largely a matter of simple calculation.

For *picture-making* the stand camera is a *sine qua non*. Having selected and arranged your subject, and twisted the camera about until just the objects required are on the ground glass, you stop down to ensure that the plate shall be sharply covered right to the very edges. Then you refer to your table of exposures, and give the time that calculation and experience suggest. Your lens may not be a first-class one, but that does not prevent you from obtaining a sharp, well-focussed picture if a sufficiently small stop be used.

A HALF PLATE IS THE MOST USEFUL ALL-ROUND
SIZE FOR A STAND CAMERA.

While a quarter plate is too small to do justice to a view or an architectural subject, a whole plate is too cumbersome for the average amateur. If you wish to make negatives from which to print lantern slides by contact you can use quarter plates in carriers, and a fancy for picture post-card or 5x4 negatives may be as easily indulged. I often take a subject quarter-plate size on a half-plate, so as to make certain that any staining or frilling of the edges shall not injure the essential parts of the picture.

FOR THREE GUINEAS

you may buy a very serviceable half-plate camera, lens, and one or two double dark backs, together with a threefold stand. The camera should have a reversing and swinging back, and a rising and falling front. It was with such an instrument

tectural subjects. The records made by the "snappist" are, in the majority of cases, interesting to him alone, or at most to a narrow circle of people; the really pretty picture will attract general attention. It will do you a deal of good to

VISIT THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITIONS, and there obtain an insight into the artistic side of photography. Before you have been there long you begin to realise that photography is an art, and not merely a pastime, as it is too often regarded.

In conclusion, if you mean to take photography seriously, you will go for a stand camera, whether you possess a hand camera or not. It is not the "lightning artist" who gets "hung on the line" of the Royal Academy.

I have selected from my album, as illustrations, typical instances of very fast work and a time exposure, both made with a stand camera.



A GROUP OF APPLEDORE CHILDREN, HALF-SECOND EXPOSURE.

that I did very good work, both time and instantaneous, years before the boom of the hand camera; and when I turn over the leaves of my album I confess to feeling most satisfied with my still-life subjects. What does the confirmed snap-shottist know of the pleasures of selection, composition, and calculation? What heed does he take of the balancing of his picture by the artful introduction of objects into the foreground, or to the delicate focussing which stands revealed in the finished print? I am guilty of a lot of snapping myself; but I don't think one would care to cover one's walls with prints of jumping horses if one had one's pick of some beautiful landscape or archi-

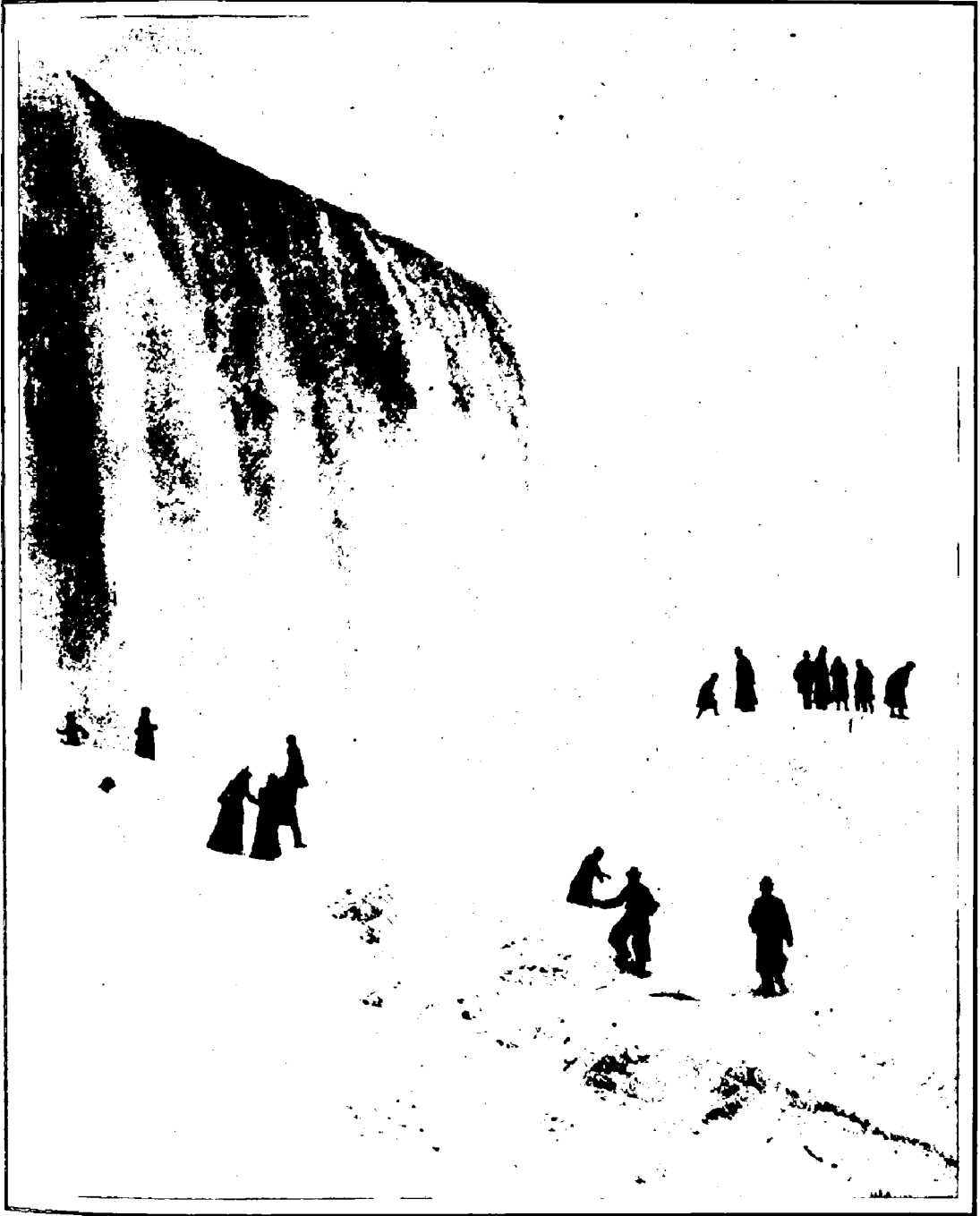
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jack Loutet.—Thanks for the negative which I regret to say arrived in some three or four dozen pieces. (In the case of breakable things, never put the stamps on the package itself, but on a separate tie label.) Still, I was able to see, by putting the larger fragments together, that the plate had been under-exposed. You cannot judge from mere *time* of image coming up whether you have given right exposure. Thus a solution strong in the accelerating element will cause an under-exposed plate to flash up quite quickly in the high lights, whereas a correctly-exposed plate will "hang back" in a solution that is too weak an accelerator. I am glad that you have had better success with the pyro-soda. Why don't you buy a box of Imperial plates and use the formula for pyro-soda given on the cover? I always use these plates and this formula and so know where I am. Packets of ready-mixed

chemicals I do not care for at all. Solutions are much more handy—except for travelling—and if properly made will keep good for months. I am sorry I can't name any $5\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ plates. Why don't you write to the makers of the camera?

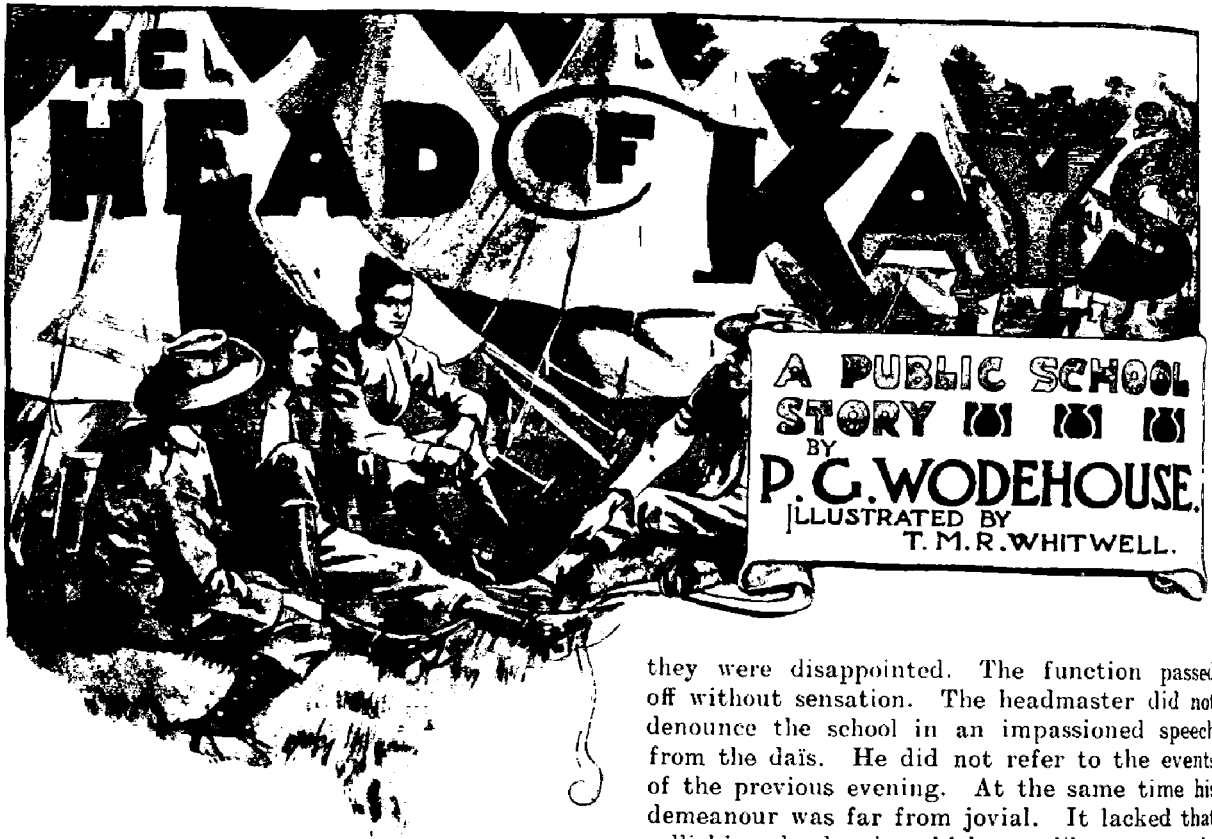
K. K. K.—Of the two kinds of roll film cameras you name, I know the Kodak only from personal experience. It cannot be beaten at its price, I

fancy. You will get a good camera and the reputation thrown in. "Blue prints" require strong negatives; but, given these, yield very pleasing results for seascapes. "All blue" is not a very artistic colour, however, and a little of it goes a long way. I find the process useful for making trial prints; it is certainly cheap, and the simplest extant.



NIAGARA IN WINTER.—NOTE THE PEOPLE ON THE ICE MOUNTAIN FORMED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE FALLS.

Photo by "Topical."



A PUBLIC SCHOOL
 STORY IN IN IN
 BY
P. C. WODEHOUSE.
 ILLUSTRATED BY
 T. M. R. WHITWELL.

SYNOPSIS.

FENN is head of Kay's—the most disorderly house at Eckleton. His task in ruling such a crew is unsatisfactory enough, but Mr. Kay renders it doubly so by his unreasonable behaviour towards the captain of the house. Fenn is the finest cricketer in the school—having been selected to play for his county in the holidays—and entirely by his efforts Kay's gets into the final of the house matches. But Mr. Kay, who takes no interest whatever in the athletics of his house, keeps Fenn in on the afternoon of the match, and Kay's crack bat only appears in time to go in last, the consequence being that Kay's loses the match. Feeling naturally runs high against Mr. Kay, who, owing to the illness of a colleague, is called upon to preside over the grand term-end concert—always a solemn and classical affair. Fenn is a performer. Having played a serious piece, an encore being demanded, he breaks into a giddy trifle called the "Coon Band Contest," which sets hundreds of feet stamping. The uproar (led by Kay malcontents) rises to such a pitch that the concert has to be brought to a premature close, and it is feared that Fenn is destined to hear from the headmaster on the matter.

CHAPTER V.

CAMP.

WITH the best intentions in the world, however, a headmaster cannot make a row about a thing unless he is given a reasonable amount of time to make it in. The concert being on the last evening of term, there was only a single morning before the summer holidays, and that morning was occupied with the prize-giving. The school assembled at ten o'clock with a shadowy hope that this prize-day would be more exciting than the general run of prize-days, but

they were disappointed. The function passed off without sensation. The headmaster did not denounce the school in an impassioned speech from the dais. He did not refer to the events of the previous evening. At the same time his demeanour was far from jovial. It lacked that rollicking bonhomie which we like to see in headmasters on prize-day. It was evident to the most casual observer that the affair was not closed. The school would have to pay the bill sooner or later. But eight weeks would elapse before the day of reckoning, which was a comforting thought.

The last prize was handed over to its rightful owner. The last and dullest vote of thanks had been proposed by the last and dullest member of the board of governors. The Bishop of Rumbifoo (who had been selected this year to distribute the prizes) had worked off his seventy minutes' speech (inaudible, of course, as usual), and was feeling much easier. The term had been formally declared at an end, and those members of the school corps who were going to camp were beginning to assemble in front of the buildings.

"I wonder why it always takes about three hours to get us off to the station," said Jimmy Silver. "I've been to camp two years now, and there's always been this rotting about in the grounds before we start. Nobody's likely to turn up to inspect us for the next hour or so. If any gent cares to put in a modest ginger-beer at the shop, I'm with him."

"I don't see why we shouldn't," said Kennedy. He had seen Fenn go into the shop, and wished to talk to him. He had not seen him after the concert, and he thought it would be interesting to know how Kay had taken it

and what his comments had been on meeting Fenn in the house that night.

Fenn had not much to say.

"He was rather worried," he said, grinning as if the recollection of the interview amused him. "But he couldn't do anything. Of course, there'll be a row next term, but it can't be helped."

"If I were you," said Silver, "I should point out to them that you'd a perfect right to play what you liked for an encore. How were you to know the gallery would go off like that? You aren't responsible for them. Hullo, there's that bugle. Things seem to be on the move. We must go."

"So long," said Fenn.

"Good-bye. Mind you come off against Middlesex."

Kennedy stayed for a moment.

"Has the Old Man said anything to you yet?" he asked.

"Not yet. He'll do that next term. It'll be something to look forward to."

Kennedy hurried off to take his place in the ranks.

Getting to camp at the end of the summer term is always a nuisance. Aldershot seems a long way from everywhere, and the trains take their time over the journey. Then, again, the heat always happens to be particularly oppressive on that day. Snow may have fallen on the day before, but directly one sets out for camp the thermometer goes up into three figures. The Eckleton contingent marched into the lines damp and very thirsty.

Most of the other schools were already on the spot, and looked as if they had been spending the last few years there. There was nothing particular going on when the Eckleton warriors arrived, and everybody was lounging about in khaki and shirt-sleeves, looking exasperatingly cool. The only consolation which buoyed up the spirits of Eckleton was the reflection that in a short space of time, when the important-looking gentleman in uniform who had come to meet them had said all he wanted to say on the subject of rules and regulations, they would be like that too. Happy thought! If the man bucked up and cut short the peroration, there would be time for a bathe in Cove Reservoir. Those of the corps who had been to camp in previous years felt quite limp with the joy of the thought. Why couldn't he get through with it, and give a fellow a chance of getting cool again?

The gist of the oration was apparently that the Eckleton cadets were to consider themselves not only as soldiers—and as such subject to Military Discipline, and the Rules for the Con-

duct of Troops Quartered in the Aldershot District—but also as members of a public school. In short, that if they misbehaved themselves they would get cells, and a hundred lines in the same breath, as it were.

The corps knew all this ages ago. The man seemed to think he was telling them something fresh. They began positively to dislike him after a while.

He finished at last. Eckleton marched, off wearily, but in style, to its lines.

"Dis-miss!"

They did.

"And about time, too," said Jimmy Silver. "I wish they would tie that man up, or something. He's one of the worst bores I know. He may be full of bright conversation in private life, but in public he will talk about his beastly military regulations. You can't stop him. It's a perfect mania with him. Now, I believe—that's to say, I have a sort of dim idea—that there's a place round about here called a canteen. I seem to remember such a thing vaguely. We might go and look for it."

Kennedy made no objection.

This was his first appearance at camp. Jimmy Silver, on the other hand, was a veteran. He had been there twice before, and meant to go again. He had a peculiar and extensive knowledge of the ins and outs of the place. Kennedy was quite willing to take him as his guide. He was full of information. Kennedy was surprised to see what a number of men from the other schools he seemed to know. In the canteen there were, amongst others, a Carthusian, two Tonbridge men, and a Haileyburian. They all greeted Silver with the warmth of old friends.

"You get to know a lot of fellows in camp," explained Jimmy, as they strolled back to the Eckleton lines. "That's the best of the place. Camp's the best place on earth, if only you have decent weather. See that chap over there? He came here last year. He'd never been before, and one of the things he didn't know was that Cove Reservoir's only about three feet deep round the sides. He took a running dive, and almost buried himself in the mud. It's about two feet deep. He told me afterwards he swallowed pounds of it. Rather bad luck. Somebody ought to have told him. You can't do much diving here."

"Glad you mentioned it," said Kennedy. "I should have dived myself if you hadn't."

Many other curious and diverting facts did the expert drag from the bonded warehouse of his knowledge. Nothing changes at camp. Once get to know the ropes, and you know them for all time.

"The one thing I bar," he said, "is having to get up at half-past five. And one day in the week, when there's a divisional field-day, it's half-past four. It's hardly worth while going to sleep at all. Still, it isn't so bad as it used to be. The first year I came to camp we used to have to do a three hours' field-day before brekker. We used to have coffee before it, and nothing else till it was over. By Jove, you felt you'd had enough of it before you got back. This is Laffan's Plain. The worst of Laffan's Plain is that you get to know it too well. You get jolly sick of always starting on field-days from the same place, and marching across the same bit of ground. Still, I suppose they can't alter the scenery for our benefit. See that man there? He won the sabres at Aldershot last year. That chap with him is in the Clifton footer team."

When a school corps goes to camp, it lives in a number of tents, and, as a rule, each house collects in a tent of its own. Blackburn's had a tent, and further down the line Kay's had assembled. The Kay contingent were under Weyburn, a good sort, as far as he himself was concerned, but too weak to handle a mob like Kay's. Weyburn was not coming back after the holidays, a fact which perhaps still further weakened his hold on the Kayites. They had nothing to fear from him next term.

Kay's was represented at camp by a dozen or so of its members, of whom young Billy Silver alone had any pretensions to the esteem of his fellow man. Kay's was the rowdiest house in the school, and the cream of its rowdy members had come to camp. There was Walton, for one, a perfect specimen of the public school man at his worst. There was Mortimer, another of Kay's gems. Perry, again, and Callingham, and the rest. A pleasant gang, fit for anything, if it could be done in safety.

Kennedy observed them, and—the spectacle starting a train of thought—asked Jimmy Silver, as they went into their tent just before lights-out, if there was much ragging in camp.

"Not very much," said the expert. "Chaps are generally too done up at the end of the day to want to do anything except sleep. Still, I've known cases. You sometimes get one tent mobbing another. They cut the ropes, you know. Low trick, I think. It isn't often done, and it gets dropped on like bricks when it's found out. But why? Do you feel as if you wanted to do it?"

"It only occurred to me that we've got a lively gang from Kay's here. I was wondering if they'd get any chances of ragging, or if they'd have to lie low."

"I'd forgotten Kay's for the moment. Now

you mention it, they are rather a crew. But I shouldn't think they'd find it worth while to rot about here. It isn't as if they were on their native heath. People have a prejudice against having their tent-ropes cut, and they'd get beans if they did anything in that line. I remember once, there was a tent which made itself objectionable, and it got raided in the night by a sort of vigilance committee from the other schools, and the chaps in it got the dickens of a time. None of them ever came to camp again. I hope Kay's'll try and behave decently. It'll be an effort for them; but I hope they'll make it. It would be an awful nuisance if young Billy made an ass of himself in any way. He loves making an ass of himself. It's a sort of hobby of his."

As if to support the statement, a sudden volley of subdued shouts came from the other end of the Eckleton lines.

"Go it, Wren!"

"Stick to it, Silver!"

"Wren!"

"Silver!"

"S-s-h!"

Silence, followed almost immediately by a gruff voice inquiring with simple directness what the dickens all this noise was about.

"Hullo!" said Kennedy, "did you hear that? I wonder what's been up? Your brother was in it, whatever it was."

"Of course," said Jimmy Silver, "he would be. We can't find out about it now, though. I'll ask him to-morrow, if I remember. I sha'n't remember, of course. Good-night."

"Good-night."

Half an hour later Kennedy, who had been ruminating over the incident in his usual painstaking way, reopened the debate.

"Who's Wren?" he asked.

"Wha'?" murmured Silver, sleepily.

"Who's Wren?" repeated Kennedy.

"I d'know. . . . oh. . . . Li'l' beast. . . . Kay's. . . . Red hair. . . . G'-ni'."

And sleep reigned in Blackburn's tent.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RAID ON THE GUARD-TENT.

WREN and Billy Silver had fallen out over a question of space. It was Silver's opinion that Wren's nest ought to have been built a foot or two further to the left. He stated baldly that he had not room to breathe, and requested the red-headed one to ease off a point or so in the direction of his next-door neighbour. Wren had refused, and, after a few moments' chatty conversation, smote William earnestly in the wind.

Trouble had begun upon the instant. It had ceased almost as rapidly owing to interruptions from without, but the truce had been merely temporary. They continued the argument outside the tent at five-thirty the next morning, after the *vélocité* had sounded, amidst shouts of approval from various shivering mortals who were tubbing preparatory to embarking on the labours of the day.

A brisk first round had just come to a conclusion when Walton lounged out of the tent, yawning.

Walton proceeded to separate the combatants. After which he rebuked Billy Silver with a swagger-stick. Wren's share in the business he overlooked. He was by way of being a patron of Wren's, and he disliked Billy Silver partly for his own sake and partly because he hated his brother, with whom he had come into contact once or twice during his career at Eckleton, always with unsatisfactory results.

So Walton dropped on to Billy Silver, and Wren continued his toilet rejoicing.

Camp was beginning the strenuous life now. Tent after tent emptied itself of its occupants, who stretched themselves vigorously, and proceeded towards the tubbing-ground, where there were tin baths for those who cared to wait until the same were vacant, and a good, honest pump for those who did not. Then there was that unpopular job, the piling of one's bedding outside the tent, and the rolling up of the tent curtains. But these unpleasant duties came to an end at last, and signs of breakfast began to appear.

Breakfast gave Kennedy his first insight into life in camp. He happened to be tent-orderly that day, and it therefore fell to his lot to join the orderlies from the other tents in their search for the Eckleton rations. He returned with a cargo of bread (obtained from the quartermaster), and, later, with a great tin of meat, which the cook-house had supplied, and felt that this was life. Hitherto breakfast had been to him a thing of white cloths, tables, and food that appeared from nowhere. This was the first time he had ever tracked his food to its source, so to speak, and brought it back with him. After breakfast, when he was informed that, as tent-orderly for the day, it was his business to wash up, he began to feel as if he were on a desert island. He had never quite realised before what washing-up implied, and he was conscious of a feeling of respect for the servants at Blackburn's, who did

it every day as a matter of course, without complaint. He had had no idea before this of the intense stickiness of a jammy plate.

One day at camp is much like another. The schools opened the day with parade drill at about eight o'clock, and, after an instruction series of "changing direction half-left in column of double companies," and other pleasant movements of a similar nature, adjourned for lunch. Lunch was much like breakfast, except that



HE HAD NEVER QUITE REALISED BEFORE WHAT WASHING-UP IMPLIED.

the supply of jam was cut off. The people who arrange these things—probably the War Office, or Mr. Brodrick, or someone—have come to the conclusion that two pots of jam per tent

are sufficient for breakfast and lunch. The unwary devour theirs recklessly at the earlier meal, and have to go jamless until tea at six o'clock, when another pot is served out.

The afternoon at camp is perfect or otherwise, according to whether there is a four o'clock field day or not. If there is, there are more manœuvres until tea-time, and the time is spent profitably, but not so pleasantly as it might be. If there is no field-day, you can take your time about your bathe in Cove Reservoir. And a really satisfactory bathe on a hot day should last at least three hours. Kennedy and Jimmy Silver strolled off in the direction of the Reservoir as soon as they felt that they had got over the effects of the beef, potatoes, and ginger-beer which a generous commissariat had doled out to them for lunch. It was a glorious day, and bathing was the only thing to do for the next hour or so. Stump-cricket, that fascinating sport much indulged in in camp, would not be at its best until the sun had cooled off a little.

After a pleasant half hour in the mud and water of the Reservoir, they lay on the bank and watched the rest of the schools take their afternoon dip. Kennedy had laid in a supply of provisions from the stall which stood at the camp end of the water. Neither of them felt inclined to move.

"This is decent," said Kennedy, wriggling into a more comfortable position in the long grass. "Hullo!"

"What's up?" inquired Jimmy Silver, lazily.

He was almost asleep.

"Look at those idiots. They're certain to get spotted."

Jimmy Silver tilted his hat off his face, and sat up.

"What's the matter? Which idiot?"

Kennedy pointed to a bush on their right. Walton and Perry were seated beside it. Both were smoking.

"Oh, that's all right," said Silver. "Masters never come to Cove Reservoir. It's a sort of unwritten law. They're rotters to smoke, all the same. Certain to get spotted some day. . . . Not worth it. . . . Spoils lungs. . . . Beastly bad. . . . training."

He dozed off. The sun was warm, and the grass very soft and comfortable. Kennedy turned his gaze to the Reservoir again. It was no business of his what Walton and Perry did.

Walton and Perry were discussing ways and means. The conversation changed as they saw Kennedy glance at them. They were the sort of persons who feel a vague sense of injury

when anybody looks at them, perhaps because they feel that those whose attention is attracted to them must say something to their discredit when they begin to talk about them.

"There's that beast Kennedy," said Walton. "I can't stick that man. He's always hanging round the house. What he comes for, I can't make out."

"Pal of Fenn's," suggested Perry.

"He hangs on to Fenn. I bet Fenn bars him really."

Perry doubted this in his innermost thoughts, but it was not worth while to say so.

"Those Blackburn chaps," continued Walton, reverting to another grievance, "will stick on no end of side next term about that cup. They wouldn't have had a look in if Kay hadn't given Fenn that extra. Kay ought to be kicked. I'm hanged if I'm going to care what I do next term. Somebody ought to do something to take it out of Kay for getting his own house licked like that."

Walton spoke as if the line of conduct he had mapped out for himself would be a complete reversal of his customary mode of life. As a matter of fact, he had never been in the habit of caring very much what he did.

Walton's last remarks brought the conversation back to where it had been before the mention of Kennedy switched it off on to new lines. Perry had been complaining that he thought camp a fraud, that it was all drilling and getting up at unearthly hours. He reminded Walton that he had only come on the strength of the latter's statement that it would be a rag. Where did the rag come in? That was what Perry wanted to know.

"When it's not a ghastly sweat," he concluded, "it's slow. Like it is now. Can't we do something for a change?"

"As a matter of fact," said Walton, "nearly all the best rags are played out. A chap at a crammer's told me last holidays that when he was at camp he and some other fellows cut the ropes of the guard-tent. He said it was grand sport."

Perry sat up.

"That's the thing," he said, excitedly. "Let's do that. Why not?"

"It's beastly risky," objected Walton.

"What's that matter? They can't do anything, even if they spot us."

"That's all you know. We should get beans."

"Still, it's worth risking. It would be the biggest rag going. Did the chap tell you how they did it?"

"Yes," said Walton, becoming animated as he recalled the stirring tale, "they bagged the

sentry. Chucked a cloth or something over his head, you know. Then they shoved him into the ditch, and one of them sat on him while the others cut the ropes. It took the chaps inside no end of a time getting out."

"That's the thing. We'll do it. We only need one other chap. Leveson would come if we asked him. Let's get back to the lines. It's almost tea-time. Tell him after tea."

Leveson proved agreeable. Indeed, he jumped at it. His life, his attitude suggested, had been a hollow mockery until he heard the plan, but now he could begin to enjoy himself once more.

The lights-out bugle sounded at ten o'clock; the last post at ten-thirty. At a quarter to twelve the three adventurers, who had been keeping themselves awake by the exercise of great pains, satisfied themselves that the other occupants of the tent were asleep, and stole out.

It was an excellent night for their purpose. There was no moon, and the stars were hidden by clouds.

They crept silently towards the guard-tent. A dim figure loomed out of the blackness. They noted with satisfaction, as it approached, that it was small. Sentries at the public-school camp vary in physique. They felt that it was lucky that the task of sentry-go had not fallen that night to some muscular forward from one of the school fifteens, or worse still, to a boxing expert who had figured in the Aldershot competition at Easter. The present sentry would be an easy victim.

They waited for him to arrive.

A moment later Private Jones, of St. Asterisk's—for it was he—turning to resume his beat, found himself tackled from behind. Two moments later he was reclining in the ditch. He would have challenged his adversary, but unfortunately that individual happened to be seated on his face.

He struggled, but to no purpose.



HE FOUND HIMSELF TACKLED FROM BEHIND.

He was still struggling when a muffled roar of indignation from the direction of the guard-tent broke the stillness of the summer night. The roar swelled into a crescendo. What seemed like echoes came from other quarters out of the darkness. The camp was waking.

The noise from the guard-tent waxed louder.

The unknown marauder rose from his seat on Private Jones, and vanished.

Private Jones also rose. He climbed out of the ditch, shook himself, looked round for his assailant, and, not finding him, hurried to the guard-tent to see what was happening.

CHAPTER VII.

A CLUE.

THE guard-tent had disappeared.

Private Jones' bewildered eye, rolling in a fine frenzy from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, in search of the missing edifice, found it at last in a tangled heap upon the ground. It was too dark to see anything distinctly, but he perceived that the canvas was rising and falling spasmodically like a stage sea, and for a similar reason—because there were human beings imprisoned beneath it.

By this time the whole camp was up and doing. Figures in *déshabille*, dashing the last vestiges of sleep away with their knuckles, trooped on to the scene in twos and threes, full of inquiry and trenchant sarcasm.

"What are you men playing at? What's all the row about? Can't you finish that game of footer some other time, when we aren't trying to get to sleep? What on earth's up?"

Then the voice of one having authority.

"What's the matter? What are you doing?"

It was perfectly obvious what the guard was doing. It was trying to get out from underneath the fallen tent. Private Jones explained this with some warmth.

"Somebody jumped at me and sat on my head in the ditch. I couldn't get up. And then some blackguard cut the ropes of the guard-tent. I couldn't see who it was. He cut off directly the tent went down."

Private Jones further expressed a wish that he could find the chap. When he did, there would, he hinted, be trouble in the old home-stead.

The tent was beginning to disgorge its prisoners.

"Guard, turn out!" said a facetious voice from the darkness.

The camp was divided into two schools of thought. Those who were watching the guard struggle out thought the episode funny. The guard did not. It was pathetic to hear them on the subject of their mysterious assailants.

Matters quieted down rapidly after the tent had been set up again. The spectators were driven back to their lines by their officers. The guard turned in again to try and restore their shattered nerves with sleep until their time for sentry-go came round. Private Jones picked up his rifle and resumed his beat. The affair was at an end as far as that night was concerned.

Next morning, as might be expected, nothing else was talked about. Conversation at breakfast was confined to the topic. No halfpenny

paper, however many times its circulation might exceed that of any penny morning paper, ever propounded so fascinating and puzzling a breakfast-table problem. It was the utter impossibility of detecting the culprits that appealed to the schools. They had swooped down like hawks out of the night, and disappeared like eels into mud, leaving no traces.

Jimmy Silver, of course, had no doubts.

"It was those Kay's men," he said. "What does it matter about evidence? You've only got to look at 'em. That's all the evidence you want. The only thing that makes it at all puzzling is that they did nothing worse. You'd naturally expect them to slay the sentry, at any rate."

But the rest of the camp, lacking that intimate knowledge of the Kayite which he possessed, did not turn the eye of suspicion towards the Eckleton lines. The affair remained a mystery. Kennedy, who never gave up a problem when everybody else did, continued to revolve the mystery in his mind.

"I shouldn't wonder," he said to Silver, two days later, "if you were right."

Silver, who had not made any remark for the last five minutes, with the exception of abusive comments on the toughness of the meat which he was trying to carve with a blunt knife for the tent, asked for an explanation.

"I mean about that row the other night."

"What row?"

"That guard-tent business."

"Oh, that! I'd forgotten. Why don't you move with the times? You're always thinking of something that's been dead and buried for years."

"You remember you said you thought it was those Kay's chaps who did it. I've been thinking it over, and I believe you're right. You see, it was probably somebody who'd been to camp before, or he wouldn't have known that dodge of cutting the ropes."

"I don't see why. Seems to me it's the sort of idea that might have occurred to anybody. You don't want to study the thing particularly deeply to know that the best way of making a tent collapse is to cut the ropes. Of course, it was Kay's lot who did it. But I don't see how you're going to have them simply because one or two of them have been here before."

"No, I suppose not," said Kennedy.

After tea the other occupants of the tent went out of the lines to play stump-cricket. Silver was in the middle of a story in one of the magazines, so did not accompany them. Kennedy cried off on the plea of slackness.

"I say," he said, when they were alone.

"Hullo," said Silver, finishing his story, and putting down the magazine. "What do you say to going after those chaps? I thought that story was going to be a long one that would take half an hour to get through. But it collapsed. Like that guard-tent."

"About that tent business," said Kennedy. "Of course that was all rot what I was saying just now. I suddenly remembered that I didn't particularly want anybody but you to hear what I was going to say, so I had to invent any rot that I could think of."

"But now," said Jimmy Silver, sinking his voice to a melodramatic whisper, "the villagers have left us to continue their revels on the green, our wicked uncle has gone to London, his sinister retainer, Jasper Murgleshaw, is washing his hands in the scullery sink, and—we are alone!"

"Don't be an ass," pleaded Kennedy.

"Tell me your dreadful tale. Conceal nothing. Spare me not. In fact, say on."

"I've had a talk with the chap who was sentry that night," began Kennedy.

"Astounding revelations by our special correspondent," murmured Silver.

"You might listen."

"I am listening. Why don't you begin? All this hesitation strikes me as suspicious. Get on with your shady story."

"You remember the sentry was upset—"

"Very upset."

"Somebody collared him from behind, and upset him into the ditch. They went in together, and the other man sat on his head."

"A touching picture. Proceed, friend."

"They rolled about a bit, and this sentry chap swears he scratched the man. It was just after that that the man sat on his head. Jones says he was a big chap, strong and heavy."

"He was in a position to judge, anyhow."

"Of course, he didn't mean to scratch him. He was rather keen on having that understood. But his fingers came up against the fellow's cheek as he was falling. So you see we've only got to look for a man with a scratch on his cheek. It was the right cheek, Jones was almost certain. I don't see what you're laughing at."

"I wish you wouldn't spring these good things of yours on me suddenly," gurgled Jimmy Silver, rolling about the wooden floor of the tent. "You ought to give a chap some warning. Look here," he added, imperatively, "swear you'll take me with you when you go on your tour through camp examining everybody's right cheek to see if it's got a scratch on it."

Kennedy began to feel the glow and pride of the successful sleuth-hound leaking out of him. This aspect of the case had not occurred to him. The fact that the sentry had scratched his assailant's right cheek, added to the other indubitable fact that Walton, of Kay's, was even now walking abroad with a scratch on his right cheek, had seemed to him conclusive. He had forgotten that there might be others. Still, it was worth while just to question him. He questioned him at Cove Reservoir next day.

"Hullo, Walton," he said, with a friendly carelessness which would not have deceived a prattling infant, "nasty scratch you've got on your cheek. How did you get it?"

"Perry did it when we were ragging a few days ago," replied Walton, eyeing him distrustfully.

"Oh," said Kennedy.

"Silly fool," said Walton.

"Talking about me?" inquired Kennedy politely.

"No," replied Walton, with the suavity of a Chesterfield, "Perry."

They parted, Kennedy with the idea that Walton was his man still more deeply rooted, Walton with an uncomfortable feeling that Kennedy knew too much, and that, though he had undoubtedly scored off him for the moment, a time (as Jimmy Silver was fond of observing with a satanic laugh) would come, and then—!

He felt that it behoved him to be wary.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.—THE DETHRONEMENT OF FENN.



ONE of the things which make life on this planet more or less agreeable is the speed with which alarms, excursions, excitement, and rows generally, blow over. A nine-days' wonder has to be a big business to last out its full time nowadays. As a rule the third day sees the end of it, and the public rushes whooping after some other hare that has been started for its benefit. The guard-tent row, as far as the bulk of camp was concerned, lasted exactly two days; at the end of which period it was generally agreed that all that could be said on the subject had been said, and that it was now a back number. Nobody, except possibly the authorities, wanted to find out the authors of the raid, and even Private Jones had ceased to talk about it—this owing to the unsympathetic attitude of his tent.

"Jones," the corporal had observed, as the

ex-sentry's narrative of his misfortunes reached a finish for the third time since *réveille* that morning, "if you can't manage to switch off that unspeakable chestnut of yours, I'll make you wash up all day and sit on your head all night."

So Jones had withdrawn his yarn from circulation. Kennedy's interest in detective work waned after his interview with Walton. He was quite sure that Walton had been one of the band, but it was not his business to find out; even had he found out, he would have done nothing. It was more for his own private satisfaction than for the furtherance of justice that he wished to track the offenders down. But he did not look on the affair, as Jimmy Silver did, as rather sporting; he had a tender feeling for the good name of the school, and he felt that it was not likely to make Eckleton popular with the other schools that went to camp if they got the reputation of practical jokers. Practical jokers are seldom popular until they have been dead a hundred years or so.

As for Walton and his colleagues, to complete the list of those who were interested in this matter of the midnight raid, they lay remarkably low after their successful foray. They imagined that Kennedy was spying on their every movement. In which they were quite wrong, for Kennedy was doing nothing of the kind. Camp does not allow a great deal of leisure for the minding of other people's businesses. But this reflection did not occur to Walton, and he regarded Kennedy, whenever chance or his duties brought him into the neighbourhood of that worthy's tent, with a suspicion which increased whenever the latter looked at him.

On the night before camp broke up, a second incident of a sensational kind occurred, which, but for the fact that they never heard of it, would have given the schools a good deal to talk about. It happened that Kennedy was on sentry-go that night. The manner of sentry-go is thus. At seven in the evening the guard falls in, and patrols the fringe of the camp in relays till seven in the morning. A guard consists of a sergeant, a corporal, and ten men. They are on duty for two hours at a time, with intervals of four hours between each spell, in which intervals they sleep the sleep of tired men in the guard-tent, unless, as happened on the occasion previously described, some miscreant takes it upon himself to cut the ropes. The ground to be patrolled by the sentries is divided into three parts, each of which is entrusted to one man.

Kennedy was one of the ten privates, and

his first spell of sentry-go began at eleven o'clock.

On this night there was no moon. It was as black as pitch. It is always unpleasant to be on sentry-go on such a night. The mind wanders, in spite of all effort to check it, through a long series of all the ghastly stories one has ever read. There is one in particular of Conan Doyle's about a mummy that came to life and chased people on lonely roads—but enough! However courageous one may be, it is difficult not to speculate on the possible horrors which may spring out on one from the darkness. That feeling that there is somebody—or something—just behind one can only be experienced in all its force by a sentry on an inky night at camp. And the thought that, of all the hundreds there, he and two others are the only ones awake, puts a sort of finishing touch to the unpleasantness of the situation.

Kennedy was not a particularly imaginative youth, but he looked forward with no little eagerness to the time when he should be relieved. It would be a relief in two senses of the word. His beat included that side of the camp which faces the road to Aldershot. Between camp and this road is a ditch and a wood. After he had been on duty for an hour this wood began to suggest a variety of possibilities, all grim. The ditch, too, was not without associations. It was into this that Private Jones had been hurled on a certain memorable occasion. Such a thing was not likely to happen again in the same week, and, even if it did, Kennedy flattered himself that he would have more to say in the matter than Private Jones had had; but nevertheless he kept a careful eye in that direction whenever his beat took him along the ditch.

It was about half-past twelve, and he had entered upon the last section of his two hours, when Kennedy distinctly heard footsteps in the wood. He had heard so many mysterious sounds since his patrol began at eleven o'clock that at first he was inclined to attribute this to imagination. But a crackle of dead branches and the sound of soft breathing convinced him that this was the real thing for once, and that, as a sentry of the Public Schools' Camp on duty, it behoved him to challenge the unknown.

He stopped and waited, peering into the darkness in a futile endeavour to catch a glimpse of his man. But the night was too black for the keenest eye to penetrate it. A slight thud put him on the right track. It showed him two things; first, that the unknown had dropped into the ditch, and, secondly, that he was a camp man returning to his tent after an

illegal prowl about the town at lights-out. Nobody save one belonging to the camp would have cause to cross the ditch.

Besides, the man walked warily, as one not ignorant of the danger of sentries. The unknown had crawled out of the ditch now. As luck would have it he had chosen a spot immediately opposite to where Kennedy stood. Now that he was nearer Kennedy could see the vague outline of him.

"Who goes there?" he said.

From an instinctive regard for the other's feelings he did not shout the question in the regulation manner. He knew how he would feel himself if he were out of camp at half-past twelve, and the voice of the sentry were to rip suddenly through the silence *fortissimo*.

As it was, his question was quite loud enough to electrify the person to whom it was addressed. The unknown started so violently that he nearly leapt into the air. Kennedy was barely two yards from him when he spoke.

The next moment this fact was brought home to him in a very practical manner. The unknown, sighting the sentry, perhaps more clearly against the dim whiteness of the tents than Kennedy could sight *him* against the dark wood, dashed in with a rapidity which showed that he knew something of the art of boxing. Kennedy dropped his rifle and flung up his arm. He was altogether too late. A sudden blaze of light, and he was on the ground, sick and dizzy, a feeling he had often experienced before in a slighter degree, when sparring in the Eckleton gymnasium with the boxing instructor.

The immediate effect of a flush hit in the regions about the jaw is to make the victim lose for the moment all interest in life.



HE WAS ALTOGETHER TOO LATE.

Kennedy lay where he had fallen for nearly half a minute before he fully realised what it was that had happened to him. When he did realise the situation he leapt to his feet, feeling sick and shaky, and staggered about in all directions in a manner which suggested that he fancied his assailant would be waiting politely until he had recovered. As was only natural, that wily person had vanished, and was by this time doing a quick change into garments of the night. Kennedy had the satisfaction of knowing—for what it was worth—that his adversary was in one of those tents, but to place him with any greater accuracy was impossible.

So he gave up the search, found his rifle, and resumed his patrol. And at one o'clock his successor relieved him.

On the following day camp broke up.

Kennedy always enjoyed going home, but, as he travelled back to Eckleton on the last day of these summer holidays, he could not help feeling that there was a great deal to be said for term. He felt particularly cheerful. He had the carriage to himself, and he had also plenty to read and eat. The train was travelling at fifty miles an hour. And there were all the pleasures of a first night after the holidays to look forward to, when you dashed from one friend's study to another's, comparing notes, and explaining—five or six of you at a time—what a good time you had had in the holidays. This was always a pleasant ceremony at Blackburn's, where all the prefects were intimate friends, and all good sorts, without that liberal admixture of weeds, worms, and outsiders which marred the list of prefects in most of the other houses. Such as Kay's! Kennedy could not restrain a momentary gloating, as he contrasted the state of affairs in Blackburn's with what existed at Kay's. Then this feeling was merged in one of pity for Feen's hard case. How he must hate the beginning of term, thought Kennedy.

All the well-known stations were flashing by now. In a few minutes he would be at the junction, and in another half hour back at Blackburn's. He began to collect his baggage from the rack.

Nobody he knew was at the junction. This was the late train that he had come down by. Most of the school had returned earlier in the afternoon.

He reached Blackburn's at eight o'clock, and went up to his study to unpack. This was always his first act on coming back to school. He liked to start the term with all his books in their shelves and all his pictures and photo-

graphs in their proper places on the first day. Some of the studies looked like lumber rooms till near the end of the first week.

He had filled the shelves, and was arranging the artistic decorations, when Jimmy Silver came in. Kennedy had been surprised that he had not met him downstairs, but the matron had answered his inquiry with the statement that he was talking to Mr. Blackburn in the other part of the house.

"When did you arrive?" asked Silver, after the conclusion of the first outbreak of holiday talk.

"I've only just come."

"Seen Blackburn yet?"

"No. I was thinking of going up after I had got this place done properly."

Jimmy Silver ran his eye over the room.

"I haven't started mine yet," he said. "You're such an energetic man. Now, are all these books in their proper places?"

"Yes," said Kennedy.

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"How about the pictures? Got them up?"

"All but this lot here. Sha'n't be a second. There you are. How's that for effect?"

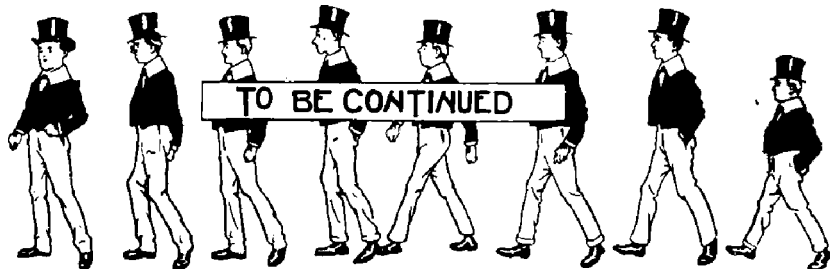
"Not bad. Got all your photographs in their places?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Jimmy Silver, calmly, "you'd better start now to pack them all up again. And why, my son? Because you are no longer a Blackburnite. That's what."

Kennedy stared.

"I've just had the whole yarn from Blackburn," continued Jimmy Silver. "Our dear old pal, Mr. Kay, wanting somebody in his house capable of keeping order, by way of a change, has gone to the Old Man and borrowed you. So *you're* head of Kay's now. There's an honour for you."





THE STAMPS OF SARAWAK.

SARAWAK is a British protectorate on the north-west coast of the island of Borneo, with a coast line of nearly 400 miles. As a State under British protection it pursues the even tenour of its way without troubling us with Colonial or diplomatic difficulties, or the multiplication of postal issues for sale to stamp collectors. It is, happily, not presided over by a London company, and consequently no quasi-London stamp dealer runs its postal department. Its stamp issues are, therefore, clean and creditable, and free from the taint of so-called commemoratives and other rubbish postmarked to order.

The history of Sarawak is interwoven with the history of the Brooke family. It owes its civilised existence to an adventurous member of the family, and its trading prosperity to the uninterrupted and continued sway of the same beneficent influence.

Sir James Brooke, whose portrait figures upon the first postage stamp of Sarawak, was an Englishman, born at Benares in 1803, and educated at Norwich. His biographers tell us that he was of an adventurous disposition, and apparently he commenced his adventures very early in life, for he ran away from school. He entered the East India Company's service, and served in the Burmese war. In 1838, after he had left the East India Company, he made a voyage to Borneo in his yacht, the *Royalist*, a schooner of 142 tons burden, with a crew of twenty men. On that trip he seems to have established friendly relations with a relative of the Sultan of Brunei, then the nominal ruler of Borneo. In 1840 he returned to Sarawak, and took an active part in suppressing a rebellion. The following year, at the request of the Sultan, he assumed the government of Sarawak with the title of Rajah. He suppressed piracy in the neighbouring seas with a strong hand, and raised the condition of his State from one of barbarism to that of a prosperous trading community.

In 1868 the old adventurer, broken in health, handed over the reins of government to his nephew, his Highness the Rajah Charles Johnson Brooke, the present ruler, and returned to England to enjoy a well-earned rest; but death intervened, and that self-same year he was laid to rest at Burraton, in Devonshire, where an estate had been purchased for him by his British admirers.

In the 'eighties there was an epidemic of annexations amongst the European Powers, and, in order to protect our Australian trade route through Torres Straits and the development of our great commercial settlement at Singapore, a British protectorate was established over the State of Sarawak in the year 1888. The rule of the Brooke family was left undisturbed.

It is an inexpensive little country to specialise; its earliest and most interesting issues can all be had for a few shillings. There is not a high-priced rarity in the whole lot, and no high face values.

The Philatelic History of Sarawak.

1869.—The first postage stamp was designed, engraved, and lithographed by the firm of Mac-lure and Macdonald, of 37 Walbrook, London, E.C. The value was three cents. It served for both postal and revenue purposes, as will be seen from the following:—

Government Notification.	
On and after the first of March, 1869, the following rules will come into force:—	
On all letters not exceeding half an ounce	1 stamp
For every half ounce in excess, up to 4 ozs.	1 ..
On all Receipts or Paid Bills over 5 dols.	1 ..
On all Bills of Sale, &c., to become legal	1 ..
On all Agreements to become legal	1 ..
On all Bills of Lading or Mate's Receipts	1 ..

By order, W. M. Crocker, Secretary.
SARAWAK, January 12th, 1869.

The stamps were lithographed in brown on yellow wove paper. The design, as shown in our illustration, embodied a portrait of the founder of the State, Sir James Brooke, and



Type I.

in the corners were the initials, "J. B. R. S.," James Brooke, Rajah, Sarawak. The stamps were perf. 11. The Rajah, C. J. Brooke, stated in a communication to the *Philatelist*, in May, 1874, that the surplus stock of this stamp was burned on receipt of the new stamp issued in 1871. Type I.

Perf. 11.

	Unused.	Used.
3 cents, brown on yellow paper	2 0	—

1871.—Portrait of Charles Brooke, the reigning Rajah. Designed and lithographed by the firm responsible for the first issue, and printed as before in brown on yellow wove paper, value three cents, and perf. 11. The initials, "C. B. R. S.," in the corners stand for the new Rajah — Charles Brooke, Rajah, Sarawak. There is said to be a variety with a stop after the word



Type II.

a stop after the word "three" in the value, but this is probably due to a defect in the lithographic printing. Type II.

Perf. 11.

	Unused.	Used.
3 cents, brown on yellow paper	0 4	0 4

1875.—Same design and the same printers as the last issue, but a series of five values in place of one stamp. There is no 3 cents, and the colour of that value is transferred to a 4 cents stamp. This new series was no doubt called for by the commercial development of the State. There are said to be five types of the words of value of all the values, but they need not trouble the ordinary collector. The perforation was changed to 12, and the stamps were unwatermarked. All Type II.

No wmk. Perf. 12.

	Unused.	Used.
2 cents, lilac on lilac paper	1 0	2 0
4 cents, brown on yellow paper	0 5	0 9
6 cents, green on green paper	0 6	1 0
8 cents, blue on blue paper	0 6	0 9
12 cents, red on rose paper	0 9	1 0

1888-92.—New design, engraved and printed by Messrs. De la Rue and Co., ten values, of which the 2c., 3c., 4c., 6c., 8c., and 12c., were first issued, the other values being added subsequently as required, the 1c. completing the series, following provisionals of that value, being issued so late as May, 1892. The new stamps were printed



Type III.

on white wove paper, and perf. 14. Each stamp was printed in two colours, the tablet of value being in one colour and the rest of the design in another colour. All Type III.

Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
1 cent, purple, tablet black	0 2	0 4
2 cents, purple, tablet carmine	0 4	0 8
3 cents, purple, tablet ultramarine	0 2	0 3
4 cents, purple, tablet yellow	1 6	1 6
5 cents, purple, tablet green	0 4	0 3
6 cents, purple, tablet brown	1 6	2 0
8 cents, green, tablet carmine	0 9	0 6
10 cents, green, tablet violet	0 9	0 9
12 cents, green, tablet ultramarine	0 8	0 8
25 cents, green, tablet brown	2 0	1 4

1889-92.—Provisional issues. In order to provide 1c., 2c., and 5c. values, which were not included in the first delivery of the De la Rue series, or which had run short, a number of provisionals were issued.

The 3c. of 1888-92 was surcharged in 1892 with the words, "One Cent" in black in one line, in thick Roman type without initial capitals, Type IV., and also the same surcharge on the same stamp with capital initial to each word, Type V. The *Monthly Journal* of October, 1901, reports having received a sheet of the "one cent," in which the right-hand stamp of the second horizontal row had no stop after the word "cent."

In March of the same year another provisional of the same value was made by surcharging a number of the old 3c. of 1871 with the words "ONE CENT" in Roman capitals, in black, in two lines. Varieties may be found in the space between the word "Cent" and the obliterating bar, which varies from 7m. to 8m. Type VI.

In 1889 the 8 cents of 1888-92 was surcharged "2c." in black. Type VII.

In 1891 a 5c. was made by surcharging the 12c. of the De la Rue series with "5c." Concerning this "5c.," the *Monthly Journal* of August, 1891, having received some sheets, says: "an examination of which leads us to the conclusion that the surcharge is done with a hand-stamp, and that consequently there are no varieties of type properly so-called, apparent differences being due to the slipping of the die, and to double printing. Care was evidently taken to print the surcharge upon the label containing the original value, as in one instance, where it had been struck too high, the surcharge was scratched out, and a second impression printed in the right place. On one sheet a stamp was found which had escaped the surcharge altogether; on another there was a doubly surcharged copy, one impression being inverted." There are two types of this surcharge, one with an ordinary thin capital "C," Type VIII., the other with a larger and thicker type "C," as illustrated. Type IX.



Type IV.



Type V.



Type XII.



Type XIII.



Type VI.



Type VII.



Type VIII.



Type IX.

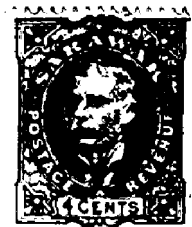
Provisionals.

	Unused.	Used.
"One Cent" on 3c. purple and blue, type IV.	10 0	4 0
"One Cent" on 3c. purple and blue, type V.	0 3	0 6
"ONE CENT" on 3c. brown on yellow paper, type VI.	0 2	0 6
"2c." on 8c. green and carmine, type VII.	0 4	0 6
"5c." on 12c. green and ultramarine, type VIII.	0 6	1 0
"5c." on 12c. green and ultramarine, type IX.	10 0	2 0

1895.—New design. Portrait of Rajah Charles Brooke, designed and engraved and printed by Messrs. Perkins, Bacon and Co. No watermark. Perf 11½; and 2c. also perf. 12½. Only four values were printed by Messrs. Perkins, Bacon and Co., hence it is surmised that for some reason a full series of this design was not proceeded with. Types X to XIII.



Type X.



Type XI.



Type XIV.



Type XV.

No wmk. Perf. 11½.

	Unused.	Used.
2 cents, Indian red	0 6	1 0
4 cents, black	0 4	0 4
6 cents, violet	0 8	1 0
8 cents, deep green	0 8	1 6

Perf. 12½.

2 cents, Indian red	—	—
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1897-8.—Some further values in the 1888-92 De la Rue design. No watermark, and perf. 14, as before.

No wmk. Perf. 14.

16 cents, green, tablet orange	0 8	1 0
32 cents, green, tablet black	1 3	1 6
50 cents, green	2 6	2 6
\$1 green, tablet black	5 0	5 0

1899.—Provisionals. The stock of 2c. and 4c. values having been exhausted, supplies of the 1871 and 1875 issues, with portrait of Sir Charles Brooke, presumably surplus stock, were surcharged with the values needed. The 3c. brown on yellow and the 12c. red on rose were surcharged "2 Cents" in black, and the 6c. green on green and the 8c. blue on blue were surcharged "4 Cents" in red. A few varieties occurred in the printing. On each sheet of 100 stamps the word "Cents" on the eighth stamp in the top row, and the first in the fourth row, have a smaller letter "s" than the others. In a second printing of the 2c. on 3c., 2c. on 12c., and 4c. on 6c., the fifth stamp in the top row has the full stop misplaced on a level with the tops of the letters. Of the 2c. on 12c. a sheet was issued with the surcharge inverted. It was sold to a Chinaman, who used several before the error was noticed. All type XIV.

Provisionals.

	Unused.	Used.
2 cents in black on 3 cents	0 4	0 6
2 cents in black on 12 cents	0 6	0 9
4 cents in red on 6 cents	4 0	2 0
4 cents in red on 8 cents	2 0	2 0

Surcharge inverted.

2 cents in black on 12 cents

1899.—It having been decided to have separate sets of stamps for postal and revenue purposes, the words "and revenue" on the right-hand side of the design were removed, and the word "Postage" substituted. Otherwise the design remained unaltered, but the colours were changed throughout, some values omitted and others added. The series is perf. 14 and unwatermarked, as before.

No wmk. Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
1c. blue, tablet of value carmine	0 1	0 1
2c. green	0 4	0 3

	Unused.	Used.
4c. carmine	0 2	0 1
8c. yellow, tablet of value blue	0 4	0 4
10c. ultramarine	0 5	0 4
12c. lilac	0 6	0 5
16c. pale brown, tablet of value green	0 8	0 9
20c. bistre, tablet of value mauve	0 9	—
25c. brown, tablet of value blue	1 0	—
50c. sage green, tablet of value carmine	1 9	—
\$1 carmine, tablet of value green	3 6	—

1901.—A fresh supply of the 2 cents of the current design sent out by the printers was in error printed on the paper used for Johore, watermarked quatrefoils. This was corrected in a subsequent supply which was watermarked

Error, wmk. quatrefoils. Perf. 14.

2 cents, green

0 1 0 1

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

"Hæc ol' m meminisse juvabit."

Blue (Christ's Hospital).—As usual, the *Blue* is excellent, containing not only much of interest, but also—more rare—something of literary merit. The Editorial is a first-rate one, and the appeal for contributions—so common to Editorials in school magazines—is, for once, eloquent and not feeble. We extract an inspiring passage:—

It is but a one-sided kind of existence at the best, to think merely of making runs in cricket matches or of scoring tries at Rugger, and to refuse to cultivate the literary abilities which must exist in some at least out of a school of some seven hundred and fifty boys. You do not know what you can do until you try. The Greeks, says the old dame in *Theocritus*, got into Troy by trying. Do you think that if Raphael had feared to daub he would have painted his Madonna? Had Canova feared to torture marble he would never have been a sculptor. It is a sad confession of incapability to say that you cannot write.

Cadet (*H.M.S. Conway*).—It would ill become us, writing these lines with pipe in mouth and pouch beside the inkpot, to inveigh against the practice of smoking. But though a man smoke habitually like Vesuvius, yet may he, in all sincerity, heartily endorse this warning on "The Dangers of Smoking":—

Every smoker knows that the real curse of smoking is the habit of inhaling the smoke. The mere drawing of the smoke into the mouth is innocuousness itself compared with the other practice. It is the man who inhales who dies of "smoker's heart": the boy who inhales is killed off by poisoned blood and lungs. If this effect were explained to boys in their ordinary physiology lessons in class, it would be an infinitely better deterrent than badges and pledges. If a boy knows that by admitting tobacco smoke into his respiratory system he is carrying nicotine straight into his blood, and so endangering his life, he has a specific warning. A medical friend, who is keen on this matter, when he wants to impress a boy against smoking, takes a draught from his pipe or cigarette, puts a corner of his handkerchief over his mouth, and blows the smoke through it. The deep brown patch of nicotine left by one puff of smoke is a better lecture to a lad than all your academic generalities.

Comstellan (Richmond School, Yorks).—The general contents are of little public interest. The lines on "Harmozaan," however, reflect considerable credit on their author:—

Harmozaan stood in presence of his fate,
Shorn of his honours, ruined, desolate:
"Caliph," said he, "by all you love the best,

One cup of water, 'tis my last request."
Sighing assent, the conqueror complied:
Harmozaan stooped to drink before he died;
But ere the cup he quaff'd, he paused in fear,
Gazing distrustful on the weapons near.
"Courage," the Caliph cried, "my word I give,
Till thou hast drunk the water thou shalt live."
Swift to the earth the crafty satrap dashed
The cup, and stood in triumph unabashed.
Then swore Omar in fury, "Naught avails
Deceit like this: Persian, thy cunning fails—
Prepare to die." But those around were loth
To share pollution from a broken oath.
Omar was softened; Harmozaan declared
His faith as Moslem, and his life was spared.

Durban H. S. Magazine.—Thinking it may interest our home readers to learn of what nature and habits are their Colonial kin in South Africa, we quote a few lines from "The High School 'Caesar':—

All D.H.S. is divided into two parts, of which one is inhabited by the seniors, the other by those who are called in our language juniors, and in their own—kids. These latter excel in numbers, and also in a certain wildness, both because they are very far removed from the faintest ideas of civilisation, and also because having less pocket money they are less able to go to the merchants and procure those things which tend to the softening of courage. They wear their hair long and without parting, and round their necks a collar which is sometimes white but more often of a darker hue. Their food consists of chewing gum and avocado pears. On feast days—and these are very numerous amongst that tribe—they also eat nougat. Their favourite weapon is a Latin grammar. This they hurl at each other, but for the most part in such a way as not to hit anyone. In order to make themselves the more terrible in battle, they smear their faces with a dark fluid called ink, which they also sprinkle over their collars.

From all of which we gather that though North be North, and South be South, there is not much to choose between them. We read with interest an account of the Natal Cadet Corps encampment, illustrated with some capital snap-shots.

Hoe P.S. Magazine.—Some men worship God, more worship money, and most worship themselves. There are others, also, who worship nothing—and still others—if we are to believe a contributor to the magazine before us—who worship anything. At all events, says the writer,

I have seen one god in Africa which consisted of a soda-water bottle upside down on a stick. Such a strangely-shaped thing must have come down from heaven, they said.

Even Brummagen—which is understood to do a large export trade in idols for curio-hunting tourists to worship—could hardly better that. There is a simplicity of design about the latest idol which is attractively *chic*.

Liverpool College V.S. Magazine.

—Snow sports, we notice, have been made the subject of numerous articles in the batch of magazines before us. One of the best of the series is "Winter Sport" in the pages before us. Adelboden, 4,000 feet odd above the Engtsligen Valley, is the place described, and it would seem that besides the many fascinations it holds out to all, to public schoolmen it offers a special attraction:—

Adelboden has been chosen for the last two winters as the place of competition for the Public Schools Winter Sport Challenge Cup. In this competition, which is open to all Public School men past and present, an equal number of marks is given for tobogganing, ski running, and skating, the latter test being very difficult. This is only one amongst many reasons why all Public School fellows, who can persuade themselves or their parents that they need a holiday, should go out to Switzerland at Christmas for some winter sport.

Malvernian.—The editor, we note with pleasure, still retains the valued services of "K." We have seen verses by the latter which we prefer to his "Desiderie," in the number before us; but for all that the lines give us pleasure:—

We sigh for the world's ancient glory,
We pant for the ages of gold;
With longing we spell the dim story,
Ever new, though for ever re-told,
Of the times when the red blood was flowing,
When Love was a passionate thing,
Of the days when our nature was growing,
Humanity's Spring.

Then we pass to the chivalrous ages,
When Honour took Love for a bride,
And we read in quaint chroniclers' pages
Of the knight-errant's glorious pride,
When each warrior's heart was enlightened
By the flash of the fires from above,
When the dull path of Duty was brightened
By the glamour of Love.

Or we long with a fathomless yearning
For the great second birth of the brain,
When the riches of Greece were returning,
And thought was awakening again;
When the Ocean fresh worlds was disclosing
For her lovers to seek and to win,
When the old world new joys was exposing
Without and within.

The glory of Chivalry leaves us;
The ashes of Greece have grown cold;
No second Renaissance relieves us:
The Muse sings less clear than of old.
But so long as Romance can enthrall us
To hear and re-echo her cry,
Nor vainly does Sentiment call us,
The world cannot die.

St. Andrew's College Magazine

(Grahamstown).—"La Corrida de Toros" gives a description of a Spanish bull-fight. It is a horrid spectacle for the most part, the bull-fight, hardly to be dignified by the name of sport. For all that, however, there are moments in the duel between man and beast which are not to be surpassed—which may even be defended and commended. It needs tough fibres and nerves of steel to play the part of the *espada*. Skill, strength, activity, quickness, and truthness of eye (to say nought of courage and nerve): the game which can call these forth is not to be despised. All of them must the *espada* possess.

Amidst a deafening uproar one of the famous *espadas* enters the arena, a sword in the right and a red cloth in the left hand; he graciously bows to the president and turns to his enemy. Sporting around him, he watches his opportunity of striking the fatal blow. At last the decisive moment does arrive. With steady eye, his body slightly bent forward, he awaits the final charge. The *toro* seems to realise that victory or death is near. Once more gathering all his strength, and throwing up a cloud of dust, he dashes forward—a picture of fierce wrath and brute force. The vast multitude around hold their breath, they seem petrified. The sharp horns all but reach the undaunted *espada*, when the steel flashes, and plunges up to the hilt into the bull's neck.

The pity is that that which is fine in the bull-fight should be so hopelessly overshadowed by practices that are degrading and bestial.

Salopian (Shrewsbury).—What becomes of old horses? Many solutions are offered to that question. Some hold they serve a further term of usefulness, after their natural span is over, with hide and hoofs in the guise of leather and glue. Others contend that they help to swell the bulging proportions of the Continental sausage. But the present writer, basing his conclusions on an extensive reading of school magazines, is convinced that the bulk of them become School Horses. There seems to be an undying tradition that satisfactorily to roll a cricket pitch a horse must be aged and decrepit. The latest aspirant to fame is the Salopian Houyhnhnms, and thus the Salopian bard (in one of many stanzas) addresses him:—

Yes, we know what you, O Charger, wert of yore;

how in war

All your brazen hoofs would flame with blood and gore!

Can we fail to see you stamping,

Or to hear your muttered champing,

As you catch the distant tramping

of the Corps?

Can we hear your spirit mumbling

That it sees the corpses tumbling,

'Mid the rattle and the rumbling
and the war!

It is likewise noteworthy that properly to fulfil the conditions of his employment, a School Horse must be either a retired war-horse, or a former Derby winner. We ourselves know personally of three Ladases and two Diamond Jubilees in the profession.

Sedberghian.—An Old Sedberghian contributes some interesting extracts from his diary of forty years ago. As Sedbergh was then, Sedbergh is still—a land of mountain, moor, valley, and stream, and a maker of sturdy limbs and deep chests.

It was a grand country for paper chases, hill and dale, big jumps, little jumps, rivers to wade and even to swim, woods to hide in, old mills to creep through; farm-yards, which were all right for the foxes, who got a drink of milk, but which proved no joke when the farmer found thirty boys tramping over his farm in the pursuit. The foxes got a pull on the hounds when they crossed the river in a boat and tied it up on the other side. The servants got us a good supper when we got back.

We have also received, at the time of going to press, copies of the following:—*Aluredian*, *Amateur*, *Aronian*, *Aronian* (Port Talbot), *Blackpool H.S. Magazine*, *Clayesmorian*, *Cooper's School Magazine*, *Cranleighian*, *De Astonian*, *Esmeduna*, *Fettesian*, *Framlinghamian*, *Haileyburian*, *Ipswich School Magazine*, *Irish Blue*, *Hurst Johnian*, *Johnian*, *La Martinière Chronicle* (Calcutta), *Lily*, *Mill Hill Magazine*, *Norman Court Magazine*, *Olarian*, *Ousel*, *Oulet*, *Pauline*, *Quernmorian*, *St. Paul's School Chronicle* (Darjeeling), *Stanley House School Magazine*, *Tonbridgian*, *Wyrvern*.

A. E. JOHNSON.



By GEORGE ELLBAR.

Author of "A Queer Catch."

Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.

AS the lower deck said, H.M. Torpedo Gunboat *Firefly* was a rotten cripple. There was no other name for it. Twice during the last nine months had she been towed ignominiously into Malta Dockyard for repairs. Now, just when she ought to have been in tip-top condition, she was lying off the Spanish coast, miles away from her course, with another "minor defect" in her machinery.

Little wonder that the crew, particularly the engine-room staff, gave Commander Trescaux a wide berth that evening. As that gentleman, in the solitude of his cabin, pricked off on the chart the distance his ship had compulsorily run that day, he bemoaned the storm that had swept her so far from her course, the erring steam-pipe that had left her at the mercy of wind and waves, and, most of all, his misfortune at being in command of such an unlucky boat at the beginning of the biggest naval war of the century.

To add to his unhappiness, his Navigating Officer, Lieutenant Marlow, who had been thrown off his balance by a particularly fierce lurch of the ship, was now lying helplessly in the ward-room with a crooked ankle.

The Commander pitched the chart on to the round table in the middle of his cabin, and was about to write up the log, when an unwonted hubbub in the narrow passage outside caused him to pause. Furious at

this unpardonable disturbance in the vicinity of his sanctum, he strode angrily towards the door. But it flew open in his face, and presented to his astonished gaze his Sub-Lieutenant, a Petty Officer, and another person who obviously had no place on board a British gunboat, and equally obviously was extremely uncomfortable under the firm grip of a pair of muscular British hands.

Before the Commander could get in a word the Sub., whose full name was Robert Lanham, raised his disengaged hand to the salute and spoke—

"Beg to report landed in steam pinnace, sir, according to orders received. Purchased soft tack and fresh vegetables, and prepared to leave, when the coxswain brought up a native who apparently wished to communicate something. I gathered it was about some French ships, but not understanding much of the lingo considered it advisable to bring him on board, knowing you spoke the language. He is a bit scared, I think, and wanted to back out when we put off, but I judged it advisable to persuade him, sir."

"French ships?" repeated the Commander, slowly, turning to the "persuaded" Spaniard, a swarthy Catalun fisherman, "why," he added, "you have frightened the man out of his wits. Let go his wrists," he ordered, after addressing a few words in Spanish to the captive.

The latter, his alarm abated, answered volubly, with much gesticulation, the questions which the Commander then put to him. The interview lasted but a few minutes, and the Spaniard's black, beady eyes glistened at the sight of the piece of gold whose change of ownership marked its conclusion.

“ Rawlin,” said the Commander, “ the steam cutter is waiting, I suppose? ”

“ Yes, sir,” replied the Petty Officer.

“ Very well; put this man ashore and return at once. Sub-Lieutenant Lanham will remain here.”

When the two men had gone, the Commander looked up at Lieutenant Marlow, who, roused by the noise, had dragged his damaged foot into the cabin to see what was the matter.

“ You heard, of course,” said the Commander. “ What do you think of it? ”

“ I did,” replied the Navigator, “ and I think if I were you I should order all lights out forthwith and stop that beastly din in the engine-room.”

“ Exactly,” agreed the Commander. “ Lanham, see to it at once, will you? Not a light to be shown anywhere, mind; not even a match, and no noise. Tell Slade to stop his greasers at once, and bring him back with you.”

When, some minutes later, Lanham came back through the now dark and silent ship with the puzzled Engineer-Lieutenant Slade, all the light in the Commander's cabin came from the glow of two cigars, which marked the position of Lieut.-Commander Tredescaux and his Navigating Officer.

“ Have a cigar, Slade,” said the Commander, as they entered. “ You will find a box on the table, if you can find the table. Cigars won't be on the bill of fare of the French prison, which in all probability will be your home in a few days' time, you know.”

“ What! ” shouted the Engineer Officer.

“ Yes,” went on the Commander, calmly.

“ I learn that there are eight ‘ big ships that fight,’ as my informant says, at Lecouvres, just round the point there. We know they are not ours; ergo, if there is anything in it, they must be Froggies. Of course, it may all be moonshine, but I am inclined to think there is something in it. You remember the Admiral was uneasy about the Northern Flying Squadron when we were last with the Fleet. Well, write ‘ Northern Flying Squadron ’ against the

eight ships and—there they are and here we are. Kismet.”

“ Great Scott! ” exclaimed the Engineer, “ and that steam-pipe will take days—if we can do anything with it at all.”

“ Kismet again,” put in Marlow, softly. “ Suppose we stroll over and give ourselves up? ”

While the Sub., whose curiosity to learn all that the Spaniard had told was now fully satisfied, whistled softly to himself and quietly bagged a cigar.

For a brief space the four cigars alternately glowed and darkened, while their owners held communion with their thoughts. Then the Navigator broke the silence.

“ If that Catalan hasn't lied for once,” he said, “ it is most terribly galling. The Admiral would give his ears to know the whereabouts of the Flying Squadron. I suppose, Slade, you couldn't rough-patch that rotten pipe of yours somehow, so that we could get away, eh? ”

“ Confound it, Marlow,” said the Engineer, irritably, “ give a man credit for playing the game sometimes. Of course—”

“ Of course,” broke in the calm voice of the Commander, “ we are all doing our best—and our best just now is to sit as tight as possible.”

From which it was clear that Lieut.-Commander Tredescaux, having reached the bed-rock of misfortune, had recovered the equanimity which is the special pride of the British Naval officer.

In time of war strange things happen. Consequently, the lower deck was not so much surprised at the mandate of darkness and quietude as might have been imagined. The men gathered in little groups of twos and threes, and discussed the situation warily in hoarse whispers. The crew of the steam cutter, now back, passed on their idea of the result of the Spaniard's visit. Some of the watch below came out and joined the watch on deck. A seaman is not slow at putting two and two together, and many pairs of eyes glanced often out over the sleeping town, and round the shadowy sweep of the bay into the darkness beyond.

So that, when the mast-head light, followed by the green starboard lamp of a steamer, emerged from behind the point of the bay, the look-out man had hardly opened his mouth before a bare-footed sailor was speeding like a deer to the Commander's cabin with the news.

Down went four cigars, and up jumped three of their owners. The fourth man dragged himself painfully to the side of the quarter deck, while his three brother officers mounted quickly to the bridge.

With the night glasses the Commander watched the steamer as she headed away over the open sea. "Two," he muttered, as the lights of another ship came into view and followed in the wake of the first. "Cruisers?" inquired Slade. "Yes," he answered quickly! "Three!" as another vessel emerged from behind the point, to be followed by another, and another, and yet another, until the lights of eight ships were stretched out obliquely into the night. Then the procession ceased.

In silence the little group of officers watched the lights gradually grow dim in the distance. Then Lieut.-Commander Tredescaux deliberately closed the glasses, put them in their case, and walked slowly back to his cabin, followed by Slade and the Sub-Lieutenant. The men watched them curiously as they disappeared.

"Wonder what the old man will do," said a stoker.

"What the 'anover can he do?" grunted his mate. "Well out of it we are, says I."

Which, in other words, was what Engineer-Lieutenant Slade was saying in the cabin.

"Yes," assented the Commander, "we are lucky, as you say." Then, in a sudden burst of fury at his impotent position, "Jove!" he exclaimed, "if only we could get to the Admiral with the news!"

"Five hours' hard steaming forced draught, at least, in this beastly little bug-trap," said Marlow, with a groan at an extra painful twitch in his foot. "What are you doing, Lanham?"

The two others turned their eyes upon the Sub-Lieutenant, who was bending over the round table and poring over a chart by the light of a match.

"I was thinking," answered Lanham, slowly, without looking up, "if we could send a wireless message——"

"Wireless nonsense!" interrupted Commander Tredescaux, testily. "What is the youngster dreaming about? Switch on the light, Slade; it won't matter here now."

Slade leant back, feeling for the switch, and the four men blinked in the sudden glare as the bright light flooded the room.

For a moment the Sub-Lieutenant continued to gaze at the chart. Suddenly he

straightened himself and turned with eager face to the Commander.

"The chart, sir, marks Lecouvres as a wireless telegraph station. Couldn't we cut in and bag it for a time now the French Flying Squadron has gone?"

He paused, and, as his eyes roved quickly from one to the other of the three officers, one could have heard the proverbial pin drop. The Commander looked keenly at the young officer.

"It looks to me, sir," continued Lanham, boldly meeting Commander Tredescaux's steady gaze, "as if the signal station were practically alone—only a few coast-guard houses near it, like some of those on our East Coast, for example. Why shouldn't a boat's crew steal in quietly and capture it for a time? I think it could be done, sir."

The Commander, without a word, held out his hand for the chart, which he proceeded to examine.

"You know 'wireless'?" he said suddenly, looking up from the chart.

"Went through the full course in the *Hercules*, six months ago. Got the whole thing at my finger-tips, sir."

"Supposing," went on the Commander, "the expedition were successful, the ships we have just seen most likely would take your message?"

"I've thought of that, sir. I would use cipher."

"Good!" broke in Marlow. "They would never dream of its coming from Lecouvres, and anyhow, they wouldn't understand it."

Commander Tredescaux examined the chart again carefully for a few moments. The others watched him anxiously. Then he slapped it down on the table.

"By Jove, Marlow," he said, "the boy's right. I believe it could be done." He turned to Lanham. "You had better take the cutter, muffle the oars, and pick your crew—say a dozen men. Not too many, but enough to come in handy in case of a rumpus."

The Sub-Lieutenant flushed deep with two-fold pleasure at the intimation that he was to take charge of the expedition, and the acceptance of his suggestion.

"I'm sorry, Marlow," went on the Commander, "but, of course, you are out of it."

"Fortune of war," said that officer, with a grimace, shaking the joyous Sub.'s hand as he, with the others, left the cabin. "Good luck, Lanham, you dog."

Both watches were mustered, and Lanham quickly selected his men. First were the Leading Signalman, and another Signal rating, both well up in wireless work. Then the remainder, Lanham's motto being “ nous ” first, physique next. Chief Petty officer Hogben, a particularly cool and smart Petty Officer, was his First Lieutenant. With the exception of four powerful stokers, the rest of the crew were seamen.

The order was given—“ Man and arm sailing cutter,” and instantly the *Firefly* was a scene of organised bustle and activity. The men, keen as mustard at the scent of action, hustled with the silent rapidity of the Naval service, and in an incredibly short space of time the oars were muffled and the boat out and manned. From the gangway Lieut.-Commander Tredescaux gave a final word of advice.

“ Remember,” he said, “ all of you, silence is the watchword. Clubbed arms and cold steel! ”

“ Ay, ay, sir,” sung out Lanham, feeling in his pocket for the piece of paper containing the hurriedly-scribbled, cipher-coded message, which, if things went wrong, he contemplated making a hasty if unsatisfactory meal of. In another moment the oars dipped, and the cutter was off, followed by the envious eyes of the rest of the *Firefly's* crew.

A heavy swell had set in after the storm, and the tide also was somewhat against them. Nevertheless, the vigour and muscle of Lanham's picked crew fairly jumped the boat through the water, and they made short work of the pull to the point of the bay. From here to Lecouvres, Lanham calculated, the distance was some four and a half miles.

The wind had got up again, and as they rounded the point they came dead in its eye and the full force of the tide. From the sternsheets of the plunging boat Lanham strained his gaze through the showers of spray towards where Lecouvres ought to lie. Sure enough, faint but unmistakable, a cluster of lights could be seen over the bows of the cutter to port.

“ See them, Hogben? ” he said.

“ Yes, sir.”

“ How far do you make it? ”

“ Off and on about four mile, sir.”

“ Good; lay her straight for them,” said the Sub., settling himself comfortably in his seat.

It was tough work now, and the pace dropped off a bit, but the boat steadily pro-

gressed, and the lights came perceptibly nearer. As they grew more distinct, Lanham, who had hardly taken his gaze off them since they came into view, grew fidgety. Presently he said,

“ Hogben, are those the riding lights of a steamship I can see? ”

“ I'm thinking they are, sir,” said Hogben.

“ We must look into this,” muttered the Sub. “ Stand by to lay on oars. Oars! ”

The oars dipped, rose, and remained motionless, as one blade.

“ Varnals,” called Lanham to the Leading Signalman, “ you've got the keenest eyes in the boat. Can you make anything of the craft whose lights are yonder? ”

The Signalman swung round on his oar, and shaded his eyes with his hand. For a few seconds he remained silent, while the oars aft paddled to keep the cutter head to wind.

“ Looks to me, sir,” he said, slowly, “ like the build—ah, I've got her bows clear, sir; she's a torpedo-boat.”

“ Gee-whillikins! ” exclaimed Lanham under his breath, “ I never thought of that. On patrol duty, no doubt, lying right abreast of the signal house, and it's a hundred to one they see us and send ashore to investigate our little game. Wonder whether we could get between, or land higher up and sneak along the shore. Anyway, I'm not going back without having a look round, and a jolly good try at doing something.”

Although the torpedo-boat was a better vantage ground for observation, Lanham felt that at that distance his little grey-painted cutter was pretty secure from detection. He passed the word to go ahead, altering the boat's course to keep her out a bit. Then he discussed the situation with Hogben. The Petty Officer was of opinion that their best plan was to land some distance up the coast and work back on foot.

Lanham sat back wrapped in thought as the long, powerful, Navy stroke of his crew took the cutter to windward of the unwelcome torpedo-boat. A plan had occurred to him; a bold one, certainly, but one which, if successful, would solve all his difficulties, and enable him to achieve the special object of his mission in the quickest possible time. He chewed the idea for a minute or two, and made up his mind.

“ Hogben,” he said, “ we could very soon get that message off if we stood on board that torpedo-boat.”

"We could, sir."

"She would come in very useful, too, to take the poor old *Firefly* in tow."

"She would, sir."

"Hogben, I think we will capture that torpedo-boat."

"Very good, sir," replied the imperturbable Hogben.

The cutter came round inshore some distance to windward of the torpedo-boat, and Lanham unfolded his plan. At the most there would not be more than forty men in the latter, of which all but the watch would be below. Did not Hogben think that if once they got alongside without arousing suspicion the twelve of them could manage the job? First rush the watch, and then tackle the crew below?

Hogben reckoned they jolly well could, but how about getting alongside?

"That," said Lanham, "is where the strategy comes in. Of course, a boat-load of men would stand no chance at all. But a practically empty boat would excite no suspicion. Very well, while the rest of our men make themselves as scarce as they possibly can under the thwarts, anywhere, you and I, Hogben, will navigate this blessed boat in the most longshore, lubberly fashion we can, until she fouls the stern of the Frenchman."

Hogben caught on at once with enthusiasm, and so did the rest, when the plan was explained to them. It was Hogben who suggested discarding all footgear, but Lanham's was the brilliant idea of stripping to the waist. He intended it, as the most effective disguise he could think of, to apply to himself and the Chief Petty Officer only; but when the men knew, they were not content without doing likewise. Consequently, a varied assortment of jumpers, shirts, and jackets followed the boots and caps overboard—the cost of all of which would be stopped in due course by a paternal Admiralty out of their late owners' pay.

It was a very weirdly-manned sailing cutter that shortly afterwards drifted down in aimless, awkward fashion towards the French *torpilleur* number twenty-seven, as she lay peacefully moored off the little coast station of Lecouvres. Apparently the boat's crew consisted only of two half-naked, storm-tossed mariners, struggling clumsily, each with an oar, to get their craft along. But the two had to be careful where they put their feet, for below, hidden under a medley of oilskins and pilot jackets,

crouched ten hard-faced British tars, chuckling in grim anticipation of the glorious shindy in which they were soon to take part.

Notwithstanding their purposely erratic course, the cutter steadily neared the stern of the torpedo-boat. As they came within hailing distance, Lanham could see, over his shoulder, gleaming wet with rain and spray, two or three men on her quarter-deck. Still the Frenchmen made no sign. But as the cutter lurched close up to their boat he heard one of the crew suddenly call out excitedly that he had better look out or he would foul their propeller.

Lanham waved his hand by way of reply and pulled hard on his oar. But, instead of sheering off, he drove the cutter slap under number twenty-seven's quarter. Bump!

The next instant Lanham found himself one of a small mob of half-stripped tars wildly swarming over the torpedo-boat's rail. As he was in the act of swinging himself over he saw one of the latter's crew right abreast and over him, arm strained back to strike him down. The man was so close that Lanham could not get his cutlass free. Leaning back, he struck up with the hilt, but simultaneously the butt of a Lee-Metford whirled over his head, caught the Frenchman with terrific force across the chest, and crashed him, an inert mass, away out of sight. Lanham never saw the man again, nor knew what weapon he had tried to use.

The Sub. and his defender, Stoker Wood, the man with the clubbed rifle, a veritable giant, made the torpedo-boat's deck together. In a twinkling two or three other *Fireflies* were alongside them, and together they rushed for a knot of the torpedo-boat's watch coming aft. But these were too dazed to offer much resistance, and in a few moments the *Fireflies* were in possession of the after-deck.

Lanham gave a rapid glance round. His men were all there. "To your stations!" he ordered. "Don't give them time to think!" Immediately, as prearranged, Hogben and three sailors shot off for the fo'c'sle, the four stokers dashed down to the engine-room, while Lanham and the remaining three made for the officers' quarters aft.

At the entrance to the ward-room a startled *fusilier* dropped like a rabbit under the weight of a brawny A.B.'s fist. As he



A SMALL MOB OF HALF-STRIPPED TARS WILDLY SWARMING OVER THE TORPEDO-BOAT'S RAIL.

came face to face with a white-faced *enseigne*, evidently just out of bed. Seizing him by the throat, Lanham intimated that if he returned to his berth, well and good. Otherwise—he brandished his revolver. The *enseigne* retired.

While his men made fast one of the ward-room doors, Lanham stood, revolver in hand, half in, half out of the other, and, shouting in stentorian tones that the boat had been captured by His Britannic Majesty's Gunboat *Firefly*, called upon the officers to

surrender. This was aimed particularly at the Commander, whose cabin was at the end of the passage, right aft, and who had next to be tackled.

But that gentleman did not wait to be tackled. Suddenly his cabin door swung open. Lanham just caught a glimpse of a bearded face and two fierce eyes; then a revolver flashed from the dark cavity of the doorway, and a bullet grazed his neck.

"Guard that door!" he yelled springing forward. Two more shots flashed in the darkness. One man remained behind to guard the ward-room. One other, poor chap, remained behind for good. The last of the three, the Irishman, followed Lanham. But the cabin door crashed to in their faces.

"Smash it in!" They gave back a little and, shoulder down, charged the door. The door was strong, but their combined weight was too much for the lock. The

door suddenly gave, and the two men rolled over one another on to the cabin floor.

This, and the darkness, probably saved Lanham's life. As they fell into the room the revolver sputtered its remaining shots ineffectually over them. The next moment they found and closed with its owner.

fell his rifle went off, cutting a red furrow across the bare chest of his assailant. "Bedad," called out the latter, an Irishman, "fwhat a shtroke av luck oi threw away me jumper-r. Shure, an' ut wud ha' been shpoilt intoirely!"

Lanham burst into the ward-room and

Then, in the dark, began a short but terrific struggle. Round and across the cabin they swayed and crashed, locked in a fierce embrace. The French Commander fought like a tiger. But the two literally were one too many for him. Soon he was down, helpless under the weight and grip of the Irishman.

"Got him?" panted Lanham, rising to his feet.

"Shure, sorr."

The Sub. groped about for the switch. As he found it and turned on the light, the Chief Petty Officer came in.

"All right, Hogben?" inquired Lanham, grinning at Hogben's look of amazement. Truly the sight that met his eyes was an alarming one. The interior of the cabin was a hopeless wreck, and the condition of its occupants not much better. What could be seen of the French Commander was a mass of bruises. The Irish sailor, with a few more damages added to the mess from the red slash across his chest, looked a veritable fiend; while Lanham himself had half the skin stripped from his arm and shoulder, and a lump under his left jaw the size of an egg.

"Yes, sir," reported Hogben. "We rushed the lower deck forrad, and what's left of the crew is locked under guard in the fo'c'sle. I found the engine-room party had an easy job of it, sir. We hoisted the artificer on duty and his mate forrad, and Leading Stoker Plant took charge. He has got two men down to look after the stokers, and reports a good head of steam on, sir."

Lanham turned to the French Commander.

"You see, Monsieur," he said, in French, "it is useless to resist further. We have complete possession of the ship."

M. le Lieutenant de Vaisseau Desmoins was brave, but no fool. Recognising the helplessness of his position, he gave in with as much grace as his soreness of body and of mind would permit.

"Now, Hogben," said Lanham, briskly, "we must waste no more time. Have the two Signalmen and another man rigged in caps and jumpers, and the dinghy out to go ashore, sharp."

"Signalman Varnals is shot, sir."

"Ah, yes, poor fellow, I forgot. Put someone else in his place, then."

The Chief Petty Officer went out, and Lanham addressed Commander Desmoins.

"You see my condition, Monsieur," he

said. "You will pardon my borrowing a spare coat."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. "You have taken my ship and my liberty," he replied, bitterly; "it is a small thing now to take my clothes."

With an undress coat and cap, and the help of a muffler, Lanham hastily made himself into a fairly presentable likeness of a French Naval officer. Then, locking the cabin door, and leaving a sailor on guard, he went on deck. The dinghy was out and ready, manned by three English-built, French-clothed sailors. Lanham made for the quarter-deck gangway, talking as he went.

"You are in charge, Hogben. Have steam up ready to start in fifteen minutes. If I'm not back in half an hour use your discretion. All right below?"

"Ay, ay, sir." He dropped into the boat.

"Shove off," he called, feeling for the tiller. In two minutes the ship was well astern, and in five Lanham was peering out across the white line of the breakers for signs of the signal station.

He soon found it. The hut containing the apparatus ("tabernacle," as it is called) surmounted by the towering pole, with its network of ropes, loomed up unmistakable against the darkness of the night. Some distance behind stood a long, low, indented row of buildings—coastguard cottages, determined Lanham. Except for a faint glimmer at one of the windows of the signal hut, no lights could now be seen. The *garde du cote* no doubt had all turned in.

"This looks like a soft job," thought the Sub. as they beached the boat. "No need for anyone to stay behind," he added, aloud.

The signal station stood clear, straight ahead, across the sandy beach and sparse grass land, some two or three hundred yards away. They marched quietly and steadily towards it. The sand deadened their footsteps.

A third of the distance was covered when, without a word, as if moved by a common impulse, the four men stopped short. What was that?

In the middle distance, across the front of the signal station, moved a shadow. With measured paces it came slowly into the glow of the lighted window, and showed up clearly—the figure of a man with a rifle on his shoulder. It passed out into the opposite darkness.

" A sentry, by Jove," thought Lanham. " I wonder how many more of them! " He turned to the waiting men.

" Come on," he whispered, " but keep silent, and do nothing without I order."

They resumed their march. Steadily they neared the hut. Nothing broke the silence.

Suddenly the sentry came back, moving with quick steps to the glow in the centre of the hut. He stopped right in the light. They could see him plainly in an attitude of listening, his rifle at the ready.

" What a fool! " thought Lanham. " I could drop the beggar as he stands—if there were no more of them."

revolver. All at once, as if satisfied by something he had seen, the man's figure stiffened to attention, and he saluted.

Lanham gravely returned the salute. The four men passed on to the door of the hut.

With his finger on the latch, Lanham paused and turned. The sentry had shouldered his rifle and resumed his march, clear of the entrance.

Lanham pulled on the latch. It gave. Quietly he pushed open the door, and, with a bound like a cat, was at the throat of the man who sat, half asleep, at the table opposite the transmitter.

Before he had time to utter a sound, the sole occupant of the signal station was



" QUI EST LÀ? "

They stepped on. Still silence. They neared the hut.

" Qui est là? "

The sentry's voice rang clear and loud. The tension was ended.

" Bon soir, cher. C'est moi. M. le Commandant du torpilleur," replied Lanham, instantly and boldly.

They continued their approach. The sentry waited. As they came nearer to him Lanham's finger closed on the trigger of his

gagged and bound, and the door shut and bolted. Leading Signalmán Gann seized the key of the transmitter.

" It's all right, I think, sir," he said.

Lanham spread out the crumpled piece of paper containing the momentous message, which he had carefully preserved through all the night's adventures, and out into the darkness went the code signal, on its search for a friendly aerial wire which would receive and understand it.



WITH A BOUND LIKE A CAT LANHAM WAS AT THE THROAT OF THE MAN WHO SAT, HALF ASLEEP, AT THE TABLE OPPOSITE THE TRANSMITTER.

A pause, and the code signal was repeated. Another pause, and another repeat. Again and again and again the signal went out into the night. But no reply came back.

Lanham waited patiently, leaning against the wall. But as the minutes slowly crawled on and no answer came, his thoughts began to worry him. What if they found no one; or, when they did, it was the wire of an enemy who would blur

their message out of all recognition? What if his work of the night were all for nothing?

Presently one of the men came across. "There is another sentry on the other side of the hut, sir."

Lanham was moving over to look, when Gann called out. He rushed back.

"We are through, sir," said the Signalman, excitedly.

The sounder started tapping hurriedly. A run

of figures . . . code signal . . . more figures . . . *Invincible*, who are you? . . . figures . . . *Firefly* at Lecouvres. French Northern Flying Squadron left here, eight ships, 8 p.m., heading S.S.W. Signal station captured. Stop.

"Hooray!" cheered Lanham, in a whisper. "*Invincible* is the flag-ship of the Commander-in-Chief. Must be somewhere near Minorca. Hullo, what's that? It's 'en clair'!"

The sounder had started talking again. This time in the ordinary morse.

"Will—give—Admiral—your—message—stop—news—for—you—Brest—fleet—wiped—up—by—Denham—yester—blur . . . blur . . . blur-r-r—"

"By Jove," ejaculated Lanham; "the Brest Fleet beaten by Admiral Denham! Splendid! What a pity we can't get more details. Some French station has intercepted, I suppose, and is purposely mixing us up. Come on," he added to the beaming men—they all understood what the last message meant. "No need to waste time now we've got our wire through. Break the thing up. Don't make a row; we don't want to raise the town."

In two minutes they had crushed up the coherer and wreaked unutterable damage on the delicate mechanism. In another minute they were outside the locked door, marching back to the beach. The unsuspecting sentry again stood to attention as they passed, and again Lanham punctually returned his salute.

The dinghy was as they had left it. They launched it, and, undisturbed, without hurry, pulled back to the ship.

" Ready to start, Hogben? "

" Yes, sir, five minutes ago. "

Lanham lent a hand, and the dinghy was swung in. " Stand by to cast off, " he said, and went on the bridge.

He gave the telegraph a turn. Promptly the answering ring came up from the engine-room. Everything was in working order. In a few minutes the torpedo-boat was heading slowly for the open sea.

When fairly under way, Hogben came up. Lanham briefly related his proceedings of the last half hour, and informed him of Admiral Denham's success. The Chief Petty Officer was pleased, but evinced no surprise. His faith in the British Navy was supreme. Such things only were to be expected. Of course.

Alone once more, with the silent steersman on the bridge, so disproportionately high for such a small boat, Lanham leant against the rail. He felt tired. Now the strain was over he let himself go slack a bit, and he realised that he felt sleepy and tired. He leant against the rail and looked around.

His eyes travelled lazily along the dark sweep of the bay until it lost itself somewhere ahead, where the point of land met the sea. Over there was

the *Firefly*, waiting, anxiously no doubt, for his return. Well, they would hear something. He chuckled. By Jove, yes! They would.

Astern, past the siren, hissing melodiously, and the two squat funnels, was the solitary light in the signal hut of Lecouvres. As he watched it, rapidly dwindling, his thoughts reverted to what had just happened there, and suddenly the humour of it all entered his mind.

He laughed to himself as he thought of the smashed apparatus, and the helpless watcher, and the two sentries innocently marching round outside. " What a ripping yarn, " he thought, " for the next gun-room I'm in. "

He rehearsed it a little, and, as the idea of those two blissfully-ignorant sentries marching sedately to and fro grew upon him, the funnier did it seem. He laughed out loud and long. Those two sentries; keeping guard; over the bound signalman and the wrecked plant.

The man at the wheel looked covertly over his shoulder, discreetly surprised, but Lanham did not see him. He was laughing again at another idea that had just struck him.

" What a row there will be, " he was thinking—" what an all-fired, terrific row, when the officer comes round in the morning. "

NOVEMBER IN LONDON.

No sun—no moon—
 No morn—no noon—
 No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
 No sky—no earthly view—
 No distance looking blue—
 No road—no street—no " t'other side the way "—
 No end to any row—
 No indications where the crescents go—
 No top to any steeple—
 No recognitions of familiar people—
 No courtesies for shewing 'em—
 No knowing 'em!
 No travelling at all—no locomotion—
 No inkling of the way—no notion—
 " No go "—by land or ocean—
 No mail—no post—
 No news from any foreign coast—
 No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
 No company—no nobility—
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
 No comfortable feel in any member—
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees—
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no trees—
 November!

T. Hood.

THE DUFFER.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," &c.

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

SYNOPSIS

THIS story concerns the fortunes of George Wellington Denver, a boy of sixteen, who spends several years at Silverdown, a public school, without achieving anything creditable. Finally, being very miserable, and anxious to escape from a disreputable set he is mixed up with, he procures his expulsion by breaking a very strict rule. On hearing that George has purposely brought this dishonour on himself, his father, Dr. Denver, gives the boy a severe horse-whipping. The thrashing is brought to an end by the intervention of Joyce, George's ten-year-old sister, and George dashes out into the storm which is raging at the time. Seeking a favourite spot under the cliffs (he lives at Mellerby, a small seaside place), he throws himself down and gives vent to his misery. There, soaked and forlorn, he is found by Munro, an artist, who occupies a bungalow near the beach. Munro befriends the boy and dries his clothes, but George, nevertheless, catches a severe cold. When he is well enough to leave his room his father tells him that he must go to school again, but George emphatically refuses to do so. Eventually he is given temporary employment in the office of Garrick and Mappin, a firm of Mellerby solicitors. Mr. Mappin, the junior partner, admires Molly, George's pretty sister of seventeen, and it is with the hope of improving his relations with the Denver family that he offers George this post. The boy, though he tries his best, does not give much satisfaction at the solicitors' office, and it is the opinion of Andrews, the managing clerk, that he will never do any good at this kind of work. George, however, has a considerable talent for music, and he is encouraged to persevere in this direction by Mr. Wall, organist at Mellerby parish church, who gives him lessons for nothing. Living in the town is a very old lady, named Mrs. Pardoe, said to be a centenarian. This old lady, who is very sharp-witted, considering her years, keeps in touch with the Denver family by the unconscious agency of little Joyce, who, when some trouble has arisen, or when she particularly wants anything, writes a letter to God, and posts it in an old oak tree which stands near Mrs. Pardoe's garden. These letters are taken out of the tree by Mrs. Pardoe. In one of them Mrs. Pardoe learns that Munro, the artist, is very poor, and so by way of assisting him she commissions him to paint her portrait. In the course of the story it is shown how Munro incurs the enmity of John Blunt (nicknamed, on account of his appearance, "Black Jack"), a huge boatman of disreputable character. One day Blunt publicly insults Munro, and in the course of the encounter that follows gets much the worst of it. Burning with a desire for revenge, the ruffian waits for the artist late that night by the latter's bungalow. Whilst a thunder-storm is raging, Blunt sees the figure of a man approaching the bungalow door. Taking this to be Munro, Blunt fells him with a boat-hook, and is about to repeat the blow when the prostrate man is killed by a flash of lightning, and by the glare of the lightning Blunt sees that his victim is not Munro, but Dr. Denver. All efforts to find Black Jack prove fruitless, and he is supposed to have escaped out to sea in a rowing-boat. It is computed that when the practice has been sold the three children will have about sixty pounds a year to live upon. Mrs. Pardoe, who has recently bought a farm near Mellerby, commissions Munro to offer the children free quarters at the farmhouse. When Munro calls at The

Gables to put this proposal before them, he is told by Mrs. that a London theatrical manager has offered her an engagement, and that she would like to have his advice on the matter.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IV.

MUNRO'S ADVICE.

THE artist had had some acquaintance with the stage. In his frolicsome youth, when possessed of a little capital, and uncertain as to what calling to adopt, he had been temporarily fascinated by the footlights' glare. He had a cousin in the profession, and to him he applied for help. This cousin, a good-hearted, cheerful Bohemian, who knew all the ropes and was prepared to play any part from Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, down to the comic mother in "Jack and the Beanstalk," listened to his juvenile relation with an indulgent smile, and then introduced him to the manager of a West End theatre where a society comedy was in course of preparation. Munro was a comely young fellow, straight of limb and graceful of movement, so the manager he was taken to apportioned him the rôle of a footman at a guinea a week. Munro only appeared twice during the evening—early in the first act, when he ushered a grand dame into an earl's drawing-room, and in the third and last act, when he handed round coffee to the earl's dinner guests in the same apartment. He had nothing whatever to say—it was a strictly "thinking" part—and an hour and a half to wait between his two appearances. This period he filled up talking to the other actors who shared his dressing-room—impersonators of a burglar, a gardener, and a family solicitor—playing cards, and chatting with the ladies of

the company. This was all very pleasant for the first few weeks, but as time went on the young actor grew inexpressibly bored by his long wait. The play proved a success, and settled down to a long run. Munro grew more and more bored. He understudied the burglar, whose part, though small, was telling and full of good business, but the burglar's attendances were clock-like in their regularity, and his understudy waited in vain for a chance to step into his shoes, even for one performance: night after night he met the same little set of people, all of whom said very much

him lightly by the cuff of his coat, led him into a Strand bar nicknamed—on account of the impecunious Thespians who congregated there—"Poverty Corner."

After Munro had ordered refreshments, his cousin explained the position.

"My dear chappie, Job would have made a splendid actor—I mean, he would have been admirably suited for the theatrical profession. He was patient, you see. He could wait. So must you, if you want to succeed. Look at me. I've been resting for six weeks—thanks, yes, soda—and for all I know I shall have to wait



HE HAD AN HOUR AND A HALF TO WAIT BETWEEN HIS TWO APPEARANCES.

the same every night, and were not a quarter so interesting off the boards as the public no doubt imagined them to be; he lost steadily at cards, and when he won a brother actor generally levelled up positions by borrowing a little money off him and forgetting to pay it back; and so, in short, Munro grew heartily sick of his part, of his companions, and of stage life generally. He felt that he could act if he could only get a chance, but what chance did handing round coffee give him?

He complained bitterly to his cousin of his lack of opportunities. The cheery fellow smacked him on the back, and then, taking

six more. I've always been patient from the time I began, when I played a pepper-pot in a pantomime and understudied the hind legs of an elephant. Luckily, your dear old aunt—*my* dear old mother, I should say—provides me with a roof when I'm resting, otherwise I should have a hungry time of it in diggings—well, I don't mind if I do have another. Now, kiddy, listen. If you're so bored with a part that a good many young fellows would give their heads to play—here's to you, dear old chap!—you'd better chuck the stage when this piece you're in is taken off. You're not made of the stuff that succeeds on the stage. Your

heart's not really in it. And you won't think I'm getting at you, Francis, old man, when I tell you that you're too good for the stage. Yes, you're fitted for a breezier, manlier profession. I wouldn't seriously advise man, woman, boy, or dog to go on the stage—dog? well, a performing dog seems a trifle effeminate compared with a smart pointer or foxhound, eh?—but when a fellow or a girl is mad on it, well, let 'em try it, say I, since nothing else will satisfy 'em. And it's that kind of people that succeed on the stage, because they love the old boards so that they'll suffer all sorts of privations and knock about the country, travelling in grimy third-class carriages and putting up in fourth-rate lodging-houses, go to Africa and America and Australia—go anywhere and play anything simply because it's in their blood, and they'd be wretched doing anything else. That's your real player. And then there's heaps of others—girls especially—who think they'd like to go on the stage because it looks so jolly and pretty and charming from the front. But they haven't got the real pro. blood in them, and the waiting and disappointments send 'em back home in the long run—and it's a lucky job for them if they've got a home that'll take them in. As for you, I can see you're not mad on it now—that's pretty evident—so take the advice of a well-salted pro. and *clear out*—eh? Well, it must be the last, then—the absolute last!”

Munro took his cousin's advice and quitted the stage for good when the comedy had played itself out. He decided then to study art, and went to Paris, where his modest capital gradually melted away, leaving him at length dependent on his brush for a living.

He never repented giving up the stage, and he always remembered his cousin's sound summing-up of the profession which has had more stones thrown at it than any other calling that ever was. He recognised that the proper people for the stage are those who are born with stage blood in their veins—whom nothing can stop once they have determined that they will go a-mumming.

So here, on this green lawn, stood a maid of seventeen, who had never in her life aspired to tread the boards, asking him to decide for her whether or no she should adopt the profession he himself had abandoned a dozen years ago.

He did not answer at once, but, to make time for thinking, asked Molly to let him see the letter. It was typewritten, of course, and not particularly well typewritten, nor yet well composed. The Bohemianism of the writer's calling

seemed to have extended itself even to his office work.

“It is a pity that Mr. Wilson could not have put the matter to you verbally,” he said. “He could then have told you all about it, and explained what you would have to do. Unfortunately he will not be down here again till this day week, and——”

“And he wants an answer at once,” put in Molly. “You see he says he must fill the part immediately.”

“He can hardly expect you to rush up to town at such short notice,” said Munro, “especially,” he added, in a gentler tone, “in view of what has recently happened here.”

Munro's reading of the theatrical manager was that he was an astute business man, and very little else. Wilson, in his opinion, had about as much sympathy in his composition as one would expect to find in a battleship. He was born to make money—lots of money—and drive hard bargains. Fate, instead of putting him down behind a counter, or in an office, had set him to tread paths far more uncertain and uneven than those traversed by the merchant or speculator in stocks and shares, but even in those paths he would succeed, just as he would have succeeded as a coal-merchant or corn-factor. In his relations with stage folk he was as unbending as steel, and so was feared and courted as no City Dives ever was. He wanted Molly Denver in his new company. He had heard that her father was dead. Poor girl—poor girl! Still, she was now a much freer agent than she had been during her father's lifetime. Ergo—“Take this down,” said he to his shorthand clerk.

“This” Munro now held in his hand.

Molly winced a little as he referred to her father's death, and her lip quivered.

“You think, then, that I had better not go. Mr. Munro?”

“My dear child, you yourself have not yet told me what you would like to do,” he replied.

“Oh, I should like it above all things,” said Molly, with a simple directness that turned Munro's heart cold—for he knew, when he heard these words, that whatever opinion he gave would affect the situation very little. She had already, in point of fact, made up her mind to accept Wilson's invitation. At the same time he knew that she would prefer him to advise her to go, as he would then be lending her his moral support—and she evidently regarded his opinion as one of some value. By advising her to go, he saw clearly, he would establish himself firmly in her good books—a most desirable consummation to effect.

considering what his feelings were towards her.

But—

Like a sweet-singing poet of long ago, Munro loved his honour best of all things. In the simple programme of his life, that came first. Putting his own feelings aside, and regarding the matter quite impersonally, Munro did not wish to see Molly on the stage. He could imagine her freshness and innocence gradually being dissipated by the late hours, the more than free-and-easy companionship, above all, by the continual artifice, of the stage. No, even if he were never to see her again, he did not want her to go. In an entirely unselfish fashion he wished her to spend a happy, pure, innocent existence—and his soul felt sick when he pictured this dainty flower of the country gradually losing its sweetness and delicate perfume amid the paint and powder, the slang, the clamour, the glare, and the license of theatrical life in London.

"You see," added Molly, "you are sure to know what it is best for me to do."

As she said this she looked at him curiously. She knew perfectly well that he was not indifferent to her, and she liked to feel that this great strong man was her vassal. She had deliberately flattered him because she wanted him to be on her side and agree with her that it would be an excellent thing for her to accept the offer. Such a sensible, level-headed man would not give an opinion lightly, she was well aware. If he said "Go," she could quote his advice to her uncle, whom she was bound to consult. Her uncle had made Munro's acquaintance during his short stay at Mellerby, and Molly knew that he had formed a very favourable impression of the painter.

Munro looked straight into the pretty eyes upturned to his own. Pretty as they were, however, he would not let them wheedle him away from the decision he had come to.

"I think," he said, "that you are too young to accept this engagement. I advise you to decline it."

Molly slowly averted her eyes. As she did so, her firm little chin assumed an obstinate contour.

"Thank you," she said. "I know you are quite sincere in what you say."

But as she spoke she flashed a glance upon him which he was sharp enough to interpret quite correctly. He saw that, with her woman's instinct, she had read his heart; he saw, too, that she was trying to persuade herself that his decision was the outcome of a desire on his part that she should remain in Mellerby. And quite suddenly he felt annoyed and exasperated

because he had allowed this child to affect him in the way she had done.

He turned away abruptly.

"George," he said, "I want to speak to you a moment—and to Joyce."

George and his little sister had strayed away down the lawn while Munro and Molly were talking. They both came at his call.

"I have been entrusted with a message for all three of you," he said. "Mrs. Pardoe, when she was at my studio this morning, desired me to tell you that she would be most happy if you would take up your quarters in the farmhouse she has recently bought—the Hall Farm—until you have made definite arrangements where to live. She is putting a bailiff in to look after the farm; he and his wife, and, I suppose, their servant, will be the only other occupants of the place besides yourselves. The old lady, I am certain, would be highly pleased if you accepted her invitation, and I think, taking everything into consideration, that you might do worse than go there. I ought perhaps to have mentioned the matter to your aunt, but I quite forgot until this moment that she was here. However, you will of course consult her. She might like to call on Mrs. Pardoe and talk the matter over with her."

The faces of the three young people exhibited considerable surprise. None of them spoke, however, so Munro turned to George.

"What do you say, George—you being the head of the family now?"

"I think it would be rather a good idea, sir," said George.

"So do I," said Molly, looking anywhere but at Munro. "It would be just the place for George and Joyce."

"But, I say," said George, "you're not going on the stage, are you, Molly?"

"I've got to do something, so why shouldn't I?" replied Molly, sharply.

But the next moment she flung her arm round her brother's neck. "You wouldn't mind, Georgie, would you?" she cried coaxingly. "You wouldn't think me a very bad girl?"

"It seems rather a rum thing to do," returned George. "Still, I don't mind. We're jolly hard up, and, as you say, you've got to do something. What will you be—a chorus girl?"

"A chorus girl!" cried Molly, tossing her head indignantly. "I should rather think not! I'm to have a part, and I expect it'll be a nice part, or he wouldn't have taken the trouble to pick me out for it."

"But you don't know anything about acting," said George, vaguely.

"I'm sure," said Molly, "I can sing and act quite as well as a good many girls I've seen on the stage. I've got more brains than you credit me with, Master George."

"So now, George," put in Munro, "I hope you feel well sat upon. It's evident that Miss Molly has made up her mind about this matter, so all we can do is to wait till the play is produced and then go in the pit and applaud the charming *débutante!*"

Molly smiled graciously upon him. "I'm so glad you've come round to my way of thinking," she said.

The smile died away from his face.

"I haven't," he replied abruptly. "I don't think you ought to go on the stage."

"But if I do you'll come and see me?"

"Yes, I shall come and see you," he replied gravely.

He had hardly spoken when the gong announced that lunch was ready.

"I'll be going now," said Munro. "Let me know what decision you arrive at—about both matters."

He left the garden by the gate leading to the wooden bridge spanning Mellerby's little stream. With a gloomy brow he strode back across the common. This, then, was the end of the little summer idyll in which he had been permitted to play a part. The comedy had ended in tragedy. The home was to be broken up, the young people were to separate, and Mellerby would no longer be graced by Molly's charming presence.

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

muttered Munro, and then laughed savagely, telling himself that he was an old enough fool to know better.

The sun went in, and a threatening breeze sprang up. The sky frowned upon him as, sad at heart, he pursued his way to his solitary bungalow.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAST SITTING.

THE aunt who had come to look after the orphans had never been known to her nephew and nieces by any Christian name. She had always been "Aunt Wellington," and regarded as an awe-inspiring person rather than a lady to be fondled and made much of. Her appearance and mien were not calculated to enliven those about her. Being an elder sister, by fifteen or twenty years, of the late Mrs. Denver's, she would

now be almost sixty years of age. Not having moved with the times, she still retained the prim notions that were prevalent in her girlhood, and viewed the ways and manners of nineteenth hundred with the strait-laced eye of a former generation.

At lunch Molly told her aunt of the message Mrs. Pardoe had sent by Munro concerning accommodation at the farmhouse. Miss Wellington listened to the girl grimly, yet with approvingly, for the good spinster's mind had been considerably exercised as to the children's future habitation. She was not ungenerously disposed, but her own means were far from ample, and she had therefore been indulging in a large amount of mental arithmetic, the subject whereof was the cost per head in lodgings of a boy and two girls. And she was prepared to assist them with a portion of her slender income should the need arise.

Mrs. Pardoe's thoughtfulness had the effect of setting her mind entirely at rest. With free quarters the children, she felt sure, would be able to manage well enough on their sixty pounds a year added to what George earned. And Molly, of course, would be going away to a post shortly, so then there would be one less to be kept.

"I will call on Mrs. Pardoe," said she graciously, "and accept her offer in your name. You will afterwards, I trust, call on her yourselves, and thank her in person."

That matter being satisfactorily settled, Molly, with some trepidation, proceeded to broach the subject of her own immediate future. Briefly informing her aunt of the nature of Mr. Wilson's offer, she handed Miss Wellington the theatrical manager's letter.

The three young folks glanced apprehensively at each other as Miss Wellington assumed her *pince-nez* and surveyed the communication with an expression of dire displeasure.

She proclaimed the conclusion of her perusal with an indignant sniff.

"Do you know this man intimately?" she demanded of Molly.

"I don't know him at all, auntie."

"Then it is a most presumptuous epistle. I will answer it, my dear."

Molly bridled at this.

"The letter is addressed to me, Aunt Wellington, and so I must send the reply."

Miss Wellington sourly returned the message to its envelope.

"I will teach this person his place," she said. "These theatrical people think that they can disregard all etiquette. Mr. Wilson will know

better when he has heard from me. . . . George!" she added, sharply, "how often am I to tell you not to eat so fast?"

George stole a glance at Joyce, who giggled at his wry expression.

"What are you laughing at, child?" demanded Miss Wellington.

"Nothing, auntie."

"Do you know what kind of people laugh at nothing?" queried Miss Wellington, sternly.

"No, auntie."

"Lunatics," said Miss Wellington. "If you laugh again when I reprove your brother I shall send you to bed."

Joyce immediately assumed an expression of the utmost propriety. She knew that Aunt Wellington was quite capable of keeping her word.

"Do you imagine for a moment," Miss Wellington continued, turning to Molly, "that I would even discuss this individual's suggestion? Is it possible that you have forgotten your self-respect so far as actually to contemplate becoming an actress?"

Molly said nothing, but as she bent over her plate a closer observer than Miss Wellington would have noticed the storm brewing in her face.

"I trust," Miss Wellington recommenced, after a pause, "that no one connected with me will ever become associated with such a low profession. And how, may I ask, did this man come to know of you? He was, I am sure, a stranger to your father."

"He must have seen me going into Mr. Munro's bungalow."

"Indeed! Simply saw you! There is no end to these people's impertinence! However, he shall hear from me in a way he won't like."

Molly looked at her aunt with a spot of crimson on each cheek.

"I will answer the letter, Aunt Wellington. I am not a baby."

"You will do nothing of the sort," returned the lady.

Molly leant forward, and, with a sudden, unexpected movement, snatched up the letter. Miss Wellington made an undignified grab at it, but an ineffectual one, for Molly was too quick for her.

"Return that letter to me at once, child!" she exclaimed.

Molly, however, kept a tight grip on her property. Miss Wellington's eyes flashed with indignation.

"Your uncle shall hear of your conduct," she said.

"You can tell him whatever you like," said

Molly, furiously. "I shall write at the same time and ask him to let me accept Mr. Wilson's offer. I have to earn my own living now, and I will never be a governess or companion. So, if uncle will let me, I shall go on the stage."

"And bring everlasting disgrace on your family?"

But Molly made no reply. It was left to Joyce, therefore, to take up the cudgels on her behalf.

"Is the stage so very bad, auntie?" she enquired.

"Don't ask silly questions, child."

"In the plays I've seen," continued Joyce, "the people were ever so nice. There was nothing at all wicked about them. In one play a man dressed up and pretended he was another man's aunt, and the people laughed all the time. It was dreadfully funny. My side quite hurt with laughing. It isn't wrong to make people laugh, is it, auntie?"

"Get on with your pudding, child," snapped Miss Wellington.

"And in another play," Joyce continued, being determined to uphold her sister's cause, "there were two dear little boys who had no home, so a policeman took them home with him, and was very kind to them. I think plays like that," added the little maid, thoughtfully, "make you feel you would like to be kind too."

Miss Wellington pursed up her lips. She had never been into a theatre, and never intended to go into one. For she strongly disapproved of such institutions. When she required relaxation she either went to hear a lecture by an Arctic explorer or a gentleman famed for antiquarian research.

"And then there was *Alice in Wonderland*," said Joyce. "You can't think how I longed to be at the mad tea-party, and talk to the white rabbit and the hatter. I shall never forget how nice it was!"

"I have told you, child, to get on with your pudding," observed the spinster.

So Joyce, having given her impressions of the stage from a child's point of view, relapsed into silence. Which view was, that the art which tends to bring tears of honest pity to the eyes, to cause hearty and healthy laughter, to drive away dull care for a few too short hours, to hold up what is brave and honourable to admiration and condemn all that is cowardly and base—the art that can do this is surely not one to be lightly labelled an evil thing.

Miss Wellington was without doubt quite right in throwing cold water on Molly's stage

aspirations, but she was unfortunate in her methods. Her objections, urged in so drastic a manner, had the effect of fanning the flame of Molly's desire to accept the offer. Molly wrote to her uncle that night, and Miss Wellington also wrote. After due consideration the merchant instructed Molly to come up to London, in order that he might talk the matter over with her—a behest which the girl hastened to obey.

Molly's first duty, however, was to pack up all her belongings, and this was not a task of unmixed pleasure. All sorts of mementoes of former happy days had to be put away, for Molly knew she was not likely ever to return to The Gables. Whatever decision her uncle came to about the stage engagement, she intended to stay in London. Now that she was so poor she could not bear the idea of remaining in Mellerby. The Blackett girls, the Peels, the Rices, the Beresfords—these were the friends of her prosperity. No doubt they would all be kind to her still—they had all, indeed, sent her most sympathetic messages of condolence—but she knew that henceforth she would not be able to dress as they did, drive about as they did, or entertain them save in the most modest manner imaginable in—what?—the parlour of a farmhouse!

Between seventeen and twenty a girl is at the most sensitive era of her existence; hence Molly felt the change in her family's fortunes with peculiar bitterness. For Joyce, the impecunious future had no terrors, her ideas of bullion being limited to the little pile of silver and copper contained in her money-box. The younger girl thought in pence, the elder in pounds. And so Molly, as she stowed away her cherished little library, her ornaments, pictures, and photographs in a packing-case which would later on be conveyed to the farm, though she experienced many a pang as these familiar treasures of her girlhood were taken from the nooks and corners she had devised for them—though her lip often quivered and her eyes more than once were dimmed with tears, yet she proceeded with her task in a determined manner which indicated that she had quite made up her mind about leaving Mellerby—of going boldly to the City of Cities to seek her fortune.

The packing occupied Joyce and herself the whole of one morning. When the time came to decide upon what clothes she would take to London, and what were to be left behind, the sight of the pretty cornflower blue dress reminded her of the unfinished portrait in Munro's studio.

Then an idea struck her. She would give him one more sitting. So when George came home for lunch she got him to ride round to the studio and inform the artist of her projected visit. Then, about three, she put on the blue dress, over this a mackintosh, and set out across the common with Joyce.

Munro was awaiting them on the slope above his bungalow. With him was Rufus of the frowning jowl and gallant heart. Often afterwards Molly remembered the way in which Munro shook hands with her, and the look of tender welcome which shone in his steadfast dark eyes. He was a man with a handshake that inspired confidence; his hand was large and strong and warm, his grip firm and yet gentle. One felt that one was shaking hands with a man.

The full sense of her loss came crowding home to Molly's mind when her glance wandered over the familiar slope, the beach, the drawn-up boats, the graceful yachts at anchor, the row of bungalows, and young Dwyer's snug cottage close at hand. She looked up at Munro with brimming eyes, and she let her hand rest in his for some moments longer than an ordinary handshake lasts. Here was a friend; whatever happened, she knew Munro would always be her friend. And he, looking down at the two girls, felt glad that his ill-success and poverty had driven him to this out-of-the-way abode, for by coming here he had met two girls and a boy whose genuine natures had claimed relationship with his own. They were just two desolate girls—these looking up at him—and he registered a vow that he would make it his particular care to tend them, come good or ill fortune. He flung from his mind any idea of wooing Molly as a man woos a woman. He remembered the wide gap that lay between their years; he remembered his want of pence. She was a child whom he would befriend with no ulterior motive. God helping him, he would watch over her. This was his vow, made with the sun of heaven shining down upon him, with the beat of the waves sounding in his ears, and the soft west wind whispering gracious approval.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOCUM.

MOLLY went up to London the next day, Munro, George, and Joyce—a melancholy trio—seeing her off at the station. They were very quiet as they walked back, Munro being especially so,

for Molly's departure had left a blank in his heart which could not be filled by work or play, by the conversation of friends or the companionship of books that he loved.

When he got back to his bungalow, by way of shaking off his depression he attacked his work vigorously. He wished to finish off his portrait of Molly and his study of Black Jack, junior, as soon as possible, and send them up to the dealer who had failed to do business with his landscapes. He fancied that this new line he had struck out would prove more attractive than his landscapes. He had originally intended to give Molly the picture he had made of her, but lately he had changed his mind. It was the best thing he had ever done, and might prove the turning-point in his career if his dealer succeeded in selling it well. The purchaser might give him further commissions—one never knew! He was certain that Molly would prefer him to sell the picture rather than send it up to the farmhouse (pending her removal of it to more permanent quarters), there to rust upon the wall. It would be easy, later on, to make a duplicate of it for her.

He was particularly pleased, too, with his picture of little Jack Blunt, whose brigandish expression he had caught to the life. Young Blunt had gazed upon his canvas *alter ego* with round, wondering eyes, and Mrs. Blunt's approval had expressed itself in an opinion that it gave her quite a turn, the eyes were so like his father's. And when she added that the said eyes seemed to "follow you round the room," the good woman was unconsciously passing a most favourable criticism on the work, for the eyes of a well-executed portrait should always "follow you round the room."

Munro went to work with despatch, therefore, for he was anxious to paint a little girl—another bungalow resident—whom he had noticed at the station a day or two since. She had evidently gone there to see her father off to town, and was sitting on a seat when Munro's artistic eye fell upon her and booked her instantly for a sitter. Her dress, like Molly's, was of cornflower blue, but, unlike Molly's, was very old and stained; her sun-burnt legs were stockingless, and she wore leather sandals instead of shoes; her dark hair fell carelessly about her brown little face, and was crowned by a battered linen hat, of the sort that you may buy for a shilling, which sat upon her head with the unstudied, picturesque negligence that characterised the whole of her simple attire. Munro knew the little one's father, and the permission he required

was given with smiling readiness. So here was a new subject for his brush—one after his own heart!

Joyce and George, as well as their big friend, found plenty to keep them busy. Joyce helped her aunt collect all the treasures that were not to go into the sale which was to be held at the end of the month—and she had her own little treasures to pack up as well; George had his office work and his organ practices. Still, both felt Molly's absence more than they cared to admit, and suffered accordingly from occasional attacks of depression. It was not, therefore, an entirely-to-be-deplored accident which brought upon the scenes probably the very person one would have recommended under such circumstances.

Mr. Smallwood, the assistant, had taken up his abode at The Gables after Dr. Denver's death. But it would seem that the house was dogged by misfortune, for a fortnight after the funeral Mr. Smallwood injured his knee-cap, and was condemned to lie on his back for a month, or possibly longer.

Fortunately, the Mellerby bill of health was good at this period—or Dr. Denver would not have been contemplating a holiday at the time when death annihilated all his plans—and the work to be done in his practice was well within one man's scope.

Miss Wellington promptly consulted the invalid about getting somebody to fill his place.

"We might wire to an agent for a man," said Smallwood, "but that would be a slow way of going to work. I know a fellow who could come at once—a friend of mine called Deadwood."

"Is he a nice man?" queried the spinster.

"Oh, yes—and a good surgeon. Knows his work. A man you can rely on."

"Then how is it he is not employed?" inquired Miss Wellington, suspiciously.

"It is hardly necessary to go into that question," returned Smallwood, whose knee was throbbing painfully. "He's a good chap. A little off-hand, perhaps, but—well, Matt's doesn't turn out angels."

"Who or what is 'Matt's'?" queried Miss Wellington.

"St. Matthew's Hospital, London," explained Smallwood, wishing she would go away and leave him at peace. "Deadwood was a student there when I was at Bart's—St. Bartholomew's, you know."

"Mr. Deadwood is, I trust, a gentleman?" said Miss Wellington. "My poor brother's patients are mostly of the better class, as you know——"

"Deadwood's all right," the sufferer assured her. "His father's a parson. So," he continued, "if you will kindly give me a telegram form, Miss Wellington, or send George up with one, I'll write out a wire to him."

An hour later a telegram was received at The Gables to the effect that Mr. Deadwood was starting for Mellerby at once. On consulting Bradshaw's monumental guide, Smallwood found that his friend would arrive by the last train, whereupon he requested George to meet the train, and give Poole instructions as regards the carriage.

"What sort of a man is Mr. Deadwood?" asked George.

"Oh, you can't miss him. He's a big chap with a loud voice. He's sure to be talking."

"What sort of a face?"

"Face? Oh, clean-shaven and determined-looking."

"Thanks," said George.

"So now give me 'Love and Mr. Lewisham' off that table," said the Bart's man, a little wearily. "I'm glad old Deadwood's coming. He'll wake things up a bit."

"Big man—loud voice—clean-shaven—determined-looking," thought George, reviewing the stream of arrivals by the last train. "Wonder which he is of this crowd!"

At that moment there rose above the twitter and chirping of the girls meeting fathers and brothers and sweethearts the sounds of a voice which would have been envied by a toast-master or town-crier.

"It's an old portmanteau," cried the voice, "very old and covered with labels—there, by the canary cage. Don't be all night getting it."

Evidently instructions to a porter. George edged up to the throng which had gathered round the luggage, and descried in the forefront of the gesticulating travellers a man whose height was about on a par with Munro's, but whose build rather resembled that of a navvy. He had a long nose, a heavy under-jaw, and looked not unlike a burglar. His form was clothed in a none-too-new suit of green flannel, which, as it embraced him rather tightly, set forth the lines of his massive shoulders to much advantage.

George squeezed through the group.

"Are you Mr. Deadwood, sir?" he asked, touching the stranger on the arm.

"Hullo, my lad! Yes, I'm Deadwood."

"My name's Denver," said George. "I have come to meet you. Our carriage is here."

"Good!" said Deadwood, carrying on the conversation as if George and he were alone on

the platform. "I'll come along when this chap has got hold of my bag of tricks. How's the invalid?"

"His knee's pretty bad," said George.

"Hard luck being crooked up in this weather," was Mr. Deadwood's comment on the situation. "Ah! he's got my kit at last—oh, sorry!" he concluded, as a furious exclamation told him that he had stepped back on to somebody's toe.

The victim, a stout, testy-looking gentleman was hardly appeased by this off-hand apology.

"Why don't you look where you're going?" he demanded.

"Not having eyes in the back of my neck," explained Deadwood, lucidly, "I can only see in front of me."

"You are an impertinent fellow," snapped the other, limping away with an indignant snort.

"Who's that old cock?" demanded the newcomer.

"The Mayor," George informed him.

"Angry old bird, isn't he?" returned Deadwood, not at all impressed by the information.

Mr. Deadwood had a fund of strenuous vitality that was constantly seeking a vent in action or speech. He had been mewed up in the train for six hours, and felt now just like running a mile or walking four. Previous to his journey he had been rustivating in a little Warwickshire village with little else to do but sleep, eat his meals, smoke, talk to his sisters, and go for an occasional ride on a borrowed horse. He had been, in consequence, bored to distraction; by the end of a month he was heartily tired of his sisters, and it is quite unnecessary to add that his sisters were heartily tired of him. His chum's telegram was read with as much gratification by them as by the person it was addressed to. They had helped him pack his portmanteau with embarrassing energy, and had seen him off from the little local station with delighted kisses and joyous wavings of handkerchiefs. Deadwood smiled grimly at their enthusiastic faces. "Good-bye, Tom, dear!" they cried in chorus. "Good-bye, old boy, good-bye!" "So long, girls," said Tom, waving his hand to them in a collective way. Then the train had rolled off, and his sisters had walked back hoping sincerely that it would be a long time before Tom came home for another holiday.

The locum was received at The Gables by Miss Wellington, who greeted him with stiff formality. After they had shaken hands, she suggested that he might like to go upstairs and see Mr. Smallwood.

The locum's entrance to his injured friend was not a little boisterous.

"What ho, my buck!" he cried. "Dry-docked for repairs, eh?"

"Cool down, Tom," returned Smallwood. "You've heard of what's happened here? Hardly decent to make a row under the cires."

As Mr. Deadwood, however, had *not* heard, his friend proceeded to enlighten him. Deadwood whistled ruefully. "Pity they didn't nab the boatman chap. Well, what's done can't be undone. I must cheer the youngsters up a bit. Nice sort of fellow, the boy."

Mr. Smallwood obliged with some biographical facts concerning George Wellington Denver.

"Expelled, was he?" commented Deadwood, approvingly. "Then there's two of us, for I was fired out of my school for getting up a

looking performer she had seen at the Wild West entertainment.

Some cold boiled beef, salad, cherry tart, cheese, and a choice of drinkables had been provided for Mr. Deadwood's delectation.

Miss Wellington sat primly at the head of the table while Thomas made vigorous play among the viands.

"You come from Warwickshire, I believe, Mr. Deadwood?" said the maiden lady, by way of making conversation.

"Yes, that is where my parents and sisters live," he replied, thinking it would please Miss Wellington if he talked in this nice quiet way.

"Have you many sisters?"

"Eight or nine," Deadwood informed her.



"I CANNOT SAY WHETHER THERE ARE ANY NEGROES HERE."

rebellion. Seems a lively sort of show, this. There isn't by any chance a ghost attached to the place just to finish it off, is there?"

Smallwood laughed. "No, you're its only present infliction. Now go downstairs and get some grub. And mind what you say to the aunt—she's touchy."

Upon which Deadwood grinned and departed.

Miss Wellington had not been pleasantly impressed by Mr. Deadwood's appearance. She had been to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show once, and Mr. Deadwood's profile—as well as his name—reminded her of the cowboys she had seen lassoing people and shooting Indians. "I always try and match faces," Miss Wellington once said to a lady friend. Mr. Deadwood's she matched with that of the most undesirable

"Eight or nine?" Miss Wellington smiled. "Are not you sure of the number?"

"No, I'm not certain of it. There are a good many of them, I know that."

The conversation dropped at this point. It was resumed, with an effort, by Miss Wellington.

"I suppose you prefer London to the country?" said she.

"All depends," was the answer. "When a man owes money to all the people in London I owe it to, the country has a peculiar charm for him."

And as he helped himself to cherry tart he wished Smallwood could be present to hear him talk in this pleasing way.

"You have debts!" Miss Wellington looked severe. "Does it not worry you when you think of the money you owe?"

"Not much. The people I owe it to worry more than I do."

Miss Wellington stared at him.

"I always think it such a pity when a young man runs into debt," she remarked.

"It's better than stealing the things you want," was Deadwood's rejoinder.

"But non-payment of debts is practically stealing," cried Miss Wellington.

"Oh, one's gov'nor always brasses up in the long run," explained Deadwood, with a wave of his knife.

"*Brasses up!*" Miss Wellington was not accustomed to such phraseology.

"Liquidates one's liabilities, I should say," was Deadwood's good-humoured correction.

Silence ensued. The conversation hitherto had hardly been a success. Presently Mr. Deadwood felt himself called upon to make a remark. What could he say? Ah! talk about Mellerby.

"Pretty lively here now?" he queried. "Niggers, and all that?"

"The place is no doubt lively," conceded Miss Wellington, "but," she added, "I cannot say whether there are any negroes here—. Is anything the matter, Mr. Deadwood? Are you unwell?"

The locum had nearly choked over a piece of tomato. He composed himself with an effort, and assured Miss Wellington that nothing ailed him.

Again there was an awkward pause. This time Miss Wellington broke the silence.

"I have friends among the Warwickshire county people," said she. "Do you know the Bragelottes—a very old family?"

"Can't say I do. Wait a moment, though," added the locum, as if struck by a happy inspiration; "there was a fellow of that name expelled from my school at the same time that I was. Would he belong to your lot— I mean, the Bragelottes you know?"

"I have not heard that any boy belonging to the family I refer to was expelled from school," replied Miss Wellington, coldly.

"Expect they kept it dark," surmised Deadwood.

"My friends keep nothing 'dark,' as you call it!" exclaimed Miss Wellington. "There are, no doubt, other Bragelottes, although it is not a common name."

Mr. Deadwood agreed that there might be other Bragelottes, and again the conversation languished. In spite of the questions which he had been obliged to answer, Deadwood had managed to make an enormous meal. When he at last felt satisfied, he leant back in his chair,

and, by force of custom, felt for his pipe. Miss Wellington rose from her seat and treated him to a frigid bow.

"You will no doubt like to join your friend," she said. "I wish you good-night."

Deadwood, grinning cheerfully, made his way to the assistant's bed-chamber.

"Well?" queried Smallwood, somewhat anxiously.

"We got on like a house on fire," said the other. "Very chatty old dear."

"What did you talk about?" demanded the invalid.

"Oh," said Deadwood, airily, "mutual acquaintances, &c."

"You didn't even touch on your scraps in the Meat Market?"

"Not a word. I talked like a good little book, and we took to each other right away. She seemed quite sorry to leave me."

But Smallwood smiled unbelievably.

In her own chamber Miss Wellington was talking to her reflection.

"We must get the practice sold at once," she said, glaring into the mirror. "This barbarian will ruin it."

CHAPTER VII.

A CHASE IN THE MOONLIGHT.

BUT Miss Wellington's fears were groundless. A few patients the locum may have lost to the practice, but he gained others. For, however lacking he may have been in polish, Mr. Deadwood soon showed himself to be a proficient at his work. True, he would hardly have proved a success as a West End specialist in nerves, nor were his words and ways silken enough to win him favour among hysterical ladies and faddy gentlemen, but he had a breezy geniality which won him favour with his patients, and, better than that, he soon found out what was the matter with them. Having done this, he delivered himself on the subject in a manner which brooked no questioning, and set about the job of curing them in a way which inspired confidence.

Thus it fell out that Deadwood did not let the practice down at all. Nevertheless, Miss Wellington wrote to the Denvers' merchant uncle urging him to dispose of the practice as speedily as possible, since, owing to Mr. Smallwood's misadventures, a man was in charge of it who had "the appearance of a pugilist and the manners of a bricklayer."

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a dislike to him, but he didn't allow the fact to disturb him. He was there for three pounds a week (with board and lodging), and he intended to earn his money. When somebody bought the practice, or Smallwood was able to get about again, he would go back to Warwickshire with at least ten pounds in his pocket, none the worse for his outing. What mattered it to him, then, if Miss Wellington did regard him with sour disapproval?

For a few days after his arrival he went his rounds in the dog-cart with Poole. Having obtained, in this way, the lie of the land, he fancied that it would do him more good if he traversed the country on horseback, for exercise of some sort was essential to the well-being of a man of his large build.

He broached the matter to Poole. "Seems to me," said he, "that that big black horse is my mark. He's just up to my weight."

"He won't let you ride 'im, sir," Poole warned the locum. "Have a try if you like, but look out for your neck. He has never let anybody but Dr. Denver get on 'im. It 'ud be a bit awkward if you got 'urt, sir, with Mr. Smallwood laid up as it is."

"Trot out the beast," said Deadwood. "I can at least see what I can do with him."

With some misgivings, therefore, the worthy Poole saddled Emperor, who, during this operation, whisked his tail about ominously. Meanwhile, Deadwood got into his riding kit.

As Poole brought Emperor up to the front door, George emerged therefrom, bound for Garrick and Mappin's. The boy opened his eyes when he saw the black hunter.

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"Yes, Master George, I've told 'im," replied the coachman, ruefully, "but 'e's the sort of gent what won't take no from man or 'orse. So let 'im 'ave 'is fling, says I. Emperor'll soon show 'im."

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Emperor stole a wicked glance at Deadwood as the young man gathered the reins into his left hand. Poole retired, and Deadwood sprang into the saddle.

"Now, my lad," he said, touching the horse with his whip.

Emperor took a few steps forward amicably enough. But there was much craft in the steeplechaser. He wanted to put Deadwood at his ease preparatory to throwing the venture-some rider over his head.

"Good old boy," said Deadwood encouragingly.

Hardly had he spoken when Emperor flung up his heels. A poor horseman would have been dislodged, but Deadwood coolly kept his seat. Then Emperor rose on his hind legs and pawed the air angrily with his fore-hoofs. The locum did not like this show of temper, and brought his whip down smartly across the hunter's flank. Emperor's hot blood rushed into his head, and he threw out his back heels again, only to be rewarded with another stinging cut across the loins. Then the hunter completely lost his temper, and capered about like a mad mustang, upon which Deadwood's whip got to work in real earnest on neck and flank and ribs. Emperor hadn't had such a thrashing for years. Maddened by the stinging cuts of the heavy crop, he churned up the gravel with his iron feet and danced wildly up and down, and all the time the man with the appearance of a pugilist belaboured him without mercy—while Poole and George wondered. Finally, the horse, in a frenzy of passion, threw up his heels with such venom that it seemed as if he were about to turn a somersault and crush his rider to pulp beneath his great body. But Deadwood, with a murderous pull on the bit, brought the beast up again and proceeded to teach him manners with all the force of his muscular arm. And then Emperor, perspiring and sore, suddenly gave in. He was mastered. He stood quite still for a moment, and then, at a shake of the reins, trotted quietly down the drive and out into the street in as well-behaved a fashion as you could wish for.

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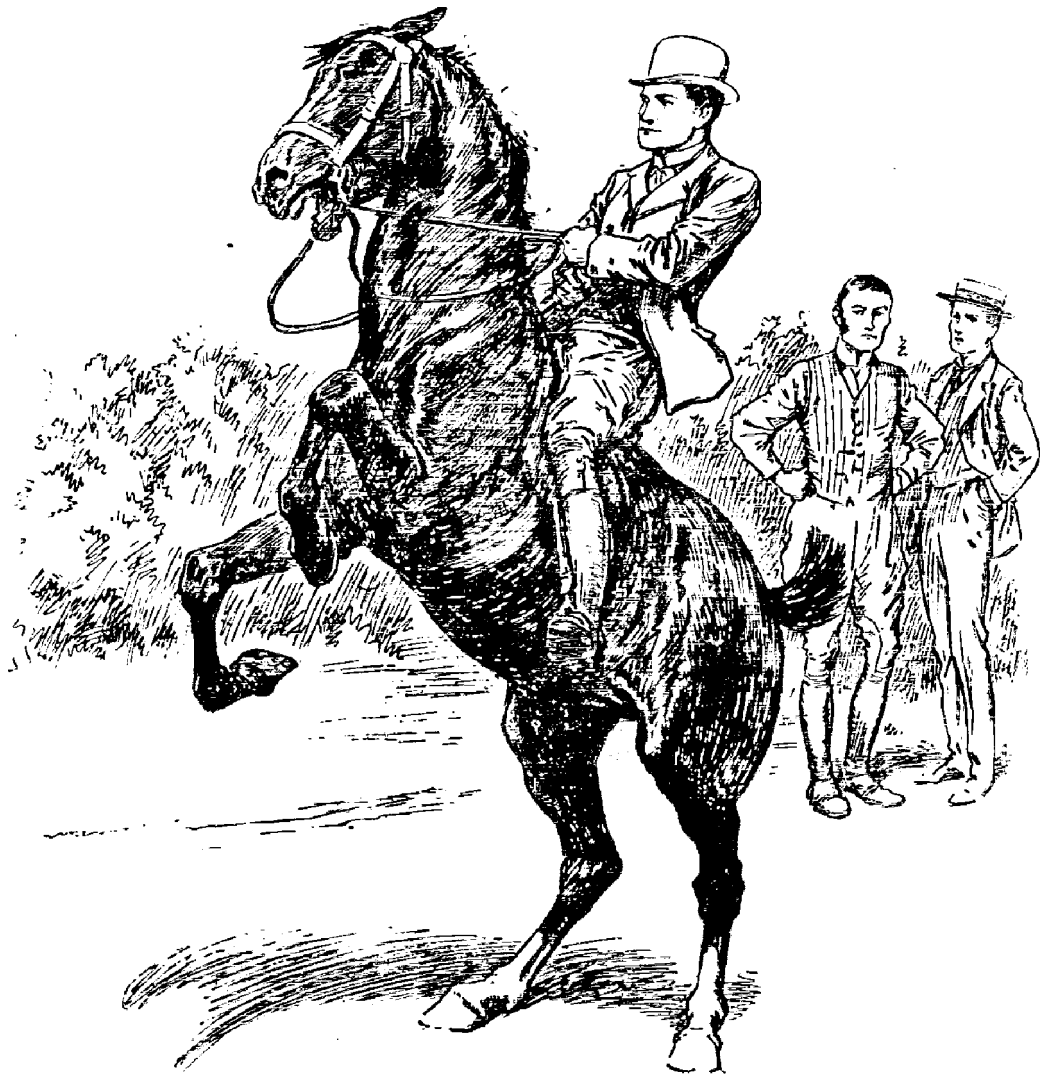
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off a farm labourer's finger—crushed in a threshing machine; and he had cut the comb of the best billiard player at the local club—one Cheffins, a miller.

"Not at all a bad sort of crib, this," said Deadwood, sauntering up and down the garden late one night, cigar in mouth; "wish I could buy it. Wonder if the gov'nor would put down

tentions. The shaggy-haired intruder had been a little alarmed when the big locum issued from the house, but his fears lest he had been noticed were soon allayed. The gentleman had come out for a smoke.

"The figure is a little tall," mused Mr. Deadwood, "but the gov'nor could run to it if he liked. How old am I? Thirty! Yes, he



HE CHURNED UP THE GRAVEL WITH HIS IRON FEET.

the brass if I made strong representations to him!"

He continued on his way down the long asphalt path, blowing smoke into the misty air—for the September nights were growing raw. He looked quite prosperous in his white waistcoat, across which was stretched a gold chain. Upon this, had he but known it, a pair of hungry eyes were fixed—the eyes belonging to a huge, shaggy-haired man who had secreted himself in the shrubbery, possibly with burglarious in-

time I settled down. Mabel could keep house for me—she's the one I get on with best—and perhaps, in time—in *time*, Tom, my boy.

He drew vigorously at his cigar, which glowed red in the night gloom. He was thinking. Though he might have appeared the model of everything anti-sentimental, Mr. Deadwood was in love—whole-heartedly in love—with a pert, plump, twittering little friend of the aforesaid Mabel's. He had never breathed a syllable to the girl or anybody else of this

passion that he harboured, for he was a lover of the devout, silent type. Not that he composed odes or indulged in sleepless broodings that left dark shadows under his eyes. He was not constituted that way. But he was undoubtedly in love with Mabel's school-friend.

He kept his secret to himself. To the world he was a loud-voiced, jovial monster, with a laugh like Stentor's and an appetite that needed much appeasing. Nevertheless, in the heart beneath those stalwart ribs was enshrined an image—the image of a mischievous little lady who always made fun of him, and . . . perhaps . . . rather liked the great fellow.

Deadwood knocked the ash off his cigar. "If only I could get her to come and stay with us," he thought, "she might take a fancy to the place. She would like to go out drives."

Thus simply and modestly did he put the matter to himself. Mabel's friend, if she took a fancy to the place, might reconcile herself to the idea of becoming its owner's wife. She could go out riding and driving—she was an out-door girl—and he would have the privilege of providing these amusements for her.

Deadwood again pulled vigorously at his weed. The possibilities presented to his mind by this subtle planning—which did not soar, be it noted, above horse-flesh, for he never thought of including himself as a possible attraction to the maid—excited him. It *could* be done. He would write to his father. He would write that very night.

Up to the house and back again to the shrubbery. Once more the intruder's eyes were attracted by the gold chain, which gleamed brightly in the pale moonlight. But its owner was a strapping big chap. . . .

"With her by my side," exclaimed Deadwood, apostrophising the greenery with no thought of hidden danger in his fearless mind, "with her by my side I could—"

He never finished the sentence, for at that moment a gigantic form leapt out upon him and brought him to the ground with a thud that made a skyful of stars dance before his eyes. He felt a sharp tug at his waistcoat, and his feeble attempt to grapple with his assailant earned him a savage blow on the jaw. For a moment he perceived, glaring into his face, two blood-shot eyes set in a wolfish, bearded countenance. Half-consciously he noticed the huge bulk of his enemy—a very giant. Then he was left alone on the garden-path.

He heard flying footsteps in the public footway and, later, on the bridge spanning the stream. He sat up, rose to his feet, lurched forward unsteadily, and finally stood erect.

He was of tougher fibre than the robber had reckoned upon.

He dashed his hands across his eyes and with an effort collected his scattered wits. The man had passed over the bridge. Then he must have taken to the long stretch of common beyond the stream.

Deadwood rushed out of the garden in pursuit—over the bridge—and swept the common with his eyes. Ah! there was his man! Some way off, but in sight—making a bee-line for the shore.

Deadwood was in good fettle and his wind was sound. He started off again at his best speed. By the moon's light he saw the ruffian turn his head and then redouble his pace. Deadwood, his blood up, settled down into a long, hound-like stride.

"I can run him down," thought Deadwood, and went on with grim persistence.

It was a mile and a half across the common, and the going bad, owing to the sudden rise and fall of the sandy hillocks. The pace soon slackened. They were both heavy men, and the speed had told on them. The pursued still ran doggedly; the pursuer just as doggedly—and a trifle more swiftly. And as he ran the face of his quarry came up again before his mind's eye—a black-bearded face—the visage of an arch-rogue who would stick at little. If he caught him, the other would show fight. Possibly he had a knife. Deadwood was unarmed. Nevertheless, he ran on. He wanted his watch and chain back, and he had a desire to return that crack on the jaw—with interest.

Now the ground was smoother. He could hear the waves thundering on to the rocks. The blood was beating tumultuously in his head, but he ran on. The edge of the cliffs would turn the robber to the right or left, or cause him to double. Deadwood meant to catch him, and if it came to a dodging chase over the common, he would do it, as he was the younger and fitter man.

Gazing ahead, he saw the fugitive stop on the brink of the cliffs, which, just here, were of a majestic height. Deadwood at that moment stumbled. When he looked again, the man had vanished.

He rushed on, reached the very spot where the man had stood, and peered over.

Hundreds of feet below the waves were thundering against the base of the cliffs, which ran down to the beach in a series of slopes upon which grew bushes and tufts of grass. The face of the cliffs was traversable to a man who knew his way, but to one strange to the journey a

descent in this dim light spelt peril of no mean order.

The fugitive was hurrying down at a break-neck pace—slipping, sliding, and dislodging stones and clumps of mould, which ricocheted from slope to slope, and finally crashed into the water over a sheer unbroken wall of twenty feet. A like fate awaited the unfamiliar passenger down the cliffs' breast, should he lose his footing on the last slope.

Deadwood hesitated. He badly wanted to catch his man, but the risk was too great. While he hesitated, the robber reached the narrow ledge topping the precipitous cliff-foot, wheeled to the left, and was speedily lost to sight.

Deadwood was turning away disappointedly when there came a hail through the gloom.

"Anything wrong, sir?"

The newcomer was a coastguard—a sturdy fellow in top-boots, stout pea-jacket—buttoned up to the throat—and sailor's cap. By his side dangled a cutlass, and he had a lantern on

his belt. A likely-looking ally—had he arrived a couple of minutes sooner.

"A chap has nabbed my watch and cut away down the cliff here, coastguard."

Young Dwyer—for it was he—pricked up his ears.

"What sort of a chap, sir?"

"A huge fellow with a beard. Sailor, I should say."

"Black Jack, as I'm alive!" cried Dwyer, his face lighting up with excitement. "The man the police want over that Dr. Denver matter."

The coastguard peered over the edge of the cliff.

"We're two to one, sir. Shall we have a look for him? He's bound to be hiding in one of the caves below here."

"I'm with you," said Deadwood, promptly.

"Very well, sir, I'll lead the way," returned Dwyer, nimbly letting himself down over the edge of the cliff. "Follow me and go slow, sir, as you value your neck!"

(To be continued.)

BOBBIE BURNS ON FOOTBALL.

[SOME QUOTATIONS SELECTED BY JOHN LEIGH TURNER.]

The Captain to his team:

Arouse, my boys, exert your mettle.

A swaggering player:

He looked just as your sign-post lions do,
With aspect fierce, and quite as harmless too.

Full-back, beaten by smart forwards:

Their tricks an' craft, have put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that.

A frightened half-back:

I dare not combat, but turn and fly.

Referee's decision disputed:

. . . . gat up an' wad confute it
An' ca'd it wrang,
An' muckle din there was about it
Baith loud an' lang.

Half-time:

A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

Team attacking all afternoon, without scoring:

Ev'n when the wished end's denied
Yet while the busy means are plied
They bring their own reward.

When your favourites are beaten:

And aiblins, when they winna stand the test
Wink hard, and say "The folk have done
their best."

Member of the losing team writing home:

Ye've heard the while,
How we've been licket.

After a hard fought game:

. . . . They with all their strength,
Began to faint and fall.

To a player attributing his side's defeat to the weather:

Oh tell na me o' wind an' rain
Gae back the gait ye cam' again.

Years of practice, and not yet in the team:

. . . whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
Ye may do miracles by persevering.

Upon a player who has left the team:

He's gane! He's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born:

The referee:

I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth.



THE KNACK OF KICKING.

THE art of kicking a football and the art of hitting a cricket ball are similar in many respects. Both depend upon many different concurrent bits of skill, and both are difficult to describe on paper. But so many letters come here asking how the writers "are to learn to kick," that I decided one morning to see whether, if I took off my shoes and stockings, our photographer could produce some pictures which would assist me to offer some tips about the knack of kicking. Our light-artist came well up to the scratch, and I commend the result as of some little value.

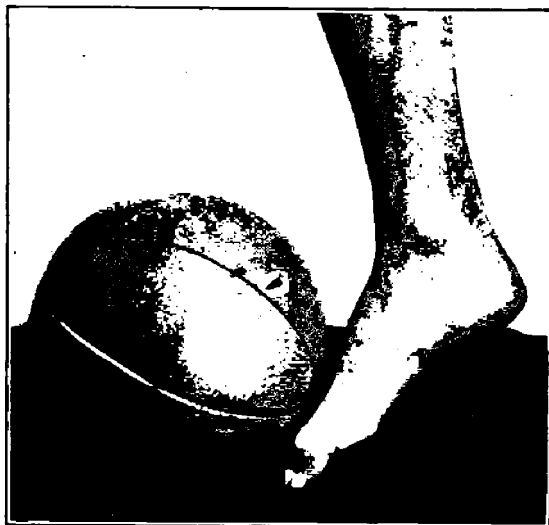
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as you can manage, and not the point of your toe. You should use the front of your foot like the face of a bat, and not the point of your toe like the end of a billiard cue. Of course, it looks absurd in No. 1 to see the point of my big toe aimed at the middle of the ball. If I had worn a boot, it would not have looked absurd, but quite natural. But it would have been quite wrong. Yet this is precisely the way many fellows try to kick a ball on the ground, especially when it is at rest.

In many books you will read, Kick with the instep and not with the toe. But you try it, and answer, "That is all very well, but I cannot do it to a ball on the ground." But observe that in No. 2, although the



No. 1.—THE WRONG WAY.



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right, of kicking an Association ball, which is either at rest on the ground, or is in motion along the ground without bouncing. The two together illustrate the most important item in the whole art of kicking, viz., to use the instep or as nearly the instep

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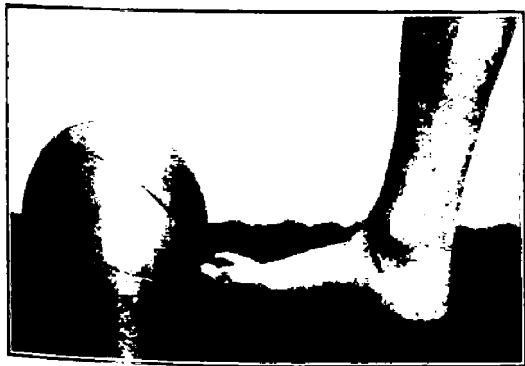
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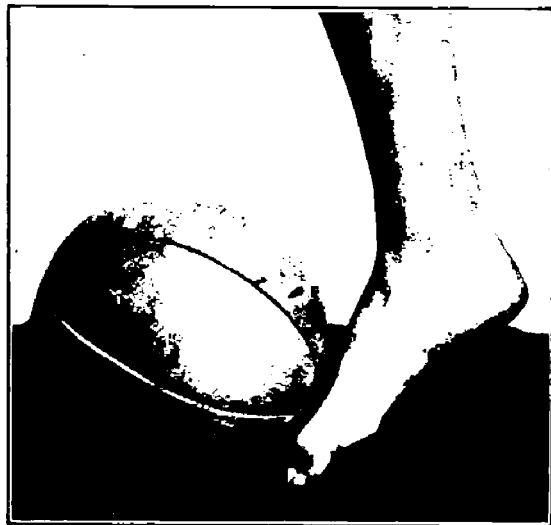
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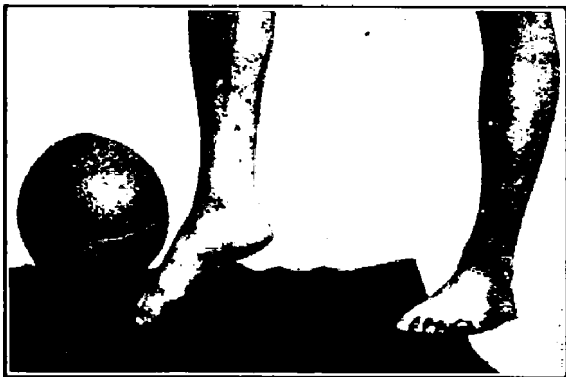
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full instep is not against the ball, the toe is tucked down and nicked in under the convex near surface of the ball in such

a way that the force of the kick will come from the point of my foot where the instep joins the toes. Moreover, note that as the ball moves away from my foot the toes will go more under the ball than you see in the picture, and at the finish of the kick more of my instep will have come against the ball. Note, by the way, that when you kick, foot and ball are in contact for nearly a yard at the beginning of the ball's flight.

If you take the trouble to master this matter of kicking with the instep, you will find yourself much improved in taking free kicks. Goal-keepers often kick-off with the points of their boots: but it is wrong. You cannot get as much force into the ball, or direct its flight with as much accuracy.

Compare No. 3 with No. 2, and note that in No. 3 the ball is full against the instep and is also a few inches from the ground. This picture illustrates the fact that when



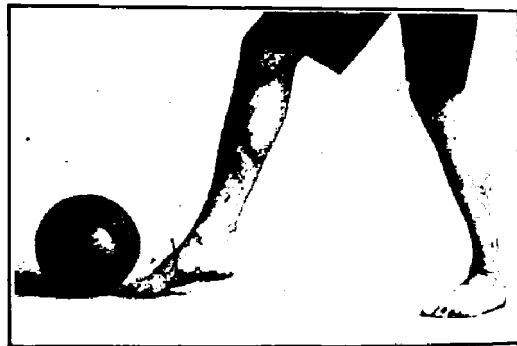
No. 3.—HOW TO MEET A RUNNING BALL.

a ball is running dead along the ground, more or less towards you, and you kick at it in the manner shown in No. 2, the ball, as your toe nicks in under its near surface, runs, or rather jumps, up on to your full instep, because of its motion towards you. If you place your foot firm and flat on the ground, and some one rolls a ball along the ground straight at your toe, you will find that the ball rolls right up on to your instep. You can then see that if it is difficult to use the instep in kicking a stationary ball, it is quite easy to do so when the ball is moving towards you.

Further, please gather from both No. 2 and No. 3 that you should point your toe well down, and make your instep as nearly as possible a flat continuation of your shin. One reason why a man with very supple ankles always kicks noticeably well is that when his instep meets the ball the front of



No. 4.—A POSITION OF THE NON-KICKING FOOT WHICH IS—



No. 5.—BETTER THAN THIS.

his foot is really in a straight line with his shin, just as if foot and leg together were a thick stick.

Pictures Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7 should be studied as a group. They are intended to illustrate the fact that the non-kicking foot should be rather near the ball and not far removed from it, either behind it or to the side of it.

In No. 4 you see that the non-kicking foot, which is your fulcrum, is not more than about ten inches away from the ball, whereas in No. 5 it is about a yard away.

Now I cannot go so far as to say that Nos. 4 and 6 are right, and Nos. 5 and 7 wrong: because in the stress of actual play you cannot always secure that your non-kicking foot is near the ball: you have to take the ball as best you may, often under difficulties. But I can say that Nos. 4 and 6 are better than Nos. 5 and 7 for several reasons: and therefore you ought to follow the method



No. 6.—SIDEWAY VIEW OF No. 4.



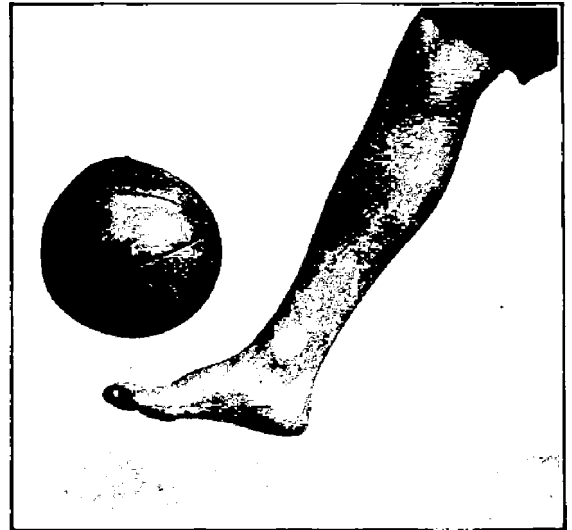
No. 7.—A POSITION INFERIOR TO NOS. 4 AND 6.

depicted in the former pair of pictures whenever you can.

John Roberts is said to be more in a class by himself as a billiard-player than any other man has ever been in any branch of sport or physical prowess. Now, although John Roberts can make very difficult shots at billiards, this is not his distinctive feature at all: his merit lies in the fact that he always plays each shot so that the next one is very easy. So in football, true art consists far less in effectively making difficult kicks than in so managing as to render every possible kick as easy to yourself as can be. Just think that point over. As the Yankees say, there is a reason:

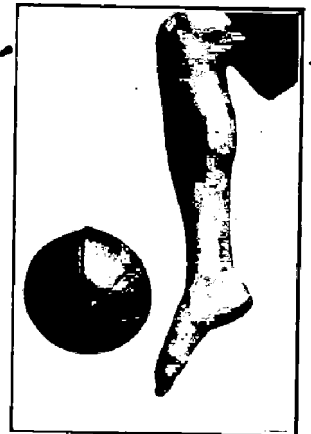
Look at pictures No. 4 and No. 5. When your non-kicking foot is near the ball as in No. 4, you have a great advantage over the

position in No. 5. First of all, your kicking foot meets the ball at the bottom of the circular swing of the leg, *i.e.*, when your foot is travelling fastest, and therefore has most power in it. In No. 5 your foot meets the ball at the end of your leg's swing. A golfer would explain this point to you. Secondly, in No. 4 your foot, after meeting the ball, "follows through" with it very much further than in No. 5. This gives so much more power. A golfer will tell you why, or a mathematician. At any rate, you can easily see from a comparison of the two pictures that the kicking foot in No. 4 has much more reach left for "follow through" than that in No. 5. Why, in No. 5 the limit of reach is nearly arrived at before even the foot meets the ball. Thirdly, when your non-kicking foot is close to the ball you can get much more body weight into your kick. When the non-kicking foot



No. 8.—DON'T KICK A BALL WHICH IS IN THE AIR LIKE THIS, BUT—

is as in No. 5, the backward swing of your body is exhausted before the foot meets the ball, and also, you practically have to stop your forward motion and stab at the ball with your foot. This you can easily demonstrate to yourself by experiment. Fourthly, you will find that when the non-kick-



No. 9.—LIKE THIS.

ing foot is near the ball you are much more easily able to be upon the toes of it instead of on the flat of it. Compare Nos. 4 and 5 for this point. The non-kicking or fulcrum foot ought not to be flat on the ground, because thus you not only lose the springy play of the ankle-joint, but give your kicking foot much less room to swing in. When you see a player kick the ground instead of the ball, it is generally because his non-kicking foot is flat. Stand with one foot flat on the ground and swing the other at the full length of its leg, with the toe pointed, and you will find the toe catches the ground nearly two feet behind your fulcrum foot.

Picture No. 6 is just a sideways view of No. 4. It illustrates the fact that the non-kicking foot should be only a few inches outside the intended line of flight of the ball. In No. 6 the ball is being kicked straight out of the picture.

No. 7 is not a sideways view of No. 5. In No. 5 the non-kicking foot is not far from the line of the kick, though it is too far behind the ball. In No. 7 you can see that the non-kicking foot is not far behind the ball, but is a good way outside the line of the kick. In a game one very often has to kick as in No. 7, especially in screw-kicking or in fetching round a ball that is almost past one, or in reaching out at a ball which is almost out of reach. Still, I would say that the relative position of the feet as shown in Nos. 4 and 5, when it can be compassed, affords the easiest, safest, hardest, and most accurate method of kicking all balls which are on the ground.

In kicking a ball which is in the air at the moment of impact (whether because it has bounced or because it has come to you full-volley), you should use your foot as in No. 9, and not as in No. 8. It is easy to see that, with the instep well arched and the toe well pointed down as in No. 9, you are likely to drive the ball low and hard: whereas, with the foot arranged as in No. 8 you are quite sure to "balloon" the ball high into the air. Backs especially should study this point: it is very important to them. "Ballooning" full-volleys is a common error, and a bad one.

I must say here plainly that good kicking is largely a matter of accurate timing. But timing is quite distinct from precision of position and accuracy of limb-movement. Both timing and position are necessary to good kicking. But timing can only be learnt



No. 10.—USING THE INSIDE—



No. 11.—AND OUTSIDE OF THE FOOT.

by actual practice: it cannot be shown in a picture or described in words.

Then, again, "strength" of kicking cannot be taught by pen or camera. All I can say is that "strength" in kicking is very like "strength" in billiards: you've got to feel it, know it, and do it.

It should be mentioned that the above remarks apply chiefly to hard kicking by goal-keepers and backs in defence, and by forwards shooting at goal.

Passing among forwards and between half-backs and forwards is really not so much kicking as pushing.

Pictures Nos. 10 and 11 show how a clever forward pushes the ball this way or that with the inside or outside of his foot. You will see at once that the use of the side of the foot, since it brings a flatter and broader surface of the foot into contact with

the ball, is likely to be more easy and accurate than the use of the point of the toe, or even the arch of the instep. But the side of the foot is useful only for ground passes at fairly close quarters. Still, some forwards can shoot quite hard with the outside of their feet. I would advise all forwards to practise the method.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. Morris.—The custom is to consider the ball "dead" if a batsman is hurt.

Lancashire Lad.—To make 360 runs in 3½ hours was an impossible task for Sussex at Old Trafford. It would have meant scoring at the

rate of 100 runs an hour. Such scoring is only possible on a small ground or against weak bowling by a side of the batting strength of Sussex.

Wulfrunian and A. C. Beale.—You can make almost any ground into a perfect cricket pitch by treating it with the well-known red Nottingham marl. Alfred Shaw, of Shaw and Shrewsbury, Queen's-square, Nottingham, would tell you where to get the marl and how to use it. You will find an article on the subject of improving cricket grounds in one of last year's CAPTAINS. The marl should be spread over the turf in a uniform layer, about an inch deep, in the winter. The frost breaks it up, and the rain soaks it into the turf. The roller does the rest. But you ought not to roll it in the spring until the grass blades have come well through.

OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

We have received copies of the following:—

FICTION.

The Ingoldsby Legends. (Thin Paper Classics.) 3s. 6d. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Memoirs of Mr. MacDuffie, Student. By A. Ritchie. 1s. net.

The Disappearance of Dick. By Walter B. Harris, F.S.A., F.R.G.S. 5s. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

Defoe's Plague Year. (The Caxton Series.) 2s. 6d. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Divers. By Hume Nisbet. With eight illustrations in colour by the author. 3s. 6d. (A. and C. Black.)

Cook's Voyages of Discovery. With eight illustrations in colour by John Williamson. 3s. 6d. (A. and C. Black.)

Jim Mortimer, Surgeon. By R. S. Warren Bell. 3s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Rising of the Red Man. By John Mackie. 3s. 6d. (Jarrold and Sons.)

The Gold Bat. By P. G. Wodehouse. 3s. 6d. (A. and C. Black.)

Gulliver's Travels. By Dean Swift. With sixteen illustrations in colour by Stephen Baghot de la Bere. 6s. (A. and C. Black.)

Red Cap Tales. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (A. and C. Black.)

Mother's Little Girl. By Ethel Turner. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

The Peculiar History of Mary Ann Susan. By B. C. Blake. 3s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Story of Extinct Civilisations of the

West. By R. E. Anderson, M.A. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Story of the Atlantic Cable. By Charles Bright, F.R.S.E. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Story of Alpine Climbing. Francis Gribble. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Cricket. By F. C. Holland. With thirty-two illustrations. The All England Series. 1s. (George Bell and Sons.)

Wrestling. By Walter Armstrong. The All England Series. 1s. (George Bell and Sons.)

The Fight in the Far East. In Sixpenny Parts. (Black and White Publishing Co.)

Our Country's Animals. By W. J. Gordon. 6s. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd.)

The Story of a Grain of Wheat. By William C. Edgar. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Japan in Pictures. By Douglas Sladen. 3s. 6d. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Story of Wireless Telegraphy. By Alfred T. Story. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Road to Manhood. Young England Library. By W. Beach Thomas. 6s. (George Allen.)

The Strand Magazine. Vol. XXVII. 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Sunday Strand. Vol. IX. 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

C. B. Fry's Magazine. Vol. I. 6s. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Wide World Magazine. Vol. XIII. 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Tit-Bits. Vol. XLV. 3s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)



[By permission]

THE SURPRISE AT DAWN.
De Seyville

[The Autotype Co.]

"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 James McKnight, E. M. Haskins, J. M. Junior, and E. C. Denison. Each prize-winner is requested to send present address, and at the same time to select a book.

More Howlers.

[COLLECTED BY JAMES MCKNIGHT.]

HOSTIS IPSE=a host in himself.

The chief clause in Magna Charta was that no free man should be put to death without his own consent.

Edward III. would have been King of France if his mother had been a man.

By the Statute of Mortmain clergymen were not allowed to receive land from people who died without the King's consent or paying a tax.

My favourite character in English history is Henry VIII., because he had eight wives and killed them all; he liked plenty of money, and died of ulcers in the legs.

The poll-tax was to be paid by everyone who had a head.

The Act of Uniformity provided that everyone must take an oath of passive resistance.

George I. was the son of the Electric Sophia.

LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY. John Wesley was a great sea-captain. He beat the Dutch at Waterloo, and by degrees rose to be Duke of Wellington. He was buried near Nelson in the Poet's Corner at Westminster Abbey.

The Duke of Marlborough was a great general and always commenced a battle with the fixed determination to win or lose.

The sun never sets on English possessions, because the sun sets in the west, and our colonies are in the north, south, and east.

Latitude is the imaginary line drawn from

pole to pole, and they have their widest parts at the equator.

The Arctic regions are neither hot nor cold; they abound in birds of beautiful plumage and of no song, such as the elephant and the camel.

The Tundras are treeless forests of South America.

An abstract noun is the name of anything which are not names of anything, and things you can see.

In the sentence "I saw the goat butt the man," "butt" is a conjunction, because it shows the connection between the goat and the man.

The possessive case is the case when somebody has got yours and won't give it to you.

An adjective is something which describes



SOME "CAPTAIN" READERS IN THE NAVY.
A snap-shot by Ed. C. Denison.

something, so a teacher who teaches Euclid is one because she describes an equilateral triangle, and the doctor is one because he describes medicine.

The plural of penny is two-pence.

Gender is the destruction of sex.

Q. Define the first person. A. Adam.

A strong verb says a thing and does it; a weak verb says a thing and does not do it.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

Two straight lines cannot enclose a space unless they are crooked.

Hypotenuse is a certain thing that is given to you, or it means let it be granted that such and such is equal or unequal to something else.

A parallel straight line is one that when produced to meet itself does not meet.

If the air contains more than 100 per cent. of carboic acid it is very injurious to health.

Force is that which runs along a straight line.

Inertia is that which tends to have a uniform motion in a state of rest.

A cuckoo is a bird that doesn't lay its own eggs.

Gravity was discovered by Isaac Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the autumn, when the apples are falling from the trees.

The difference between water and air is that air can be made wetter but water cannot.



A GOOD ACTION.

Photo. E. H. D. Sewell.



A BEAUTIFUL FLORAL WREATH AT THE FOOT OF THE NELSON MONUMENT ON "NELSON DAY."

Photo. by C. G. Paul.

It has Effect.

IF done well, the following little trick always acts splendidly.

Before facing your audience, write a short word, say "Magic," on your forearm with an ordinary piece of soap. This will not show at all. Now, having done a few tricks with cards or other apparatus, take a piece of paper, and, after handing it round for inspection, say, "I will now write on this harmless piece of paper the name of the agency which does all the tricks I have shown you." Then write with a borrowed pencil the word "magic" on the paper. Next burn the paper, and making much show in collecting all the ashes, rub them on your arm, when the word "magic" will show out in black. Then draw down your sleeve, and hold forth upon the advantage of possessing a knowledge of the "black art."

Q.

Overheard in an Edinburgh Board School.

Teacher: "What was Job's occupation?"

Scholar: "A doctor, sir."

Teacher: "What makes you think that?"

Scholar: "Well, sir, I've been told a lot about the patients of Job!"

J. H. PARSONAGE.

Some Facts in a few Words.

A FATHOM, six feet, is derived from the height of a full-grown man. A hand, in horse measure, is four inches. A Scotch mile is 1,984 yards; an Irish mile is 2,140 yards; an English mile is 1,760 yards; a Turkish, 1,826 yards; a German, 1,806 yards. The human body consists of 260 bones, nine kinds of articulations or joinings, 100 cartilages or ligaments, 400 or so muscles, and 90 nerves, besides arteries, veins, blood, &c. When mercury is frozen at forty degrees below zero, the sensation of the skin is similar to that experienced when touching red-hot iron. Thunder can be heard twenty miles away, and if you put your ear to the ground you will hear it thirty miles away. Lightning is re-



Ode to the Old Fag.

At the CAPTAIN's private office,
 In the Editorial Chair,
 Sits a great mysterious being,
 Hid from sight, within his lair.
 Far and wide we CAPTAIN readers
 Wonder at his mighty fame,
 But the greatest of our wonders
 Is his name.

No one yet has ever seen him,
 No one yet has heard his voice,
 If we could but 'dentify him,
 How we'd triumph and rejoice!
 But the wicked, sly old heathen,
 Will not lay his secret bare,
 And he chuckles at our trouble,
 In his chair.

Is he young or is he aged?
 Is he short or is he tall?
 Perhaps we're off it altogether—
 S'pose he's not a "he" at all!
 S'pose he's, after all, a lady,
 Young and pretty?—Well then, she's
 True to life and reputation—
 Hard to please.

For she } slashes criticisms
 he }
 On our efforts, fight and left,
 Sneers at all our witticisms,
 Says of senses we're bereft!
 Woe to him whose punctuation
 Does not just entirely please,
 Woe to him who finds he has not
 Crossed his T's.

Mr. }
 Please remember Mrs. } Old Fag,
 Miss }

As you read these verses through,
 That I'm only a beginner,
 Not so clever—quite—as you.



NIGHT WATCHMAN :—"I really shall have to resign.
 I can't get a wink of sleep for the cats"

Idea by F. P. Newbould, Bradford.

flected 100 or 200 miles. Potatoes planted below three feet *do not* vegetate; at one foot they grow thickest, and at two feet they are retarded two or three months. Fresh water begins to freeze at thirty-two degrees, called the freezing point. Salt water does not freeze till twenty-nine degrees. A cylinder of water may be converted into ice by placing it in 6 lbs. of sulphate of soda, and 4 lbs. of sulphuric acid, at thirty-eight degrees, well mixed. The ice is extracted for use by putting the cylinder in hot water. No solid rocks are found in the Arctic regions owing to the severe frosts. The greatest depth of the sea is supposed to be six miles, or the height of the highest mountain. He who aims at excellence will be above mediocrity; who aims at mediocrity will fall short of it.

J. M. JUNIOR.

And before I finish writing,
 (Can I drop this gentle hint?)
 That I'd rather like to see them
 Put in print.

E. M. HASKINS.

The Penny Stamp.

ROWLAND HILL is generally spoken of as the inventor of the adhesive stamp, as used to this day, but the real inventor was James Chalmers, a bookseller of Dundee. As early as 1835 he devoted his time to the improvement of the mail service, and advocated the use of adhesive stamped squares as a means of franking letters. While Mr. Hill was engaged trying to arrange for embossed sheets of paper for letters, Mr. Chalmers had already printed a sheet of paper composed of small squares, with the words, "Under half-an-ounce, One Penny," and this again was coated on the back with gum. The pieces were cut off with scissors or a knife. When the Government offered a premium of £200 for the best method of franking letters, Mr. Chalmers submitted his system of gummed squares, but though this was afterwards adopted through the exertions of Mr. Hill, no award was made to anyone. In 1857 Mr. Archer came forward with a machine for perforating the sheets of stamps, and after five years it was accepted, and, through the exertions of a Member of Parliament, Mr. Archer was awarded £4,000. Since then we have advanced another step in having Imperial penny postage, and we now await the introduction (and it is bound to come) of universal penny postage.

JACK L. —.

Criticisms.

R. L. Pawlby.—We already have a "Night Attack" article in hand. You don't write prose at all badly, but your poetry is—(eh? yes, boy, you may let the dog in.)

G. W. Berry.—I should think that while searching for provender for your scrap-book you would have obtained materials for a brief essay on "The Most Popular Celebrities," *i.e.*, the faces you come across most frequently on picture-cards and in the illustrated papers. An observing fellow has heaps of similar subjects to his hand if he uses his wits a bit.

W. Wright.—Your essay on the "Hermitage Cave" is an ordinary bit of description, fairly well done. It might have been far more neatly written.

How are you to succeed as a writer? Why, by writing fresh and original things. If you're a born writer you'll find subjects and to spare. If you are going to be a writer you will be one, never fear.

Footballer.—Some good notions in your "Psalm of Football," but also so many errors in rhythm that I really can't submit the verses to my readers.

G. E. Lee.—I am afraid you are rather prone to dilate on matters—such as "idle youths" and "gardens," the subjects of your essays—which have been dilated upon over and over again already. Find something new, and adopt a fresher and more attractive style of writing. Put more fire—more of yourself—more *blood*—into your work. When you are solemn, be really solemn; when you want us to laugh, tickle us to merry thunder with something really funny. Put light and shade into your work. Let your writing be like life—now grave, now gay; give us variety, and never bore us for a moment.

C. Tweedy.—Very few boys of eleven can write poetry, Cecil. Try again when you're a bit older, and I've no doubt you'll get something into THE CAPTAIN.

OWlet.—Prettily done; by no means rubbish. We can't afford much space for descriptive essays, however, and so I'm afraid I can't put yours in. You say you "couldn't be bothered to alter it." You won't go very far, I'm afraid, if that's the attitude you adopt with regard to your essay-writing.

Hera.—It strikes me that if you take more pains you will soon send me something I shall like. With the expenditure of a little more time and trouble you could have made the gramophone poem into something I should have accepted. I wish you fellows would take more trouble and not send me things you have scribbled off in ten minutes.

L. G. H.—Sorry to say I only came across your carefully-compiled cricket essay when it was too late to use it. Send me something else in the spring.

G. A. S.—Your essay on Pevensy Castle is too much like other essays on castles. Could you not find an anecdote or legend about it? Either would be more interesting than a mere general description of the ruins. It is beautifully written and a model of neatness.

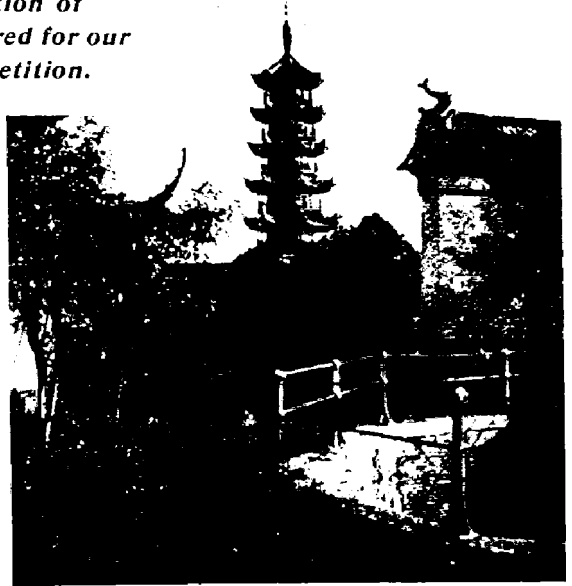
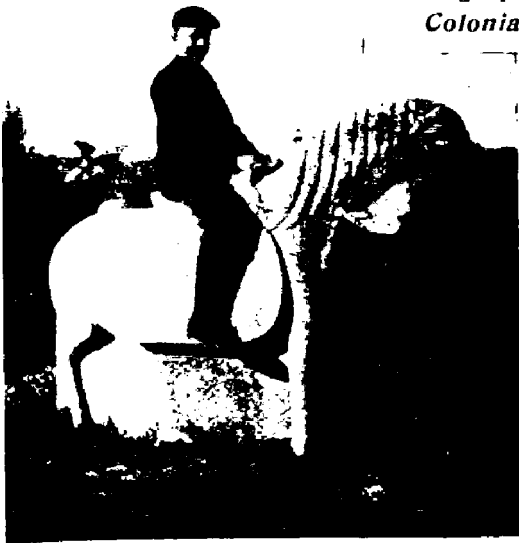
F. A. Smyth.—"The Student" displays some humour. Too long.

The Spider.—You handle a very ready and pleasant pen, Mr. Spider, but I have no room for your descriptive essay, "A Night with the Herrine Fleet," which is far too long. Nevertheless, send me something else, and keep it *short*.

Contributions have also to be acknowledged from:—L. C. Cooper, "Australian," R. C. Tharp, C. T. Palmer, T. Judson, C. Devitt, J. H. Skuse, W. H. Archer, "Dumps," F. Long, "Gonax," D. Mackay, "E. A.," "Ricardus," T. F. Stubbs, Beatrice Ebdon, Mabel Davis, John S. Simmons, "Nita," A. Van Swae, S. Holmes, N. Hutchison, W. S. L. Holt, F. B. Sadler, K. Glover, V. B. Burton, W. S. L., Alec Woods, L. J. Hibbert, "The Duffer," Lorna Cuff, Harcourt Hughes, Walter Jungius, Sophy Rawlings, R. T. Fort, Shirley Wilson, T. H. Solomon, Bertha Hillier, Arnold Rogers, "Freebooter II.," "Foot."

THE "CAPTAIN" PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY.

Being a selection of Photographs entered for our Colonial Competition.

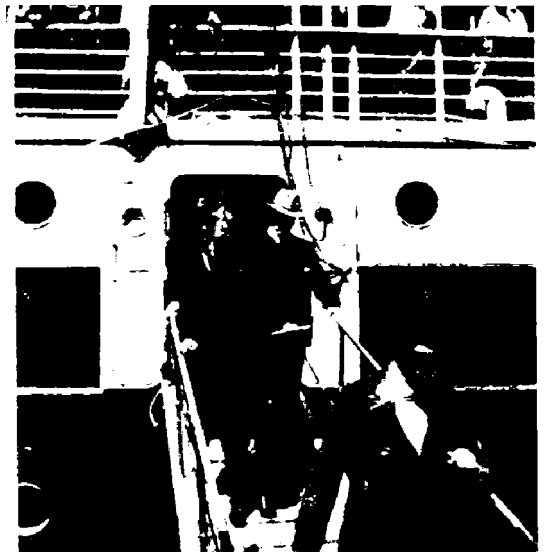


This is our Chinese contributor, Harold Birchal, sitting on a stone horse in the Temple of the High Priest, situated sixteen miles from Shanghai. The photo on the right is the Pagoda from within the Temple walls. Mr. Birchal says, "We were the first foreigners to go in, and come out alive, for the last fifteen years."



BOTANY BAY, THE FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN PENAL SETTLEMENT.—THE TRANSPORTATION OF CRIMINALS WAS DISCONTINUED IN 1840.

By F. C. King, Cape Town.



RIGHT HON. SIR EDMUND BARTON, G.C.M.S., THE PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA, LANDING AT HOBART FROM R.M.S. "OMRAH."

By C. V. Hamilton, Hobart.



THE LATEST ARRIVAL.

[Durban, Natal, S.A.]

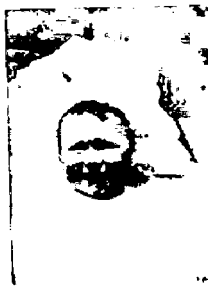
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By Lewis E. Whitfield.



OFF TO THE HOUNDS.
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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 separately stamped envelope.

Owing to the frequency with which certain names appear in the Lists of Prize-Winners, we have decided to make a rule to the effect that a Competitor may not win more than one first prize and one consolation prize per month.

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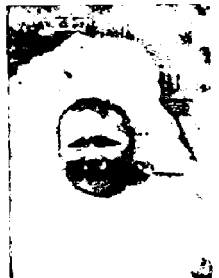


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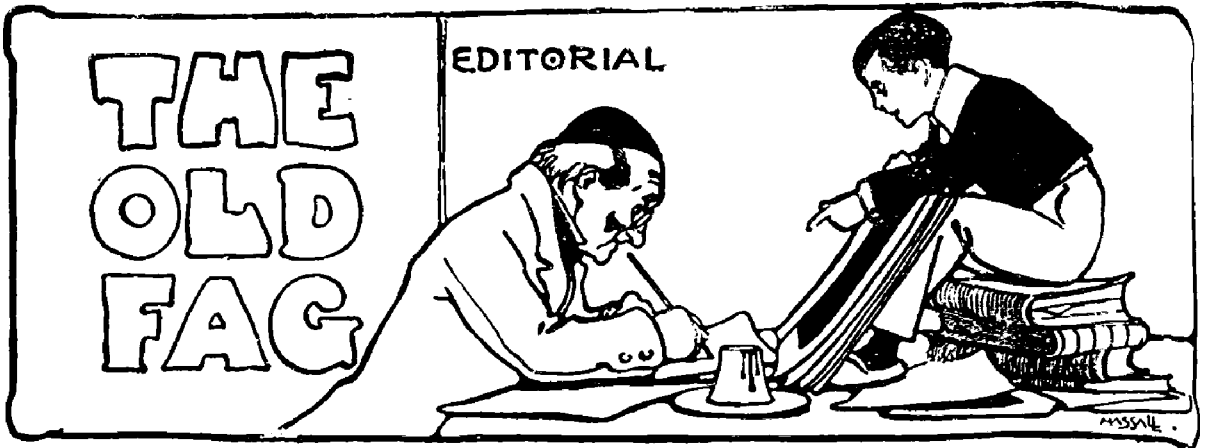
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THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Boxing v. Wrestling: My little article in the September number on this subject has produced some interesting letters, and I observe that the majority of my correspondents incline to the belief that Boxing is the superior art—that the boxer, in a turn-up with a wrestler, will get the better of it. "O. C." writes: "I do not believe, if you pitted Jeffries against Hackenschmidt, that the latter would have any advantage—in fact, I think Jeffries would win. A boxer is prepared for hard knocks, and a wrestler is not. Moreover, when a boxer has to meet a man with whom he does not wish to come to very close quarters, his tactics are, I believe, to hit quickly when he can, and retreat—jump in and out again. Well, I do not believe that Hackenschmidt could successfully and simultaneously grip Jeffries fast, and also receive one or both of that gentleman's fists in his face. The wrestler might be the stronger man all round, but I think the boxer would floor him first rather than *vice versa*. Of course, let Hackenschmidt once get a grip and it's all up with the pugilist. To consider the practical side of both—I think boxing far more useful if one is attacked by a gang of roughs."—Yes, I am with "O. C." when he talks of a "gang" of roughs. That is the time for one's fists to get to work briskly, or, better still, a good thick stick. But if only a single adversary has to be contended with, a wrestler as likely as not will find one of his grips as serviceable as a boxer would a straight left. Another letter which lies before me gives an apt illustration of this possibility.

Mr. Spencer's "Hug": This letter comes from a Gravesend reader ("A. C. S."),

and runs as follows: "Wrestling, I am sure, is the more certain and effective method. It gives such splendid strength to those who practise it that the blows a boxer would deal would not take very much effect, and the wrestler in nine cases out of ten would crush the other up before he could do much damage. Some months ago that well-known and popular leader of the Health and Strength School of Physical Culture, Mr. Roland Spencer, set forth in that institute's magazine the following experience: He was cycling along a country road a few miles out of London when he was confronted by a powerful-looking tramp, who attempted to strike him—no doubt with the intent of robbery. Spencer started sparring with him, but found the tramp rather good with his fists. He then treated the tramp to one of his celebrated hugs, and the ruffian promptly collapsed. However, in my opinion" (proceeds "A. C. S.") "one art should not be taught without the other, because wrestling, whilst giving great strength and stamina, tends rather to make the muscles slow, and boxing, of course, makes them very quick. These two splendid exercises should be taught in every town, and every young Briton should take part in them as well as in cricket and football. Hundreds of young fellows wish they were taught in Gravesend."—This letter, you will see, takes the shape of a brief for the wrestler, but "A. C. S." puts his views very sensibly, and I agree with him that it is a good thing to become expert in both arts.

It is an excellent thing to go along to a gymnasium in the evening and put on the gloves for twenty minutes. Then try a fall or two with a fellow about the same weight. It is wonderful what a three months' course of this type of exercise does for a young man. Soldiers, sailors, and policemen are encouraged to box—and, I daresay, wrestle—and

you may be sure that those of them who endeavour to become expert in such pastimes are much more capable at their work than those who fill up their evenings lolling about music halls and public-houses. And it is the same with all other young men. Keep the body fit and strong, and the brain will answer all the better when you call on it for its best work. But be careful not to undertake these arduous exertions when you are feeling fagged. It should be your object to *enjoy* them keenly, and you can't enjoy them when you are fatigued. Food that one enjoys is far more nourishing than food one eats merely because the time comes round for a meal. And it is the same with all physical exercise—with any kind of pastime, in fact, physical or mental. See that you *enjoy* it.

And I hope Gravesend will soon have a gymnasium where its young athletes can learn boxing and wrestling.

Before I leave this topic I must give a few more opinions from letters bearing on the subject. "A Pugilist" writes: "I should like to express an opinion, not only my own, but what I have gathered from several boxing friends, most of whom think that a wrestler could beat a boxer about seven times out of ten, but that the wrestler would have a hard job to get hold of a boxer of any repute at all, owing to its being so difficult to come to close quarters with a man who hits out straight from the shoulder. But, taking wrestling and boxing as modes of defence, as, of course, they are by right, I can only say that boxing is by far the more useful. How can wrestling be compared with boxing when you want to give a bully a lesson? No bully would mind being thrown on the ground, but when it comes to a stinging blow in the face you find the bully has received all the lesson he needed. Moreover, boxing sets a chap up better than wrestling could ever do. Nevertheless, it is a good thing that wrestling is finding such a place in British sports."

Still another wrestler is in accord with the author of "The Head of Kay's," whose opinion, you will remember, I recorded at the end of my little article. "I devote all my spare time mainly to wrestling" (writes "R. C.," of Hackney), "and from experience I should think that Mr. Wodehouse is

in the right. Take wrestler v. wrestler. Their main object is to catch each other in such a way that one cannot move, and is, therefore, at the mercy of the other. Now take wrestler v. boxer. In my opinion the boxer has more chance because he does not keep firm, as the wrestler does, but is like a grasshopper, jumping and dodging about. When opportunity offers he lands one and then another, and then springs back. But in the case of the wrestler, his main object being to remain steady and keep his antagonist at bay, the boxer thus has the advantage over him. I don't at all like box-



"F. C. G." BY HIMSELF.

ing, but that is what I think about the matter."

"P. R. M." (Hornsey Rise) tells me that he has practised both boxing and wrestling, and would therefore like to air his views. Taking the sudden chance of a "scrap," he recollects the case of a young friend of his who, being inadvertently mixed up in a brawl between three half-drunken navvies, stood with his back to a wall and floored all three of them in as many minutes. "I quite agree with you," concludes "P. R. M.," "in saying that wrestling is a strong man's pastime, and that, unless a man is strong, he stands but a poor chance when being attacked; boxing, on the other hand, can be effectively practised by any man of average strength, and, in my opinion, is unequalled as a means of self-defence, when it becomes necessary to put it to the actual test."

Summing up the pros and cons, it would seem that the man with a knowledge of boxing can be better depended upon to defend himself from attack than a man with an equal knowledge of wrestling. I will therefore leave it at that. One more remark, however, and I have done. When you have become efficient at boxing or wrestling, do not let your expert knowledge of either art alter your demeanour towards your unskilled fellows. I have often noticed that men who can box and wrestle well take particular care not to pick quarrels—indeed, they do all they can to avoid them. They are confident in their strength, they know what they can do, and they do not want to show off or display their prowess on weaker people. It is most edifying to watch a powerful boxer keeping his temper when some weedy snipe of a man is trying to vex him. So, however clever you may be with your fists, however mighty your muscles, remember always to be good sportsmen and gentlemen; learn these noble arts so that you may successfully act on the defensive, not offensive.

The Channel Swim: "O. C." whose opinions on the Boxing v. Wrestling question I have already quoted, also makes some remarks about the attempts to swim the Channel which we read so much of in the early autumn:—

"If Captain Webb" (says my correspondent) "could swim it without grease or masks, or such-like grotesque aids, why should those who are incapable of achieving the feat without such aid attempt it? I think it is ludicrous to make oneself up in grease and oil and special appliances, and go feeding all the way. A man does all he can, and is then bolstered up to do more than he can of himself—that's what it comes to. It's like writing a piece of Latin prose. One chap uses dictionary and grammar, and the other his head. So it is with these swimmers. Webb was the one who used his head; Holbein and others go for all the external help possible. I do not wish in any way to disparage Holbein's grand perseverance and patience; I hope he will succeed, but I wish he would do it without so much help. If he can't do it more of himself, let him leave it alone."

I must say I am inclined to agree with my correspondent on this point, and I have no doubt the majority of folk hold the same opinion. However, with that grand swimmer Burgess in the lists, we shall all, I am sure, await next autumn's swims with the greatest possible interest—feeding-bottle or no feeding-bottle!

Highgate Grammar School Sports.

High Jump.—N. J. Cox, 5ft. 2½in.
Hurdles.—A. B. Lushington, 18 3-5sec.
100 Yards.—J. S. Thomson, 11 1-5sec.
Quarter-Mile.—J. S. Thomson, 55sec.
Half-Mile.—A. J. N. Williamson, 2min. 10½sec.
Mile.—A. J. N. Williamson, 4min. 52 4-5sec.
Long Jump.—N. J. Cox, 17ft. 6in.
Throwing the Cricket Ball.—A. B. Lushington 98yds.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"**Nosam**" is a little exacting. He would like us, he says, to adopt the following features:—

A two-page coloured frontispiece.

Motoring Notes.

Motor-Boating.

Football Notes.

Cricket Notes "by Ranji."

A Botanists' Corner.

A Geologists' Corner.

Monthly Rugby Football Notes.

Scottish Cricket Notes.

Scottish Football Notes.

Irish Football Notes.

In addition, "Nosam" would prefer **THE CAPTAIN** to be published on the 1st of the month; he would also like to see the advertisement and coloured sketch expelled from the cover—the "Contents" to be shown in their place—and suggests that the new volume begin with the January number. Well, I should like to oblige "Nosam," but in order to do so I should have to make **THE CAPTAIN** about half as big again. True, "Nosam" suggests that in view of all these additions **THE CAPTAIN** should be sold at 6d. net, but I don't think our readers would appreciate the increase of price. I thank "Nosam" for taking such a warm interest in our welfare, and I shall bear his suggestions in mind. I may add that in the near future we hope to introduce new features in the shape of Reviews of Boys' (and other) books, and School Notes. I must remind "Nosam," finally, that the monthly magazine of sport is *C. B. Fry's*, not **THE CAPTAIN**.

E. J. T., a "writer" in the Royal Navy, sends me some interesting facts about the cruiser squadron, to which his ship is attached, and his own particular cruiser. "When we were carrying out manœuvres with the Mediterranean and Channel Fleets we numbered altogether about 35 battleships and cruisers, and 30 torpedo-boats. The number of men afloat on this large combined squadron was 35,000. At Gibraltar our ship took in 1,700 tons of coal, and on arriving at Portland three days later another 1,300. We take in about 130 tons in an hour, when coaling. Our bunkers hold over 2,000 tons. Our speed is 24 knots, and we carry a crew of 900 men. You can imagine what work it must be for the chief cook and his two mates to cook such a large number as 900 dinners—and what work it must be for the accountant staff to keep each man's account. Yet everything runs smoothly—everything is carried out systematically; 900 are paid in somewhat less than an hour."—These service figures are very interesting, and I shall welcome further statistics from naval (and military) readers.

M. Frankenstein.—If otter-hunting is cruel, then fox-hunting is. But such field sports tend to make the human race hardy and healthy.

and I suppose that is the best excuse that can be offered for them. There is another point of view, too. The owners of streams haunted by otters are very glad to see the otters killed, because they prey on the fish. Again, the fox makes raids on hen-houses and gobbles up ducks, and has to pay the penalty in the long run for his thefts. The sports I hate are pigeon-shooting and the competitions of angling clubs. The so-called sport indulged in by the latter is a pursuit such as old Isaac Walton would never have sanctioned. Angling proper is one thing; seeing how many wretched little fish one can hook in a given time is quite another.

"**Scintilla Juris.**"—Many thanks. Another

"**An Unclubbed Captainite.**"—Get Mr. A. E. Johnson's "Volunteer Annual," price 1s. If you send a stamped envelope we can give you all the information you want about an artillery corps. I should say you would have time—you could *make* time, at any rate—to get "licked into shape" before Easter.

Exonian.—You will be clubbed when you send your full name. You will find a complete list of the Cabinet in "Whitaker's Almanack," a most helpful work to study for your General Knowledge papers, as it is crammed with every sort of useful information.

"**Cadogan.**"—There is really no equivalent for Indian ink in colours, but a good substitute may be obtained in Reeves' Fixed Coloured Inks or Higgins' Waterproof Inks. These can be obtained at Messrs. Reeves and Sons, Ltd., 101 High Holborn, E.C., or at any of their branches.

W. G. W.—In the time at your disposal you ought certainly, with even ordinary ability, to be able to prepare yourself for the exam. you mention.

Erin.—To become eligible for an appointment as an army surgeon you must first go through the full medical course. Apply, in your case, to the General Medical Council, 35 Dawson Street, Dublin.

Winifred Lynch.—Write to any of the big type-writer companies, who will, I am sure, be pleased to meet you in the matter.

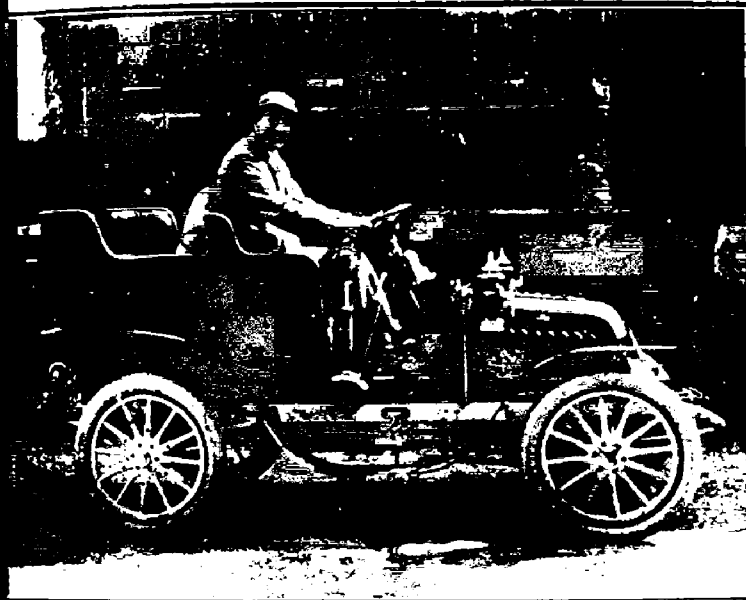
F. S.—You can obtain organ-music very reasonably from E. Donajowski, 26 Castle Street, Berners Street, W., or from Boosey and Co., 295 Regent Street, W.

Dulcie B. Stephens.—It is not necessary to be Clubbed before you can enter for the competitions. They are open to all readers.

Official Representative Appointed.—Oswald T. Sloan (Newlands, Glasgow).

Letters, etc., have also to be acknowledged from: "Bolek," "Old Cholmeleian" (many thanks for Highgate Grammar School Sports results), Gladys von Straiendorff, C. F. Wright, C. B. Tidbould (no), A. A. Williams, A. H. Cousins.

THE OLD FAG.



MR. C. B. FRY OFF FOR A SPIN ON HIS MOTOR-CAR.
By permission of C. B. Fry's Magazine.

correspondent had already called my attention to the error. I am interested to learn that enjoyment of a footpath for forty years establishes absolute right of way.

Books by "Captain" Authors now ready are:—"The Gold Bat," by P. G. Wodehouse; "The Rising of the Red Man," by John Mackie; "Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," by R. S. Warren Bell. (3s. 6d. each.)

Results of September Competitions.

No. 1.—"Captain Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)
WINNER OF NEW COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE: Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis-square, Brighton.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: John Leigh Turner, 152 Shaw Heath, Stockport; Nellie Hartill, Manor House, Willenhall, Staffs.; C. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles A. Gibson, May McOwen Hall, Herbert St. Board, Evelyn Hewitt, Helen McGregor, Edith C. Hobbs, Dulcie Stephens, B. Julian, Muriel Hall.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF POSTCARD ALBUM: Margaret Burton, 159 Hainault Road, Leytonstone, E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Marian Hewitt, West Hill, Clonsilla, Ipswich; Ben Gilmour Neilson, 1 Holyrood-place, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: May D. Watkins, Nellie Cooper, Cecil G. Waudby, E. Mary Gough, R. Lilian Ormiston, Kate Perrin, Evelyn Byrde, Percival Dacre, Gladys A. Radford, Florence Percy Jones, F. Gordon Grigsby, Joyce Hunter.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BENEFIT FOOTBALL: C. E. P. Brooks, 33 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Alfred H. Grigsby, 53 Albion place, Reading; Ernest F. Cooper, 1 Benden-road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Purvis, Katherine Main, R. H. Ferguson, Mabel Churchill, Mildred Hall, Percy Hartill, Walter H. Palethorpe, Violet M. Garnett, Florence Karn, S. Ingman, E. Briggs, J. Wilson Campbell, J. B. Greaves.

No. II.—"Drawing of a Flag-staff or Chimney Stick."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Frank James, 46 Cranbrook road, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. M. Wood, C. H. Greaves, Nora Simmonds, James MacAlister, C. T. Down, J. M. Swanson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Horace A. Rainbow, Flodden House, King's-road, Kingston Hill.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Albert Rhodes, Avenel House, Allerton, Bradford, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. C. Kennedy, J. Protheroe, Albert Lingham, Mary Gilbertson, J. Russell Knowles, Douglas Bell, Alfred Charles Wells, Horace J. Young, Walter Rossier, W. Walkley, J. Swan, T. J. Pattinson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF NO. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: R. Goodman, 63 Claremont-road, Bishopston, Bristol.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Thomas Reginald Morgan, 111 Dawlish-road, Leyton, E.; Kenneth D. Shoesmith, 9 Imperial-terrace, Claremont Park, Blackpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur Albrow, Alan Shreeve, J. P. Lumsden, C. W. Dockerill, B. Brunskill, M. Lupton, E. G. Woodsend, Robert T. Taylor, Mabel Scriven, Hilda Newling, Albert Wheeler, Alfred Lane Davies, Leslie Shaw.

No. III.—"Cable to Admiral Togo."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF SET OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: Raymond Bladon, 33 Blake-lane, Small Heath, Birmingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. A. G. Malet, 26 Devonshire-terrace, Hyde Park, W.; F. Saville, 192 Kirkgate, Wakefield, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Mansfield, Constance H. Greaves, A. C. Thomas, Daisy Campbell, F. C. W. Newton, Florence Piercy Jones, M. Blackley, D. E. Blackley.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SET OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: Wm. Hollingsworth, 8 Silver-street, Wellingborough.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Randolph L. Pawlby, 12 Maida Vale-terrace, Mutley, Plymouth; H. Spreadbur, 24 Clarence-gardens, Regent's Park, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. W. Grundy, Leonard C. Cooper, Ethel Carleton Williams, Alfred Garnett, I. Rainey, James Bland, H. C. Brooke Taylor, Ethelle M. Pello, F. Gordon Grigsby, G. R. Ward.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: Thomas A. Gourlay, 2 Tulloch-crescent, Dundee.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: James Mitchell, Malista, Wormit, Fife; John Merry, 6 Parkneuk-place, Motherwell.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Thomas Cooke, Victor McQuilkin, G. Schack-Sommer, Frida Phillips, Harry Bright Parkinson, T. J. Mander, F. A. Kennett, C. G. Early, Maude Brougham, E. M. Southwell, Richard J. Potter, Herbert T. Sorley.

No. IV.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF "SUNNY MEMORIES" ALBUM: J. M. Swanson, 20 Victoria-street, Aberdeen.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: T. E. W. Strong, St. Anne's road, W., St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancs.; M. C. Rhodes, 19 Royal-avenue, Scarborough.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Robert Oliver, R. W. Copeman, W. A. Milner, Constance M. Daly, E. S. Maples, Charles E. Fowler, O. C. Lupton, K. Reeves, M. Lang, William J. Watt, A. Haddon, T. H. Jones, H. Ward Saville, Ernest Courtman.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "SUNNY MEMORIES" ALBUM: Catherine Dyneley, Bramhope, Canterbury.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: G. S. B. Cushnie, 182 Grove-street, Liverpool; Arthur G. Townsend, 461 New Cross-road, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alyson A. F. Minchin, J. C. Hill, W. Gundry, jun., Philip V. Early, F. J. Taylor, P. W. Kerr, John Harman Young, D. L. Don, W. A. Oldfield,

Alice M. Hamling, Edward Parker, Maurice P. French, E. I. Witherden, John V. Haswell.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SUNNY MEMORIES" ALBUM: Robert H. Bacon, 42 Sunderland-road, Manningham, Bradford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: W. C. Beckett, 272 Portland-road, South Norwood, S.E.; Arthur F. Heyna, 433 Mansfield-road, Sherwood, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. L. Biggs, R. Manning, P. S. Beaufort, P. H. Midgeley, George H. Mills, J. B. Tennent, W. G. Briggs, H. Hill, Harold B. Randall, B. Holmes, Geraldine Payne-Galloway, A. G. Grimsdale, C. G. Baston, R. O. Wynne, E. Lazarus, Cedric H. Stokes, C. W. Pidecock.

No. V.—"A September Event."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF GRADIDGE FOOTBALL: Maud Mary Lye, "Ryecote," St. Luke's, Cheltenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. C. Thomas, Winifred Lynch, R. Bruce Beveridge, W. J. Williams, E. Wright.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF BENEFIT FOOTBALL: James Henry Postle, 41 Forthbridge-road, Clapham Common.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Henry T. Berr, 33 Queen's road, West Croydon; Andrew B. Whitehill, 4 Grafton-street, Glasgow, Scotland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. E. Harvey, Stephen E. Hutchins, Ernest J. Lavell, John Thomas, Ernest Wharrier-Soulshy, Mawgen Fremlin, Harold Tempest, Leonard C. Cooper.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BENEFIT FOOTBALL: John Beverland, Alexandra Park, Holywood, Co. Down, Ireland.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Amya Phillipa, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.; R. H. Ferguson, 5 Barby-road, Rugby.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. S. Walton, John B. Heeler, Harry B. Parkinson, Marjorie Duds, Walter H. Palethorpe, Sidney Wheeler, G. O. Gunn, Bernard Bromwich, Dan Roscoe, S. Ingman.

No. VI.—"Best Twelve Short Stories in Volume XI"

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: J. P. Forster, South View Neville's Cross, Durham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Mav McOwen Hall, John L. Turner, Alex. Scott, Winifred D. Eraut, W. A. B. Walling, Sam Clarke, Lilian Bowyer.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: W. Aitken Oldfield, 58 cliffe, Appleby, Lincolnshire.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: E. Spragett, Brettenham-road, Walthamstow, Essex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Duncan, Jas. J. Sutherland, Fred Holman, W. Hammond, F. C. Meeres, William A. Williams, Marjorie Dennett, William Griffiths, S. J. Rolton, J. Tapp.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: P. T. Lovejoy, 7 Cars brooke-road, Walthamstow, Essex.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Samuel Downing, Parkville, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary; Finlay Smith, 11 Avon-street, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. A. Kennett, John Merry, J. H. Greaves, H. G. Carser, Frank Haslam, A. W. Fox, George Latimer, H. Hubbard, G. W. Haikings, C. Alcock, George H. Banton, Robert K. Robertson.

Comments on the September Competitions.

No. I.—A number of excellent Birthday Books were submitted, many of them arranged with great taste and discretion. Competitors should remember to give the authority for their quotations.

No. II.—The prizes in Classes I. and III. were awarded to the senders of excellent coloured sketches of the Union Jack—naturally the most popular flag—while in Class II. a delicate pen-sketch of a chimney-stack was successful.

No. III.—The three winning "cables" were as follows:—Class I.: "Anglo-Saxons Delighted. May Inglorious Russia Again Lose To Our Great Officer."

Class II.: "Am Delighted; Most Inspiring Record, All Laud Togo, Organising Great Ovation."

Class III.: "Admire Daring Manoeuvre In Recent Affray. Leadership Tells On Great Occasions."

No. IV.—There were more entries this month than we

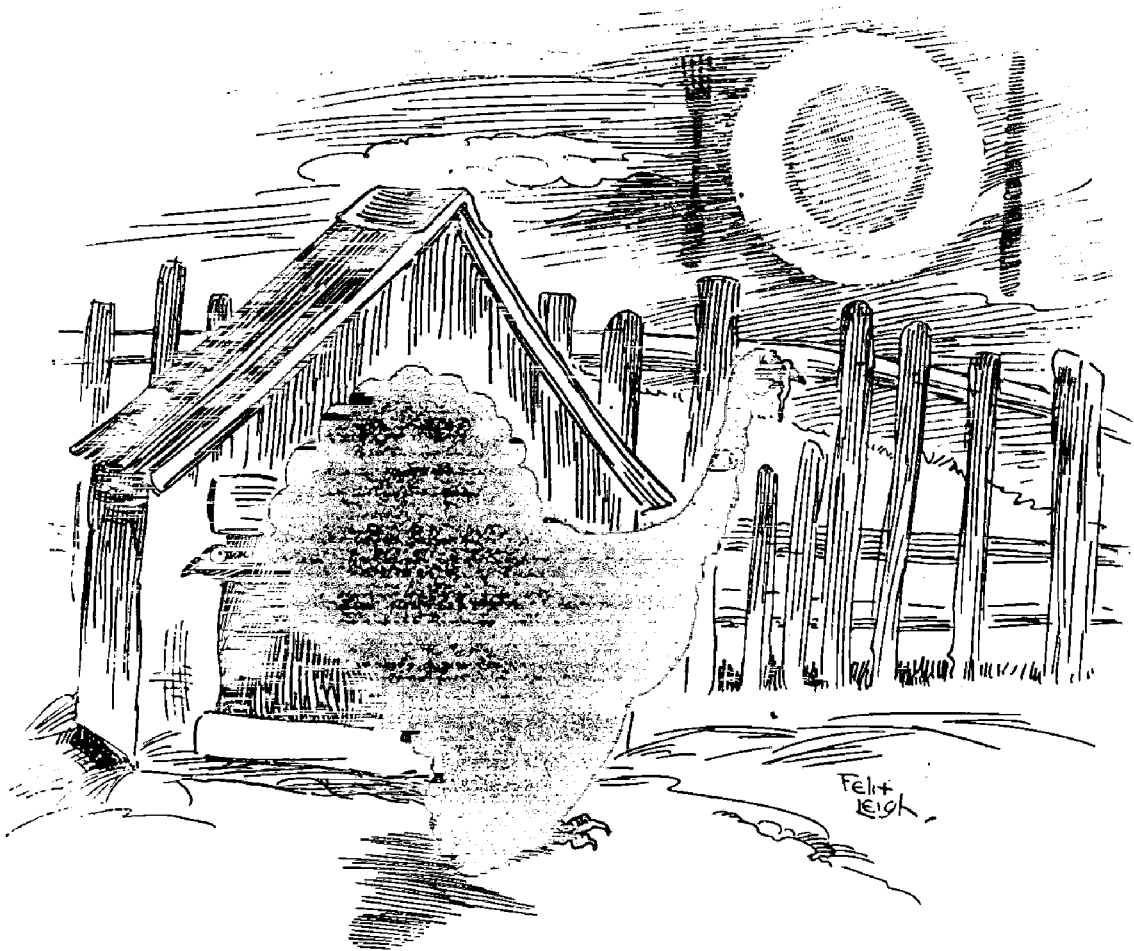
have ever received, excellent examples of photographic art and technique being submitted in all Classes.

No. V.—There were a large number of entries for this Competition, especially in Class III., the Fire of London and the Capture of Quebec being the favourite subjects. Several competitors were up-to-date enough to describe the Battle of Liao-Yang and the case of Mr. Adolf Beck!

No. VI.—The Twelve Best Short Stories, decided by Vote were:—(1) A Queer Catch, (2) For Life or Death, (3) A Surprise for Drysdale, (4) Applied Science, (5) A Question of Courage, (6) A Voluntary, (7) Blenkinsop's Benefit, (8) The Purple Emperor, (9) The Model Maker's Sister, (10) L'Entente pas Cordiale, (11) A Narrow Squeak, (12) Too Many Cooks.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."



CHRISTMAS CLOUDS.

GOBLER: "I don't at all like the look of the sky to-night, Maria!"



THE PASSAGE OF THE STYX.

By E. H. S. BARNES-AUSTIN.

Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.

AS I write, the whole scene flashes back on me with the vividness of yesterday, though more than a score of years have elapsed since I and two others faced death in one of its most forbidding forms, when, but for the mercy of Providence, I should have shadowed my life with the awful reproach of having sent a fellow creature to an untimely end by an act of incredible folly and amazing thoughtlessness.

There must be many old Wroxhamites living now who will have no difficulty in supplying the name of the school which, for obvious reasons, I have suppressed, together with those of the *examatis personæ* who appear in these pages. The story I am going to tell is a classic legend in the annals of Wroxham, though now for the first time committed to paper.

This event, which nearly put a period to three lives, occurred in the early 'eighties, when, as a youth of sixteen, and wearing my cap for the cricket and Rugby teams, I had formed an estimate of my

important which subsequent events induce me to believe I shared alone.

Among the new fellows at the beginning of the summer term in '83 was a lad named Vivian Stapleton, of about fourteen years of age, and backward for a boy, at boys' sports and pursuits, at that. We soon learned, after the brief and very direct course of questioning in which boys excel, that the new arrival had been educated at home, and that this was his first experience of the tribulations of school life. When we further learned, from incautious admissions, that Stapleton had been educated with his sister, and that both had studied with the same tutor, we were loud in our expressions of scorn and contempt. At a later period we knew that a spinal weakness had peremptorily dictated home supervision, careful nursing, and the most watchful care.

"Why, I don't believe he knows a cricket bat from a stump!" exclaimed Miles junior, a precocious youth of thirteen. "Here, young 'un, what is the difference between 'cover point' and 'mid off'?"

"My! ain't he pink and white, like my sister's doll!" remarked another. "Do you know, you fellows, he's got a sunshade in his play-box, and he ain't never to go out in the sun, because of his com-plex-i-on."

"Yes," put in a third would-be wit, "and Miss Martin (the matron) told me that a beautiful glass case, same as you put over ornaments, is coming for him to-morrow, and that he is to be kept in it, and only to be shown to visitors as the pattern kid of the school."

"Is it alive?" asked Hedley, the wag of the top-dormitory cubicles. "'Thou comest in such questionable shape,'" he quoted, affecting an exaggerated ecstasy of terror whereat, of course, the others laughed.

"Here, stop your rotting, you young ass!" cried a voice we all knew, and the next moment Hedley was sent flying, while Macdonald, one of the prefects, descended, as Walgrave afterwards poetically put it, "like a wolf on the fold," scattering the crowd of tormentors right and left.

"I'm keeping an eye on this chap for a day or two, until he knows the ropes," he informed us. "So if I find any of you booby-baiters carrying this game too far, some of you will want something softer than a beam to sit on for a day or two. I don't speak twice—remember that!"

We did. Everyone liked and respected "Mac" for his fearlessness, his good

nature, his strong sense of justice, and his hatred of bullying.

Although Stapleton slept in my dormitory—which was in reality a succession of cubicles—and was also a member of my form, the fifth, I saw but little of him for the next two or three weeks. To our surprise he turned out to be, for his years, one of the cleverest boys in the "house"—as the school was termed by Wroxhamites. His education had been conducted on lines in which thoroughness was the first consideration; and this, superadded to great natural ability and a love of study, placed him very easily first among boys senior to himself in age and standing. I fear that jealousy had something to do with the dislike I soon began to feel for the new boy. Hitherto I had been *facile princeps* in Latin verse and Greek construe, but I had to take a back seat in view of the new arrival. Stapleton was by temperament a poet, and his gifts in this direction were really marked; in consequence, his verse outshone mine as the moon the stars. While mine was commended, his was praised, and—as I know now, but was too conceited then to comprehend—justly so; for, while my lines were manufactured more or less laboriously and were only mechanically correct in quantities, his were spontaneous, technically perfect, and touched with the divine afflatus of true poetry. Then, again, in history I had always held my own, and a good deal more, but here once more I was at a disadvantage, for, while I knew dates, and the chronological sequence of events, Stapleton could trace from these the various currents of political feeling, national aspirations, or personal animosities and ambitions, which afterwards bore fruit in the history of the nation, and influenced its destiny for good or evil. In plain words he was a student, I—merely a "sap." So, take it altogether, as the old phrase has it, my nose was put out of joint, and though I wouldn't allow the true reason of my dislike for the newcomer, I was nevertheless determined to be even with him for my ignominious deposition and defeat.

The natural consequence of this state of mind may be easily imagined. I regarded Stapleton's acquirements with a jaundiced eye, and never forbore the ready sneer, either in or out of season, for everything he said or did. Yet, so far, no good opportunity for paying off old scores had presented itself in a really practicable shape. At last, one day, in a moment of inspiration, the idea

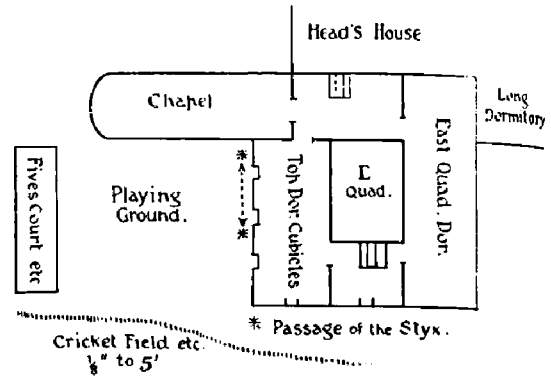
for which I had been searching flashed upon me—though Heaven knows the terrible consequences of my plan were not even remotely foreseen.

Vivian Stapleton, like all artistic and highly-strung individuals, was naturally of a nervous, excitable disposition, and this made him at once shy in manner and far less physically confident and daring than boys of his age usually are. Not that he was by any means a coward, but the malady from which he had suffered had necessarily precluded him from trying his muscles and nerves in the sports and pastimes with which the average English boy is familiar. He had never played cricket and football, done "gym," climbed, fought, swung, ridden, or participated in the hundred-and-one other athletic joys of boyish existence. He had been pitch-forked almost from the life of an invalid into the rough-and-tumble existence of a public school, with no useful previous experience to help in shielding him from the unsparing ridicule of his fellows. At first, therefore, so far from gaining confidence, he lost what little he possessed, and probably held a far lower estimate of his own powers than anyone else in the whole school.

And now for my plan.

To understand this, it is necessary that I should give a brief description of the structure of the building itself. The house was about three hundred years old, built of red brick, and some three stories in height, with mullioned windows containing quaint latticed panes of glass, which took strange molten glories in the rays of the setting sun. The school was built in two quadrangles, of which the extreme sides looked out respectively on the village street to the west, and on the east, where I slept, on the playground, the fives courts, and the playing fields beyond. Ours was known as the "Top Dormitory." The following plan will make the design sufficiently clear to the reader. The Head's and masters' rooms lay in the wing connecting the east and west quads.

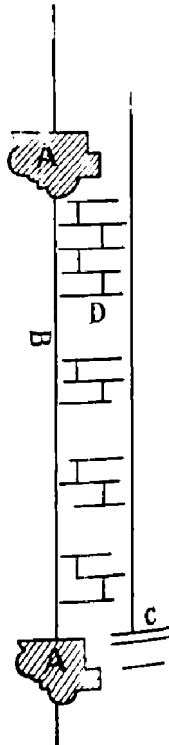
I have said the windows were large, with fine stone mullions, and of these there were six in our dormitory, three facing east, two west, and one north, the two former looking out respectively on the playground on the one side, and on the inside of the quad. on the other. Now, just below the level of the sill was what is termed, I believe, in architecture, "a string course"—that is, a line of stonework let into the brick wall, and pro-



jecting about four inches from the face thereof, while about five feet above was a similar course, running parallel to the one below. To understand exactly how these courses were shaped, I give a line-drawing in section beneath.

Now it had happened that a few days before the end of the Easter term I had undertaken, in a spirit of foolish bravado, to get out of my cubicle window and, with my finger-tips resting on the top stone course, and with my feet on the lower one, to work my way sideways and enter the next window, some twelve feet away. When I inform my readers that a sheer drop of sixty feet to the playground would be the penalty of a single slip or false step they will understand the mad hardihood of my idiotic proceeding. I have only this to state in my favour, that many years' experience of climbing the face of my native Cornish cliffs had so steadied my head and braced my nerves that to me, personally, the task was not nearly so dangerous or trying as it seemed to the beholders.

Well, I carried through my self-appointed feat to the general admiration, but not emulation, of my comrades—only one other successfully



AA. Stone Course.
B. Outside face of Wall.
C. Sill Level
D. Main Wall.

essaying the perilous journey. This was my school chum and neighbour at home, a boy named Penruddock, one who now wears over his gallant heart the most coveted decoration the British Army can bestow. "Pen"—to give him the abbreviation by which he was generally known—was a cool, clear-headed, sturdy specimen of British boyhood; one not to be easily daunted or beaten by difficulties of any kind; yet he confessed to me afterwards, in the strictest confidence, that had he fully appreciated what the feat was like in actual performance he would never have essayed it—no, not at the price of a five pound tip.

The reader will, by the light of the foregoing, have made a shrewd guess at the nature of the plan I had matured—namely, to first perform and then challenge young Stapleton to essay "The passage of the Styx," as Penruddock called it, and turn his foregone refusal to my own advantage and his discomfiture.

Accordingly, imbued with the idea of taking young Stapleton down a peg, I won the reluctant Penruddock to my side, and being assured of the co-operation of the rest of the "Top," eager for the fun, and all too willing to bear a hand at the "roasting" of young "Sappy," as he was called, I impatiently awaited the evening to set fire to the train I had so carefully laid.

Macdonald, as prefect of the Top, was supposed to keep order, prevent bullying, horse-play, &c., and to exercise a general supervision over the boys while they "went to earth," as the school phrase had it. But, as a matter of fact, Mac. seldom put in an appearance until he came to bed, which was generally about eleven o'clock—his duties tacitly devolving on myself in his absence, as the senior and strongest boy in the room. So, as a rule, we were moderately safe from any interference from him until that hour.

As soon as chapel was over that evening we hurried far more quickly than was our wont to the Top. Stapleton slept in the cubicle adjoining mine, and "Pen" on the other side of his. It had been arranged that one of the other boys should introduce the subject—the development being left as chance and circumstances should direct.

"Hullo Stapleton," said Copley, the decoy in question, "it's about time you were initiated into the mysteries of the Styx. Every fellow who is a 'Topper' is expected to show his pluck by making the

passage, or is looked upon as a frightful outsider."

"What do you mean?" asked Stapleton, regarding him somewhat doubtfully, and evidently suspicious of a sell.

Copley explained with artistic carelessness, but Stapleton evidently thought he was being "had."

"I suppose you think it is funny to try and make me believe such rot," he said. He had picked up some words of schoolboy slang, and used them with quite perceptible pride.

"Rot!" repeated Copley, with assumed indignation. "Because you've spent all your life in a nursery, playing with girls and dolls, you think everyone is as great a sawney as yourself. Here, Pen!"

This was Penruddock's cue. He came out of the adjoining cubicle half undressed.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"Oh, here's Miss Stapleton won't believe what I've been telling her about the passage of the Styx," replied Copley. "He'll say there's no Dante next, I suppose!"

Stapleton liked Penruddock, and the feeling was mutual. I am sure that, could he have done so without offending me, the latter would have withdrawn from a position which was at once both false and dishonourable; but a mistaken feeling of loyalty forced him to back me up. For Copley, however, he entertained no such regard, and was not, therefore, averse to giving that young hopeful a good setting down.

"Well, show him yourself," he grumbled; "he'll believe you then!" And he made as if he were going back into his cubicle.

Copley was greatly disconcerted by the adroit way in which the tables had been turned, but, hiding his feelings, he replied,

"I'm not going to the swot of teaching a kid like that. Besides, it's not my turn. Let me see. Whose is it?" he continued, pretending to think. "I know," he cried, "it's either your turn or Spedding's—because Richards was last; I remember now!"

Stapleton looked from one to the other with perplexity and some alarm in his expression. "Do you really mean to say," he asked Penruddock, "that anyone has been mad enough to risk his life by—doing that?" He pointed out of the window with an irrepressible shudder as he spoke.

I now thought it was time I appeared on the scene.

"What a beastly jaw you fellows are



"EVERY FELLOW WHO IS A 'TOPPER' IS EXPECTED TO MAKE THE PASSAGE."

making," I exclaimed. "I suppose you want the Badger up!" "The Badger" was the school pseudonym for Drake, the chaplain, whose rooms were immediately below.

Copley at once appealed to me.

"True? Of course it's true!" I said. "As it's my turn, I will give you a demonstration, 'free, gratis, and for nothing.' We are not all muffs in the Top, Stapleton."

The colour flushed into his cheeks at the contemptuous words, but he set his mouth and said nothing.

I returned to my cubicle and put on a pair of running shoes. Then, in an easy, nonchalant way, as though it were an everyday occurrence, and not worth exciting one's self about one way or the other, I stepped on to the sill and prepared to get out. With an impulsive gesture, which he seemed unable to restrain, Staple-

ton rushed forward and caught me by the arm.

"For Heaven's sake," he cried, and his voice shook with emotion, "if this is a joke—let it stop here! I don't want you to risk your life merely to make a fool of me!"

There was a dead silence. The other boys, who had now crowded round, grinned and looked askance at each other, while Penruddock took a step forward, as if to speak; but I anticipated him, and struck in quickly, with a contemptuous laugh.

"Don't be hysterical, Stapleton," I said, coldly. "We don't think much of that sort of fellow here—besides, it's bad form."

He drew back, and winced as if I had cut him with a whip, but offered no further protest to my venture. The next moment I was out of the window, and the perilous journey had begun. Strung up as I was, I thought little of the danger, till, happening to look down, I immediately felt my head swim; but I was far too experienced a climber to commit the same folly again; and a few seconds more

brought me safely to the other window, where the fellows crowded round with loud congratulations.

Stapleton said nothing, but had to stand a storm of chaff and more or less contemptuous banter. My object, however, being achieved, I said no more, but went back to my cubicle, where Pen joined me. He said nothing, but I knew from the expression of his face he was not pleased. However, I took no notice of this, and commenced talking on indifferent topics, but he was not to be put off.

"Sped, old boy!" he said, "I wish you weren't so down upon young Stapleton. He's a clever little beggar, and a good-hearted one, too; he showed it just now, I think; and he's not, I'm sure, a bad plucked

‘un at bottom. I tell you I felt a regular beast for taking advantage of him in the way we did. Drop rotting him now, at all events, or leave it to such born idiots as Copley, Hedley, and Co., who haven’t the sense to see anything beyond their stupid noses, though Stapleton, I fancy, has sense enough to despise *them*.”

“Oh, that’s all right! I’ve done with him now.” I said with assumed indifference. “But I can’t stand prigs, Pen, or slack-backed chaps, at any price.”

Penruddock was about to reply when the door burst open, and Hedley and Copley dashed into the room. Before either of us could wreak summary vengeance upon their persons for such an unwarrantable intrusion on our privacy, they gasped out:

“He’s out there on the Styx!—funked and got stuck in the middle, and can’t move one way or the other! . . . Go to him! . . . What shall we do? It’s awful!”

“Who is?” I gasped, with a sinking heart.

“Stapleton. He went out because we rotted him—we never thought he would. He’ll fall and be killed. For Heaven’s sake, go!” Copley wrung his hands, while Hedley was nearly blubbing.

In a second Penruddock was at the window, with one foot on the sill. He looked out, and when he faced us again we saw he was deathly white, yet he spoke quite calmly and collectedly to the boys.

“Fetch Macdonald!” he said, peremptorily: “go—at once!—just as you are! Then to me: “Sped, go to the other window, and I’ll get out of this. With one of us on either side we may get him across yet. God forgive us both!”

In a moment I took his meaning, and in less time than it takes to write it I had scattered the frightened boys at the other window, and commenced a journey which might very well end in the loss of three lives. Now for the first time I saw Stapleton. He was just about mid-way between the windows, standing perfectly still, as quiet as a statue, as rigid as marble. I spoke to him, but he made no reply, seeming utterly unconscious of our presence.

“Well done, young ‘un!” I cried. “You are a brack! Hold on! I will bring you across in a jiff. Keep your end up!”

Was it my voice that was speaking? It sounded so shaky, queer, and unnatural; it might have belonged to some one else speaking ever so far away.

Penruddock also spoke.

“Don’t lose your nerve, Stapleton!” he cried. “Hold tight, and we’ll get you across all right.”

But still there was no response.

It took us, I suppose, about fifteen seconds to reach Stapleton’s side. But, once there, the awful danger that beset us and the utter helplessness of our charge for a moment overwhelmed us both. One glance at that ghastly face, with its twitching muscles, and unseeing, set stare of the eyes—one look at the rigidity of the whole figure, and the tenacious clutch of the thin white fingers on the ledge—showed us in a moment that any hope of co-operation, or even instinctive obedience to our commands, was utterly futile. To all intents and purposes Stapleton was paralysed by the awful peril in which he stood; and absolute unconsciousness, even to our unpractised eyes, we could see, was merely a matter of time. Only one thing was left—to die with him. With the extraordinary rapidity with which the mind works at such supreme moments, my brain took in the terrible aftermath of suffering, self-reproach, disgrace, shame and ignominy that must attach to me and mine through life; while at the same time my mind quite calmly reviewed our chances of rescue and the way in which it might be effected. I could see that the chances were very slight. Before they could get on the roof and descend to our aid by a rope, all would be over. It would mean ten minutes at least—or three times the limit of our chance of life. There was no window above us, only the eaves of the roof. There was no ladder nearer than the top of the field—five minutes’ distance, at least!

If ever a fervent prayer for aid was breathed to the Creator, it came then from my lips and heart.

We were now at Stapleton’s side; without a word we instinctively did the only thing which gave us any hope of even prolonging the agony. Standing with my right leg outside that of Stapleton’s nearest to me, I placed my left leg over the back of his right, with my toe in the ledge between his two feet. By these means I supported his weight somewhat, and pinned him partially to the wall. Then, stretching out my left arm, I entwined it with Penruddock’s right, beneath Stapleton’s shoulders. This meant that the safety of all three depended on our two hands, which practically supported the whole strain, for the cataleptic trance on



OUR WHOLE SAFETY DEPENDS
UPON OUR TWO HANDS.

which Stapleton's own hold depended might end at any moment.

By the mercy of Providence, it chanced that at this particular spot where I stood a piece of the top ledge had somehow been chipped away when the stone was seated in the brickwork, and in this groove my three

first fingers settled with a fairly solid half-inch grip. Pen was not so fortunate, only having the natural slant and roughness of the stone to sustain the double weight he was supporting.

We stood thus for a few seconds without a word, the thumping of our hearts alone being distinctly audible. Suddenly there was a stir, the sound of confused voices, the rush of many feet, and we knew that the alarm had spread like wildfire, and that the whole "house" was up.

Meanwhile the rigidity of Stapleton's slight frame became relaxed, and a new and

alarming phase of the terrific nervous tension he was enduring became ominously apparent. Reader, have you ever, when walking in the country, struck with your stick the wires which run through the uprights of some iron fence, and watched the sympathetic vibrations quiver along its course and gradually die away? In much the same fashion we could feel the body of the boy we held vibrate in convulsive tremors in our hold. Then we understood, with a thrill of sickening despair, that he was gradually becoming insensible, and that such poor relief as his own spasmodic hold afforded us was near its end; and with this came the bitter knowledge that our own ability to sustain his weight had nearly reached its limits.

At this critical juncture I heard Penruddock's voice, hoarse and strained, but, nevertheless, free from any trace of the craven fear I myself was experiencing. He didn't seem to realise that a ghastly and imminent death could now only be a question of moments.

"Spedding," he said, slowly and distinctly, "my fingers are slipping. Do you think you could hold him yourself for a sec., while I get a fresh grip?"

"Must you?" I cried, in a weak passion of terror.

"I *must*," he replied, insistently; "I shall be over myself if I don't. Keep a straight bat, old chap!"

"Well, do it *now*," I said, hoarsely—"now—at once. I'm nearly played out!"

I felt his arm withdrawn. At this critical moment, without further warning, Stapleton abruptly collapsed, the suddenness of the strain nearly forcing my left foot off the ledge. As it was, he almost slipped from under my arm, while a great cry leaped upwards from below, gradually dying away into the silence of a great suspense. Heavens! the agony of that one crowded moment! Even now it brings the sweat to my brow as I write the words. Instinctively I crammed my leg against his, and threw my left arm round his waist, and by sheer strength of muscle held him up, while I bent down and caught the collar of his coat between my teeth. Meanwhile I drove my cramped fingers with frantic energy deep down into the friendly crevice of the ledge. The next moment with a feeling of unutterable relief I felt Pen's arm seek mine, and with its grip an appreciable lessening of the strain.

Then—clear, sharp, and distinct—came a voice from the depths beneath. Were ever the accents of a voice more welcome to human ears, or words more full of divine hope? . . .

It was Macdonald who spoke.

"Penruddock and Spedding—listen! Hang on, like the trumps you are, till you hear me say 'Go!' Then release your hold of Stapleton and let him fall. Do you hear? It's your only chance. Only ten seconds longer, old chaps. Do you hear me?"

I did, but couldn't speak. Pen, however, replied in hoarse, unnatural tones: "All right—savvy, savvy! But we're done."

Did ever ten seconds pass with such leaden feet? Stapleton was now quite unconscious, and as he swung round and outwards nearly his whole weight fell on me. I felt I was losing consciousness myself, but all the time I was following in a drowsy way the half-muttered directions, followed by the shuffling of feet, below. Then came a tense silence, and—at length—the word "Go!"

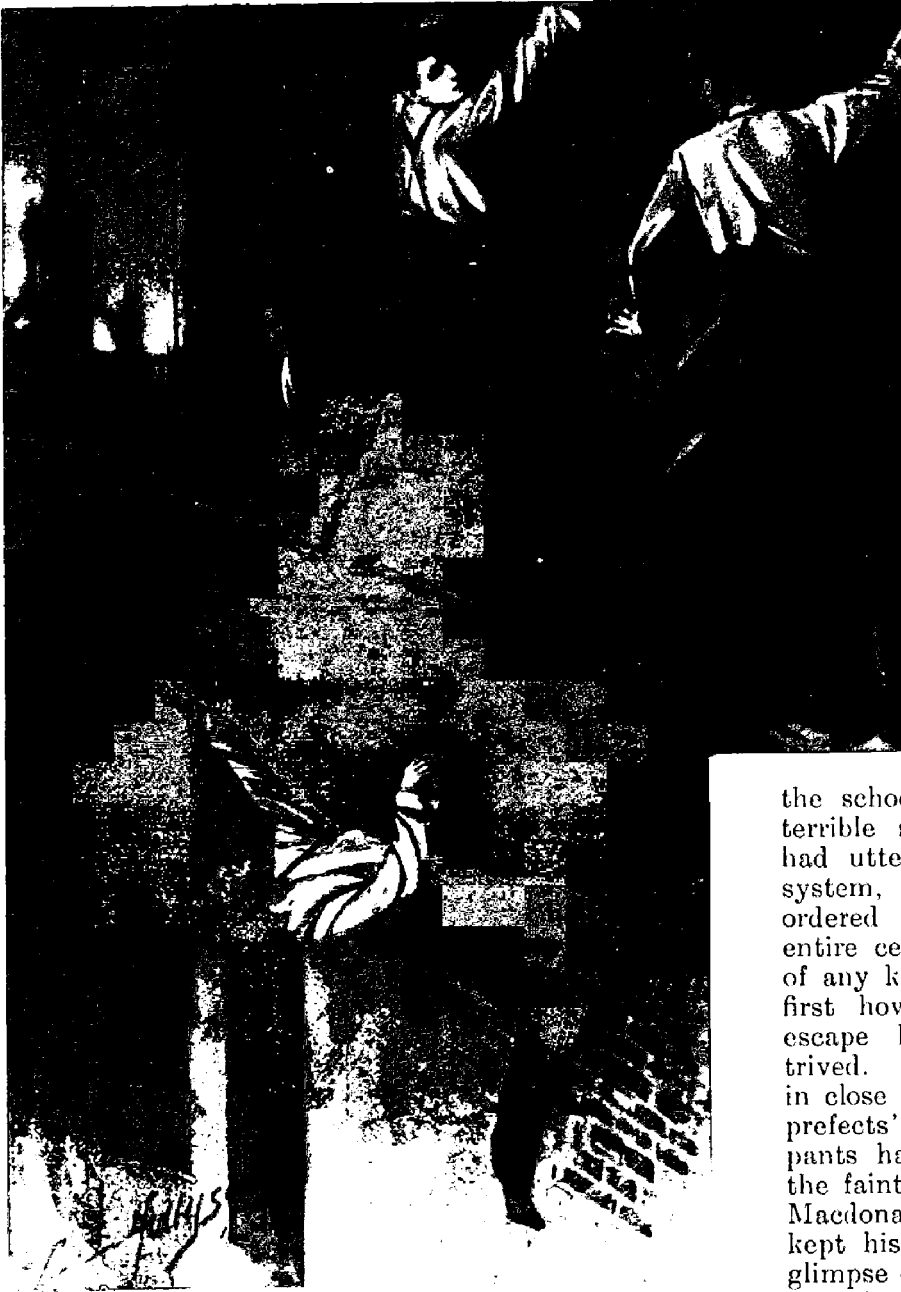
Our encircling arms and legs, and my stiffened jaws, slowly released their hold, and—oh! the horror of it!—Stapleton toppled slowly backwards, seemed to be suspended for a second in the air, and then vanished like lightning into space. Presently a dull thud, and then a great swinging cheer—such a cheer as only English boys can give, followed by a confused babel of voices—then silence once more, and Macdonald is speaking again:

"Spedding and Penruddock, if either of you can't manage to get back the way you came, you can jump with perfect safety, and we will catch you in this carpet. Anyway, we will follow your steps, so that if you do fall you won't be hurt. Now, you fellows, three cheers, to give them a good send-off, and let them be loud ones, for the heroes of the Top."

Again wild cheers rang out, and then in the silence some one struck up, in a quavering voice, "For he's a jolly good fellow!" and the next moment the whole school was singing the words as if its life depended on it—with the Head leading them! And I—I was blubbing like a girl.

* * * * *

Well, how we got back we never knew. I don't remember much about it, but somehow we managed it; and when Pen made



STAPLETON VANISHED INTO SPACE.

the window, eager hands seized any part of him that could be held or handled, and he was whisked like magic out of sight and danger. Similar attentions fell to my share, but the moment I got into the room and saw old Pen sitting on my bed with his head in his hands, and the fellows beating and thumping his shoulders as if he were the Head's sturdy Persian carpet, to which we owed our safety, everything vanished into a blue sort of mist, and when I came to

the room was empty, except for Dr. Colbourne and the Head, who took my hand and said such generous and undeserved things that I had to burst out with the whole story and make a clean breast of it. And all the Head said was:

"The atonement was greater than the fault."

And somehow, ever afterwards, I felt that the Head stood in quite a different light from that in which I had hitherto regarded him.

When I recovered from the shock—which I did after a couple of days or so—Stapleton had left

the school, never to return. The terrible strain he had undergone had utterly unhinged his nervous system, and the doctors had ordered complete change, and entire cessation from mental work of any kind. It was then I heard first how our almost miraculous escape had been suddenly contrived. When Copley, with Hedley in close attendance, burst into the prefects' common-room, its occupants had all rushed out without the faintest idea what to do. But Macdonald, cool and clear-headed, kept his presence of mind, and a glimpse of the Head's study carpet lying in the hall—where it had been put by the men after its monthly beating and brushing—had sug-

gested in a moment the only possible way by which our rescue could be promptly and safely effected. The rest the reader knows.

As regards the offence itself, everyone made a clean breast of his share of it, and the Head read us all such a lecture that we felt that a birching and expulsion, at least, would be but a light sentence for our crime. So our relief may be imagined when he wound up by saying that, yielding to the earnest entreaties of

Colonel Stapleton that the matter should be condoned, and having in view the fact that everyone concerned had frankly confessed, and that two at least of the chief offenders had themselves risked their lives in expiation of their folly, he had come to the conclusion that perhaps he would not be acting with undue leniency in saying no more about it. He added, drily, however, that the next boy who essayed the perilous passage would find no carpet awaiting him below. So that was the end of the Styx.

Only one other thing connected with this matter I have to record, and that is, that at the big function when the prizes were given away at the end of the term, and all the boys' fathers and mothers were present, the

Head, to Penruddock's surprise and my own, called our names out just before the singing of "Dulce Domum"; and when we went up together, looking very shamefaced, no doubt, to our intense embarrassment and surprise he told the people the story I've tried to tell you; and then, to our amazement and delight, presented us with two ripping gold watches from Colonel Stapleton, with our names engraved in the cases, together with this inscription: "For an act of great bravery."

Boys, the story is told, but if you want to see three schoolfellows who are staunch chums and comrades in after life, I doubt if you could find three closer friends than Penruddock, Stapleton, and myself.



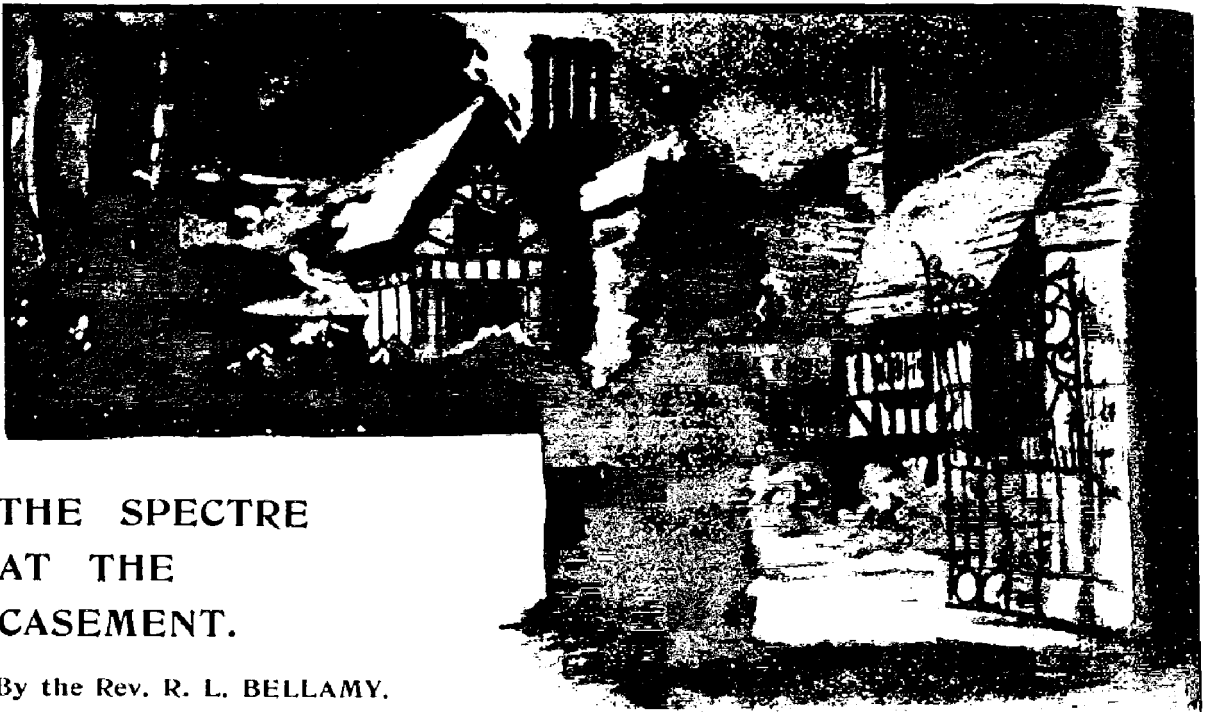
A WORD WITH A STORY.

SOME words have indeed curious stories in connection with their etymology. The study of this science reveals many interesting stories. A good example is the word "sincere." Any good dictionary will tell that the derivation of this word is from the Latin "sine," meaning "without," and "cera," meaning "wax." But how can anyone imagine sincere to be connected with wax? About this point, however, there is an interesting story to tell.

A sculptor was engaged in the work of forming a bust of a famous man. He intended to send it to the Academy or to some such institution. He laboured diligently at his work for some years. One day, as his task was nearing completion, he knocked off a chip from the nose of his figure by an accidental stroke. He was now in the greatest anxiety. Was all his painstaking work to go for nothing? Was the labour of years to be unrecorred? In the midst of his distress a bright idea occurred to him. He got a piece of wax, and, sticking it on to the point of the bust's nose, he skilfully moulded it into the required shape. So cleverly did he do this that only an extremely close observer could have discovered the defect. When he sent up his work, however, he was not prepared for the minute examination to which it was subjected. The fraud was discovered, and ever afterwards the critics took care to ascertain whether all figures were "sine cera," or, in other words, "free from adulteration."

From afterwards the term was used in connection with human beings, and to-day "sincere" is one of our most frequently applied adjectives.

"CLAUDIUS."



THE SPECTRE AT THE CASEMENT.

By the Rev. R. L. BELLAMY.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

“WELL,” said Drummond, thoughtfully, “I’m not quite sure that it’s advisable to tell you about that adventure. You see, it was one of those affairs where the glory doesn’t go where it’s properly due. But if Dixon and Carlton’ll undertake to do my next impot between them, perhaps I might be prevailed upon. Is it a bargain, you two?”

“All right! go ahead!” bravely spake out those two worthies, devoutly hoping that Drummond might walk with sufficient circumspection to avoid any more impots until such time as the unholy compact should have faded from his memory.

Whereon Drummond proceeded.

“We were doing a bit of a walking tour on a small scale up in Yorkshire, and had got through some awfully jolly country, when one evening we landed on a tempting-looking place just about supper-time. It was mentioned in the guide-book, and looked just what it was, namely, a very old place which had once been the Manor House, and had been much reduced in size during the last hundred years or so. But the best part of it was, the guide-book said there was a ghost belonging to it, and gave the story of how, in sixteen hundred and something, a new baby, who was heir to the whole show, had been chucked out of a window into the courtyard by the chap who had previously been the heir, and thought he would like to remain so.

“The thing had always been a mystery until after the death of the murderer, and then a confession written by him was found which gave the facts.

“And after that, from time to time, the ghost of the murderer had been seen at the window on moonlight nights with a child in its arms. When it did appear, it would keep showing itself at the window, and then going back into the room, and seemed to be wanting to throw the kid out, but somehow unable to do so.

“Interesting sort of tale, and we read it over two or three times during supper, and wondered which was the room from the window of which it had happened, for the book said that, though it was unknown which room it actually was, it had certainly been preserved, since all the rooms overlooking the courtyard were as they had been for the last two or three centuries.

“We took our candles about ten o’clock and went upstairs, and were rather amused to find that both our rooms looked out upon the courtyard, so that either of them might be *the* one, and naturally we had a little joking about it.

“The room in which I found myself wasn’t one to strike you as particularly cheerful. The big old four-poster was all right, though it reminded you rather of the kind of thing you see in historic castles and show places—‘This is the bed King Charles I. died in,’ or ‘In this bed the

Black Prince was smothered in the Tower in the year something or other,' and so on. It was rather a remarkable bed, as it had a good high foot-board, which, I think, is unusual with four-posters, and certainly gave it a very box-you-up sort of look. However, it seemed comfortable enough, which was the main thing. But what *was* a bit off was the way the walls had been 'decorated!' It had evidently been done by somebody who was either a grim humorist or else absolutely without the slightest scrap of humour. Every blessed picture had something or other to do with death. There was a doctor feeling a ghastly-looking patient's pulse, and the picture was called 'No Hope!' There was another of two funerals, one very grand going from a mansion, and the other very humble from a cottage, and it was 'The Common Lot.' Then there was 'The Deathbed of Voltaire,' 'The Coach Accident,' two shipwrecks, and a very, very ancient rustic in a churchyard, leaning upon a stick, and staring with the most awful hollow eyes at the tombstones. There was no name under this. And then, as if the pictures might be apt to prove too exhilarating, there were about ten black frames containing funeral cards, some of them embellished with the most curious poetry you ever saw.

"I called Millington in to have a look at my cheerful walls, and the whole set-out tickled his fancy immensely—in fact, so much so, that I half wished I hadn't called him.

"'By love, Drum, old man!' he said, 'it's easy to see where you've got to. This is evidently the dying chamber of the establishment, and I should think when they put anybody in here it's about as decided a hint to go as the Irishman received when he got kicked out.'

"'What a beastly idea!' I said, and then, as he went on a lot more in the same way, I began rather to lose my wool, and threatened to swop rooms with him if he didn't chuck it. That's the worst of old Mill—when he starts rotting, he never knows when to leave off.

"'Oh, of course, I wouldn't say a word to suggest any unpleasant ideas for anything,' he said, 'especially on a night like this, when the wind's moaning round like a restless spirit, and there's just enough moonlight to make everything look a trifle uncanny. I hope you're not nervous, because I shouldn't at all wonder if you were to see

something to-night. Mind you notice it carefully, if you do, so as to be able to tell us all about it properly afterwards; if there's one thing I feel keen about it is to meet with some one who really has seen a genuine ghost at first hand.'

"'Oh! clear out, and go and be funny in your own room,' I growled.

"'All right. By the way, I suppose you've looked under the bed and in those two rather suspicious-looking cupboards?'

"'Good-night!'

"'Good-night,' said Millington, as he stood for a moment at the door, gazing very thoughtfully at my historic-looking bed. 'H'm, now, I wonder—ah, well, never mind. Good-night.'

"'You wonder what?' I asked.

"'Well,' replied the wretch, with a fine pretence at reluctance, 'I *was* going to say I wonder how many good (and otherwise) folk have been laid out on that imposing couch.'

"'Oh, hang it! clear out, I tell you, with your ghoulish notions. I jolly well hope you'll get a nice hair-raising scare yourself to-night; it would do you good, and serve you jolly well right.'

"'Oh, don't!' cried the lunny, 'pray don't wish anything so awful. I assure you, Drummond, I should be horribly frightened if anything of the sort happened to-night. It isn't often that I should care twopence for that kind of thing, but, whether it's the place and surroundings, or possibly some occult influence actually at work—but, of course, that's absurd—yet, well, I don't know how to describe to you what I feel to-night—somehow as if something very strange *might* happen—not in the least as one feels in a general sort of way, you know. Now, can you account for a matter-of-fact chap like me feeling in that way?'

"I really hardly knew whether the fellow was rotting or not, he sounded so jolly real; but I guessed he was, so I snarled out, 'I can account for the way you will feel directly, for if you don't make yourself scarce, I'll bung the soap at you!'

"'Well, you are an unsympathetic beggar! So, I suppose I must go and lie awake in a cold sweat all night alone, while you snore away here just as if you were in the most matter-of-fact room and bed imaginable. It passes my understanding how you can. Ugh! I wouldn't pass to-night here myself for anything. Good-night, and I *hope* you'll be all right.'

“‘Clear out!’ I roared, getting really mad, and he slipped through the doorway; but in half-a-minute he opened it an inch or two again and said: ‘I say, remember, if you *should* see anything, don’t go and give a great, vulgar screech, as if you were scared, but just take your opportunity thankfully and make the most of it, so as to be able to report to me afterwards. Good-night again. Hope you’ll sleep well.’

“I said nothing, but went and slammed the door to, and then began to turn in.

“Somehow, I didn’t feel as sleepy as usual that night. I wasn’t frightened, of course, but old M.’s gruesome ideas rather stuck in one’s mind, and I began to picture to myself all sorts of weird scenes that might have taken place in that room, and to wonder whether there might not have been a few murders and suicides thrown in. Besides, you may bet I felt pretty certain old M. meant to be up to tricks, and had just been trying to prepare my mind for them a little, so there I lay wide awake, engaged in the cheerful occupation of listening to the church clock striking the hours; or, if I did drop off for a few minutes every now and then, I had such rotten dreams about being buried alive and what-not, that it was worse than lying awake; and six or seven times I woke up with the impression that I was dead, and when I found I wasn’t I still thought I *had* been, and began feeling the sheets to make sure they were just ordinary bedclothes. Altogether, it was about the most restless night I ever spent, and I fairly longed for the day.

“At last I fell into a doze a little bit more solid than most of them had been, but I woke from it quite suddenly with a sort of feeling that there was something in the room. I didn’t open my eyes for a few seconds, and when I did venture to do so the room was lighter than before I went to sleep, because the moon had risen, and, sure enough, there was a tall, white figure standing perfectly motionless at the foot of the bed.

“I don’t mind saying I felt a wee bit creepy, but I didn’t yell, though I can’t say I felt much like carrying out Millington’s advice and going in for a sort of illustrated interview with my visitor.

“It was a very strange-looking figure with, so far as I could see, the head as well as the body wrapped in white stuff. Not wishing to hurry things on too fast, I closed my eyes again for a moment. It was only for

a moment, but when I opened them the figure was gone. Having been in that sort of mixed-up, half-and-half state between waking and sleeping so much that night, I thought I must have been dreaming about the figure, and, as I felt rather tagged, I decided to doze off again. But, before letting myself finally drop off, I thought I would take one more look to make my mind quite easy, so I lazily opened a bit of one eye again, and lo! there was the figure standing by the window, looking down at something it was holding in its arms. I was wide awake enough now, and I couldn’t help giving a little gasp, but the ghost didn’t seem to hear, and after standing at the window for a short time it turned round and came slowly back to the foot of the bed, with the object still in its arms. I couldn’t see clearly what the object was, but, from the way it was carried, I judged it to be a baby—or the ghost of one. By the time the figure stood at the bedfoot again, I can tell you I was feeling really queer. It stood there for a moment, looking earnestly at me, so far as I could make out, for, of course, there was no light on its face. I couldn’t stand this any longer, so I said, ‘Who’s that?’ and my voice, which it was rather hard to get going at all, sounded rummier than I’ve ever heard it. The figure took no notice; it remained standing there for a few seconds longer, and then bobbed down behind the bedfoot.

“Then, of course, my nervous fit took its departure pretty quickly.

“‘Oho! Mr. Millington,’ I said to myself. ‘so that’s how the ghostly disappearance was managed, is it?’ And then, just as I was on the point of calling out to let him know that he’d had all his precious trouble of getting up and fooling around for nothing, and that I hadn’t been frightened in the least, I checked myself and began to wonder whether I couldn’t pay him out a little for his monkey tricks. So I lay still with my eyes shut for a minute, during which I thought I heard some very faint sounds of rustling cloth that I couldn’t quite make out.

“I wasn’t able, on the spur of the moment, to think of any very original way of punishing the ghost—in fact, the only thing I *could* think of was buzzing someone thing at it as soon as it came up again.

“Unfortunately, I’d put my boots outside the door, and hadn’t got so much as a slipper handy. There was simply nothing



I LEANED WITH ALL MY
MIGHT AT ITS HEAD.

to serve as a boomerang but a pillow, which was a lot too soft for the purpose. However, as that was the only thing available, I determined to make up for the softness of the weapon by the vigour of the throw, so I gently slid my hand up and grabbed it by the corner. Then I opened my eyes for action. For a moment I was half-startled again, for there was the figure standing in just the same attitude by the window! 'All right, my beauty,' I thought, 'you shall have something to remember this night's lack by!' and with that I sat up suddenly and let fly with all my might at its head.

"Certainly I couldn't complain that my little effort fell flat.

"The ghost had its back turned to me, and when it received the pillow with a good hearty thud on the back of the head and shoulders, it gave a big lurch forward, shoved one hand, holding the child, through the window, and then set up a terrified yell in a voice which I was sure could not possibly be Millington's, no matter how much he might be trying to disguise it. Besides, a chap caught as neatly as that wouldn't be likely to think much about disguising his voice just then.

"Here was a nice kettle of fish! Who



"WHO ARE YOU A-MURDERIN' OF, YOUNG MAN?"

on earth could it be? and what on earth could he be up to? I didn't know whether to rate at him, or jeer, or jump out and collar him, or go to his assistance, or what, and while I was wondering what my next move had better be, in bounced the stout landlady, clad in a wonderful dressing-gown.

"Hey-dey! Bless my heart and soul,

what's the matter now?' she started, and then, as she saw the ghost still near the window, wringing its hands, and too scared even to make for the door, and moaning—'Hey! hey! hey! O Lor'! O Lor'!' she turned on me like a good old virago.

"'Who are you a-murderin' of, young man?' she bawled. 'My word, if I'd

known you'd bin a wicked assassinatin' party like you are, would I 'a' took yer in in a respectable house where there's never bin not so much as a murder never since I took hold of the management, to my certain knowledge. Hout yer go to-morrow mornin', as sure as my name's Rebecca Nuttall, you and your blessed friend and all. Eh, to think o' murderin' a poor old man in his own house on a Sabbath morn, and him engaged in the sacred occupation of gettin' his Sabbath clothes out of the box, neither more nor less! Be ashamed o' yerself, do, and the sooner you're out o' this the better. Come along, Jeremiah, an' don't stand blatherin' there like a bairn.'

"By this time the whole house seemed to have been roused, for there was quite a shuffling of feet outside the door, and the real Millington, in a half-dressed state, came in.

"'Hullo!' said he, 'what the dickens is up?'

"As soon as Mrs. Rebecca Nuttall caught sight of my 'blessed friend,' she went for him almost as vigorously as she had gone for me; but, as you know, old Millington's got a cool sort of way with him at most times, and can be pretty soothing when he likes, and in about two minutes he'd got Rebecca and the ghost both steered out of the room, and the people away from just outside the door, and I was left to my meditations.

"These were not altogether pleasant, as you may fancy, but they didn't last very long, for in a little time Millington landed back and lighted my candle. Then he sat on the side of my bed and roared till I thought he would laugh away every atom of breath he had.

"'What's there to laugh at, you silly goat?' I said. 'If it hadn't been for your idiotic humbug last night it wouldn't have happened. Anyhow, you'll get a little punishment, for you've got to clear out the first thing in the morning, without any breakfast, and it's Sunday, and no shops open, even if there were any shops within a hundred miles to be open; so now you just see what you've brought on yourself.'

"The idiot laughed worse than ever. "Me brought it on!' he spluttered; 'I like that! Oh, Drummond, you are a funny animal! Oh, you'll be the death of me. Drummond! You *are* a champion ghost-layer! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!'

"At last he pulled himself together

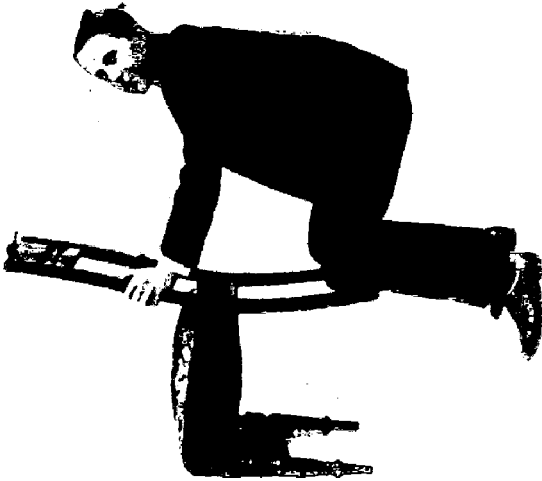
enough to be able to talk some sort of sense, and then I began to pick out the facts of the mystery.

"It seems that when the ghost first appeared it was not an appropriate time of night for such things, but about six o'clock in the morning. The moon, Millington explained, was an old one, and so was visible very late. I'm not quite clear as to what he meant, but I know it looked uncommonly like the middle of the night to me. Well, Rebecca had sent her husband to get his Sunday clothes out of the box in my room where they were kept, and had told him to be sure not to wake me; so he daren't bring a light, but kept fumbling about and carrying first one thing to the window and then another, to see if he'd got the right ones, and, of course, the daft old imbecile must carry them exactly as you'd carry a babby. Being as deaf as a post he hadn't taken any notice of what I said, which added a good deal to the ghostliness of the whole biz.

"'And what about breakfast?' I said, rather savagely, 'and what about some place for us to go and spend the day in, seeing we're going to get chucked out of here as soon as we're up?'

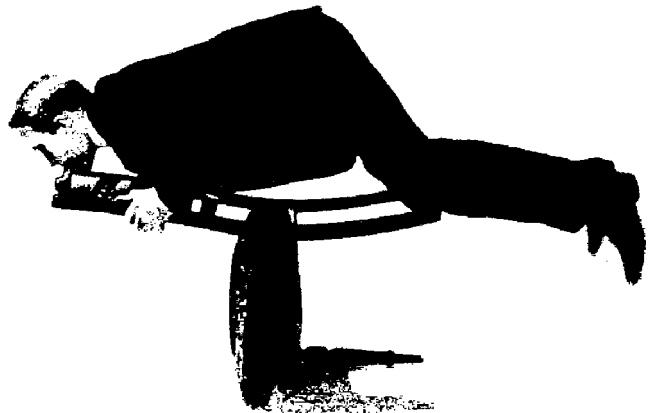
"'That's all right,' said Millington, 'I explained to the old lady that you always had been particularly nervous about ghosts, and should be excused for any little indiscretion you might have committed in the frenzy of your terror, and I managed to make her see it in that light, and, in fact, her present frame of mind is one of tender compassion for your frailties—'Poor young man!' as she says. So we're going to be allowed to stay on, on condition, of course, that you try to keep your nerves under a little more control, and instead of having no breakfast we're going to have an extra good one—to make up for the scare you've had! Well, I guess it's not much use trying to get any more sleep this morning, so I'll go and finish dressing, and you may as well get up.'

"And off he went. Of course, I was jolly glad about breakfast and staying on, but I felt rather riled with Millington. You see, it isn't extra pleasant seeing everybody watching you with a kind of smothered grin on them, especially when you feel that you really deserve more admiration than anything else. But old Mill. always had an aggravating knack of coming out on top in all his little larks—hang him!"



CHAIR AND CORK TRICK.

THIS is a balancing feat that requires a strong nerve and a strong chair. If you do not own the chair you practise on, see that you obtain permission from its owner before you use it.



The object of the trick, as may be seen by the accompanying illustrations, is to lift with the mouth a cork that has been placed upon the top rail of the chair back. Care must be taken in performing this feat that the whole weight of the body is carried by the chair legs. Otherwise, if the centre of gravity is moved but the fraction of an inch beyond the seat, there will be the chance of a mishap, as illustrated in the last picture.



CHRISTMAS

HYMNS.

By A. B. COOPER.

HERE is a quality about a Christmas hymn which does not seem to belong to any other, however fine the poetry may be, or however melodious the tune to which it is sung. What is it? Probably it is association. In the minds of young people the Christmas hymn is closely connected with Waits, with Christmas bells, and with frost and snow—at least, in imagination, or on a Christmas card, if not in reality—while to older folk the strains of a carol bring back the sad, sweet memories of "the days that are no more," and the joys of well-remembered childhood.

I suppose of all Christmas hymns sung as carols in the small hours of Christmas morning, there is none so popular as "While shepherds watched their flocks by night." The marvellously beautiful Bible story associated for all time with the Judæan hills, the "cold light of stars," the "watchful shepherds," and the breathing stillness of midnight, has inspired many hymns beside this one, such as the greatest of Christmas anthems, "Hark! the herald angels sing"; but there is an old-world flavour about "While shepherds watched their flocks" which appeals to the true sense of this holy time. We see again the bright seraph illumining the night with his radiance; we see again the cowering shepherds, afraid of the wondrous vision, and we hear once more the angelic message of "peace and goodwill to men."

This beautiful hymn is more than a hundred and fifty years old, and was written by Nahum Tate, who became Poet Laureate in 1690. Along with Dr. Nicholas Brady, he wrote a volume of metrical psalms, many of which are sung to-day, especially in Scotland.

Charles Wesley wrote "Hark! the herald



THE LATE DEAN FARRAR.

He was once an Assistant Master at Harrow, and there wrote "In the fields with the flocks abiding."
Photo. Russell and Sons.

angels sing," one of the most inspiring sacred lyrics in the English language. I wonder if there is a church in Christendom, from the venerable Abbey of Westminster to the humblest house of prayer in the tiniest village, where this joyous hymn will not be sung on Christmas morning. Such world-wide use points not only to the popularity, but also to the majesty and beauty of the great hymn, for, depend upon it, only that which is truly great and intrinsically beautiful attains to universal recognition.

Charles Wesley wrote an enormous number of hymns—some 6,000 in all—but quantity does not always, nor generally, mean quality, and though some of Wesley's hymns, such as the one we are talking about, and "Jesu, lover of my soul," are known, not only here, but also to the blacks in the wilds of Africa, and to the converted natives of China and India, yet others have never even been printed, existing only in



CHARLES WESLEY.

Author of "Hark! the herald angels sing."

manuscript. Still, if to have written one great hymn be a passport to the gratitude of mankind, what ought our gratitude to be to Charles Wesley, who wrote so many which are sung by the universal church?

"In the fields with the flocks abiding" is another hymn celebrating that wondrous night on the Judæan hills. But it is quite a new hymn compared with the other two. The late Dean Farrar wrote it when he was a young man, and an assistant master at Harrow. It is not every public school that is fortunate enough to possess a class master who is also a poet, as Farrar in this beautiful hymn proves himself to be. Mr. John Farmer, who was for many years music master at Harrow, and who set most of the famous Harrow songs, composed a beautiful tune to this hymn, and to his setting it is invariably sung.

Two very beautiful hymns which have come to us from America treat of the same incident. The first,

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,"

was written fifty-five years ago by the Rev.



REV. JOHN WESLEY AND HIS FRIENDS AT OXFORD.

The man with his two forefingers together seated at the table to the left is Charles Wesley. The man immediately on John Wesley's right is George Whitfield.

Engraved by Samuel Belten from the painting by Marshall Claxton.

Edmund H. Sears, and is now found in many well-known collections. One of its verses ought to be sung as a prayer this Christmas time, when the papers are full of news of bow, in the words of Byron,

"The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and
pent.
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial
blent."

Does it not seem strange, although it is now nearly two thousand years since the angels' song was sung, that men are still killing one another with as much zest as ever? This beautiful hymn says:—

"But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing."

The other hymn is equally well-known, and was written by an American poetess, who also composed some of the most charming verses for children in the language. Who does not know:—

"I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell."



MRS. EMILY HUNTINGDON MILLER.
Author of "I love to hear the story."

My friend, Mr. Francis Arthur Jones, the author of that beautiful book, "Famous Hymns and their Authors," which would make a capital present for CAPTAIN readers young or old, received a letter from the authoress, Mrs. Emily Huntingdon Miller, in which she says:—

"I do not know that there are any circumstances of special interest connected with the writing of this children's hymn. I was at the time (1867) joint editor of a magazine for young people, entitled *The Little Corporal*, for which I usually furnished a poem to be set to music each month. I had had a very serious illness, and was slowly recovering, and, though too weak to do much literary work, the fact that the paper would be published without my usual contribution was something of a worry to me. I determined, if possible, that this should not happen, so one afternoon, when I felt a little stronger, I took pen and paper, and began to write 'I love to hear the story.' Though it is now close upon thirty-five years ago, I remember that the words were suggested rapidly and continuously, as if I were writing from dictation. In less than fifteen minutes the hymn was written and sent away without corrections. Its popularity has always surprised me, as among the hundreds of hymns and songs I have written, many seem to me to be of greater merit."

The last hymn which I shall mention, that has the subject of the shepherds'



JAMES MONTGOMERY.
Author of "Angels from their realms of glory."



DR. JOHN BYROM.
Author of "Christians, awake!"
Taken from a sketch by a friend.

angel visitant for its main theme, is "Angels from their realms of glory," by James Montgomery. Like others who might be mentioned, Montgomery was a poet who, were he to return to earth again, would find his long and elaborate poems forgotten, and his simpler hymns well remembered. He lived all his life at Sheffield, where he owned and edited a paper called the *Iris*, and he wrote a large number of hymns, many of which are of great excellence.

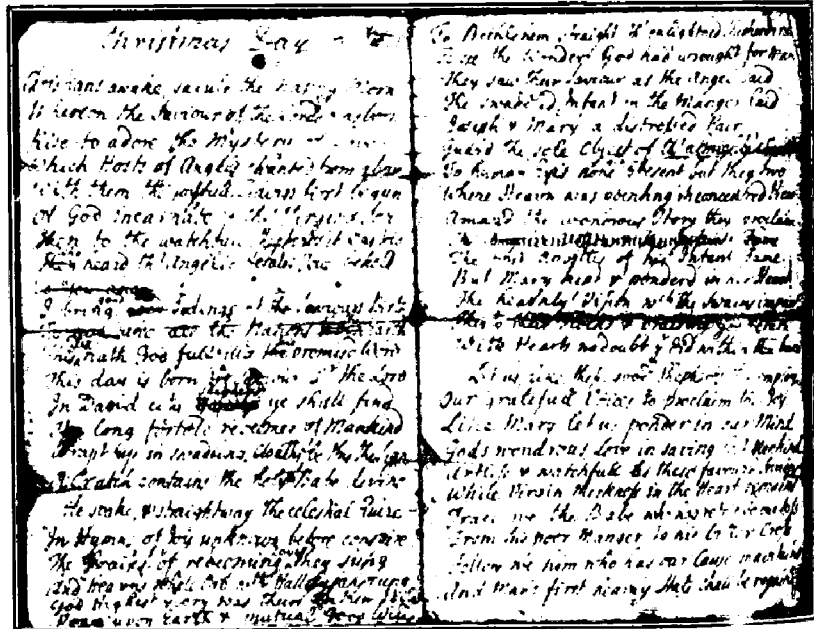
The hymn known as "Christians, awake!" enjoys as close an association with Christmas as the holly-bush. It belongs to Christmas morning, and to that morning alone. It cannot rank in quality with "Hark! the herald angels sing," but it has, nevertheless, the true spirit of joyful devotion, which is the spirit of Christmas. This very popular hymn was written by John Byrom more than 150 years ago—in 1745, to be exact. Its author was educated at the King's School, Chester, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. In later years he also became a Fellow of the Royal Society, no slight honour in those days as in these.

Strangely enough, "Christians, awake," although not considered to be a children's hymn, was written for a child—none other

than the author's little daughter, Dolly. Byrom had promised to write a Christmas hymn for his little girl, and, sure enough, the hymn, neatly sealed, was lying with other presents on the breakfast table when Dolly appeared. To this day the manuscript may be seen at Cheetham Hospital, Manchester. I wonder if any Captainites would care to have a hymn for a Christmas present! Well, it immortalised Dolly Byrom, at any rate, for it is hardly likely she would have been known to posterity but for this pretty episode.

The incident of the Magi, who were guided by the Star of Bethlehem, is one of the most picturesque in the Scriptures. According to tradition these were Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthazar, three Kings of the East. The first offered gold, the emblem of royalty, to the infant Jesus; the second frankincense, in token of divinity; the third myrrh, in prophetic allusion to the death which awaited the Man of Sorrows.

All the circumstances of their visit have

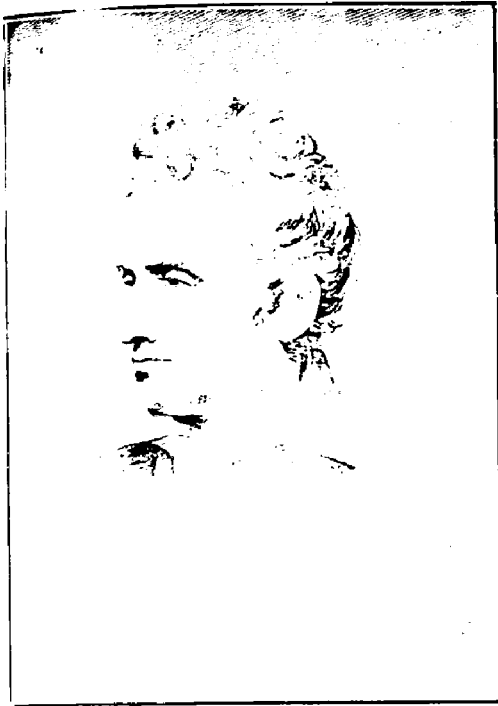


Facsimile of "Christians, awake! salute the happy morn."

formed the theme of countless hymns, but one of the choicest is Bishop Heber's,

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thy aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid."

It contains a sublime Christmas lesson which we might all take to heart. There are some people who are generous at Christmas and never again all the year



BISHOP HEBER.

Author of "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning."

See the kindly shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they found
Him,
With His virgin mother by.
Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
—Peace, my darling! here's no danger!
Here's no ox anear thy bed.
—Mayest thou live for ever near Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise."

Like Heber, Dr. Watts was an easy versifier, and very smart—as we should say to-day—at repartee. He was by no means tall, and one day, while walking in the park, some fine, strapping young fellows jeered at him for the shortness of his stature. He turned to them and said:—

"Were I so tall to reach the Pole,
Or mete the ocean with a span,
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man."

And the good Doctor was right, was he not?

My space is almost exhausted, and I cannot even mention all the famous Christmas hymns, but I must not omit the

round. Theirs is not true generosity; it is only the result of custom. But true kindness comes from the heart, and is perennial, not intermittent. The poet beautifully says:—

"Vainly we offer each costly oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor."

Reginald Heber, unlike Wesley, Watts, and, indeed, most hymn-writers, wrote comparatively few hymns, but every one is a masterpiece. His great missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," was written in twenty minutes and never corrected. It is a splendid specimen of spontaneous composition. His "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty" is one of the finest religious odes in the language.

I have just mentioned Watts, and no hymn article would be complete without some reference to the greatest hymn-writer of this or any other land. Although he did not actually compose a Christmas hymn which has come into general use, yet he wrote one of the tenderest "Cradle Songs" imaginable. I cannot refrain from quoting some of its verses:—

"Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;
When His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.



C. F. Alexander

Author of "Once in Royal David's City."

great Latin one, "Adeste Fideles." The best-known translation is Canon Oakeley's, "O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant." This hymn is only fifty years old—quite young for a hymn—but it has been re-translated into all kinds of outlandish tongues and is universally popular. It is invariably sung to the tune, "Adeste Fideles," which fits it admirably.

It must suffice to merely mention Thring's

"From the Eastern mountains,
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom
To His humble home."

and Rowe's beautiful lyric, "Cradled in a manger meanly," with its fine verse:—

"Enter, then, O Christ most Holy;
Make a Christmas in my heart;
Make a Heaven of my manger;
It is Heaven where Thou art."

and also Bishop Phillips Brooks', "O little town of Bethlehem," which concludes with the following tender verse:—

"O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sins and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We near the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel."

Yes, we must pass these by, and conclude with Mrs. Alexander's hymn, "Once in Royal David's city." The lady who wrote this beautiful hymn wrote many others equally beautiful, and one, at least, which sets her name in the very first rank of English hymn-writers. Wherever the name of Christ is preached, not only in this country, but

"By many an ancient river,
By many a palmy plain,"

Mrs. Alexander's sublimely simple words are sung.

"There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all."

This hymn has its Christmas message, too, for it was written when its authoress was sitting by the bedside of a sick child, and depend upon it, however many presents you and I may get at Christmas-time, unless we give something which costs us, not money, but service and sacrifice, we shall not have a truly happy Christmas. For, as the hymn says,

"Oh dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do."

*There is a green hill far away
Outside a city wall,
Where the Dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.*

*We may not know, we can't tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us,
He hung, and suffered there.*

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS,

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.

No. 9.—THE OWL CREEK BIGHORN.



ONE autumn day, not many months ago, Mr. Septimus Conant, an English sportsman, came in at our ranch from his camp in Owl Creek Mountains with an exciting story of a bighorn buck of enormous horns and great size, which he and his Indian guide had hunted unsuccessfully for eleven days. Mr. Conant had secured a photograph at forty yards which quite justified his enthusiasm.

Mr. Conant is one of those most humane and delightful of sportsmen—a camera-hunter. As we at Black Horse Ranch only kill game in season and for our own table use, Mr. Conant's attitude toward our big game makes him always a welcome visitor.

In the case of the great ram, however, which seemed to stand fully four feet in height at the shoulders and to have horns measuring forty inches on the curve and not less than twenty inches in circumference at the base, the attitude of the English hunter changed. He was exceedingly desirous of adding the buck's skin, horns and hoofs to his collection of mounted trophies.

After the one snapshot with his camera,

which had caught the ram upon the crest of a "hog-back," outlined against a clear sky, neither the hunter nor his guide, although they had hunted the ram for two weeks, had succeeded in getting a fair shot at him. And yet the ram had stuck persistently to his limited domain, a cluster of high mountain ridges cut with cañons and held within a single loop of the mountain stream.

Mr. Conant, being now obliged to leave for England, offered my brother Ferd and me five hundred dollars for the ram's carcass, packed in snow and delivered whole to a taxidermist in Chicago, whose address he gave us. He drew a map of the mountain ridges, summits, gulches and cañons within the circuit of the ram's feeding-ground. We felt sure that we should be able to earn the five hundred dollars soon after the first snow-fall.

For that we had to wait until the eighteenth of December—but then it came right, falling straight down in great feather-flakes to the depth of a foot or more. This kind of snow makes heavy travel for the big game.

We set out at once upon our mountain ponies for Mr. Conant's camp near Owl Creek timber limits. In his stout log shack we soon made ourselves comfortably at home.

The next morning, clad in white duck and wearing Shoshone snow-shoes, we mounted zig-zag into the realm of the bighorn ram. The mountains rose in white, indefinable billows, like tumbled piles of white clouds, or melted into each other, hiding shadowless cañons and ravines. Not a landmark which the hunter had pencilled was distinctly recognisable.

We had not climbed far before our sense of direction was lost. In this latitude the winter sun is a safe guide at midday only. The white glare of the mountains, despite our helmet visors, was almost intolerable at times.

Before noon the sun was aflame with uncommon glory and soon our eyes were half-blinded in its glare. At about midday we "jumped" a band of elk, and, as we both missed broadside shots at less than a hundred yards, we determined at once to return to camp and manufacture a better sort of protection for our eyes.

In making a short cut campward we came face to face with an enormous bighorn buck on the very crest of a sharp ridge. He had not been expecting hunters, despite the shots, which he must have heard, for he jumped from the cover of some boulders not more than fifty yards away. There was no mistaking the big ram. He stood for an instant staring in surprise, just as he had stood when Mr. Conant got the snapshot with his camera.

Before we could unshoulder our rifles to shoot, there was a flurry of snow, a glimmer of black heels, and the ram plunged in tremendous ploughing leaps down the mountain slope. We fired a dozen futile shots at him, while his every jump reminded us of a snow-plough bucking drifts. Then we gave chase, skating down the steep incline until our shoes took the surface, when, like skee-leapers, and trailing our guns for steerage, we coasted down the steep.

We were too intent upon taking the ram to reckon of danger. There were no trees nor bushes—only occasional boulders and rough spots upon the slope. Light as the snow was, our speed increased until our shoes barely skimmed its surface. The wind whistled past our ears and cut our cheeks. On we flew, swooping down, a pair of human hawks, upon the ram.

The big fellow swerved neither to right nor

to left and we were almost upon him when he gave a great outward leap and dropped out of sight.

Cunning brute! In the same instant we shot down a steep slope, douched through a narrow drift, shot over the rim of a ledge and went whirling through more than a hundred feet of space. What were our thoughts? Indeed, I thought of nothing, but felt a thrilling sense of exhilaration, as of having left my body and all grosser things behind. Then, without any shock or surprise, I plunged neck and heels into a soft drift, alighting, however, without hurt or even a severe concussion.

Buried deep in the snow-drift, I nevertheless scrambled toward the surface, my first thought being that now we might catch the ram; for instantly I had heard the animal's puffs and snorts as it, too, struggled to get out of the snow-heap. Then I heard my brother also fighting his way upward. We were buried, all of us, to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet in light snow, which had "coned" over the ledge in a conical ridge along its base.

Ferd got to the surface first, going out at the side of the snow-heap. He had alighted almost on top of the ram. As I crawled out into daylight I heard him shouting: "Franz! Franz! Quick, quick! I've got 'im!"

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I scrambled forward and flung myself upon the animal. Then for several minutes we fought valiantly, trying to throw the ram or to hold him for a knife-thrust in neck or heart—for our guns were both buried. We could at once have hacked and maimed the big sheep hopelessly with our hunting-knives, but that would have ruined his skin for mounting.

We got some painful contusions from the stout fellow's heels and horns as we tumbled over and over in the deep snow. Sometimes we were on top and sometimes the ram was. More than once we could have held him down, but the slope of the drift gave him the advantage, and we finally slid, rolled, and tumbled to the base of the snow-heap.

Once his feet touched *terra firma* the ram shook us off as he might have shaken off snow-flakes. Then, as we rose to our feet, the plucky fellow turned and butted me heavily into the drift. He would have served my brother likewise, but Ferd fell upon his face



I FLOUNDED OUT TO FIND MY BROTHER WITH BOTH HANDS GRIPPED IN THE LONG HAIR OF THE SHEEP.

and lay half-buried in snow. Neither of us dared stir while the ram stood wagging his mighty horns and threatening us in wheezy snorts.

Then, finding he had cowed us to submission, and unable to butt in the snow, the huge buck wheeled and trotted around the ledge without once deigning to stop or look back at us. We scrambled at once for our rifles, but a full hour had passed before we succeeded in uncovering both the guns and our snow-shoes. We were, too, so nearly snow-blind that we had difficulty in finding our way to camp.

We spent the remainder of the afternoon

and evening in fashioning snow-goggles of wood made upon the Eskimo and Indian pattern, and the next morning returned upon our last tracks to take up the trail of the buck.

Now we felt certain of securing our game, provided no snow should fall for several days. We had only to trail the big ram down, wearing him out as he wallowed in deep snows, over which we skimmed with ease. Hardly three hours had passed before we came upon him feeding upon lichens in a rocky gulch.

As he sprang away up a long, steep slope, we emptied the magazines of our repeaters, filling the gulch with smoke and the smell

We set out at once upon our mountain ponies for Mr. Conant's camp near Owl Creek timber limits. In his stout log shack we soon made ourselves comfortably at home.

The next morning, clad in white duck and wearing Shoshone snow-shoes, we mounted zig-zag into the realm of the bighorn ram. The mountains rose in white, indefinable billows, like tumbled piles of white clouds, or melted into each other, hiding shadowless cañons and ravines. Not a landmark which the hunter had pencilled was distinctly recognizable.

We had not climbed far before our sense of direction was lost. In this latitude the winter sun is a safe guide at midday only. The white glare of the mountains, despite our helmet visors, was almost intolerable at times.

Before noon the sun was aflame with uncommon glory and soon our eyes were half-blinded in its glare. At about midday we "jumped" a band of elk, and, as we both missed broadside shots at less than a hundred yards, we determined at once to return to camp and manufacture a better sort of protection for our eyes.

In making a short cut campward we came face to face with an enormous bighorn buck on the very crest of a sharp ridge. He had not been expecting hunters, despite the shots, which he must have heard, for he jumped from the cover of some boulders not more than fifty yards away. There was no mistaking the big ram. He stood for an instant staring in surprise, just as he had stood when Mr. Conant got the snapshot with his camera.

Before we could unshoulder our rifles to shoot, there was a flurry of snow, a glimmer of black heels, and the ram plunged in tremendous ploughing leaps down the mountain slope. We fired a dozen futile shots at him, while his every jump reminded us of a snow-plough bucking drifts. Then we gave chase, skating down the steep incline until our shoes took the surface, when, like skee-leapers, and trailing our guns for steerage, we coasted down the steep.

We were too intent upon taking the ram to reckon of danger. There were no trees nor bushes—only occasional boulders and rough spots upon the slope. Light as the snow was, our speed increased until our shoes barely skimmed its surface. The wind whistled past our ears and cut our cheeks. On we flew, swooping down, a pair of human hawks, upon the ram.

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to left and we were almost upon him when he gave a great outward leap and dropped out of sight.

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As he sprang away up a long, steep slope, we emptied the magazines of our repeaters, filling the gulch with smoke and the smell

of powder. Thirty shots were fired before the ram disappeared over the crest of a ridge, yet not a bullet hit him. The narrow slits in our snow-goggles, which admitted all the light our eyes could bear, were not conducive to accuracy in snap-shooting, especially at creatures in active and erratic motion.

Plainly, we would have to secure a standing shot at the buck; and we took up his trail again, determined to follow with greater

Other animals, too, had been driven into the foot-hills and wolf-tracks were numerous in the ravines.

At length, as we were following a fresh trail along the rim of a cañon, my brother, in advance, suddenly halted, sank upon his knees and motioned me down behind. Crouching still lower, I crept forward. Ferd turned and spoke in a low voice.

"Careful, Franz!" he said. "There's a



THE BIG-HORN BUCK WAS MAKING THE FIGHT OF HIS LIFE.

caution when his snowtracks showed particularly fresh.

We did not again see the ram on that day, but he led us in a grand circuit over the mountain steeps. The big sheep seemed all at once to have forsaken the tactics which so often foiled Mr. Conant. At night, however, his trail descended toward Owl Creek Valley, and at sundown we left it within half a mile of the shack.

On the following morning the sky was again overcast and there was a thick mist upon the mountain-tops and a distant, monotonous roar, which told of high wind and a fierce blizzard in progress. But the wind did not strike nor the snow drift upon the Owl Creek slopes, so we set out hopefully upon the trail of the ram. Our goggles could not be discarded, and we did not believe the sheep would mount into the region of the storm, which its instinct must yesterday have foretold.

sight good for sore eyes down in the gulch! Now take a peep down here into this notch."

I peered over the projection of the ledge. At the distance of a hundred yards or so under the foot of an opposing ledge, a small band of bighorn, headed by the enormous ram, were fighting with a pack of buffalo wolves.

The buck, two ewes and a yearling ram were "standing off" five big gray wolves of the sort that easily pull down cows and well-grown steers. The ewes and the smaller buck, with their short, sharp horns and keen-edged hoofs, were fighting cautiously and as if wearied from a long tussle with their savage foes.

But the great ram! His fighting was worth a long day's tramp to see. He charged again and again with quick leaps into the midst of the snapping pack, thrusting to right and to left with the keen points of his curved horns, striking savagely with his big

hoofs, and wheeling with lightning-like precision back into position as the wolves scattered to gather for a fresh attack.

The vicious brutes were enraged beyond measure, having apparently played too long a waiting and cautious game. Their red lips and white teeth showed wickedly as they snarled and snapped, or flung themselves howling and panting upon the snow. The big-horn buck was making the fight of his life, no doubt, to save the weary, half-exhausted band, for it was evident that he could at any moment have fled alone in safety. Constantly the wolves tried to leap past the bucks—for the young one was a bold and vicious fighter, too—and to fling themselves upon the ewes. Cunning brutes! One would leap at the big ram's front, snapping its teeth in his face, but jump quickly away when it had provoked a charge, while its mates would rush in with fresh attempts to pull down the smaller sheep.

Then would follow some seconds of mad, all-round fighting, until the large ram again sprang, striking viciously among the besiegers. He never failed to scatter them and to defend his position in front of the little company. There were blood-spots upon the snow and the largest of the big wolves limped, apparently from a hard stroke upon the shoulder.

For five minutes or more we watched this desperate battle in the cañon notch; then we crept back to take up the trail of the ram, which we knew must lead, by the nearest accessible descent, into the cañon.

When we had crawled out from the last sheltering point, to confront the fighting animals, we were in time for a thrilling scene. There had evidently just occurred a general *mêlée* of the fighters, during which the big ram had pinned a gray wolf upon its back and had jammed a point under the animal's shoulder-blade, inclosing its body wedged within the curve of his horn.

Thus he held the kicking, howling brute, and in the same instant charged upon two wolves which had thrown one of the ewes upon her back and were about to throttle her. The other ewe and the small ram were each chasing a wolf about the trodden ground they had been fighting over.

The big ram easily beat the two wolves off their struggling victim. Then he dashed headlong against projecting rocks, butting, slatting, and striking with fore-hoofs at the kicking brute impaled upon his horn. After these vicious and lightning-like evolutions

had been continued for a moment, the ram leaped up, half-turning in the air, and with a mighty sidewise wrench flung the battered carcass of his dead foe upon the snow.

During this sharp struggle the free wolves avoided encounter with the ram and sought again to fasten themselves upon the bleeding ewe; but we had now crawled to within thirty steps of the absorbed fighters, and the double report of our guns ended their battle. One wolf was killed and another mortally hurt by the shots, and sheep and wolves sprang apart in equal affright.

The unhurt wolves charged past us within a dozen steps, but only one got out of the notch. While we were shooting the fierce brutes the smaller sheep cowered, huddling together in the shelter of overhanging rocks, but the larger buck, with horns raised high, stood upon the trampled snow staring at us, whistling shrilly through his nostrils and stamping defiantly with his forefeet.

We now stepped back a few paces from the centre of the notch, and the small sheep, seeing a widened line of retreat, leaped to the opposite ledge and hurtled by along its base.

Not so the great ram. Left alone, he stood for an instant, still regarding us sternly. Then, with no weaklings to protect, with head lifted high and stately tread, he walked, a noble sight, straight down the centre of the notch. His steps were quick and somewhat nervous, and yet his movement was unhurried.

He seemed to say to us: "If you are my enemies, then indeed I am helpless; if you are my friends, you will not harm me."

As he passed within ten yards, he seemed to shrink to half his former size; every coarse, blue-gray hair lay straight down upon his skin, and in the sunken ball and tense expression of his yellow-white eye we read his expectation of instant death.

Shoot that grand, brave animal? Not all the wealth of Mr. Conant could have hired us to harm a hair of him! He walked on, his step quickening to a trot until, without once turning a backward glance, he disappeared behind a point of rocks.

We took the wolf-pelts, returned to camp, and finally reached home in time for Christmas dinner, well content to leave the valiant ram to rule in his kingdom. And we know that when the generous Englishman returns he will hunt the Owl Creek big-horn with his camera only.



STAMP STORIES.

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A small party of well-known specialists were dining together one evening when the conversation turned on the rarity of a certain stamp. One after another declared that it was a variety of the greatest scarcity, and that it was to be found in very few collections. Scarcely one present could boast of a fine copy. One, however, said he had had a copy offered him only a few days since. The price was so high that it nearly took his breath away, but after what had been said about its great rarity he thought he would secure it. He was very careful not to give any clue as to the whereabouts of that precious copy, for he quietly made up his mind to be early on the scene the very next morning. He had known that it was a rarity, but until that night he had no idea that it was so scarce.

The next morning he wended his way to the shop of the London stamp dealer who had offered him the gem.

But, alas! on the very threshold of the shop he met one of his friends of the previous evening coming out.

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Fortunately for judicious collectors, the Republic of Salvador might issue a dozen varieties per hour throughout the year without affecting their pockets. No sane collector buys such rubbish.

THE STAMPS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Fred J. Melville, President of the Junior Philatelic Society, has written, and his society has published, a very excellent and simple little guide for the young collector of the stamps of Great Britain. It does not claim to include any new matter of scientific value, but what is much more to the point for the young collector, it does simplify the issues, whilst yet including all necessary details, and it is fully illustrated. Such a handbook has been much needed, even by the general collector, who is appalled by the ponderous work on English stamps issued by the London Philatelic Society. In an appendix Mr. Melville has been permitted to reprint the Prince of Wales's recently published "Notes on the Postal Adhesive Issues of the United Kingdom during the present reign." The price of the book is one shilling, and it may be had from Mr. H. F. Johnson, 11, Trigon-road, Clapham, London.

A NEW TWEEZERS.

No careful collector picks up his stamps with his fingers. He handles them tenderly, especially if they happen to be mint copies, with a neat tweezers, a kind of tongs. Messrs. Lawn and Barlow send us a sample of a novelty in this direction. Instead of the ordinary tongs action, closing with pressure, this new tweezers works the reverse way. To open the points the spring is pressed, and when released it closes and retains its hold on the stamp. It is a very neat and superior article, and by far the best we have yet seen.

Notable New Issues.

With the exception of additions to the new watermark, Multiple CA., there is quite a lull in the output of new issues, and there are no signs of any impending changes in any country.

The most notable news concerns our own English halfpenny, which is to be changed in shade to a pale yellow-green. The present shade is what would be termed pale blue-green. I cannot say when the change is to be made, but it will probably be in the hands of some of

our readers before this number of *THE CAPTAIN* reaches them.

The recently chronicled Chilian provisionals will no doubt last till the dispute with the American Bank Note Co. is settled as to who shall print the next supplies. Meanwhile, nothing further has been heard as to the proposed issue of local engravings.

The Multiple CA. watermark comes in slowly. Already it has made its appearance on the large size high values, which have hitherto been uniformly watermarked CC. Collectors should not delay in filling up any blanks they may have in any series of the single CA., as that watermark may be supplanted any day. Some of the king's heads with the single CA. will have but a short life, and may be difficult to get later on.

Curacao.—This Dutch colony has been provided with a series of new designs as illustrated. The five lower values, including the 5 cent, are of Type I., and the higher values of Type II. They are all Perf. 12½.



Type I.



Type II.

New designs. Perf. 12½.

Type I.

- 1 cent, olive.
- 2 cents, brown.
- 2½ cents, green.
- 3 cents, orange.
- 5 cents, carmine.

Type II.

- 10 cents, slate.
- 15 cents, brown.
- 25 cents, mauve.
- 30 cents, red-brown.

Falkland Islands.—King's head stamps have been issued for this little colony. The values received are ½d., 1d., 2½d., and 3s. All bear



the new Multiple CA. watermark, including the 3s. value in the large size. The designs of the stamps are practically unaltered, except for a beaded ring, which narrows the oval for the smaller portrait of the king's head. The 3s. value is evidently intended to take the place of the 2s. 6d. of the queen's head series.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

½d., green.
1d., carmine.
2½d., blue.
3s., green.

Gambia.—The 1d. value of the current king's head series has been received with the new Multiple CA. watermark.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

1d. Carmine.

India.—I am indebted to Mr. H. J. A. Hervey for the following extract of recent date:—"It will be of interest to philatelists," says the *Rangoon Gazette*, "to know that the four and a-half anna stamp, surcharged two and a-half annas thirteen years ago, is now available at the Rangoon Post Office. The ordinary two and a-half anna green stamps have been out for some months past, and a few days ago the blue stamp of the same denomination also gave out. The old surcharged stamps were then unearched from somewhere and are again used for foreign postage."

Somaliland.—The stamps of the new king's head series are coming to hand very slowly. In the June number of *THE CAPTAIN* we chronicled the ½d., and we have just received the 1d. of the same design.

Wmk. Single CA. Perf. 14.

½d., green.
1d., carmine.

Straits Settlements.—Another value is to be added to the new king's head series, an 8c. value, with the larger portrait of the king, and, as in the case of the king's head stamps of the Cape of Good Hope, the design is varied in each value. The new series up to date is as follows, all so far on the

old Single CA. paper:—

Wmk. Single CA. Perf. 14.

1 cent, green.
2 cents, purple.
3 cents, purple on red paper.
8 cents, purple on blue paper.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

A. G. Harrison.—Gambia multiple CA., 1d. Ewen. Falkland Islands, ½d., 1d., 2½d., and 3s.; Somaliland, 1d.; Straits Settlements, 8c.

Vol. XII.—29.

Whitfield King and Co.—Curaçao, 1c., 2c., 2½c., 3c., 5c., 10c., 15c., 25c., and 30c.; Falkland Islands, ½d.; Straits Settlements, 8c.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. T. D. (Blackheath).—1. Gibbons. 2. You can ascertain the catalogue value of your collection by consulting a catalogue. 3. The firm you inquire about is thoroughly reliable. 4. The jubilee Post Office envelope is catalogued at 1s. 6d. 5. The 1904 series of United States is simply a series of labels officially issued to advertise a local show, and to swindle stamp collectors to pay for the advertising. Advertisement labels are not chronicled as postage stamps in *THE CAPTAIN*. 6. The British North Borneo stamps overprinted "British Protectorate" are British North Borneo Company rubbish. Most sane collectors now exclude North Borneo.

Porthos (Glasgow).—There have been two issues of 10s. stamps for British Central Africa. The 1891 10s. deep green, i.e., the British South Africa stamp overprinted "B. C. A.," is catalogued at 12s. 6d. unused, and the 10s. olive green of 1897 is catalogued at the same price unused. The king's head series for British Central Africa, which you say you have not seen mentioned in the philatelic columns of *THE CAPTAIN*, was fully chronicled so long ago as the January number.

S. G. M. (London).—Yes. We will publish shortly instructions how to use the perforation gauge.

Princes Pacis (Preston).—Certainly your Siam with the inverted "t" is more valuable because of the error. It is catalogued by Gibbons, but not priced. I cannot, therefore, quote the value; possibly it would be between 5s. and 10s. I do not recognise the Victoria you describe.

H. L. D. (Glasgow).—There are two Mulready envelopes—1d. printed in black, and 2d. printed in blue. The 1d. is catalogued at 17s. 6d. and the 2d. at 20s. unused. You might send them for sale to Messrs. Ventom, Bull, and Cooper, Stamp Auctioneers, 35 Old Jewry, London, E.C.

P. H. H. (Midlands).—Do as advised in preceding reply to H. L. D. If in good condition your N.S.W. may fetch a good price, but you must not expect to get the full catalogue quotation; more likely half, or even less.

Muriel (Blantyre).—I am glad to hear that you are getting on so nicely with your collection. Never disfigure it with a damaged or heavily cancelled stamp. Don't waste money or time on Central American Republics, North Borneo, or Labuan. And you will also do wisely to exclude Unpaid, Officials, and envelopes. Give the preference whenever possible to unused, spotlessly clean.

R. A. R. A., B.A. (India).—I will write the firm you complain about, but I think there must be some misunderstanding, as the firm is of excellent repute.

A. L. S. (Whitby).—English officials are not priced unused in the catalogues now, as their sale is prohibited by the authorities. There are several Exchange Societies, but as I have no personal knowledge of any I cannot recommend one. Some fellow collector may be able to help you, but you will have to be very careful. A collector told me that he had recently lost over £100 worth of stamps in an exchange club. The Birmingham Philatelic Society runs an Exchange Club, but that, I am afraid, is too large for you. It has the reputation of being the best.

AT HICKSON'S.

BY F. L. MORGAN.

Illustrated by A. Pearse.

No. 3.—THE COMING
OF STANBOROUGH.



I.

DONALD ALGER-
NON STAN-
BOROUGH was
English, a gentle-
man, and a straight
fellow, with no side
to speak of. He was
just the kind of
Englishman that
Hickson's could ap-
preciate, but when he
came to the college
he was handicapped
by an unlucky speech
(made by a pompous
and narrow-minded
man). This was it.

"Now, my boy, don't forget what I have told you. If it were not Sir Algernon's direct wish, I should hesitate to send you to a place like Hickson's. From what I have heard, the scholars are a mixed lot—very mixed—and not at all fit companions for your father's son. But as it is his wish you must make the best of it. Pick your friends, and don't, for Heaven's sake, bring home to England any of their vulgar American expressions."

Stanborough looked out of the carriage window (they were a few miles from San Francisco) in silence. He was used to this kind of talk from his father's solicitor, and took it for what it was worth. Not so the little pale-faced, red-haired girl who sat opposite him. She listened to these remarks in astounded indignation. Had Ronald known she was Jane Hobbs, of the Junior School, one of the most loyal of Hicksonians, he would probably have changed the conversation. But, you see, he didn't know.

Miss Jane Hobbs entered the lecture hall

"LET HARRIS ALONE!" COMMANDED SHE.

at Hickson's exactly twenty minutes before Ronald Stanborough. During that time she made good use of her sharp little tongue. Consequently, before he arrived, Hickson's was acquainted with Stanborough's name (in full), his nationality, position, and supposed pride—and Hickson's was prepared accordingly. When Ronald entered, in the company of Johnson, a small boy fresh from Virginia City, there was a dead and ominous silence. Ronald was not a youngster, but his reception struck him as curious, and made him feel a little nervous. He was in a strange country, at a strange school, and being steadfastly regarded by something over a hundred pairs of strange and hostile eyes belonging to both sexes. As they gazed, the eyes became more hostile, for Ronald carried in his face and bearing unmistakable signs of his nationality, and of his aristocratic forefathers; and his slight nervousness enhanced these signs, making them "more so." Fellows hide their shyness in many different ways. Ronald Stanborough's way was to look haughty. There-

fore, the more Hickson's frowned on him, the more supercilious his expression became. At last he turned to the fellow nearest him, who happened to be Joseph White, one of the sharpest men in the fifth.

"I was told to come to the lecture hall," said Ronald; "is this right?"

Joseph White looked him up and down for an instant; then he drawled,

"Wa-al stranger, I calc'late you're real smart. You've hit it in once!"

The Englishman looked round suspiciously. The hundred and odd pairs of eyes were twinkling with amusement; the stern mouths were relaxed.

"I apprehend you've come from England," continued Joseph; "it's a mighty fine country, but I'm darned if you won't nev to look a bit spry while you're at Hickson's. What do you say, bo-oys?"

"That's so," chimed in a shrill voice; "we're a mixed lot, and as we're all hangin' around here he might as well start pickin' his friends. Seems to me there won't be much cause for jealousy!"

Stanborough looked at the small speaker, and recognising her as the girl who had travelled to San Francisco in the same carriage as himself, he realised what had happened. Flushing at the insult, and calling all the pride inherited from his noble ancestors to his assistance, he turned and walked out of the lecture hall, amid a mighty shout of laughter from the assembled Hicksonians. Thenceforth Stanborough's position was strangely unpleasant. In school he was placed in the fifth, where he was respected for his maths.; but out of school he was regarded merely as an undesirable unit. The seniors ignored him, and the juniors waited for him round corners, each with a Yankee expression ready to be yelled after the arrogant Englishman. Stanborough knew himself to be the injured party, and made no advances towards a better understanding—in which he showed wisdom. Meanwhile, the days were bright and warm, and he had found no cricket. Several solitary explorations had discovered only base-ball.

"Where are the nets?" he asked a junior, as he came out of Carr's one day after school.

The small boy touched his hat, groom-fashion.

"Beg pardon, your lordship?"

Ronald looked menacing.

"I said, where are the nets?"

"I cannot inform you, O peerless son of a Peer!" rejoined the junior with unnecessary politeness.

In less time than it takes to write it, Stanborough had him by the collar. Before he could administer the well-deserved chastisement, however, he was confronted by a sixth-form girl—Isabel Uridge.

"Let Harris alone!" commanded she.

Stanborough paused with uplifted hand. "The youngster refused to answer me. I sha'n't hurt him," he said.

"No, I'll see that you don't! Let him go at once, or I shall report you."

Stanborough raised his brows in perplexity. How should he explain to this tiresome girl?

"It's all right, you know—only the kid cheeked me."

"Well, I expect you provoked him."

Ronald loosened his hold in sheer amazement. Provoked him! Great Cæsar—to be accused of provoking a junior!

"Fagging and bullying," continued the girl, in cold, level tones, "are not allowed at Hickson's, so you had better suppress your ancient British practices while you are here!" With that she walked away, leaving Stanborough to stare after her long thin plait in stupefied astonishment. It was the last straw. With a dangerous expression on his face, he swung round and nearly knocked over Mr. Carr, the boys' house-master. Alfred Carr was not a particularly observant man, but the dangerous expression made him pause.

"Ah, Stanborough," he said, "I wonder if you would go over to the junior school and fetch some papers I left on the master's desk. I don't want to leave them about, and I haven't time to see about it now. Perhaps you wouldn't mind getting them for me, and leaving them in my study as you go by."

"Certainly, sir," replied Stanborough, absently.

"Thank you. You'll find them in the third class-room."

Ronald turned and went straight to the junior school. The third class-room was empty, save for one small figure close to the window.

Stanborough paused, and his face darkened at finding himself at such close quarters with the cause of his unpleasant position at Hickson's. For the small figure belonged to Miss Jane Hobbs. Her head

was on the desk, her face hidden by thick waves of red hair. Nearly all Bowen's, from her own classmates up to the house-master's wife, had tried (and failed) to bring the said hair under subjection—and into a pig-tail. But it still held out, and remained an unsubdued and fiery mop all over her small head. Ronald walked across the room and found Mr. Carr's papers. The head on the desk did not move. Was she asleep? At that instant a long sobbing breath came from between the parted lips, and a little pale face, with closed eyes, and smeared with tear stains, was turned slightly towards him. Ronald looked out of the window and noted the glory of the day. Then a wave of pity swept over him. After all, she was only a little kid! Beside her was an exercise book, on the open page of which were set two vulgar fractions, of the "simplify the following" kind. Miss Hobbs had evidently struggled with them, for several sheets of paper, covered with "working," were scattered about. Ronald crept up and leant over the sleeper. In less than two minutes the "following" were "simplified," and the correct answers written clearly within two inches of Jane's nose. Five minutes later, as Ronald was turning out of the junior court, Jane Hobbs came flying after him.

"I woke up when somebody shut the door, and I looked out of the window to see who it was," she explained breathlessly.

"Oh," answered Stanborough, without enthusiasm, looking down at the small freckled face.

"Yes, and I—I wish I hadn't told them what that old man who was with you in the train said." The sentence was involved, but the meaning was clear enough to Stanborough. He did not answer. Two great greenish-grey eyes were brimming over with tears.

"I—I'm real sorry."

Ronald looked round anxiously. Was the kid going to cry?

"All right," he said, hastily, "don't worry."

"But," with an unmistakable sob, "they don't like you now."

"Well, I dare say I shall live through it," replied Stanborough, with mild



THE THIRD CLASS-ROOM WAS EMPTY, SAVE FOR ONE SMALL FIGURE.

sarcasm. There was a short silence while Jane dried her eyes. They had walked as far as the senior field, and Ronald marvelled at its emptiness.

"Where do they play cricket?" he asked suddenly.

"They don't."

"Don't! Don't play cricket?"

"Well, not much. Jim Chaldwick persuades some of Carr's to make up an eleven just to play against the Sharpshooters from San Francisco on Cricket Day; that's all."

"Only one match a year?" Ronald's tone savoured of tragedy.

"Yes—and the Sharpshooters always win." Jane Hobbs was staring at Ronald's face, and trying hard to follow the thoughts

that caused such various expressions to flit across it.

"Say," she said, suddenly, "you like cricket! Shall I bowl some for you?"

Ronald shook his head. He did not relish the idea of being seen with a small girl fagging cricket for him. Eagerly watching, Jane understood.

"Do let me," she pleaded; "not now, but to-morrow early—before chapel. I really can bowl—Jim Chaldwick said so."

II.

JIM CHALDWICK, of the sixth, opened his eyes one morning at half-past five.

"Was I made to lie in bed and keep myself warm?" he asked, misquoting from his favourite Marcus Aurelius, and blinking sleepily at the ceiling. "No," he added, with determination, sitting up suddenly, "I must rise to the work of a human being!"

In half an hour he was strolling across the junior field, sniffing the sweet air and trying to realise what a glorious old world it is after all, when a cricket ball caught him full and forcibly on the shoulder. Jim was the one being at Hickson's (barring Stanborough) who had really discovered cricket. He realised that, as the junior field was empty, this ball must have come from the senior nets, and the fellow that hit it was—well, a cricketer. Therefore Chaldwick slipped the ball into his pocket and started to run—lest he should miss that fellow. When he reached the nets he saw Ronald Stanborough (whom he knew only by reputation) and Jane Hobbs (whom he recognised by the colour of her hair). Chaldwick hurried up, and after a glance at Ronald's lowering face, produced the lost ball.

"Went half way across the junior field," he explained, with a friendly grin; "may I bowl you one or two?"

The Englishman's expression altered at once.

"If you like," he said; "now, kiddie, field—that's right, over there!"

That evening Joseph White and Isabel Uridge, Games Secretary and Treasurer respectively, sat together in a quiet corner of the lecture hall, discussing business. A list of names showed that there were eight base-ball "nines" flourishing, while only seven or eight individual names were placed after cricket.

"Isn't it wretched?" remarked Isabel.

"I wish we could drop cricket this year. It doesn't catch on, and we always make a poor show."

"Well, we can't drop it: The Head would kick up a row. Besides, there's Cricket Day—we *must* scratch up some sort of an eleven for that."

"But the Sharpshooters always beat us. I should think we might take it as a foregone conclusion and consider the match as played."

Joseph only smiled at this truly feminine suggestion, for, before he could answer, Jim Chaldwick strolled up and collapsed gracefully on to the floor in front of the harassed managers of Hickson's at play.

"Say," he remarked, cheerfully, "I've made a discovery."

"So've we. Think you'll have to do without cricket this—"

"Oh, bottle up! I've discovered a second British Ranji!"

Joseph White laughed.

"I don't know much about it," he said, "but I rather fancy Ranji isn't British—you rotter!"

"Look here, Joseph White, I tell you the Britisher is a—a——"

"Are you talking of our highly connected Ronald Algernon Stanborough?"

"I said Britisher. Isn't he the only one of the excellent, but somewhat diminutive, island, that has, up to the present, honoured us with his aristocratic presence?"

Isabel Uridge impatiently tapped her pencil on the close-clipped head of Jim Chaldwick.

"Cut it short, James," she said, sharply; "we're busy."

"Oh, all right. Only I thought you'd like to know about Stanborough. I've never seen cricket like his, and he's a real good chap as well. I'm going to hang around him until after Cricket Day."

"What is the use of that? He wouldn't play for us—*now*."

Jim Chaldwick sat up.

"I believe he would if you were to ask him. You—none of us are acting square by the Britisher. We've been kind of caddish to him all round—especially you, Joseph, when he first came, and that red-headed little beast of Bowen's. Seems to me we didn't give him a chance, and it might make things straight between him and us if he were to play for us in the match—savvy? Besides, cricketers are none too frequent at Hickson's."

Joseph nodded thoughtfully.

"All right, we'll think it over. Scoot now, there's a good chap!"

Half an hour later Joseph White formally asked Ronald Stanborough if he would play in Hickson's eleven against the San Francisco Sharpshooters, and Stanborough curtly refused.

III.

CRICKET DAY at Hickson's was regarded more in the light of a social gathering than a match. Friends of the college mustered in full force, to stroll round the grounds, to meet their own particular Hicksonians, and to partake of the light refreshments provided by the Head. Hickson's did not understand cricket; therefore the right spirit was absent. Each fellow played for his own glorification, and so soon as his innings had come to an end, his interest in the match evaporated. The San Francisco men arrived in good time, and soon after, the Hickson eleven (scraped together, by dint of hard labour, by Jim Chaldwick) came straggling on to the field. There were Chaldwick, Smith and Hawkes, of the sixth; Hodgson, Mills, Neeve, and Price, of the fifth; Lawton, of the upper fourth; Paynter, of middle school, and Harris—a junior. A ripple of amusement went round the ropes, and up and down the steps of the pavilion, at the sight of little Harris. He was small, but he was keen. Jim Chaldwick, the captain, counted his men, and looked round anxiously. Where was Tom Marsh—the eleventh man? One of Bowen's juniors came running up to him.

"Please, Chaldwick," she piped, "Tom Marsh asked me to tell you that he won't be able to play this afternoon."

"Why not? The fellow *must* play!"

"But he can't. He's hurt his wrist. The doctor has bound it up, and says——"

Jim rushed over to Joseph White.

"One of our men crippled," he said; "can't play. Whatever shall we do?"

Joseph white looked round.

"There's no one else," he replied; "you'll have to go with a man short."

As Jim groaned, his eye fell on Stanborough, who was standing alone (as usual) just behind White.

"Can you suggest anything, Stanborough?" he asked, with a gleam of hope. There was a short silence. Joseph White

stared up at the sky, and Jim Chaldwick looked at Stanborough, who was gazing across the smooth field. It was an awkward moment. At last the Englishman spoke. The position (together with the true, hard ground, and the fairness of the day) was too much for his dignity. He grinned unwillingly.

"Not unless I play myself," he said. "I'm out of practice, but if you like to try me——"

He paused, and Chaldwick with difficulty suppressed a chuckle of triumph as he answered politely, "Thanks, awfully."

The Sharpshooters won the toss, and after an hour's indifferent play were all out for 109. Jim Chaldwick took his place at the wicket opposite Stanborough, feeling that there was more than the result of the match depending on the day's cricket. To him it meant the making or marring of the game for Hickson's—he expected great things from the Englishman. To Stanborough it meant—well, the match and nothing else. He forgot, for the time being, Hickson's animosity towards himself, and remembered only the fact that his side was palpably weak—therefore he must miss nothing. He was a cricketer. He grasped the bat and patted the ground lovingly. He was full of hope. In another minute he stood dazed and astonished, for his middle stump lay on the ground, knocked clean out by a first-class yorker. Stanborough's feelings need no description. Most fellows have experienced them at some time or another. It was just a piece of bad luck. . . .

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him." is a saying of truth, and the silence that greeted Stanborough as he walked back to the pavilion was more expressive than hisses. Hickson's interest in the match flagged, and Hickson's agreed that Jim Chaldwick's talk about the Britisher's cricket had been merely gas. Chaldwick was bitterly disappointed, but he still hoped. He was a good captain, with energy enough for the whole field. Hickson's score had reached 59 (Jim had made 30 of them) when the last man was caught to leg. For their second innings the Sharpshooters were all out for 98, leaving the College with 149 to win. Once more Stanborough and Chaldwick found themselves at the wicket. In two minutes Stanborough had hit two boundaries. Chaldwick followed up with

seven for three balls. But when the score reached 19 Jim was bowled with a fairly fast good-length one on the off stump. Hawkes came in, and was out for 0 in his second over. Hodgson, Paynter, and Lawton made 17 between them, to which Ronald put on 20 more. He was playing in his best form. His back play was an unexplained mystery both to Hickson's and the Sharpshooters, and the quick use he made of

play anything creditably—except cricket. The day's play was a revelation, and opened up infinite possibilities for the future. And that splendid fellow who was playing so bravely and so whole-heartedly was doing it for Hickson's—and he was a Hicksonian. Therefore, when Stanborough hit three lofty fourers on the on-side, bringing the College score up to 121, Hickson's burst into a universal roar of approval. Ronald



"I WON'T GET OUT, PEER, TILL YOU'VE WON!"

his feet confused their deadliest bowler. When Hickson's last man but one (Neeve) came in, the score was 91—and Stanborough still in. In his third over Neeve retired ignominiously, having knocked off the bails with his own bat.

Little Harris trotted out confidently.

"I won't get out, Peer," he said, "till you've won."

Hickson had become interested and excited. It left its feeding and lounging and crowded round the ropes. It could

glanced round quickly, and for an instant the thought of what his cricket might do for him at Hickson's crossed his mind. Little Harris's idea of the game seemed to consist chiefly in sticking in and moving his bat as little as possible. He did not attempt to score, but blocked with cheerful certainty. Of course, several runs were lost on account of his diminutive size, but 137 were reached in safety.

"Will Harris hold out?" was the thought of everyone, including Ronald.

Joseph nodded thoughtfully.

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He paused, and Chaldwick with difficulty suppressed a chuckle of triumph as he answered politely, "Thanks, awfully."

The Sharpshooters won the toss, and after an hour's indifferent play were all out for 109. Jim Chaldwick took his place at the wicket opposite Stanborough, feeling that there was more than the result of the match depending on the day's cricket. To him it meant the making or marring of the game for Hickson's—he expected great things from the Englishman. To Stanborough it meant—well, the match and nothing else. He forgot, for the time being, Hickson's animosity towards himself, and remembered only the fact that his side was palpably weak—therefore he must miss nothing. He was a cricketer. He grasped the bat and patted the ground lovingly. He was full of hope. In another minute he stood dazed and astonished, for his middle stump lay on the ground, knocked clean out by a first-class yorker. Stanborough's feelings need no description. Most fellows have experienced them at some time or another. It was just a piece of bad luck. . . .

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him." is a saying of truth, and the silence that greeted Stanborough as he walked back to the pavilion was more expressive than hisses. Hickson's interest in the match flagged, and Hickson's agreed that Jim Chaldwick's talk about the Britisher's cricket had been merely gas. Chaldwick was bitterly disappointed, but he still hoped. He was a good captain, with energy enough for the whole field. Hickson's score had reached 59 (Jim had made 30 of them) when the last man was caught to leg. For their second innings the Sharpshooters were all out for 98, leaving the College with 149 to win. Once more Stanborough and Chaldwick found themselves at the wicket. In two minutes Stanborough had hit two boundaries. Chaldwick followed up with

seven for three balls. But when the score reached 121, Jim was bowled with a fairly fast good length one on the off stump. Hawkes came in, and was out for 0 in his second over. Hodgson, Paynter, and Lawton made 17 between them, to which Ronald put on 20 more. He was playing in his best form. His back play was an unexplained mystery both to Hickson's and the Sharpshooters, and the quick use he made of

play anything creditably—except cricket. The day's play was a revelation, and opened up infinite possibilities for the future. And that splendid fellow who was playing so bravely and so whole-heartedly was doing it for Hickson's—and he was a Hicksonian. Therefore, when Stanborough hit three lofty fourers on the on-side, bringing the College score up to 121, Hickson's burst into a universal roar of approval. Ronald



"I WON'T GET OUT, PEER, TILL YOU'VE WON!"

his feet confused their deadliest bowler. When Hickson's last man but one (Neeve) came in, the score was 91—and Stanborough still in. In his third over Neeve retired ignominiously, having knocked off the bails with his own bat.

Little Harris trotted out confidently. "I won't get out, Peer," he said, "till you've won!"

Hickson's had become interested and excited. It left its feeding and lounging and crowded round the ropes. It could

glanced round quickly, and for an instant the thought of what his cricket might do for him at Hickson's crossed his mind. Little Harris's idea of the game seemed to consist chiefly in sticking in and moving his bat as little as possible. He did not attempt to score, but blocked with cheerful certainty. Of course, several runs were lost on account of his diminutive size, but 137 were reached in safety.

"Will Harris hold out?" was the thought of everyone, including Ronald.

"140—141—143—145," declared the scoring board. Then—little Harris' sturdy defence was broken through, and his off stump lay drunkenly across the others.

"Harris, you little brute, *couldn't* you have waited until I had made four more?"

Stanborough's tone was reproachful.

Then he turned and faced the crowd, swarming over the ropes. The hand-shaking that he was submitted to tired his arm

more than the making of his "103 not out" had done. Those of them who were not near enough to shake hands, cheered. They yelled until they were hoarse, and then, rushing forward, they raised the protesting Stanborough, gripping any part of him that came handiest, and bore him in triumph from the field.

Thus were cricket and the Britisher admitted to the innermost heart of Hickson's

[Another "Hickson" story next month.]

A TRICK THAT REQUIRES COURAGE.

This feat should be first practised upon something pliable and soft, such as a gymnasium mattress. This is necessary, for until one has learned to fall forward correctly it is possible to get a very severe shock. To fall in the proper manner and without fear of injury one must first inflate the chest, throw the head back, and turn the face to one side, then stiffen the body, and boldly fall forward. It will be found that it requires a lot of pluck to do this trick, even upon a soft and springy mattress, but practice will overcome the feeling of nervousness.



FIRST POSITION.



FALL FORWARD

THE HEAD OF KAYS



PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY
 BY
 P. G. WODEHOUSE.
 ILLUSTRATED BY
 T. M. R. WHITWELL.

SYNOPSIS.

Fenn is head of Kay's—the most disorderly house at Ekleton. His task in ruling such a crew is unsatisfactory enough, but Mr. Kay renders it doubly so by his unreasonable behaviour towards the captain of the house. Fenn is the finest cricketer in the school—having been selected to play for his county in the holidays—and entirely by his efforts Kay's get into the final of the house matches. But Mr. Kay, who takes no interest whatever in the athletics of his house, keeps Fenn in on the afternoon of the match, and Kay's crack bat only appears in time to go in last, the consequence being that Kay's lose the match. Feeling naturally runs high against Mr. Kay, who, owing to the illness of a colleague, is called upon to preside over the grand term-end concert—always a solemn and classical affair. Fenn is a performer. Having played a serious piece, an encore being demanded, he breaks into a giddy trifle called the "Coon Band Contest," which sets hundreds of feet stamping. The uproar led by Kay malcontents rises to such a pitch that the concert has to be brought to a premature close, and it is feared that the authorities will take action in the matter. On returning to school in September, Kennedy, an intimate friend of Fenn's, is informed that he had been appointed head of Kay's in place of Fenn.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SENSATIONS OF AN EXILE.

"WHAT!" shouted Kennedy. He sprang to his feet as if he had had an electric shock. Jimmy Silver, having satisfied his passion for the dramatic by the abruptness with which he had exploded his mine, now felt himself at liberty to be sympathetic. "It's quite true," he said. "And that's just how I felt when Blackburn told me. Blackburn's as thick as anything. Naturally he doesn't see the point of handing you over to Kay. But the Old Man insisted, so he caved in. He wanted to see you as soon as you arrived. You'd better go now. I'll finish your packing." This was noble of Jimmy, for of all the duties of life he loathed packing most.

"Thanks awfully," said Kennedy, "but don't you bother. I'll do it when I get back. But what's it all about? What made Kay want a man? Why won't Fenn do? And why me?" "Well, it's easy to see why they chose you. They reflected that you'd had the advantage of being in Blackburn's with me, and seeing how a house really should be run. Kay wants a head for his house. Off he goes to the Old Man. 'Look here,' he says, 'I want somebody shunted into my happy home, or it'll bust up. And it's no good trying to put me off with an inferior article, because I won't have it. It must be somebody who's been trained from youth up by Silver.' 'Then,' says the Old Man, reflectively, 'you can't do better than take Kennedy. I happen to know that Silver has spent years in showing him the straight and narrow path. You take Kennedy.' 'All right,' says Kay; 'I always thought Kennedy a bit of an ass myself, but if he's studied under Silver he ought to know how to manage a house. I'll take him. Advise our Mr. Blackburn to that effect, and ask him to deliver the goods at his earliest convenience. Adoo, mess-mate, adoo!' And there you are—that's how it was."

"But what's wrong with Fenn?" "My dear chap! Remember last term. Didn't Fenn have a regular scrap with Kay, and get shoved into extra for it? And didn't he wreck the concert in the most sportsmanlike way with that encore of his? Think the Old Man is going to take that grinning? Not much! Fenn made a ripping fifty against Kent in the holidays—I saw him do it—but they don't count that. It's a wonder they didn't ask him to leave. Of course, I think it's jolly rough on Fenn, but I don't see that you can blame them. Not the Old Man, at any rate. He couldn't do anything else. It's

all Kay's fault that all this has happened, of course. I'm awfully sorry for you having to go into that beastly hole, but from Kay's point of view it's a jolly sound move. You may reform the place."

"I doubt it."

"So do I—very much. I didn't say you would—I said you might. I wonder if Kay means to give you a free hand! It all depends on that."

"Yes. If he's going to interfere with me as he used to with Fenn he'll want to bring in another head to improve on me."

"Rather a good idea, that," said Jimmy Silver, laughing, as he always did when any humorous possibilities suggested themselves to him. "If he brings in somebody to improve on you, and then somebody else to improve on him, and then another chap to improve on him, he ought to have a decent house in half-a-dozen years or so."

"The worst of it is," said Kennedy, "that I've got to go to Kay's as a sort of rival to Fenn. I shouldn't mind so much if it wasn't for that. I wonder how he'll take it! Do you think he knows about it yet? He didn't enjoy being head, but that's no reason why he shouldn't cut up rough at being shoved back to second prefect. It's a beastly situation."

"Beastly," agreed Jimmy Silver. "Look here," he added, after a pause, "there's no reason, you know, why this should make any difference. To us, I mean. What I mean to say is, I don't see why we shouldn't see each other just as often, and so on, simply because you are in another house, and all that sort of thing. You know what I mean."

He spoke shamefacedly, as was his habit whenever he was serious. He liked Kennedy better than anyone he knew, and hated to show his feelings. Anything remotely connected with sentiment made him uncomfortable.

"Of course," said Kennedy, awkwardly.

"You'll want a refuge," said Silver, in his normal manner, "now that you're going to see wild life in Kay's. Don't forget that I'm always at home in my study in the afternoons—admission on presentation of a visiting-card."

"All right," said Kennedy, "I'll remember. I suppose I'd better go and see Blackburn now."

Mr. Blackburn was in his study. He was obviously disgusted and irritated by what had happened. Loyalty to the headmaster, and an appreciation of his position as a member of the staff led him to try and conceal his feelings as much as possible in his interview with Kennedy, but the latter understood as plainly as if his housemaster had burst into a flow of

abuse and complaint. There had always been an excellent understanding—indeed, a friendship—between Kennedy and Mr. Blackburn, and the master was just as sorry to lose his second prefect as the latter was to go.

"Well, Kennedy," he said, pleasantly, "I hope you had a good time in the holidays. I suppose Silver has told you the melancholy news—that you are to desert us this term! It is a great pity. We shall all be very sorry to lose you. I don't look forward to seeing you bowl us all out in the house matches next summer," he added, with a smile, "though we shall expect a few full-pitches to leg, for the sake of old times."

He meant well, but the picture he conjured up almost made Kennedy break down. Nothing up to the present had made him realise the completeness of his exile so keenly as this remark of Mr. Blackburn's about his bowling against the side for which he had taken so many wickets in the past. It was a painful thought.

"I am afraid you won't have quite such a pleasant time in Mr. Kay's as you have had here," resumed the housemaster. "Of course. I know that, strictly speaking, I ought not to talk like this about another master's house, but you can scarcely be unaware of the reasons that have led to this change. You must know that you are being sent to pull Mr. Kay's house together. This is strictly between ourselves, of course. I think you have a difficult task before you, but I don't fancy that you will find it too much for you. And mind you come here as often as you please. I am sure Silver and the others will be glad to see you. Good-bye, Kennedy. I think you ought to be getting across now to Mr. Kay's. I told him that you would be there before half-past nine. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir," said Kennedy.

He wandered out into the house dining-room. Somehow, though Kay's was only next door, he could not get rid of the feeling that he was about to start on a long journey, and would never see his old house again. And in a sense this was so. He would probably visit Blackburn's to-morrow afternoon, but it would not be the same. Jimmy Silver would greet him like a brother, and he would brew in the same study in which he had always brewed, and sit in the same chair; but it would not be the same. He would be an outsider, a visitor, a stranger within the gates, and—worst of all—a Kayite. Nothing could alter that.

The walls of the dining-room were covered with photographs of the house cricket and foot-

ball team for the last fifteen years. Looking at them, he felt more than ever how entirely his school life had been bound up in his house. From his first day at Eckleton he had been taught the simple creed of the Blackburnite, that Eckleton was the finest school in the three kingdoms, and that Blackburn's was the finest house in the finest school.

Under the gas-bracket by the door hung the first photograph in which he appeared, the cricket team of four years ago. He had just got the last place in front of Challis on the strength of a tremendous catch for the house second in a scratch game two days before the house matches began. It had been a glaring fluke, but it had impressed Denny, the head of the house, who happened to see it, and had won him his place.

He walked round the room, looking at each photograph in turn. It seemed incredible that he had no longer any right to an interest in the success of Blackburn's. He could have endured leaving all this when his time at school was up, for that would have been the natural result of the passing of years. But to be transplanted abruptly and with a wrench from his native soil was too much. He went upstairs to pack, suffering from as severe an attack of the blues as any youth of eighteen had experienced since blues were first invented.

Jimmy Silver hovered round, while he packed, with expressions of sympathy and bitter remarks concerning Mr. Kay and his wicked works, and, when the operation was concluded, helped Kennedy carry his box over to his new house with the air of one seeing a friend off to the parts beyond the equator.

It was ten o'clock by the time the front door of Kay's closed upon its new head. Kennedy went to the matron's sanctum to be instructed in the geography of the house. The matron, a severe lady, whose faith in human nature had been terribly shaken by five years of office in Kay's, showed him his dormitory and study with a lack of geniality which added a deeper tinge of azure to Kennedy's blues. "So you've come to live here, have you?" her manner seemed to say; "well, I pity you, that's all. A nice time *you're* going to have."

Kennedy spent the half-hour before going to bed in unpacking his box for the second time, and arranging his books and photographs in the study which had been Weyburn's. He had nothing to find fault with in the study. It was as large as the one he had owned at Blackburn's, and, like it, looked out over the school grounds.

At half-past ten the gas gave a flicker and

went out, turned off at the main. Kennedy lit a candle and made his way to his dormitory. There now faced him the more than unpleasant task of introducing himself to its inmates. He knew from experience the disconcerting way in which a dormitory greets an intruder. It was difficult to know how to begin matters. It would take a long time, he thought, to explain his presence to their satisfaction.

Fortunately, however, the dormitory was not unprepared. Things get about very quickly in a house. The matron had told the housemaids; the housemaids had handed it on to their ally, the boot boy; the bootboy had told Wren, whom he happened to meet in the passage, and Wren had told everybody else.

There was an uproar going on when Kennedy opened the door, but it died away as he appeared, and the dormitory gazed at the newcomer in absolute and embarrassing silence. Kennedy had not felt so conscious of the public eye being upon him since he had gone out to bat against the M.C.C., on his first appearance in the ranks of the Eckleton eleven. He went to his bed and began to undress without a word, feeling rather than seeing the eyes that were peering at him. When he had completed the performance of disrobing, he blew out the candle and got into bed. The silence was broken by numerous coughs, of that short, suggestive type with which the public school-boy loves to embarrass his fellow man. From some unidentified corner of the room came a subdued giggle. Then a whispered, "Shut up, you fool!" To which a low voice replied, "All right. I'm not doing anything."

More coughs, and another outbreak of giggling from a fresh quarter.

"Good-night," said Kennedy, to the room in general.

There was no reply. The giggler appeared to be rapidly approaching hysterics.

"Shut up that row," said Kennedy.

The giggling ceased.

The atmosphere was charged with suspicion. Kennedy fell asleep fearing that he was going to have trouble with his dormitory before many nights had passed.

CHAPTER X.

FURTHER EXPERIENCES OF AN EXILE.

BREAKFAST on the following morning was a repetition of the dormitory ordeal. Kennedy walked to his place on Mr. Kay's right, feeling that everyone was looking at him, as indeed they were. He understood for the first time the meaning

of the expression "the cynosure of all eyes." He was modest by nature, and felt his position a distinct trial.

He did not quite know what to say or do with regard to his new house-master at this their first meeting in the former's territory. "Come aboard, sir," occurred to him for a moment as a happy phrase, but he discarded it. To make the situation more awkward, Mr. Kay did not observe him at first, being occupied in assailing a riotous fag at the other end of the table, that youth having succeeded, by a dexterous drive in the ribs, in making a friend of his spill half a cup of coffee. Kennedy did not know whether to sit down without a word or to remain standing until Mr. Kay had time to attend to him. He would have done better to have sat down; Mr. Kay's greeting, when it came, was not worth waiting for.

"Sit down, Kennedy," he said, irritably—rebuking people on an empty stomach always ruffled him. "Sit down, sit down."

Kennedy sat down, and began to toy diffidently with a sausage, remembering, as he did so, certain diatribes of Fenn's against the food at Kay's. As he became more intimate with the sausage he admitted to himself that Fenn had had reason. Mr. Kay meanwhile pounded away in moody silence at a plate of kidneys and bacon. It was one of the many grievances which gave the Kayite material for conversation, that Mr. Kay had not the courage of his opinions in the matter of food. He insisted that he fed his house luxuriously, but he refused to brave the mysteries of its bill of fare himself.

Fenn had not come down when Kennedy went in to breakfast. He arrived some ten minutes later, when Kennedy had vanquished the sausage, and was keeping body and soul together with bread and marmalade.

"I cannot have this, Fenn," snapped Mr. Kay; "you must come down in time."

Fenn took the rebuke in silence, cast one glance at the sausage which confronted him, and then pushed it away with such unhesitating rapidity that Mr. Kay glared at him as if about to take up the cudgels for the rejected viand. Perhaps he remembered that it scarcely befitted the dignity of a house-master to enter upon a wrangle with a member of his house on the subject of the merits and demerits of sausages, for he refrained, and Fenn was allowed to go on with his meal in peace.

Kennedy's chief anxiety had been with regard to Fenn. True, the latter could hardly blame him for being made head of Kay's, since he had not been consulted in the matter, and, if

he had been, would have refused the post with horror; but nevertheless the situation might cause a coolness between them. And if Fenn, the only person in the house with whom he was at all intimate, refused to be on friendly terms, his stay in Kay's would be rendered worse than even he had looked for.

Fenn had not spoken to him at breakfast, but then there was little table talk at Kay's. Perhaps the quality of the food suggested such gloomy reflections that nobody liked to put them into words.

After the meal Fenn ran upstairs to his study. Kennedy followed him, and opened conversation in his direct way with the subject which he had come to discuss.

"I say," he said, "I hope you aren't sick about this. You know I didn't want to bag your place as head of the house."

"My dear chap," said Fenn, "don't apologise. You're welcome to it. Being head of Kay's isn't such a soft job that one is keen on sticking to it."

"All the same—" began Kennedy.

"I knew Kay would get at me somehow, of course. I've been wondering how all the holidays. I didn't think of this. Still, I'm jolly glad it's happened. I now retire into private life, and look on. I've taken years off my life sweating to make this house decent, and now I'm going to take a rest and watch you tearing your hair out over the job. I'm awfully sorry for you. I wish they'd roped in some other victim."

"But you're still a house prefect, I suppose?"

"I believe so. Kay couldn't very well make me a fag again."

"Then you'll help manage things?"

Fenn laughed.

"Will I, by Jove! I'd like to see myself! I don't want to do the heavy martyr business and that sort of thing, but I'm hanged if I'm going to take any more trouble over the house. Haven't you any respect for Mr. Kay's feelings? He thinks I can't keep order. Surely you don't want me to go and shatter his pet beliefs? Anyhow, I'm not going to do it. I'm going to play 'villagers and retainers' to your 'hero. If you do anything wonderful with the house, I shall be standing by ready to cheer. But you don't catch me shoving myself forward. Thank 'eaven I knows me place, as the butler in the play says."

Kennedy kicked moodily at the leg of the chair which he was holding. The feeling that his whole world had fallen about his ears was increasing with every hour he spent in Kay's. Last term he and Fenn had been as close

friends as you could wish to see. If he had asked Fenn to help him in a tight place then, he knew he could have relied on him. Now his chief desire seemed to be to score off the human race in general, his best friend included. It was a depressing beginning.

"Do you know what the sherry said to the man who was just going to drink it?" inquired Fenn. "It said, '*Nemo me impune lacessit.*' That's how I feel. Kay went out of his way to give me a bad time when I was doing my best to run his house properly, so I don't see that I'm called upon to go out of my way to work for him."

"It's rather rough on me—" Kennedy began. Then a sudden indignation rushed through him. Why should he grovel to Fenn? If Fenn chose to stand out, let him. He was capable of running the house by himself.



FENN KICKED HIM OUT INTO THE PASSAGE.

"I don't care," he said savagely. "If you can't see what a cad you're making of yourself, I'm not going to try to show you. You can do what you jolly well please. I'm not dependent on you. I'll make this a decent house off my own bat without your help. If you like looking on, you'd better look on. I'll give you something to look at soon."

He went out, leaving Fenn with mixed feelings. He would have liked to have followed him, taken back what he had said, and formed an offensive alliance against the black sheep of the house—and also, which was just as important, against the slack sheep, who were good for nothing, either at work or play. But his bitterness against the house-master prevented him. He was not going to take his removal from the leadership of Kay's as if nothing had happened.

Meanwhile in the dayrooms and studies the house had been holding indignation meetings, and at each it had been unanimously resolved that Kay's had been abominably treated, and that the deposition of Fenn must not be tolerated. Unfortunately, a house cannot do very much when it revolts. It can only show its displeasure in little things, and by an

increase of rowdiness.

This was the line that Kay's took. Fenn became a popular hero. Fags, until he kicked them for it, showed a tendency to cheer him whenever they saw him. Nothing could paint Mr. Kay blacker in the eyes of his house, so that Kennedy came in for all the odium. The same fags who had cheered Fenn hooted him on one occasion as he passed the junior day-room. Kennedy

stopped short, went in, and presented each in-

mate of the room with six cuts with a swagger-stick. This summary and Captain Kettle-like move had its effect. There was no more hooting. The fags be-thought themselves of other ways of showing their disapproval of their new head.

One genius suggested that they might kill two birds with one stone—snub Kennedy and

pay a stately compliment to Fenn by applying to the latter for leave to go out of bounds instead of to the former. As the giving of leave "down town" was the prerogative of the head of the house, and of no other, there was a suggestiveness about this mode of procedure which appealed to the junior dayroom.

But the star of the junior dayroom was not in the ascendant. Fenn might have quarrelled with Kennedy, and be extremely indignant at his removal from the headship of the house, but he was not the man to forget to play the game. His policy of non-interference did not include underhand attempts to sap Kennedy's authority. When Gorrick, of the Lower Fourth, the first of the fags to put the ingenious scheme into practice, came to him, still smarting from Kennedy's castigation, Fenn promptly gave him six more cuts, worse than the first, and kicked him out into the passage. Gorrick naturally did not want to spoil a good thing by giving Fenn's game away, so he lay low and said nothing, with the result that Wren and three others met with the same fate, only more so, because Fenn's wrath increased with each visit.

Kennedy, of course, heard nothing of this, or he might perhaps have thought better of Fenn. As for the junior dayroom, it was obliged to work off its emotion by jeering Jimmy Silver from the safety of the touchline when the head of Blackburn's was refereeing in a match between the juniors of his house and those of Kay's. Blackburn's happened to win by four goals and eight tries, a result which the patriotic Kay fag attributed solely to favouritism on the part of the referee.

"I like the kids in your house," said Jimmy to Kennedy, after the match, when telling the latter of the incident; "there's no false idea of politeness about them. If they don't like your decisions they say so in a shrill treble."

"Little beasts," said Kennedy. "I wish I knew who they were. It's hopeless to try and spot them, of course."

CHAPTER XI.

THE SENIOR DAYROOM OPENS FIRE.

CURIOSLY enough, it was shortly after this that the junior dayroom ceased almost entirely to trouble the head of the house. Not that they turned over new leaves, and modelled their conduct on that of the hero of the Sunday school story. They were still disorderly, but in a lesser degree; and ragging became a matter of private enterprise among the fags instead of being, as

it had threatened to be, an organised revolt against the new head. When a Kay's fag rioted now, he did so with the air of one endeavouring to amuse himself, not as if he were carrying on a sacred war against the oppressor.

Kennedy's difficulties were considerably diminished by this change. A head of a house expects the juniors of his house to rag. It is what they are put into the world to do, and there is no difficulty in keeping the thing within decent limits. A revolution is another case altogether. Kennedy was grateful for the change, for it gave him more time to keep an eye on the other members of the house, but he had no idea what had brought it about. As a matter of fact he had Billy Silver to thank for it. The chief organiser of the movement against Kennedy in the junior dayroom had been the red-haired Wren, who preached war to his fellow fags, partly because he loved to create a disturbance, and partly because Walton, who hated Kennedy, had told him to. Between Wren and Billy Silver a feud had existed since their first meeting. The unsatisfactory conclusion to their encounter in camp had given another lease of life to the feud, and Billy had come back to Kay's with the fixed intention of smiting his auburn-haired foe hip and thigh at the earliest opportunity. Wren's attitude with respect to Kennedy gave him a decent excuse. He had no particular regard for Kennedy. The fact that he was a friend of his brother's was no recommendation. There existed between the two Silvers that feeling which generally exists between an elder and a much younger brother at the same school. Each thought the other a bit of an idiot, and though equal to tolerating him personally, was hanged if he was going to do the same by his friends. In Billy's circle of acquaintances Jimmy's friends were looked upon with cold suspicion as officious meddlers who would give them lines if they found them out of bounds. The aristocrats with whom Jimmy foregathered barely recognised the existence of Billy's companions. Kennedy's claim to Billy's good offices rested on the fact that they both objected to Wren.

So that, when Wren lifted up his voice in the junior dayroom, and exhorted the fags to go and make a row in the passage outside Kennedy's study, and—from a safe distance, and having previously ensured a means of rapid escape—to fling boots at his door, Billy damped the popular enthusiasm which had been excited by the proposal by kicking Wren with some violence, and begging him not to be an ass.

Whereupon they resumed their battle at the point at which it had been interrupted at camp. And when, some five minutes later, Billy, from his seat on his adversary's chest, offered to go through the same performance with anybody else who wished, the junior day-room came to the conclusion that his feelings with regard to the new head of the house, however foolish and unpatriotic, had better be respected. And the revolution of the fags had fizzled out from that moment.

In the senior dayroom, however, the flag of battle was still unfurled. It was so obvious that Kennedy had been put into the house as a reformer, and the seniors of Kay's had such an objection to being reformed, that trouble was only to be expected. It was the custom in most houses for the head of the house, by right of that position, to be also captain of football. The senior dayroom was aggrieved at Kennedy's taking this post from Fenn. Fenn was in his second year in the school fifteen, and he was the three-quarter who scored most frequently for Eckleton, whereas Kennedy, though practically a certainty for one of the six vacant places in the school scrum, was at present entitled to wear only a second fifteen cap. The claims of Fenn to be captain of Kay's football were strong. Kennedy had begged him to continue in that position more than once. Fenn's persistent refusal had helped to increase the coolness between them, and it had also made things more difficult for Kennedy in the house.

It was on the Monday of the third week of term that Kennedy, at Jimmy Silver's request, arranged a "friendly" between Kay's and Blackburn's. There could be no doubt as to which was the better team (for Blackburn's had been runners up for the Cup the season before), but the better one's opponents the better the practice. Kennedy wrote out the list and fixed it on the notice board. The match was to be played on the following afternoon.

A football team must generally be made up of the biggest men at the captain's disposal, so it happened that Walton, Perry, Callingham, and the other leaders of dissension in Kay's, all figured on the list. The consequence was that the list came in for a good deal of comment in the senior dayroom. There were games every Saturday and Wednesday, and it annoyed Walton and friends that they should have to turn out on an afternoon that was not a half holiday. It was trouble enough playing football on the days when it was compulsory. As for patriotism, no member of the house even

pretended to care whether Kay's put a good team into the field or not. The senior day-room sat talking over the matter till lights-out. When Kennedy came down next morning he found his list scribbled over with blue pencil, while across it in bold letters ran the single word.

ROT.

He went to his study, wrote out a fresh copy, and pinned it up in place of the old one. He had been early in coming down that morning, and the majority of the Kayites had not seen the defaced notice. The match was fixed for half-past four. At four a thin rain was falling. The weather had been bad for some days, but on this particular afternoon it reached the limit. In addition to being wet, it was also cold, and Kennedy, as he walked over to the grounds, felt that he would be glad when the game was over. He hoped that Blackburn's would be punctual, and congratulated himself on his foresight in securing Mr. Blackburn as referee. Some of the staff, when they consented to hold the whistle in a scratch game, invariably kept the teams waiting on the field for half an hour before turning up. Mr. Blackburn, on the other hand, was always punctual. He came out of his house just as Kennedy turned in at the school gates.

"Well, Kennedy," he said from the depths of his ulster, the collar of which he had turned up over his ears with a prudence which Kennedy, having come out with only a blazer on over his football clothes, distinctly envied, "I hope your men are not going to be late. I don't think I ever saw a worse day for football. How long were you thinking of playing? Two twenty-fives would be enough for a day like this, I think."

Kennedy consulted with Jimmy Silver, who came up at this moment, and they agreed without argument that twenty-five minutes each way would be the very thing.

"Where are your men?" asked Jimmy. "I've got all our chaps out here, bar Challis, who'll be out in a few minutes. I left him almost changed."

Challis appeared a little later, and joined the rest of Blackburn's team, who were putting in the time and trying to keep warm by running and passing and dropping desultory goals. But, with the exception of Fenn, who stood brooding by himself in the centre of the field, wrapped to the eyes in a huge overcoat, and two other house prefects of Kay's, who strolled up and down looking as if they wished they were in their studies, there was no sign of the missing team.

"I can't make it out," said Kennedy.

"You're sure you put up the right time?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Yes, quite."

It certainly could not be said that Kay's had had any room for doubt as to the time of the match, for it had appeared in large figures on both notices.

A quarter to five sounded from the college clock.

"We must begin soon," said Mr. Blackburn, "or there will not be light enough even for two twenty-fives."

Kennedy felt wretched. Apart from the fact that he was frozen to an icicle and drenched by the rain, he felt responsible for his team, and he could see that Blackburn's men were growing irritated at the delay, though they did their best to conceal it.

"Can't we lend them some subs?" suggested Challis, hopefully.

"All right—if you can raise eleven subs," said Silver. "They've only got four men on the field at present."

Challis subsided.

"Look here," said Kennedy, "I'm going back to the house to see what's up. I'll be back as soon as I can. They must have mistaken the time or something after all."

He rushed back to the house and flung open the door of the senior dayroom. It was empty.

Kennedy had expected to find his missing men huddled in a semicircle round the fire, waiting for some one to come and tell them that Blackburn's had taken the field, and that they could come out now without any fear of having to wait in the rain for the match to begin. This, he thought, would have been the unselfish policy of Kay's senior dayroom.

But to find nobody was extraordinary.

The thought occurred to him that the team might be changing in their dormitories. He ran upstairs. But all the dormitories were locked, as he might have known they would have been. Coming downstairs again he met his fag, Spencer.

Spencer replied to his inquiry that he had only just come in. He did not know where



"WE MUST BEGIN SOON, OR THERE WILL NOT BE LIGHT ENOUGH EVEN FOR TWO TWENTY-FIVES!"

the team had got to. No, he had not seen any of them.

"Oh, yes, though," he added, as an afterthought, "I met Walton just now. He looked as if he was going down town."

Walton had once licked Spencer, and that vindictive youth thought that this might be a chance of getting back at him.

"Oh," said Kennedy, quietly, "Walton? Did you? Thanks."

Spencer was disappointed at his lack of excitement. His news did not seem to interest him.

Kennedy went back to the football field to inform Jimmy Silver of the result of his investigations.

CHAPTER XII.

KENNEDY INTERVIEWS WALTON.

"M very sorry," he said, when he rejoined the shivering group, "but I'm afraid we shall have to call this match off.

There seems to have been a mistake.

None of my team are anywhere about. I'm awfully sorry, sir," he added, to Mr. Blackburn, "to have given you all this trouble for nothing."

"Not at all, Kennedy. We must try another day."

Mr Blackburn suspected that something untoward had happened in Kay's to cause this sudden defection of the first fifteen of the house. He knew that Kennedy was having a hard time in his new position, and he did not wish to add to his discomfort by calling for an explanation before an audience. It could not be pleasant for Kennedy to feel that his enemies had scored off him. It was best to preserve a discreet silence with regard to the whole affair, and leave him to settle it for himself.

Jimmy Silver was more curious. He took Kennedy off to tea in his study, sat him down in the best chair in front of the fire, and proceeded to urge him to confess everything.

"Now, then, what's it all about?" he asked, briskly, spearing a muffin on the fork and beginning to toast.

"It's no good asking me," said Kennedy.

"I suppose it's a put-up job to make me look a fool. I ought to have known something of this kind would happen when I saw what they did to my first notice."

"What was that?"

Kennedy explained.

"This is getting thrilling," said Jimmy.

"Just pass that plate. Thanks. What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know. What would you do?"

"My dear chap, I'd first find out who was at the bottom of it—there's bound to be one man who started the whole thing—and I'd make it my aim in life to give him the warmest ten minutes he'd ever had."

"That sounds all right. But how would you set about it?"

"Why, touch him up, of course. What else would you do? Before the whole house, too."

"Supposing he wouldn't be touched up?"

"Wouldn't he! He'd have to."

"You don't know Kay's, Jimmy. You're thinking what you'd do if this had happened in Blackburn's. The two things aren't the same. Here the man would probably take it like a lamb. The feeling of the house would be

against him. He'd find nobody to back him up. That's because Blackburn's is a decent house instead of being a sink like Kay's. If I tried the touching-up before the whole house game with our chaps, the man would probably reply by going for me, assisted by the whole strength of the company."

"Well, dash it all then, all you've got to do is to call a prefects' meeting, and he'll get ten times worse beans from them than he'd have got from you. It's simple."

Kennedy stared into the fire pensively.

"I don't know," he said. "I bar that prefects' meeting business. It always seems rather feeble to me lugging in a lot of chaps to help settle some one you can't manage yourself. I want to carry this job through on my own."

"Then you'd better scrap with the man."

"I think I will."

Silver stared.

"Don't be an ass," he said. "I was only rotting. You can't go fighting all over the shop as if you were a fag. You'd lose your prefect's cap if it came out."

"I could wear my topper," said Kennedy, with a grin. "You see," he added, "I've not much choice. I *must* do something. If I took no notice of this business there'd be no holding the house. I should be ragged to death. It's no good talking about it. Personally, I should prefer touching the chap up to fighting him, and I shall try it on. But he's not likely to meet me half way. And if he doesn't there'll be an interesting turn-up, and you shall hold the watch. I'll send a kid round to fetch you when things look like starting. I must go now to interview my missing men. So long. Mind you slip round directly I send for you."

"Wait a second. Don't be in such a beastly hurry. Who's the chap you're going to fight?"

"I don't know yet. Walton, I should think. But I don't know."

"Walton! By Jove, it'll be worth seeing, anyhow, if we *are* both sacked for it when the Old Man finds out."

Kennedy returned to his study and changed his football boots for a pair of gymnasium shoes. For the job he had in hand it was necessary that he should move quickly, and football boots are a nuisance on a board floor. When he had changed, he called Spencer.

"Go down to the senior dayroom," he said, "and tell MacPherson I want to see him."

MacPherson was a long, weak-looking youth. He had been put down to play for the house that day, and had not appeared.

"MacPherson!" said the fag, in a tone of astonishment, "not Walton?"



"TIME!" SAID JIMMY SILVER.

He had been looking forward to the meeting between Kennedy and his ancient foe, and to have a miserable being like MacPherson offered as a substitute disgusted him.

"If you have no objection," said Kennedy, politely. "I may want you to fetch Walton later on."

Spencer vanished, hopeful once more.

"Come in, MacPherson," said Kennedy, on the arrival of the long one; "shut the door."

Macpherson did so, feeling as if he were paying a visit to the dentist. As long as there had been others with him in this affair he had

looked on it as a splendid idea. But to be singled out like this was quite a different thing.

"Now," said Kennedy, "why weren't you on the field this afternoon?"

"I—er—I was kept in."

"How long?"

"Oh—er—till about five."

"What do you call about five?"

"About twenty-five to," he replied, despondently.

"Now look here," said Kennedy, briskly. "I'm just going to explain to you exactly how I stand in this business, so you'd better attend

I didn't ask to be made head of this sewage depot. If I could have had any choice, I wouldn't have touched a Kayite with a barge-pole. But since I am head, I'm going to be it, and the sooner you and your senior day-room crew realise it the better. This sort of thing isn't going on. I want to know now who it was put up this job. You wouldn't have the cheek to start a thing like this yourself. Who was it?"

"Well—er—"

"You'd better say, and be quick, too. I can't wait. Whoever it was, I sha'n't tell him you told me. And I sha'n't tell Kay. So now you can go ahead. Who was it?"

"Well—er Walton."

"I thought so. Now you can get out. If you see Spencer, send him here."

Spencer, curiously enough, was just outside the door. So close to it, indeed, that he almost tumbled in when MacPherson opened it.

"Go and fetch Walton," said Kennedy.

Spencer dashed off delightedly, and in a couple of minutes Walton appeared. He walked in with an air of subdued defiance, and slammed the door.

"Don't bang the door like that," said Kennedy. "Why didn't you turn out to-day?"

"I was kept in."

"Couldn't you get out in time to play?"

"No."

"When did you get out?"

"Six."

"Not before?"

"I said six."

"Then how did you manage to go down town—without leave, by the way, but that's a detail—at half-past five?"

"All right," said Walton; "better call me a liar."

"Good suggestion," said Kennedy, cheerfully; "I will."

"It's all very well," said Walton. "You know jolly well you can say anything you like. I can't do anything to you. You'd have me up before the prefects."

"Not a bit of it. This is a private affair between ourselves. I'm not going to drag the prefects into it. You seem to want to make this house worse than it is. I want to make it more or less decent. We can't both have what we want."

There was a pause.

"When would it be convenient for you to be touched up before the whole house?" inquired Kennedy, pleasantly.

"What?"

"Well, you see, it seems the only thing. I must take it out of some one for this house match business, and you started it. Will to-night suit you, after supper?"

"You'll get it hot if you try to touch me."

"We'll see."

"You'd funk taking me on in a scrap," said Walton.

"Would I? As a matter of fact, a scrap would suit me just as well. Better. Are you ready now?"

"Quite, thanks," sneered Walton. "I've knocked you out before, and I'll do it again."

"Oh, then it was you that night at camp? I thought so. I spotted your style. Hitting a chap when he wasn't ready, you know, and so on. Now, if you'll wait a minute, I'll send across to Blackburn's for Silver. I told him I should probably want him as a time-keeper to-night."

"What do you want with Silver? Why won't Perry do?"

"Thanks, I'm afraid Perry's time-keeping wouldn't be impartial enough. Silver, I think, if you don't mind."

Spencer was summoned once more, and despatched to Blackburn's. He returned with Jimmy.

"Come in, Jimmy," said Kennedy. "Run away, Spencer. Walton and I are just going to settle a point of order which has arisen, Jimmy. Will you hold the watch? We ought just to have time before tea."

"Where?" asked Silver.

"My dormitory would be the best place. We can move the beds. I'll go and get the keys."

Kennedy's dormitory was the largest in the house. After the beds had been moved back there was a space in the middle of fifteen feet one way, and twelve the other—not a large ring, but large enough for two fighters who meant business.

Walton took off his coat, waistcoat, and shirt. Kennedy, who was still in football clothes, removed his blazer.

"Half a second," said Jimmy Silver—"what length rounds?"

"Two minutes?" said Kennedy to Walton.

"All right," growled Walton.

"Two minutes, then, and half a minute in between."

"Are you both ready?" asked Jimmy, from his seat on the chest of drawers.

Kennedy and Walton advanced into the middle of the impromptu ring.

There was dead silence for a moment.

"Time!" said Jimmy Silver.

(To be continued.)



THE CYCLING CORNER.

HUNTING ON A CYCLE.

BY ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

THE more fortunate of us who live in the country are sometimes able to "lend a hand" in the pursuit of sly Reynard, it may be on horseback, or it may be on foot, or—a sort of compromise—on a cycle. It would, of course, be rank heresy to say that the first method is not the ideal one, as containing the strong spice of danger at the fences which the pedestrian cannot get much taste of, and from which the cyclist is utterly debarred. Without doubt the wheelman-hunter is severely handicapped in the chase, and his pleasure very largely depends on the amount of consideration shown by "the thief of the world" in picking out a course pretty near the roads. If the fox prefers to make a point across the open the cyclist must remain content with the hounds' music, and a distant view of coats more or less pink, and when the death occurs he won't be much the wiser.

Yet I have managed some very pretty hunting on my steel and rubber steed; and on one occasion certainly deserved the thanks of "the field." It was like this. Mr. Fox had fairly out-distanced the hounds—as they had out-distanced me. Looking over a hedge I happened to see him paddling along a ditch, from which he broke for some gorse. When the hounds came up the water fairly checked them, so after letting them have a proper chance to win the game off their own bat, I gave the huntsman the tip, and Reynard was soon awakened from his little nap in the gorse, to make his last run for life.

As a rule cyclists don't help much, and, in the opinion of equestrians, do get in the way a good deal. I have a vivid recollec-

tion of a rather stout lady toiling down a very narrow lane on her tricycle, with which, in the keenness born of the chase, she effectively blocked the way for the Master and all his men. Had it been a motor-car she could scarcely have held the day's sport more completely in the hollow of her hand. There was a delightful you-pass-only-over-my-body touch in the situation for a good three hundred yards. By the bye, motors are also taking a part in the noble sport, not merely as vehicles which bear the riders to the meet, but as a swifter edition of the cycle. It hasn't yet been decided whether they spoil the scent, but they are debarred from some meets where cyclists are tolerated. Mechanism looms so largely in modern life that we may nevertheless live to see the time when hedge-leaping Panhards—omnibus type for families—will throw in the top speed on the trail of a 4 h.p. De Dion fox, driven by a peculiarly odorous spirit, and guided by electric rays. But this won't happen till all foxes of the present type have been scared out of the country.

After such a terrible suggestion, I will pass to a branch of hunting reserved for the wheel alone; viz.,

THE CYCLE PAPERCHASE.

Perhaps you haven't yet had experience of this pastime—or should I call it sport? If properly conducted it is capital fun, given decent weather and roads to which the stone-scatterer has not set his hand too freely. Last winter, after having often heard of this method of passing an afternoon, I organised a paperchase.

The "scent" was confetti, such as a

certain class of people love to lavish on the newly-married. Six penn'orth of it sufficed to mark out a ten-mile course, and half that quantity would have done the business, since, on the straight stretches, where deviation was impossible, a patch here and there might have been substituted for the continuous trail. One great advantage of confetti is that

TWO HARES CAN CARRY ALL THEY NEED IN THEIR POCKETS.

There had been no rain for a few days, and the roads were quite free of mud and puddles, though a trifle soft in places. Two hares were chosen who knew the country thoroughly, so that the hounds should have a sporting run for their money. The district—South Buckinghamshire—abounds in bye-roads, flanked by high hedges, and of a twisty nature, which, except for a very small part of the course, kept pursuers and pursued invisible to each other at a distance of a hundred yards or so.

The field was divided into a slow and a fast brigade, according to the individual's riding powers. The hares had five minutes' law, and then off went the "slows," followed a few minutes later by the "fasts." Meanwhile the hounds had been industriously sowing confetti on a few false scents, and pedalling as hard as they could to make up lost time. After a few miles a halt was called at a spot favourable for commanding the approach, and four ears were strained to catch the first tinkle of a cycle bell or the human voice raised to an excited pitch. As soon as cries of "This way," "Here you are," became audible, off went the hares again, fearful that the swiftest hound's front wheel might appear round the corner too close to be pleasant. Evidently a false scent must be laid again; so laid it was—

ALONG THE ROAD MOST LIKELY TO BE TAKEN

—and the ears vanished modestly down a side track. The trick was worked all right, and the hounds blundered in full cry towards the end of things; and by the time the error had been discovered the hares were a mile "up."

But now confetti began to grow scarce, and a rigid economy needful. Very possibly this led the hounds into further difficulty; at any rate, the quarry had a good ten minutes' rest at the distant end of an open common, where they decided to

let the hounds have a fair view, and then put for home, all out. Alas! for human calculations! The hounds had more up their sleeve than they were credited with, and the hares, after a game struggle, succumbed on a short, steep hill, within a mile of safety.

A second paperchase ended very flatly, as the hounds failed to find the scent, and arrived by a short cut, only in time to anticipate a search party being dispatched with lamps and other first-aid for the uninjured. The difficulty probably arose from the fact that the hares took turns at laying scent, and at one place, each thinking the other was scattering, neither laid any. The moral, therefore, seems to be that the hares should have a complete understanding on this point, especially if they ride abreast. The scent should be laid on the windward side of a road across which a strong wind blows, so that it may be sheltered as much as possible. Repeated dismounts to search the ditches and hedgerows for tiny scraps of paper that have been whirled away by the wind soon become tiresome.

All participants in a cycle paperchase should arrive at the meet with

THEIR CYCLES IN GOOD ORDER.

Tyres on the point of bursting or leaking, loose nuts, shaky pedals, &c., cause vexatious delays, which are rather hard on the riders not responsible for them. Puncture repairing outfits should be carried, as the evening soon overtakes the riders, and walking home in darkness makes a sad end to a hunt. If possible, the hares should be selected a few days before the chase, and they should go over the course, in order to avoid bad roads, where stones and ruts might give trouble.

As regards the starting allowance.

THIRTY SECONDS FOR EVERY MILE INTENDED

is about a fair average, to leave a margin for false scents, &c., if the course has not already been picked, and half that amount if it has. In the event of a hare getting "punctured," the other should help him to make a quick mend; or, if time does not permit, continue his way alone. It is not a bad plan, however, to arrange that such a puncture holds up the field till the hares are sound again, the fresh start being proportioned to the distance still to be traversed.

WHEN THE HOUNDS ARE "MIXED," *i.e.*, when your sisters and lady friends join in the fun, the hares should be "mixed" also. In this case the hounds should stick together, as the swift male rider might make the pace too hot for his gentler companions, and the hares be driven too hard. The chase should not degenerate into a mere race, with its possible evil effects on untrained riders.

IF SCENT RUNS OUT,

either drop some article that has been carried for the purpose, or a handful of specially coloured scent, and take the nearest road home.

A novel form of treasure-hunting was inaugurated by the proprietors of *Cycling* in the autumn. The treasure was a "Royal Enfield" bicycle; and to win it the competitors were required to track out a route over which a photographer had already travelled to make pictures of parts of the road. Nineteen of these were published weekly, three at a time. From the clues thus furnished the route had to be traced; and on October 1st a *Cycling* representative waited at "Ye Old Thatched House Hotel," Epping, to receive coupons with the identity of the clues filled in; the cyclist who first after 6 p.m. handed in a correct coupon receiving the prize.

The winner deserved his success, since he used his common sense in a manner that suggests Sherlock Holmes. One clue puzzled him particularly on account of an extra rail existing on a fence that appeared in the photograph. He looked to see if the nails were new. They were; so the mystery vanished!

CYCLING accessories are so numerous that when one is in doubt as to the nature of a present to be bestowed on a relation or friend one can do worse than to look over the catalogues of Messrs. Gamage, Benetfink, Piggott, The City Sale and Exchange, and other athletic outfitters, with particular regard to the cycle department. Your sister's pedals have worn out; a new pair can be got for 5s. upwards, and will prove a very useful gift. Or you may like to give her a network carrier for fixing to her handlebars when she goes shopping. This means an expenditure of about 3s. The same sum will purchase a really good bell or cyclometer. At this time of the year an acetylene lamp

is a peculiarly suitable thing wherewith to rejoice a friend's heart; but here you must be prepared for an outlay of at least 6s. if you want a good article, while 10s. will cover a really first-rate illuminator. By giving such a lamp to a member of the family you will have it at command for your own use; and the same remark will apply to a good-sized foot-pump, which can be bought with a 21-inch barrel, 1 1/8 inches in diameter, for 5s. An effective pump of this kind

IS INVALUABLE IN THE CYCLE ROOM,

as it not only enables you to inflate a tyre in a very few strokes, but also does away with the necessity for removing pumps from the machines to which they respectively belong, and on which they very probably may not be replaced. I have in my possession a foot-pump that cost only 1s. 6d., and it is good value for the money, but will, of course, be worn out in a short time, as compared with the life of a pump that costs a crown.

Of less universal utility is a comfortable saddle, which begins at 7s. 6d. and may rise to 15s. or more. But a cleaning outfit, such as Gamage's "Clean-all" (price 3s. 6d.), will, like Mercy, bless him that gives as well as him that takes—if it, too, be kept in the family. I need not lengthen the list, as a perusal of the catalogues referred to will tell the whole story. For the benefit of those who do not know them, I append addresses:—Messrs. A. W. Gamage and Co., High Holborn, London, E.C.; Messrs. Benetfink and Co., 89 Cheapside, London, E.C.; Messrs. John Piggott, Ltd., 117 Cheapside; The City Sale and Exchange, 90 Fleet Street, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. Jordan.—Tangent spokes are certainly preferable to direct, as being both stronger and more easily replaced. I don't think that any good makers fit direct spokes nowadays.

"Headlight."—I generally put fresh carbide in my lamp every time I use it, just enough to last out the journey in prospect, if it be a short one. If you wish to economise you must remove undissolved carbide from the holder immediately after returning home, for, if left in, it also will probably be affected by the damp.

Sybil Ward.—There is no advantage in having the gear-case open at the rear end. You certainly can get at the chain more easily to clean it if there be such an opening; but if it didn't exist why should mud, &c., accumulate on the chain at all? Questions should be sent in by the 4th of the month to be sure of answers being given in the following issue.

THE POWER OF THE PEN.

By STUART WISHING.

Sketches by ALFRED PEARSE.



WE had always had a sort of hankering after journalism, you know—not the gassy sort of stuff that people write after visiting the heroes of the football field or the racing track, but real, imaginative literature. Any fool can go and interview a fellow, and note down the drawing-room furniture on his shirt-cuff—he happens to have one—or extract the information that C. B. Fry drinks tea in preference to coffee, or *vice versa*—but it takes a keen chap to think out yarns and verses, and an industrious chap to write them down.

“Let’s start a paper,” said my chum Dickie, one day.

“A paper?”

“Yes: a regular Journal—not like the beastly official rag the school brings out; but a jolly bright, wholesome—all new papers say they’re wholesome—snappy chronicle. It would be great fun.”

“It would,” I said, thoughtfully. “But how could we get it printed?”

“Couldn’t afford printing; and it would be a lot of sweat writing out every copy.”

“What could we do then?”

“Ever heard of a hektograph? No? What a kid you are still, Tommy. Here—don’t scrap! I apologise. All right, I’ll explain. It’s one of those jelly machines, you know—or don’t know. You melt up the jelly, and print heaps of copies off it. It’s a jelly—I mean jolly—good wheeze, I can tell you.”

Well, the long and short of it was that we arranged to start a paper. We two were to be the joint editors, contributors, printers, publishers, and newspaper boys. It struck us that it would be a jolly good idea to bring out a daily gazette sort of business; but afterwards, when we found out what a nuisance it was to write all the rot, we decided that an issue once a term would be

quite enough. The Man in the Street—to use a newspaper phrase—has simply no idea what a lot of work goes to bring out a paper—especially when you have to do everything yourself.

We had to settle on a good name. This was changed about five times a day until we actually went to press, and then it finally appeared as *The Termly Thunderer*. I think Thunderer is a good sort of sounding name, and Termly expressed the regular appearance—at least, it was meant to. Stretton said it should have been “Terminal,” but we argued from the words Daily, Weekly, Monthly, and so on, that it should be Termly—and I don’t think Terminal would have looked half as well, do you?

We wrote a fair amount of copy for it before making any purchases. “Copy” is the technical name for the reading stuff: any chap who knows anything will understand that I don’t mean copying it out.

Well, we wrote yards of copy. It was rather fun, and not much sweat, as we wrote most of it in school-time, or in prep. This brought about a few impots, of course, but we should have got those in any case; so it didn’t matter so very much. Dickie was responsible for most of the prose part, as he is no good at rhymes. I wrote all the verses, and a lot of local notes—with little paragraphs about different chaps, you know—and then we got to work with the hektograph.

After incredible difficulties—this isn’t the yarn of a traveller, but a plain statement of fact—we printed fifty copies of the *Thunderer*. The paper we used was bagged from the house cupboard. Our expenses were about six bob and our time. Our profits—as we charged 3d. a number—would come (we reckoned) to six and sixpence. Not a great sum, but still, nowadays it seems hard not to drop money, let alone make it.

We fixed on Saturday for the publication of our Journal, and posted a notice on our study door to the effect that “A New Journal, supplying a long-felt want, might be obtained within, on Saturday afternoon, at the modest price of 3d.” We fixed on the afternoon because we are rather busy in the morning—keeping in the background as much as possible, to prevent masters and other coarse fish from providing for our leisure hours. Of course, fellows were awfully envious, and chaffed us no end

about the new undertaking. We sheltered ourselves in mysterious silence, thereby hoping to stimulate the demand. Nobody got to know any of the real contents of the paper before it came out; and on the whole I think it was just as well.

On Saturday afternoon, directly dinner was over, we rushed to our study, sat down behind the table near our *Thunderer*, and waited for the eager crowd. The crowd came—a bit too eagerly, and we only saved our stock-in-trade by Dickie sitting on it, and myself repelling those who had no money. It was a busy ten minutes; but by the end of it we had sold every copy, and had in our possession half the weekly pocket money of most of our house.

We were complacently counting our spoil when there came an interruption. A large, ill-mannered youth, named Gordon, walked into our study with the *Thunderer* in his hand.

“I want to speak to you,” he said.

“Come to congratulate us, or take some shares?” I asked, cheerfully. But he didn’t respond in the spirit which I displayed.

“I’ve not come to congratulate you, or take any of your beastly shares. I’ve come to ask what you mean by putting this in about me?”

I scented trouble.

“Is it in the ‘Local Paragraphs’ or the Poetry column?” I asked.

“‘Local Paragraphs,’ you mongrel.”

“Ah,” I remarked. “We tried to make the local paragraphs snappy and interesting. What does it say?”

“This.” He spluttered with rage. “‘We hear, on good authority, that C. J. G.r.d.n’—of course, we’d left the vowels out: it’s an old trick—’ has announced his intention of dyeing his hair red and blue on alternate days. We trust this report will be confirmed, as his present hirsute’—(my word)—‘furniture is the reverse of pleasing to the artistic eye.’ What do you say to that?”

“Isn’t it true?” asked Dickie, anxiously. “I hope it’s going to be red and blue. They’re my favourite colours.”

“You—you swine!” (He uses rather vulgar words, you know, but I could make excuses.) “I’ll pay you out for this.”

“We’ll correct it in our next issue,” I assured him. “We’ll say you’re going to dye it green and yellow, if you like. Can we do more?”

Apparently we couldn't, for he left our study abruptly.

"Cheerful chap," said Dickie, thoughtfully. "I thought he wouldn't mind a little thing like that;—but you never can tell."

"No," I said, "I don't think he's got much to complain about. Hallo! Come in!"

"Meaning the *Thunderer*, I suppose. It strikes me we'll have to publish an index and vocabulary to our organ. Read out the offending passage. Is it Poetry or Local—"

"It's meant to be poetry," he said. "I daresay you think a lot of it; but, in my opinion, it's the worst bilge I've ever seen."

"Perhaps you're prejudiced, or blinded



"I'VE COME TO ASK WHAT YOU MEAN BY PUTTING THIS IN ABOUT ME?"

I had heard another knock—a loud, aggressive sort of knock, you know; and now there advanced into our study a fellow named Wiltshire. He's a biggish chap—about our size, and he looked rather sick. I greeted him in a hearty fashion, though I guessed the purpose of the visit.

"Come to—" I began.

"No. I haven't," he snapped. "I want to know the meaning of this."

"You chaps want a great deal of help in your home work to-day," said Dickie wearily. "We've had one ignoramus in already."

"Let me help you, my boy," I said.

"Come on me if you want information. I cannot allow you to profit by the industry of your class-mates." (That was a crib from old Sellars' style, of course.)

"I don't want any of your confounded cheek, young Calmour. I've had enough of that already. What do you mean by sticking this about me in your beastly rag?"

by passion," Dickie suggested mildly. "Cool down a bit, and let's hear the worst. We've written it—or rather Tommy has—and can face it a second time."

So he read the following:—

Ode to Wiltsh.re.

Oh, Being, strange and fearful.
In mind and body weak,
I wonder much why Nature
Gave vent to such a freak!

In vain do kindly masters,
In vain do bigger boys,
Ply daily cane or willow;
You only make a noise.

The fishes in the water,
The birds upon the tree,
The cows about the meadows
Are wiser far than thee.

"You call that rot poetry, I suppose? I call it cheek; and I'll get even with you!"

"How?" I asked amiably. "You

couldn't fight either of us—let alone the two together. The best thing to do is to bear the criticisms of the Press with calmness."

"I'll make you repent it," he grunted vindictively. "I can get heaps of chaps to help." Then he retreated from the room.

His parting words gave us food for thought.

"It won't be all jam," said Dickie, "if he leads a mob this way. We'll have all our work cut out."

"M'yes," I replied.

So we bustled about and got ready for the expected attack. All the printing apparatus, money, &c., we locked away in our grub boxes. Then we laid in a good stock of water—not to drink, of course—in big jugs, and waited.

Presently we heard steps coming along the passage. Then somebody stopped outside our door and hailed us.

"Flag of truce," he said. "Is it Pax while I come in?"

"You can talk from outside," I replied.

"Well . . . will you surrender?"

"What for?" said Dickie.

"For writing all that rot about different chaps."

"Do you take us for asses?" I said, sarcastically.

"You'd better give in. It'll pay you in the long run," was the answer.

"Just you take a long run yourself," I shouted, "or we'll hurry you up."

The unknown departed hastily, and a few moments later the grand attack began. Luckily, our door is—or rather was—a good strong one, and resisted the siege bravely. We found it fairly easy to keep them out by sticking the back of a chair under the door-handle, and simply holding it there. It acts as a splendid lever, you know; and if that had been all the business, they'd never have got in. But they were 'cuter than we supposed.

"Hold the door," Dickie shouted suddenly, and retreated. I held the door firmly—it wasn't much to do, really—and looked round. I saw Dickie up at the window—which was open—industriously belabouring a head and shoulders with a hockey stick. The beggars had placed a short ladder outside and were climbing up!

Fortunately, Dickie is strong of arm. His stick, too, proved harder than our enemies' skins, and they retreated. He is a good shot also, and they were unlucky enough

to absorb a jug full of water before they got to cover. They simply sizzled with rage: it was excellent sport.

"Here, take a turn at the door, Dickie," I said. "I want to do a little of the week's washing now."

He obeyed; and I approached the window. It was lucky I didn't get there sooner. I had only got half way across the room when—Smash! went a pane of glass, and a potato whizzed past my head. Then another and another. The beggars had raided the gardener's shed—it was Wiltshire's idea we found out after.

Those potatoes came banging and crashing through, doing no end of harm to the treasured ornaments and photographs on our mantelpiece, leaving wet marks where they smashed against the wall, and touching us up pretty considerably when they came our way. One got Dickie in the neck, and another hit me in the ear—I tell you I felt deaf for days after, for a potato is no trifle when flung hard by an enraged youth like Wiltshire. Occasionally the fire slackened, but whenever we showed ourselves near the window it began again with increased vigour. The place seemed to be simply full of potatoes.

"This is a bit thick," said Dickie, surveying the havoc with a troubled eye. "What we've made on the old *Thunderer* won't anything like pay for that glass. I'm getting tired of it."

"Confound the beastly rag," I said. "What can we do, Dickie?"

"Blessed if I know. Better sit tight, I suppose."

I couldn't offer a better suggestion, so we sat tight; and I expect we should have been sitting there still if matters hadn't moved rather more quickly than we expected.

You see, the besiegers at the door had kept up their hammering and shoving very heartily the whole time. Now, as ill-luck would have it, two catastrophes occurred. If they had happened at different times we could have dealt with them effectually; but, coming together, well—it was rather beyond our strength—*ultra vires* as the Latin puts it. The potato lot had advanced up the ladder. They reached the top. One fellow threw open the window and jumped in. I started up to drive him back—when, all of a sudden, the door-handle gave way. It wasn't its fault, poor thing! It had stood the strain bravely for some time, and had put up with a good deal. The

result was that one body irrupted through the door and a second through the window. We had a fairly busy time of it for a few minutes when another interruption occurred.

This time it was the house-porter; and I'm bound to say that Dickie and I were rather glad of his appearance.

"The House-Master wishes to see Master Calmour and Master Vaughan at once."

cause I understand you two are the—the editors of this paper."

The *Thunderer* looked very small and sorry for itself the way he held it. We admitted the "soft impeachment" as gently as possible.

"I have read it with interest, but am bound to say that I consider it a most discreditable production. You have not contented yourselves with lampooning your



I SAW DICKIE BELABOURING A HEAD AND SHOULDERS WITH A HOCKEY STICK.

That alarmed the crowd, because an invitation of that sort usually means a caning. They roared, hooting lustily. Dickie and I brushed one another as speedily as we could, and then went into the old bird's study, wondering what on earth was up. We'd been pretty good for the last fortnight, and we didn't know of anything specially wrong in our careers. The old bird was sitting at his table and in his hands he held—a copy of the *Thunderer*.

"I have called you in," he began, "be-

companions; you have also attacked your masters."

At this point we remembered a harmless little article of Dickie's on the advisability of masters being caned daily by heads of forms; and I am ready to acknowledge that we trembled.

"I must teach you that boys must not commit such impertinences. Possibly a good whipping will inspire you with better manners. . . . Now, Calmour!"

And he raised the cane in the air.

ROLF.

By BART KENNEDY.

With an illustration by Helmer.

I.

ROLF had vowed eternal vengeance against Rollo. To the gods he had prayed for power to smite his foeman into the dust. Wodin, of the din and blood of war, and Thor, of the mighty hammer, he had invoked. Wild, intense Norseman, he longed for the power to gather in his hand all the forces that dwelt in earth, air, and sea—aye, and that dwelt in the heavens and the hells—to fuse them into one thunderbolt wherewith to slay—to slay Rollo.

And Rollo? What had Rollo done to Rolf? How had he aroused this fearful hatred?

If asked this question, Rolf could never have answered it. He knew that his father had hated Rollo's father long before he himself was born. Feuds had burned between the families through generations. He had inherited this hatred, even as the eagle inherits its talons and cruel, sweeping crush of wing. Bred amid the wildness of storms and crash of battles, he was indeed one to nurture such an inheritance.

He was tall and sinewy of frame. He moved with that litheness, and curious, abrupt ease of action that belong but to the born robber of sea or mountain. Strange to say, for a Norseman, his hair was black, his eyes were piercingly black, and he was sallow of face. His expression was cruelly fierce. He was dressed in skins, and his hair swept down his shoulders in one unkempt wave. A dagger, with long, naked blade, was stuck in his belt. His air was that of savage, destructive force. It seemed as if a man had leaped full-powered from the hurtle of furling elements—as if they had given birth to a human in the midst of their ravings.

Such was Rolf.

II.

It was a winter's day, and the sun shone with that pale, searching softness which belongs to its shinings in far Northern lands. Snow, snow! How it covered, how it caressed the deep valleys, the heaven-riving mountains!

And it fell gently—softly—slowly.

It lay upon all things. Hidden and calmed to sleep was the dash of the torrent and the roar of the river, as the snow mantled the prisoning ice. And the wind sang softly through the forest firs. And tiny birds chirped as they flew searchingly, seeking food for their little ones. And perhaps the wind whispered some strange and wondrous secret to the birds, for oft-times they gathered together on boughs and twittered to one another wonderingly. And some warbled a sweet answering refrain to the wind, that sang lower and lower, till at last, at eve, it died away in a whisper that trembled strangely the forest leaves.

And there came a calm all-stilling. All things it made restful. Even the wolves lay down in peace.

III.

“ROLLO! Rollo! Awake! awake! Rolf, with his men, is at thy gate! Arise! arise! I tell thee. Hear thou the mighty blows and crashes! He who would slay thee, who would slay us all, is upon us. Oh, how heavily thou dost sleep! The mead thou hast been drinking has numbed thee. Ah! Good! Here, here! Quick, quick! Buckle on thy sword—thy sword! Here is thine axe. Rolf is here! Bestir thyself. Summon thy vikings. Ho! Vikings! Vikings! Rise—rise from your drunken slumbers! Loose yon baying dogs! Rolf is upon us! Fight! fight!”

IV.

FAINT grey dawn was upon the land, and in the far East a star of a wondrous glory was arising. Steadily its rays stole across the fainter rays of dawn. And they grew brighter and brighter, and lo! mountains, forests, and all things were bathed in a soft glow—a glow that told of a great love.

And peace stilled all. And the star's rays fell, and fell, and illumed a strange scene in the great hall of a rude castle in wild Scandinavia.

This was the scene:—

Rude Norsemen were listening to a seer



NEVER MORE WOULD THEY BE FOES.

of white beard and calm eyes, who was pointing to the star and telling them a strange, mystic tale. Softened and wondering were their faces, and tears stood in their eyes. Weapons were in their hands. They had been about to slay one another, when suddenly this star of strange glory had appeared in the far East and stilled their fury. Entranced, they had watched it till at last there came the old seer to tell the story of its meaning.

He was telling them of a Child born in

a manger in far-away Bethlehem—a Child who was to bring love and peace to all.

In the centre of the hall were two men. They were the leaders of the others. One had long, black, unkempt hair and a face most fierce, yet with a strangely softened expression dawning upon it; the other was frank of face, blue of eyes, and fair of hair. Their hands were joined, in friendly clasp, as they listened. Never more would they be foes.

And the star in the East grew brighter!



Cuckoo and Linnet.—R. E. Wright (Lancaster), during his holidays, found a cuckoo's egg in a linnet's nest, and asks if it is not an unusual occurrence. The linnet is not one of the birds commonly selected to be a foster-parent of the young cuckoo, but a number of instances are on record. According to a list drawn up by Mr. Bidwell, seven or eight years ago, out of 919 cuckoo eggs in his possession, 15 had been deposited in the nest of the linnet, as compared with 74 in the hedge-sparrow's nest, and 65 in that of the robin. This helps to an idea of the comparative rarity of the linnet's nest as the cuckoo's cradle.

Canary Bird.—The conditions stated by "Richard" (Glasgow) appear to indicate that his canary is troubled by insect pests. A strong infusion of quassia should be applied to the affected parts with a brush or soft rag, and the cage must be baked or boiled to get rid of the nuisance. Your bird is probably kept in too warm a place. A convenient form of quassia is supplied under the name of Essence of Quassia, by Mr. F. Tibbs, 30 Parkhurst Road, Holloway. Price 9d.

Publisher of Book.—E. R. Dutton (Grey-stones) wishes to know publisher and price of Johns' "Flowers of the Field." It is published by the S.P.C.K., Northumberland Avenue, London, and the price is 6s.

Weeds on Lawn.—H. Hoyes (Shepshed) asks for a reliable "killer" for the plantain plants that are spreading all over his father's bowling-green. The weed-killers that are extensively advertised in the gardening papers are, I believe, all very good when the weeds grow on paths, but it must be understood that the chemicals that will destroy weeds are also fatal to grass and other plants. In the case of a lawn, therefore, some other method is necessary, and the only one I know is the tedious and back-breaking one of pulling them up singly by hand.

Cat.—F. Long (Bath) is troubled about his cat, which has three sores on its back, and two on its face. The largest of these above the right eye, "looks as though caused by a blow or bite." It is really impossible without seeing the cat to judge whether these sores are due to disease (mange) or the results of a little difference of opinion with

another cat. As F. L. speaks of his pet as "he," the latter appears to me the more probable cause; but I certainly think he ought to show the cat to a local "vet.," who would be able after examination to determine the exact nature of the sores and advise accordingly. It is very rarely that advice given by post or in a magazine as to trouble of this sort can be of any real value, because without inspection the adviser has so little to go upon that a mistake may easily be made. See the "vet."

Rabbits.—"Grub" (Rothsay) has a pair of Dutch rabbits, and wishes to know what is the best food for them. "I am feeding them at present on bran and tea-leaves, with lettuce as a change." I hope those rabbits are still alive when this answer appears, but it is scarcely to be expected that they will be. The bran is all right, and a little lettuce may be given occasionally—provided it is not running to seed, when it contains too much laudanum to be good. But tea-leaves are not food, and oats should take their place. In addition give swede or mangold, carrot or beet, as well as fresh hay, and for green meat give clover, dandelion, chicory, vetch, sow-thistle, and cauliflower-leaves. Clean water every day in summer, every second day in winter. Take care that the green food is quite free from surface moisture. Well-boiled potatoes may be given once a week.

Rats.—A. W. Bryant (Redland) has a pair of rats with a litter of six young ones, but the cage is only large enough for two. What should he do? and should he separate the parents? Also, is he risking anything by touching or looking at the young ones too much? He should certainly make, buy, or borrow another cage to accommodate the father, as he is not to be trusted with the young ones. The nursery should be opened as little as possible, as the mother will often destroy her young if handled, or even if frequently examined.

Guinea Pigs.—"Squealer" (Morlaix, France) asks for advice on the management of guinea pigs. Now, "management" includes the whole treatment of these pets, and that is far more than the "O.F." would allow me room for. Tell me the points upon which you want advice, and I will try to help you; but if you want a complete treatise I should advise you to get Cumberland's book on "The Guinea Pig" (Upcott Gill, 1s.). For food you will not go

far wrong if you treat them as rabbits. (See answers to "Grubs" above).

Name of Plant.—The plant sent by Martin M. Singh (Robertsbridge) is the Orpine or Livelong (*Sedum telephium*), one of the Stonecrop family. Its name Livelong is due to the fact that it is difficult to kill it. The specimen arrived just too late to be included in the last "Corner," and remained in the



ORPINE, OR LIVELONG.
(NATURAL SIZE.)

letter for a month. *It was still fresh*, and throwing out thin white roots from the base of each leaf. To preserve it for the herbarium, it is necessary to kill it by dipping it in boiling water.

Orchid - Hunting.—"Orchis" (Wandsworth) has made up his mind to give up the office and take up some outdoor occupation. He would like to become an orchid-hunter, and asks how to qualify for such a business. He ought, if possible, to get this information from one who has been through it. I have not; but I should imagine he must first find out if he is made for roughing it in tropical forests. Then he should have a fair general knowledge of botany, and an intimate acquaintance with the multitudinous species and varieties of orchids known to science, or he would be sending home a lot of rubbish that would not pay expenses. You should communicate with some of the famous firms, such as Veitch, of Chelsea, and Williams, of Highgate, who send out collectors; but I believe that a man has to show his fitness by work done on his own account before he gets such employment.

Swallow-tail Moth.—H. F. F. (Streat-ham) has reared from the egg some larvæ of this moth, feeding them on ivy. These larvæ hibernate when nearly full-fed, and finish their feeding in the spring. H. F. F. wants to know whether, by keep-

ing them in a high temperature, he could not induce them to finish their larval stage without hibernating, as he can get plenty of ivy. You may make the attempt, but I believe it will fail, because in this case it is clear (ivy being an evergreen) that it is not the absence of food that induces hibernation, but some physiological necessity.

Water-Tortoise and Cat.—(1) J. L. McCance (W. Kensington) should not keep his water-tortoise in the garden with a pan of water to dip into. It should be kept indoors in a vessel of water containing an island or raft, so that it can get out occasionally. The feeding adopted is quite right, but you might vary its food by giving it small worms, pond snails, and water insects. (2) If your cat has eczema it requires more elaborate treatment than merely washing the affected parts with boracic acid—though this is good so far as it goes. Boracic-acid ointment is a more suitable form for this remedy. The trouble requires a different treatment according to the stage it has reached, but which I have not space to indicate in detail. You will find good advice, with the best remedies, given in Jennings' "Domestic and Fancy Cats," a book you should get (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.).

Lizard-keeping.—T. H. Solomon (West Kensington) has "tried to keep reptiles for about a year, and failed conspicuously." He keeps them in a fern-case 3ft. by 1½, and 2½ft. high, provided with water, &c.; but 10 lizards, 4 tree-frogs, and several other animals have died. I wonder whether he had them all there at one time, because in that case they may not all have got food. He does not say whether he has provided proper food, and I think the reason for his want of success may lie in this direction. He enumerates a number of insects to be found in his garden, and asks which are fit food for lizards and frogs. Frogs will eat almost any kinds of insects, worms, &c., provided these are lively; but the lizards confine their attentions to small flies, meal-worms, and spiders. In reply to T. H. S.'s further queries, suitable food (with the exception of meal-worms) cannot be bought, but must be caught, and must be set free in the case. Where a number of specimens are kept together care must be taken to ensure each getting a fair share of the food. Creatures in hibernation require no food. I should advise that you be content with keeping two or three specimens only, at any rate until you have acquired knowledge of their ways, and how to meet their modest requirements. We have no right to imprison creatures as pets unless we can provide them with all the necessaries they would have no difficulty in finding for themselves in a state of freedom.—W. K. Yonge (Dulwich) asks for "a cheap book on how to keep reptiles." The only one I know is "The Vivarium," by G. C. Bateman, published by L. Upcott Gill, at 7s. 6d.

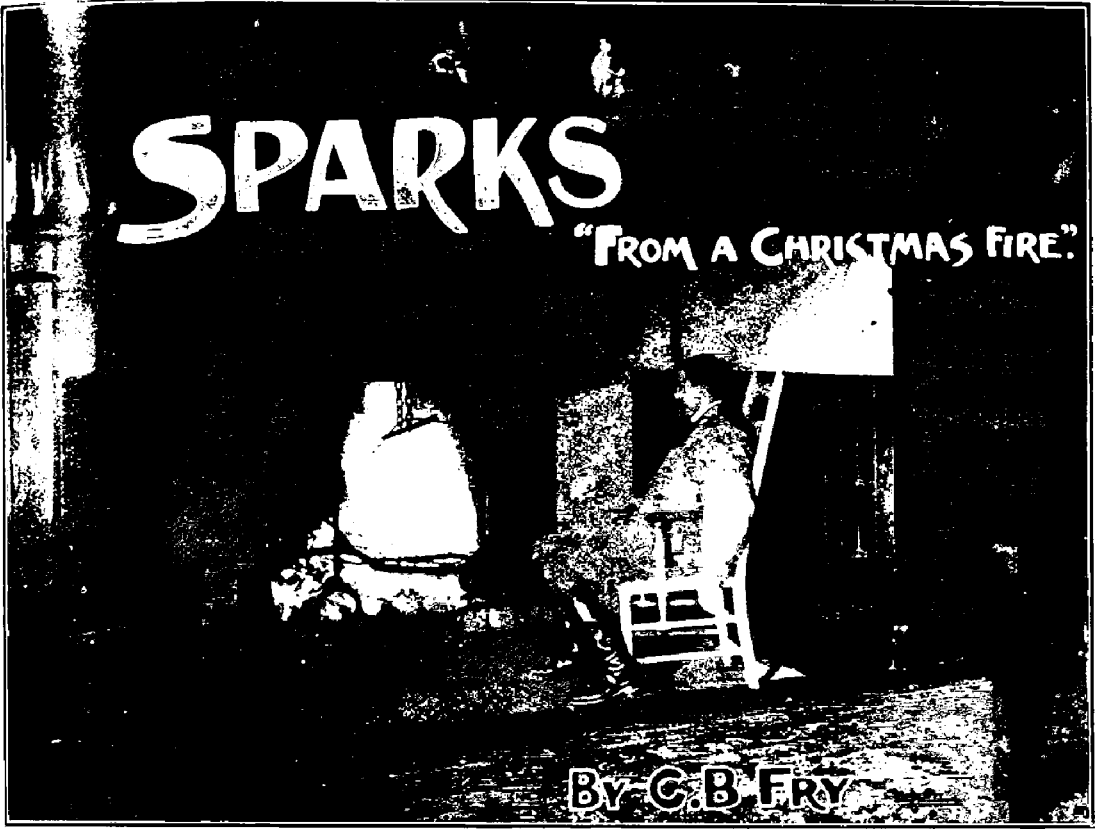


THE POACHER.

Drawn for THE CAPTAIN by Charles Tressider.

SPARKS

"FROM A CHRISTMAS FIRE."



By C. B. FRY

"Rare as epic song is the man who is thorough in what he does"

GEORGE MEREDITH.

A GREAT big open grate; pine wood hissing; coal spluttering. . . . What is there as you gaze and nearly doze, what is there to stop fine thoughts running riot in the glow of the fire, in the ruddy, flickering half-light in which you see so many high-lights? Do you not see there your best deeds, everyday deeds, glowing bright and fair, pleasant beyond the realms and dreams of everyday?

* * * *

They have asked me to "remember." They being "The Old Fag" and the "Art Editor." The O.F. you know; but very likely not many of you fully recognise the existence of the latter. He is very much there, all the same; he has a gas stove for making the water boil for tea, sees to THE CAPTAIN'S outfit being quite complete, hunts me down towards the eighth of every month, and is altogether very human.

Before beginning to "reminisce," a venture which may take me wandering in memories very far away, let me wish you all a Christmas wish or two.

To the Parents of CAPTAINS—the satisfaction of a properly organised wholesome boy or girl. Let me explain what I mean. Parents, when they advertise for a really first-rate plain cook, know that if they get hold of one she can beat any other class of cook, no matter of what nationality, for she can bake bread, make wonderful cakes, extraordinarily good strong soup, with just the right flavouring, but nothing conspicuous, and best of all cream ices and very clear jellies. Parents, I wish you for your boys and girls the standard of excellence of the really first-rate *plain* cook. All round excellence, with hot scones for breakfast. In the right boy or girl article Latin as well as games will be comprised!

Boys and girls, young men and maidens—to you happiness, power of appreciating, a keen sense of humour, heaps of observation; Charles Dickens' perfect observation of ordinary subjects; and, over and above, Robert Louis Stevenson's and Charles Kingsley's eye for the grand and beautiful—the eye that made the art memorials of their pens; then, too, Whyte Melville's spirit of manly sport, the spirit of his

gladiator book, with his "A rum 'un to follow, a bad 'un to beat" verses as patterns, for your life, or for riding to hounds. Then, again, as just homely attributes, I wish you grace to persevere and a never beaten spirit at whatever game you are playing, in school or on the playing field. A schoolmaster once said to me—we were talking about his boys; he was very keen on their games, especially their cricket, and he was telling me of two small boys—he said, "They are nailers, but they never finish; they are Christian scientists, and they do not acknowledge the existence of defeat—consequently, neither ever wins."

It struck me as rather practical, this, for two small boys to go for all they were worth, maybe beaten, but not giving in.

I wish you, also, hard yet flexible heads for learning and retaining what you learn; and the habit of trying for the highest. Then, last of all, I wish you what perhaps you think you like best, strong, quick, clever feet, legs, and ankles to carry you right through your games-season.

Youth, this is written for you, male and female. The models will adapt themselves to both. Read your CAPTAIN, and help it to become even better than it now is. How can you help it? Why, by being "CAPTAINS all." And now I am going to "remember."

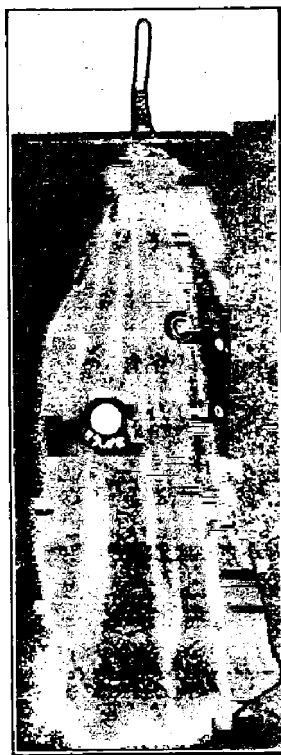
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O.V.A.C. RUNNING
KNICKERS—RECORD LONG
JUMP.

A great big open grate, pine wood hissing, coal spluttering, — what is there, as I gaze and half doze, to stop fine thoughts running riot in the rosy firelight?

Running clothes long since put away, a zephyr vest and a pair of silk knickers. Among the sparks the green meadows of Oxford in the early spring . . . and those clothes come out quite fresh and new, colour white with a dark blue edge. In such clothes you defend your 'Varsity, to the last fibre of your



OXFORD ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL COAT AND SHIRT.

thigh. How bright a picture, when you have laid them by, comes back with them — youth again, and youthful effort in every thread of cotton and silk! Did they not go one better than Cambridge at the 'Varsity sports? My word, that three-inch margin in the hundred, that six inch extra length in the long jump! The fine old running shoes, the champion pair that fitted every toe with clean steel spikes, which held you when you did your record. Fireside pictures, would you be human if you did not respect that little spear of metal in the heel that made the take-off sure? Flying machines—nay, give me the human flight, sprung from ankle and thigh, that lifts you zip! from the mark high up and up, and out and out and down, reluctantly down with a wriggling struggle for just a fraction longer in the air—down so that your closed heels cut clean into the sawdust-and-clay well over 23 feet, and no back-fall! Wheup! 'Tis a fine feeling, a big Long-jump.

Those same Oxford meadows were frozen, too, in flood time. That means skates: long blades for speed. But skates are now almost forgotten. Motors go much faster than the fastest of skating joy. But some of those turns of speed, when the

meadows were flooded, were good—the air, as I feel, comes crisp on my cheeks again.

Oxford there is more in my memories of you than games. Latin and Greek always did have some fascination for me. Do I dream in the fire that schools cease to teach the art? Never; for England's youth would be so much the poorer for the loss.



CORINTHIAN CAP.

some picture rises; house games at school; the 'Varsity match, Queen's Park Club at Glasgow, and the Football Association Cup Ties ending with the Final at the Crystal Palace. Nay, you cannot look ungratefully at your old boots—boots that have marched and run and striven very hard. Were they not there, the blank in the fire would not be possible to fill. Good-fellowship with all sorts and conditions of men, competitions, health, vigour, energy. Patent-leather toddlers,

The football boots now hanging on the wall bring up memories of good fellowship and of stern endeavour; of school and 'Varsity, and later the very best Corinthian and Southern League games. From nearly every one of these

of the best. And with it comes the call of the very keenest and most earnest fielding. Fielding is more than half the game. The chances always come. That test match, when Clem Hill hit the fizzing skimmer, and I ran and held it, and Sheffield roared and England cheered. Or did I miss it? Nay, not in the firelight.

The wind outside is howling, and its voice tells of thin white driving snow, small and very keen. A match to save at Leeds some years ago—in the April snow—ah! but it was cold, and the wind drove as it drives to-night. We saved that match. The fire hisses with the snow. Bats



ENGLAND CAP V. IRELAND.

now in oil seem whispering; and the air seems to be laden with shots; that whirring drive just off the ground, the very grass blades skidding the stroke. And how well George Cox bowled all day with a loose untiring arm; and Joe Vine, you sprinter, how we moved together! Times!—they were times! But we seem to run more runs to-night in the fire than we ever did at Leeds.



FOOTBALL BOOTS: PLAYED THROUGH CUP-TIES IN FINAL AT CRYSTAL PALACE.



CRICKET BOOTS: PLAYED FOR ENGLAND V. AUSTRALIA.

you're not in it; you require varnish, and the varnish so easily comes off. Give me the regulation knob, with its little piece of leather pinned on with a solid brad. . . .

Cricket of the game with the beautiful name? Perhaps it appeals most. So hard to obtain any mastery at it; it eludes you, you err; and its punishment takes immediate form. Still, to hit the ball hard, clean, and clear on a wet wicket, when every run is golden; that memory is quite

Maybe it is the snow that makes things hum so fast. In the firelight there is time for everything; time to play each stroke perfectly. Is it a delusion? Maybe it is, but this Christmas-time we may dream a little.

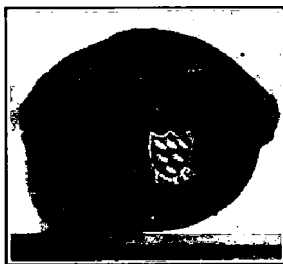
The bicycle ride with a dead headwind up the long hilly road. It was best that day, much best, not to watch too closely the long road. Better to think forward, work the ankles, and rest the head—wise dreamy words, well not to work too hard

a tired part. 'Tis the head that wants rest, and that often gives grand returns for a spell, when the road is very hilly, and you are sound. Call on your heart then, and on your legs, using each as different individuals; a well-ordered frame responds most gamely to the treatment.

Motor cars, are you hissing here in the fire?—what about your petrol, you living mechanism? We praise you for your alertness, so responsive. Such a trier, you are, when you are hurt; and when we watch you retreating down a garage it is like seeing a friend entering the casualty ward. Your very hoot sounds musical, you little 9.11, who some day must make way for more h.p.

Old England, how much more familiar you have become since we took our first trip, my car and I. . . . A dog or two, one or two walls, one admiral, several sharp corners, two cows, one sheep, which went in at the radiator and came out by the "tail lamp." Little frightened North Devon sheep, how did you like that passing? And all the shepherd said was, "If you'd hurt it, you'd a heerd more." And the chauffeur bought an insurance ticket that very evening.

The calm, ponderous shepherd assisted to release the timid little sheep, and a dog hurried it back to its fold none the worse. Maybe it is grazing now near the lovely yellow gorse and heather which scrapes the sky on the way to Hartland Cliff, grazing unmindful of those terrible rocks on the coast below, where the sea comes swirling on and on, rolling in, with magnificent strength, absolute



SUSSEX C.C. CAP.

master of that lonely shore. A ruthless, unrelenting sea, a way round to Clovelly of the moaning woods, the one street, the queer little fisher-houses, fuchsia clad, each house swift to provide for you its own good tea and cream. Pleasant you are, Clovelly, in memory to-night! Deep green valleys with pebbly streams, hills difficult to negotiate with a wilful motor, a green road, a jumping stoat, and a poor frightened rabbit, turned that night by the chauffeur into curry.

Autumn, with your leaves dyed red, what

is there in you to-night, behind the firelight, that suggests sadness, all among your bronze and purple beauty! The sense of finishing—can that be it? The leaf, when the great "wind sweeper" comes, the gold-red leaf must go. And then only the bough remains, laid by for the next green spring—like the white cricket clothes. The robin redbreast I met at work this morning early, he whistled to me to turn him up some worms. Nature has bidden him put on his scarlet vest for winter wear. His long-drawn piping voice has found him



FINAL CUP-TIE.
SOUTHAMPTON SHIRT.

again, to make music in the leafless trees. Brave winter bird! I greet you; you shall have your worm. Oh, Robin, come, sit on my barrow; come early and stay late. Tell me of your summer and we will remember together. The hot sunny days—you in the shady leafy woods, with your silent summer voice, I in the sun with my bat which was once a willow tree, green with sap and alive. They cut it down one autumn, and gave it to me the next spring; and in the summer sunshine, still alive, that bat and I, we made our runs together. It might have stayed a tree and made leaves instead.

Then again, when the sparks rise up into the great black chimney, the cricket bat is a tree again, a willow at the fringe of a withy bed. For, sometimes, in the firelight I see the picture of my bat, as branch or trunk, supporting a little red fox I knew of, who always sat in a willow tree by a brook in the middle of green meadows.

See, in the firelight, comes the brave "big" pack, sterns all waving, inquiry on every broad, wise forehead, and in every thoughtful eye. . . . Jack, in the brown velveteens, with the musical 'Tally ho!

Raynard away in sight of the pack.
 Music. . . . Eighteen and a half
 couple of throats busy, not "chiming"
 now as at feeding time, when they sing on
 one note, but speaking in solemn, savage
 tone. Raynard gone away; one field and
 a half start, and the pack a dappled racing
 patch of Hamblers, Ranters, and Revellers.
 A burning scent. . . . How long can it
 last? What a sportsman, with so little
 start, running straight like this! Grass and
 water, water and grass, and the grey takes
 it all as it comes. A low skim, and his
 hind legs land him right clear of the bank.
 Ah! water to pump for pleasure; fast—no
 creeping—very, very fast, and a brave horse
 that loves the work.

And now where is my bat? Burnt? No,
 little Robin: in oil in the corner, forgetting
 it ever was a tree, bruised and sorry from
 a mistaken four through the slips. Not a
 chance. No; but just not plumb in the
 middle.

Many thoughts come out of the fire.
 There are books in the fire. William
 Somerville, in his preface to *The Chase*,
 says that, "Pliny observes that those who
 were designed for great captains were first

taught to contest with the swiftest wild
 beasts in speed, with the boldest in
 strength, with the most cunning in craft
 and subtlety. It is most certain," he
 adds, "that hunting was the exercise of
 heroes in antiquity. By this they formed
 themselves for war; and their exploits
 against wild beasts were a prelude to their
 future victories."

Our old friend Virgil, in his third
 Georgic, mentions in connection with
 hunting, "The greyhound swift, and
 mastiff's furious breed." And he directs
 us to feed them with butter-milk, which is
 quaint.

The fire says that the ancients esteemed
 hunting, not only as a manly and warlike
 exercise, but as highly conducive to health.
 I hope I shall go hunting to-morrow.

Health, bright, clear, crystal health, you
 we seek; for, without you, we may fail to
 have charity, which is said to be the
 greatest of all.

Firelight, friendly with little blue-green
 flames, dart out to us knowledge, we be-
 seech you, which will make us natural and
 healthy, and brown with the bloom of the
 sun and the wind.



SATURN.—Who is "gray-haired, but not quiet as a stone."

THE DUFFER.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," &c.

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

SYNOPSIS.

THIS story concerns the fortunes of George Wellington Denver, a boy of sixteen, who spends several years at Silverdown, a public school, without achieving anything creditable. Finally, being very miserable, and anxious to escape from a disreputable set he is mixed up with, he procures his expulsion by breaking a very strict rule. On hearing that George has purposely brought this dishonour on himself, his father, Dr. Deaver, gives the boy a severe horse-whipping. The thrashing is brought to an end by the intervention of Joyce, George's ten-year-old sister, and George dashes out into the storm which is raging at the time. Seeking a favourite spot under the cliffs (he lives at Mellerby, a small seaside place), he throws himself down and gives vent to his misery. There, soaked and forlorn, he is found by Munro, an artist, who occupies a bungalow near the beach. Munro befriends the boy and dries his clothes, but George, nevertheless, catches a severe cold. When he is well enough to leave his room his father tells him that he must go to school again, but George emphatically refuses to do so. Eventually he is given temporary employment in the office of Garrick and Mappin, a firm of Mellerby solicitors. Mr. Mappin, the junior partner, admires Molly, George's pretty sister of seventeen, and it is with the hope of improving his relations with the Denver family that he offers George this post. The boy, though he tries his best, does not give much satisfaction at the solicitors' office, and it is the opinion of Andrews, the managing clerk, that he will never do any good at this kind of work. George, however, has a considerable talent for music, and he is encouraged to persevere in this direction by Mr. Wall, organist at Mellerby parish church, who gives him lessons for nothing. Living in the town is a very old lady, named Mrs. Pardoe, said to be a centenarian. This old lady, who is very sharp-witted, considering her years, keeps in touch with the Denver family by the unconscious agency of little Joyce, who, when some trouble has arisen, or when she particularly wants anything, writes a letter to God, and posts it in an old oak tree which stands near Mrs. Pardoe's garden. These letters are taken out of the tree by Mrs. Pardoe. In one of them Mrs. Pardoe learns that Munro, the artist, is very poor, and so by way of assisting him she commissions him to paint her portrait. In the course of the story it is shown how Munro incurs the enmity of John Blunt (nicknamed, on account of his appearance, "Black Jack"), a huge boatman of disreputable character. One day Blunt publicly insults Munro, and in the course of the encounter that follows gets much the worst of it. Burning with a desire for revenge, the ruffian waits for the artist late that night by the latter's bungalow. Whilst a thunder-storm is raging, Blunt sees the figure of a man approaching the bungalow door. Taking this to be Munro, Blunt falls him with a boat-hook, and is about to repeat the blow when the prostrate man is killed by a flash of lightning, and by the glare of the lightning Blunt sees that his victim is not Munro, but Dr. Denver. All efforts to find Black Jack prove fruitless, and he is supposed to have escaped out to sea in a rowing boat. It is computed that when the practice has been sold the three children will have about sixty pounds a year to live upon. Mrs. Pardoe, who has recently bought a farm near Mellerby, commissions Munro to offer the children free quarters at the farmhouse. When Munro calls at The Gables to put this proposal before them, he is told by Molly that a London theatrical manager has offered her an engage-

ment, and that she would like to have his advice on the matter. Munro is against her taking the engagement; nevertheless, Molly departs for London to consult her uncle on the subject. Mrs. Pardoe's offer of accommodation is accepted, and George and Joyce prepare to remove to the farm. At this juncture Mr. Smallwood is laid low by an injury to his knee, so he sends for his friend, Tom Deadwood, to act in his stead. Mr. Deadwood, a burly, outspoken rough diamond, makes such a success of his locum tenency that he conceives the idea of buying the practice if he can persuade his father to put down the money. Late one night Black Jack, who has reappeared in the district, robs Deadwood of his watch and chain and makes off across the common and down the face of the cliffs. Accompanied by Dwyer, the coastguard, Deadwood follows hard on his track.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAD it been broad daylight, and the occasion a mere outing with cheery companions, the young doctor would have found much subject for mirth in the misadventures of his descent. The conditions being what they were, however, Deadwood discovered nothing at all to laugh at in his various slippings and slidings, his scratches and bruises, his desperate clutchings at stone, tuft and bush, and, anon, at the stalwart coastguardman. Once the locum gave himself up for lost, for he found himself gliding speedily downwards and unable to arrest his fall, in spite of his most frantic efforts. But Dwyer, sturdy scion of a seafaring race, rammed the toe of his boot into one of Deadwood's armpits, himself grasping a projecting rock at the same time, and thus Deadwood was saved from sharing the fate of the *débris* which the two men's risky journey sent thundering into the sea, far away below.

At length they reached the narrow plateau near the cliff's foot, and paused to take counsel. "Get that lantern of yours to work now," said Deadwood, in a low tone. "He cut off to the left."

Below, on the king ocean, in his never-ceasing war with the land's ramparts, was flinging his white foam at the grim cliffs. The shattering of the first line of savage fighters was but the signal for the approach of a second, and these were flung back, hissing and infuriated, but to make way for a third, and thereafter a steady, undaunted succession. So the battle would wage until the ocean called off his fierce fighting dogs and left the gaunt cliffs to look to their wounds, and make ready for the next onset. The noise of the fray made thundering music that was welcome to the two pursuers, for the advance and retreat of the watery army, now coming to grips with the land's defenders, now scething and swirling in disarray among the shingle, had served to cover the sounds of their descent.

"There's caves about here," returned Dwyer.

"Maybe he's hiding in one."

"Pretty sure to be. Go ahead."

Cautiously they followed the ledge, which presently led them on to a group of damp, weed-covered rocks, where locomotion was difficult even in daytime. They persevered, however, and at length arrived in a narrow cove, ending in cavernous gloom. The cove was full of water.

"This looks saucy," muttered Deadwood.

"Our man must have taken to the water."

"I know the place," said Dwyer. "It's about knee-deep here at high tide."

"Is the tide high now?"

"Yes; it should be near the turn, I reckon."

The words had hardly escaped him when there was a crash, and the lantern was shivered to pieces in his hand.

"Get down, sir!" he cried, sharply. "He's spotted us."

The hunted man very evidently had, for a second missile immediately afterwards struck the rocks close to where they were crouching, and rebounded into the sea.

"This is a bit too thick," ejaculated Deadwood.

Then a jagged stone hit him on the shoulder. Smarting from the pain of the blow, he did not wait to weigh the consequences, but sprang to his feet with a forcible exclamation and jumped into the water.

"Come on, gov'nor!" he shouted to Dwyer.

"It's time to stop that little game."

With that he waded rapidly up the cove, Dwyer making haste to follow him.

The ruffian they were after lingered to fling a few more rocky fragments; the fusillade ceased. Luckily, Black Jack was no cricketer, and his final shots flew wide. Deadwood and Dwyer plunged desperately through the water;

the young doctor's blood was up, and he was absolutely regardless of danger. The water got shallower, and presently only covered their boots. Then they trod on the last tide's deposit of weed and driftwood, and so reached dry land. The mouth of the cave yawned black and threatening in front of them.

"Go steady, sir," panted Dwyer. "Likely as not he'll heave a rock at us."

"I'm going in," said Deadwood, recklessly, "rock or no rock—*hullo!*"

He had good cause to cry out, for the fugitive had issued forth with a bull-like rush and bowled him over as he stood groping for a match.

"Hold him!" yelled Deadwood, struggling to regain his feet on the slippery pebbles. "Take him low!"

The old Rugby cry came involuntarily to his lips, for Black Jack's onset was for all the world like a three-quarter's dash for the goal-line. In the gloom Dwyer saw his companion prostrate, and a form of great bulk looming close upon himself. Guessing as to the precise mark, he hit out with his fist and got home with such success on Black Jack's check-bone that the ruffian uttered a wolfish howl and staggered to one side, checked for the moment. But only for a moment, for the giant outlaw was of a human piece with the stony fastnesses in whose bowels he had been lurking all these weeks. Seeing that Dwyer was about to repeat his blow, the robber swept him aside, bear-like, with a swing of his mighty paw, and turned nimbly to meet Deadwood, who jumped in and closed with him. For a very brief interval the two men strove convulsively for the mastery; then Blunt lifted the doctor bodily and, with a grunt of triumph, flung him to the ground.

Dwyer, hovering around in hopes of catching the longshoreman at a disadvantage, received a buffet that turned him giddy, and as he reeled back into Deadwood, who was struggling to his feet, a splash announced that Black Jack had again taken to the water.

The outlaw evidently intended to retrace his way to the top of the cliffs; there was no other method of egress with the water at almost its highest point. Flight to the left meant a long swim round a rocky headland. Up the cliffs again it must be, then.

Collecting their slightly scattered wits, Deadwood and Dwyer settled down doggedly to the chase. Again they waded through the water and stumbled over the weed-clad rocks; then on breathlessly to the ledge, from which point they dimly discerned their quarry scaling the cliff with the desperate speed of a hunted animal. Hoping against hope that, once they

gained the summit, they could run him down on the open ground, they toiled up in his wake, wet, bruised, and aching. With never a pause Black Jack ascended higher and higher, dragging his great frame up with marvellous activity, and reached his goal while his pursuers had still half their steep upward journey to accomplish. On the cliff's crest he paused and peered down, and at that moment their

pipe. "By George! though, coast-guard, I shouldn't like to have your job with that hairy merchant prowling round. What price either of us if we tackled him alone?"

But Dwyer wasn't in a mood for conversation. He had a long night's coast patrol in front of him, but the treatment he had received at Black Jack's hands had left him little stomach for his duties. Wet and worn as he was, how-



THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE YAWNED BLACK AND THREATENING IN FRONT OF THEM.

gaze was mesmerically drawn up to the spot where he stood, dimly silhouetted against the driving clouds. As they looked, drawing their breath painfully, he waved his hand with a mocking gesture and disappeared. And when, spent and weary, they dragged themselves on to the short, rough grass that coated the cliff's summit, there was no sign of the man whose attempted capture had cost them such strenuous toil.

"Well, we've had a good run for our money," said Deadwood, philosophically feeling for his

ever, his work had to be done, and before resuming his march he must go back to his cottage for another lantern. Still, he had the heart of an Englishman and sailor blood in his veins. Though he felt more like a stiff glass of hot rum and a warm bed than a long, lonely tramp over the rock-bound territory entrusted to his care by my lords of Whitehall, he straightened out his disordered raiment and once more assumed the cool, emotionless demeanour of an Admiralty servant.

"I have to take my chance of that, sir," he

said. Then, raising his hand in salute, "I wish you good-night, sir."

"Hang on," cried Deadwood, about to strike a match. "What about that lantern?—what's the damage?"

"Government lantern, sir. Another at home."

Deadwood wanted to tip Dwyer, but he had a certain amount of tact, and saw that the thing must be done delicately, for the coast-guard was not a man of the ever-ready-palm order.

"Look here," said the locum, "what about that cave? Think my watch is there?"

"Not very likely, sir," replied the coastguard stolidly.

"Suppose we have a look round it to-morrow?"

"In the afternoon, sir, I'm at your service," returned Dwyer.

"Good. We'll say three o'clock. Where do you hang out?"

"Cottage just by the bungalows. You can't miss it, sir. It's the only one there."

"Right! I'll call for you. Good-night, coast-guard!"

"Good-night, sir."

Once again Dwyer's hand went up in salute, and then he strode off with a smart, swinging step.

"Excellent chap, that," quoth Deadwood, heading homewards across the common.

On the following afternoon, at the appointed hour, he called for Dwyer, and together they proceeded to the cave. It was low water, so they walked round to it along the beach. With the aid of the coastguard's lantern they submitted Black Jack's lair to a thorough search, but all they found was a tattered blanket, an old jersey, some fragments of food, and a big heap of dry grass that had evidently served as a bed.

"Poor quarters, these," said Deadwood, puffing at his pipe. "Wonder where he's roosting now!"

"Got away up the coast, I should say, sir. The police are looking out for him, but I doubt if they'll catch him. He'll get a ship and be off to foreign parts I should think, sir."

"With my watch," added Deadwood, ruefully.

"A good old ticker, too."

When they parted at Dwyer's cottage Deadwood slipped five shillings into the coastguard's hand. "A little something for baccy," he explained.

"Thank you, sir," said Dwyer, touching his cap.

"Very excellent chap," was Deadwood's com-

ment, as he wended his way back to The Gables.

Naturally enough, he felt very sore about the loss of his watch—a present from his father when he entered St. Matthew's Hospital; and so his astonishment and gratification may be imagined when, on coming down to breakfast the next morning, he found a packet by his plate which, the maid explained, had been deposited that morning in the letter-box. It was labelled simply, "The Doctor," in very homely caligraphy, and contained the watch and chain which Black Jack had stolen from him.

"By George!" ejaculated Deadwood, "this beats Maskelyne and Cooke. I'll wager our bearded friend had no hand in *this* deed of simple honesty."

CHAPTER IX.

JOYCE COMMENCES A CURE.



AT length the time came for George and Joyce to remove to the Hall Farm.

Mr. Deadwood had succeeded in extracting the purchase money for the practice from his father—who parted with it with some misgivings—and had likewise prevailed upon his grandmother, who favoured him above the rest of the family because he bore a strong likeness to her late husband, to supply him with a sufficient sum for taking over the furniture, the vehicles in the coach-house, and a couple of the horses—one of them being, of course, the now docile Emperor. Thus a sale was rendered unnecessary. Miss Mabel Deadwood came to keep house for her brother, and Miss Wellington, after seeing her nephew and niece safely established at the farm, took wing to Bath. Mr. Deadwood kept on Poole and the other servants—thus the transfer of the practice was effected in a quiet and satisfactory fashion.

The farmhouse was a roomy, snug building, situated about a mile from Mellerby Hall, of which estate it had formed a part before lowness of funds had driven its squire owner to part with it. The Hall itself had long since passed out of the hands of the aristocratic family whose country seat it had been, and was now inhabited by a retired brewer—a gentleman afflicted with one of those chronic complaints by which, strangely enough, the possession of much money is so often accompanied—as a set-off, it would seem, against the good things of this world. So the brewer, though his feet trod velvet pile, though from his study windows he gazed upon a spacious park and stately trees, though surrounded by every

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luxury and the portraits of other people's ancestors, which he had bought in at his own valuation, would probably have bartered all for the health of the groom who whistled over his work in the stable-yard.

Joyce, in the course of her walks about the farm lands, used often to catch sight of this miserable Cræsus, wrapped up to the chin, poking round the outskirts of his own domain. And he, in time, came to recognise her, and would nod pleasantly to her, and pass the time of day, as the country people put it. Thus a sort of friendship sprang up between them. When the brewer went out for his limited strolls he would look out for the little girl, and was disappointed if he did not see her, while Joyce herself generally chose the path which led her along the hedge forming the boundary of the present Hall estate—for the yonder side of it had lately become the brewer's favourite "beat."

One day, when she was blackberrying, he put his head over a gate and beckoned to her.

"There are some very fine blackberries just here," he said; "you may come and get them if you like. I'm afraid you'll have to climb over the gate, as it's padlocked."

"Thank you very much," said Joyce, with alacrity.

The little girl felt very sorry for her kindly invalid neighbour. Mrs. Elphinstone, the bailiff's wife, who was much given to gossip and especially to conversation about illnesses, had told her that Mr. Lawson—for that was the brewer's name—suffered from a disease of the nerves which made him afraid to go in a train or carriage, or even beyond his own private grounds. He had a big, loud-voiced wife, and several sons who were making hay of the large fortune he had amassed. As they found the Hall dull, and its hypochondriacal master rather trying, they spent as little of their time as possible at Mellerby. So it came about that Mr. Lawson was often left alone with the servants and his private attendant—a state of being which did not improve the depressed condition of his mind. True, his family had tried all they could to get him away from the Hall, but without effect. He was as stubborn as steel on that point. Through the lodge gates he would not go, notwithstanding the arguments and persuasions of his wife and sons, and the admonitions of his medical advisers. He wouldn't—and there it ended.

Joyce had often thought what a pity this was. In the bleak winter, as Mrs. Elphinstone said, there was the sunny Mediterranean, or Egypt, or the West Indies—all sorts of nice warm places which would do him a

world of good. But no—all the winter through Mr. Lawson insisted on remaining at the Hall, which was damp, owing to the lake which lay behind it, and favoured with a large variety of draughts. It didn't matter. There he stuck, as Mrs. Elphinstone said, like a lumpet, and it seemed probable (to quote that dismal-minded dame again) that there he *would* stick till he was carried out toes first—to the churchyard.

From which it will be gathered that Mrs. Elphinstone was not the most cheery companion one might have in a lonely farmhouse on a bleak autumn evening.

"I have thought several times that you might like these blackberries," said Mr. Lawson, pointing to a bush laden with huge bunches of the fruit, all quite black and ripe, "so just pick as many as you please."

He gave a nervous cough as he finished speaking, and retreated from the long grass to a dry little mound.

"Oh, thank you so much," said Joyce. "I have never seen such big blackberries in my life."

The invalid's sallow, lined face, with its heavy pouches under the eyes, lit up with pleasure. He looked at the damp grass under the bushes, hesitated a moment, and then stepped off his dry mound.

"Shall I help you?" he asked, advancing into the grass with unwonted temerity.

"Oh, if you *will* reach down the high ones. I should be so much obliged!" returned Joyce.

The retired brewer thereupon fell to pulling down the high branches, and for a few minutes actually forgot that he was in serious peril of getting his feet wet. The pile of luscious-looking berries in Joyce's basket rose higher and higher with four hands at work, and Mr. Lawson began to wonder how it was that picking a few blackberries gave him so much pleasure. It was such a very simple, innocent occupation, and such an inexpensive one. Which reflection was not unnatural when it is remembered that all his life through Mr. Lawson had paid a pretty penny for his most simple pleasures, for his wife was a lady who did not set much store by anything that did not cost a good deal of money.

At length it seemed to Mr. Lawson that he could feel the damp of the grass through the soles of the extra thick boots—to say nothing of the heavy woollen socks—that he wore. With a little shiver he retreated to the mound again.

"You have a good many now," he said, by way of apology.

"Yes, I think I have gathered quite enough."

replied Joyce, "that is, I think *we* have," she added, politely. "So I will say good-bye, and thank you very much indeed."

She put the basket on her left arm, and advanced towards the mound to shake hands with her kind host. The poor brewer glanced over the gate towards the farm. It was not far away; still, Joyce's path lay across two pretty long fields. The light was failing, and there might be tramps about, or bulls, or even savage horses. He had heard of horses attacking people. Then a great struggle took place in the invalid's mind. He did not like the little maid to make the journey alone; on the other hand, if *he* went with her, he would have to come back by himself in the gathering gloom of the October evening. He had not been outside the Hall grounds for two years, and the bare idea of going beyond them was to his afflicted imagination a truly fearsome prospect. Nevertheless, he had been as bold as most men before this disease had sapped his courage: the talk and the blackberry-gathering had done him good. Some of his old self surged up: he gripped his stick tightly, called to his aid every little grain of the manhood left in him, and stepped off the mound.

"We mustn't say good-bye here," he replied, in a voice that almost quavered. "I will see you to the farm."

"Oh, please don't trouble," cried Joyce, who had heard enough about him to know that such a journey would constitute a most unusual expedition on his part. "I can look after myself quite well, thank you."

He almost turned back at that, but just managed to keep his courage up to the sticking-point.

"It is late for a little girl like you to be out by herself. Come, I will see you home—or, at least, part of the way," he added, icy fear taking his heart in a fast grip.

Joyce therefore clambered over the gate—Mr. Lawson holding the blackberries whilst she did so—and then her friend followed.

For a moment he stared blankly and timorously about him. It was to him as if he had entered a foreign country. Then, noticing that Joyce was gazing at him in some wonder, and ashamed for his manhood's sake to play the coward before a little child, his hand closed convulsively on his stick, and he strode forward boldly.

"I suppose you go to school?" he said, when they had walked some way in silence.

As he spoke he glanced apprehensively at the hedge, and uttered his customary nervous cough.

"Yes," said Joyce, "I go to Miss Playfair's." "And is it a nice school?"

"Very nice. We have such a dear Scotch governess. When she gives us dictation we can't always understand what she says, and make such funny mistakes. She teaches us French as well, and pronounces it in a Scotch way. You *would* laugh if you could hear her."

Though the brewer felt more like crying than laughing, with an effort he managed to produce a hollow chuckle. Then Joyce went on:—

"And she says such funny things to us. She asked me the other day why I hadn't got a *seam* in my hair."

"A seam? What did she mean?" asked the brewer, in a shaky voice.

"A *parting*!" explained Joyce, with a laugh that rang over the meadows and comforted her companion immensely.

"A very amusing lady," agreed the brewer. "But she is kind, you say?"

"Oh, she is simply *sweet*," said Joyce, enthusiastically. "She doesn't get a bit angry when we can't understand her. We like her so much," added the little maid, confidentially, "that at Christmas we are going to give her a work-basket—a really good one that stands on legs."

"Really!" said the brewer, approvingly. "I should like—that is, if I may—h'm—I should like to—er—contribute to it, if you will allow me."

"Oh, you *are* kind," said Joyce. "I daresay you may, but I must ask the other girls. You see, what we should like to give her is a new bicycle, but we are afraid we can't afford it. Her bicycle was smashed all to pieces by a dray the other day, and as she was on the wrong side of the road the dray people won't give her a new one. I asked George—my brother—if they weren't obliged to, and he said they needn't, and, of course, he knows, because he's in a lawyer's office."

The brewer coughed rather noisily.

"I am sorry to hear about the bicycle," he said. "Now, suppose you thought of giving her a new one, and couldn't quite get all the money, perhaps I could—without her knowing, you know—just make it up. Eh? Suppose you talk to the girls about it, and tell me what they think?"

"That *would* be kind of you," said Joyce, radiantly. "Oh, how pleased she would be! I don't think she gets a very high salary, and so she can't afford to buy one for herself. Oh, dear! I wish to-morrow morning was here so that I could tell the girls."

The brewer smiled sadly, thinking of his

boards of money, which even his family's extravagances could not diminish to any great extent. What was the cost of a bicycle to him!

The kind-heartedness of these children touched him. Their pennies meant a very great deal to them—and yet they gave them away to make a lady they loved happy. What was he doing with his pounds—his hundreds and thousands of pounds—towards making anybody happy?

He had for the nonce forgotten himself and his fancied ailments. Of a sudden the farm-yard gate loomed into view—and then he remembered. The cold sweat broke out upon his brow as the bailiff, Mr. Elphinstone, who was talking to one of the labourers, approached them.

"My wife was wondering where Miss Joyce had got to," he said, raising his hat to Mr. Lawson. "Very kind of you, sir, to come with her."

"Not at all, not at all," said the brewer, glancing back with a shudder at the misty fields. "We were blackberrying, and it got a little late for her to be out alone. Now I will say good-bye, my dear," he added, putting out his hand.

As Joyce took his hand the warmth of her heart shone in her eyes. Instinctively he stooped, so that she might kiss his poor care-worn face. Then he turned abruptly on his heel.

Joyce grasped the bailiff by the sleeve. "*Go with him!*" she whispered quickly, and ran off to the house with her load of blackberries.

CHAPTER X.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF LONDON.

MEANWHILE George was pegging away at work which his soul loathed. He knew he would never make a lawyer, yet saw no path to tread save that which led from the Hall Farm to the offices of Garrick and Mappin. There appeared to be no other profession, no other occupation, open to him. His music could not possibly yield him a living for years—if ever. He was simply clever at it—so were heaps of other people. He knew (for Mr. Wall had told him) that the London musical training schools were every year turning out hundreds of highly talented musicians who found it a matter of considerable difficulty even to scrape along and earn their bread. These were people who were proficient in at least one instrument—who could play the most difficult music at sight, and were

full of enthusiasm and love for their art. What could he, therefore, a boy of sixteen, expect to do?

At any rate his law work yielded him a certain wage. The partners had raised his salary from four shillings to seven and sixpence a week—an increase which the worthy Andrews, as a man of sentiment, approved, but from a business standpoint regarded as so much money thrown away.

"It was Mr. Garrick's doing," he told his wife. "It's not Mr. Mappin's way to pay a penny more to anyone than he can help."

"Still," returned Mrs. Andrews, "when a young gentleman has a pretty sister—"

Andrews pulled thoughtfully at his pipe. He was a man who kept a guard on his tongue, but he knew he could speak openly to his wife.

"That," he said, emitting a stream of smoke, "was largely knocked on the head by the Doctor's death. A gentleman can't very well go courting to a house which is in mourning. They tell me Miss Denver is on the stage, which may account for Mr. Mappin's going up to London nowadays oftener than he used to, and coming back in a worse temper than he went up in. Shouldn't wonder if she's a bit high-and-mighty with him now she's getting her portrait put in the papers."

"*That* bit of a girl?" demanded Mrs. Andrews, incredulously.

"Seems so," replied the managing clerk. "Jones showed me a paper with it in only yesterday. It said underneath that she'd never been on the stage before, but had made a hit straight away in some play—I forget its name. I'll borrow the paper from Jones, if you like, so that you can have a look at her for yourself."

"Ah! I should like to," returned Mrs. Andrews, who was still unwilling to believe that a girl who had been running about in short frocks only a few years since was now what one might call a celebrity—or, at least, sufficiently well known to be talked about in the Press.

"Well," she added, "it's a great pity. Her poor father and mother would never have allowed it if they'd been alive."

"If they were alive she wouldn't have to do it," retorted Andrews.

"It's not the sort of life I'd choose for any young girl," continued Mrs. Andrews, shaking her head. "Look at the creatures who come down here and act their bits of plays in the Assembly Rooms—tousled, painted lassies, the whole lot of 'em. And the men are no better. The grinning puppies. Fancy Miss Denver—as

nice and dainty a young lady as ever I set eyes on—mixing up with that lot!”

“You may be sure her uncle won’t let her mix up with them more than is necessary,” said Andrew, soothingly.

“What will she care for any uncle!” demanded Mrs. Andrews. “She’s a young party that likes her own way. *She’s* not one to be lectured and taken care of by uncles or aunts!”

“*He* won’t lecture her,” Andrews assured his wife. “Too sensible. I saw a bit of him when he was settling up the Doctor’s affairs—and I’ve had letters from him, too. A solid, level-headed man, he is, and understands human nature. ‘Here’s my niece,’ says he to himself, ‘got to earn her living. What can she do? Sing and play and dress herself. What sort of a job can she get? Nursery governess. Will she ever settle down to washing little children’s necks and ears and teaching them how to spell ‘cat’? Not she. What then? Here she’s offered a job on the stage, and wants to take it. If I say she mustn’t she’ll take it all the same. Better keep in with her, and let her do what she wants to do. She’ll get married before very long, and then she’ll be off my hands. Till then, she shall regard me as her best friend and take my advice. . . .’ That’s about what he said to himself, old woman, you may depend upon it.”

“I don’t care what either of you say—it’s not right,” persisted Mrs. Andrews. “Still, you can bring the paper home. I should like to have a look at her picture.”

The managing clerk had surmised quite correctly that it was not business alone which took Mr. Mappin up to town nowadays so much more frequently than of yore. He always supplied Andrews with some very valid excuse for his absence, but the managing clerk happened to know exactly when the firm’s affairs necessitated Mr. Mappin’s presence in London, and when they did not. However, it was not Andrews’ duty to comment on the unnecessary expeditions that the junior partner saw fit to make: he merely looked down his nose and waited with some amusement for the outcome of these superfluous journeys to town. He feared that if things resulted contrary to Mr. Mappin’s hopes, there would be a bad time for everybody in the office. “And if the young lady won’t love him,” thought Andrews, “what about the boy? We don’t really want him, and if Mr. Garrick retires at Christmas, as he talks about doing, Mr. Mappin will be able to discharge the lad or keep him on, as he pleases.”

Yes, to a philosophical observer like Andrews the situation was full of interest.

The dead leaves of late autumn were lying about in big heaps when Munro was filled with a strange yearning for London pavements. Foggy, slushy, gloomy—London might be all these, and yet possess irresistible attractions. Mellerby had been very well in the summer, with its sweet air and simple out-door existence. But now the little fleet of sailing-boats no longer lay at their moorings; yawl and cutter and sloop had been beached for the winter, well above the highest possible encroaching line of the ocean; the other bungalows were empty; the shore had donned her dull garb of winter desolation.

Munro bethought himself of that cheery little club in Chelsea where he had been wont to foregather with fellow-painters—of the grateful glow of the big fire when the streets without were inhospitably damp and dark; of the chop and steak suppers, the jolly chat and good fellowship, the feeling of enjoyment and ease which pervaded one after a hard day’s work. Here men who earned thousands mixed with men who earned only hundreds; it made no difference whatever. The dominating wit and laughter-maker of the club was its most impetuous member. Nobody “put on frills”; by unspoken, unwritten agreement you were expected to leave your cares on the doorstep and make yourself as companionable and agreeable as possible, so long as you enjoyed that great blaze in the wide hearth. The one qualification for the club was that you earned your bread with brush, palette, and the sweat of your brow. Every man that passed through its portals was a worker—a professional artist; some were married, some were single—whatever their state they were good fellows—robust, healthy, travelled, many of them bearded, most of them bronzed from exposure to sun and wind when in pursuit of subjects for their canvas.

Munro guessed that the club would be filling up now for the winter. He could hear in fancy the hearty welcome home to the returned wanderer, and the deep-chested laughter which greeted every good sally and anecdote; he could smell the tobacco burning fragrantly in great briar bowls—and he longed to be among it all again. He knew he held a firm place in the regard of the club—his welcome home would be of the heartiest. The club respected him for his common sense, his manliness, his unselfish praise of men more successful than himself, and his sturdy uphill battling with ill-luck. In addition he exhibited exceptional skill at

billiards, and played a very sound game of Bridge—both recommendations in a club to the respect of one's fellow-clubmen.

"I'll go," said Munro. "The Dwyers will keep an eye on this shanty. I'm afraid I must leave you with them too, Rufus, my lad; while as for Miss Florence and the bird, I've an idea that little Miss Joyce would like to have them at the farm till I come back."

Rufus surveyed Munro with reproachful eyes, almost as if he had read the artist's thoughts. Miss Florence, now grown into a graceful young lady, rubbed herself against her master's leg. "Why break up our little circle?" she seemed to say. "We've been very happy together." The parrot stole a sidelong glance at the group. Certainly *he* could do with a change. His vocabulary, too, badly needed some extending. He was tired of teasing Rufus and trying to provoke a quarrel between the mastiff and cat—especially as he never succeeded, for Rufus and Miss Florence were perfectly good friends, though, now she was grown up, Miss Florence did not take nearly so many liberties with her large companion. It behoved her, as a young lady, to be more dignified.

On the following Saturday afternoon Munro invited George and Joyce to tea, so that he might broach his plan to them.

"*Ere they are!*" shouted the parrot, in lusty greeting, as they appeared in the doorway. "*'Ip—'ip—'ooray!*"

Joyce ran up to the cage. "How-do-you-do, Polly?" she cried. "I see you've not forgotten me!"

"*Ow are yer?*" returned the parrot, peering at her with his head on one side.

"Quite well, thank you, Polly, dear! How are you?"

"*Bit of a cold!*" muttered the parrot, clearing his throat with much unnecessary noise in excellent imitation of his late landlord master.

Miss Florence, of course, gushed over the visitors quite after the manner of a young lady receiving friends, while Rufus strode round Joyce in a way which clearly said: "Aren't you going to take any notice of *me*, Miss Joyce?"

"I am going away soon," said Munro, when they had sat down to tea, "and I want to know if you will look after my parrot and cat?"

"Of course we will!" cried Joyce. "Dear pussy!" she added, pressing her cheek against Miss Florence's sleek coat. "I will do all I can to make you happy, dear!"

"*Oh, go hon!*" said the parrot, in a highly sarcastic tone.

"Be quiet, Polly! I shall say what I like to pussy, and if you are not more polite I sha'n't have you at the farm," cried Joyce.

The parrot pondered over this remark for some time, but could not think of a more effective rejoinder than "*Rats!*" uttered at intervals in a very still, reflective tone.

After a little conversation it was settled that the cat and parrot should be left under Joyce's care, according to Munro's suggestion. So on the Monday they were conveyed to their new home by Tom Dwyer, who had likewise agreed to look after the mastiff during its master's absence.

This matter being settled, Munro packed up his pictures, clothes, and painting utensils, and set out with a light heart to London town. But on the first night of his arrival he did not repair to his little club. Instead, having dined, he betook himself to the theatre where Molly Denver was engaged. For this occasion only he dashed into unaccustomed expense and bought a stall. By a curious chance Mr. Mappin was also in the stalls on this particular evening (being called to town, as he had informed Andrews, on an important will case the firm had in hand), and it also happened that Molly, shading off the dazzling glare of the footlights by the dexterous use of her fan, saw both of them. Mappin was in the second. Munro in the third, row of stalls, near the middle. They were both noticeable men—Mappin for his dark, handsome face, well-shaped head, and supple figure; Munro for his healthy tan, square chin, and powerful frame. The discovery excited Molly, lending a new light to her eyes and additional gaiety to her tone. How pleasant it was to be pretty and successful! Her path seemed strewn with roses.

During the evening her thoughts were busy with these two admirers. She pitted them, girl-like, against each other, compared their appearance, qualities, gifts. Mr. Mappin did everything well, and was always what is called "nice"; Mr. Munro was much quieter, sometimes too quiet, but whatever he said or did, he always seemed to inspire one with a sense of solidity and strength. He ought to have been a soldier, thought Molly.

Such were the ingenuous reflections of her eighteen-year-old mind. Of course, she was not in love with either—she was merely weighing each against the other in a girlish endeavour to determine which she liked the better.

After the performance Mappin went round

to the stage-door. He had met her several times at his uncle's house, whither he had gone in his capacity of legal adviser to her family, and hoped now to enjoy the privilege of driving her home.

Munro, after some hesitation, hailed a cab and drove to Chelsea. He had seen Mappin, and guessed that the latter would meet Molly afterwards. Otherwise, the artist might have delayed his return to Chelsea, as he felt sure that Molly would be pleased to see him.

At length Molly appeared in the doorway, sly and smiling. She shook hands with the young solicitor, and then looked further afield, quite expecting to find Munro there as well.

But instead of Munro there loomed up a tall youth in a yellow ulster, who greeted her with an off-hand air of proprietorship. It was her cousin, and so, after a little chat with Mappin, she slipped her fingers round one sleeve of the yellow ulster, and in this perfectly proper company retreated down the narrow alley which led to the street, whence, *per omnibus*, the two young people travelled home to Bayswater.

As Mappin strode off the stage-door keeper winked at a scene-shifter who was lounging near, clay pipe in mouth.

"No go," said the stage-door keeper, glancing at Mappin's disappearing form and retiring into his little den with a chuckle.

CHAPTER XI.

THE KNEELING FIGURE.

"HIS temper," said Andrews to his wife, one day, "has never been what you would call sweet. Still, one could get along with him. But now he's like a bear with a sore head—finding fault and badgering the staff all day long. It's little Miss D.—that's the trouble."

As November melted into December Mr. Mappin's little trips up to town had increased in number. And his temper had shortened proportionately as his stays in town lengthened. Andrews, in consequence, found himself up to the eyes in work which his principal should rightly have done, and, in addition, was hampered and annoyed by the junior partner's unreasoning censures.

Andrews was only human, and, as is usual in offices, the testiness of the chief rebounded from the managing clerk on to Jones, the senior in the out-room, from Jones on to Smith, and from Smith on to the long-suffering "boy." George likewise came in for a share of the general ill-humour pervading the place. The

only person who preserved an equable mind during this trying period was Barry, who whistled and hummed his way in and out of the office in a manner which roused the envy of those who really had to work. The artful clerk hunted two or three days a week, played for the Mellerby Mixed Hockey team, got all the shooting he could, and spent his evenings agreeably enough at the club, or at the houses of such friends as the Peels and Beresfords, where he essayed to charm the ears of those assembled with dainty selections from his repertory of comic songs. Meanwhile that excellent manufacturer of footgear, Barry senior, was thinking with satisfaction of the son who would in course of time blossom into a solicitor and a gentleman. It appeared to him now and then that the budding lawyer was managing to get through plenty of money, but he paid up uncomplainingly, contenting himself with the reflection that the lad would be making a good fat income for himself before many years had passed by.

George and Barry were now the best of friends. George had discovered that inside Barry's crust of brag, swagger, and love of showing off, there lay a good deal of solid worth. Barry might be inclined to bully and bounce, but, by way of compensating virtues, he had plenty of pluck, and was the soul of generosity. There was nothing in the least underhand about him; he expressed his likes and dislikes in an admirably straightforward but dreadfully tactless manner; he made many blunders, and had to swallow a deal of sarcasm from sharp-tongued friends—but he seemed to get out of every difficulty and "come up smiling" with a serene self-confidence which, while it irritated his small-minded associates, merely amused those with wit and sense enough to read the man aright.

A young fellow with ample means can generally depend upon having a good time in a country district. Barry had become quite popular in the neighbourhood, in spite of his faults; so he went on his way rejoicing—hunting, shooting, dancing, flirting, and making the most of his youth and health. He did everything, in fact, except the thing he had been sent to Mellerby to do. It would seem that learning the law appeared to him the one objectionable and unessential item of his being.

It was through Barry's unconscious agency that a remarkable and uncanny experience fell to the lot of our hero. Barry was acquainted with Mr. Lawson, Joyce's blackberrying acquaintance, for the retired brewer and Barry senior had been boys together at a Roman

Catholic seminary. On coming to Mellerby, Barry had paid his respects to Mr. Lawson, and had afterwards gone to the Hall about once a month to see his father's old friend—generally on Sunday. These expeditions suited the artful clerk well enough when the brewer's family and their lively friends were at the Hall, but when Mr. Lawson was by himself there Barry cut his visits as short as possible.

"For," he explained to George, "the old man gives me the hump. Got a new disease every time I call. Must be a perfect museum of 'em by this time."

Attached to the Hall was a Roman Catholic chapel, of more recent construction than the Hall itself, but nevertheless a building of considerable age. Beneath its stone flooring lay the ashes of the baronets who had once flourished at the Hall, while near the chancel was a huge oaken pew in which had worshipped, in times long gone by, the proud squires whose remains were now shrouded in lead. This pew was reached from the Hall by a private door. The little chapel's congregation consisted principally of country folk, reinforced by Mr. Lawson and a few of his family and friends. A quiet, solemn little place was the chapel, with its soft light burning perpetually before the altar—a place to think in—a place full of shadows. Two miles away was the bustling seaside town; here, tacked humbly on to the great Hall, stood this tiny house of worship, still and holy, a gentle, dream-begetting link with the long ago.

To Barry's unromantic twentieth-century mind, however, the chapel suggested but one idea—and that a very practical one.

"I say," he said, one day when Andrews was out of the room, "I've got a tip for you. Why not practise on the organ in the Hall chapel? You wouldn't have to come down to the church after tea then. Save you a long trudge."

"But I'm not a Roman Catholic," said George.

"What does that matter, you kite?" exclaimed Barry. "It's only an organ—same as yours."

"I mean—ought I to play our sort of music in *your* chapel?" said George.

"Don't be a cuckoo," responded Barry, politely. "What does it matter? You'd be all nice and quiet and comfy there, with nobody to disturb you."

George considered the suggestion. It certainly would be far nearer than the parish church, and save him a lot of time.

"Who must I ask?" he said.

"Oh, I'll get leave for you," returned Barry.

"Old Lawson runs the show, you know. His valet plays the organ—beastly badly, too. Tell you what—come along this evening. I'll blow for you. It'll do me good. Been so wet I haven't had any exercise bar billiards all this week.

When work was over for the day, therefore, Barry and George set off for the farm together. Joyce having dispensed tea in her usual collected manner—and in the course of the meal severely cross-examined Mr. Barry as to the amount of work he had done lately—the two friends repaired to the Hall. Mr. Lawson readily granted the desired permission, and sent a servant with them to light the organ-candles. The man having done this and retired, Barry disappeared behind the crimson curtain which sheltered the blower from the view of the congregation, and George, selecting a voluntary from a book which lay close to his hand, commenced to play.

Musician-like, he was soon engrossed in his task. It was a far smaller and older organ than that in Mellerby church, but of a very sweet, mellow tone. George played on enjoyably, each moment becoming better acquainted with the instrument and its possibilities. The solemn hush of the little chapel inspired him: there was a suggestion of incense in the air which was soothing to the senses; it was a peculiar, novel experience playing here in this little chapel, sacred to an old-world creed which had survived in fear and trembling until more enlightened times granted freedom of religious thought to every man according to his wont.

Presently, as he played on, he felt that his gaze was being indefinitely drawn from the music. A little cold shiver ran through him. He was excited, of course, that was all. Steadying his nerves with an effort, he bent his eyes more rigidly than ever on the music. Again came that strange feeling, compelling him to gaze elsewhere. At length, drawing in his breath sharply, he looked towards the altar and perceived, kneeling on the steps, the dim figure of a priest, his head bent in prayer, his whole attitude expressive of profound devotion.

"What's up?" came from behind the curtain in Barry's matter-of-fact tones.

"N—nothing," said George, turning to the keyboard again.

"You left off rather suddenly," remarked Barry, plying his wooden bellows-handle with renewed vigour as George went on playing.

After a time, fearsomely, George stole another glance at the altar. The figure had vanished. At the same moment he almost jumped out of his skin at hearing a voice at his elbow.



HE PERCEIVED THE DIM FIGURE OF A PRIEST.

"You play very nicely," said the voice. "Go on. I have enjoyed listening to you."

George turned hurriedly—his heart beating fast—to find that the person addressing him was the kindly, kindly-faced priest who officiated at the chapel.

"I'm afraid I disturbed you, sir," he said.

"Disturbed me! Of course not. How could you? I came in as quietly as possible so as not to disturb *you*, my boy."

"But," stammered George, with blanched lips, "wasn't that you kneeling there, sir—near the altar?"

The priest smiled, and put his hand reassuringly on George's shoulder.

"No, I was not kneeling there. Tell me,

what did you see? The figure of an old man—a priest——"

"Yes," cried George. "Did *you* see him?"

"I did not see him then, but I *have* seen him," replied the priest quietly. "You need not be afraid—he will do you no harm. Indeed, there's a saying that those who see him derive some benefit from the experience. I will tell you the story afterwards if you like. Go on playing now. You need fear nothing. I will stay with you until you have finished."

So George, much comforted, played on, and when he had done the priest accompanied them back to the Hall for he himself had come through by the private entrance. After some talk with Mr. Lawson they left the Hall, and took the footpath leading to the farm.

"The story," said the priest, when it had been explained to Barry what George had seen, "is a very short one. About a hundred years ago the holder of the office I now fill was one Father Jacques, who was renowned for his saintly life and kind heart. When Father Jacques was an old man the baronetcy passed to a nephew, a soldier, who left the army when he succeeded to the title, came here, and quickly made himself notorious for his godlessness and evil ways. He was not of our Faith—nor, indeed, of any Faith—and it was with a grudging hand that he paid Father Jacques his tiny stipend—for it was the custom then for the priest's salary to come out of the estate. The young man's wickedness only seemed to increase as time went on, and he was even heard to declare that he was of a mind to turn the chapel into a ball-room, and send the priest packing. Being told of this, Father Jacques boldly and sternly rebuked the young man for his wickedness, and warned him that dire evil would come upon him if he did not mend his ways. Whereupon the young baronet, with an oath, declared that the old priest should never touch another penny of his, and kept his word with such obstinacy that thereafter the priest had to subsist solely upon the charity of the villagers.

"That year there was a very hard winter. The distress was sore, and the villagers were hard put to it to live themselves, much less give anything away. So the old priest grew wan and thin and weak, but his will was strong, and every day he performed his duties and visited the sick. And the weather grew colder, and the want greater, though at the Hall there was feasting and revelry. At length came Christmas Eve. It was nearly midnight when Father Jacques, tottering and faint from want of food, entered the chapel and went up to the altar, there to make his obeisance to the King whose birth the morrow would celebrate. He knelt down, humbly bowing his head before the Cross. There he knelt, this old priest—his years heavy upon him, frail and weary—this priest whose life had been one long act of self-sacrifice. Can you imagine anything more sublime than that bowed figure of the old priest welcoming the Lord whom he had served so faithfully. . . .

"So there he knelt. Several hours had passed by when there broke upon the holy silence rude shouts of revelry, and in the doorway of the Hall's private entrance appeared a throng of guests, flushed and reckless with wine. Of a sudden they caught sight of the kneeling figure, and an awed hush fell upon them. One

approached the old priest, touched him on the shoulder, and said, 'Father, give us your blessing. 'Tis Christmas morning.' But the old priest did not move. 'Father, awake!' cried the youth who had approached—for he thought the old man had fallen asleep while he prayed. But the priest did not answer or stir, and then a strange horror seized upon the lad, and he stole back to the rest, and whispered, '*He is dead.*'

"For a moment they stood voiceless. Then they shrank back along the narrow passage, appalled, sobered, and the story goes that from that hour the young baronet turned from his evil ways and sought, all his life through, to mend the wrong he had done to the priest by works of piety and charity.

"That is the story, my boy."

George thought over the story of the old priest as he walked to business on the following morning. What had its relater said?—"*those who see him derive some benefit from the experience.*"

He wondered what benefit *he* would derive.

When he got to the office he set to work with the industry that had now become a habit with him, and Andrews, when the day's toil was over, expressed himself as well satisfied with what George had done. So George went home with a light step. He was at least earning his money.

On the following day Mr. Mappin returned from one of his frequent visits to town. Judging by his face things had not gone well with him. Very soon snappish remarks were flying about, and the clerks in the outer room were shaking in their shoes. Jones, a good clerk, was seriously thinking of looking out for another post.

So things went on, and the near approach of Christmas found Mr. Mappin in a worse mood than ever. Those who are acquainted with the type of man he belonged to will not question the probability of the situation. All his life he had had his own way: the feminine world of Mellerby had bowed down to him; he had never before known what it was to be thwarted. The blow to his self-esteem was correspondingly severe when Molly Denver showed herself to be tired of his attentions.

He looked round for an object upon which to wreak his vengeance, and his eye fell on her brother. Then he committed the meanest act of his life, and one that he lived to be sorry for—he told the boy that, after New Year's Day, his services would no longer be required by the firm of Garrick and Mappin.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR BOOK CORNER.

BY LEWIS MELVILLE.

Red Cap Tales. By S. R. Crockett (Black, 6s.).—Mr. S. R. Crockett is an ardent admirer of the novels of his compatriot, Sir Walter Scott, and recently he was saddened by meeting with four children who would not read the masterpieces of his favourite author. He could not rest leaving them in such darkness, and at last an idea came to him. He picked out exciting incidents, recast them, and narrated them to the recalcitrants, "to lure them to the printed page, much as carrots are dangled before the nose of the reluctant donkey."

The experiment was successful, for Mr. Crockett records that the Scott shelf in the library has been taken by storm and escalade, being permanently gap-toothed all along the line. This is in no wise surprising. Fashions in fiction change as certainly as fashions in other spheres. The books of yesterday are not the books of to-day; and the stories which delighted our fathers and mothers are ignored by their sons and daughters. But the great masters are for all time, and the most reckless iconoclast will not dare to deprive Scott of his halo. Still, it is a fact that Scott is not read to-day with the same avidity as he was read thirty years ago—which, since we have not so many great romancers, is a pity. Mr. Crockett, therefore, is doing yeoman's service, for his book will certainly send many to the Scott shelf as surely as it sent his four young friends. He does himself less than justice, however, for he claims only to appeal to children. His cry will be heard far beyond juvenile ranks; and it will send many adults who are still young at heart back to the favourite books of their childhood. So well are the incidents selected, so admirably, so brightly are they narrated, that an hour or two may pleasurably and profitably be whiled away over this volume. Mr. Crockett has chosen to give tales from *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *Rob Roy*, and *The Antiquary*. Is it too much to hope that later he will send forth a book dealing with other famous Scott stories?

The Great Crib Mystery. By Tape Terrapin (Hodder, 3s. 6d.).—The majority of writers of stories for boys seem to be possessed of the idea that they must "write down" to their readers. The result, as a rule, is trash. Never was there such an erroneous theory. Think of the books boys treasure. A moment's reflection suggests a whole host of masterpieces—*Robinson Crusoe*, *Don Quixote*, *The Arabian Nights Entertainments*, *Monte Cristo*, *The Three Musketeers*, the works of Scott, Lever, Marryat, Mayne Reid, Fenimore Cooper . . . The selection has been made at random. What admirable books these are; and how a boy appreciates them and reads them over and over again! In his manhood he remembers them far more distinctly than the books he read a month ago. The characters live for him for ever; they become part of his life. The truth is, of course, that no one can write too well for boys. A good boy's book is interesting to his elders. Indeed, no father should give his son a book that he himself has not been able to read without tedium. It is wrong to give an ill-written book to a boy, for the lad is unconsciously forming his style, and is almost certain to imitate the faults of the indifferent story-monger. He who aspires to interest his juniors should choose a subject suitable for the juvenile library, and, having made this concession, should put as much work into it as if it were intended for perusal by his contemporaries.

The Great Crib Mystery is merely a boy's story that it was scarcely worth while to write. It is a tale of school life, "written down" to the supposed requirements of schoolboys. Why should a boy be spoken of slightly, because he "knew pages ahead in his Cicero," or because "Horace was nursery rhymes to him"? Surely it is good for a boy to take an interest in his work, even as it is good for him to delight in his cricket and football. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy: all play and no work makes Jack a dull man. No sensible school-boy thinks worse of his fellow

because he devotes himself to his work. Mr. Terrapin gives us a good boy who unexpectedly becomes a fighter, a liar, and eventually a burglar. Of course the good boy's motive is praiseworthy. He believes his father, the headmaster, uses a "crib" to a handbook on spherical trigonometry—an out-of-date, superseded "crib"—and that his mistakes will be brought by a rival before the Court of Directors. It would not be fair to give away more of the story, for it is certainly not the characters that have any interest. The character-drawing is, as usual in this class of book, sketchy in the extreme. The most unreal person in the story is a boy who *wants* to go to prison, because, having read a story of prison-breaking, he is anxious to have an opportunity to escape from gaol. There may be such lads; but it would be heavy odds on their "funking" the ordeal at the crucial moment. Certainly it is not a taste to be encouraged.

The Farm of the Dagger. By Eden Philpotts (Newnes, 3s. 6d.).—*The Farm of the Dagger* is a story of Dartmoor, and of two neighbouring farmers who hate each other. Roger Honeywell is a prosperous man, and in a matter of a government contract he bests his rival, John Newcombe, who loses ground as the other gains it. Honeywell gains his end by a scurvy trick, and in subsequent proceedings does not hesitate to call to his aid bribery and perjury. If he is unscrupulous, Newcombe is relentless; and the feud is waged to the bitter end. Insincere reconciliations there are, but these only add fuel to the flame; and in the last chapter Newcombe poisons Honeywell, though to effect his object he also has to drink from the poisoned cup.

The bitterness of the farmers has been aggravated by the fact that Honeywell's nephew and heir, Quinton, and Eve Newcombe, have fallen in love. The parents will not hear of such a marriage, and persuasion and threats failing of effect, Honeywell contrives by guile to separate the lovers. Quinton is compelled to take a voyage to America, and soon after Eve is told that he is dead. The shock unsettles her mind, and she tries to destroy herself.

The period of the tale is that of the great war between England and her American colonies. On Dartmoor there are vast prisons devoted to the housing of captured Americans and Frenchmen. One of these, Dan Coffin, effects an escape, and, at the moment when Eve throws herself into the river, he comes upon the scene. The rescue brought about, Coffin finds himself on the horns of a dilemma. If he leaves the girl where she is, she will again,

and probably with greater success, attempt her life. If he takes her home, her family will conceive it their duty to give him back to his gaolers. Still, like the good-hearted fellow he is, he accompanies her to the farm, where, as he forboded, Newcombe is impelled reluctantly to surrender him to the soldiers. How he is rescued and enabled to return to America need not be related here.

Eve goes out of her mind through the loss of her lover; but Honeywell's heart is untouched, and he writes to tell his nephew that Eve is dead. His machinations are defeated by Coffin, who, meeting Quinton, tells him that the lass he loves still lives. So Quinton returns to England post haste, and—all's well that ends well.

The Farm of the Dagger does not show Mr. Philpotts at his best. The story halts now and then, and there is a liberal use of coincidence. Still, when all is said, there remains an exciting story that all may read with interest.

The Road to Manhood. By W. Beach Thomas (Allen, 6s.).—This is the latest addition to "The Young England Library," an admirable series which cannot be too highly recommended. Earlier volumes have dealt with the army, the navy, horses, guns, dogs, and many kinds of sport. *The Road to Manhood* treats principally of football, athletics, hockey, skating, gymnastics and swimming. The author, a late President of Oxford University Athletic Club, writes with authority, and has much that is interesting to say. Perhaps the most valuable chapter is that headed "Daily Training." Much is talked of training, and dietary plans without end have been put forward by "experts." Training should be nothing more nor less than a way of reaching good health; and whilst expounding this text the author states that everyone should always train, though the right sort of training won't prevent you taking chocolate, or plum pudding, or mince-pies, or muffins, and that those who are fit are always ready to do anything that may turn up. The only things that matter in the long run, he contends, are plenty of exercise and not too much to eat and drink. The entire book is written with the same good common sense. Mr. Beach Thomas writes amiably about men and things. The most severe remark he makes concerns an old schoolfellow: "I believe he would have asked 'How's that?' when he knew that the ball never touched the bat." And who will not agree with him that the lad who, under those circumstances, would put that question, may go far, but will probably fare ill.

The Commander of the "Hiron-delle." By W. H. Fitchett (Smith, Elder, and Co., 6s.).—This is an admirable book alike for young men and old. Mr. Fitchett, who is the historian of the great war with France at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, chooses as his background the earlier years of that great conflict. The book is full of stirring incidents, not introduced because a tale of adventure must contain them, but arising naturally enough out of preceding events. If a fault may be indicated it is that Lieutenant Harry Grant is too fortunate. It is true that he loses a ship, and later has his dispatches stolen from him; but even these misfortunes scarcely stay his progress. He conquers ships with the greatest ease; he disobeys admirals with impunity; he contrives, with a minimum of inconvenience to himself, and with a maximum of trouble to those who stand in his way, to obtain important papers from the enemy; and he rescues his lady-love from the hands of a sort of licensed privateer. He thinks nothing of running through the entire Spanish fleet, and gladly goes ashore at Toulon to obtain important information as to the French ships. In a word, he is always selected for the most dangerous duties, and, as a rule, is eminently successful in the discharge of his missions. It is, however, with something akin to a sense of relief that, when we reluctantly part with our hero, we take leave of *Captain Grant*. It has seemed almost inevitable that he must be an admiral. Still, Grant is a jolly good fellow—brave as a lion, full of resource, and not a bit of a prig.

Mr. Fitchett introduces Sir John Jervis, whose flag-ship was afterwards, and under another commander, to become the most famous vessel in the British Navy past or present—the *Victory*. Nelson, too, is to be met with in these bright pages, but at a time before he had reached the zenith of his fame. If for no other reason, the book would be well worth reading for the picture of the spirit that animated officers and men in those good old days. We are shown the officers, at once prudent and daredevilish, achieving always with the least possible risk what appears the impossible, desiring only to be allowed to take the offensive against any odds. The more the merrier is also the motto of the men who, animated with what we are pleased to call true *British* pluck, are almost angry when their junior officers employ guile to effect the conquest of a foeman's ship, having no doubt whatever that one Englishman is the match—the match, nay, the better—of five, ten, any number of foreign sailors.

We have also received copies of the following works, a selection of which will be reviewed next month:—

From Macmillan and Co.—**Traffics and Discoveries**, by Rudyard Kipling (6s.); **The Ruby Ring**, by Mrs. Molesworth (4s. 6d.).

From Longmans, Green and Co.—**The Abbess of Vlaye**, by Stanley Weyman (6s.); **The Brown Fairy Book**, by Andrew Lang (6s.); **The Cruise of the "Falcon,"** by E. F. Knight (3s. 6d.).

From Grant Richards.—**Two Little Savages**, by Ernest Seton Thompson (6s. net).

From Methuen and Co.—**The Mystery of a Bungalow**, by Weatherby Chesney (6s.).

From C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.—**The Romance of Modern Locomotion**, by Archibald Williams (5s.); **The Wallypug in Fogland**, by G. E. Farrow (5s.); **Association Football**, by J. L. Jones (1s.); **Boxing**, by A. J. Newton (1s.); **Rugby Football**, by Jerome J. Rahilly (1s.).

From Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd.—**Rataplan**, by Ellen Velvin, F.Z.S. (3s. 6d.); **The Wonderful Electric Elephant**, by F. T. Montgomery (5s.); **The Thrall of Leif the Lucky**, and **The Ward of King Canute**, by O. A. Liljenerantz (5s. each).

From Thomas Nelson and Sons.—**The Phantom Spy**, by Fox Russell (2s. 6d.); **A Trusty Rebel**, by Mrs. Henry Clarke (3s. 6d.); **Highway Pirates**, by Harold Avery (3s. 6d.); **The Pirate's Hoard**, by A. Alexander (2s. 6d.).

From Ernest Nister.—**Shakespeare's Heroines**, by Mrs. Jameson (7s. 6d.); **Marcus**, by G. Manville Fenn (5s.); **With Richard the Fearless**, by Paul Creswick (3s. 6d.); **Comic Snapshots from Early English History** (1s.).

From James Nisbet and Co. **Sons of Victory**, by O. V. Caine (5s.); **The Right o' the Line**, by R. Power Berry (3s. 6d.).

From S. W. Partridge and Co.—**To Win or to Die**, by George Manville Fenn (5s.); **True Grit**, by Harold Bindloss (2s. 6d.); **Brown, A.I.**, by E. M. Stooke (1s. 6d.); **The Pigeon's Cave**, by J. S. Fletcher (1s. 6d.).

From John F. Shaw and Co.—**Musketeer and Redskin** (3s. 6d.); **The Perils of Peking** (3s. 6d.); **Cavaliers and Rogues** (5s.), by W. Murray Graydon.

COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

*Last day for sending in, December 19th.
(Foreign and Colonial Readers, January 19th.)*

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 separately stamped envelope.

Owing to the frequency with which certain names appear in the Lists of Prize-Winners, we have decided to make a rule to the effect that a Competitor may not win more than one first prize and one consolation prize per month.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by December 19th.

The Results will be published in February.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"Famous Footballers."—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe the name of a well-known footballer. Write in the name under each picture, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear out the page, and post to us. Prizes: Class I, a Gradidge Football; Classes II. and III., John Piggott Hockey Sticks, two in each Class (see Prizes page).

Class and age limit as in No. 2.

No. 2.—"A December Event."—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of December. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration.

Prizes: Class I., a Benetfink Football; Classes II. and III., a Set of Sandow Grip Dumbbells (see Prizes page).

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"Handwriting."—Copy ten lines out of this number of "THE CAPTAIN." Choose the lines yourselves from whatever feature interests you most. A Half-Guinea Hobbies Fretwork Outfit will be awarded in each Class (see Prizes page).

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—"Photographic Competition."—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, i.e., not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Class I., a Columbia Graphophone; Classes II. and III., a "Sunny Memories" Photo. Album (see Prizes page).

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"Captain's Birthday Book."—This time take the month of April (thirty days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, humorous or serious, from any source you please. Make them as varied as possible, and bear in mind the season April falls in. Remember that you are put on your honour not to copy anything out of your birthday books. Do not neglect "THE CAPTAIN" when making your choice. Prizes: Class I., a John Piggott Golf Outfit; Classes II. and III., John Piggott Hockey Sticks (two in each Class (see Prizes page).

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"Stamp Collectors' Competition."—State, on a post-card, which you consider to be the six most artistic postage stamps issued for use in Great Britain and the Colonies in the order of their merit. The replies of the competitors will be tabulated as votes, which will decide the order in which the stamps shall be arranged. Prizes: Class I., a No. 2 Cistafle Outfit, value £3 3s. Classes II. and III., a "Century" Stamp Album, value 12s. 6d. (see Prizes page).

No age limit.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to *January 19th.* By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living *outside* Europe. There will be *no age limit.* One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each competition.

"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. C-H., R. S. W., and A. F. G. Christie. Each prize-winner is requested to send his present address, and at the same time to select a book.

Japanese Schoolboys in England.

MR. E. B. CLARKE, who contributed a paragraph on "Football in Japan" to the October number, may be interested to hear that as far back as the year 1871, and for one or two subsequent seasons, a Japanese student, by name Siuji Matsuda, was a regular player of Rugby Football here in England. He was in the First Fifteen of Carshalton House School, Surrey. As a player he was always a steady, useful forward, not swift, but hard to tackle and difficult to escape.

There were several other Japanese students at Carshalton, one or two of them playing occasionally. About three years later a little Japanese boy came, and took most kindly to the game. His name was Masuda, and he was either the nephew or the adopted son of an officer of high rank in the Japanese Navy of that period. Masuda, or "the little Jap," as he was called, returned to his native land when about thirteen.

I cannot remember the names of all the Japanese who were at different times at Carshalton House, but among them were the following:—Yasi Ito, Chinaso Takahara (political student), Junketi Yamada (natural science and

mathematics), Akamatz (a priest sent to study Western religions), Okura, Matsudaira (now Viscount J.), and Masakishi Ishikawa.

It is interesting to note that in 1874, or thereabouts, two Burmese played in the same team, by name Moungh Bah Ohn and Moungh Bah Laht. They were cousins. Both, I understand, now occupy good billets in their own land.

I enclose photographs of Matsuda and Masuda. Should this paragraph chance to meet the eye of anyone knowing the present whereabouts of my Japanese friends, I should be most glad to receive any information.

C. C-H.



MR. SIUJI MATSUDA AND MR. MASUDA.

Who played Rugby football when at school in England.
Photo. Stereoscopic Co. Photo. Elliott and Fry.

Christmas Day in New Zealand.

THE amount of literature bearing upon the time-honoured feast of Christmas, which is thrust upon a long-suffering public as the 25th of December comes round is stupendous. However, bearing in mind the fact that it is mostly written in the well-worn groove which describes frost and snow, ghosts and murders, plum puddings and the "Yule log," it may be somewhat refreshing to hear how I spent Christmas a year or two ago in this distant corner of our vast Empire.

Lying between my cosy blankets my drowsy brain was wakened to the fact that day was at hand by hearing the prosaic crowing of the farmyard "rooster." Luxuriously turning myself over, I glanced at the window, which framed a most delightful picture of blue sky and trees just touched with the rose-tint of the rising sun. I hastily donned my clothes, threw a towel over my neck and was away through the dewy grass towards the river, breathing in the sweet freshness of the early morning air. The trees surrounding the house seemed alive with birds chanting their morning hymns, the flute-like note of the tui mingling pleasantly with homely trills of blackbirds and thrushes, while high overhead the larks were singing merrily, as though they knew it was Christmas. Ah! What a refreshing plunge in the clear crystal waters which have come babbling through miles of the most beautiful woodland scenery, from the cold glaciers of Mount Egmont. A good rub down and the rapidly rising sun soon put warmth into my limbs again, and I was ready for a little trout fishing. Taking my rod, I was soon trying my favourite pools, and before eight o'clock I was trudging home with eight beauties averaging over a pound apiece. What rapture to hear them hissing in the frying pan, well coated with bread crumbs! After this toothsome breakfast the morning was spent lying at full length in the long grass beneath the shade of a tree reading Tennyson or being lulled to sleep by the drowsy hum of myriads of insects. Then came lunch with its inevitable plum pudding, somewhat of an ordeal on a hot day. Afterwards into the saddle and away to wish our neighbours a merry Christmas. Everywhere one met cheery faces and the usual greeting, and it was with a feeling of great content that I rode back along the dusty road, musing the while somewhat sadly that the sun which was setting with such quiet beauty would soon rise on the dear ones at home, but to light such a different day to that which I had just experienced.

GERALD ALLHUSEN.

TARANAKI, NEW ZEALAND.

Balancing a Pencil on a Match.



PEN a penknife, and force the point of the blade into the pencil about an inch from the sharpened end. Place the point of the pencil on the match. If sufficient care is taken in adjusting the penknife, the pencil will not only stand, but it will be found quite a difficult matter to displace it.



THIS IS A SIMPLE EXPERIMENT, BUT IT CLEARLY DEMONSTRATES THE LAW THAT GOVERNS THAT MYSTERIOUS FORCE, GRAVITY.

By Arthur Combe.

Ghosts.

BY ONE WHO DOESN'T BELIEVE IN THEM.

THE majority of people nowadays do not believe in ghosts—why, they cannot tell you. I myself do not believe in ghosts, but I have my reasons. That ghosts are impossible may be proved by science. A ghost must be made of matter, or else it could not select light, and so you would not be able to see it. And if it is matter, how could it possibly pass through walls and doors, or disappear and appear at random. As a rule, a ghost clanks chains and taps at floors, and its footsteps are clearly audible; to do this some energy must be used, and there must be some matter to use the energy, or, to say it more simply, the ghost must be substantial. Most

ghost stories can be explained with a little thinking out. I give a few examples. King's School, Canterbury, was for several years supposed to be haunted. The figure of a man used to be seen at regular intervals in a corridor. Many persons saw it, and they all thought it was a ghost, but it was afterwards proved to be the light of the moon casting the shadow of a stained glass window on the opposite wall. There is a man who is fond of ghosts, or ghosts of him, for he has seen no less than three. On one occasion an Irish girl came and played a harp and sang to him, and then vanished, a thing quite impossible for a ghost to do, since it cannot make noises. Another man once, in crossing a lonely moor, found himself followed by what was apparently a footpad. He hurried on and suddenly the man disappeared. When he had gone another hundred or so yards he turned back to see if the footpad was still following him, and he saw a tall white pillar, which gradually turned into a man. The gentleman heard later on that four years before a footpad had hanged himself on the moor, and concluded that the figure he saw was a ghost. I don't see why the footpad could not have been a real one, just because one had hanged himself before on that moor. And he certainly possessed no ghostly characteristics. One can easily imagine the feelings of the man when he was followed by the footpad, and that his nerves would be strung up to a very high pitch, and it is unlikely that the second vision was more or less than smoke from a fire which the tramp had lit. The next is of a different sort. A gentleman was staying at a friend's house, and one night went to bed at about 12 p.m., very tired, but, strangely enough, could not go to sleep. Suddenly he was startled by the sound of footsteps and the clanking of chains. Soon after that he went to sleep. On the next night he again heard the footsteps and clanking of chains. On the next day he told his friend, with whom he was staying, who said sounds had been often heard before in that room, but nothing ever seen. A few years later it was found, while the chimney of the house was being mended, that in the chimney a chain hung loose, which, when the wind blew down, rattled, and made the noise of chains clanking. Many ghosts are purely hoaxes. But the majority may be accounted for like those I have dealt with.

R. S. W.

[Of course, ghosts cannot be explained by science, because science deals with only what is to be actually known. Ghosts belong to the supernatural, which science cannot explain, and, therefore, won't acknowledge. It is very easy to explain certain ghost

stories away, as R. S. W. has done in this essay, but how about the many thousands that have never been explained away? I have never seen a ghost, but I believe in the supernatural, and in supernatural appearances. Science only deals with what man's puny brain can master, and what is man's brain compared with the Omnipotent Force that controls the universe?—O. F.]



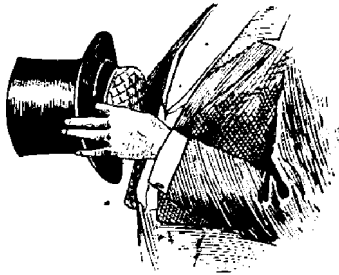
JAMES BRAID, OF WALTON HEATH, DRIVING.
Photo. A. F. G. Christie.

Two Christmas Illusions.



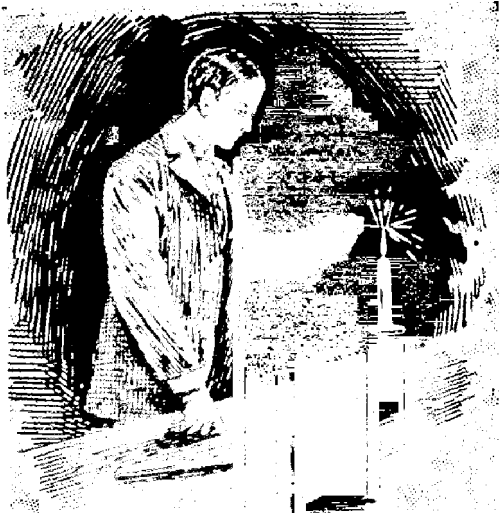
MOST CAPTAIN Clubites have at one time or another watched with much wonderment a conjurer apparently cook an omelette in a "topper," but few doubtless have any idea as to how the trick is really accomplished.

A large, well-baked cake, made to resemble an omelette, is concealed between the shirt-front and waistcoat, and deftly placed into the hat—a borrowed one, usually—in the manner shown in the accompanying sketch. Four eggs, the contents of three of which have been removed through a tiny hole in the shells, are placed on a plate. The conjurer splits one of the empty eggs on the edge of the plate, and pretends to empty its contents into the hat. The perfect egg is then picked up and accidentally dropped. It smashes, and this has the effect of making the audience believe that all the eggs are genuine. The remaining two



SECRETING THE "OMELETTE."

are treated in the same way as the first, and after the hat has been held over a lighted candle the supposed omelette is taken out and exhibited to the astonished gaze of the spectators.



ORANGE PYROTECHNICS.

The second illusion is more simple, and consists merely in squeezing the juice from a piece of an orange into the flame of a candle. The spray burns, and miniature explosions are produced, which help to impress on the audience your remark to the effect that there are fireworks in an orange.

ST. IVEL.

Submarines, Old and New.

ALTHOUGH the submarine boat is generally supposed to be a very modern invention, this is really not the case. As far back as 1602 a Dutchman, Cornelius van Drebbel, constructed a submarine propelled by eight rowers, and holding a few passengers. He successfully navigated this boat

under the Thames from Westminster to Greenwich. The next submarine boat actually built was designed by Mr. Day, an Englishman, but it was a complete failure.

In 1775, during the American War of Independence, David Bushnell, an American, invented a submarine boat (Fig. 1) for destroying the British warships. It held one man, and the propellers were worked by hand. Over the rudder was a mine, containing 150 lbs. of gunpowder, which could be detached from the inside. No damage, however, was done to our ships by this invention.

Coming down to more recent times, about 1878 M. Goubet, a well-known French inventor, built his first submarine (Fig. 5). It was driven by electricity, and carried one torpedo.

In 1894 Mr. Lake, of Baltimore, U.S.A. built a submarine (Fig. 3) for searching sunken wrecks, &c. It ran along the ocean bed on spiked wheels, and Mr. Lake travelled over 1,000 miles under the sea in it, searching many wrecks.

Two years later Mr. Temple built a small hull of aluminium, with a diving suit attached. Inside the latter a man was fastened, and he propelled the boat by means of a bicycle crank and pedals, receiving air from the hull (Fig. 2).

In 1901 the United States submarine *Shark* was launched (Fig. 4). She is of the *Holland* type, sixty feet long by twelve feet beam. Her speed is eight knots, and she carries both Whitehead and aerial torpedoes.

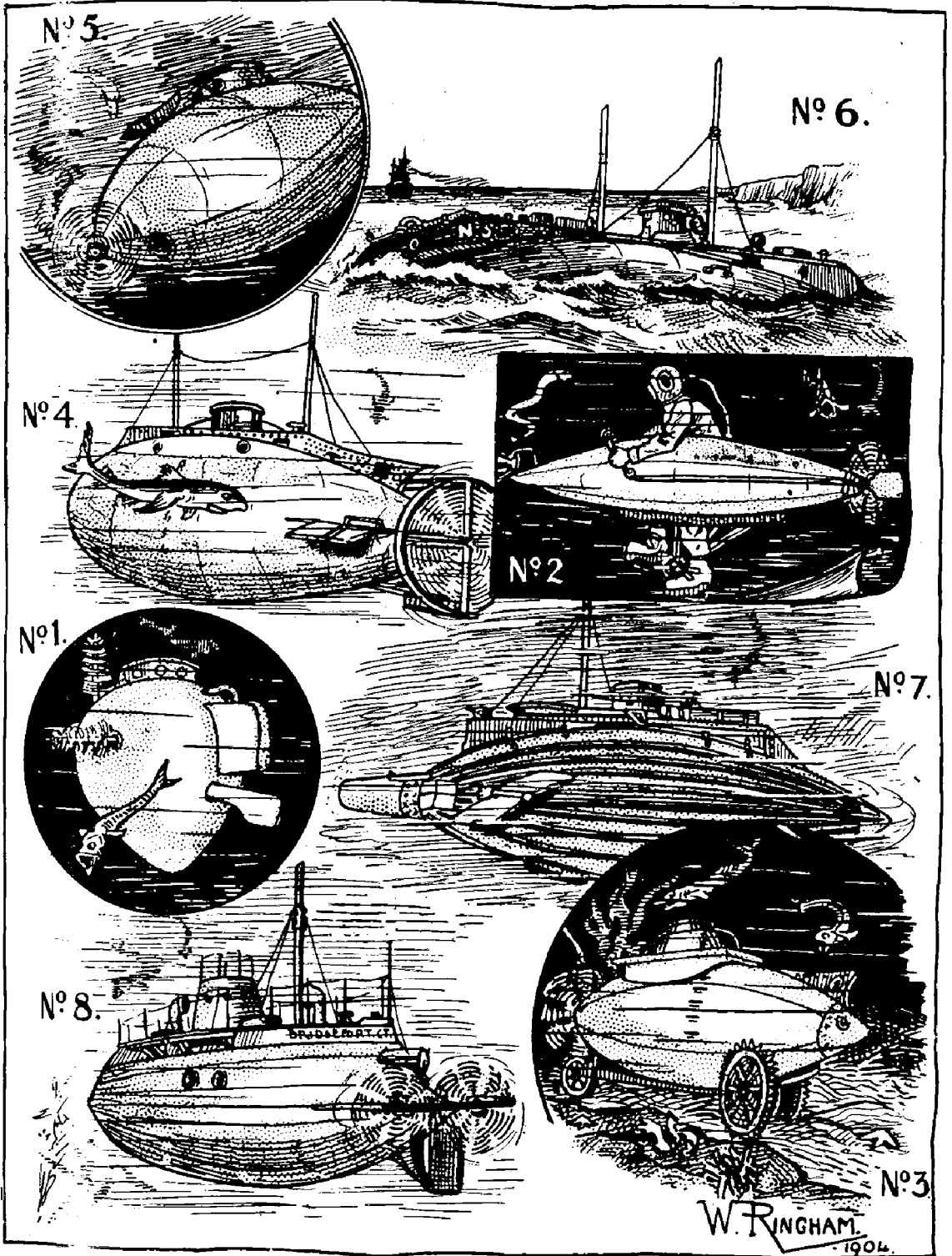
Fig. 6 shows the British submarine, No. 3. She carries five torpedoes, and has a speed of seven knots.

The strange craft shown in Fig. 7 is the invention of a German officer. It is driven by electricity, and carries one torpedo tube.

Fig. 8 shows a very novel type of submarine, recently launched in the United States, called the *Protector*. She has twin screws, has a speed of seven knots, and carries three torpedo tubes. She can be fitted with wheels, to run along the ocean bed, pick up cables, &c.

Recent trials of submarines seem to have been very successful, and the great difficulties of submarine navigation are rapidly being overcome; but it yet remains to be seen what part submarine boats will be able to take in actual warfare. Even if they do not altogether alter present naval tactics, they are sure to prove deadly enemies to all battleships, and there will be little difficulty in laying mines, cutting cables, &c., with these wonderful boats.

WILLIAM RINGHAM.



SUBMARINES, OLD AND NEW.

Fig. 1. David Bushnell's Submarine, 1775.
 Fig. 2. Mr. Temple's novel invention, 1806.
 Fig. 3. Treasure Hunting Submarine, 1894.
 Fig. 4. United States Submarine, *Shark*, 1901.

Fig. 5. M. Goubet's first Submarine, 1878.
 Fig. 6. British Submarine, "No. 3."
 Fig. 7. New German Submarine.
 Fig. 8. U.S.A. Submarine, *Protector*.



ALL HANDS TO THE PUMPS.

From the painting by H. S. Tuko.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

TO ALL READERS A VERY
HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Here we are with our Sixth Christmas Number, and going stronger than ever, I am glad to say. The loyalty of all my readers, apart altogether from a business point of view, has always been very gratifying to me, and I do not think that any editor has ever had a more faithful band of adherents than my crew of Captainites. . . . Really, I feel rather like an old gentleman making a speech at a public dinner—who has a great many things to say, but doesn't exactly know how to say them. Perhaps, before going any further, I had better apologise to the numerous correspondents whose letters I have not yet acknowledged. I hope to put in a good batch of "Answers" next month, so I beg all who have written in to have patience with me till our next number appears.

Now then, let's take a general look at things. I think this past year has been characterised largely by an absence of grumblers, and that is because the majority of you recognise that we make the most of our space and endeavour to insert features which will please the greater number. That is what every editor has to do. It is all very well for one reader to write and say that he would like us to have Irish football notes, for another to suggest that we insert a series of articles on fret-work, and a

third that he would like us to publish an article showing up the present inefficiency of the Navy—which is what a correspondent, in an earnest four-paged letter, recently urged me to do. Plainly, we have little room for thee things. Our magazine must consist mainly of fiction. The rest of our space must be devoted to articles on pastimes and the most popular hobbies, such as stamp collecting and camera work. It would not do to have nothing but fiction, and it would not do to have nothing but articles; so we try to strike the happy medium. With this number we start a new feature in the shape of book reviews. In future issues we shall review a larger number of books, and the notices of them will be shorter than those appearing in the present issue. A big stack of handsomely bound books awaits our reviewer's attention, and I have asked him to make a point of encouraging young writers of promise. The men of firmly established reputations will, of course, receive the notice that is their due as popular caterers for the public, but we shall also endeavour to give struggling writers a leg-up if their work strikes us as being really meritorious.

Curiously enough, there has been a sort of epidemic of illness among CAPTAIN artists. Mr. Hawley, Mr. Whitwell, Mr. Skinner, and Mr. E. S. Hodgson, have all been docked for repairs; but they are all, I believe, fit and well again now. The most curious illness was that of Mr. E. S. Hodgson, to whom we entrusted the illustrations of that extraordinarily thrilling tale, "The Passage of the Styx." Mr. Hodgson had got to work on the pictures and had half finished them, when, while making some purchases at the shop of an artists' colourman in the Strand, he broke a blood vessel and had to be conveyed to a hospital.

After he had been attended to he insisted on getting up and going home, and directly he got home he sat down and completed the powerful pictures with which the story in question is embellished. The tale had taken such a hold of him that he couldn't rest until he had fulfilled his part of it. I am sure you will all agree with me that it was very plucky of him to have stuck to the work in face of such a serious physical mishap. His will seems to be as strong as his work, which occupies a deservedly high place in the present day world of black-and-white art.

What Girls Read. I have on several occasions seen correspondence in the Press on the subject of girls' literature. It seems that a good many schoolmistresses and parents are rather bothered as to what they ought to allow their pupils and daughters, respectively, to read. From what I have observed in the course of numerous visits to houses where there are girls of the ordinary healthy type, girls, like boys, prefer literature of an exciting description. That is why girls read boys' papers and boys' books. But there are exceptions—as, for instance: I once asked a girl of twelve what sort of books she liked to read. I thought she would say either novels (for the modern girl is rather progressive) or boys' books. Instead of which, she replied with perfect frankness, "*I like books with murders in them.*" Well, of course, the shedding of blood has a great attraction for the human race. Look at the works of Homer and Rider Haggard, and think of the amount of blood that is spilt in the pages of those authors. Still, it is not a very refined taste for a girl to have, nor yet a very feminine one, but this girl-friend of mine spoke her mind about the matter, and I admired her for doing that. Girls, I repeat, are fond of exciting stories, and it is quite possible to cater for them in a way which will satisfy their craving for excitement and at the same time do them no harm. Ladies who write stories for girls do their very best in this respect, but they are circumscribed and fettered in writing books about girls for girls. A large number of girls' books are written every year, and of course they are bought and read, otherwise they would not be published, but I am sure the majority of girls read books which are not specially written for them, and really I do not see any harm

at all in a girl reading a well-written, healthy boys' book. A good boys' book teaches a boy to be manly, modest, and chivalrous. It is possible to teach all that in the form of a rattling yarn, and girls reading such books can enjoy themselves thoroughly and at the same time apply such teachings to themselves. There is a great deal of spitefulness and meanness in the dealings of quite nice girls with one another, and these story-books and magazines for boys can do a lot of good in showing girls how very *little* it is to be spiteful or mean, or to tell tales.

As chance has it, a letter has just reached me from a girl-reader which, while discussing girls' friendships, touches on this very spitefulness, so existent among girls, to which I have referred above. Says my correspondent:—

"According to my brother, boys' friendships are very different to those of girls. I have found that girls seem to put their friends on a sort of pedestal (I am speaking of *real* friends), and adore them from beneath it, expecting everything and giving nothing in the way of self-sacrifice, &c. Somehow, a girl will imagine her friend to be a 'paragon of all the virtues,' and how absurd it is when they will keep on in that silly way! There is not one girl in ten but says to her chum, 'I am sure you like So-and-so more than you do me.' If the chum is feeling a bit 'ratty' she will get cross and a row starts at once. Pride steps in, and by a few silly, thoughtless words the friendship of perhaps years is severed. Now, a boy seems to put up with so much more, and to recognise and tolerate his chum's weaknesses and faults. A boy, too, will stick up so tremendously for his friend against any nasty slander that may crop up, whilst a girl is ready to listen to any mean story that some mischief-making person delights in telling her, and is the first to turn on her erstwhile friend with 'I thought as much,' or some such virtuous phrase."

My correspondent writes in altogether too wholesale a fashion about girls turning on their friends after hearing stories about them. I am sure there are plenty of girls who stick up for their friends as loyally as boys do. Still, I think that the reading of healthy boys' literature should do a great deal in eradicating meanness from a girl's character, and so I say let girls read boys' books by all means. At the same time, they should not avoid the really good books that are written for girls. I believe Mrs. Meade has written some very good books for girls, although I have never read any of them. Miss Rosa N. Carey and Miss Evelyn Everett Green are also very sound writers for girls, I am told, and I have no

doubt that there are many others. But, naturally, I know more about books that are intended for the male side of the family.

What set me talking on this subject was a letter which appeared in the *Daily Mail* for October 22nd. It ran as follows:

WHAT GIRLS READ.

To the Editor of the "Daily Mail."

SIR,—I think *THE CAPTAIN* a hundred times more sensible and much funnier than either the *Girl's Own Paper* or the *Girl's Realm*, though I am

A SCHOOLGIRL.

A friend of mine laughingly inquired whether I had sent the letter, evidently thinking that I had been employing a rather smart dodge for giving *THE CAPTAIN* an advertisement. I told him, of course, that I had had nothing whatever to do with the letter. I was not aware that such a correspondence was going on in the *Daily Mail* until this letter was cut out and sent to me. Well, I am very much obliged to this schoolgirl for her pleasing testimonial, but, while appreciating it very much, I must add that I think this young lady hardly does justice to the popular periodicals she mentions in her letter. The *Girl's Own Paper* and the *Girl's Realm* are excellently edited magazines, containing heaps that is interesting to girls from cover to cover, and touching on a host of feminine interests such as are, of course, entirely absent from the pages of *THE CAPTAIN*. Naturally, our friend wrote with girlish enthusiasm. Though delighted to number such a staunch supporter amongst our readers, I think, at the same time, that credit should be given where credit is due, and I am sure the very highest credit is due to the conductors of the *Girl's Own Paper* and the *Girl's Realm* for the many features of interest which characterise the columns of those journals.

Orkins Anecdotes:—No doubt many of you have read extracts from the recently-published *Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins, Baron Brampton*. The book appears to me brimful of good tales. I have not read it myself, but "L. F. A.'s" excellent review in the *Chronicle* gives me a chance of quoting one or two plums from this seasonable literary pudding. One of the best tales concerns a judge, who, having to

sentence sixteen men to death in the good old times when prisoners were polished off in batches, read the names of only fifteen. When the error was pointed out, the sixteenth man received sentence in these terms:—

"John Robins, I find I have accidentally omitted your name on my list of prisoners doomed to execution. It was quite accidental, I assure you, and I ask your pardon for my mistake. I am very sorry, and can only add that you will be hanged with the rest."

When he was at the Bar this famous judge had a dramatic manner which proved highly effectual. He distinguished himself greatly in the Tichborne case. All sorts of celebrities attended the trial at various times, Toole, the great comedian, being one of them.

"One day when Mr. Toole sat next to Mr. Hawkins in Court, the Claimant was heard to mutter, 'There's Toole come to learn actin' from 'Arry Orkins.' When a lady presented him with a tract entitled 'Sinner, Repent!' he wrote on it, 'Surely this must have been meant for Orkins, not for me!'"

Hawkins was renowned for his criminal work. All the burglars knew him. "That's 'im!" they used to say to each other when brought into court to be tried, "That's 'Orkins!" If he was defending them they stood a good chance of getting off; if prosecuting, a still better one of being convicted. Once he was successful in obtaining an acquittal for a gentleman in a velvet suit accused of burglary. The acquitted one, filled with gratitude, said to his counsel: "Would a teapot be of any use to you, Mr. Orkins? Yes, sir, or a few silver spoons—anything you like to name, Mr. Orkins."

Sir Henry was in every way a splendid judge; he had a name for severity, but he knew when to be merciful. For instance, a convict had a mouse in his cell which he had tamed, and one day a prison warden killed it, whereupon the convict attacked the warden with a dinner knife, and was indicted for attempting to murder. On the ground that the convict had acted on a sudden impulse, in "great and not unnatural excitement," Sir Henry ordered his acquittal.

These "Reminiscences" have been edited by Mr. Richard Harris, K.C., who appears to have done his work exceptionally well.

Results of October Competitions.

No. I.—“Initials which make Syllables.”

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNERS OF “SUNNY MEMORIES” PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS: Osmond P. Abey, 17 St. Barnabas road, Sheffield; W. A. Oldfield, York City and County Bank, Doncaster.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. McGregor, Kirby Busfield, E. Cossart, Charles Reed, Helen C. Tancock, M. Oakley, Constance Messery, B. F. Duckham.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNERS OF PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS: G. W. Bailey, 396 Attercliffe-road, Sheffield; Kate Perrin, Sudbury Court, Harrow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Helen Goring, E. T. Walburn, Walter Rosser, Minnie Bowker, Gordon Tucker, Bernard E. Jull, John Morris, T. Thomson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS: W. Spencer Leeming, 69 Arbutnot-road, New Cross, S.E.; Charles Allcock, Bourne House, Knighton, Rads.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frederick F. Wise, Thomas Owen, Kirby Busfield, B. C. Bessell, Thomas Cooke, Meta Sinclair, Percy W. Sadler.

No. II.—“An October Event.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF GAMAGE FOOTBALL: P. E. Petter, Broad Park, Ilfracombe.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Richmond Williams, “Hazelbeach,” North End Grove, Portsmouth; Mawgan Frenlin, 9 Mount Ephraim, Tunbridge Wells.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gladys von Stralendorff, Ernest John Lavell, Hugh F. Walker, D. Buckwell, Charles H. Stonham, Ernest Wharrier-Soulsby, Robt. Layfield, Marian Hewitt, Kate Perrin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF GAMAGE FOOTBALL: Joan Margaret Kay, “Clairmar,” Church End, Finchley.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Thomas Cooke, 35 Dudley Drive, Harland, Glasgow; Leonard A. Pavey, 10 Edith-road, Plashet Grove, East Ham, E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. R. Laird, Jan. G. Innes, J. J. Sheil, George A. White, F. B. Sadler, Graham O. Gunn, Mabel Adair, W. Spencer Leeming, Fred C. Wild, William H. Harford, B. F. Lawrence, Arnold Rogers, William M. Marshall, Lillian M. Hunter.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF GAMAGE FOOTBALL: R. J. Evans, 77 High-street, Bridgnorth, Salop.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jack Mellor, C. F. R. Pells, Leonard Barker, Charles T. Ramden.

No. III.—“Famous Men.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNERS OF “FAMILY” PRINTING OUTFITS: Randolph Pawby, 12 Maida Vale-terrace, Plymouth; J. B. Atkinson, The Mount, Pontefract, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. E. Petter, S. W. Williams, W. J. Juleff, Thomas Bones, George Toulmin, G. H. Pearson, J. D. Stewart, Ernest H. Vincent, W. G. Sherlock, C. Duncan.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF “FAMILY” PRINTING OUTFITS: G. C. Maclaran, Hollowmead, Bishopsteignton, S. Devon; Thomas Owen, 235 Marshalls Cross-road, St. Helens, Lancs.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: R. H. Bagshaw, 4 Ash-grove, Headingley, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. D. Cooper, Audrey Howard, Arthur Ridpath, Charles W. Skafte, E. Walford Lloyd, B. Woodmansee, A. R. Burnett-Hurst, M. W. Hooker, Bert Pepper, Stanley W. Grise, Harold W. Hensman.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNERS OF “FAMILY” PRINTING OUTFITS: Frank Thorns, South-street, Epsom; Edmund Rhodes, 20 Thornes-road, Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. W. Turner, Frank Harris, Arthur Snape, R. J. Evans, R. H. Trott, Reggie Bloom.

No. IV.—“Photographic Competition.”

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF “SWAN” FOUNTAIN PEN: H. W. Witcombe, Castlebrook, Holland road, Maidstone.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: E. Courtman, Denford House, Atkins-road, Clapham Park, S.W.; T. E. W. Strong, Windhill Vicarage, Shipley, Yorks; R. W. Copeman, The Union, Wincanton, Bath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. S. Maples, T. H. Jones, Nina M. Tancock, Bert Price, H. J. Brough, Arthur J. Court, A. E. Radford, J. P. Hewlett, W. Bagshaw, Constance M. Daly, William P. Pollock, J. Marshall Hewitt.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF “SWAN” FOUNTAIN PEN: J. B. Meldrum, Exeter, Durham-road, Bowdon.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Alex. P. Cook, 108 Mayfair-avenue, Ilford, Essex; G. S. B. Cushnie, 162 Grove-street, Liverpool; A. F. Minchin, Lansdown, Bath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Bannerman, jun., A. Mattinson, W. Gundry, jun., Margaret A. Hicks, Harry Middleton, E. G. Caldeleugh, W. R. Sutton, W. H. S. Griffiths, S. Morris, W. O. Morris, Jessie E. Witney, J. H. Young.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF “SWAN” FOUNTAIN PEN: Charles W. Dockerill, 57 Roland-road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: N. V. Boby, 12 Chatsworth-road, Brondesbury, N.W.; William G. Briggs, 80 Reedworth-street, Kennington, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. E. Powell-Higgins, G. M. Eaton, E. A. Green, Harold Brunskill, Alfred W. Butt, H. S. Richards, P. Gardner-Smith, S. B. Kekewich, Dorothy Scrivener, L. Steele, Reginald C. Kershaw.

No. V.—“Queer Surnames.”

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF BENEFIT FOOTBALL: R. H. Oakley, Shireland, Poppleton, York.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Mary E. Cooke, Helen C. Tancock, H. McGregor, L. Beedham, Mrs. George McLean, H. W. Hirst, Jas. J. Nevin, Winifred Harle, Rhoda Hickson, William Oliver.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF BENEFIT FOOTBALL: Lionel H. Woods, 32 Connaught-road, Harlesden, N.W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Marion Mielie, Harewood Lodge, South Norwood Park, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John M. Edgar, V. Mary Wilson, F. Reid, Fred Hill, William A. Oldfield, Ethel Sadler, Joe Taylor, Gertrude Pesse, H. Walter Parkes, Herbert W. Quicke, Evelyn Byrde.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Nannie Griffin, 42 Palmerston road, co. Dublin.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: C. Weston, 71 St. Albans road, Seven Kings, Ilford, Essex; Willie Middleton, 1 Heath Bank-road, Cheadle Heath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. A. S. Fox, D. Deighton, Archie Kates, A. Wycheley, G. Ferraboschi, C. G. Moudy, Yairrie Adair, H. Oxley, W. Spencer Leeming, V. H. Nishigawa, E. F. Lawrence, H. H. Harman, H. B. Peach.

No. VI.—“Derivations.”

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF BOOKS TO THE VALUE OF TEN SHILLINGS: Edward Colston Party, Merlin Villa, 397 Fishponds road, Bristol.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: H. McGregor, Sussex Lodge, Worthing; L. M. Snow, “Camden Rise,” Chislehurst, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. Cooke, W. Turton, O. C. Lupton, W. Weatherby, Elsie A. Knight, Elsie J. Dunkerley, Mrs. McOwen Hall, Eleanor V. Taylore, Ernest Wharrier-Soulsby.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF BOOKS TO THE VALUE OF TEN SHILLINGS: Colin Tremaine Wright, 57 Gladstone-avenue, Wood Green, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Leonard A. Jones, 293 Plymouth-grove, Manchester; Edward Henry Maish, “Sorrento,” Cotham Lawn-road, Bristol; Alfred C. Duncanson, Gilbert T. Lucas, Gwendolen Roupell, Constance J. Miller, W. Spencer Leeming, Edith Noel Knott, Arthur W. Loach, Esther M. Bell, G. I. Wagstaff.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the “Captain,” “Strand,” “Sunday Strand,” “Wide World,” “Technics,” “C. B. Fry’s Magazine,” or one of the following books—“Jim Mortimer, Surgeon,” “J. O. Jones,” “Tales of Greyhouse,” “Acton’s Feud,” “The Heart of the Prairie.”



AN INGREDIENT.
CANNIBAL CHIEF: "My dear, the suet!"

How to JOIN the NAVY




THE NURSERY SHIP.
YOUR HOME FOR TWO YEARS.


YOU
READ THE
REASONS WHY
YOU SHOULD
JOIN, AND THE
MANY BENEFITS
TO BE DERIVED.

ARRIVING ON BOARD YOU
ARE SHOWN ROUND AND
TOLD THAT THE STARBOARD
WATCH IS NOT A PIECE OF
MECHANISM THAT REQUIRES
WINDING UP.

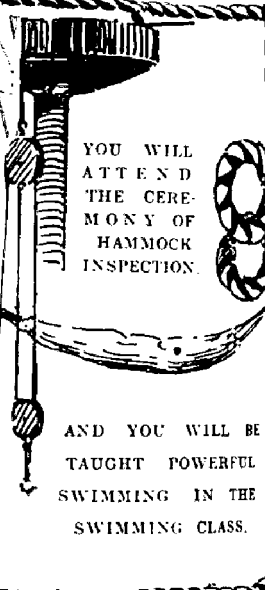
YOU WILL FIND A GOOD
AND CONSIDERATE FRIEND
IN THE CHAPLAIN.



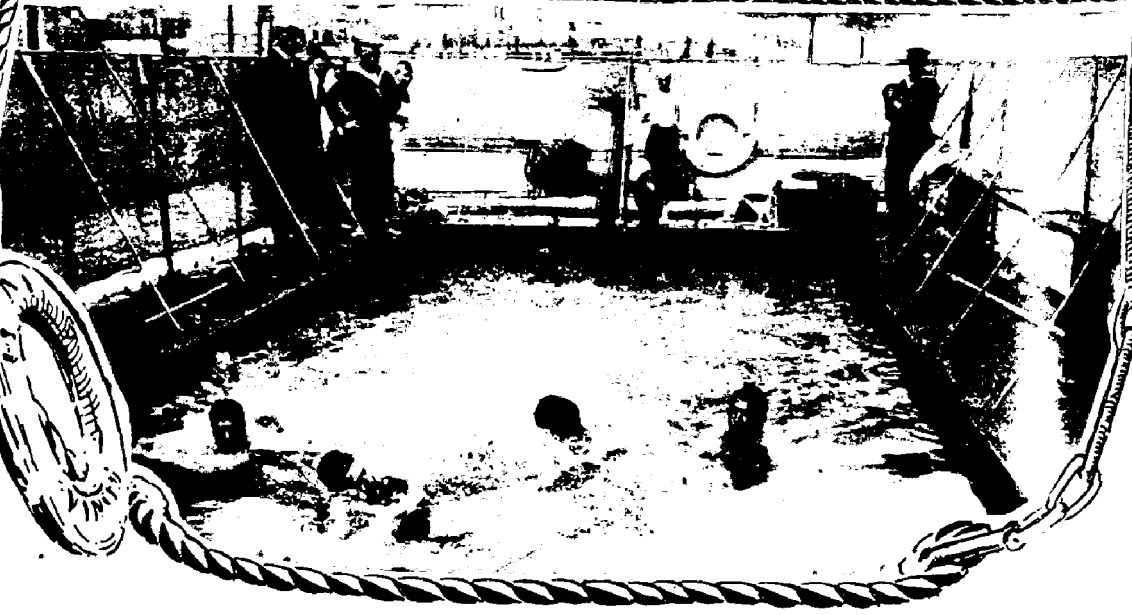
YOU WILL
BE GIVEN
SAILORS'
CLOTHES
AND TOLD
HOW TO
PUT THEM
ON.

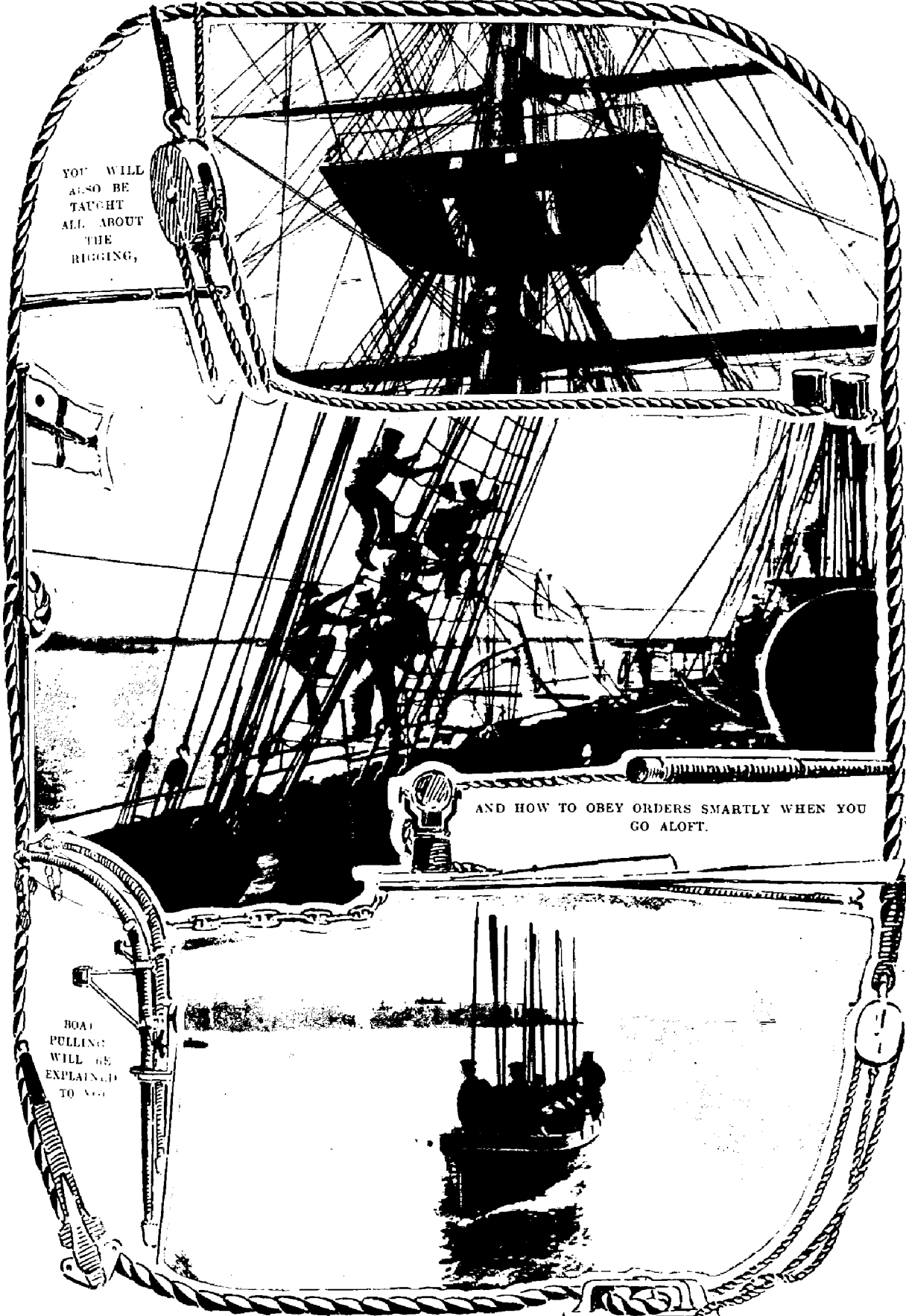


YOU WILL
ATTEND
THE CER-
EMONY OF
HAMMOCK
INSPECTION.



AND YOU WILL BE
TAUGHT POWERFUL
SWIMMING IN THE
SWIMMING CLASS.





YOU WILL
ALSO BE
TAUGHT
ALL ABOUT
THE
RIGGING,

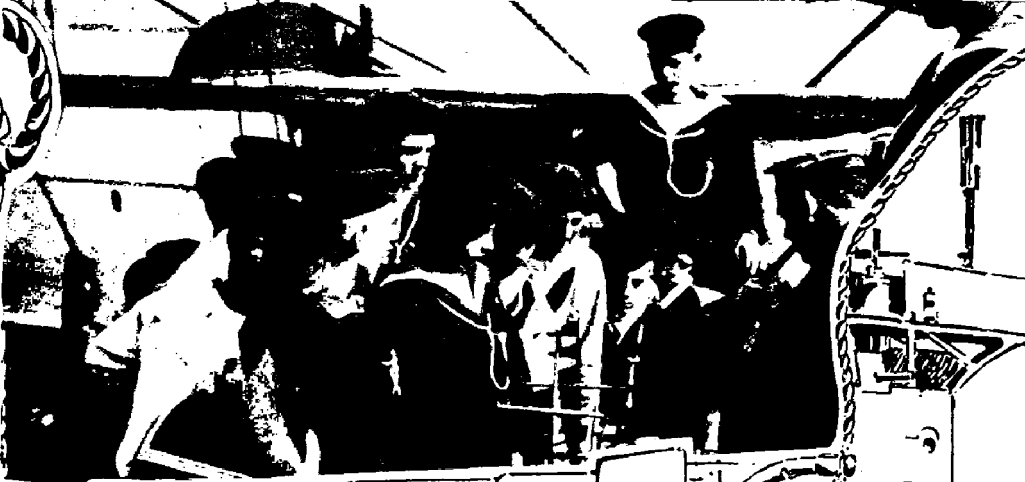
AND HOW TO OBEY ORDERS SMARTLY WHEN YOU
GO ALOFT.

HOW
PULLING
WILL BE
EXPLAINED
TO YOU

YOU WILL
TAKE PART
IN
PHYSICAL
EXERCISE.



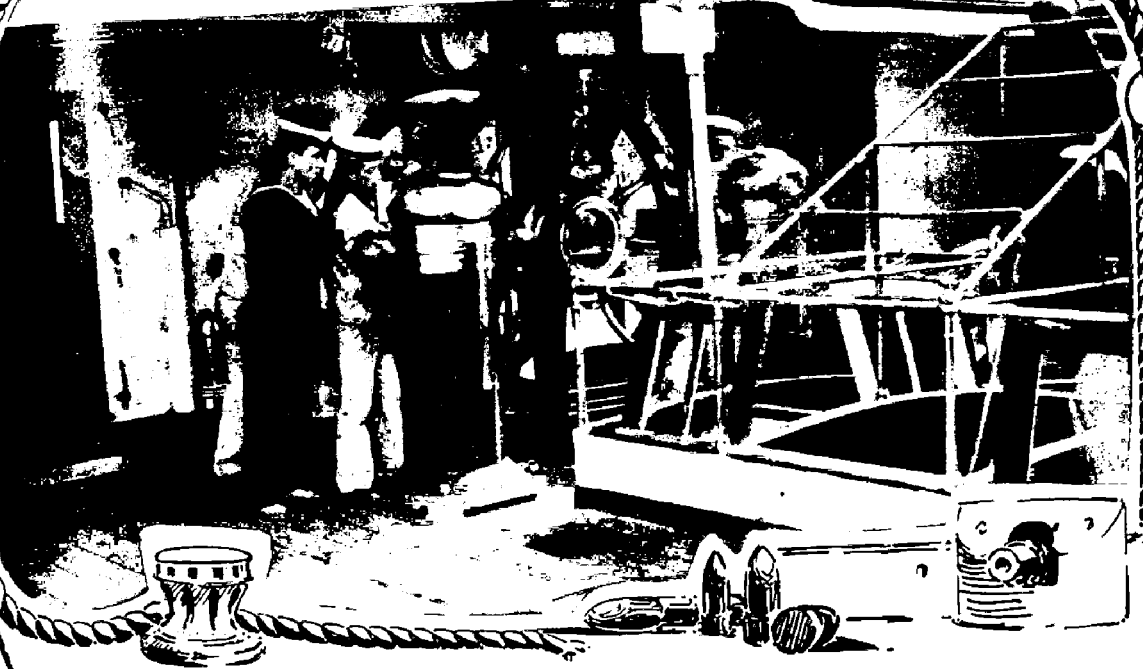
YOU WILL
BECOME
ACQUAINTED
WITH THE
MYSTERIES
OF
SIGNALLING
AND
BECOME A
"HUNTING
TOSSER,"



AND LEARN TO SEMAPHORE WITH YOUR ARMS.



ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY



AFTERWARDS YOU WILL BE TAUGHT THE COMPASS, AND HOW TO STEER THE SHIP.



AND FINALLY YOU WILL BECOME THE PROUD POSSESSOR OF A RIFLE AND BE TAUGHT HOW TO USE IT.



S.T. DADD.

THE WIND CAUGHT IT AND CARRIED IT ON RIGHT BETWEEN THE POSTS

A RUGGER EPISODE.

By STUART WISHING.

ILLUSTRATED BY S. T. DADD.

"CONGRATERS, old chap! Hearty congrats!"

"Well done, Tommy! Score for you!"

"Well played, Tommy! Mind you buck up and win!"

The above remarks—and many in a similar strain—were caused by the appearance of a list on the notice-board. It was the official team chosen to represent the house in the Junior House Cup. It was a very ordinary sheet of note-paper, and the handwriting was not above criticism, but I was far too excited and pleased to quarrel with details. My name appeared at the head of the team, with the important word "Capt." in brackets after it. I—Thomas Calmour—had been thought worthy of the honour of leading our Junior XV. into the field, and you can imagine how full of beans I was.

You see, it had been a toss-up whether I or a man called Parkinson should occupy that coveted position: we had both received our junior caps two years ago, and stood more or less on the same footing in the Rugger world. He was a trifle faster on the field than I, but his passing was erratic, and he had a tendency to lose his head in exciting moments. I had schooled myself to keep my eyes open and my brain clear throughout the game, and I fancy it must have been this which influenced my chance.

Dickie, of course, was in the team too, but in a somewhat lower situation. Measles had laid him low the year I got my colours; and though he was a rattling good forward the captaincy always goes to the senior man.

"Good man," chuckled Dickie, as we walked away from the applauding throng.

"I'm awfully glad."

"Thanks very much, old boy," I answered. "I don't feel sorrowful myself. . . . But we shall have to beat the Wilsonites."

"Yes—they're our only danger. If we can once walk through that lot, the rest of

the cup-ties will be quite soft. I think we shall do it, although they *are* a hot crowd."

"We have the pull of them forward, and our halves are nippier. They score at three-quarters, and their back is a sounder man than Parks. Parks' tackling is so weak; he's a huge kick—I've never seen a chap of his age who could lift a ball so far—but his collaring will let us down badly."

"I hope not," I said gravely, for I was beginning to feel the responsibilities of office. "Perhaps the greatness of the occasion will put nerve into him."

"Possibly—but I rather doubt it. He's not a funk, certainly; but he doesn't seem to have the idea of going low for a man—getting him round the knees or ankles, and bringing him heftily to the carpet."

"You talk like a sporting penny-a-liner, Dickie. Well, we must just do the best we can, and try to bring off a *coup*."

"What's a 'coo,' old Brit. Enc.?"

"Ignorant beast! A *coup*—C-O-U-P—means a whack in the eye for the other fellow, of course."

"Oh, does it? Well, I wish you weren't such a foreigner in your talk, Tommy. Otherwise you might, with care and patience, be quite a decent chap."

"Funny little fellow," I said, talking paternally to shut him up. "Mind you're out of bed at seven to have a trot before breakfast every day. We've got to be in good training for the match."

"I shall be up before you," Dickie retorted; "and I shall have the pleasure of pulling you into your bath."

"We shall see," I replied guardedly, and then we adjourned for tea.

* * * * *

By an error of judgment on the next day, I was asleep when my pal arrived at my bedside. Had he come alone, I should not have objected—which you will find is an Unfulfilled Condition in Past Time, if you look up your Thomson's Syntax. Being a callous brute by nature, he aroused the rest

of the team first, and my awakening was abrupt and confusing. Three on your chest at a time has the makings of a first-class nightmare, I can assure you; and when the remainder—eleven, you will find, if you work it out—when the remainder are armed with wet towels for flapping purposes, and wet sponges as additional persuaders, it is obvious that I and my bed soon parted company. I dressed rapidly, and we all trooped outside.

"What's the programme, Tommy?" asked one.

"Walk a quarter of a mile and sprint in the last hundred yards," I answered. "I believe that's the best thing to do—makes you awfully fit, and your wind is twice as good for the rest of the day."

"Any regulations as regards grub?"

"Of course; there mustn't be any grub-shop visits—that's out of the question. As to the rest—well, I don't think it matters much. Don't eat pastry and a lot of jam, or anything of that sort. Oh! by the way—don't go in for excessive drinking."

"You're more in danger of that than we are," said Dickie. "I think you can trust us, Tommy, not to make fools of ourselves in training. We jolly well mean to win this match—eh, you chaps?"

"Rather!" they said in a hearty chorus, as they are a very decent set of kids. Dickie is a very sound man to back you up, as he has the knack of making himself popular.

"I'll race you in the last hundred," I remarked airily, as we were finishing our brief walk round.

"Right O!" answered the body-guard; and we all charged home in magnificent style. That was what did the mischief. It is a sad story to chronicle, but I must give you the whole tale, though even now I almost blub with rage at the memory.

We left the playground, and ran across the road in a bunch. Dickie was leading, and I was a good third—the rest well up. Just as we approached the path I cannoned into the second man, tripped, and came down a regular good 'un on the kerb—my left arm underneath me.

"No luck, Tommy," said Dickie, and the others laughed, but I felt unable to rise.

"I—I say," I began rather weakly; and then, like an ass, I fainted. I presume they were rather startled—Dickie says they were, at any rate—and then he and the next

biggest carried me into the matron's room. She knew there was a match in a week's time, so of course she sent for the doctor at once. By the time he arrived I was beginning to feel a bit cheap—tucked up in bed again.

"Hullo, youngster!" he said cheerily— "he's a very decent sort—what have you been up to?"

I told him as briefly as I could.

"Let me have a look at it," he went on, and began to paw me about. "Ah. . . I thought so. . ."

"I say! That hurts, you know," I warned him.

"Yes, I'm afraid it must. . . I'll be as gentle as I can."

"What have I done to the beastly thing?"

"Nothing very serious," he said. "It might have been much worse. It's only a simple fracture—we'll soon have it set."

He set it very quickly, and I'm bound to say it didn't hurt as much as I expected. I like a fellow who doesn't jaw, but gets to work and has it over soon.

"There—is that comfortable?" he asked, when the job was finished.

"Quite comfortable," I replied. "But—I say! When may I take these splints off? To-morrow?"

"Those splints will have to stay on some little time. You must stay in bed a couple of days, and you won't be able to play any games for two or three months yet."

"What?" I said. "You told me it was nothing serious."

"It isn't serious, my boy," he replied. "It's quite a simple thing—but you mustn't play games—I suppose that's serious from your point of view?"

"But—doctor—there's a most important match on next week. Couldn't you put me right by that time?"

"I'm afraid that's quite out of the question," he said. "Awfully sorry, old chap—but we can't do impossibilities. I must be off now—see you again soon."

He's a tactful chap, I can tell you. He saw I was pretty sick of life just then, so he left the room quietly and quickly. I heard him talking to the matron outside the door, and caught a few of his words. "Is all right again soon—nothing serious—poor little chap is rather disappointed." I felt pleased that he didn't put my sickness down to the setting business, but I don't think he ought to have alluded to me as a little chap—not

quite the thing between man and man, you know.

Then Dickie came in.

"Hullo, Tommy!" he began. "Feeling better now?"

"Oh, I'm all right now," I told him; "but, I say—I can't play next week."

"What?"

"Broken arm—no luck, is it?"

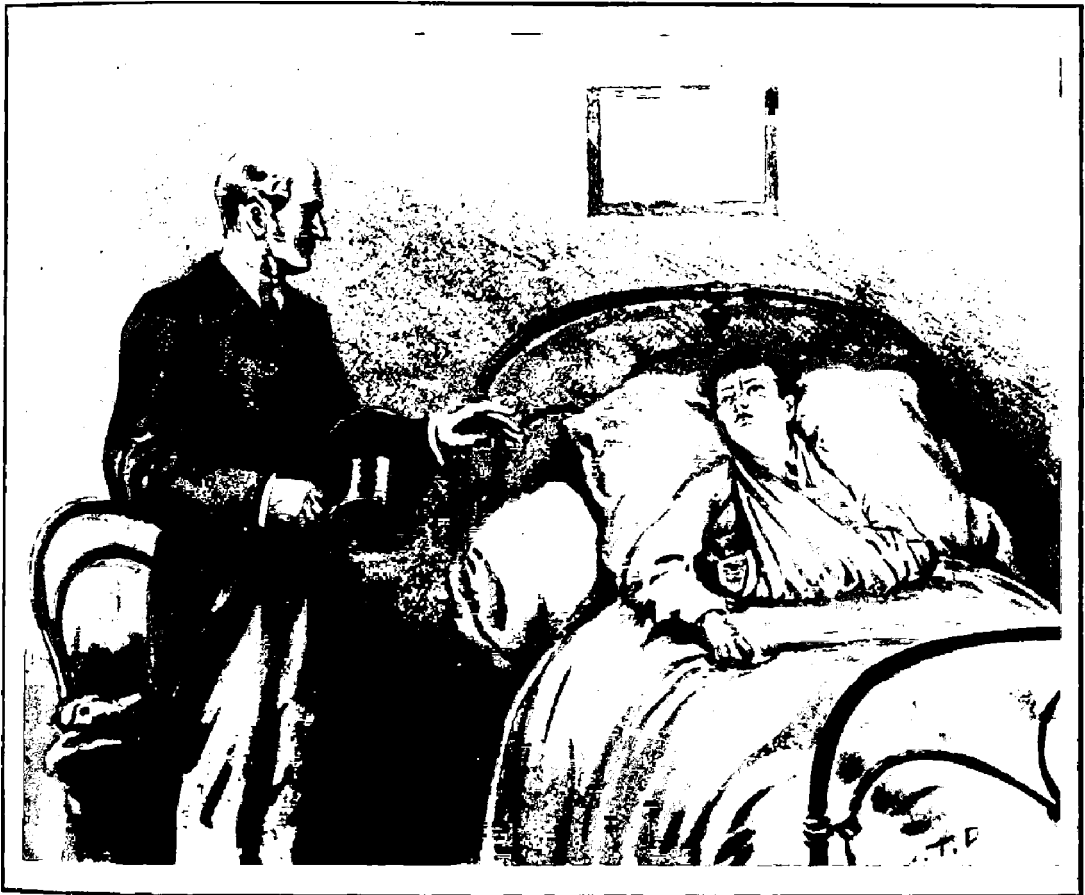
"Poor old beast," he said, like the dear

"Well, it can't be helped. I daresay he'll get you through all right."

"We'll do our best, of course. But I wish you were playing . . . When are you going to get up, old man?"

"Got to stop in bed two days, and keep these beastly splints on for goodness knows how long."

"But you can use your right arm still. I suppose?"



"YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PLAY FOR TWO OR THREE MONTHS YET."

old chap he is. "I'm awfully sorry. What a score for the Wilsonites!"

"You won't miss me much," I remarked, trying to look cheerful. "Young Rawlings can play on the wing instead."

"Young Rawlings!" he said contemptuously. "I wish to goodness I'd crooked instead of you. It would have been much better for the team."

"Don't talk rot—he's a pacy man, and a smart tackler, too."

"Oh, let's all *that*; but he's not you—and Parkinson will captain the team now. He's bound to make a mess of it."

"Oh, yes—that's not touched. I shall be in school again the day after to-morrow, I should think. Anyhow, I'm coming to watch the match."

"Why don't you touch-judge?"

"By Jove! That's rather a notion. I think I will. At all events I should then have some active interest in the game, even though I can't play myself. . . . Yes, I'll certainly touch-judge. Good idea of yours, Dickie."

"You'll have to give us words of wisdom throughout the game, and at half-time you'll swagger on with your flag—they all

do, you know—and tell us what we've done wrong, and how we're to do it right, and all that sort of thing."

"Don't be an ox, Dickie. . . . Heigho! I wish to goodness I could play."

"Yes, it's distinctly rotten luck. . . . Well, I must trot down now. Can I get you anything before I go?"

"No, thanks—oh, yes; you might collar a *Sportsman* from somewhere, will you? I want to read that account of the Blackheath and Cardiff match. It must have been a tough game."

"Right O! Nothing else? Then I'm off."

He departed, leaving me much more cheerful than I had been before his visit. Certainly it was jolly rough luck getting crooked just before the house-match—especially when I was captain. But if only my team could beat the Wilsonites, I felt that I shouldn't care very much. I would touch-judge—that was settled in my own mind. Not all the doctors, matrons, or house-masters should deprive me of that honour; and I derived some small amount of consolation from the thought. With this resolve, I went peacefully to sleep, in spite of the fact that it was not yet nine o'clock in the morning. Sleep is a very sound thing, you know.

* * * * *

At last the great day arrived—the day on which would be settled the vexed question as to the superior house. Of course, it was only the first tie, but we knew the form of the other houses, and they themselves admitted that Wilsons and we were the pick of the bunch. The Wilsonites, on the whole, were the favourites; but we had our supporters, too; and, personally, I couldn't help thinking that, even with Rawlings as substitute, we should just get home by a narrow margin. All the same, I was anxious.

With some difficulty, and against the matron's wish, I had obtained leave to wield one of the flags. The house-master was rather doubtful, but the doctor stood my friend, and, like the good chap he is, said that it wouldn't do me the least harm if I was careful to skip clear when the game came my way. I vowed obedience, and, after some moments' wavering, I was allowed to go across to the playground, a smart green and white flag in my right hand—my left arm in a sling. The empty coat-sleeve looked jolly heroic, and all that sort of thing, 'don't you know.

"Cheer O, Tommy!" said Moffat, the captain of the opposing team. "Sorry you can't play—I should have loved to roll you in the mud."

"You'd have been the victim, old buck," I retorted. "Good job for you I'm not. But I can't waste time with kids. Where's Parkinson?"

"Here you are," said Parks, my deputy. "I wish you had charge of our lot, old man—I'm beastly nervous."

"Rot! You'll be an A1 captain. Try to rush them forward at first if you can. If not, let the ball out, and score at once."

"I'll do what I can, Tommy. You think it's a forward game?"

"At first, mind. But you must just see how the land lies. Hullo! they're going to start. Good luck!"

The teams lined up for the fray, and the whistle went. We had lost the toss, and were playing against the wind. Parkinson kicked off, and the centre to whom it went fumbled the ball from sheer nervousness. He caught it all right—or so it seemed—but then chucked it forward for no apparent reason. The scrum formed down in the enemy's twenty-five, and our lot began to look cheerful.

"Wilson's! Wilson's!" yelled the crowd.

"Gaffinites! Gaffinites!" we yelled back, while the two fifteens settled down to work.

I watched anxiously, for it didn't seem quite so good for us as I had hoped. The first five minutes were spent entirely in their half, but I couldn't help seeing that this was due to nerves. Wilson's hadn't found their feet as yet, and our men were not very steady. Our forwards were beating them by sheer force of weight; we shoved them steadily, but didn't gain much. Either we over-ran the ball, or kicked it too hard through the back row of the scrum, or else their halves got round too quickly. The Wilsonite forwards were light, but made up for this inferiority by additional cleverness. Our "threes" never had a chance, and I saw that things were getting serious.

For five minutes, as I have said, they were all at sea, and the cheers of their partisans were stilled. Then a wonderful change came over the game: one of their centres got hold of the ball, ran ten yards, and punted high: the wind took it and carried it well down into our half—nicely into touch. The ball was thrown out, and one of their smart forwards took it clean.

put it down, dribbled right past our back, and scored underneath the posts. The try was easily converted.

This reverse spurred our chaps to desperate efforts. Parks cheered his men on like a good 'un, and set them a fine example of pluck and keenness. I've never seen him tackle so well as he did on that memorable day. Hitherto he had gone for his men in a curious and original fashion, seeming to aim at their eye-lids or nostrils in preference to the feet. But now all was changed—he hurled himself at their ankles, and at least three times he saved a certain try—twice collaring their speedy wing when no one else was up, and the third time falling well on the ball underneath about five of their men. He emerged smiling, and continued his exhortations: I felt proud of his captaincy.

But it was useless—the wind was too strong. Whenever we kicked the ball didn't travel a bit, and as often as not was blown back behind its starting-point. In despair, Parks at last told his men not to kick, as we only lost ground, but to run with the ball, or dribble: as the plan paid, you may guess that the wind was fairly strong.

The Wilsonites continued to press, and ten minutes after the first score there was a scrum about half-way. Some fool in our front row simply hoofed the ball into their feet: our men shoved hard, and the Wilsonites gave ground—but it was too late for us. Already the ball had travelled through the three rows, been gathered smartly by their half, and passed out to the expectant three-quarter. He got clean away, passed to his centre, who transferred it to his partner as our centre pulled him down.



THE WING FLUNG HIMSELF FORWARD FULL LENGTH AND GROUNDED THE BALL.

The ball rolled back—the right wing dashed up—gathered it—and flew down the touch-line. Parks ran across—flung himself at the man—missed him by a coat of paint—and the wing flinging himself forward full-length, grounded the ball.

"How's that for touch?" asked Parks, as the referee came up.

"Was it touch, Calmour?" asked the referee.

I shook my head sadly, wishing I hadn't got a conscience.

"No touch," I said.

"Try," observed the referee, and the Wilsonites yelled with joy.

There was one small grain of comfort—the try was not converted; so the score stood a goal and a try—eight points—to nil.

As they were walking back, a brilliant idea struck me.

"Here, Parks!" I said quietly. "It's no good against the wind—and we've got them forward. Take a man out of the pack, and play five three-quarters till half-time."

"By Jove! That's a notion," he replied; and promptly acted on the suggestion. Wishart was subtracted from the scrum, and the game went on.

The plan worked admirably. Our seven forwards managed to hold their own, and the additional "three" made all the difference to our defence. Time after time the Wilsonites got the ball and broke away—but our extra man puzzled them sadly, and half-time arrived with the score unincreased. I walked across to the centre of the field and addressed my crowd.

"Well played, you chaps!" I said. "You're bucking up excellently. You've got the wind with you this half, and ought to do the trick. Jolly good wheeze the fifth 'three'—eh?"

"Rather—they couldn't understand it at all."

"Hope you don't want me out as three again," said Wishart, disconsolately. "I don't like it at all."

"No—we'll have you in the scrum again," I said. "You ought simply to run over them now. Keep your heads, and don't lose the ball. Don't hoof it to them—keep your fat legs clear as it travels through the scrum—keep it tight till you get it to their twenty-five—then have it out, and walk over the line."

"Sounds all right," said Parks. "Hullo! There's the whistle."

The game re-started, and our hopes began to rise as we watched our men carry all before them. The wind was as strong as ever, and was now behind our backs. Wilson's lot bucked up well, and refrained from kicking, even as we had. Their forwards were smart dribblers, and gave our backs some work to do; but we shoved gamely, and after about five attempts managed to heel the ball very cleanly. It came out beautifully, *viâ* the halves and threes, and we scored right in the centre. The try became a goal, and the score was eight points to five in their favour.

Encouraged by this, we pursued the same tactics—viz., kept the ball tight till close to their line, and then heeled out. Ten minutes later another try was registered in

almost the same place—right in front of the posts, and the match seemed all over bar the shouting. Parks took the kick, and we watched without any great anxiety, for he was a sound shot. As ill-luck would have it, however, the ball was badly placed, and rolled over just as he made his effort. The ball hopped feebly along the ground—in any direction but that of the goal. The Wilsonites yelled themselves hoarse, while we were correspondingly glum.

"Never mind," said one of our spectators—Naylor; "we shall score again in another minute. It's a draw at present, and there's another quarter of an hour to play. You've no chance."

"Oh, haven't we?" said one of the opposite faction. "Just wait and see. What price our extra three?"

I looked, and, to my disgust, saw that the Wilsonites had followed our idea, and were playing five men in their line. This was annoying.

"Never mind," said Naylor. "Your forwards are too light to hold us. It won't do you any good."

This was precisely what I myself thought; and, according to all the probabilities, what should have happened. But—it didn't come off. You see, we had been playing against the wind for half an hour, and were distinctly blown at half-time. Our men were heavy—one or two rather too heavy—and I was sorry to notice a few passengers in the scrum. The enemy were nerved to supreme efforts, and bucked along so keenly that even now it was anybody's game. The wind was a huge handicap to them, and of course we made the most of it. But our old faults developed—the forwards lost their heads, and forgot how to heel out: the opposing backs were on to ours like a knife as soon as the ball appeared, and, to our disgust, we saw that their seven were almost holding our eight, in consequence of superior staying power.

Time after time we got within ten yards of their line—again and again we dashed forward, only to be repulsed. Parks tried a drop-kick, and succeeded in hitting the bar: the ball rebounded: their speedy wing got possession, and raced away to our goal. He was grassed—*inches* only from our line, while we held our breath.

"Near go," said Naylor. "Looks as if it would be a draw. It's time now—no! three minutes still. I say!"

His exclamation was caused by a dying

effort on the part of our halves and forwards. In a surging mass they swept down the field, the ball well at their toes. On they came, the Wilsonites panting after them. One of their centres fell on the ball—half rose—it was kicked from beneath him, and shot slantly-ways across the ground. Then an incident occurred which I shall remember as long as I live. Dickie was charging up, going like a motor-car in a fit—absolutely frenzied and (so to speak) foaming at the mouth. He had lost all knowledge of what was going on, I firmly believe, and did a thing which I have never seen done before or since. He took a wild hack—I mentally slanged him for bad footer, and was just beginning to say "You ass!—"

"Look! Look!" yelled Naylor frantically, waving his cap and jumping about like an animated photograph.

I watched with straining eyes: the ball,

kicked by chance more than by design, rose high: the wind caught it and carried it on right between the posts. A mighty howl arose.

"It doesn't count," I gasped. "The——"

"It *does!* A field goal!" yelled the crowd. The whistle blew, and the match was over. We had scored a glorious victory.

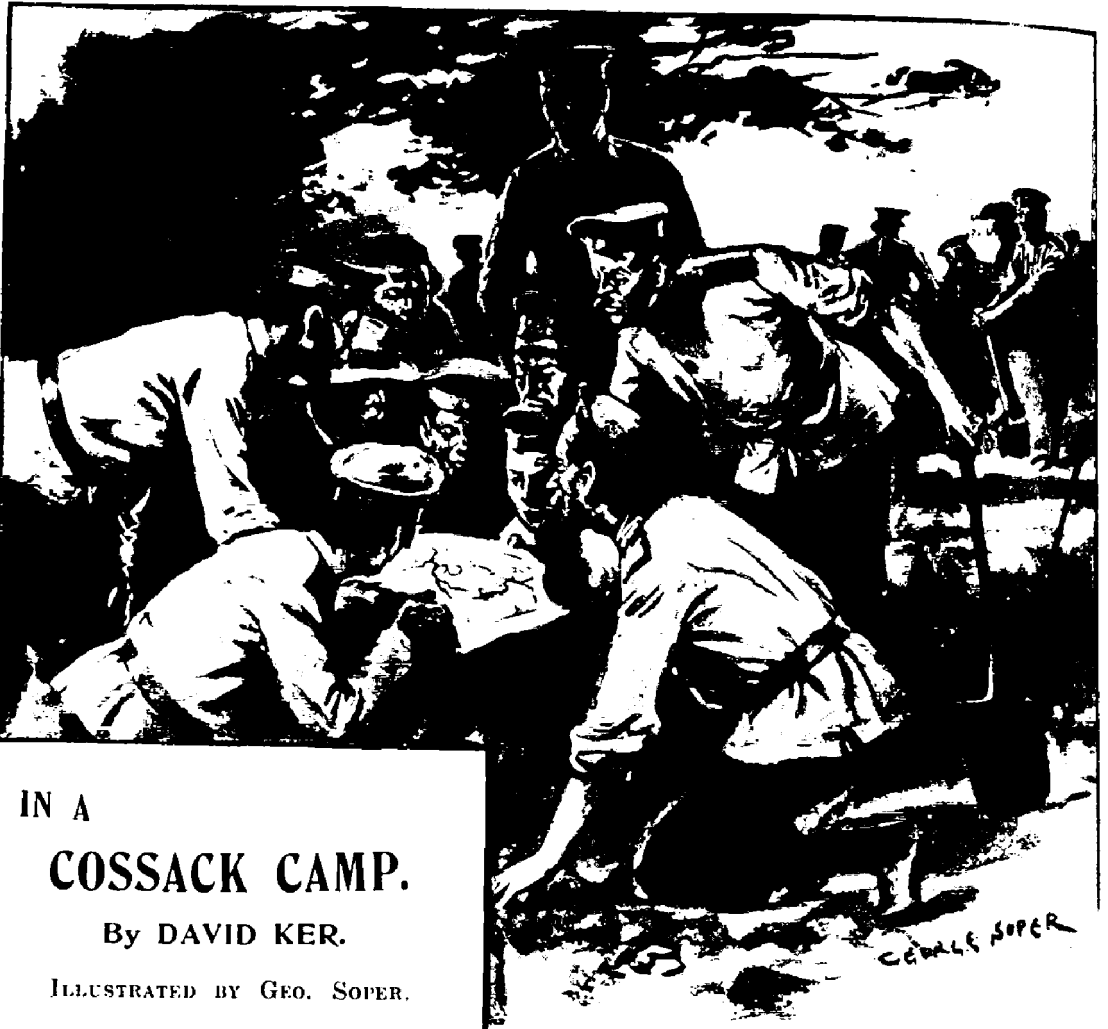
Dickie was carried shoulder-high from the field, and I went off to prepare a banquet for the hero—all traces of my disappointment quite dispelled by his lucky shot.

[*Note.*—Lest the reader should think the above incident too improbable, the author wishes to state that he has once had the pleasure of seeing a field-goal kicked. It was on the Cambridge ground, in a 'Varsity v. Leicester match, some two or three seasons back. The kicker was Bedell-Sivwright (the younger). The match in question resulted in an easy win for the 'Varsity.]



THE HAMPER.

Photo. by T. E. W. Strong.



IN A
COSSACK CAMP.

By DAVID KER.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEO. SOPER.

“**Q**UICK, Fyodka (Theodore), and dip that long nose of yours in the river. There’s a fly just settled on the tip, and perhaps you might catch a fish with it!”

“Aye, for you to eat, I suppose, Stepka (Steve), my boy. It will be long enough before you catch one for yourself, though you can always eat your share of what *we* catch—and more too!”

And then the two big Cossacks (mere overgrown children in their love of joking and romping) supplemented their plain-spoken “chaff” with a sudden burst of horse-play, which might have seemed a trifle rough to any one less thoroughly used to it.

What they and their comrades were about I could perceive at a glance.

I had already seen, in various parts of Central Asia, these born soldiers pitch their tents so quickly and handily, that their

camp seemed actually to spring up from the earth of itself. But this was evidently a more permanent affair—nothing less than the building of the “summer quarters,” from which they meant to keep down the native raiders, some stray bands of whom still haunted this wild region on the brink of the eternal desert.

Upon the flat, sandy shore of the Syr-Daria or Jaxartes (which looked very much like a stream of mutton-broth flowing between two banks of brown bread) has been marked out a space of a hundred feet by twenty, in which some dozens of tall, wiry, sun-browned, keen-eyed Cossacks are working with an energy that excites the wondering scorn of the watching Tartars, who plainly have all the contempt of the true Oriental for any man that is fool enough to labour when he might be doing nothing.

Even a Tartar, however, can be active when he likes. Glancing along the bank, I

espy a grey-headed patriarch, in a grimy sheepskin frock, beating his wife about the head with a mutton-bone, with the steady, concentrated energy of a man whose heart is in his work; and, a moment later, I catch sight of three more of the tribe, in the costume of Adam before the Fall, towing a small raft laboriously against the current.

Turning once more to the Cossack labourers, I am amazed to see how rapidly the work is growing up under their skilful hands.

The building is seemingly meant to consist of two long compartments, with a kind of porch (or, rather, a covered passage-way) through the centre. One of these divisions is already all but completed, and the other well in hand.

Its construction appears to be simple enough. Two parallel rows of forked saplings are fixed in the ground, and topped with cross-pieces to form the roof. The whole frame-work is then covered with sheets of strong reed-matting, and furnished with a few small, square, embrasure-like windows, made of fine gauze instead of glass, so as to admit light and air while keeping out the dust and mosquitoes.

More than a dozen men are hard at work upon the second compartment, laying the cross-poles of the roof, hauling up the reed-mats, cutting spaces for the windows, reeving, pegging, splicing, as busily as if Peter the Great himself were looking on; and beneath the porch above-mentioned, three hideous old women (with faces like Flemish oak-carvings) are grouped, witch-fashion, round a huge Russian samovar (tea-urn), which a tall Cossack has just filled with the gruel-coloured water of the river.

All around the site of the new camp scores of gaunt, tough, sinewy figures, bare-footed and bare-armed, with their ragged white jackets all one smear of wet clay, are hard at work to lay out their tiny cabbage-gardens—digging, fencing, planting, trenching little water-courses, and filling them from the river, while scraps of blunt, soldierly "chaff" fly about like hail.

"Hollo, Phomka (Tommy), don't you know how to handle a spade yet? 'Pon my word, one would think, to look at you, that you were supping cabbage-soup with a big spoon!"

"So I am—and here's a pinch of salt to put in the soup. Vanya (Johnny), my lad!"

So saying, the speaker coolly shovels a spadeful of dirt right in the jester's face, amid a general roar of laughter.

"That's the style! Now, Vanya, quick and plant some cabbages on your face; there's earth enough on it to grow 'em, no fear!"

"Oh, bless you, he has never learned to plant cabbages yet; he has only learned to eat 'em!"

"Gently with that bucket of yours, brother Ostap! If it were a glass of *vodka* (corn-whisky) you would not spill so much of it, I'll be bound!"

"No, I shouldn't—for you'd steal it all before I had time!" retorts Ostap—a tall, gaunt fellow with a thick red moustache—grinning at his own wit.

And with that he "accidentally" upsets half the water over the joker himself, who replies by seizing the bucket, and drenching Ostap in turn with what is left.

"Now, Mitya (Dmitri), up with you on to that hillock, and frighten away those carrion-crows yonder with that ugly face of yours!"

"All the better for *you*, Master Andrioo-sha (Andrew), if I do frighten 'em away, or they would all be down upon you in a moment; they are fond of anything nasty, you know!"

And so the pastoral eclogue goes on, varied every now and then by a general bear-fight among these rough, good-humoured, overgrown schoolboys, who certainly seem to bear this dreary outpost life of theirs gaily enough.

Meanwhile the Kirghiz savages in the background look gravely on, sitting in their tent-doors just as Abraham sat in his, on the steppes of the south, four thousand years ago; and I look at them in their turn, for, in truth, they are well worth studying.

These wild fellows, gaunt, hook-nosed, fierce-eyed, skin-clad, with their shaggy black hair hanging in elf-locks round their lean, dark, wolfish faces, are, so to speak, the original manuscript of the Turk, as he was ere revised and corrected by European surroundings; and those who have seen what he can be even now, may judge for themselves what he must have been at his first historical appearance, in the middle of the sixth century, when the great Greek Emperor, Justinian, was startled by the sudden apparition in Constantinople, for the first time, of a train of hobgoblin envoys "from a certain remote people called Turks."

Having finished my inspection of them, I get out my Russian map of Central Asia,



"HERE'S A PINCH OF SALT TO PUT IN THE SOUP, VANYA, MY LAD."

and sit down to study it in the shade of almost the only tree within reach.

But I am not left long undisturbed. With regard to anything that he has not seen before, the Cossack is as eager and curious as a child; and I have hardly unfolded the map, when a big, yellow-haired, sun-browned fellow steals up behind me, and peers over my shoulder.

His loud exclamation of wonder and delight brings up at once two or three of his nearest comrades; and then others follow, and others still, till I am shut in with a

complete wall of wild faces and jostling shoulders.

Never has any lecturer had a more attentive audience; and I begin my discourse with a certainty of full success.

"Well, brothers, do you want to have a look at it? Look away, then, all of you, and welcome!"

"What is it a picture of, then, father? we can't quite make it out."

"It is not a picture at all, my lads; it is a map of all Central Asia, and you can see on it all the line of your march since you

started, and every place that you have passed through on the way."

Visible sensation in the audience, and general exchange of looks of marked unbelief.

"What! all our line of march on that little thing? You must be making fun of us, father—how could such a thing ever be?"

"I'll make that plain to you in a moment, brothers. Tell me, what was the place that you started from?"

"Orenburg," replied half a dozen voices at once, while the eager ring of sun-bronzed faces about me presses closer and closer.

"Well, there it is for you, then, you see, right up at the top there," answer I, as I point to it with my pencil.

"So it is—I can read it!" calls out a slim, sharp-faced little fellow on my left, who, having actually learned to read, is naturally glad of any chance to show off so rare an accomplishment. "O, R. E. N., B. U. R. G. Orenburg—so it is! Wonderful, brothers, wonderful!"

Then follow signs of marked approval from my other hearers, who are plainly convinced at last; and a brisk cross-fire of eager questions and comments begins at once.

"Where is Fort Uralsk, father? we made a halt there, I remember, on our way down."

"Is this the Kara-Koom Desert, that we had such a job to cross? It is painted like sand, somehow."

"And is that the Syr-Daria river there, twisting in and out like a snake?"

"Show us Kazalinsk—we remember it well enough."

"And Fort No. 2—and Fort Perovski."

And at last comes the great question of all, put to me by a grizzled, thick-set, hard-faced veteran, in whose low, broad forehead a Tartar sabre has trenched a deep and grisly scar.

"Father, can you show us the very place where we are just now?"

"To be sure I can, my good fellow. Here, you see, is the river, from which you have been fetching water; and there is the fort, which lies yonder behind us; and the little black spot you see there is the village itself."

Here the general enthusiasm rises to a height, and for a moment or two my map is in no small peril. At length, amid the universal chorus of wondering delight, Ostap of the red moustache makes his voice heard, saying to me in a tone of reverential awe:

"But, father, tell me, for the love of Heaven, if we have marched a thousand miles and more since we left Holy Russia, how on earth does it all go down on a little bit of paper like that?"

I did my best to explain the seeming marvel, but I doubt very much if any of my hearers really took in the explanation; for, when I bade good-bye to them half an hour later, the hearty farewell of the simple, good-natured savages was flavoured with a manifest tincture of the awe-stricken reverence due to the greatness of that wonder-working "magician" who had actually "put all Central Asia on a little scrap of paper no bigger than an Easter-cake!"



THE HEAD OF KAY'S.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

SYNOPSIS.

FENN is head of Kay's—the most disorderly house at Eckleton. His task in ruling such a crew is unsatisfactory enough, but Mr. Kay renders it doubly so by his unreasonable behaviour towards the captain of the house. Fenn is the finest cricketer in the school—having been selected to play for his county in the holidays—and entirely by his efforts Kay's get into the final of the house matches. But Mr. Kay, who takes no interest whatever in the athletics of his house, keeps Fenn in on the afternoon of the match, and Kay's crack bat only appears in time to go in last, the consequence being that Kay's lose the match. Feeling naturally run high against Mr. Kay, who, owing to the illness of a colleague, is called upon to preside over the grand term-end concert—always a solemn and classical affair. Fenn is a performer. Having played a serious piece, an encore being demanded, he breaks into a giddy trifle called the "Coon Band Contest," which sets hundreds of feet stamping. The uproar (led by Kay malcontents) rises to such a pitch that the concert has to be brought to a premature close, and it is feared that the authorities will take action in the matter. When the school reassembles for the winter term Fenn is deposed from the headship of Kay's, a prefect named Kennedy being put in his place. The new appointment is regarded with resentment by Kay's, where Fenn was immensely popular as captain. To make matters worse, Fenn and Kennedy, formerly such excellent friends, fall out, the result being that Kennedy has to battle with the whole house single-handed. The leader of the malcontents is Walton, a big dunce, who exasperates Kennedy to such a degree that the latter determines to fight—and, if possible, thrash—him. They decide to have it out in a dormitory, and Jimmy Silver, a chum of Kennedy's, agrees to act as time-keeper.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIGHT IN THE DORMITORY.

STATING it broadly, fighters may be said to be divided into two classes—those who are content to take two blows if they can give three in return, and those who prefer to receive as little punishment as possible, even at the expense of scoring fewer points themselves. Kennedy's position, when Jimmy Silver called time, was peculiar. On all the other occasions on which he had fought—with the gloves on in the annual competition and at the assault-at-arms—he had gone in for the policy of taking all that the other man liked to give him and giving rather more in exchange. Now, however, he was obliged to alter his whole style. For a variety of reasons it was necessary that he should come out of this fight with as few marks as possible.

To begin with, he represented, in a sense, the Majesty of the Law. He was tackling Walton more by way of an object-lesson to the Kayite mutineers than for his own personal satisfaction. The object-lesson would lose in impressiveness if he were compelled to go about for a week or so with a pair of black eyes or other adornments of a similar kind. Again and this was even more important—if he was badly marked the affair must come to the knowledge of the headmaster. Being a prefect, and in the sixth form, he came into contact with the Head every day, and the disclosure of the fact that he had been engaged in a pitched battle with a member of his house, who was, in addition to other disadvantages, very low down in the school, would be likely to lead to unpleasantness. A school prefect of Eckleton was supposed to be hedged about with so much dignity that he could quell turbulent inferiors with a glance. The idea of one of the august body lowering himself to the extent of emphasising his authority with the bare knuckle would scandalise the powers.

So Kennedy, rising at the call of time from the bed on which he sat, came up to the scratch warily.

Walton, on the other hand, having everything to gain and nothing to lose, and happy in the knowledge that no amount of bruises could do him any harm, except physically, came on with the evident intention of making a hurricane fight of it. He had very little science as a boxer. Heavy two-handed slogging was his forte, and, as the majority of his opponents up to the present had not had sufficient skill to discount his strength, he had found this a very successful line of action. Kennedy and he had never had the gloves on together. In the competition of the previous year both had entered in their respective classes, Kennedy as a lightweight, Walton in the middles, and both, after

reaching the semi-final, had been defeated by the narrowest of margins by men who had since left the school. That had been in the previous Easter term, and, while Walton had remained much the same as regards weight and strength, Kennedy, owing to a term of hard bowling and a summer holiday spent in the open, had filled out. They were now practically on an equality, as far as weight was concerned. As for condition, that was all in favour of Kennedy. He played football in his spare time. Walton, on the days when football was not compulsory, smoked cigarettes.

Neither of the pair showed any desire to open the fight by shaking hands. This was not a friendly spar. It was business. The first move was made by Walton, who feinted with his right and dashed in to fight at close quarters. It was not a convincing feint. At any rate, it did not deceive Kennedy. He countered with his left, and swung his right at the body with all the force he could put into the hit. Walton went back a pace, sparred for a moment, then came in again, hitting heavily. Kennedy's counter missed its mark this time. He just stopped a round sweep of Walton's right, ducked to avoid a similar effort of his left, and they came together in a clinch.

In a properly regulated glove-fight the referee, on observing the principals clinch, says, "Break away there, break away," in a sad, reproachful voice, and the fighters separate without demur, being very much alive to the fact that, as far as that contest is concerned, their destinies are in his hands, and that any bad behaviour in the ring will lose them the victory. But in an impromptu turn-up like this one the combatants show a tendency to ignore the rules so carefully mapped out by the present Marquess of Queensberry's grandfather, and revert to the conditions of warfare under which Cribb and Spring won their battles. Kennedy and Walton, having clinched, proceeded to wrestle up and down the room, while Jimmy Silver looked on from his eminence in pained surprise at the sight of two men, who knew the rules of the ring, so far forgetting themselves.

To do Kennedy justice, it was not his fault. He was only acting in self-defence. Walton had started the hugging. Also, he had got the under-grip, which, when neither man knows a great deal of the science of wrestling, generally means victory. Kennedy was quite sure that he could not throw his antagonist, but he hung on in the knowledge that the round must be over shortly, when Walton would have to lose him.

"Time," said Jimmy Silver.

Kennedy instantly relaxed his grip, and in that instant Walton swung him off his feet, and they came down together with a crash that shook the room. Kennedy was underneath, and, as he fell, his head came into violent contact with the iron support of a bed.

Jimmy Silver sprang down from his seat.

"What are you playing at, Walton? Didn't you hear me call time? It was a beastly foul—the worst I ever saw. You ought to be sacked for a thing like that. Look here, Kennedy, you needn't go on. I disqualify Walton for fouling."

The usually genial James stammered with righteous indignation.

Kennedy sat down on a bed dizzily.

"No," he said; "I'm going on."

"But he fouled you."

"I don't care. I'll look after myself. Is it time yet?"

"Ten seconds more, if you really are going on."

He climbed back on to the chest of drawers.

"Time."

Kennedy came up feeling weak and sick. The force with which he had hit his head on the iron had left him dazed.

Walton rushed in as before. He had no chivalrous desire to spare his man by way of compensation for fouling him. What monopolised his attention was the evident fact that Kennedy was in a bad way, and that a little strenuous in-fighting might end the affair in the desired manner.

It was at this point that Kennedy had reason to congratulate himself on donning gymnasium shoes. They gave him that extra touch of lightness which enabled him to dodge blows which he was too weak to parry. Everything was vague and unreal to him. He seemed to be looking on at a fight between Walton and some stranger.

Then the effect of his fall began to wear off. He could feel himself growing stronger. Little by little his head cleared, and he began once more to take a personal interest in the battle. It is astonishing what a power a boxer, who has learnt the art carefully, has of automatic fighting. The expert gentleman who fights under the pseudonym of "Kid McCoy" once informed the present writer that in one of his fights he was knocked down by such a severe hit that he remembered nothing further, and it was only on reading the paper next morning that he found to his surprise that he had fought four more rounds after the blow and won the battle handsomely on points. Much the same thing happened to Kennedy. For the greater part of the second round he fought without knowing it. When Jimmy Silver called time he was in

as good case as ever, and the only effects of the blow on his head were a vast lump underneath the hair and a settled determination to win or perish. In a few minutes the bell would ring for tea, and all his efforts would end in nothing. It was no good fighting a draw with Walton if he meant to impress the house. He knew exactly what R. Mour, assisted by Walton, would make of the affair in that case. "Have you heard the latest?" A would ask of B. "Why, Kennedy tried to touch Walton up for not playing footer, and Walton went for him and would have given him frightful beans only they had to go down to tea." There must be none of that sort of thing.

"Time," said Jimmy Silver, breaking in on his meditations.

It was probably the suddenness and unexpectedness of it that took Walton aback. Up till now his antagonist had been fighting strictly on the defensive, and was obviously desirous of escaping punishment as far as might be possible. And then the fall at the end of round one had shaken him up so that he could hardly fight at all at their second meeting. Walton naturally expected that it would be left to him to do the leading in round three. Instead of this, however, Kennedy opened the round with such a lightning attack that Walton was all abroad in a moment. In his most scientific mood he never had the remotest notion of how to guard. He was aggressive and nothing else. Attacked by a quick hitter, he was useless. Three times Kennedy got through his guard with his left. The third hit staggered him. Before he could recover Kennedy had got his right in, and down went Walton in a heap.

He was up again as soon as he touched the boards, and down again almost as soon as he was up. Kennedy was always a straight hitter, and now a combination of good cause and bad temper—for the thought of the foul in the first round had stirred what was normally a more or less placid nature into extreme viciousness—lent a vigour to his left arm to which he had hitherto been a stranger. He did not use his right again. It was not needed.

Twice more Walton went down. He was still down when Jimmy Silver called time. When the half-minute interval between the rounds was over he stated that he was not going on.

Kennedy looked across at him as he sat on a bed dabbing tenderly at his face with a handkerchief, and was satisfied with the success of his object-lesson. From his own face the most observant of headmasters could have detected no evidence that he had been engaged in a vulgar fight. Walton, on the other hand,

looked as if he had been engaged in several— all violent. Kennedy went off to his study to change, feeling that he had advanced a long step on the thorny path that led to the Perfect House.

CHAPTER XIV.

FENN RECEIVES A LETTER.

BUT the step was not such a very long one after all. What it amounted to was simply this, that open rebellion ceased in Kay's. When Kennedy put up the list on the notice-board for the third time, which he did on the morning following his encounter with Walton, and wrote on it that the match with Blackburn's would take place that afternoon, his team turned out like lambs and were duly defeated by thirty-one points. He had to play a substitute for Walton, who was rather too battered to be of any real use in the scrum; but, with that exception, the team that entered the field was the same that should have entered it the day before.

But his labours in the Augean stables of Kay's were by no means over. Practically they had only begun. The state of the house now was exactly what it had been under Fenn. When Kennedy had taken over the reins Kay's had become on the instant twice as bad as it had been before. By his summary treatment of the revolution he had, so to speak, wiped off this deficit. What he had to do now was to begin to improve things. Kay's was now in its normal state, slack, rowdy in an underhand way, and utterly useless to the school. It was "up to" Kennedy, as they say in America, to start in and make something presentable and useful out of these unpromising materials.

What annoyed him more than anything else was the knowledge that if only Fenn chose to do the square thing and help him in his work the combination would be irresistible. It was impossible to make any leeway to speak of by himself. If Fenn would only forget his grievances and join forces with him, they could electrify the house.

Fenn, however, showed no inclination to do anything of the kind. He and Kennedy never spoke to one another now except when it was absolutely unavoidable, and then they behaved with that painful politeness in which the public schoolman always wraps himself as in a garment when dealing with a friend with whom he has quarrelled.

On the Walton episode Fenn had made no comment, though it is probable that he thought a good deal.

It was while matters were in this strained condition that Fenn received a letter from his elder brother. This brother had been at Eckleton in his time—School House—and had left five years before to go to Cambridge. Cambridge had not taught him a great deal, possibly because he did not meet the well-meant efforts of his tutor half-way. The net result of his three years at King's was—*imprimis*, a cricket blue, including a rather lucky eighty-three at Lord's; secondly, a very poor degree; thirdly and lastly, a taste for literature and the drama—he had been a prominent member of the Footlights Club. When he came down he looked about him for some occupation which should combine in happy proportions a small amount of work and a large amount of salary, and, finding none, drifted into journalism, at which calling he had been doing very fairly ever since.

"Dear Bob," the letter began. Fenn's names were Robert Mowbray, the second of which he had spent much of his time in concealing. "Just a line."

The elder Fenn always began his letters with these words, whether they ran to one sheet or eight. In the present case the screed was not particularly long.

"Do you remember my reading you a bit of an opera I was writing? Well, I finished it, and, after going the round of most of the managers, who clucked it with wonderful unanimity, it found an admirer in Higgs, the man who took the part of the duke in *The Outsider*. Luckily, he happened to be thinking of starting on his own in opera instead of farce, and there's a part in mine which fits him like a glove. So he's going to bring it out at the Imperial in the spring, and by way of testing the piece—trying it on the dog, as it were—he means to tour with it. Now, here's the point of this letter. We start at Eckleton next Wednesday. We shall only be there one night, for we go on to Southampton on Thursday. I suppose you couldn't come and see it? I remember Peter Brown, who got the last place in the team the year I got my cricket colours, cutting out of his house (Kay's, by the way) and going down town to see a piece at the theatre. I'm bound to admit he got sacked for it, but still, it shows that it can be done. All the same, I shouldn't try it on if I were you. You'll be able to read all about the 'striking success' and 'unrestrained enthusiasm' in the *Eckleton Mirror* on Thursday. Mind you buy a copy."

The rest of the letter was on other subjects. It took Fenn less than a minute to decide to

patronise that opening performance. He was never in the habit of paying very much attention to risks when he wished to do anything, and now he felt as if he cared even less than usual what might be the outcome of the adventure. Since he had ceased to be on speaking terms with Kennedy he had found life decidedly dull. Kennedy had been his only intimate friend. He had plenty of acquaintances, as a first eleven and first fifteen man usually has, but none of them were very entertaining. Consequently he welcomed the idea of a break in the monotony of affairs. The only thing that had broken it up to the present had been a burglary at the school house. Some enterprising marauder had broken in a week before and gone off with a few articles of value from the headmaster's drawing-room. But the members of the school house had talked about this episode to such an extent that the rest of the school had dropped off the subject, exhausted, and declined to discuss it further. And things had become monotonous once more.

Having decided to go, Fenn began to consider how he should do it. And here circumstances favoured him. It happened that on the evening on which his brother's play was to be produced the headmaster was giving his once-a-term dinner to the house-prefects. This simplified matters wonderfully. The only time when his absence from the house was at all likely to be discovered would be at prayers, which took place at half-past nine. The prefects' dinner solved this difficulty for him. Kay would not expect him to be at prayers, thinking he was over at the Head's, while the Head, if he noticed his absence at all, would imagine that he was staying away from the dinner owing to a headache or some other malady. It seemed tempting Providence not to take advantage of such an excellent piece of luck. For the rest, detection was practically impossible. Kennedy's advent to the house had ousted Fenn from the dormitory in which he had slept hitherto, and, there being no bed available in any of the other dormitories, he had been put into the spare room usually reserved for invalids whose invalidism was not of a sufficiently infectious kind to demand their removal to the infirmary. As for getting back into the house, he would leave the window of his study unfastened. He could easily climb on to the window-ledge, and so to bed without let or hindrance.

The distance from Kay's to the town was a mile and a half. If he started at the hour when he should have been starting for the school house he would arrive just in time to see the curtain go up.

Having settled these facts definitely in his mind, he got his books together and went over to school.

waited, while the door-keeper made polite conversation by describing his symptoms to him in a hoarse growl. Presently the minion who had been despatched to the upper regions with Fenn's message returned. Would he go upstairs, third door on the left. Fenn followed the instructions, and found himself in a small room, a third of which was filled by a huge iron-bound



CHAPTER XV.

DOWN TOWN.

FENN arrived at the theatre a quarter of an hour before the curtain rose. Going down a gloomy alley off the High Street he found himself at the stage door, where he made inquiries of a depressed-looking man with a bad cold in the head as to the whereabouts of his brother. It seemed that he was with Mr. Higgs. If he would wait, said the door-keeper, his name should be sent up. Fenn

ROT! WHAT'S THE GOOD OF INQUIRIES?"

chest, another third by a very stout man and a dressing-table. while the rest of the space was comparatively empty, being occupied by a wooden chair with three legs. On this seat his brother was trying to balance himself, giving what part of his attention was not required for this feat to listening to some story the fat man was telling him. Fenn had heard his deep voice booming as he went up the passage.

His brother did the honours.

"Glad to see you, glad to see you," said Mr. Higgs, for the fat man was none other than that celebrity. "Take a seat."

Fenn sat down on the chest and promptly tore his trousers on a jagged piece of iron.

"These provincial dressing-rooms!" said Mr. Higgs, by way of comment. "No room! Never any room! No chairs! Nothing!"

He spoke in short, quick sentences, and gasped between each. Fenn said it really didn't matter—he was quite comfortable.

"Haven't they done anything about it?" asked Fenn's brother, resuming the conversation which Fenn's entrance had interrupted. "We've been having a burglary here," he explained. "Somebody got into the theatre last night through a window. I don't know what they expected to find."

"Why," said Fenn, "we've had a burglar up our way too. Chap broke into the school house and went through the old man's drawing-room. The school house men have been talking about nothing else ever since. I wonder if it's the same crew."

Mr. Higgs turned in his chair, and waved a stick of grease paint impressively to emphasise his point.

"There," he said. "There! What I've been saying all along. No doubt of it. Organised gang. And what are the police doing? Nothing, sir, nothing. Making inquiries. Rot! What's the good of inquiries?"

Fenn's brother suggested mildly that inquiries were a good beginning. You *must* start somehow. Mr. Higgs scouted the idea.

"There ought not to be any doubt, sir. They ought to *know*. To know," he added, with firmness.

At this point there filtered through the closed door the strains of the opening chorus.

"By Jove, it's begun!" said Fenn's brother. "Come on, Bob."

"Where are we going to?" asked Fenn, as he followed. "The wings?"

But it seemed that the rules of Mr. Higgs' company prevented any outsider taking up his position in that desirable quarter. The only place from which it was possible to watch the performance, except by going to the front of the house, was the "flies," situated near the roof of the building.

Fenn found all the pleasures of novelty in watching the players from this lofty position. Judged by the cold light of reason it was not the best place from which to see a play. It was possible to gain only a very foreshortened

view of the actors. But it was a change after sitting "in front."

The piece was progressing merrily. The gifted author, at first silent and pale, began now to show signs of gratification. Now and again he chuckled as some *jeu de mots* hit the mark and drew a quick gust of laughter from the unseen audience. Occasionally he would nudge Fenn to draw his attention to some good bit of dialogue which was approaching. He was obviously enjoying himself.

The advent of Mr. Higgs completed his satisfaction, for the audience greeted the comedian with roars of applause. As a rule Eckleton took its drama through the medium of third-rate touring companies, which came down with plays that had not managed to attract London to any great extent, and were trying to make up for failures in the metropolis by long tours in the provinces. It was seldom that an actor of the Higgs type paid the town a visit, and in a play, too, which had positively never appeared before on any stage. Eckleton appreciated the compliment.

"Listen," said Fenn's brother. "Isn't that just the part for him? It's just like he was in the dressing-room, eh? Short sentences and everything. The funny part of it is that I didn't know the man when I wrote the play. It was all luck."

Mr. Higgs' performance sealed the success of the piece. The house laughed at everything he said. He sang a song in his gasping way, and they laughed still more. Fenn's brother became incoherent with delight. The verdict of Eckleton was hardly likely to affect London theatre-goers, but it was very pleasant notwithstanding. Like every playwright with his first piece, he had been haunted by the idea that his dialogue "would not act," that, however humorous it might be to a reader, it would fall flat when spoken. There was no doubt now as to whether the lines sounded well.

At the beginning of the second act the great Higgs was not on the stage, Fenn's brother knowing enough of the game not to bring on his big man too soon. He had not to enter for ten minutes or so. The author, who had gone down to see him during the interval, stayed in the dressing-room. Fenn, however, who wanted to see all of the piece that he could, went up to the "flies" again.

It occurred to him when he got there that he would see more if he took the seat which his brother had been occupying. It would give him much the same view of the stage, and a wider view of the audience. He thought it

would be amusing to see how the audience looked from the "flies."

Mr. W. S. Gilbert once wrote a poem about a certain bishop who, while fond of amusing himself, objected to his clergy doing likewise. And the consequence was that whenever he did so amuse himself, he was always haunted by a phantom curate, who joined him in his pleasures, much to his dismay. On one occasion he stopped to watch a Punch and Judy show, "And heard, as Punch was being treated penally, That phantom curate laughing all hyænally."

The disgust and panic of this eminent cleric was as nothing compared with that of Fenn, when, shifting to his brother's seat, he got the first clear view he had had of the audience. In a box to the left of the dress-circle sat, "laughing all hyænally," the following distinguished visitors:—

Mr. Mulholland of No. 7 College Buildings,

Mr. Raynes of No. 4 ditto,

and

Mr. Kay.

Fenn drew back like a flash, knocking his chair over as he did so.

"Giddy, sir?" said a stage hand, pleasantly. "Bless you, lots of gents is like that when they comes up here. Can't stand the 'eight, they can't. You'll be all right in a jiffy."

"Yes. It—it is rather high, isn't it?" said Fenn. "Awful glare, too."

He picked up his chair and sat down well out of sight of the box. Had they seen him? he wondered. Then common sense returned to him. They could not possibly have seen him. Apart from any other reasons, he had only been in his brother's seat for half a dozen seconds. No. He was all right so far. But he would have to get back to the house, and at once. With three of the staff, including his own house-master, ranging the town, things were a trifle too warm for comfort. He wondered it had not occurred to him that, with a big attraction at the theatre, some of the staff might feel an inclination to visit it.

He did not stop to say good-bye to his brother. Descending from his perch, he hurried to the stage door.

"It's in the toobs that I feel it, sir," said the door-keeper, as he let him out, resuming their conversation as if they had only just parted. Fenn hurried off without waiting to hear more.

It was drizzling outside, and there was a fog. Not a "London particular," but quite thick enough, to make it difficult to see where one was

going. People and vehicles passed him, vague phantoms in the darkness. Occasionally the former collided with him. He began to wish he had not accepted his brother's invitation. The unexpected sight of the three masters had shaken his nerve. Till then only the romantic, adventurous side of the expedition had struck him. Now the risks began to loom larger in his mind. It was all very well, he felt, to think as he had done, that he would be expelled if found out, but that all the same he would risk it. Detection then had seemed a remote contingency. With three masters in the offing it became at least a possibility. The melancholy case of Peter Brown seemed to him now to have a more personal significance for him.

Wrapped in these reflections, he lost his way.

He did not realise this for some time. It was borne in upon him when the road he was taking suddenly came to an abrupt end in a blank wall. Instead of being, as he had fancied, in the High Street, he must have branched off into some miserable blind alley.

More than ever he wished he had not come. Eckleton was not a town that took up a great deal of room on the map of England, but it made up for small dimensions by the eccentricity with which it had been laid out. On a dark and foggy night, to one who knew little of its geography, it was a perfect maze.

Fenn had wandered some way when the sound of someone whistling a popular music-hall song came to him through the gloom. He had never heard anything more agreeable.

"I say," he shouted at a venture, "can you tell me the way to the High Street?"

The whistler stopped in the middle of a bar, and presently Fenn saw a figure sidling towards him in what struck him as a particularly furtive manner.

"Wot's thet, gav'nor?"

"Can you direct me to the High Street? I've lost my way."

The vague figure came closer.

"'Igh Street? Yus; yer go—"

A hand shot out, Fenn felt a sharp wrench in the region of his waistcoat, and a moment later the stranger had vanished into the fog with the prefect's watch and chain.

Fenn forgot his desire to return to the High Street. He forgot everything except that he wished to catch the fugitive, maltreat him, and retrieve his property. He tore in the direction whence came the patter of retreating footsteps.

There were moments when he thought he had him, when he could hear the sound of his breathing. But the fog was against him. Just as

he was almost on his man's heels, the fugitive turned sharply into a street which was moderately well-lighted. Fenn turned after him. He had just time to recognise the street as his goal, the High Street, when somebody, walking unexpectedly out of the corner house, stood directly in his path. Fenn could not stop himself. He charged the man squarely, clutched him to save himself, and they fell in a heap on the pavement.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT HAPPENED TO FENN.

FENN was up first. Many years' experience of being tackled at full speed on the football field had taught him how to fall. The stranger, whose football days, if he had ever had any, were long past, had gone down with a crash, and remained on the pavement, motionless. Fenn was conscious of an ignoble impulse to fly without stopping to chat about the matter. Then he was seized with a gruesome fear that he had injured the man seriously, which vanished when the stranger sat up. His first words were hardly of the sort that one would listen to from choice. His first printable expression, which did not escape him until he had been speaking some time, was in the nature of an official bulletin.

"You've broken my neck," said he.

Fenn renewed his apologies and explanations.

"Your watch!" cried the man in a high, cracked voice. "Don't stand there talking about your watch, but help me up. What do I care about your watch? Why don't you look where you are going to? Now then, now then, don't hoist me as if I were a hod of bricks. That's right. Now help me indoors, and go away." Fenn supported him while he walked lamely into the house. He was relieved to find that

there was nothing more the matter with him than a shaking and a few bruises.

"Door on the left," said the injured one.

Fenn led him down the passage and into a small sitting-room. The gas was lit, and as he turned it up he saw that the stranger was a man well advanced in years. He had grey hair that was almost white. His face was not a pleasant one. It was a mass of lines and wrinkles from which a physiognomist would have deduced uncomplimentary conclusions as to his character. Fenn had little skill in that way, but he felt that for some reason he disliked the man, whose eyes, which were small and extraordinarily bright, gave rather an eerie look to his face.

"Go away, go away," he kept repeating savagely from his post on the shabby sofa on which Fenn had deposited him.



HE FELT A SHARP WRENCH AT HIS WAISTCOAT.

"But are you all right? Can't I get you something?" asked the Eckletonian.

"Go away, go away," repeated the man.

Conversation on these lines could never be really attractive. Fenn turned to go. As he closed the door and began to feel his way along the dark passage, he heard the key turn in

the lock behind him. The man could not, he felt, have been very badly hurt if he were able to get across the room so quickly. The thought relieved him somewhat. Nobody likes to have the maiming even of the most complete stranger on his mind. The sensation of relief lasted possibly three seconds. Then it flashed upon him that in the excitement of the late interview he had forgotten his cap. That damaging piece of evidence lay on the table in the sitting-room, and between him and it was a locked door.

He groped his way back, and knocked. No sound came from the room.

"I say," he cried, "you might let me have my cap. I left it on the table."

No reply.

Fenn half thought of making a violent assault on the door. He refrained on reflecting that it would be useless. If he could break it open—which, in all probability, he could not—there would be trouble such as he had never come across in his life. He was not sure it would not be an offence for which he would be rendered liable to fine or imprisonment. At any rate, it would mean the certain detection of his visit to the town. So he gave the thing up, resolving to return on the morrow and reopen negotiations. For the present, what he had to do was to get safely back to his house. He had lost his watch, his cap with his name in it was in the hands of an evil old man who evidently bore him a grudge, and he had to run the gauntlet of three housemasters and get to bed *viâ* a study-window. Few people, even after the dullest of plays, have returned from the theatre so disgusted with everything as did Fenn. Reviewing the situation as he ran with long, easy strides over the road that led to Kay's, he found it devoid of any kind of comfort. Unless his mission in quest of the cap should prove successful, he was in a tight place.

It is just as well that the gift of second sight is accorded to but few. If Fenn could have known at this point that his adventures were only beginning, that what had taken place already was but as the overture to a drama, it is possible that he would have thrown up the sponge for good and all, entered Kay's by way of the front door—after knocking up the entire household—and remarked, in answer to his housemaster's excited questions, "Enough! Enough! I am a victim of Fate, a Toad beneath the Harrow. Sack me to-morrow, if you like, but for goodness' sake let me get quietly to bed now."

As it was, not being able to "peep with

security into futurity," he imagined that the worst was over.

He began to revise this opinion immediately on turning in at Kay's gate. He had hardly got half-way down the drive when the front door opened and two indistinct figures came down the steps. As they did so his foot slipped off the grass border on which he was running to deaden the noise of his steps, and grated sharply on the gravel.

"What's that?" said a voice. The speaker was Mr. Kay.

"What's what?" replied a second voice, which he recognised as Mr. Mulholland's.

"Didn't you hear a noise?"

"I heard the water lapping on the crag," replied Mr. Mulholland, poetically.

"It was over there," persisted Mr. Kay. "I am certain I heard something—positively certain, Mulholland. And after that burglary at the school house—"

He began to move towards the spot where Fenn lay crouching behind a bush. Mr. Mulholland followed, mildly amused. They were a dozen yards away when Fenn, debating in his mind whether it would not be better—as it would certainly be more dignified—for him to rise and deliver himself up to justice instead of waiting to be discovered wallowing in the damp grass behind a laurel bush, was aware of something soft and furry pressing against his knuckles. A soft purring sound reached his ears.

He knew at once who it was—Thomas-Edward, the matron's cat, ever a staunch friend of his. Many a time had they taken tea together in his study in happier days. The friendly animal had sought him out in his hiding-place, and was evidently trying to intimate that the best thing they could do now would be to make a regular night of it.

Fenn, as I have said, liked and respected Thomas. In ordinary circumstances he would not have spoken an unfriendly word to him. But things were desperate now, and needed remedies to match.

Very softly he passed his hand down the delighted animal's back until he reached his tail. Then, stifling with an effort all the finer feelings which should have made such an act impossible, he administered so vigorous a tweak to that appendage that Thomas, with one frenzied yowl, sprang through the bush past the two masters and vanished at full speed into the opposite hedge.

"My goodness!" said Mr. Kay, starting back.

It was a further shock to Fenn to find how close he was to the laurel.

"Goodness me,
Why, what was that?
Silent be.

It was the cat,"
chanted Mr. Mulholland,
who was in poetical vein
after the theatre.

"It was a cat!" gasped
Mr. Kay.

"So I am disposed to
imagine. What lungs!
We shall be having the
R.S.P.C.A. down on us if
we aren't careful. They
must have heard that
noise at the headquarters
of the Society, wherever
they are. Well, if your
zeal for big game hunting
is satisfied, and you don't
propose to follow the
vocalist through that
hedge, I think I will be off.
Good-night. Good piece,
wasn't it?"

"Excellent. Good-night,
Mulholland."

"By the way, I wonder
if the man who wrote it is
a relation of our Fenn. It
may be his brother I
believe he writes.
You probably re-
member him when he
was here. He was
before my time. Talk-
ing of Fenn, how do
you find the new
arrangement answer?
Is Kennedy an im-
provement?"

"Kennedy?" said
Mr. Kay, "is a well-
meaning-boy, I think. Quite well-meaning.
But he lacks ability, in my opinion. I have
had to speak to him on several occasions on
account of disturbances amongst the juniors.
Once I found two boys actually fighting in the
junior day-room. I was very annoyed about it."
"And where was Kennedy while this was
going on? Was he holding the watch?"
"The watch?" said Mr. Kay, in a puzzled
tone of voice. "Kennedy was over at the gym-
nasium when it occurred."

"Then it was hardly his fault that the fight
took place."

"My dear Mulholland, if the head of a house
is efficient, fights should be impossible. Even



"MY GOODNESS!" SAID MR. KAY.

when he is not present his influence, his prestige,
so to speak, should be sufficient to restrain
the boys under him."

Mr. Mulholland whistled softly.

"So that's your idea of what the head of
your house should be like, is it? Well, I know
of one fellow who would have been just your
man. Unfortunately he is never likely to come
to school at Eckleton."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Kay, with interest.
"Who is that? Where did you meet him?
What school is he at?"

"I never said I had met him. I only go by
what I have heard of him. And as far as I
know he is not at any school. He was a gentle-

man of the name of Napoleon Bonaparte. He might just have been equal to the arduous duties which devolve upon the head of your house. Good-night."

And Fenn heard his footsteps crunch the gravel as he walked away. A minute later the front door shut, and there was a rattle. Mr. Kay had put the chain up and retired for the night.

Fenn lay where he was for a short while longer. Then he rose, feeling very stiff and wet, and crept into one of the summer-houses which stood in Mr. Kay's garden. Here he sat for an hour and a half, at the end of which time, thinking that Mr. Kay must

be asleep, he started out to climb into the house.

His study was on the first floor. A high garden-seat stood directly beneath the window and acted as a convenient ladder. It was easy to get from this on to the window-ledge. Once there he could open the window, and the rest would be plain sailing.

Unhappily, there was one flaw in his scheme. He had conceived that scheme in the expectation that the window would be as he had left it.

But it was not.

During his absence somebody had shot the bolt. And, try his hardest, he could not move the sash an inch.

(To be continued.)

A JAPANESE GIANT'S DINNER.

[FROM "THE JAPS AT HOME," BY DOUGLAS SLADEN.]

THE giant, who was very genial, and most handsomely dressed in a dark blue silk kimono, insisted upon going last.

What a handsome fellow he was, with his huge shoulders and massive head, his hair done in the orthodox wrestlers' fashion, and his vast good-humoured face bronzed by the sun to the true Giorgione tint! His shapely, exquisitely kept hands were the same tint; so were his feet, as beautifully formed as his hands, and bare, except for light straw sandals. We had fortunately hardly sat down to lunch before Mr. Boner turned up, and introduced himself (since we were unable to introduce him) with the becoming civilities. He was soon followed by Mr. Landor. We had

A SPECIAL MENU CARD

in Japanese, prepared for our wrestler, but it did not convey any idea to him, because he had never tasted the things mentioned.

"He wishes to say," translated Mr. Boner, who sat next to him, "that this is the first time that he has been asked to such a banquet, and, not knowing any of the things, he thinks that, if you will not be angry, he will take them all."

He held the soup plate up to his mouth, and shovelled the soup into it as the coolies shovel rice or macaroni from the little lacquer bowls at the street stalls, and polished off the fish in a couple of mouthfuls. He judged that his mouth could contain about half of it, so he

cut it in half and put in half at once. And in the interval he disposed of two glasses of hock and a glass of beer. Then he conversed.

"He wishes to say," interpreted Mr. Boner, "that he thanks you extremely for the fine banquet you are giving him. He has never had anything like it in his life."

This I have put on record, because it is probably the most favourable opinion ever expressed of a Tokio hotel luncheon. For, though it is one of the best of the hotels kept by natives, the catering is not a matter of universal congratulation. But it is very home-like, and we have a most obliging lot of servants. Then

HE WENT THROUGH THE BILL-OF-FARE

in the following swimming fashion:—

No. 3. Poached eggs and anchovy toast—one mouthful.

No. 4. Pigeon sauté and green peas—two mouthfuls, because there were bones. He, of course, ate bones and all.

No. 5. Mutton chop and mashed potatoes—the chop, one mouthful. He held it by the bone, and bit off the whole of the meat at once, finishing up with lapping the mashed potatoes like the soup.

No. 6. Cold roast beef. He cut his portion in two, and swallowed it in two mouthfuls.

No. 7. A plateful of ham. He took his instantaneously, as they say in photographic circles.

No. 8. "Teal duck." This gave him rather more trouble. He was helped to a drumstick, and, taking it by the shank, bit off the bulk of the meat at one bite. But masticating the skeleton took him some time.

No. 9. Salt tongue. The boy, seeing that he had a good appetite, brought him several slices. They were treated to the same instantaneous process. And then came the *tour de force*—the curry.

HE ROARED WITH LAUGHTER

to express delight, when it arrived; and, after his already healthy meal, helped himself to the whole, filling his plate mountain high with rice, and emptying the curry tureen over it. Then, holding his plate close to his mouth, he chop-sticked it in with his fork, and with tremendous gusto called for more.

"He is beginning to enjoy himself very much," put in Mr. Boner. "He is getting very red in the face, which is a sign. He will probably now begin to divest himself of his clothing, piece by piece, to steel himself to fresh exertions."

This, added to the fact that he had already drunk a bottle of hock and nearly two quarts of beer, and that there were ladies at the table, made me feel a little cautious. So I told the boys, in English, to start giving him coffee, but he waved them off majestically. Evidently his arena triumphs were not the outcome of temperance, for he told Mr. Boner that he never took such things as tea or coffee, and that he really did prefer sake a good deal to what he had been drinking. Accordingly, sake was sent for; but the Tokio Hotel, being a Japanese hotel conducted in the European fashion, was not going to lose caste by keeping the Japanese native drink, so the poor giant had to put up with another bottle of beer to wash down a second dishful of curry and rice. Probably he would have taken a third had not the supply run out.

No. 11 was chocolate pudding. He did not put the whole of it into his mouth at once, but sipped it. Evidently he entertained suspicions, which were realised when he had tasted it, for he put on a sickly sort of grin.

Would he have No. 12—cheese? No. 13—fruit? or No. 14—tea and coffee?

No! these were things he did not esteem.

Mr. Boner then, with imperturbable gravity,

OFFERED HIM THE CHUTNEY JAR,

with a spoon. He tasted it, and his mouth expanded into a fresh grin of delight. He ate

it all as an entremet, and wound up the feast by draining the finger-bowl of hot water which the "boy" brought to wash his lordly fingers after his arduous repast. There were always about three "boys" hanging round the hotel, for to the Japanese lower order wrestlers are of as much consequence as the baseball player to the Bostonian.

"He thanks you for your magnificent banquet," interpreted Mr. Boner, "and hopes you are not angry at him consuming so much. He has never had anything of the kind before—I am leaving out the honorifics and superlatives. Shall I tell him you are so pleased with his company that you would like him to spend the rest of the day with you?"

"I will kill you if you do. I'll hire a Chinese high-binder from Yokohama. Seriously; invent some excuse to get rid of him soon after lunch."

"All right. My pony is at the door, and I shall have to go myself in a few minutes; and then I'll tell him that at this time it is customary for Europeans to take their leave. He will go directly; the Japanese are very gentlemanly—down to the very lowest."

So we gave the big wrestler

A BIG CIGAR,

and took him upstairs to be photographed, with my little boy standing beside him to show off his monstrous size; and then he took his leave, after telling Mr. Landor that he would be sure to come and call upon him to have his portrait painted, and again expressing his delight with everything.

It appears that it was fortunate that he was not master of English, for he remarked to Mr. Boner of a gentleman who was sitting within a yard of him that he was so thin that he felt sure that he must lead a very good life. He thought that I must lead a very irregular one—I had a very fine figure, because I was so burly. I had previously considered myself stout, and my figure one to be kept out of evidence. But seeing the Japanese wrestlers has resurrected my conceit, for the thinnest in the tournament leaves me nowhere, and they really think Europeans very badly made for not oftener being fat. One man's poison is truly another man's meat. Just as the giant was going away he apologised once more, as he reasonably might have done if it had been to the hotel proprietor, who, of course, only charged for him as an ordinary visitor. His excuse was that he had never before "introduced such good food to his system."

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE DARK ROOM.

BY ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

IT is Christmas Eve, and I mean to pass the later hours of the evening—when little boys and girls have already long hung out their stockings—in the seclusion of my dark room, to see what good Santa Claus will send *me* in the way of luck.

It happened that a few days ago I found a plate box, bearing the ominous word "Underdeveloped" on the cover. Nothing more; no notes or dates; just enough to remind me that at some time or other I must have put off the second important stage of making a photograph.

Now, I rather like, by way of a change, to be uncertain as to the antecedents of a plate. There is just a spice of romance about its creamy face winking at you from the box, and inviting you to call forth life from the blank surface by the nineteenth century magic of development. Assuming that, as in my case, you only know one fact—viz., that each plate has been exposed—think of the possibilities that may lurk in that silver-laden film: a landscape, or a group, or a stirring incident, or some scene that will awaken a host of pleasant memories! Of course, had I been *quite* as systematic as I should, these plates ought not to have drifted into a backwater of forgottenness. But such things will happen in the best regulated dark room.

MY FIRST CARE

is to get my dark-room lamp in proper order. This is no elaborate ruby affair, but a mere hand-lamp, surrounded by a cylinder of three-

fold orange fabric. I have taken the precaution to

ATTACH TO THE CEILING ABOVE THE LAMP

a large square of the same material, so that any reflected light may be "safe." I find orange light very much more pleasant to work by than red, and even fast plates are not harmed by it, provided that ordinary precautions be taken. These are: to keep the light as subdued as is consistent with being able to watch the behaviour of the plate during the early stages of development, and to have the dish well shaded when the time for examination has passed. I once, as an experiment, exposed part of a Special Rapid plate to the large orange window of my dark room (in which I could clearly distinguish every object) for a minute, and developed, with the result that no visible difference between the exposed and unexposed parts could be detected. I believe in

SAFE LIGHT AND PLENTY OF IT,

so that you can easily find anything you may want, and regard with semi-horror the portable folding ruby lamp (which is useful enough for mere plate changing).

My lamp being turned down to medium brightness, I now arrange the plates in their box, film side upwards, and replace the cover. Then I get out three small glasses and mix as many solutions: A for testing (weak); B, normal; C, for over-exposure.

My developer, by the way, is pyro soda, and these are the proportions:—

- A. Pyro solution, one part; soda, one part; water, two parts.
- B. Pyro, one part; soda, one part.
- C. Pyro, four parts; soda, one part; water, two parts; five drops ten per cent. bromide solution to each ounce of mixture. (Ten per cent. = ten by weight of chemical to 100 of water.)

The next thing for me to do is to put on

MY RUBBER GLOVES,

which cost 5s. 6d., and save my fingers from the dread pyro stain (that would otherwise disfigure the nails for weeks), and thus remove the one serious objection to this excellent developer.

In the sink are placed three dishes, white, red, and black respectively. The topmost plate is now extracted from the box, laid in white, and flooded with solution A. At this stage I pick up the dish and, rocking it gently, turn my back to the light. *Never let solutions (hypo excepted) remain stagnant on a plate.*

At the end of a minute there is nothing apparent but the merest suggestions of a sky, so I transfer the plate to red dish, and dose it with solution B. Steady on, my friend; you're coming out a bit *too* fast now. Under the tap with you for a moment; and, swish! Solution C has you on approval. That's better; now the "high lights" (*i.e.*, black portions) come out from the white background, outlines slowly form, unite, and merge into—what on earth is the subject? People, but who? Masts, where from? Now I have it. I am in July, back at dear, sleepy little Devonshire Appledore, sung of by Charles Kingsley as the port whence many a bold Elizabethan sea-rover set out to seek his fortune on the Spanish Main. Yes; here in the middle is my old friend of the drum, castanets, triangle, pipes, &c.—a male version of the Lady of Banbury Cross, *minus* the horse—posing for his picture among the lasses and lads for whom he has just made music with elbows and heels and divers strings attached thereto. The image has developed right through the film, and, therefore, I may safely commit the plate to the fixing bath, while I proceed to negative number two. This was probably taken at Appledore too, so into the C dish it goes at once. Soon there looks upon me a young Naval Reservist, standing beside a large model boat which *he* said he built himself, and another person ascribed to somebody else, and a third man averred to have been made under his very eyes by the Reservist, till I really began to doubt

whether Jerome's fishing story had not found a formidable rival.

When my first two negatives are fixed I slip them into a rack and immerse this in a

WASHING BATH,

which really is a bath, one foot wide, 15 inches long, 10 inches deep, and has four small holes pierced through its sides $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch above the bottom, so that the chemical deposits may be carried off. Unless some such means of producing a slight through current are employed, the plates do not get the full benefit of the clean water entering the bath at the top.

Resuming development, I evolve a group of Appledore children; the fishing fleet stranded on the mud; a cluster of boys playing marbles; and a squad of Naval Reservists—all over-exposed. My three double dark slides would then have been exhausted, and number seven is therefore tested with solution A. That doesn't work, so B has a turn, and, most appropriately for the Christmas card season, a litter of kittens turns up—all as unlike as only mongrels can be. The little rascals! I remember the hot August day when I perched them on a bar across a gateway with a brick on either side to prevent their escape, while I got the focus. One kitten has managed to move during the exposure (very short), after the manner of the inevitable evildoer in a human group. Still, a strong negative.

UNDER-EXPOSURE

comes in the eighth venture, which carries me far north into the Forfarshire Sidlaws, a range of hills once known to geography. Solution D is mixed—pyro, one part; soda, three parts; water, two. Patience will now be necessary, as the one chance of success in the case of an under-exposed plate is to let it develop very slowly, rocking the dish continually. Under-exposure is a horrid nuisance, and a regular bane to beginners who do much hand-camera work, especially as the image often before fixation has quite a "plucky" appearance, which fades sadly away in the hypo bath, leaving a "chalk and soot" negative behind it. The great difficulty is that, if the shadows be forced out, the "high lights" faces, &c.—become very dense. In this case, therefore, with the dresses of a picnic party coming out very hard on an undeveloped background of furze and broom, I shall have recourse to *local* development.

Taking a pad of cotton-wool in my right hand, I dip it into pure soda solution, and dab it over the shadows, tilting the plate (from which the developer has been poured away) so that

the soda may not stray on to the foreground. This process is continued until a fair amount of detail has appeared; then I fix the image in the hypo.

I AM VERY CAREFUL

to wash my gloves thoroughly after immersing them in the hypo, as any of this carried to the developing dishes would at once arrest development. Whatever you do, *don't* pour accelerator straight into the dish, or you will give your plate a "black eye." Always pour any added

WARM THE DISH

over a lamp (if it be a porcelain one) for development of very stubborn under-exposures. The solution will prove much more active if heated until it is tepid, but not warm. Before taking out the plate for good, add some pyro solution to give a little extra density. If it stains the negative slightly all over, so much the better will it be for the printing.

The golden rules in developing are:—Go slow, and feel your way; keep the dishes in motion:



[Photo.]

THE APPLEDORE BAND.

[A. Williams.]

solution into the measure glass, and tip the liquid contents of the dish on top of it. Then the whole may be safely applied to the plate.

Twenty minutes have gone over this plate, but it was worth the trouble, as I couldn't possibly re-stage that jolly afternoon troubled as it was photographically with evil-looking clouds overhead. Next comes a very fair negative of the construction of the camp-fire to boil the kettle that plays so important a part in an afternoon's outing. I shall improve matters by *intensification*, which will give "body" to the shadows. This process is most effective with negatives that, through over-exposure, lack contrast, but are full of detail, and will be treated of in a future article.

be careful to measure solutions accurately, and don't mix "by eye"; don't let the plate be unnecessarily exposed to direct light in the early stage of development; don't handle the plate more than necessity demands; wash it very thoroughly after fixation.

Perhaps I ought to have already mentioned my pyro soda formula. Here it is:

PYRO SOLUTION.		SODA SOLUTION.	
Pyro	4oz.	Sulphite of soda	2oz.
Bromide of Potassium	15grs.	Washing soda	2oz.
Metabisulphite of Potassium	12grs.	Water	20oz.
Water	20ozs.		

Whew! The room has become rather oppressive! Let's open the window and listen to the

dear old Christmas bells, sending the old, old message to the world, the message that dates so far back before the time when photography was first thought of. It is late; but Christmas comes once only in the year, so we may spare a few minutes to listen to the merry changes. Then one last look round to see that the plates are all washing properly, and the lamp is blown out, and off to bed I go, mentally wishing all my readers a happy Christmas.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. Griffiths.—Thanks for your interesting photo. of the "Floral Temple of Japan," taken at night in the Zoological Gardens, Clifton. I regret that it would not stand reproduction on account of the detail being so faint. The curious movement of the electric lamps must, I think, be due to a shifting of the camera during a part of the exposure—probably only a small fraction, which would be sufficient to impress the brilliant light of the lamps on the plate without blurring the detail of the other portions of the structure. The movement must have been jerky.

"**H. R.**" asks how best to glaze P.O.P. prints. The most usual way is to squeegee them down on to ferrotype plates (price about 4d. each) which have been prepared by rubbing them over with salad oil. The oil must be wiped off with a clean rag. The wet prints are then spread face downwards over the plate (the black, shiny side), and rolled with a squeegee until every trace of an air-bubble has been worked out. They are then left to dry, and peel off naturally, leaving a high gloss. Some folk use plate glass instead of the enamelled iron plates; but the latter are preferable as being cheaper and less breakable, though care must be taken to prevent their getting bent. Your photograph is very good for a beginner, H. R., and I wish you good luck. Read my articles carefully, and you will get on.

Gladys Marsh.—Yes! a No. 2 Brownie would suit you admirably. As to your question, "Do you think I would understand it, &c.?", is the Photographic Fag also among the prophets? I am sure you will, nevertheless, for the fact that you take in *THE CAPTAIN* is proof of common-sense, and your appreciation of the magazine a sign of good taste. (Hear! hear!) Perhaps you will let me see a photo or two when you get to work.

F. A. Cameron.—Evidently you do not get an exposure if your films come out blank in development—that is to say, provided the light is any-

thing but extremely weak. You don't say what sort of a camera you use: sometimes a film-pack fails to act, and then the reason is obvious. Possibly you moved on more than one film at a time, or the shutter didn't work.

A. W. Robinson.—"How much would it cost to make a dark room like that described in the October number?" Well, that's a matter rather hard to decide. If you had to build a separate room on to the house, I daresay £40 would "go bang" before you had finished, or even more. If you merely have to fit up an existing room, and can do carpentering, a five-pound note should cover everything; though here again the water supply is an unknown item. Of one thing I am certain, that in a proper room you can do work that is almost impossible where plentiful water is absent. The expensive items are the sink and the water "waste." The rest—well, say £2. As for your second question, there are several good guinea cameras offered in the advertisement pages of the July number.

R. H. B.—Don't be down-hearted; your photos are not at all bad, and the particulars given on the back of each show that you are systematic—a great virtue in a photographer. The camera is a good one, and you can't beat Pyro Soda developer. Now for criticisms: Stoke Poges church, under-exposed. Lake (Langley Park?), rather ditto; Gerrard's Cross church, over-exposed; Jordans, ditto; Burnham Beeches pool, right, but needs intensification; G.W.R. engine, rather over-exposed, and seems to have been taken against the sun, instead of with sun at your back. See my remarks on development in this number. No! stripped films worthless. Paste-on mounts are preferable to slip-in. Pyro Soda is *not* good for developing Velox prints, as they would probably be stained thereby: hydrokinone best. The spots are caused by air-bubbles forming on the plates *after* the developer has been poured on. Rub the films over quickly with a pad of cotton-wool immediately the solution has covered them. Always pleased to answer questions of this sort.

Joan Sterling.—All your films have been fogged by white light. One thickness of fabric over the window would not be safe if the light is at all strong outside, and even double quantity would not avail if the edges allow white light to get through. In a Frena camera only the front film and those at the bottom can possibly have been exposed. If the films are not arranged quite correctly—with the notches corresponding in all alternate films—there will be a block. (Haven't you got a book of instructions?) The film-packs are supposed to be properly set when they leave the factory; but I always look them through to make quite certain before putting them into the camera.



TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS,

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

No. 10.—THE BLIND COUGAR.



IT was a good day for deer-hunting. Two or three inches of snow had fallen, and the air seemed soft and heavy, as it does before a storm. We determined to utilise the favourable weather for the killing of our winter meat. Therefore, at about sunrise, my partner, Curtis, our Indian helper, Pete Debaw, and myself set out from our shack to make a circuit of the nearer hills.

In 1875 this rough Black Hills country abounded in big game—elk, deer, sheep, grizzlies, black bears, and mountain-lions. On that November day, at one o'clock or a little later, I had killed and hung up four blacktails and one cottontail buck. Then, in close pursuit of a wounded doe among a rough tumble of rock ledges, a serious accident befell me. Hot upon the trail, I was pushing through an undergrowth of cedar, when I burst from cover upon a precipitous slope and fell headlong. I dropped my gun upon the snow, and grasped in vain at bush and boulder to stay my downward flight. I pitched down an incline, rolled over and over, and dropped off the rim of a ledge some fifteen or twenty feet in height.

For some time I lay paralysed, physically, by the shock of my fall. My face lay on the edge of a narrow shelf of rock, and one of my arms overhung it. I had no power

to retire from this perilous position, yet with a curious sense of helpless indifference I looked down into a black and dismal gully which I knew well was the "hidden cañon," as we had named it, of Spring Creek.

It was from twelve to twenty feet in width—a huge split between two masses of rock—and must have been nearly one hundred feet to the bottom. A small stream leaped and tumbled through the boulder-filled channel.

So narrow was the cleft where I lay that an active man could have leaped it at a running jump. On the opposite side was a mass of rocks rounding off to the left, and below this a rough, narrow slope along the rim of the notch.

"A poor place to look for deer," was my thought, and there was little likelihood of my hunting companions finding me soon, unless I could send my shouts to their ears. But as yet I had no voice for shouting.

At the end of half an hour the paralysis of my nerves had partially abated, and I succeeded in rolling myself over and gaining a reclining posture against the ledge. In so doing, I discovered that my right shoulder was dislocated and that probably two of my ribs were cracked. I found that I was upon a shelf of rock some thirty feet in length and not more than seven or eight in width.

Still, nothing seemed to matter greatly, and when presently a gust of wind whirled by and great feathery flakes began dropping spirally into the notch, I felt a lethargic sense of indifference.

From this nazy condition I was roused by seeing a great reddish yellow beast come out of a cleft in the rocks just across the narrow cañon. It was a mountain-lion of large size, and it paused upon the slope with uplifted head and pricked ears, apparently listening and looking away toward the higher ground.

Now, for the first time since I had fallen, I felt a thrill of fear. If the big cat were hungry, how easily it might leap the gully and devour me where I lay! Most fervently I hoped the creature might trot away beyond the rocks.

But the lion turned its head and seemed to be looking directly at me. It walked deliberately down to the edge of the cleft, and for an instant I thought my time had come.

Still the animal showed no sign of having seen me. On the contrary, it turned immediately to one side, and began trotting back and forth in front of its lair. It travelled over a beat of some forty yards or more, wheeling with precision at the same point in each turn, and going over its path each time with precisely the same movement—a shuffling, gliding trot.

It thus passed and repassed within ten or twelve yards of where I lay. And now, with awakened faculties, I discovered that this big male lion was blind. Instead of the yellow-green balls within cruel slits there were two prominent greyish-white discs under its half-closed lids.

It was a blind cougar out for exercise. Surely, with the notch between us, there could be little danger from this unfortunate beast! Fascinated, curious, and forgetting my helpless condition, I watched the lithe, powerful, enormous cat promenading his beat—a path which he had doubtless trodden many thousands of times. Just so many steps in one direction, just so many back over the same line. At one point he avoided a projecting boulder; at another passed round a broken cedar sapling. He swung himself back and forth with the regularity of a pendulum stroke.

Here, despite his infirmity, was no caged, hampered, and rod-beaten creature of the menagerie. By some means the blind lion had been well kept. His red-yellow coat was

sleek and handsome, and his great muscles moved and glided over each other like well-oiled parts of perfect machinery. He dropped his lower jaw now and then, and once gave a mighty yawn, displaying rows of fangs which might have rent the skin of an alligator. Once only he halted upon his beat to sharpen his claws upon a sandrock, and his great claws rasped and grated upon the stone in a horribly suggestive fashion. I rejoiced, indeed, that he was blind. And so I lay watching, while the big panther glided back and forth, and the whirling snowflakes slipped off his glossy coat and padded the path for his feet.

And now again the wind whirled by in eddying gusts, flinging snowflakes and dry leaves across the notch; and out of a cross current nearly in front of his lair the lion caught my scent!

Instantly the gliding, graceful figure was transformed, and a fierce, snarling beast reared upon its hind feet, sniffing in eager anxiety to find the prey. The lion whirled about several times, then made a leap to the right, then directly toward me. Then he lost the scent and crouched, his red muzzle quivering, his ears twitching curiously, while his tail whipped to and fro.

Now he rose again and moved, sniffing cautiously along the rim of the gully. He seemed to reason that the scented creature must have shifted its position. Again his nose took wind of me, and crouching, he sniffed down at the gaping cut as if to make sure of the direction. Then, as his ears were laid flat and his yellow claws were unsheathed to take firm grip upon the rock, I gave myself up for lost.

With his snarls menacing me and growing louder and louder, I knew the creature was certain of his ground. He had not been blind always and had leaped many times to the shelf where I lay. Horror-stricken, I watched him gather himself, and then vault in a sweeping curve above the chasm and alight upon the rocks within four or five steps of where I lay.

I expected instant death. My nerves were suddenly racked with cutting pains, which ran through my chest until I gasped for breath. And yet the snarling, sniffing lion did not spring upon me. He had jumped to windward of me, and the air currents no longer carried the scent. He reared again upon his hind feet, sniffing anxiously. Then to my joy his bristles lowered, his savage aspect changed to one of distrust.

and he turned and leaped back across the cut.

He stood upon the brink for a moment in a listening attitude of suspicion, and then, trotting away, disappeared within his lair.

It was now snowing very fast, and in the next few minutes, relieved of intense reacting pains, I did some hard thinking. I dared not shout to attract the attention of my fellow-hunters, and I was in momentary fear of a reappearance of the puma, or, worse yet, of its mate.

The weather was warm, hardly at the freezing-point, and I was warmly clothed. I might, I concluded, survive twenty-four hours and longer if let alone by the lions; and long before that time Curtis and Pete would be scouring the hills for me. Camp was not more than two miles distant. I decided to lie quiet in the snow until I should hear some sound of searching.

Within half an hour the wisdom of this course was made apparent. Then I saw, coming down out of the storm upon the far slope, two more red-yellow beasts, which soon proved to be the blind lion's mate and her well-grown cub.

I shrank in fear under my covering of snow. Some taint of my presence there was yet in the notch, for both the lions paused, at twenty steps or so, and snarled angrily, with bristling backs and nervous twitchings of their tails.

For a moment the two seemed to be glaring straight at me, and I closed my eyes in fearful suspense. I waited, hardly breathing for some seconds; then, hearing no more of the cougars, I looked again, to find that they had passed on and gone into their lair. It was but a moment, however, before they reappeared. This time the blind male was with them. The three passed together up the slope in lithe, long jumps, and went over the ridge beyond. There had been a kill somewhere, and the blind lion's mate and cub had come dutifully to conduct him to the feast.



SUDDENLY HE SPRANG INTO THE ABYSS.

Under safer circumstances, I should have felt the keenest interest in this evidence of family devotion among fierce beasts, and, with perfect opportunity, I should have hesitated to kill either the dam or her cub. As it was, I was to witness something very like a tragedy.

The lions had been gone a half-hour, perhaps, when I heard the booming crack, crack, of a rifle just over the rock ridge in front of me. I answered the shots with a halloo as lusty as I could give and hitched

myself to a more conspicuous posture against the ledge. I shouted again and again—a rather feeble wail, but loud enough to be heard at a considerable distance.

Then, as if by magic, I was confronted by the three lions, which had slid down an inward curve of the rock ledge upon my left. They advanced in great bounds to within fifteen or twenty yards of my perch. There, catching sight of me, the two foremost came to a halt, and united their voices in menace. It was easy to see that something exciting and unusual had happened to the puma family. The blind one, apparently cowed by his helplessness, slunk to his cavern, muttering hoarsely as he ran. Despite their savage demonstrations, the dam and her cub did not attack.

Some new fear seemed to possess them. They whirled about repeatedly, to guard against surprises. They flung themselves upon the snow, and lashed their tails excitedly.

I understood that some one—Curtis or Pete, doubtless—had been shooting at them. Perhaps for the first time they had heard the thunder of a gun and the hissing whine of bullets.

Then a rifle cracked again, this time close at hand, and I saw the cougar dam flatten out upon the snow with a bullet through her brain. The cub bounced about wildly, spitting and hissing, until two or three more shots were fired, when it, too, dropped in its

tracks, dead. Looking in the direction of the firing, I saw our Indian, Pete, searching for a way to descend the ledge.

While Pete was hunting for a path the blind lion ran out of his lair, which he must have considered unsafe against the new foe. The beast showed intense excitement. He stopped over the bodies of his dead mate and cub and sniffed at them in apparent great anxiety. Then his tail drooped and his hair shrank upon his skin. A great fear had seized him. Suddenly he uttered a strange, whining lament, sprang toward the cañon cleft and leaped into its abyss.

Was it a case of suicide? It has always seemed so to me, and yet, in his sudden sense of loss, in his great fear and excitement, the creature may have had no other aim than mad flight, and may have gone to his death quite by accident.

I was as much overjoyed as Pete was astonished at our meeting. Before noon the Indian had hung up a deer on the ridge, and when he returned to get the meat he found that the three lions had torn down the carcase and were consuming it. He fired and missed, and as the lions ran he had followed, shooting at them as long as they were in sight.

By making a strenuous effort I found that I could stand on my feet, but I was not released from my shelf until the Indian had procured an axe and bridged the gulch with poles.

BURNS.

A fire of fierce and laughing light
That clove the shuddering heart of night,
Leapt earthward, and the thunder's might
That pants and yearns
Made fitful music round its flight:
And earth saw Burns.

Above the storms of praise and blame
That blur with mist his lustrous name,
His thunderous laughter went and came,
And lives and flies;
The roar that follows on the flame
When lightning dies.

Earth and the snow-dimmed heights of air,
And water winding soft and fair
Through still sweet places, bright and bare,
By bent and byre,
Taught him what hearts within them were;
But his was fire.

A. C. SWINBURNE.



In January and February—often in March as well—when Jack Frost is about, or the east wind is having an innings, a good many cyclists suffer from cold extremities. The hands are particularly susceptible, on account of their exposed and rigid position. If you have an average circulation, a pair of leather gauntlet gloves, which overlap the ends of your sleeves, will put matters right. If you cannot rise to such heights of luxury, try a pair of old kid gloves underneath a pair of woollen, and

FASTEN UP YOUR SLEEVES WITH TROUSER CLIPS,

so as to exclude chilly blasts. At the wrist the blood comes very near the surface, and if chilled there has naturally little chance of warming the hands. I would rather ride with a pair of thick mittens on my wrists and exposed fingers, than have my fingers covered and my wrists bare.

Very possibly you find that your toes approach freezing point more nearly than is comfortable. This arises, as likely as not, from insufficient protection to the ankles and legs. There is a lot of satisfaction to be got out of a pair of real silk socks, worn below your stockings.

The body needs special attention; a thick woollen waistcoat or jersey cannot be beaten, except by one with an additional lining of cosy red flannel. Sometimes you may find yourself warming to your work rather more than is pleasant; but this condition is far preferable to a sensation of having had the eiderdown pulled off o' nights by an enemy.

Our ears, on which some of us pride ourselves, and which are peculiarly happy

hunting-grounds for chilblains, should also be cared for. If the wind is unusually keen, discard appearances, and tie a neatly folded handkerchief round the head and under the chin. You may require your largest cap to go over it; but what matter?

The mouth, in the case of people afflicted with delicate throats, should not be left unguarded. The exertion of cycling tends to make one ride open-mouthed to get more oxygen, and the deep draughts of cold air taken in with every breath may prove very harmful. A woollen, silk-lined mouth-protector, kept in place by an elastic band round the head, will help to heat the air, and will also protect the parts where toothache grows.

I have made the above remarks because I often see young people riding about in the winter

BLUE AND PINCHED-LOOKING,

though their external appearance otherwise suggests that the articles mentioned might be provided without breaking the family exchequer. Mollycoddling is one thing; ordinary prudence quite another.

THE CYCLE SHOWS.

Nowadays a cycle show pure and simple may be said not to exist. For, whereas the pedicycle has settled down into a practically stereotyped form as regards its general construction and shape, the motor, its great rival, is still changing the details of its mechanism from month to month. Consequently, "cycle and motor show" is the fashion; and from some shows any vehicle not motor-driven is excluded. Any one who paid a visit to the recent Stanley Show at the Agricultural Hall must have

been struck by the many types of motor-cycles there exhibited—two-wheeled, three-wheeled, and four-wheeled. Five years ago there were but two or three makes on the market: now almost every cycle firm of repute turns out its own special brand; while quite a large number of companies have been formed for the express purpose of manufacturing motor-cycles.

The increase in the number of these busy little engines during the last three years has been such as to make it apparent that for the multitude

THE MOTOR-CYCLE IS THE LOCOMOTIVE OF THE FUTURE.

In 1901 people used to stand and watch the motor-cycle out of sight, with an expression on their faces betraying mixed amusement and astonishment. To-day few persons take the trouble to turn their heads to look at one. You meet the motor-cycle everywhere, in crowded London streets—ridden most dexterously by newspaper boys—on the great high-roads, in sequestered bye-ways—in short, wherever you would expect to see a "push-bike." Thousands of cyclists have tasted the joys of motor-cycling, and communicated their enthusiasm to thousands more; and it is the suspicion that a good number of CAPTAIN readers either are motor-cyclists, or would be such if they could, that has caused me to leave the beaten pedestrian track in this article.

CONSIDERED AS A PIECE OF MECHANISM

The motor-bicycle is a wonderful contrivance. A diminutive engine, almost small enough to crowd into a hat-box, is attached to a fifty-pound cycle frame and wheels; fitted with three or four special levers, a small storage battery, an intensity coil, and a tank holding a gallon of spirit—and there you have a servant which will carry you willingly up hill as well as down for a hundred miles or more, if you only play the right tune on those levers. Supposing that a man had told me, ten years ago, that in the present year of grace we should have a combination of three horse-power and a hundred-weight as a matter of course, well, I should have been within

my rights in referring him to the Horse Marines.

THE COST OF MOTOR-CYCLING.

Expense is the counterpoise against which every new sport must be weighed before it can be accepted of the people. Though motor-cycling as a pastime is a lusty child, it is still a child; and, at first sight, rather an expensive one to maintain. Fortunately, as it grows older its ailments diminish in number; and the increasing mechanical perfection of the high-speed motor brings with it a greater freedom from those "breakdowns" which have given the sport a rather bad name in the past. To-day a first-class mount costs about £40.

But there is a decided tendency towards a general fall in prices. Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., who speaks with authority, prophesies the speedy advent of the day when a good, handy motor-cycle will be listed at £25. At present the makers are to a great extent experimenting—a very costly process. When the types have been standardised, and machinery turns out the various parts by the thousand, competition will doubtless lead to the desired—from the purchaser's point of view—result. So cheer up! readers who regard a motor cycle as a small fortune on wheels. It wasn't so long ago that a first-class "push-bike" cost £20 and upwards. Couldn't be made for less, said the makers; but it



KEEP YOUR EARS WARM IN VERY COLD WEATHER; AND PROTECT YOUR MOUTH, IF YOU HAVE A DELICATE CHEST OR THROAT.

is—for two-thirds of the money.

THE JOYS OF MOTOR-CYCLING

are great. Take my word for it. Until you have bestriden the modern Pegasus you don't know what a small journey fifty miles can be. I remember in my school-days reading a fascinating bit of prose in a "Reader" about the Frigate Bird, the pirate of the ocean birds, which breakfasts at the Cape, lunches five hundred miles away and goes to bed in America or the East Indies. With a trusty motor between your knees you begin to understand the Frigate Bird's roving propensities. In London for your morning eggs and bacon; in Hampshire for your bread and cheese; and in Somerset before the dinner-bell rings—that

is the motoring counterpart of the bird's flight. Of course there are times when that mysterious "something" goes wrong, and you spend a strenuous hour overhauling springs and terminals and valves. But I believe some one once spoke about the *delightful* uncertainties of cricket. Every time you put the "something" right, you feel that you have advanced in practical mechanics.

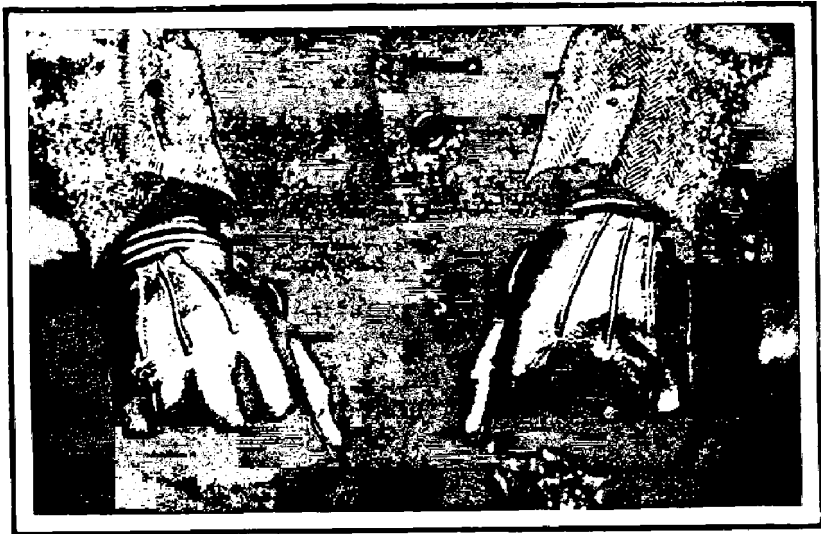
THE RANGE OF THE MOTOR-CYCLE

is, of course, much greater than that of a pedicycle. If you wish to visit a place fifty miles away and be back before dark, even when the days are long and the roads good, you have to rise betimes and pedal very diligently. Before the feat has been accomplished you conclude that such a ride

through which he moves, and doubtless misses many a charming view or interesting object. Something has to be sacrificed, whatever be your mode of travel. After the novelty of the sport has worn off you are less averse to stopping now and then to look about, if touring; but, on the other hand, you use your motor more and more as a mere locomotive to "get you there," when you become accustomed to visiting friends at a distance.

FOR CROSS-COUNTRY WORK

the motor-cycle is seen at its best. Thus, suppose I wish to go from Beaconsfield to Guildford and back, and don't feel equal to seventy miles of pedalling. The alternative is to get to Windsor—somehow—and take the train for the rest of the



FASTEN UP YOUR SLEEVES WITH TROUSER CLIPS TO KEEP OUT COLD DRAUGHTS.

is not to be undertaken rashly, or with your legs in an untrained condition. One big dose like this lasts a long time. The motor-cyclist can pretty accurately figure out the time needed; he takes the distance, divides it by the average speed of his machine, and the answer is there. At the end of the run he is physically fresh, and able to enjoy what he sees, instead of having to sit round to recuperate his forces for the return journey.

Now, I am not going to say a word against our dear old friend, the "pusher," which will always retain its peculiar advantages. The motorist, carried away by the exhilaration of swift movement, gets but a very general idea of the scenery

journey, a matter of sixty to ninety minutes of very deliberate railway progress. So two to two and a-half hours are swallowed up, and there may still remain a fifteen-minute walk at the other end. The return journey must be arranged to suit the time-table: I am not a "free agent." On a motor-cycle I have done the distance each way from door to door in an hour and three-quarters, been able to start when I liked, to return when I liked; and I am a careful rider, respecting corners, vehicles, and other users of the road.

Those of you who can get to the
CRYSTAL PALACE MOTOR SHOW,
which commences on January 27 and

terminates on February 4, should have a good look at the motor-cycle exhibits. One feature of motoring which recommends it is, that every motorist is obliged to become more or less of a mechanic, and learn things which otherwise might remain Chinese to him till his life's end. As soon as you can appreciate the details of a motor, a visit to a big Show is a valuable addition to one's general education.

In future articles I hope to include paragraphs relating to the construction, management, and care of the "pocket automobile."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C. Doig.—The folding cycle you refer to is that made by the Dursley Pedersen Co., Dursley, Gloucestershire. It is very light and compact, but I cannot speak of its merits from personal experience. If you write to the makers they will, no doubt, send you full particulars. Primarily it is meant for military purposes.

"**Cyclist.**"—Here are answers *seriatim* to your four queries:—(1) The eccentric chain adjust-

ment for taking up slack is perfectly satisfactory, but has not, perhaps, so large a range as the ordinary screw and nut in the slots of the back stays. Of course, the rotation of the eccentric in the barrel bracket varies the reach of the pedal, and may require a little raising or lowering of the saddle. (2) The oval hole in the crank, and the oval end of the spindle, if a good fit, make an absolutely safe attachment; better than usual cotter pin. (3) Narrow chain is all right, if the teeth of the cogs are well tempered. A narrow roller necessarily implies more pressure on a given length than would be the case with a wider one. (4) The proof of the pudding, &c. No! I should say that the makers have thought it out carefully. It is not lightness, as such, that renders a machine unsafe, so much as the weakening of certain vital points, *e.g.*, fork crown, and the tube "liners." Personally, I shouldn't care to use a full roadster for all sorts of work, of less than 28lb., all on.

Buffalo Bill.—So you have relinquished the mustang of the rolling prairie for the thing of steel and rubber, and have £12 to lay out! Your query is one which I shouldn't care to answer in a hurry with a revolver clapped to my head; but I think, on deliberation, that you cannot go wrong with any of the following makers' goods:—Humber, Swift, Raleigh, Premier, Rover, Rudge-Whitworth. For the money you should be able to get a change speed gear fitted—Fagan, or Sturmey Archer.

REFLECTIONS

(OF A PRIMITIVE HUMAN DISGUISED IN
ETONS.)

Oh, to be Palaeolithic!
Oh, to hunt, and roam, and romp
In an age that's almost mythic,
Earlier than the earliest "comp"!
When the race waxed strong in sounder
Freedom from the "muff" and "swot,"
Little Prehistoric bounder,
Happy was thy stony lot!
What was thy most hated task?—it
Surely wasn't learning to
Turn a sort of laundry basket
Into quite a neat canoe?
Was it building huts of hurdles—
Shields from storm, and shades from sun—
Making wolf-skin shirts and girdles?
I should find them all pure fun!
In thine innocent, unbarber'd,
Unsophisticated pate
Ne'er a thought of "maths" was harbour'd,
And thy heart was free from hate
For the chap who found out syntax,
As you scoured the woodlands o'er,
With a rough, but useful flint axe
Seeking the pugnacious boar!

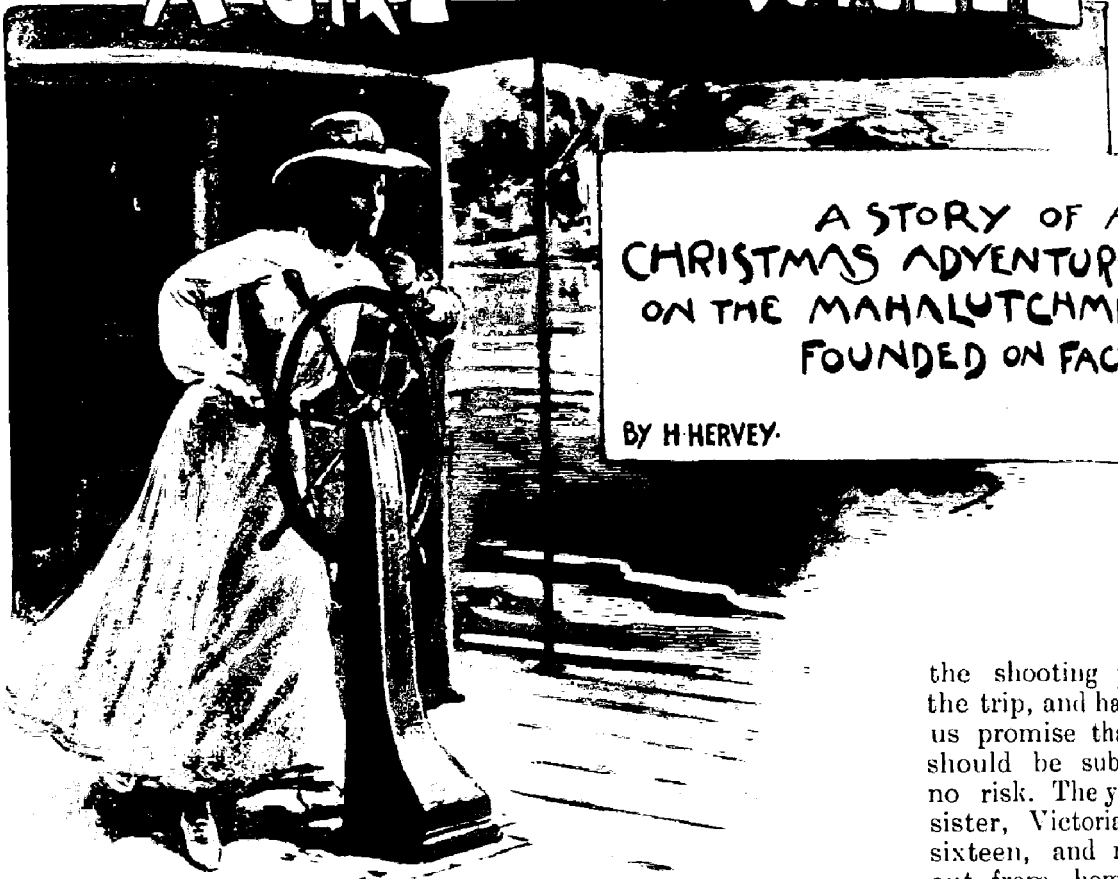
When, creating fresh diversions,
Sometimes hostile neighbours made
Depredatory incursions
Much too near your own stockade,
Then their frenzied hosts advancing
Struck no terror to your soul;
Out you dashed to meet them, dancing
Cake-walks on your chariot-pole!

For a stripling of my own age
Life was utterly sublime!
Better in the good old stone age
Than at any other time!
What's the lore of countless sages,
What's the boon of high descent
To the "heir of all the ages"
In a stifling class-room pent?

Do your worst, O Tyrant crammer!
Yea, prescribe me, if you will,
Nauseous niceties of Grammar,
Euclid, flagellations—still,
I, whose buoyant soul and skittish
You would curb and civilise,
I'm a rank, blank, ancient British,
Wild, child savage in disguise!

ARTHUR STANLEY.

A GIRL AT THE WHEEL



A STORY OF A
CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE
ON THE MAHALUTCHMEE,
FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY H. HERVEY.

I.

THE small military station of Mundelore lay ten miles south of the Mahalutchmee, where our regiment had lately arrived from Burmah; and one day of Christmas week, we—a party of six—encamped near Igaisweram preparatory to an expedition across the river. Our ostensible object was tiger, but, having three ladies with us, we were combining pleasure with sport by making a picnic of it. The outgoing regiment, besides telling us of the likely jungle on the Mahalutchmee's north bank, had mentioned that old Joyce, the engineer at Igaisweram, would loan us his departmental steam tug and cabin boat for the asking, especially just now, when the river was still pretty full, although the monsoon had ceased—locally. We had asked; Joyce had agreed; so here we were: Major and Mrs. Strafford, her two sisters, Miss Emily and Miss Victoria Marlough, Cray and Thane, lieutenants; the latter—myself. Mrs. Strafford and her next sister Emily were of somewhat timid disposition; neither favoured

the shooting part of the trip, and had made us promise that they should be subject to no risk. The youngest sister, Victoria, aged sixteen, and recently out from home, was built of different stuff. She was one

of your high-spirited, athletic, good-all-round girls, ready for anything in the shape of adventure, and who do anything—from cricket to crochet. Strafford was a jovial, easy-going chap, and fond of *shikar*, or sport; Cray was another good fellow; while as for myself I preserve a discreet silence.

We were aware that about a mile below Igaisweram the Mahalutchmee traverses what the people fitly call *Dayum Thulloopoo*, or Demon's Gate, from the fact that here the stream narrows from over a thousand yards to about one-fifth that breadth, and shoots a gorge, walled in for several furlongs by rocky cliff-like banks. The resultant suction of these rapids is felt so far up as Igaisweram; for the water races through the falling gulch, and churns into a veritable caldron below—even during the summer months. What it is in the rainy season I leave the reader to imagine.

We rode out from Mundelore, and found everything ready for us on arrival. Our tents were pitched on the bank a short distance above Igaisweram; the tug and

cabin boat lay moored to the shore abreast of the encampment.

After breakfast we passed the time in maturing our plans for the morrow, and interviewing the people whom we had forewarned of our coming, and who—to our delight—now promised us a tigress, known to be lurking in the opposite jungle; she was not a man-eater, but had been making free with the cattle of several forest hamlets in the vicinity.

We had three tents; the centre one common to all, that to the right for the three sisters, that to the left for us men. The servants established themselves under a tree, it not being wild-animal country on this shore.

The sun set; the short twilight began to fade; and while we were seated in camp chairs semicircled on the bank, enjoying the river aspect, and discussing our prospects of sport, the servants began laying the dinner table in the tent behind us. Mrs. Strafford and Miss Marlough had already dressed for the evening; so had we; but Victoria, who had been gathering ferns, had just retired, ordering the servants to light a lantern and bring it to her tent. For some time we heard her humming to herself, till suddenly the tuneful murmur changed to a series of angry ejaculations, accompanied by a sound of blows, and then an appeal for help. Her sisters hurried into the tent; we, apprehending possible danger, fetched our rifles, followed, and shouted for permission to enter. A medley of shrieks responded, and they called wildly for us. Imagining all sorts of things we lifted the flap and dashed in. Mrs. Strafford and Miss Marlough were holding on to each other, helpless and whimpering, while Victoria, pirouetting round, was apparently belabouring herself with a slipper! For a second we stared about in stupid amazement, trying in vain to locate the enemy; but when our eyes became accustomed to the uncertain light we saw that the tent walls and floor swarmed with *jerry-mundlums*, a huge poisonous species of tarantula or spider! Attracted or disturbed by the light, the ugly insects, who must have had their habitat somewhere near, had invaded the tent in thousands, and were now scampering about in all directions; many had already clawed up Victoria's draperies, and we others would soon have the brutes all over us!

"Run, Edith!" shouted Strafford to his

wife, as we danced over the ground, crushing the spiders by scores, and knocking them off the ladies' dresses.

But as Mrs. Strafford was too panic-stricken to move, the Major seized her round the waist, threw her over his shoulder, and streaked through the door. I and Cray followed with the other two, and thus for the moment were rid of our pests. Luckily no one was stung, otherwise there would have been lamentation that night.

"Come," said Strafford; "after this we cannot remain where we are; we must get on to the boats for dinner—and sleep there."

All admitted the advisableness of the step; the servants were summoned, lights put out, and we bundled bag-and-baggage on board. No sooner was the embarkation completed than the crew drew up the landing planks, and the *Sarang* proceeded to paint a broad band of tar on each of the mooring hawsers.

"What's that for?" I asked, in the vernacular.

"Sir, this bank is infested with *jerry-mundlums*; they are attracted by light, and tar is the only thing that drives them away; we use it every night at the bungalows. If your honours wait a little, you will see."

Lamps had already been set going on the two craft, and, curious to test the truth of the *Sarang's* assertion, we stood with a lantern at one of the hawsers and watched. We did not wait long; in a few minutes the water's edge became alive with the tarantulas, scurrying to and fro in search of a way to the lights. Presently, they discovered the ropes, for now we beheld them advancing along the hawser. They came on with apparent confidence till the leaders were suddenly confronted by the tar, whereupon they instantly turned, and fled up that rope much faster than they had come; the front ranks must have communicated the panic to the others, for very shortly afterwards every insect had disappeared! Where they went to, Heaven only knew, but anyhow we were not molested again. We ate our dinner, following it up with some singing to Mrs. Strafford's banjo accompaniment, and then turned in.

II.

The fateful morrow came. When we looked on the Mahalutchmee we observed the water to be flecked with occasional patches of foam, a sure sign that it had been

raining further up, and that the stream was rising. By the time that all had had their morning meal, the steam was up, so we unmoored and proceeded to cross the river, the tug towing the cabin boat. Directly we cast off, and even while hugging the bank in comparatively slack water, the "pull" down stream was very noticeable. The tug's paddles thrashed energetically, but with the cabin boat in tow she could make only slow progress. After creeping up shore for a considerable distance we edged off towards the north bank, and now, although the tug fought the current manfully, it was as much as she could do to hold her own. At times we thought that the swirl would get the upper hand, but at last, after a tough struggle, we reached slack water, and then, sidling under the bank, finally moored in safety.

"Thank goodness that's over!" exclaimed the Major. "Edith, I saw you turn pale when we were in mid stream."

"Enough to make us all turn pale," put in Victoria. "Supposing the current had conquered, where should we have been by now?"

"Yes; once the tug gave way, I question if she could have fetched the bank anywhere before getting hopelessly into the suck," I observed.

"Unless the fellows—to save themselves—had cast off the boat, with all of us on her," said Cray, laughing. "These bits of grappels for anchors would be of no good for holding in such a rush as this."

"It is too awful to talk about!" cried Mrs. Strafford, hysterically. "Leo, insist on their going a good deal further up the river before we attempt to re-cross."

"All right, my dear. Now, *Sarang*," he continued, addressing the skipper in the vernacular, "where can we get a goat?"

"There is a village about half a mile up the river, sir."

"Well, one of you go and bring a goat. Our servants know nothing of the country, so I cannot send them. We will kill the animal on the bank and leave the carcase there, so that the tigress can scent it. Here is a rupee," flinging the man a coin.

The *Sarang* hesitated. "A pity your honour did not get the goat at Igaisweram, sir," said he diffidently.

"Why, what's to prevent our procuring one at the village you speak of?"

"Nothing, sir; only that we must go in a body; even then we shall be afraid."

"All right; go, the lot of you, leaving one man to look after the fires."

The *Sarang*, after consulting with the others, all of whom had congregated ashore abreast of the boat, turned to Strafford, and said, "Sir, we are afraid to go; we are unarmed, and are informed that the tigress kills people."

"Lies!" the Major exclaimed. "You heard them tell us plainly enough that she was not a man-eater; you were standing by at the time."

"Still, sir, we are afraid to go."

"Look here," interrupted Victoria—to whom I had been translating the conversation—"lend them a rifle; perhaps that will give them courage."

The weapon was offered, but one and all declared that they knew nothing of firearms.

"Oh, confound it all!" cried Cray, suddenly clapping on his helmet, seizing his rifle, loading it, and springing ashore, "I will go with them. Come on!" he growled in the vernacular, as he climbed the bank: whereupon the party—barring one of the cabin boat lascars—willingly followed their leader.

Having told the lascar to look after the tug's fires, we awaited Cray's return with all the patience we could muster, sitting in the fore cabin of the boat, and passing the time in desultory chat. The servants—too alarmed to land—were on the tug, preparing breakfast, of which we were unwilling to partake till Cray rejoined us.

"How long he is!" presently remarked Victoria, breaking one of the many silences.

"He'll turn up soon," muttered the Major, who dozed in the corner seat. As a matter of fact we were all somewhat somnolent.

"Well, I'm going on the bank to see if I can spot him," said the young lady. "Wake up, Mr. Thane, and escort me."

I took my rifle and obeyed. We climbed the bank and looked up the path leading to the village, but saw no signs of our folks.

"I wonder if the tigress or any other beast is in there!" remarked my companion, regarding the jungle speculatively.

"I think not; not close by, at all events."

"Why?"

"Because when any big animal—tiger especially—is present, the birds make a row."

"Really! I did not know that."



I COULD NOT BUT ADMIRE THE GIRL IN THUS HUNTING FOR FERNS WHEN WE EXPECTED TO COME FACE TO FACE WITH A TIGRESS.

"Yes: it is an infallible sign, relied on by sportsmen."

"I see plenty of birds about, and as they seem quiet enough, I think I'll try and get some more ferns. You keep guard, Mr. Thane, while I grub about, just along the jungle fringe here."

Of course I acquiesced; I had sufficient confidence in the birds, for with seven years' experience I had learnt to depend on them, the *minas* or starlings, above all—numbers of which were now chatting in the trees. Nevertheless, I held my loaded piece full cocked at the "ready," sticking close to my charge, with eyes and ears open. I could not but admire the girl's *sang froid* in thus hunting for ferns where we expected to come face to face with a tigress. For a good half-hour we wandered about; ferns grew in abundance; she seemed to know all

about them, and we had gathered as many as we could both conveniently carry when, finding ourselves a good way from the boats, I suggested a move towards them. The girl agreed, and we were adjusting our loads of greenery when a distant shout, in Strafford's voice, fell on our ears.

"Mr. Cray has got back—by a short cut," muttered Victoria. "No! hark!" Again the shout! we heard it more distinctly this time, for we were listening, and it simultaneously struck us that the cry was one of entreaty! Dropping the ferns, we rushed to the bank, to see—what? the cabin boat yards out, and being fast carried down stream, the tug lying where we had left her, and the servants with the lascar swarming up the bank, making for us in an evident state of the wildest panic!

"Can you steer?" suddenly asked Victoria, clutching my arm.

"No!" I answered helplessly, for I was ignorant of any sort of seamanship: boating, yachting, had never appealed to me. But ere I could think more, the girl, calling on me to follow, set off running like a deer for the steamer. I kept up with her; she tore along resolutely and in silence, as if she had some fixed purpose in view, though, for the life of me, I could not, at that awful time, guess her intentions; the situation of our friends seemed so utterly hopeless! Charging through the terrified servants, plunging headlong down the bank, she and I sprang on to the tug's deck at the same moment. One wild look round told me the fearful truth. On tying up, the tow rope had been cast off from the steamer and became the fore mooring of the cabin boat. The river had been surely though imperceptibly rising, and the water, saturating the earth into which the stakes were driven, had weakened their hold; the pull on the

stakes, caused by the current's pressure on the boat herself, had uprooted the pegs. No one was on the alert; consequently, the boat had broken away, and was now being whirled down towards the Demon's Gate as fast as the river could take her! How the tug—which was similarly straining at her tethers—did not break loose, I could not understand, except that perhaps, being the larger vessel, the men had hammered the stakes further home.

But now what happened? Flying to the furnace, wrenching open the door, and ascertaining that the fires were going, Victoria bestowed a swift glance on the steam gauge, and then sprang aft to the wheel. "Jump ashore, Mr. Thane!" she screamed, handling the wheel. "Cast off the moorings, hop on again, and pull in the ropes, for we shall require them! For Heaven's sake look sharp!"

III.

I wear two medals and the D.S.O. I have served through two hard-fought campaigns, both under distinguished leaders; one, the hero of Kandahar and Pretoria; but never have I acknowledged the master mind of another so completely, so blindly, as I did that of this girl on that direful day. I intuitively yielded to her, owned her my superior; for whereas, with no mind of my own, I felt utterly at sea, she had all her wits about her, and rose to the occasion with a sublimity that absolutely enthralled me.

I obeyed her, and regained the already moving steamer with difficulty.

"Now start the engines!" she continued sharply. "That lever—there! Pull it half-way towards you!"

I turned, saw the lever, and did as she bid me. There was a rush of steam, the paddles revolved, and we shot forward at increased speed. By now we had been carried well into the stream, and the girl had the tug's head down the river. The cabin boat, some two hundred yards below us, was being whisked by the current all ways; sometimes end on, and sometimes broadside to it. I saw the Straffords and Miss Marlough, a pitiable group, on the little fore deck, the Major with an arm round his wife, and the two sisters clinging together, evidently in an acute state of apprehension. Then I glanced at this other sister, grasping the wheel with a determined set look on her face, as she guided the tug

to the rescue! The steam coughed and hissed, the paddles whipped the water, the little ship throbbled and trembled, but were we gaining? The current affected both craft equally; and, to me, the distance betwixt the two did not seem to lessen. As we progressed, the suction appeared to draw us along faster; and already the cliff-like banks of the Demon's Gate were in view!

"Pull the lever over a bit more!" cried the girl, now interrupting my painful reflections. "If the boiler goes, it can't be helped; there's no other chance, and at this rate we shall never catch them up! Throw some more logs in first!"

I threw in the logs, and then drew over the lever as directed, expecting—from what she had just said—to be blown to atoms by the bursting boiler. However, no such catastrophe occurred, but the effect of my operation was instantaneous; the paddles spun round at redoubled speed, the whole fabric we stood on reeled and palpitated, showers of sparks shot up through the little funnel, and I thought we should be shaken to pieces. For some time, though we must have had tremendous steam on, there was no perceptible diminution of the space dividing the two craft; but, at last, the blessed realisation came to our hearts that we were slowly yet certainly overhauling the chase! Yes, we were closing in without doubt! Strafford, too, grasped the fact, for he waved his hat, and we heard his "Hurrah!" through the thump-thump of our frenzied machinery. Now arose the sickening question whether we could come up with the cabin boat before she entered the *Dayum Thulloopoo*; and given we did, should we have time to make her fast to us, turn round, and successfully battle against the current ere it was too late, ere the racing water became too powerful for us? Another question; would the steamer, with the boat in tow, be able to fight the rush? Could she do so by herself, even if we managed to trans-ship our friends, and allowed the boat to go to her doom? We weighed these chances, conversing in short, desultory sentences, and I could see that Victoria was fully alive to the difficulties before us.

"I don't believe we can pull the boat," she said, in decided tones.

"Then what's to be done?"

"Sheer alongside, get them to jump across, and let the boat go. It will be as much as the tug can do to make head alone."

"But will your sisters jump?"

"They'll have to. Leo will hear you now. Go forward; shout to him to be ready in the bow to catch the rope you fling him. Understand?"

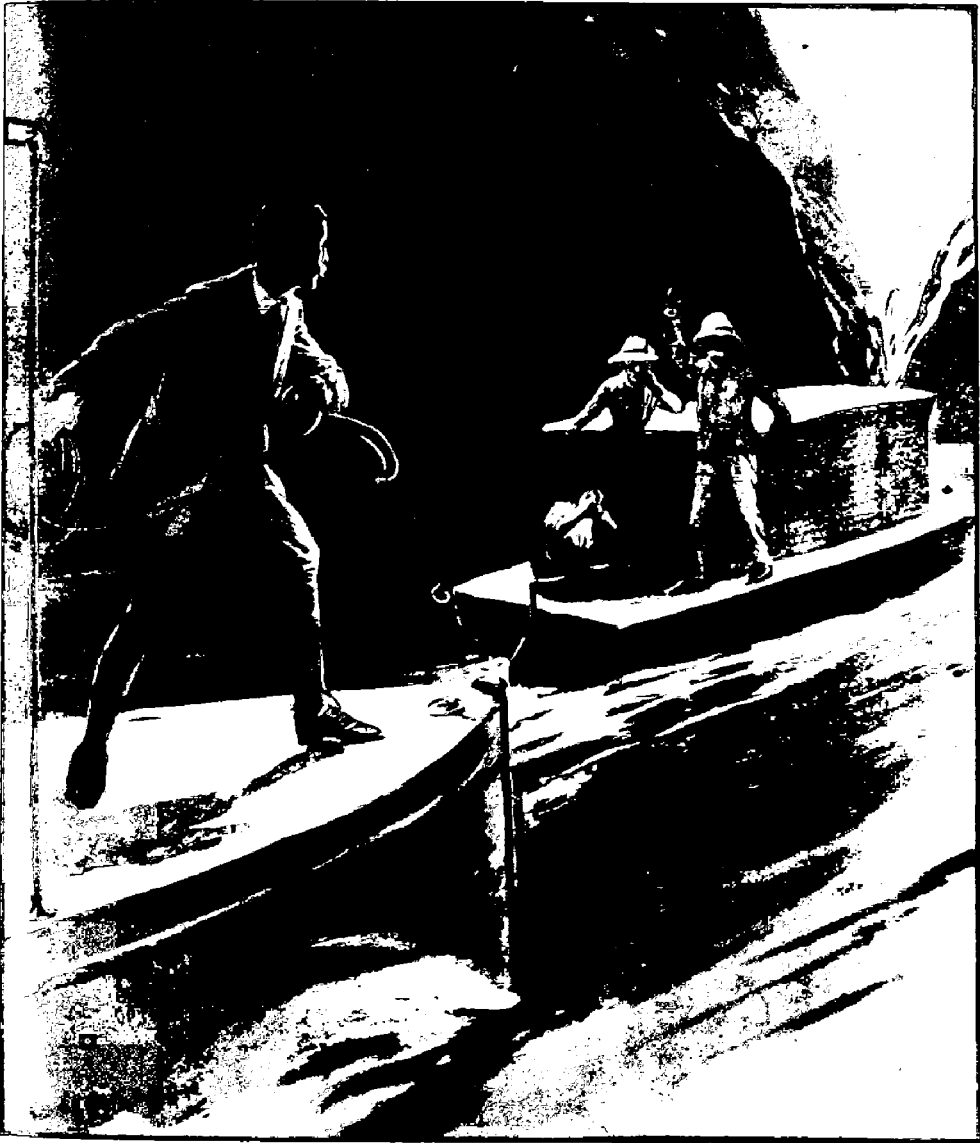
"Y—yes."

"Tell him when he has made fast there to rush aft. You do the same here, and

closer and closer; the moment came; we almost touched; I launched the rope; Stratford caught it, and made fast.

"Now to the stern!" I yelled, and we simultaneously floundered to the opposite end of our respective craft.

"Here you are!" and I threw him the stern rope.



"MAJOR! BE READY TO CATCH THIS ROPE!"

throw him this rope," pointing to the rear hawser. "I dare not leave the wheel. Off you go!"

I scrambled forward, coiled the rope in my hand, and shouted, "Major! Be ready to catch this rope when we get nearer! Make fast to that knob!"

He understood me, and we waited. Under Victoria's guidance the tug sidled

"Now tighten them, both of you!" screamed Victoria, rapidly revolving the wheel.

We did, and the boats were side by side. When I raised my eyes I saw that we were sweeping round; and in a few seconds we had our heads up river!

Now came the most agonising part of the whole adventure. The paddle boxes inter-

ferred with the boats lying gunwale to gunwale; the tug, moreover, was higher out of the water, and the only way for the trio to come across was to ascend the roof of the cabin boat, and thence clamber up on to the steamer's paddle-box, which towered some four feet above the boat top. Mrs. Strafford and her sister did not possess the nerve to undertake the feat, though we implored them to try. Had we time and means of lashing planks from craft to craft, the ladies—even were they too timid to walk across them—might have been encouraged to come to the paddle-box; but, as it was, the cabin boat wobbled alarmingly; the water, thrashed by the paddles, foamed between the two vessels; while as for Strafford and myself carrying the ladies, that would have been impossible under the circumstances. Persuasion, entreaty, had no effect; the precious moments flew, and it was patent to all that so far from making any progress against the current we were being carried by it towards the Demon's Gate!

"Come and hold the wheel, Mr. Thane!" cried Victoria, suddenly. "Don't move

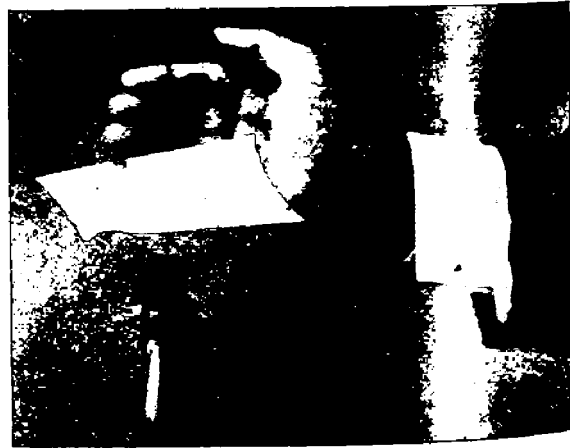
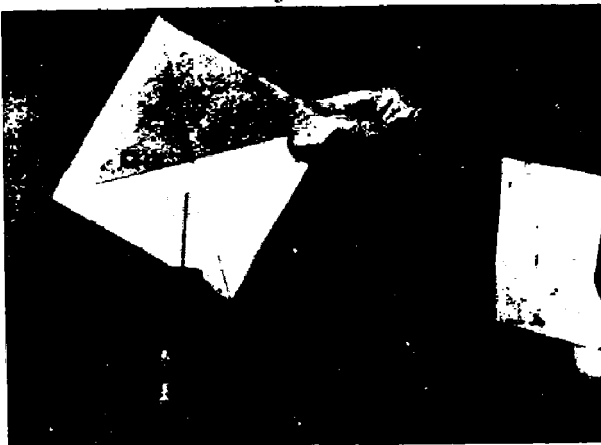
it!" as I mechanically grasped the spokes. She ran forward to the engine; I saw her read the steam gauge, and then wring her hands in a gesture of despair. The next moment, however, she seemed to come to herself; for, poking up the fire into a roaring furnace, she seized the lever, drew it over to its full extent, and then rushed back to her post.

"There's no safety valve! We shall either blow up or conquer now!" I heard her say in a hollow voice, as she took the wheel.

But Heaven was with us. Though the tug simply writhed, though the machinery clanked and slithered, the boiler held. The fight was a stern one, and we watched it with bated breath till our agony of doubt was removed. Our downward progress slackened; it stopped; we were stationary; then, after remaining so for several excruciating moments, we began to creep slowly, very slowly, up stream, and in due course brought up in safety under the north bank, but far below our original landing place!

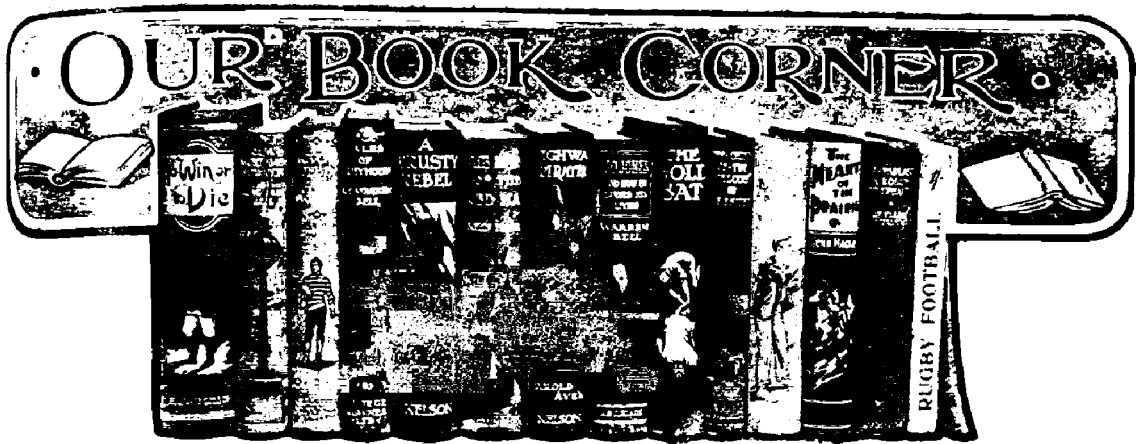
No more. The rest I leave to your imagination.

THE REVOLVING PAPER.



What is the force that causes the paper to revolve? Is it animal magnetism or only a common draught? Try for yourself. Take a piece of ordinary writing paper, and fold it into a square. Next draw two diagonal lines from its corners, and, where the lines intersect, balance the paper upon the point of a needle that may be fixed in a cork.

If you hold your hand as shown in illustration the paper will revolve.



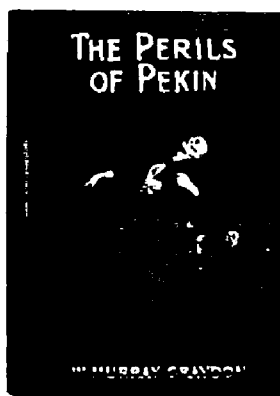
Traffics and Discoveries. By Rudyard Kipling (Macmillan, 6s.).—Mr. Kipling's new book contains stories in the familiar vein, but it cannot be praised so unreservedly as some of his earlier volumes. Let it be said at once, however, that these tales of the army and navy would be a great achievement for almost any other writer. It is, indeed, paying Mr. Kipling a high compliment to say that better work is expected from his pen. There is lacking some of the dash and much of the freshness that have hitherto been such delightful characteristics of his books.

Still, the greatest fault is that the stories are difficult to read. It is not that they are dull—far from it; but the pages in which they are narrated bristle with many technicalities that can only be appreciated to the full by experts. It is the first duty of a writer to be intelligible to the class to which he appeals. Philosophers and scientists appeal to their fellows, and therefore much in the way of complex terms may be pardoned them. Mr. Kipling, however, writes for the "general," and there is good reason why he should abstain from indulgence in the technical intricacies of, say, steam tactics. In this respect, Mr. Kipling's method threatens to become a mannerism that must detract appreciably from the pleasure of those who read his books.

For Heart o' Gold. By Constance Smedley (Harpers, 6s.).—Miss Smedley came to the front last year with "An April Princess." Now she appears before us again with a novel in which modern people masquerade in fairy-tale guise. A princess is betrothed to a prince, her cousin, whom she loveth not, and is wooed by another prince ("Heart o' Gold"), who assumes the rough garb of a swineherd, and meets her when she takes walks beyond her father's castle walls. The adventures of the princess and her swineherd lover form a very interesting and graceful story, which we can heartily recommend to our readers.

The Abbess of Vlaye. By Stanley Weyman (Longmans, 6s.).—Mr. Weyman's hand has not lost its cunning, and his latest production may be ranked with his best works. *The Abbess of Vlaye* is a tale of France in the reign of Henry the Fourth. It was a bad time for France, for the power of the nobles was great, and in the provinces controlled by them misgovernment was rife. Henry was king, but he did not do much more than reign; he could not be said to rule. He was over-lord, but not lord. Mr. Weyman details the monarch's first great attempt to subdue his vassals. M. de Vlaye is the villain of the story, and the Abbess is something more than his accomplice. The treachery compassed by the latter fails of its anticipated effect, and results in her early widowhood. A bad woman she, yet for her bravery, her daring, and her great love much must be pardoned her. A stirring book, full of alarms and excursions, pursuits, captures, and hairbreadth escapes.

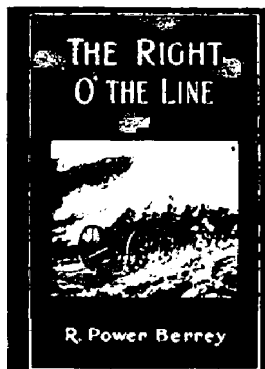
The Perils of Peking. By W. M. Graydon (Shaw, 3s. 6d.).—This is a story of the Boxers' rising in 1900, and the adventures of two American lads in Peking during that troublous time. For the rest there is the discovery of a long-lost brother, and the rescue of a royal princess. The reader comes to the conclusion that the book has certainly not been written because



Mr. Graydon had anything to say. It is as if the author had said to himself: "Now, let me write a book for boys. China makes a good background. It is true I don't know much about that country, but

probably those who peruse the volume will know less." So the story has been written, and, to give it local colour, there are the usual references to "native Christians," "impending massacre of Europeans," "foreign devils," "legation soldiers," and "the allies." There is not a single passage in this volume that could not have been culled from the newspapers, or, at best, a not very illuminating book of travels. Atmosphere, in the true sense of the word, there is none. Of course it is possible that Mr. Graydon is familiar with China and the Chinese; but, if this is the case, he has been at pains to conceal any intimate knowledge of which he is possessed. Though this is not the author's first book, *The Perils of Peking* is amateurish, the writing indifferent, and the story far from interesting. It is an example of the books written specially for boys, about which we had something to say last month.

The Right o' the Line. By R. Power Berry (Nisbet, 3s. 6d.).—This is a book written



in honour of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, which—though not the senior arm of the service—claims pride of place, and when all arms are on parade takes the right of the line. To give, in full detail, the whole stainless record of the R.A. would fill many books; the author has con-

tented himself, therefore, with telling the story of some of the gunners' most glorious exploits since the birth of their Regiment. He starts with the siege of the Castle of St. Phillip, Port Mahon, in the island of Minorca, in 1781-1782, and he finishes with the stirring deeds of the artillery at Colenso, and the heroic stand of Q Battery—the battery that collectively won the V.C.—at Korn Spruit.

Between these two extremes he describes also the part played by the guns in those long three years during which Gibraltar—splendid imagination-stirring Rock!—thundered back her "Doom's Blast of a 'No'" to the allied forces of France and Spain,—in the Peninsular War, in the Crimean campaign and the defence of Kars, in the Indian Mutiny, and across the mountain frontier in the Afghan Wars. Verily, never were mottoes more thoroughly lived up to than those of the Royal Artillery. "Ubique"—"Quo Fas et Gloria ducunt": there you have epito-

mised the whole untarnished record of the regiment.

As a compiler, Mr. Power Berry has done his work well, putting before us a book that fires the blood, and sets us tingling as we read. But as a writer he does not impress us greatly. His style is weakened by a patent effort to be forceful. If the "bull" be allowed, his best passages are not his own. Thus, it is a quotation from one of Mr. Bennet Burleigh's despatches which gives the finest touch to the story of the gunners at Colenso:

"But two men were left, and they continued the unequal battle. They exhausted the ordinary ammunition, and finally drew upon and fired the emergency rounds of case—their last shot. Then they stood to attention beside the gun, and an instant later fell, pierced through and through by Boer bullets."

They stood to attention beside the gun! An eloquent sentence, that.

It would be churlish, however, to find much fault with the author's style. It is sufficiently good, even if it might have more spirit. Speaking of the book as a whole, Mr. Berry has done his work well.

With Richard the Fearless. By Paul Creswick (Nister, 3s. 6d.).—Here we read



of the adventures of Richard Cœur-de-Lion during the famous Red Crusade, in which Saladin was conquered. Richard is King, and Saladin is Emperor, and the hero is very, very good, and the heroine very sweet and pretty, and the villain very, very bad; but there is a minstrel. . . . A

minstrel! *The minstrel!* A minor character in a tale where all are wooden, yet one standing out a live creature, and this, not by virtue of the author's pen-portrait, but inspired by the reader's imagination. For the singer is none other than Blondel, one of those romantic figures that brighten the pages of even the dullest history book. Blondel de Nesle, the author gives as his name—may he be forgiven the addition of the surname—Blondel, the Minstrel of Picardy. It is written in the golden book of fame. Some iconoclast will one day prove, perhaps, that there never was a Blondel, and that some amiable historian invented the character. We'll none of that. Blondel to us

is real. We see him searching Europe for his King, singing his famous song under the walls of prisons far and near; we accompany him in his weary wanderings, we rejoice with him when his quest is successful. He is Mr. Creswick's saviour, redeeming by the magic of his presence a tale that otherwise, though carefully, nay, laboriously written, has little to recommend it.

True Grit. By Harold Bindloss (Partridge, 2s. 6d.).—Colonel Benson, an officer on Special

Service on the Indian Frontier, is slain by Afghans, and, dying, asks his friend, Captain Ogilvie, to look after his boy, Hilford, who is at school in England. The lad's uncle, a hard, unsympathetic man, finds him a berth in a grain merchant's office in Liverpool. Office work at Bonner's is extremely



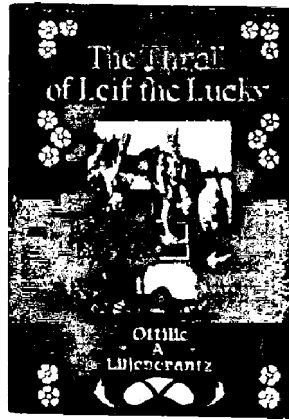
distasteful to young Benson, especially as his senior clerk, Ollit, behaves towards him like a cad, but he makes one firm friend, young Ormond, a clerk in the same office. Ollit contrives Benson's dismissal, and young Ormond throws up his berth in sympathy. Together they obtain situations in Nigeria, and their adventures among the African savages are particularly worth reading, for Benson is left in charge of the factory when exposed to attacks by rebellious cannibals. Finally, however, Captain Ogilvie appears on the scene, and his influence, added to the boys' merits, procures good posts for Benson and Ormond, with a consulship in prospect.

True Grit is a good book. The office life and the life of two young clerks "digging together" is the real thing, and the description of the lonely, saffron-tinted African rivers, the silent, haunting forests, the mangrove swamps, and factory life on the West Coast, are vivid and convincing. And, in conclusion, Mr. Bindloss, in Benson and Ormond, has given us two manly youths without a suspicion of priggishness.

Dominoes: Games, Tricks, and Stories. By W. Whyte (E. Marlborough and Co., 1s.).—We had no idea it was possible to extract so much pleasure out of this so-called simple game until we perused Mr. Whyte's little book. The author has reduced dominoes to a science, and goes far towards placing the

game on a closer level with more serious pastimes.

The Thrall of Leif the Lucky. By Otillic A. Liljencrantz (Ward, Lock).—We confess to taking up this book with something of



that prejudice which ill becomes the critic. The somewhat cumbersome title, the uncouth names of the characters, the scenes depicted in the illustrations, seemed to promise a dreary, or at least tedious, narrative. We lay the book down with sincere apologies to the author (or, as we take it, authoress)

for so mischievously prejudging a tale of rare fascination.

This is a romance of the days of the Vikings, when the Anglo-Saxon race was young, and strong elemental passions surged in men's breasts, as the blue waves surged past the dancing prows of their far-sailing ships. Founded upon a most conscientious study of early Norse records, the "local colour" is worked up in quite remarkable fashion. They live before us, these girt young men with the flowing golden locks, their massive thews and sinews, their high hearts and dauntless courage. They live, and, having Anglo-Saxon blood within his own veins, the reader lives with them. And a splendid company they are! It was a primitive age—brutal in some respects, if you will, but heroic, even in vice. Might was right: what of that? For every heroic vice there was an heroic virtue. In those days there were—not giants, but MEN.

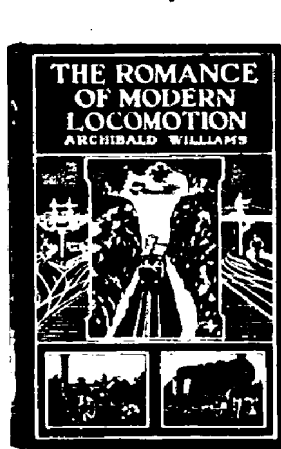
The story shifts from Norway to Greenland, thence to the new-found world, Markland, and back to Norway. The central theme is the tale of Alwin, son of the Northumbrian earl, who is carried off as prisoner in a Viking raid, and sold as a thrall, or slave. How he wins the love of Helga, the "shield-maiden," a type of primitive maidenhood to set the pulses throbbing, and attains to honour and freedom, forms the thread of the narrative.

The Thrall of Leif the Lucky breaks new, or almost new, ground, and is a book to make the veriest poltroon wish to be a man. Skoal to the Viking! Skoal!

Shakespeare's Heroines (Ernest Nister, 7s. 6d.).—This is a handsomely pro-

duced reprint of Anna Jameson's essays, being embellished with six coloured plates and seventy-four half-tone illustrations.

The Romance of Modern Locomotion. By Archibald Williams. Illustrated.



(C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., Henrietta-street, London, W.C., 5s.).—Every page of this brightly written book shows that the author is strongly imbued with the romance of the railway train and the steamboat. Knowing the vastness of his subject, Mr. Williams has been wise in not attempting to condense into a single

volume the story of the romantic and wondrous development of transportation during the last hundred years. No consecutive order is attempted, and each chapter is complete in itself. Short historical sketches are given of the Midland and Great Western Railways. Other chapters are devoted to Canadian, Indian, and United States railways. The remaining articles collected in this volume describe the various forms of traction, signals, and other mechanical appliances connected with the working of a railway. The book is illustrated by twenty-five full-page photographic reproductions, and these add considerably to the interest of Mr. Williams' chatty descriptions of the rise and development of railway travelling in all parts of the world.

The Commission of H.M.S. "Implacable." By G. R. Parker, A.B. (The Westminster Press, 4s. net.).—Being the latest addition to the "Log" series, the object of which is to provide in a lasting form complete accounts of the commissions of ships in his Majesty's navy. H.M.S. *Implacable* was on the Mediterranean Station from 1901-1904, and this "Log" presents a very readable record of

most of the important happenings on board during the cruise.

Wonder Book. (Ward, Lock, and Co., 3s. 6d.).—A Christmas presentation volume for the nursery, crammed with pictures, stories, and poetry that cannot fail to interest the little ones.

We have also received copies of the following works, a selection of which will be reviewed next month:—

From George Newnes, Ltd.—**The Phoenix and the Carpet**, by E. Nesbit (6s.); **Dialstone Lane**, by W. W. Jacobs (6s.)

From A. and C. Black.—**Uncle Tom's Cabin**, by Harriet Beecher Stowe (6s.); **By a Schoolboy's Hand**, by Andrew Home (3s. 6d.); **William Tell Told Again**, by P. G. Wodehouse (6s.); **A Tale of the Time of the Cave Men**, by Stanley Waterloo (3s. 6d.); **Stories**, by Ascott R. Hope (3s. 6d.); **The Rat** (Animal Biographies), by G. M. A. Hewett, and **The Dog**, by G. E. Mitton (6s. each); **Who's Who, 1905** (7s. 6d. net); **The Englishwoman's Year Book, 1905** (2s. 6d. net); **Who's Who Year Book, 1905** (1s. net).

From W. and R. Chambers.—**Glyn Severn's Schooldays**, by George Manville Fenn (5s.); **That Awful Little Brother**, by May Baldwin (3s. 6d.); **Brought to Heel**, by Kent Carr (5s.); **'Viva Christina**, by Edith E. Cowper (3s. 6d.).

From Methuen and Co.—**The Red Dervic**, by Bertram Mitford (6s.); **The Closed Book**, by William Le Queux (6s.).

From William Heinemann.—**Godfrey Marten: Undergraduate**, by Charles Turley (5s.).

From Ernest Nister.—**Bright Eyes' Picture Book** (5s.); **1905 Holiday Annual** (3s. 6d.); **Farmyard Tales** (3s. 6d.); **Only for Very Good Children** (2s. 6d.); and other pictorial and scriptural gift books for the nursery.

AT HICKSON'S.

By F. L. MORGAN.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

No. 4.—A BRITISHER'S PREJUDICE.

TOWARDS the end of the Christmas term Hickson's lighter moments were devoted, amongst other things, to preparation for the gymnastic displays. Of these there were three—first, second, and junior divisions; and each display included a competition, which was an "open event." Now it so happened that this particular year—Ronald Stanborough's first winter at Hickson's—brought forth no entries from Bowen's for the first division. Everyone had expected Mary Baker to enter for it; but she, fearing that the cream of Carr's gymnasts would prove too much for her, and probably forgetting "how far high failure o'ertops the bounds of low success," put her name down for the second.

"Good thing," commented Stanborough, as he and half a dozen others stood steaming in the Lecture Hall, whither they had come after a lengthy run, to inspect the lists ere they changed.

During Ronald Stanborough's term and a half at the College he had made himself quite at home, learnt much from his fellow Hicksonians, and imparted somewhat. There was one thing, however, that was still a stumbling-block to his peace of mind, and that, gentle reader, was the mighty House of Bowen! There was something in Bowen's free and easy attitude, and in Carr's tacit acknowledgment of that attitude, that had first astonished and then irritated him. Like many young Englishmen, he regarded girls as pleasant and useful in their proper place; but, to his mind, the "proper place" was distinctly limited, and he could not see that there was any necessity or use for the fair sex at Hickson's. Bowen's dimly perceived his feelings, and though not understanding, resented them with much contempt. Consequently, the relations between Hickson's girls and our Englishman were decidedly strained.

This afternoon the fourteen mile run on

the broad white roads, with six of Carr's fleetest of foot, had not proved so enjoyable to Stanborough as usual. In the first place, he had found, on putting them on, that his running togs were damp—and the discovery had not added to his peace of mind—or body. Then, about four miles out, a piece of flint working into his shoe had caused him considerable trouble. Therefore it was with feelings the reverse of pleasant, and in a tone that savoured of positive hostility, that he made with considerable emphasis the above remark.

"What is?" asked Stan Lawson, a tall, loose-limbed fellow of straight repute. Stanborough drew his finger down the list of names entered for the "first" display.

"All Carr's," he replied. Lawson raised his eyebrows.

"Don't see how it affects you a dollar's worth," he said; "you aren't entered."

Ronald opened his mouth to speak, but Jim Chaldwick interrupted hastily.

"Soothe down, Britisher. We all know your mediæval ideas of girls, so don't enlarge. Say, though," he added, turning to the others, "don't you fellows think that Mary Baker is good enough for the first?"

"She is, you bet!" was the general opinion. Ronald stood silent, feeling suddenly more out of tune than ever. The fact that his deeply-rooted ideas with regard to girls were invariably passed over in silence (or cut short with laughter) by Carr's, annoyed him exceedingly; especially just now when his knickers were flapping coldly, and the grazed skin on his foot, caused by the aforementioned piece of flint, was making itself felt uncomfortably.

"Mary Baker!" he said, suddenly, and with much sarcasm; "it's a pity she can't join the footer! What sort of a woman will she make, I'd like to know? She'll grow into a thing only fit to run races and turn somersaults!"

The six fellows with one accord turned on



"YES, AND I HEARD WHAT THE BRITISHER SAID!"

him sharply, each with a cutting retort on the tip of his western tongue; but after glancing at each other's angry faces, and at the irate Englishman's face—more angry than any—their expressions changed to one of amusement. Then they all turned at the sound of a foot-fall.

"Yes," said the tall girl who had just entered; "the door was open, and I heard what the Britisher said!" She looked calmly at Stanborough as she passed the group, and disappeared into the library through a door at the other end of the hall.

It was Mary Baker.

II.

Suddenly the thermometer sank to a degree of frost almost unknown in 'Frisco. The intensity of a North American winter

was at its height; and this year it defied even the calm shelter of the Pacific coast. and for a short spell held San Francisco in a relentless grip, covering the ground with sparkles, and the river with a thick coating of ice. Natural ice was as entrancing as it was unusual, and Hickson's, grasping the opportunity, repaired in multitudes to the river, skates in hand. Ronald Stanborough's experience of skating had been confined to an English lake, and the wide stretch of frozen water which formed the west boundary to the senior field, was both new and delightful to him. He viewed with admiration the rapid and graceful evolutions of Mary Baker and Stan Lawson (Hickson's acknowledged leaders on the ice), and mentally resolved to make himself as expert in the art as they.

Meanwhile the Junior Gymnastic Display was past and over. Thomas P. Harris had won the competition, but Jane Hobbs had run him very close. Jane had astonished her parents by rapidly turning half-a-dozen somersaults in succession on hearing of her position.

"Keziah!" exclaimed Selectman Cornelius Hobbs. "that gael of ours will turn up trumps yet! I'll lay my bottom dollar she kain't be beat at runnin' or somersaults!"

"That's so, Cornelius," Mrs. Hobbs had replied, with an unexplained sigh, as her motherly eyes followed the slim figure of her red-headed little daughter.

On the afternoon appointed for the display of the second division, Stanborough decided to skate as far as Penrose Town, a small village some five or six miles down the river. The Englishman was in no mood to witness the triumphs of Mary Baker in the gymnasium. He felt out of harmony, and dissatisfied with himself. He had been guilty of a remark that was—to say the least of it—ungenerous; besides having been uttered behind the girl's back. Mary Baker had, apparently, taken no notice of his outbreak, for when they happened to meet (which was not more often than the Englishman could help) she treated him about as usual. Nevertheless, Stanborough could not forget the incident—and it rankled. He knew he had been in the wrong, but still—. The whole affair was beastly unpleasant and made him feel thoroughly uncomfortable. Such were his reflections as he swung out of Carr's on that dull afternoon and came face to face with Johnson of the Junior School.

"Aren't you coming to see the display?" asked the small boy, noting with disapproval the Englishman's dangling skates.

"No, Johnson," replied Ronald, "I am not. I am going to skate down the river to Penrose Town and back. Do you object?"

Johnson muttered an indistinct reply and hurried away; for, when roused, Stanborough invariably used forcible and British methods of dealing with Carr's juniors. Therefore Johnson wasted no time, but left the Britisher and strolled into Bowen's Court, where he had promised to meet his sister. He waited patiently for nearly a quarter of an hour.

"Say," he said to Mary Baker, who came hurrying into the Court, "Ronald Stanborough isn't coming to your show. He's gone skating—to Penrose Town."

"Oh," answered Mary Baker, without enthusiasm.

"An', Mary," went on the junior, walking beside her, "you'll hev to look mighty spry—it's just on time for the display!"

"I know," and the girl quickened her steps; "I must change like lightning. But mind your talk, kiddie," she added, looking down at him, "or you'll be reported."

"Right O!" answered Johnson with much diffidence; for it would have been the simplest thing in the world for Mary to have reported him.

"Would you mind telling my sister that I've been waiting for her for hours?" next asked the junior.

"All right—if I see her," and Mary Baker, beloved of Bowen's and Carr's, the smartest girl gymnast and the fleetest of all Hickson's on the ice, disappeared through Bowen's doorway.

Pulling the ribbon off her long plait, she shook out her hair and grasped the hairbrush—Johnson, and all pertaining to him, forgotten. She was thinking of the coming competition (almost due to commence) and anticipating the honours that awaited her. Suddenly, however, the small boy's words came back to her mind and she opened her door.

"Seen little Johnson girl?" she asked of a passing Isabel Uridge.

"No—yes, though; she was somewhere round, a minute ago," was the reply.

"Well, tell her that her brother is waiting outside for her," and Mary closed the door again. They stuck close together, those two little Johnsons, she reflected. What else had the boy said? Oh, about Ronald Stanborough, of course.

Mary's life was a busy one, and she was possessed of a mind proportionate in health and training with her physical strength. She had almost forgotten the incident in the Lecture Hall, although its impression still remained with her.

So the Englishman was not coming to see her triumph in the gym. He had gone skating—to Penrose Town. Penrose Town . . . Penrose Town! With a start Mary wheeled round and stared at the little clock on her shelf. Only that morning she had overheard the Head telling Mr. Carr that the ice had become most unsafe about a mile from Penrose Town, and that a notice to that effect must be put up in the Lecture Hall. That Ronald was an unpractised skater she knew. And he had started over

three-quarters of an hour ago. . . . there was no time to lose. . . .

Ten minutes later, Johnson, still waiting for his apparently reluctant sister, was electrified to see Mary Baker, equipped for walking and with her skates in her hand, come out of Bowen's.

"Jigger!" he exclaimed; "what on earth—" But Mary interrupted him. She was evidently in dead earnest.

"The ice is giving out," she explained, "and the Britisher doesn't know it. He can't skate any good, either; so-I'm going to try to overtake him before anything happens."

"But—my land!—can't you send someone else? The display!"

"Nobody else could catch him up, he's had such a start," said Mary, beginning to walk out of Bowen's Court—"except Stan. Lawson," she added, "and he's already at the gym., I expect. Anyway, there's no time to lose. Tell them at the gym., will you?"

Johnson was a clear-headed youth.

"All right," he replied; "good luck!"

A little later, he explained Mary's absence to the horrified Hicksonians thus:—

"She's not coming," he said; "she's gone skating. So has Stanborough." Consequently, Hickson's received the impression that, for some unexplained reason, Mary and Stanborough had gone skating together, when Mary's presence at the gym. was most desired for the honour of her house. And Hickson's marvelled.

Meanwhile, with her eyes smarting from the keenness of the wind, and her heart beating with anxiety, Mary started on her lonely sacrifice. The afternoon was grey and still, and the frozen river, shaded on either bank by brown bushes and distorted trees, looked relentless and unending. As the moments went by, the girl's fears deepened; and, after covering four miles in twenty minutes, and with another mile stretched unwinding before her, she realised with a shock that Stanborough could not have skated at such a speed as to be beyond her sight. Great cracks rent the ice, and a



A FEW YARDS AHEAD WAS A GAPING HOLE.

few yards ahead was a gaping hole—large enough for a man to fall through. Terrified and panting, Mary pulled up. Then it was that the oppressive silence was broken, and a familiar voice on her right called:—

"Look out! The ice is unsafe just there." She turned, and beheld Stanborough sitting high and dry on the bank—and quite aware of the danger. For one instant, relief was uppermost; then, the thought of her useless sacrifice, her unnecessary anxiety, her thrown-away honours, came rushing back to her mind. Instead of a fellow mortal in peril, Stanborough became a personality; an Englishman who held her strength in contempt, who had spoken slightly and insultingly of her before several of Carr's seniors. In that brief moment, as she stood looking at him, Mary Baker endured the agony of mortification and wounded pride to the uttermost.

Ronald, of course, knew nothing of this.

He was astonished to see her—and he noticed the set expression of her face, and the relief that had leapt to her eyes at the sight of him. Was she frightened of something, he wondered, and relieved to see him sitting there? She turned and started to skate rapidly Hickson-wards. Ronald, obeying a sudden impulse, rose to his feet and called after her. She did not heed him, and after a few minutes' hard skating was beyond his sight in the darkening mist.

Stanborough reached Hickson's just as dusk was shrouding the river. In Carr's corridor he came upon Johnson. That youth, remembering the Englishman's "shirtiness" in the early part of the afternoon, edged away, saying:—

"So you're not drowned. Why couldn't you have gone an' done it some other day? Neeve won the comp., and he's miles behind Mary Baker. She'd have won it for a dead cert., only she was scared about you because the ice is on the thaw and there was no one else could have skated swift enough."

By this time he had edged himself round the corner, and Stanborough was left to digest the astounding piece of news just imparted to him, and to realise that, had he been in mortal peril, nothing but the splendid strength and athletic training which had called forth his contempt and abuse, could have saved his life. He walked slowly into his study, gradually understanding a tithe of the bitterness that had been Mary Baker's that afternoon.

III.

If the seniors of Carr's and Bowen's desired to hold conference after six p.m., the Lecture Hall (and the library that adjoined it) was the meeting-place. Here societies flourished, harassed secretaries confabulated, and friends chatted or discussed business; here, in fact, was to be found the average senior during the winter evenings. The subject of general conversation on this particular evening was—Mary Baker. Why had she thrown up the display to skate with Stanborough? The riddle was unsolved, and Hickson's was mystified. One thing however, had been decided upon—she must explain. Such was the point reached when Ronald Stanborough entered the Lecture Hall that evening. Things had come to a head, and he must *do* something. For two hours he had thought of nothing but Mary Baker, and the result was that he came to

the only place where he could meet her that night. She was not there. Hickson's, however, noted his advent with satisfaction. Here was half of the skating party. He would know something, if not all. Ronald, with an expression sphinx-like in its stolidity, strolled up to the largest group and waited.

"Ernest Neeve won the comp.," commenced Stan Lawson.

"Ah," said Stanborough, "did he really? Congratulations, Neeve."

At that moment Mary Baker opened the door, and, after glancing round, walked slowly into the hall. She evidently expected Hickson's questions, for her face looked pale and uncompromising. She spoke at once.

"I have been nearly to Penrose Town this afternoon," she said, slowly, as though half asking that they might be satisfied with that.

"Why?" asked Ernest Neeve, abruptly.

Nobody spoke, and the general curiosity declared itself in the expectant silence. Then it was that inspiration came to Ronald Stanborough—and he laughed.

"Think yourself lucky, my lad," he said, turning to Neeve, after a glance at the painful confusion waking in Mary Baker's eyes, "that at the last minute Mary Baker realised her worth! She is too good for the second division, so she's going to enter for the first, next week!"

"Oh!" answered Neeve, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Good for you, Mary," remarked Stan Lawson, turning to speak to Chaldwick.

"A leg-up for Bowen's!" declared Hickson's in general.

The tension was relieved; Hickson's was satisfied with the Britisher's explanation; in an instant the hall was filled with the hum of voices, and other topics of conversation came to the fore.

Ronald went over to Mary Baker.

"I spoke like a cad that day," he said; "I know all about this afternoon, and——"

"It's all right," interrupted the girl, generously; "you've made up for it anyway just now. Let's drop it."

"Thanks," said the Englishman, as he walked away.

Thus Ronald Stanborough made his peace with Bowen's, and, in that mental handshake with Mary Baker, sealed the compact of a friendship that brightened two lives—at Hickson's and afterwards.



HOW TO ARRANGE A COLLECTION.

THE average collector who mounts his stamps in a printed album, in which each stamp is allotted its own particular space, is more or less compulsorily neat in the arrangement of his collection. He cannot go far wrong.

But as stamps increase, and the discouraging blanks that must be left in a general album correspondingly increase, collectors are compelled to break away from the general printed album into some free method that will admit of their attention and expenditure being concentrated on one or more countries or

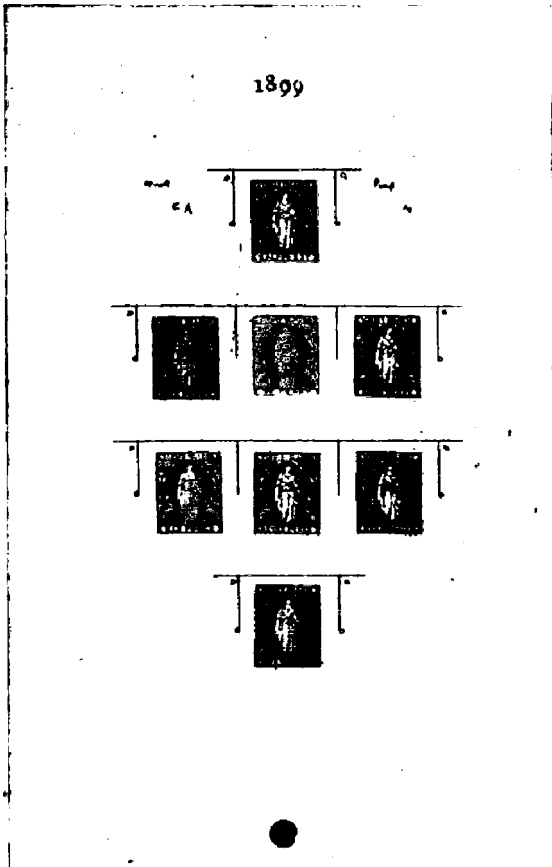
groups of countries. Hence, we have the movable leaf album, and the Cistafile, in which the collector mounts his stamps on detachable leaves or cards, on a plan of his own, guided mostly by some good standard catalogue.

The printed album, despite its unfillable blanks, is nevertheless the best of all training for the beginner. It shows him at a glance, and in the most practical way, the sequence of issues, their relation to each other, and how to arrange them on a settled plan.

Ordinarily speaking, most collectors, both young and old, will do well to start as general collectors, with a good printed album as their philatelic guide, philosopher, and friend. In the study of its arrangement and in the mounting of stamps in its pages they will pick up the A.B.C. of philately so necessary to the beginner. They will learn to understand and appreciate the postal issues of all countries, and so acquire a broad view of many questions affecting the hobby as a whole, whereas a premature plunge into specialism might leave them undesirably one-sided and narrow. We shall never all see, eye to eye, as to what countries are best to collect, and it is well that this should be so. But if we all start as general collectors we shall get to know enough of most countries to enable us to examine and appreciate others' favourites with that pleasure-yielding sympathy so acceptable to the hearts of all collectors.

But the day must come for most of us who develop a real earnest devotion to the hobby, when we must draw the line somewhere short of the all-the-world plan of the printed album. And it is with those who have arrived at the parting of the ways, who have chosen a few countries out of the many, and who are now shaping their own independent philatelic course, that I want to discuss this all-important question of how to arrange a collection to the greatest advantage.

Few things look more unsatisfactory than

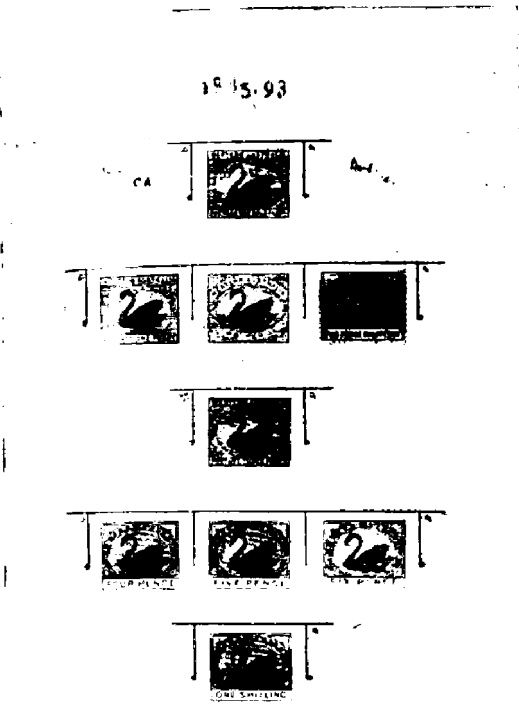


SET OF EIGHT STAMPS.

and I think I should be well within the mark if I put the number of those that would pass muster as being effectively and artistically arranged at not more than ten per cent. of the whole.

Yet there is no excuse for an untidily arranged collection. All the best printed albums classify and separate the issues, and in planning out our blank album pages we must follow the same course.

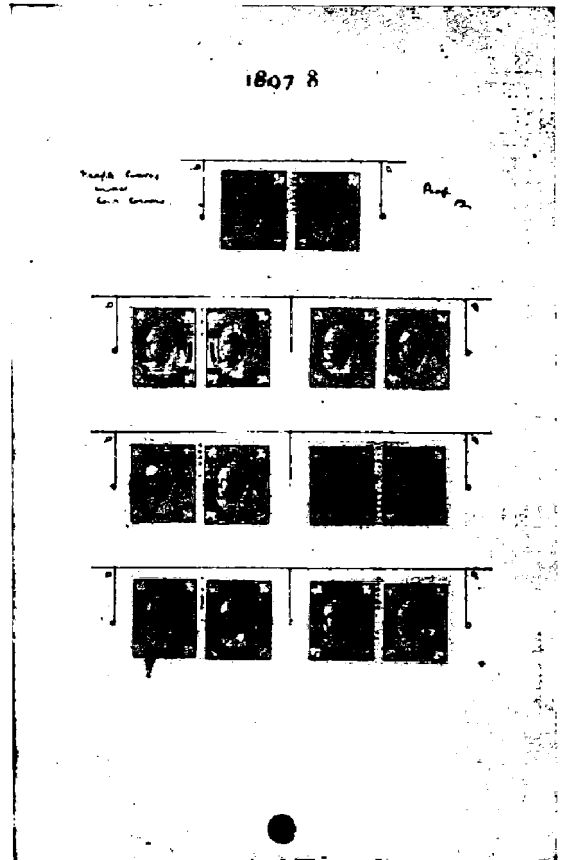
Blank albums, as they are termed, are of all sorts of sizes, from large to small quartos, but the smaller and therefore more portable sizes are now mostly in favour. The general size is about nine inches by ten inches. Personally, I prefer an even smaller size, my favourite being the No. 3 Cistafle, on which I am now mounting all my stamps. This measures nine inches in height by six inches in width. Some collectors prefer to arrange series after series in lines on the same page. In this way they make the most of each page and, possibly, more clearly show the sequence and relation of the various issues. Others of us prefer to treat each separate issue as a separate and complete picture to be set in its own frame on its own separate page. For such treatment the only



SET OF NINE STAMPS.

pictures in unsuitable frames. So it is with postage stamps. The best collection in the world may be rendered unpleasing and ineffective by careless or inartistic arrangement. In fact, it is not too much to say that the pleasure to be derived from the inspection or display of a collection of postage stamps very largely depends upon the manner in which it is arranged. Some collections are jumbled together in almost hopeless confusion. Their owners generally excuse themselves with the plea that they have not had time to arrange their stamps properly. The friend who inspects the collection will probably go away with a feeling of regret that the stamps do not belong to some one who would afford the time to arrange them properly and effectively.

I have seen some very fine accumulations of stamps arranged in old ledgers and index books, each page plastered all over with stamps in all stages of preservation and decay—some on ragged pieces of paper, some on entire envelopes; pairs, strips, and blocks, grand specimens of scarce varieties, and remnants of the commonest stamps, all huddled together in sweet confusion. I have seen a very large number of the great collections of the world,



DISPLAY OF PAIRS.

suitable page is the small size. Some collectors mount their stamps plainly on a severely plain page. They ban all idea of ornamentation, and some will not even admit a note or a date. For them each page must be spotless and undefiled. No border of even the simplest line is permitted, and the hinge is tolerated reluctantly as a necessary evil. All copies must be absolutely mint and perfectly centred, and if you want to examine a watermark the specimen must be blown over on its hinge gently with the softest zephyr of a breath, for such spotless stamps on such spotless pages



DISPLAY OF BLOCKS OF FOUR.

must not be touched by mortal hands. Few of us can hope to live up to such a state of ideal perfection, and we are therefore content to be placed a little lower than those philatelic angels. Yet all of us who have fine copies to be proud of do well to be jealous of any undue handling. Hands that are rarely washed should as rarely be allowed to touch an unused and valued stamp. Neatness and cleanliness are inseparable from satisfactory stamp collecting.

The Earl of Crawford annotates every page of his albums. His neat, small writing tells

the history of every series and of every variety of that series, so that each page forms in reality a chapter in the history of the postal issues of a country. He is in the truest sense a scientific collector. We may not hope to rival such painstaking and high watermark collecting, but we may follow in its wake, and the closer the better.

Most blank albums have a plain border line, and the enclosed space is generally patterned with a very faintly printed arrangement of crossed lines, forming minute squares, a form of ruling termed *quadrillé*. These lines enable the collector to space his stamps regularly.

Where there is a border, or marginal line, it is generally regarded as sufficient ornamentation by most fastidious collectors, but when the page or card is quite plain, then I would suggest a little ornamentation in the shape of an overmantel of simple lines, as in the illustrations appended from my collection. These overmantels may be ruled by the collector to suit any number or grouping of stamps. With the guiding lines of the *quadrillé* the ruling is a very simple matter. Then comes the question of the number of stamps to a page. The most effective page is that on which the stamps are not crowded and are evenly spaced. When the sets or series are full ones of from seven to eleven and upwards, an effective display may be made on separate pages as in the illustrations. The stamps, evenly spaced, should be grouped together in the centre of the page. When the issues are small, say up to six, they may be grouped separately, two or three sets on the same page. The year of issue, watermark, and perforation should be neatly added, preferably at the top. When a larger page is adopted than the No. 3 Cistafile cards illustrated, it will generally be found advisable to arrange each series in one, two, or three lines, according to the number of stamps in the series; the year of issue, watermark, and perforation to be written in a line over each series. Great rarities should generally be isolated, to give them a more emphatic display.

One great advantage in giving a card or page to each separate issue is that if the collector ever feels tempted to open out into the specialism of varieties, he has only to insert a card or a leaf following the series yielding the varieties to be added, or, if he later on wishes to thin out the varieties for disposal he has only to lift out those cards or detach those leaves containing them.

The enthusiastic collector nowadays, if he can afford it, does not part with his printed album.

He sticks to it as an old friend, and he transfers to his blank album, or Cistafile, only those countries to which he intends in future to specially devote time and money. Some day he may feel at liberty to open out another country, and then it is that he pats himself on the back for having stuck to his old album. I have never yet known a collector who parted with his first album who did not rue his shortsightedness and folly.

I append reduced illustrations of four Cistafile cards from my collection. The original size is nine inches in height by six inches in width. They will serve to illustrate what I mean by overmantel ornamentation and the grouping of stamps for effective display. I have found the following grouping most effective:—Set of seven, 1, 3, 3; eight, 1, 3, 3, 1; nine, 1, 3, 1, 3, 1; ten, 1, 3, 3, 3; eleven, 1, 3, 3, 3, 1; twelve, 3, 3, 3, 3; thirteen, 1, 3, 3, 3, 3; fourteen, 2 (as 3 with the centre space left for note of watermark and perforation), 3, 3, 3, 3; fifteen, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3. It will be noted that whenever possible these groupings provide for a single stamp at the top. This allows a neat space for notes—on the one side for the watermark, on the other for the perforation.

Reviews.

A NEW IDEA IN ALBUMS.

MESSRS. WHITFIELD KING AND CO. have published a new album for the general collector on new lines. Instead of the unsightly and confusing full size illustrations filling blanks where the stamps are to be placed, mostly made in Germany, miniature reductions indicate the types and positions of a series. These can never be mistaken for stamps, and are always fully covered by a stamp when mounted on its space. The publishers announce that this album is "specially introduced to meet the wishes of collectors who desire a high class illustrated album, which provides spaces for standard varieties only, excluding perforation measurements, and minor varieties," and with every space numbered to correspond with their excellent catalogue.

The work is well got up throughout, and is clearly and cleanly printed on one side of the leaf only on superior paper.

CATALOGUES FOR 1905.

ALREADY Messrs. Bright and Son have made a start with catalogues for 1905. They send us their sixth edition of the "A.B.C." descriptive catalogue of the world's postage stamps, envelopes, &c., now bulking up to a

book of 866 pages. In many cases the lists have been re-written to bring them up to date and in line with recent discoveries, and a large number of new and improved illustrations have been added. The publishers have very wisely issued in a separate volume of 650 pages the section of the catalogue dealing with adhesive postage stamps only. Very few collectors now add envelopes and postcards. The full catalogue is priced as before, 2s. 6d., and the Adhesive Postage Stamp Section 1s. 6d.

Notable Novelties.

THERE are few changes to note or in prospect beyond the changes which are being steadily made in the single CA. to multiple CA. watermarks on our British Colonials. Collectors who are interested in those colonies whose stamps are liable to this change of watermark should not wait to complete sets of the single CA. till the multiple is reported, as they may run the risk of having to pay heavily for the delay. The single CA., 9 piastres, of Cyprus, which was on sale for a short time at 1s. 6d., is priced in Bright's latest catalogue at 12s., a very tall price.

Cook Islands stamps, we are told, are being continued by the courtesy of the Postal Union, and that before long the Postal Union requirements will probably insist upon the use of New Zealand stamps, overprinted or otherwise.

We are to have a new series shortly for Belgium.

The new shade of the English halfpenny value has not made its appearance at the time of writing.

Canada.—The stamps of the King's head series are coming out very slowly. The latest addition is the 20 cents, just received.



Perf. 12.

- 1 cent, green.
- 2 cents, carmine.
- 5 cents, deep blue.
- 7 cents, olive yellow.
- 10 cents, puce.
- 20 cents, olive green.

Cape of Good Hope.—The King's head set has at last been completed by the issue of the 2d. value. As with all the others of the series it is of separate design.



Wmk. anchor. Perf. 12.

- 1d., green.
- 1d., rose.
- 2d., dark brown.
- 2½d., blue.
- 3d., magenta.
- 4d., olive green.

6d., mauve.
1s., ochre.
5s., orange brown.

Ceylon.—The 4c. and 6c. of the current King's head types have been received with the multiple CA. watermark.



Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

4 cents orange, value ultramarine.
6 cents carmine.

And the 1r. 50c. King's head watermarked single CA. of the same design as the 4c. has been issued.

Wmk. Single CA. Perf. 14.

1r. 50c., dark grey.

Denmark.—For the first time this country has had recourse to surcharging to make up for values which had run short. The 8 öre has been surcharged with a peculiar figure "4," and the 24 öre with the figures "15" over the figures "24" on each side as illustrated.



Provisionals.

4 öre on 8 öre, carmine and slate.
15 öre on 24 öre, brown.

Hong Kong.—Several values of the current King's head series have been received with the new multiple watermark. The single CA. set have had a very short life, for they first made their appearance early in the present year.



Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

2c. green.
4c. purple on red paper.
5c. orange and green.
20c. grey and chestnut.
30c. grey green and black
50c. grey green and magenta.
\$1. purple and sage green.
\$2. grey and carmine.

Johore.—A new set has been issued here of the same design as before, but with the head of the present Sultan.



Wmk. Quatrefoil. Perf. 14.

1c. purple, value tablet green.
2c. " " " orange.
3c. " " " black.
4c. " " " carmine.
5c. " " " sage green.
8c. " " " blue.
10c. " " " black.
25c. " " " green.

Somaliland Protectorate.—The full set of the King's head type for this Protectorate has been received. The low values up to and including the 12 annas are of the ordinary small size. The rupee values are of the same design, but larger size. The small size are all watermarked single CA. and the larger size CC. The full set is as follows:—



Wmk. Single CA. Perf. 14.

1a. green, centre dark-green.
1a. carmine, centre grey-black.
2a. purple, centre dark-purple.
2½a. blue, centre dark-blue.
3a. green, centre purple.
4a. black, centre green.
6a. lilac, centre dark-green.
6a. turquoise blue, centre grey-black
12a. orange yellow, centre grey-black.

Wmk. CC. Perf. 14.

1 rupee, green, centre dark-green.
2 rupees, purple, centre dark-purple.
3 rupees, black, centre green.
5 rupees, carmine, centre grey-black.

Straits Settlements.—Already the 3 cents of the new King's head series of this colony has been received with the new multiple CA. watermark.



Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

3 cents, purple.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:—

Ewen.—Ceylon, multiple CA., 4c. and 6c.; single CA., 1r., 50c.; Somaliland, full set, 1a. to 5r.; Straits Settlements, multiple CA., 3c.; Hong Kong, multiple CA., 2c., 4c., 5c., 20c., 30c., 50c., 1dol., and 2dol.

Stanley Gibbons.—Canada, 20c. King's head; Cape of Good Hope, King's head, 2d.

Whitfield King and Co.—Johore, set, 1c. to 25c.; Denmark, Provisionals 4öre and 15öre.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. M. H. (Croydon).—Sorry I cannot identify your stamp from your description.

G. W. (Patrick).—I do not recognise your stamps by your dates. There is no Cape Verde Islands' issue so early as 1870.

Sudan (New Zealand).—I am continually writing up small manageable countries in THE CAPTAIN. Take any of those lately dealt with, Sudan and Sarawak, for instance. You are indeed a lucky collector to get over £500 given you to mount and take your pick from. Yes, Cook Islands is a nice little country. The first issue is still cheap, and worth buying. If you are going in for such a tough job as the Native States of India, you cannot do better than get the monthly journal published by Stanley Gibbons for the last twelve months, and read Major Evans' articles thereon. I don't think they will yield much profit, if you are solely interested in that point of view.

THE DUFFER.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," &c.

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

SYNOPSIS.

This story concerns the fortunes of George Wellington Denver, a boy of sixteen, who spends several years at silverdown, a public school, without achieving anything creditable. Finally, being very miserable, and anxious to escape from a disreputable set he is mixed up with, he procures his expulsion by breaking a very strict rule. On hearing that George has purposely brought this dishonour on himself, his father, Dr. Denver, gives the boy a severe horse whipping. The thrashing is brought to an end by the intervention of Joyce, George's ten-year-old sister, and George dashes out into the storm which is raging at the time. Seeking a favourite spot under the cliffs (the lives at Mellerby, a small seaside place), he throws himself down and gives vent to his misery. There, soaked and forlorn, he is found by Munro, an artist, who occupies a bungalow near the beach. Munro befriends the boy and dries his clothes, but George, nevertheless, catches a severe cold. When he is well enough to leave his room his father tells him that he must go to school again, but George emphatically refuses to do so. Eventually he is given temporary employment in the office of Garrick and Mappin, a firm of Mellerby solicitors. Mr. Mappin, the junior partner, admires Molly, George's pretty sister of seventeen, and it is with the hope of improving his relations with the Denver family that he offers George this post. The boy, though he tries his best, does not give much satisfaction at the solicitors' office, and it is the opinion of Andrews, the managing clerk, that he will never do any good at this kind of work. George, however, has a considerable talent for music, and he is encouraged to persevere in this direction by Mr. Wall, organist at Mellerby parish church, who gives him lessons for nothing. Living in the town is a very old lady, named Mrs. Pardoe, said to be a centenarian. This old lady, who is very sharp-witted, considering her years, keeps in touch with the Denver family by the unconscious agency of little Joyce, who, when some trouble has arisen, or when she particularly wants anything, writes a letter to God, and posts it in an old oak tree which stands near Mrs. Pardoe's garden. These letters are taken out of the tree by Mrs. Pardoe. In one of them Mrs. Pardoe learns that Munro, the artist, is very poor, and so by way of assisting him she commissions him to paint her portrait. In the course of the story it is shown how Munro incurs the enmity of John Blunt, nicknamed, on account of his appearance, "Black Jack," a huge boatman of disreputable character. One day Blunt publicly insults Munro, and in the course of the encounter that follows gets much the worst of it. Burning with a desire for revenge, the ruffian waits for the artist late that night by the latter's bungalow. Whilst a thunder-storm is raging, Blunt sees the figure of a man approaching the bungalow door. Taking this to be Munro, Blunt falls him with a boat hook, and is about to repeat the blow when the prostrate man is killed by a flash of lightning, and by the glare of the lightning Blunt sees that his victim is not Munro, but Dr. Denver. All efforts to find Black Jack prove fruitless, and he is supposed to have escaped out to sea in a rowing-boat. It is computed that when the practice has been sold the three children will have about sixty pounds a year to live upon. Mrs. Pardoe, who has recently bought a farm near Mellerby, commissions Munro to offer the children

free quarters at the farmhouse. When Munro calls at The Gables to put this proposal before them, he is told by Molly that a London theatrical manager has offered her an engagement, and that she would like to have his advice on the matter. Munro is against her taking the engagement; nevertheless, Molly departs for London, and ultimately adopts the stage as her profession. Mrs. Pardoe's offer of accommodation is accepted, and George and Joyce remove to the farm. Munro goes up to town for the winter, and Mappin makes frequent visits to London, ostensibly on business, but really with the object of seeing Molly. Apparently the girl does not favour his advances, for his temper grows very short, and at Christmas he informs George that his services will no longer be required by Garrick and Mappin after the commencement of the New Year.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XII.

BARRY AND THE BERESFORDS.



IT was on the day preceding Christmas Eve that George received this notice, which took the form of a letter in Mappin's own handwriting. The boy found it awaiting him at the farm on his return from work in the evening. After clearing up matters at the office, Mappin had departed in the afternoon for Switzerland, there to cultivate forgetfulness of Molly's charms in the strenuous game of ice-hockey. During his absence the affairs of the firm would be controlled by Andrews and Mr. Garrick—who had decided definitely to sever his connection with the business early in the New Year. Mappin said nothing to the senior partner about his dismissal of Dr. Denver's son, and George did not dream of mentioning the subject to the old gentleman when he went to the office on the following day. So Mr. Garrick remained in complete ignorance of his junior's action, and was no wiser when, on Mappin's return, he sought sunnier climes in which to spend the remainder of the bleak English winter.

On Christmas Eve Barry looked in at the office for a few minutes before catching the

train that was to bear him home for his doubtfully-earned holiday.

George apprised the articted clerk of what had befallen him.

"I'm afraid you won't find me here when you come back," he said. "Mappin's given me the sack."

"What?" demanded Barry, pausing open-mouthed in the act of igniting a large cigar.

"I've got the sack," said George, in a tone which he endeavoured to make as unconcerned as possible.

Barry dropped into a chair by his friend's side.

"Do you mean to say you've been told to go?"

George handed him Mappin's letter. Barry read it.

"Well, he is a pig!" exclaimed the outspoken youth. "You're all right—you've done your work properly, and all that. He's done it out of spite because he can't get hold of your sister."

"I don't know why he's done it, but there it is," said George, turning wearily to the work that lay before him.

"But, look here—how about the old man? Mappin can't sack you. Look here—ask Mr. Garrick whether you must go!"

"Mr. Garrick himself is going at the end of the year," explained George. "I'm staying till then. He can't make Mappin keep me on after that."

"Oh, I forgot," returned Barry, looking utterly perplexed and much upset. The office wouldn't be the same place without Denver, he knew. They were both public school men and had many interests in common. Barry never had much to say to anyone else.

His indignation at length found a vent in unlimited abuse of the junior partner.

"I tell you what it is, Denver, Mappin's a rank outsider. I've always hated the beast, and now I hate him worse than ever. This takes the cake for meanness—and at Christmas-time, too, the bounder!"

"He's got a perfect right to sack me if he likes," put in George.

"And I'm hanged if I'll stay on in this mouldy office any longer," continued Barry, furiously. "What good am I doing? Even if I turned up punctually every day, Mappin wouldn't bother about me. He's a pretty feeble chap to learn law with, I tell you. I like the old man well enough, but I'm blowed if I stay on here now Mappin's going to run the show on his own. That will be altogether too-tooey for your humble servant!"

And Barry pulled viciously at his cigar until a testy examination of the weed informed him that it had gone out.

"Don't miss your train," said George, as Barry, having relighted his cigar, proceeded to smoke in silence.

Barry raised his eyebrows indifferently and went on thinking. He was not a fool, and not so entirely devoted to an idle life as some people might have imagined. The dismissal of the one person in the office he cared to talk to had brought him up sharp in his wayward career and given him food for reflection. He wished to adopt some sort of career, and he saw that he and the Law would never agree. What then?

Andrews being engaged on the firm's business out in the town somewhere, Barry smoked on at pleasure. He forgot the passage of time, his thoughts being riveted on the question which is eternally confronting young men of his age—"What shall I be?" He had never read Emerson and therefore had never learned that a man should do *what he can do best*; it had never occurred to him up to this time to consult his powers and discover the vocation for which he was intellectually and temperamentally best suited. But now he was really taking into serious consideration his future course of life. He was young, he was strong, he was not in need of money; he hated this law business. What, therefore, should he do?

Barry was an unimaginative, plain-sailing young man. He had never been inspired by the reading of a worthy book to "do noble deeds"; he preferred play to work, but he came of a working stock, and there lurked in him a vague unrest regarding his future. He did not wish to spend an idle, profitless existence. At the same time, he hated Garrick and Mappin's. The low-roofed, oak-panelled offices had no fascination for him; to him the yews without, hoary veterans which delighted the eyes of visitors to Mellerby, were simply trees that kept out the light. In brief, Barry was very modern, devoid of all romance, much given to the art of amusing himself, but not unmindful of the fact that a life without some serious occupation is not the life that a man, deserving of the name, should choose to lead.

George looked at the clock again. "What time does your train go?" he asked.

Barry consulted his watch, which he judged to be a more reliable time-keeper than the office clock.

"Quarter of an hour from now," he said. "and I've got to go to my digs, pack, get a cab, and drive half-a-mile to the station. No go—I shall miss it."

"Miss it!" cried George.

"I'll spend Christmas with you," said Barry, in a sudden burst of friendship. "I'm not particularly keen on going home, because if I do the gov'nor's bound to ask me how I'm getting on, and I'm bound to tell him that I don't care a hang about the law, and that'll make him cut up rough. When I'm admitted he's awfully keen on my going into partnership with a johnny at our place that I bar. See? Old man means well, and I came here to please him, but I know I sha'n't stick here very long."

"Won't your people be sick with you for not going home for Christmas?" asked George.

"Not very. The gov'nor will think I'm 'tied to the office' by an extra special rush of work. . . . Tell you what—I'll get old Lawson to give a party. Good idea, eh?"

"I should think he'll have a fit at the thought," returned George.

"Not he. I'll try the old boy and see what comes of it. Look here, it's your lunch hour now, so I'll stand you a young feed at the 'Swan,' and then we'll go and see how they're getting on with the decorating."

Mr. Barry's motives for visiting the church were not wholly those of one interested in the adornment of sacred edifices at festival times. For some months he had been paying somewhat laboured attentions to one of the Miss Peels, and he knew his Miss Peel was assisting with the decorations. Now, if ever a young man can make himself useful to a young lady, it is when she is enhancing the natural beauty of a gasalier with evergreens, or bestrewing the ledge of a window with holly and everlastings, over a snowy groundwork of cotton-wool. Then, too, putting up texts necessitates the use of hammer and tacks, while the enveloping of stone pillars with laurel wreaths is a task which demands that the gallant male attendant shall mount a ladder and prove his mettle on a lofty spoke of doubtful stability.

Having partaken of a hasty but hearty snack of cold beef, bread, and pickles, followed by honest Stilton and celery, Barry and George repaired to the church, where they found the work of decorating in full blast. Mr. Wall was trotting about with pins and pieces of string: Mr. Deadwood, very large in a check suit of a pattern that almost called out to you, was looking on while his sister Mabel and a certain young lady, to whom we have already made some slight sentimental reference, adorned the stately old pulpit; busy hands and dainty hats were in evidence all over the church, indeed. Peeping into the vestry, George discovered Mr.

Thompson, the Vicar, carefully setting the spotless, newly-washed surplices to air before the big fire that was burning in the ancient grate; everybody, it would seem, had his or her Christmas occupation.

Barry's Miss Peel was decorating a window. Observing his diffident approach, the young lady smiled encouragingly.

"Can I help you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, please, Mr. Barry! I want some nice little bits of holly and some sprigs of yew. There's a big heap of all sorts of things outside the north door. You will find what I want there—and don't be long!"

Only too delighted to be of service, Barry hurried off to the north door, and passing out to the narrow passage the door gave on to found there piles of evergreens, but only one bush of holly. Standing over this bush were Harold and Edmund Beresford, whom Barry had not met since he encountered them at the garden-party given by their people in August. Each wore a heavy coat, with the collar turned up, a scarf, and white woollen gloves. While Harold, the elder of the two, held a small piece of holly, Edmund sawed at it with a penknife.

George, seeing Barry go into the passage, sauntered out after him.

"Hullo!" said Barry. "You chaps here?"

They surveyed him superciliously. Then Harold said: "Yes, we are here. How are you?"

"Oh, all right. What are you doing to that piece of holly?"

"We are cutting it off for our sisters," said Edmund, plying his penknife with a little more vigour.

"Oh, so they're decorating too?"

"The font," said Edmund, at length severing the unfortunate morsel of holly from its mother branch and adding it to a number of other morsels, lying on the ground, which appeared to have been submitted to the same painful process of decapitation.

"Find it rather a long job, don't you?" asked Barry. "Why didn't you bring a hatchet? Afraid of cutting your toes off?"

"No, we were afraid of cutting off the toes of anybody who came and talked nonsense to us when we were busy," replied Harold.

Barry glared at him. Then he said: "Well, after you with that holly-bush. I want some of it for Miss Peel."

Without appearing to have heard the remark, the elder Beresford seized another unoffending twig and poised it for his brother to operate upon. Barry watched them with a scornful grin upon his face. This twig having given up

the ghost, another was picked out for execution.

"Look here," said Barry, impatiently, "if you are afraid of getting your fingers pricked, I'm not. Let me have a go at the thing."

"Thank you—we do not desire assistance," replied Harold Beresford. "And as we sent the holly-bush, surely we may be allowed to cut twigs off it."

"No," said Harold, gravely, "we do not dance."

"Don't like getting hot, eh?" suggested Barry.

"We don't like catching cold," replied Harold. "People often catch cold after dances, you know."

"Well," continued Barry, desperately, "do you play games? You see, I'm going to persuade old Lawson to give a kick-up at the Hall



STANDING OVER THIS BUSH WERE HAROLD AND EDMUND BERESFORD.

"Snob!" muttered Barry in George's ear.

George said nothing, but felt highly amused. He had not forgotten how Barry had been discomfited by the Beresford brothers at the garden-party. The blunt articulated clerk was no match, verbally, for these anæmic molly-coddles, though physically he could have accounted for both of them with one hand.

"I say," observed Barry, after a short silence, "do you fellows dance?"

this Christmas, and I was wondering if you'd like to come."

"Yes, we play games—some games," said Edmund, getting to work on a fresh twig.

"Post, turn-the-trencher, musical chairs, &c.?" queried Barry.

"No," said Harold. "We only play draughts—and sometimes chess."

"Why not spillikins?" inquired Barry, sarcastically.

"Spillikins is too rough," explained Edmund, with a serious face.

George laughed outright, and it began to dawn on Barry that the Beresfords were chaffing him.

"Well, look here—hurry up with that bush!" he exclaimed shortly. "You've cut quite enough off it."

"Pardon me!" said Harold. "Our sisters will require twice this quantity."

"Where are your sisters?" demanded Barry. "I didn't see them in the church."

"No, they haven't arrived yet," explained Edmund. "We wish to have the holly ready for them by the time they get here."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Barry. "And all this time Miss Peel is waiting for some holly. Why can't you let me cut off what I want?"

"We shall have finished shortly," said Harold; "then you may take as much as you like."

For some minutes Barry stood and watched them in sullen silence as they slowly mangled and hacked the poor holly-bush. He chafed at the delay, for he particularly desired to win Miss Peel's favourable regard. And to think these two wrapped-up nincompoops should be deliberately standing between himself and the smiles of his lady-love!

"See here, Beresford," he said, at length, turning abruptly to Harold, "did your people send this holly for the general weal, so to speak?"

"Yes, they certainly sent it for the general weal, as you call it."

"Not for the font only?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"Thanks," said Barry. "Well, now, listen. As your sisters haven't come yet, you've got plenty of time—and there's plenty more holly to cut. Miss Peel wants some holly at once, and," he added, with a sudden change of tone, "as you silly duffers don't seem inclined to let me in, why—"

He stopped abruptly and made a dive at the pile of holly sprigs the two brothers had amassed. Unheeding of their expostulations, he gathered up all they had cut and bore them off to Miss Peel, who received him and the holly with a beaming face and many grateful words.

And George, looking upon the rueful countenances of the bereaved couple, was fain to admit that Barry had scored the odd trick—and not unrighteously, all things considered.

"What did they do?" asked Barry, when he and George left the church together an hour later.

"They went home," replied George, laughing,

"and left their sisters to cut the holly for themselves. It was too much for them."

"Good egg!" said Barry, gleefully. "I had the cuckoos that time!"

CHAPTER XIII.

GEORGE MAKES A PRESENT.



GEORGE brightened up visibly when, on leaving the church, Barry once more announced his intention of spending Christmas at Mellerby, and putting in as much time as possible at the farm. The artful clerk was so full of life and health, so bristling with energy, that it was impossible to be dull in his company. Perhaps the two youths had become such good friends because George, prone to spells of brooding, was diametrically opposed in temperament to his loquacious, boisterous office companion.

"Look here," said Barry, "I'm going to have my Christmas dinner at the farm," and with the words he wheeled into a poulterer's.

"I say, I want a goose," he observed to the young man at the counter.

"Goose, sir? Yessir. What size goose, sir?"

"Oh, a big one."

George nudged his friend. "There'll be heaps to eat at the farm, old chap. Don't waste your money."

But the shopman was already displaying the rounded charms of a fine bird for Barry's inspection.

"How much?" asked Barry, surveying the goose with critical eyes, although he really knew nothing about such creatures, and was completely at the shopman's mercy.

The bird was weighed. "Twelve pounds at tenpence a pound—ten shillings, sir."

"Right O! Send it to Miss Denver, at the Hall Farm, will you, with Mr. Barry's compliments?"

"Very good, sir."

As they left the shop George grasped his friend by the arm.

"It's awfully good of you, Barry," he said, "but we really don't want a goose. We've got any amount of poultry up at the farm. In fact, we supply this shop, and that's probably one of our own birds. Tell you what—I'll buy that goose off you."

"Rot!" said Barry. "What d'you want it for?"

"I want to give it to somebody."

"Who?"

"A friend of mine. My uncle sent me a quid this morning, so I can afford it."

"I'll make you a present of it," said Barry, magnificently.

"No, I'll buy it off you," repeated George, in his dogged way.

"Oh, all right, then," said Barry, shortly. "I'm going to contribute something to your Christmas dinner, though, so you go and get the goose, and meet me again at Miggs's."

Journeying on to the emporium of Miggs, grocer and provision dealer, Barry laid out a sovereign in almonds and raisins, sugar-plums, figs, oranges, and nuts from Brazil. These the bowing tradesman promised to send up to Miss Denver without the least delay. Then Barry—after scanning the street in vain for George—walked into a wine-merchant's and purchased a bottle of old port, which he dispatched to the same address. Returning to Miggs's, and not finding George there, it occurred to him that he ought to send a wire to his people explaining that he was not returning home for Christmas. He headed, therefore, for the post-office, where he compiled a telegram of prodigious length, for, thinking to save himself the trouble of writing a letter, he took this opportunity of dispatching Christmas greetings to the various members of his home circle, mentioning each one by name, and inquiring after their several ailments with due solicitude. Having dispatched this mammoth missive, he returned to Miggs's to wait for Denver.

The latter, on receiving the goose from the hands of the shopman, set forth with all speed to Mr. Wall's house, which was situated in a narrow, rather dark, street, near the church. George knocked somewhat timidly, and to his consternation the door was opened by Mr. Wall himself, the organist having left the church soon after the two boys.

"Oh," said George, turning crimson, and holding the goose well behind his back, "I thought I would just call and wish you——"

"Come in, George, come in," cried Mr. Wall, clasping the boy's free hand. "I'm so glad to see you. Come in and see Mrs. Wall."

Still holding his parcel behind his back, George allowed himself to be led into the tiny parlour, where he found Mrs. Wall, a pale, melancholy-looking lady, sitting by the fire. Mrs. Wall, as we have already stated in the course of this chronicle, was by way of being an invalid, for her nerves were in a sad state of disrepair, and she suffered from chronic indigestion. Beyond these items there was nothing much the matter with her; in fact, her case was not dissimilar to Mr. Lawson's, with the exception that while Mr. Lawson did get out of the house, Mrs. Wall never went out at all.

Mellerby was rich in such ailing folk, but the majority of them did not have to work for a living. They resided in comfortable villas on the outskirts of the town, sent their children to the excellent schools that had sprung up in the place, and patronised the local chemists in a regal manner. Indeed, if half the money lavished on quack medicines by the inhabitants of Mellerby had been bestowed on the Church, its incumbent, and its organist, Mr. Thompson and his good wife would have been spared all sorts of desperate endeavours—in the shape of concerts, rummage sales, and occasional bazaars—to procure money for surplices and cassocks, hymn-books, choir treats, and like necessities: the Vicar himself would have been saved much anxious brow-knitting when his quarterly bills came in, and the organist a deal of sad pinching and scraping to make ends meet. Yet—brave hearts!—each strove his best to do his duty and pay his way in spite of the lukewarm support and apathetic attitude that characterised all save a few of the congregation. It is a matter for sad and painful reflection to observe what a man will spend on his sitting-room walls, his table, his conservatory and his garden, in comparison with the niggardly dole that he drops into the plate when he goes to a church with leaking roof and coffers well-nigh empty.

"This is George Denver, my dear," said the organist. "George, my wife. Now, George, a glass of wine? You can have tea after."

George, feeling most uncomfortable, slipped the goose down on to the floor. Mr. Wall poured him out a glass of wine, and George drank to his host and hostess, Mrs. Wall hearing a deep sigh as she acknowledged his good wishes.

"George is my most promising pupil, my dear," said the little organist, rubbing his hands together. "He is going to be a great musician—eh, George? Oh, yes—there's no mistaking the real article. George will be a composer."

He raised his glass, his careworn face alight with satisfaction over George's prowess. He had no thoughts then for his own blighted career—he felt only pleasure and pride in the boy's achievements.

"It is very nice of you to come and see us on Christmas Eve, George," the organist went on. "You are our only visitor. Now, then, my dear, how about tea?"

"Annie is getting it ready," replied Mrs. Wall, giving a little shiver as she stirred the fire up to fresh efforts—the room already being

as hot as an oven, and Mr. Wall in an uncomfortable state of perspiration.

The organist went into the hall. "Be quick, Annie. We have company, so toast two more scones, please."

"My friend Barry is waiting for me," said George. "I'm afraid I can't stay."

"Oh, you needn't stay long. Besides, he won't mind waiting. He has something to say to everybody. Never knew such a fellow to talk as Mr. Barry. My dear, what do you fancy for tea?—will you try a scone?"

"It would kill me," replied Mrs. Wall, with a grimace. "I will have my wafers," she added, pointing to the sideboard with a bony forefinger.

Mr. Wall took a tin out of the sideboard and put it on the mantelpiece near his wife. By its side he placed a little bottle of dyspepsia tablets.

"Tell Annie not to forget my hot water," said Mrs. Wall. "Are you at home for your holidays now, Mr. Denver?" she added, turning a gloomy eye on George.

"You forget, my dear. Mr. Denver doesn't go to school. He is with Garrick and Mappin. Ah! here's Annie and the tea!" he concluded, as an under-sized, hungry-looking maidservant came staggering in with the tray. To Mr. Wall's credit be it said that he always endeavoured to give his domestic all the food she needed, but, unlike her mistress, Annie was afflicted with perpetual hunger. The word "enough" did not appear to be included in her limited vocabulary.

"Mrs. Wall's hot water, please, Annie," added the organist.

"Not Mrs. Wall's *boiling* water," put in Mrs. Wall, as she opened her biscuit tin and drew forth a sickly-looking wafer. "She brought it in scalding at dinner-time to-day," the lady explained for George's benefit. "At breakfast it was lukewarm. I expect it will be cold to-morrow."

George tried to look duly interested. He wondered how Mrs. Wall would feel when she saw that mountainous goose which was lying under his chair.

"Now, George, a hot scone?" said Mr. Wall, briskly. "Take your coat off, or you'll catch cold when you go out. These are Yorkshire scones—the best in the world."

Mr. Wall came from Yorkshire, where, at Christmas-time, everyone who has sixpence in his pocket, it has been said, spends fivepence of it on making somebody else happy. The little man's face beamed with pleasure as he did the honours of his house. His purse was very

lean, his health bad, his prospects anything but encouraging, but nothing could dim the kind light in his eyes, or cause him to cast a blur upon Christmas with a single complaint, a single regret.

George simply had to stay and eat the scones. When he at length rose to his feet, and put his coat on, his departure was a matter Mr. Wall never forgot.

"You've been awfully kind to me," said George, when he had shaken hands with his host on the doorstep, "and I wanted to thank you in some way, so I brought you a present —"

"Present?" echoed Mr. Wall in astonishment.

"It's under the chair I sat on," said George. "Good-bye, sir—a happy Christmas to you."

Then he dashed off at top speed, to find Barry stamping his feet and growling in Miggs's doorway.

Mr. Wall went back to his hot little parlour. He wiped his brow as Mrs. Wall heaped more coal into the gorged grate.

"Mr. Denver says he has brought us a goose. Here it is!" he added, stripping the paper wrappings off the bird. "What a splendid fellow! My dear, you once said I was a fool to give that boy lessons for nothing. You see—he has remembered. God bless and help the good lad!"

Mrs. Wall smiled wanly. "Very thoughtful of Mr. Denver, I'm sure. Pity I can't touch it."

And she gazed pensively at the patent wafer which she was nibbling.

"Oh, you must make an effort, my dear—you must make an effort. A little piece of this excellent goose won't do you any harm."

"Why do you talk about making efforts when you know I *daren't* make them!" cried Mrs. Wall, dissolving into tears.

"My dearest!" cried the organist, soothingly. "Do cheer up! It's Christmas Eve, you know."

But Mrs. Wall only shook her head despondently.

"I shall be in my grave before next Christmas Eve," she replied, in a hollow voice.

Mr. Wall wagged his head philosophically as he carried the goose into the kitchen, where the small servant surveyed it wolfishly.

"There," said the organist, "that's for you and me, Annie, as your mistress says she can't touch a bit of it. Fine bird, eh?"

But the small servant could only clap her hands and laugh hysterically at the mere thought of such a banquet.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TAIL-END OF A NIGHTMARE.

TRUE to his word, Barry spent the whole of Christmas Day with his friends the Denvers. Like a good Catholic, he went to mass in the morning. The brewer, having attended the same service, hurried back to his warm dining-room, where Barry, who followed him through the private passage connecting Hall and Chapel, found him shedding his wraps.

"Merry Christmas, sir," said Barry jovially; "hope you don't mind my coming in this way!"

"Not at all, not at all," replied Mr. Lawson. "I wish you the same. How is it you are not at home?"

"Circumstances caused me to remain in Mellerby!" said Barry, vaguely.

"Hum!" remarked the brewer. "Your people will be disappointed." And Mr. Lawson cast a glance of mild reproof on the young man.

Barry sat down. He had discovered by experience that when he was with the master of the Hall it was no use waiting to be asked to do anything. Mr. Lawson, though naturally civil enough, generally forgot, in his nervousness, the little civilities one looks for from a man owning a house with forty rooms in it. For instance, Barry might reasonably have expected his host to ask him to take one of the two hundred chairs the place possessed.

"Talking about Christmas, sir," he said, crossing his legs—"er, you don't mind my smoking?"

"Certainly not. Perhaps you will try one of these cigars."

The invalid walked shakily to the sideboard and returned with a box of excellent Murias. Barry was well aware of their existence.

"Oh, thank you very much," said the caller. "These are first-rate weeds of yours, sir."

"Yes, I believe they are—I believe they are." Mr. Lawson returned the box to the sideboard. "I don't smoke myself—at least, very little. An occasional cigarette."

"You should try a pipe, sir," said Barry. "Grand thing for the nerves."

Mr. Lawson coughed coldly. He did not like people to refer to nerves.

"Well, talking about Christmas, sir," recommenced Barry, "I was wondering whether you would care to give some sort of a show here?"

"A show!" exclaimed Mr. Lawson, glancing apprehensively at the door. Though its edges were well-padded with baize, he fancied he felt

a draught blowing on the back of his neck from that direction. And he was nervous about the back of his neck. A doctor had once been ill-advised enough to tell him that the back of the neck and the ankles were the happy hunting-grounds of draughts that started colds.

"A party," explained Barry. "A dance, with games, and all that sort of thing. You will excuse me for suggesting it, but I thought it might cheer you up. Trifle lonesome here, isn't it?"

"The gaiety here is not maddening," acknowledged the brewer, with unexpected humour; "well, I will give a party—yes, I will give a party on condition that you send out the invitations and get it up. And you must not forget to ask a little girl living at the Hall Farm. I had the pleasure of helping her pick blackberries in the autumn."

"Joyce Denver," said Barry.

"Yes, that is her name. And she has a brother—ask him, too. Now, remember—you must see to everything. And you must not expect me to dance, or—er—play games. I am past such things. Blind man's buff, for example. A man in my state of health—"

Barry laughed. "All right, sir. We shan't expect you to play blind man's buff. I'll bring some fellows called Beresford especially to talk to you. They don't like games, either."

"Don't they?" exclaimed the brewer. "Then don't ask 'em."

"I'll ask them if you don't mind," said Barry. "They may be persuaded to dance, after all. The Highland Fling would be about their mark."

And with a chuckle he rose to go.

It now dawned upon the brewer that this was Christmas-time, the season of hospitality, open house, and good-fellowship.

"Come," said the poor man, forcing a smile that was meant to be genial, "you must have something before you go. How about a mince pie?"

"Excellent idea," said Barry.

Mr. Lawson rang for the mince pie.

"Glass of port?"

"Thanks," said Barry, who seldom said "no" to anything.

"Another cigar?"

"Oh, you're very kind, sir."

"Take two or three. Go on, my boy—take plenty. Christmas-time, you know."

Barry ate his mince pie, quaffed his port, and helped himself to a handful of cigars.

"Upon my word, sir," said he, "you do do a man well. I'm glad you and the gov'nor were chums at school."

"So am I," replied the brewer, holding out his white, flabby hand. "I remember him well. A little rough, but staunch and true. Well, good-bye! Give my—do you think the little lady will be offended if I send my love to her?"

"No," said Barry, speaking in a strangely gentle voice for so uncouth a personage. "I think she will be very pleased. Good-bye, sir."

Barry had never been accustomed to study people's feelings very much. Hitherto he had gone along noisily on his way through the world, physically and metaphorically treading on other folks' toes. But lately a new influence seemed to have been working in his veins, and he had actually found himself thinking about somebody else.

"Poor, lonely old buffer!" he muttered, as he trod the frosty footpath leading to the farm. "All that brass and can't enjoy a penny of it. I'm sorry for the old boy—I really am."

After performing prodigies with his knife and fork at the dinner-table, Barry walked round the farm with the bailiff. George accompanied them for a little distance, but soon began to lag behind, and they presently lost sight of him. The bailiff, glad to have such a clear-brained companion, talked wisely of the farm's possibilities, of arable land that was lying fallow and of arable land that ought to be, of the late summer's yield of mushrooms, of forage crops, of the difficulty of finding enough work for the men at this season, of rain and snow, of sun and wind, of the weather he wanted and the weather he—like every farmer—could seldom get—to all of which Barry listened in such an interested way that at last the bailiff clapped him on the shoulder and told him he ought to be a farmer himself.

"I should like it above all things," said the artied clerk.

"Then why not be one?" returned the bailiff. "I believe a lad ought to follow his bent, if it's a reasonable one. I don't mean he ought to run away to sea after reading a book that makes him want to, but if he's a passion for it, and he's hearty, why—let him try the sea! There's many a good sailor rusting in a warehouse, and many a fine farmer groaning over law books," and he looked slyly at his sturdy young companion.

Barry walked on in silence—a silence which expressed his secret wishes more eloquently than many words could have done.

Meanwhile, George Denver was hanging over a gate, the picture of despair, his face white and set, his lips bloodless, his eyes full of

dumb anguish. Many miserable moments he had experienced in his short career, but it is questionable whether he had ever passed through such a peculiarly trying ordeal as that which now held him in a relentless grip. True, but a short time since he had been laughing and chatting as gaily as anyone—happy for the nonce, in spite of the occupationless future that lay before him.

The December sky hung leaden and lifeless above the frost-bound earth, and George, surveying that sombre canopy with a glassy eye, felt himself to be the most wretched creature existing beneath it. You may say that this interlude strikes a jarring note on a festal occasion, but *I* say that no hero's career can be completely described unless some passing allusion be made to the torments that rack his unaccustomed stomach after his first bout with tobacco—for George's direful attitude was due to nothing more than the cigar which he had recklessly accepted from Barry when dinner came to an end.

The party which Barry organised at the Hall for—ostensibly—the benefit of its master, whom it was intended to enliven, plunged Mr. Lawson into a kind of nightmare which lasted well into the small hours of the morning, and ended with an episode which lingered in the poor brewer's brain for many days. When his wife and family were at home he kept to his own rooms as much as possible, and so was not particularly disturbed by their junketings. But on this New Year's Eve that Barry had fixed upon for the At Home—as he mildly described it upon the invitation cards—Mr. Lawson was obliged to play the genial host in a manner which was little to his liking. He had to talk to all sorts of young ladies—the Blacketts, the Peels, the Rices, and the Beresfords were all there, in addition to many others—and ransack his bewildered brain for small nothings suitable to the occasion. And then, what a truly dreadful ordeal was supper, when he had to sit at the head of the table and drink everybody's health! Aye, and make a brief speech, bidding them all welcome, and hoping they would stay till daylight did appear. This latter was put into his mouth by Barry, who, sitting on his immediate left—Joyce having the lady's place of honour on his right—prompted him throughout.

He had no peace all the evening. Joyce insisted on his dancing "Sir Roger," and Barry said everybody would be disappointed if he didn't play "Oranges and Lemons," in which, whilst tugging at Dr. Deadwood's back, he

almost tore off the tails of that large and lively gentleman's dress-coat.

When the great clock in the tower was tolling twelve, Mr. Lawson had to stand in the hall and welcome the New Year in through the open front door—and with the New Year a cutting blast of wind which pierced him to the marrow. He was greatly surprised, indeed, on the following morning, to find that he hadn't caught the slightest symptom of a cold.

When the last carriage had rolled away Mr. Lawson, standing in the middle of the ball-room, brilliant with light and gay with the spoils of the hothouse, rubbed his eyes and tried to believe that it was all a dream. But the sound of a voice at his elbow reminded him that his valet was awaiting his pleasure.

Of course he dreamed, and while he dreamed it seemed to him that, as he lay in bed, there came a draught of cold air into the room, which



A VERY REALISTIC, HORRIBLE DREAM.

The artful clerk's ruddy countenance glowed with satisfaction at the success of his party. The most *blasé* youth present soon found himself behaving quite naturally in the genial warmth of his surroundings, and the coldest beauty thawed into ripples of laughter, so contagious were Mr. Barry's irrepressible high spirits. Even the Beresfords, after sitting in a corner by themselves for an hour, were infected, at length, by the general animation. Before the evening came to an end Harold found himself flirting desperately with one of the Miss Rices, while Edmund did actually, to his own great astonishment, lead out a Miss Blackett for the Highland Fling, did actually take the same lady in to supper, and did afterwards, with flushed cheeks, inform one of his sisters that he'd been having "a deuce of a time."

was followed by the striking of a match. Then—horror!—there appeared by his bedside a form of superhuman size, a black-bearded monster dressed somewhat after the manner of a seaman.

A candle was lighted, and then the brewer saw, in this awful dream, that black-bearded face poised above his own, while a hoarse whisper demanded his cash. With a trembling hand the brewer pointed to his clothes, which the intruder proceeded to rifle. Then the candle was suddenly extinguished, there was a sound of soft footsteps, of a window closing, of a stealthy scrambling and sliding—and silence.

Absolute silence. A queer dream, thought the brewer—a very realistic, horrible dream. It was the game pie. Of course. He ought

not to have eaten such a thing so late. The game pie—and a nightmare!

But in the morning, when one of the gardeners found the imprints of great boots on the lawn, leading towards the terrace, and then a ladder, flung down anyhow, it occurred to the gardener to follow up the tracks—and the visit of a burglar stood revealed.

And when it was found that a clean sweep had been made of all the money the brewer had been carrying in his clothes, it was clear that Mr. Lawson's nightmare had been a very real animal indeed—of the biped class, with very large hoofs.

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE NEW YEAR.

FROM the description which Mr. Lawson gave of his nocturnal visitant the police hazarded a conjecture, which amounted almost to a certainty, that their man was the badly-wanted Black Jack. They searched the caves along the shore, they peered into barns and outhouses, they notified all the police stations in the county afresh, and they even paid a visit to his modest dwelling-place. But, barring a rather suspicious smell of stale tobacco in the little back bedroom, they found no trace of him there. All they found was a little boy in a blue jersey and black knickerbockers, bare as to the legs, shock-headed and round-eyed. To all questions put to him the urchin maintained a stolid silence, and not even a bribe of a penny was able to drag a word from his lips, save to the effect that his mother was out and his father wasn't at home.

The police therefore retired, once more having to confess themselves baffled. The Mellerby people generally felt certain that Black Jack was lurking in the vicinity, and there was a great deal of bolting and turning of keys every night in the town, especially in the outlying homesteads. No householder could be sure that his turn would not come next. There even arose a brisk demand for watch-dogs, which bayed in chorus and made night so hideous that their owners soon began to think they were buying protection at too dear a price.

The landlord of the "Horse and Groom," the one person for whom Black Jack had entertained the slightest respect, was certain that the boatman was in hiding not far away.

"Although he's so big," declared Mr. Hicks, "he's got the cunning of a serpent, has Jack. Take my word, he'll be caught one day, and then you'll find that he's been about here all

the time. Didn't he take the new doctor's watch?—and wasn't it clear he'd been living in a cave till then?"

"Ah," said the plum-coloured little man who had been bested by Mr. Mew at the auction, "but where's he been since? That's what I want to know. He's not been in any of them caves. Where, then, I ask?"

"Can't say—somewhere," replied the landlord. "He'll explain before he's hanged."

"Hanged?"

"Yes, he's a chap who was born to be hanged. Got it written across his jib. I'll bet a crown piece to a ha'porth of snuff on it."

Nobody accepted the offer, for all present felt that the landlord—a man of experience, considering the length of time he had served in the constabulary—was an expert in knowing faces that had "born to be hanged" written across them.

The incident, of course, soon blew over, although to various timid householders, going their last rounds at night, there generally loomed up, in imagination, a hairy face, wearing an expression of the utmost malignancy. Apprehensive ladies looked under their beds and in their wardrobes before retiring to rest—indeed, considering Black Jack's size, it was astonishing in what small spaces these ladies seemed to think the ruffian could conceal his vast bulk.

Joyce, for instance, regularly looked under her diminutive couch, which would hardly have concealed a boy of ten. The bailiff's wife, Mrs. Elphinstone, improved the occasion by treating Joyce to various creepy tales of burglars; it was not very nice of her to tell such tales, thought Joyce, though they were certainly a change from stories about illnesses. Mrs. Elphinstone's repertory, it will be observed, was not an elastic one.

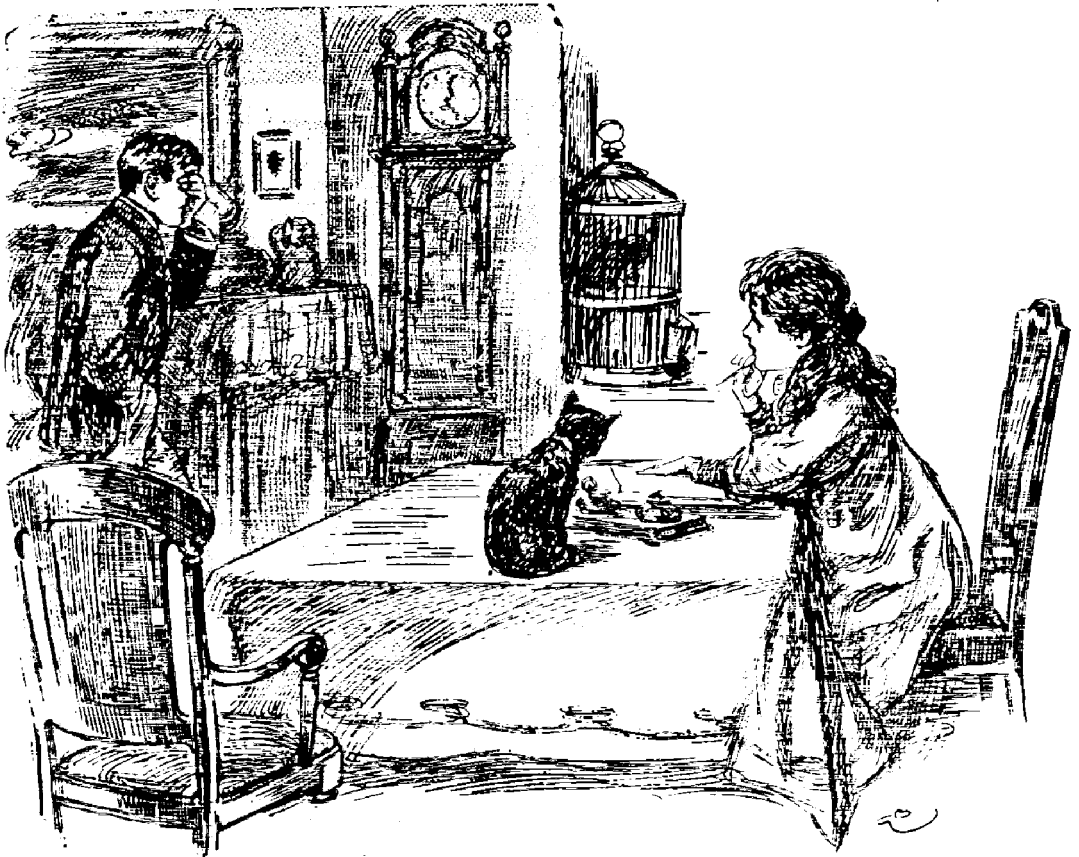
As for George, he had no thoughts to spare for possible visits from Black Jack. For now, the New Year having arrived, George was fairly confronted by the awkward task of getting something to do. From the time of his home-coming from Silverdown until the present epoch, his affairs had not caused him much anxiety. His work at Garrick and Mappin's had presented many difficulties, and his sighs had been frequent, but when all was said and done he had a billet to go to, and a salary to draw every Friday evening. Now he had no billet and no salary—and all he and his sister possessed to subsist upon was forty pounds a year. For Molly, when she went to town, had been allowed to draw her income for twelve months in a lump, as it was necessary for her to

obtain all sorts of clothes. Although she had made quite a little hit in the small part allotted to her in *The Mayflower*, her salary was trifling, her employer not being the man to lavish gold on beginners. As she lived with her uncle she did not require all the salary she earned, but she knew that it was necessary for her to put a little money by against that day of "resting" which comes to every devotee to the art of Thespis, be he or she celebrity or super-numerary.

George was far too proud to elicit pecuniary help from his sister or uncle; he hoped to get

—a small one, at that—the crumbs left over being snapped up eagerly by ladies with brass plates on their railings. You may see such in every city, in every town, in every suburb; they are as plentiful as retired army captains in seaside places. Such a lot of clever musicians are there—such a very little for them to do!

As the New Year stole on its way George grew very despondent. He got into the habit of taking long walks by himself and brooding over his bad luck—which was not a good thing for him, for brooding over trouble never yet



HIS EYES WERE BURNING AND THROBBING.

another berth quite soon, and closely scanned the advertisements in the local papers for notices of vacancies. But nobody appeared to require a clerk with his very limited qualifications. True, he was requested to call on one man he applied to—a miller—but when the miller saw his handwriting he brought the interview to an abrupt conclusion. It occurred to him at one time that he might make use of his music by giving instruction to young children. But a survey of the market caused him to abandon this idea in despair. Mr. Wall had the best teaching connection in Mellerby

did aught but make it loom the blacker. Far better would it have been for him to have gone into the fields and done some honest hoeing, an occupation possessed of good medicinal qualities: hedging and ditching, too, has its uses, affording, as it does, a fine vent for pent-up feelings.

The country around Mellerby was not of an exhilarating description. It was rather flat, and disfigured with notice-boards offering valuable sites for sale. The beach and the cliffs were always picturesque, but there is, after all, a sameness about beach and cliff

scenery which is apt to pall upon one after a time.

It depressed George to gaze upon the drawn-up bathing-machines, the empty bungalows, the desolate foreshore. So bleak it all seemed after the sunny days of the summer months, when there was always a hearty welcome for him at Munro's bungalow. Now that bungalow was shuttered, locked, and silent. He wondered how Munro was getting on in town—whether he had sold his pictures—whether he ever went to see Molly. He supposed not, as she never mentioned the artist in her letters. If only Munro had been here now, he—George—felt that he would have had one staunch friend to whom he could have opened his heart—one strong staff to lean upon. But Munro was a hundred miles away. Barry had gone home, too, for a short spell. John Thompson, the vicar's son, was spending his Christmas holidays with a school chum. He had no one except Joyce, and she, after all, was only a little girl.

Greatly did George repent having procured his expulsion from Silverdown. He saw now that he had not turned a bold enough face to his difficulties. If he had slogged away at his work, and done his level best at games, he would have come through all right in the end. But—he had to acknowledge it to himself now during his miserable rambles—he had not done his level best in either sphere. He had allowed himself to be too easily disheartened; he had given in too soon. He knew—he had known all along—that he had as many brains and as good brains as any other fellow of his age at the school, but he had imagined that the luck was against him, and so he had sulked, and never made the best of his capabilities. Ah! how he wished he could go back and be a boy at school once more! He would not give in so easily again—he would not give in at all.

Mr. Wall, noticing how doleful the lad was, gave him some music-copying to do, promising him a fee for the work out of the choir funds. Most of the psalm tunes in vogue were in the psalters used by the choir, but every organist compiles a collection of psalm and hymn tunes which are not in the psalter or hymn-book, and the alto, tenor, and bass of these have to be copied into special books. Mr. Wall had a number of odd tunes, the parts of which had not been copied into these books, so it occurred to him that George would be just the fellow to execute this task.

George accepted the work gladly, and fell to with a zeal that put a stop to his long, lonely prowls over the bare countryside.

During that period he had felt too down-in-the-mouth to compose anything on his own account, but now this copying bred a desire in him to inscribe and make fast on paper any little musical ideas that came floating through his brain while he was engaged on Mr. Wall's work. His spirits rose accordingly, and he often laboured long after Joyce had gone to rest—laboured until his eyes seemed like balls of fire in his head. For it was at night, when the curtains were drawn and the lamps lit, that the happiest fancies occurred to him—when all sorts of quaint liting notions came tumbling over one another in his imagination. There was a cracked old piano in the farmhouse drawing-room, and though the discordant twanging of the instrument made the young musician clench his teeth, yet, because there was no better piano, he played his little fancies over on this one, Joyce listening approvingly, except when a more excruciating twang than usual made her wince and put her fingers in her ears.

But this period of congenial occupation was not—alas!—destined to be of long continuance. The trouble in George's eyes, which had bothered him at school and followed him in an aggravated form to the solicitor's office—where it attracted the observant managing clerk's notice—had been gathering in volume. These regiments of notes, in unrelieved black, had worried the poor eyes until George could bear the pain no longer.

One evening, when Joyce and he were writing at the table of their little sitting-room, the boy threw his music-copying aside and rose from his chair. His eyes were burning and throbbing; he could not for his life copy another note. Joyce, busily employed on a letter to Molly, did not look up till her brother spoke. He was looking at her at the time, as it seemed, through a red mist.

"Joyce," he said, "what do spectacles cost?"

"Why, Georgie?"

"Because I think I ought to get some. My eyes are giving me beans."

Joyce preserved a perfectly calm demeanour as she rose from her seat and joined her brother.

"Let me see them, Georgie. . . . Yes, they are very red. I will bathe them for you, and in the morning you must go and see Dr. Deadwood."

Joyce fetched some warm water, and with soft, womanly little hands bathed the aching eyes.

"That's awfully nice," said George. "But I still see all red with them."

"They will be better in the morning," re-

turned Joyce. "You have been doing too much copying, dear. Perhaps you had better go to bed now, as this light must be bad for them."

"Think I will," said George, moving with uncertain steps towards the door.

George lay awake feeling as if he had two molten globes in his sockets. Ten o'clock struck. Soon after, the bailiff and his wife, who were early people, went to bed. Joyce had gone an hour since. The house was now quite quiet. Eleven struck. Still that shooting, burning sensation in his eyeballs kept slumber at bay.

And what a miserable lying-awake it was! Sometimes sleeplessness has pleasant thoughts for company—recent triumphs, bright prospects; a host of merry people will dance round one's pillow—jovial little gnomes of the night. But the boy had nothing to think about that could give him any satisfaction. All in front of him was drear and forbidding. He had no money, he had no place in the world.

Twelve struck. . . . and the tick-tocking of the tall eight-day clock in the hall sounded extraordinarily loud to his painfully acute hearing. The vigour of a sense that is benumbed generally goes to accelerate one that is hale and hearty. . . . The scamper of mice under the

ancient flooring seemed like the hurried footsteps of men. Every creak of the old timbers was audible . . . all the night-sounds of the old house reached his couch.

A single solemn note proclaimed the hour of one. Drowsiness was creeping over him now. There was still a sharp throbbing in his eyes, but it was less insistent. The pillow felt soft and the bed warm. He was very tired, so he turned on his left side, and soon ceased to hear anything.

Joyce got up at half-past seven, and when she was dressed she went to George's room and drew up his blind. A sudden exclamation from her brother caused her to hasten to his bedside. She found him holding his hands to his eyes.

"Let it down—let it down!" he said, hoarsely. "I can't bear the light. . . . It's awful."

She ran, her heart beating fast, and darkened the room again. Then she hastened back to him.

"Do your eyes hurt you very much, Georgie?"

"Frightfully. . . . I daren't look at you. . . . Joyce—do you think—I am going blind?"

And turning his face to the pillow, the lad burst into an agony of tears.

(To be continued.)



SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

"*ἤœc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

Brighton College Magazine.—A Brighton bard has some trenchant "Views on Things in General." His opinion of the cricketer-journalist who was so much in evidence last summer will be shared by a good many. "Sammy," of Somerset, falls under his lash in the following verse:—

When Samuel Woods, the journalist,
Encased in thirsty blotting-pads,
Records with unaccustomed fiat
The chequered fortunes of his lads,
I do not care for it, do you?
I'd sooner see him make a few.

An exceptionally interesting feature of the number before us is the series of extracts from the letters to his mother of an O.B. serving with the Tibet Expedition. Here is the writer's account of a football match played on a pitch strewn with huge boulders, and encumbered with a deep morass:—

I picked up two sides, consisting of Sepoys, Bhutias, Babus, coolies in all sorts of kits—a great many without boots. Except the Babus and coolies, they have no fear at all. It was a marvel no one was hurt. Scarcely any of them knew the game, but they went at one another, head down, hacking and kicking for all they were worth. Only one man, a Sepoy, who was playing with bare feet, met with a real injury—he broke a toe! All the Bhutias turned out and watched with great interest and roars of laughter. The Babus and coolies, who fussed like anything, came in for a lot of derision from the Bhutias. They were also intensely amused when, running up the field with the ball, I suddenly sank in the mud up to my waist. I stuck fast, and could not move till I was hauled out by two Sepoys.

Verily, a remarkable man is the British officer. Small wonder that he has no equal as a leader of men!

The Cadet (School Ship Conway).—Another photograph appears in the very interesting series of pictures of ships commanded by old cadets of the *Conway*. This is the curious-looking craft, *Valiant*, a stern-wheeler of the Southern Nigeria Marine, i.e., the Marine Department of the Government of Southern Nigeria, which is under the Colonial Office and in no way connected with the Niger Company. Another photograph depicts the two white officers of the *Valiant* and their trim and sturdy black crew. The most interesting feature of the issue, however, is the reprint of the correspondence in the *Times* on "The Making of British Mercantile Marine Officers," which was opened at the end of last September by Captain Broadbent, Commander of the *Conway*. No one will deny the vital importance to the British Empire of the Mercantile Marine, yet—for reasons into which we have no space here to enter—not a few are the obstacles which beset the early career of the Mercantile Marine officer. Captain Broadbent's letter seeks to suggest an amendment to the present inadequate arrangements for the training of the mercantile cadet. His plea is for sea-going training ships to continue the good work done on the stationary vessels.

No need for an elaborately fitted training ship; any ordinary

sailing-vessel fitted with accommodation for twenty, thirty, up to sixty cadets would amply meet the requirements. The ships would go about their ordinary business, trading up and down the world where freights are best or most convenient. Charge a moderate premium and as, after the ships are once started, the Cadets would form an ample and excellent crew, dividends would be helped rather than hindered. The stationary ships have their use and cannot be dispensed with. What is wanted is something to replace and improve upon the rapidly disappearing privately owned sailing-vessel, something in which our youth can learn and practise daily presence of mind in the face of sudden danger, power of resource, control of men, judgment, and cool daring; can learn, in fact, to become seamen and maintain untarnished the credit of their cloth.

An important letter is reprinted, among others, from Messrs. Devitt and Moore, a firm of ship-owners, who have for many years had training vessels of this description working with complete success. What is wanted is that more should follow their example.

Granthamian.—A contributor gives some "Impressions of Greece," gathered during a recent tour in that country. Naturally enough, the contrasts between modern and ancient Greece are what strike him most forcibly. Those who have never seen a modern Greek newspaper may be entertained by the following passage:—

Greek newspapers are amusing, especially as regards the English news: for instance, the reports of the Boer War. Let me quote from newspaper cuttings which lie before me:—*ὁ Λόρδος Κίτσενρο τηλεγραφεῖ σήμερον ὅτι ὁ στρατηγὸς Βαβιγκτων συνενελάει (= was engaged) μετὰ ἰσχυροτάτου σώματος Μπούρς (= Boers).* "Ὁ Δουξ καὶ ἡ Δουκίσσα τοῦ Κορνουάλ ἀφίχθησαν χθές εἰς Μάλταν (the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall arrived yesterday at Malta). English statesmen appeared in splendid form, e.g., ὁ Λόρδος Σάλσβαρν; Κυρίως Τσαυβέρλαιν; and Sir M. Hicks-Beach became Χιξ-Μπίξ!"

The shop notices included *ποδηλάσιον* (a bicycle); *σιγαρέτα* (cigarettes); and—most horrible of all—*πνεύματα*, for Spirits (to drink). I have heard of a *καφεῖον* (café) which had in its window ΛΑΨ, meaning "High Life!"

Haileyburian.—A recent number was given over largely to memorial notices of the late Charles Wellington Furse, A.R.A. whose early death has left English Art so much the poorer. From the *Haileyburian's* valued correspondent, "Praeteritus," we take a brief passage not a little suggestive of the affection which Furse retained for Haileybury, and the esteem in which the school held her distinguished *alumnus*:—

Some of us may remember the surreptitious horses and dogs which used to be confiscated in preparation or in form; at a later time he came down and gave a delightfully characteristic paper at the "Art Section" of the Antiquarian Society; on another occasion he gave a handsome contribution towards the pictures in the Bradby Hall; the last visit he paid to Haileybury was when there was a meeting of the War Memorial Committee, and he indicated the decorations of the Obelisk on the temporary wooden model by a few dexterous brushfuls of green paint. All who knew him will bear testimony to his wit; his enthusiasm for everything that was really "big," as he loved to call it, in art or letters; and to his generosity. Like his father, he was devoted to horses and to all forms of sport.

Hurst Johnian.—"R. J. W." discusses the

question, "Can Birds Talk?" answering it himself in the affirmative. We do not feel convinced, however, by his argument that only by receiving oral instruction from its parents can the young swallow (which is the first to leave our shores when the autumn comes) learn its route to warmer climes. What about instinct—that mysterious function of the brain so nearly akin to reason, yet so entirely distinct? Insects, for example, which know no maternal care, perform acts not a whit less marvellous than the first migration of the young swallow, which it is impossible they should ever have been *taught* to do. A very interesting review appears of a book—"God and Our Soldiers"—by an O.J. who served as a chaplain in the South African campaign. Of the many notable passages which the reviewer quotes from what would seem to be a particularly fascinating book, one in particular strikes us as singularly instructive. It is well to know—and we cannot but agree in our hearts that the author is right in his estimate—what our true national characteristics are:—

The mules are bright, intelligent animals, strong and wiry, with long nose and ears, and a tail which begins well, but frays out badly at the end. Each one is an incarnate contradiction. As soon as he has watered himself he has a good roll over and over in the sand or grass, then he cocks his long ears, thinks for a moment where he is least wanted, and trots off to go there at once. They were dear to me, as they reminded me of our north-countrymen at home, strong, very hard-working, stubborn, thoughtful, obstinate, self-willed, long-suffering and invaluable. The mule would represent the British race far better than the lion.

Johnian (St. John's School, Leatherhead).—The Pacific coast of North and South America holds many places, little known and seldom visited, of rare fascination. The very names fire the imagination: Guatemala, Panama, Callao, Lima, Valparaiso, Coquimba! An O. J. contributes some notes on his experiences during a four-and-a-half months' cruise in this part of the world. At Panama he went to see the famous canal:—

The sight seen is wonderful: sometimes huge masses of solid rock cut through and thrown high up to form banks: then swamps and marshes cleared and banked. All along the route, where the work is practically at a standstill, owing to want of funds, millions of pounds lay idle in unused machinery overgrown with creepers, rotting and rusting away by the side: but to me the worst thing appeared to be the climate, for, along the railway, hundreds of graves tell the tale of the awful rage of the Yellow Fever, brought on by the swampy marshes and trying climate. The revolutions, too, have not been beneficial: nearly every other man you meet in Panama has a wooden leg, or an eye or an arm missing.

Irish Blue (King's Hospital, Dublin).—The principal contribution is "The Story of King's Hospital," an interesting history of the Irish Blue

Coat School. Brother Blues at Horsham may like to read the following extract:—

The King's Hospital is the oldest Public School Foundation in Ireland, and the only one of directly royal origin. Founded by the King shortly after his restoration, when the great Duke of Ormonde was Viceroy, by a Royal Charter from Whitehall to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of Dublin, it was opened in 1675 with room for 300 inmates, as the first intention was that it should be what is primarily meant by the word "Hospitium," whilst serving as a Free School on the model, as expressed in the Charter, of Christ's Hospital in London. The low condition of the Irish Exchequer and of the Civic Purse, however, compelled its adoption of the second purpose only, and it has been known ever since, like Christ's Hospital, as the Blue Coat School.

Ousel (Bedford Grammar School).—A recent number contains a couple of clever stanzas addressed "Ad Pontifices" (Pontifex being, we imagine, a free translation of "bridge-player," or "bridge-ite"), somewhat eruditely hitting off the niceties of the modern craze—Bridge.

Sexey's School Magazine.—W. A. K. had the luck recently to spend a summer holiday in Spitzbergen, but we doubt whether he deserved his good fortune. He has, we fear, the makings of that distressing person, the globe-trotter, in him. Spitzbergen! The sound of it seems to waft a breath of keen, cold air into one's heated study! The room vanishes, and the eye roams free across the limitless plains of snow and ice, where the midnight sun shines in the heavens, and the silence of vast open spaces lays its magic spell upon the soul. Yet thus it is that W. A. K. begins:—

It is possible to visit Spitzbergen with comparative ease, and surrounded by the luxury and comfort of the best London hotel.

Later on, speaking of his encounter with some of the crew of a whaler, he remarks:—

I declined a visit to the whaler to see (and smell) the operation of boiling down the blubber.

So W. A. K., having eyes (we presume), but no desire to use them, says goodbye to the two Norwegians and the "old Finn dressed in reindeer-skin," and takes his delicate nose back to his steamer-hotel. Probably he feared to be late for dinner! Next summer we would suggest that he tries Margate. Much more lively than Spitzbergen.

A new school magazine has made its appearance since our last reviews appeared. This is the *New House Magazine*, to which we offer a hearty welcome. The *Alperton Hall Magazine*, in future, will be known as the *Norman Court Magazine*.

Also received, at the date of writing, *Birkenian*, *Cranleigh*, *Droghedean*, *Durban High School Magazine*, *Harrowian*, *Ipswich School Magazine*, *Plymouthian*, *Lorettonian*, *Mercers' School Magazine*, *Phymathian*, *Quernmorian*, *Sea Point Magazine*, and *The Isis*.

A. E. JOHNSON.



THE MAD PIPER!



By T. R. THRELFALL.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEO. SOPER.

THE battle of Omdurman had been fought and won.

The crushed Mahdists had fled to the south, the captured flags had been sent to the north, the dead had been buried, the wounded succoured, the captives released, the turbulent overawed, and chaos reduced to order. And nestling in the fork of the great river the ruined walls of Khartoum shone as white and deceptive as when Gordon looked for the help which never came, though perchance with the clear vision of those on the threshold of the grave he saw beyond the vista of years when savagery would be driven into the dark interior, and the British flag would once more wave over this outpost of civilisation. Vengeance, indeed, had fallen at last, and the curse of Africa had been dealt its first staggering blow.

The iron discipline having been for the moment relaxed, wondering British soldiers rambled amid the wattle huts, the mud mosques and the grass tents which formed the new Mahdist capital. With rare exceptions they were sober, well-behaved and watchful, as they had every reason to be, for bloodthirsty fanatics scowled at them from amid forbidding shadows and seductive retreats, and asked nothing better than to ensure themselves an immediate passport to paradise by driving a knife into an unbeliever's heart.

Amongst the few, however, who had been indulging too freely in the convivial cup were a couple of strangely dissimilar soldiers. One was a stalwart, blue-eyed, heavy-jawed Highland piper. His adored pipes were tucked under his arm, one end of his plaid was spread



aggressively over his arm, his sporrán was awry, his helmet was tilted to the back of his head, his gaiters were splashed and his buttons were tarnished, while a broad ribbon of the Macdonald tartan was trebly bunched under his chin. His companion, however, was under the middle height, but stiffly built and muscular. He had red hair and a ruddy complexion, steel grey eyes, uptilted nose, a big mouth, protruding lips, and a general expression of reckless good humour and sterling comradeship. Who, indeed, could look twice at him or at the number on his facings without recognising the irrepressible Irish soldier—a veritable whirlwind in battle and a glutton for pleasure!

Both were noisily jovial, but that unfailing good fortune which ever attends the tipsy guided their footsteps unmolested, until they found themselves by the side of the river. Sitting heavily down amid the yellow grass they gazed for some time at the glimmering, noiseless water. Presently the Irishman turned to his companion to find that the latter was asleep. So he gave a contented grunt, spread-eagled himself on the ground, and joined his friend in the land of nod.

The Eastern night had fallen when Mickey awoke. Where was he? and he looked at the heavens, but that gave him no information. Then he stretched his arm and encountered the Highlander's form and his inseparable pipes. Yes, it was indeed Sandy, and he was alive sure enough, for no dead man ever snored like that. He next tried to think, but that was difficult, for Mickey indulged in few luxuries, and thinking was one of them. Presently, however, his senses became more alert, and he raised his aching and bemuddled head to look around. But that only added to his perplexity. What did it all mean? Where was he?

Ah, he remembered now. He and Sandy had fallen asleep on the river bank. But he wasn't in the grass now. No, indeed. He was moving. He blinked up and made out a sail bent like a slack bow, looked forward and observed a white-robed figure standing motionless, glanced behind and perceived another apparently at the helm, sat up and gazed at the innumerable stars reflected in the flowing water, listened and heard the croak of a belated stork, rapped the object whereon he sat, and, when it gave back a hollow sound, prayed with more fervour than he had done since Father M'Grath pronounced him for his love-making and rioting. Then, with an invocation to his patron saint, he gripped the tunic of his slumbering companion and shook him vigorously, meanwhile saying:—

"Wake up, Sandy, darlin'. Sure, an' we're done for. We're on the road to down below, an' there's no half-way house till the end. Ochone, an' what did I lave ould Oireland for? It's just what me ould mother said I'd come to if I mixed wid the haythen."

These lamentations thoroughly roused Sandy.

After sitting up and looking round with blinking eyes he responded forcibly:

"Waur are we, ye blitherin' bubblejock? Dinna ye ken? Why, we hae baith been made preesoners by tha rascal Arabs. They've taen us on shipboard, an' I've nae doot we sal be roasted an eaten wi'oot gracie."

Mickey groaned and edged up to his comrade.

"Roasted an' aten, Sandy? Och, murther, but we'll not agree wid thim. Tell them, Sandy, darlin', that we've had the meezles, an' the scarlet faver, an' small-pox, an' everythin' else that has a bad name, an' that'll taste bad to spell."

"I ken we must bide a wee. We'll tak' no harm by speerin' roond."

"Och, acushla, acushla, an' to think that Mickey O'Dowd, the deloight ov the swate cray-

thers an' the proide ov the regimint, should be roasted an' fried an' sarved up in stamin' collaps to haythin savadges. But bad cess to thim, I'll disagree wid thim. I'll turn in me grave an' guv 'em all the noightmare."

But Sandy gave no heed to his companion's sighs. He was looking carefully round and fingering his pipes as though they gave him courage and hope.

With the sunrise animated nature awoke with a start. Yes. They were on board an Arab diabeeah manned by a dozen fierce-looking slave-dealers. From the murderous glances they cast at the prisoners, and the manner in which they gripped their knives, it was evident that they longed to give the unbelievers the happy despatch, but were restrained by some powerful motive.

Presently the leader, a tall, ferocious-looking Arab, with an ominously stained yataghan gleaming in his camel-hair belt, approached and stood looking down at them with a sardonic expression on his ugly face. Then he addressed them in Arabic, but as they did not know a word of that language they could only grasp his meaning from his fierce looks, menacing gestures, and threatening voice.

There could be no mistake as to the fate reserved for them. Death by torture—vindictive, prolonged, and fiendish—was assuredly their lot.

Despite their gloomy outlook, however, they assumed that attitude of contempt and indifference which is so exasperating to savage natures; in fact, Mickey even smiled, a proceeding which so provoked the captain that he gripped his yataghan to cut them down, when a cry from the man at the prow diverted his attention, and made him hurry forward. Shading his eyes, he gazed intently up the river for some time. Then he turned and gave an order to his men, who immediately threw themselves on the prisoners, and after a desperate struggle, effectually bound and gagged them. The unfortunate soldiers were then thrown into the bottom of the boat and covered with loose doura grass.

A few minutes later the captives heard the panting of a steam launch, followed by a hail to the diabeeah to heave to. Then came an English voice instructing an interpreter to ask the captain if he carried any slaves and what was his cargo. The chatter of the boatmen having been translated, the patrolling captain expressed himself satisfied.

"Yes. I can see there's neither cargo nor slaves, so there can't be anything wrong. Still, such beggars want watching, for they're as slippery as eels. Cast off there," and



A FEROCIOUS LOOKING ARAB STOOD LOOKING AT THEM.

the next moment the launch had resumed its puffing.

Although the two soldiers had strained every nerve to make their presence known to their compatriots, they were too securely bound, and the noise made by the Arabs was too great to allow of that. They were, indeed, still panting from their exertions when they were roughly hauled before the captain and treated afresh to kicks and gibes. At length, however, they were securely shackled to a couple of iron rings and their gags removed, after which a plentiful supply of doura cakes and water was placed before them. After doing justice to the meal, Mickey observed:—

“Be Jabez, Sandy, an’ a point ov whiskey would mend the wather. It’s loike Paddy Mooney’s milk, too wake to stand ov its own accord.”

Sandy’s response was a grunt. The fact of his being chained like a trapped lion galled him.

During that day and the following night the

poor fellows suffered severely, but with soldierly stoicism they would not add to the delights of their captors by word or look. Presently the obvious exasperation of the Arab leader reached such a pitch that when Mickey laughed the savage spat in his face, whereupon the irrepressible Irishman retorted,

“Arrah, now, ye pigswillin’, cross-eyed son ov a monkey. Yiz wouldn’t do that an’ Mickey O’Dowd has his hands at liberty. Ye’d be atin’ yer teeth for to-morrow’s dinner an’ washin’ yer dhirty silf in the river. Go ’long wid yiz for an ugly sarpint. Why, Mick Maloney’s pigs wouldn’t bemane themselves to sleep in the same gutter wid yiz.”

Immediately after sunrise on the second day a cry from the look-out caused the crew to rush to the front of the boat and commence to shout and gesticulate. These evidences of delight were responded to by the firing of

guns and the beating of drums by a crowd of natives on the near bank of the river, and also by the launching of a few primitive canoes.

When within earshot the news that a couple of the hated white soldiers were prisoners on the diabeeah brought a crowd to the water’s edge, where they expressed their sentiments by the shaking of spears and yelling in a highly pitched blood-curdling manner.

“By Sint Pathrick, but they’re swate craythers,” said Mickey, “and they’re out for a day’s diverssion, an’ no mistake. Sure, Sandy, an’ I’d just loike to have tin minutes wid them an’ a shillelah. I’d tache them how to cilibrate a wake an’ to wink wid the left oye.”

Drawing himself up to his full height and gripping his hand savagely, Sandy responded:

“Ma certes, an’ I’d gie a few bawbees just ta be free wi’ me claymore for a bit whiles. I’d show them that Sandy MacAllister is na chiel.”

It required all the efforts of the crew and several dervishes to save the prisoners from being torn to pieces as they were led through

the encampment. Twice the fanatical crowd nearly overpowered the escort, and some stout whacks had to be given before the assailants would fall back a little. Despite the danger, however, Mickey really seemed to enjoy the disturbance, for he grinned and shouted:—

“Wurroo, me darlin’s; kape it up. It’s nearly as foine as Ballyhooley fair.”

Tumbled into a dirty hut in the centre of the encampment with a stalwart and inquisitive Arab on guard at the door, the comrades were for the moment free to compare notes. It was pretty evident that they were not to be starved, for an old black slave presently entered with a calabash of water and some doura bread. Their immediate wants relieved, they discussed their prospects, but without seeing the slightest ray of hope. Having thoroughly boxed the compass, Mickey wound up by saying:—

“Well, never moind, me bhoys. Niver say die till ye’re dead. Many’s the slip atween the cup an’ the lip, so we’ll just kape our wither oye open an’ wate for the divarsion. These haythin do quare things betimes.”

“Ech, Mickey, maybe ye’re richt. But we’ll just hae a bit skirl an’ show them hoo a Heelan’ laddie nae fears them ava,” and Sandy hugged his pipes affectionately.

Rising, he began that elaborate setting without which no piper from the days of Tubal Cain ever attempted to soothe the savage breast, and, in spite of his awkward leg chains, he commenced to march to and fro with all the swing and pomp of a true piper. These preparations passed unheeded by the sentinel, but when the weird skirl rang out he stood for some moments as though petrified. Then he gave a terrified yell and rushed like a madman into the open air, where he continued shouting something in Arabic. This, of course, brought the inevitable crowd, whose changed temper was shown by a reverential attitude and many exclamations of wonder.

All this naturally provided the quick-witted Mickey with food for reflection. If such amazing results could be obtained by means of Scotia’s pipes, what indeed might not be done if Ireland joined in with whoop and jig? Giving no time, therefore, for second thoughts, he gave a screech worthy of a river steamer, and began to leap wildly about. He redoubled his efforts when he saw a number of marvelling dervishes gather in the doorway and apparently compare notes in an excited undertone.

Presently a white-bearded elder impressively addressed his companions. That seemed to resolve their doubts, for they raised their hands

and, turning to the north-east, uttered a number of solemn sentences. Then they turned to explain matters to the people, whereupon the cries of wonder and devotion increased. Encouraged by this pronounced success, Mickey whooped and leaped more wildly than ever.

“Kape it up, Sandy, me bhoys. Bodad, an’ the spalpeens think we’re mad, an’ mad we’ll be, sure enough. Screech away, an’ I’ll tickle their ears wid a Connemara whisper. Whoop!”

Sandy promptly responded with a louder skirl of the pipes, and a few steps of the sword dance.

Presently they secured a welcome pause through the old dervish entering and making a reverential bow, which was the prelude to the introduction of a couple of smiths, who struck their shackles off. Then he stood on one side of the doorway, and by eloquent sweeps of his arms invited them to step outside.

“Arrah now, me darlin’,” cried Mickey. “ould tow head wants us to lade the procission. so come along, me bhoys, an’ we’ll show them a foine civilised lunatic asylum. Och ohne, an’ we’re the trate ov the fair,” and stepping into the open he gave a yell, and, leaping into the air, cracked his heels together in the most approved Donnybrook style, while Sandy stalked proudly forward playing “The Cock of the North.”

As they passed through this superstitious, reverential throng Mickey espied a warrior attired in one of the chain mail suits which had belonged to his ancestors since the day when it had been taken from a dead Crusader long centuries ago. Determined to give still more convincing proofs of his madness, the yelling Irishman threw himself on the shrinking warrior, wrenched the headpiece from him ere he realised the object of the attack, and donned it himself. Under any other circumstances the dervish soldier would have died a thousand deaths rather than surrender his most treasured possession, but his assailant was a person to be revered, so he bowed his head in submission.

Thrice the noisy couple traversed the encampment amid increasing signs of wonder and veneration. Still, a Highland piper cannot blow, or a frolicsome Irishman dance, for ever. so Mickey resorted once more to his ready wits for relief. He found it by performing one of his most successful schoolboy feats. In other words, he stood on his head and worked his legs energetically to and fro. To the Arabs that was indeed conclusive evidence of madness. It was new to them and therefore terrible. Was not a man who could turn himself upside down as bad as the man who could turn himself inside out? Such of them



MICKEY'S CAKE-WALK WAS CERTAINLY AN AMAZING SUCCESS.

as had made a pilgrimage to Mecca had never seen a dancing dervish do anything like it. Everybody was therefore prepared to accord that respect and reverence which Moham-medans everywhere show to the insane, and they vied with each other in seeking their honoured prisoners' goodwill.

"Begorra, Sandy, stroike up somethin' loively an' I'll make the spalpeens dance," Mickey panted, as he paused to take breath.

With ready compliance the piper produced such a lively quick step as seemed to bewitch the people, for even the hoary elders began to bob about like stiff automata, while the women gathered round Mickey in frantic admiration.

"Arrah, me darlin's, an' we'll try the coon dance," laughed the merry Master of Cere-

monies. "It'll be a plisant divarsion, an' will make the ould bald-headed duffers walk round smartly. So pipe up, me bhoy, an' we'll show them a bit ov Ballyhooley."

Mickey's cake-walk was certainly an amazing success, the more so that it was entirely new to every member of the community, and also because they regarded it as some kind of religious performance. As Mickey danced it with vigour and gave certain variations of his own, they watched him closely and, being naturally clever mimics, soon made very fair attempts at it, but with such solemnity and veneration as made the waggish Hibernian writhe with laughter, and caused Sandy's pipes to emit some amazing screeches.

They were dancing their way back to their prison again when their attendant elder drew

them towards the largest hut in the encampment, and intimated by signs that they were to occupy it. Gleefully throwing themselves on the camel-skin rugs, they were still resting when a couple of women entered with calabashes containing food and water. Having placed these in the middle of the floor they made obeisance and departed.

One of the larger vessels contained a savoury stew, but as spoons and forks found no place amid this primitive company our friends had perforce to fall back on their fingers.

Mickey, having fished out a juicy joint of what appeared to be young kid, smacked his lips over it, and then observed:—

“Sure, Sandy, this is bethor than being kilt dead entoirely. We’ve lashins ov food, nary a bit ov drill, no sentry-go, and a big hut to play blind man’s buff in. Bedad, we only nade a drop ov the crather to make us as happy as pigs in clover.”

Giving a sigh of content like the snort of a traction engine, Sandy observed:—

“Ma certes, mon, but we nicht be waur. It’s aye a fine fat living for a bit skirl an’ a wee daunce. Man, it wad just be pairfect wi’ a smoke an’ a laitle whusky. But mabe that wull drap fra the cluds like this guid food, so we maun just a’ be thankfu’. An’ I’m thinkin’ that a bit sleep wull nae come amiss, but wull mak’ us a’ the blither for the morn.” And, placing his pipes under his head, he gave a sigh of content and proceeded straightway to dream-land.

Mickey seated himself on an upturned calabash and chuckled merrily for some time. Presently he smacked his thigh, laughed as a man will who remembers a forgotten joke, and then pointed his reflections with an all-embracing wink. As he curled himself up on the floor he grunted:—

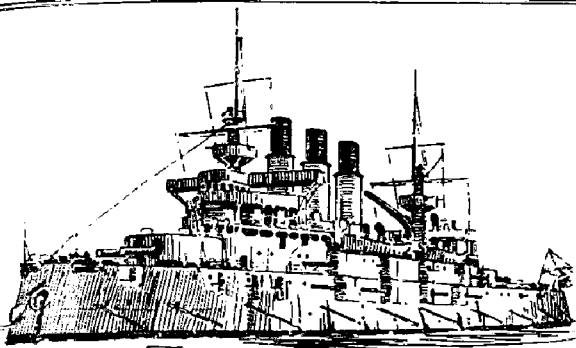
“Bedad, an’ it’s a foine counthry, so I’ll be the king ov it, an’ Sandy shall be my chief organ-blower.”

[We hope to publish further adventures of Sandy and Mickey.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

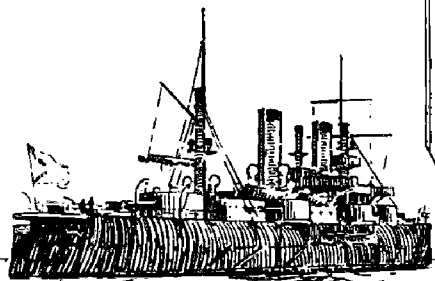


A NATURAL PROTEST.

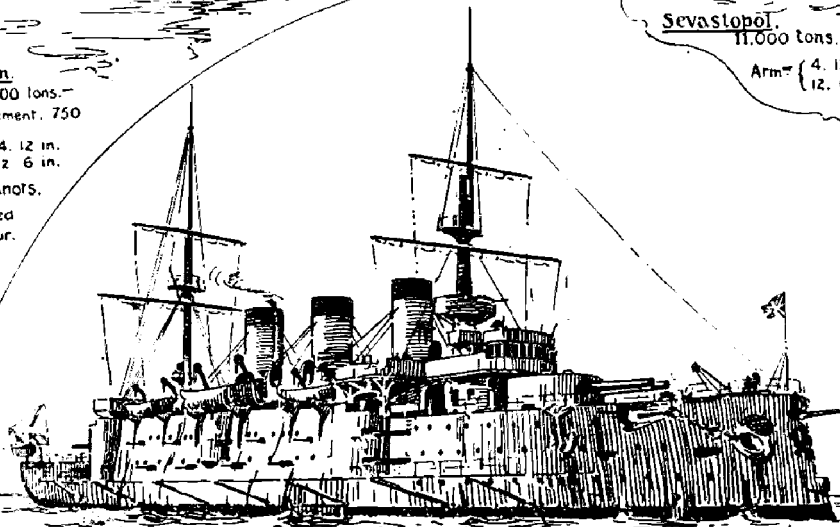
THE SNOWBALL: "Here, young man, who are you a-shoving of!"



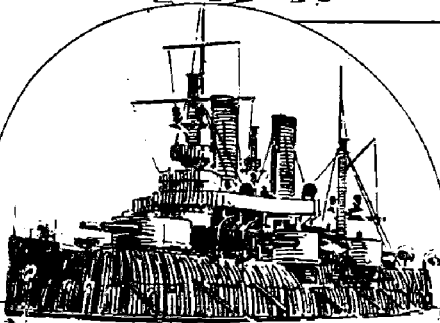
Retvizan.
12,700 tons.
Complement, 750
Arm^{ts} { 4. 12 in.
12. 6 in.
18-8 knots.
Torpedoed
Port Arthur.



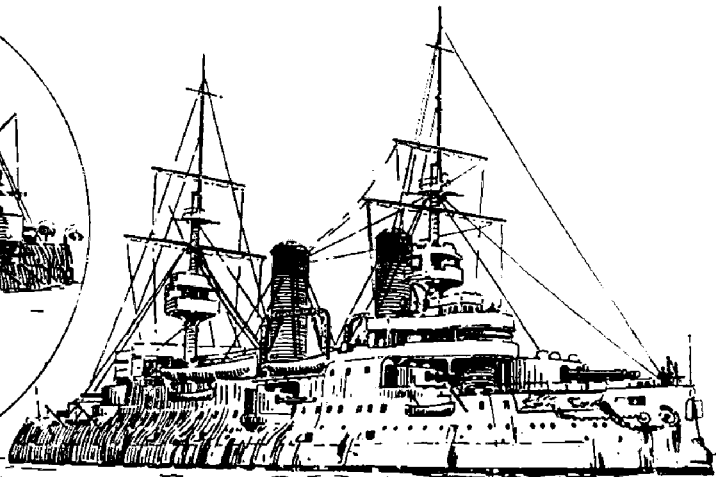
Sevastopol.
11,000 tons. Complement, 750
Arm^{ts} { 4. 12 in. 17 knots
12. 6 in.
Damaged by Shell



Pobieda 12,670 tons. Complement 732. 18 knots
Arm^{ts} { 4. 10 in. Torpedoed &
11. 6 in. damaged



Petropavlovsk.
Same as
Sevastopol.
Sunk by
Mine.



Tsesarevitch 13,000 tons. Arm^{ts} { 4. 12 in. 18 knots.
12. 6 in. Torpedoed & put
out of action at
Port Arthur.

A. B. Cull. '04.

RUSSIAN BATTLESHIPS IN THE FAR EAST.
Specially drawn for THE CAPTAIN by A. B. Cull.

COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

Last day for sending in, January 18th.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, 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 separately stamped envelope.

Owing to the frequency with which certain names have appeared in the Lists of Prize-Winners, we have decided to make a rule to the effect that a Competitor may not win more than one first prize and one consolation prize per month.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by January 18th.

The Results will be published in March.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"A January Event."—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of January. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Class I., a "Swan" Fountain Pen; Classes II. and III., a "Gamage" Football. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"Captain's Birthday Book."—This time take the month of *May* (thirty-one days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, humorous or serious, from any source you please. Make them as varied as possible, and bear in mind the season *May* falls in. Remember that you are put on your honour not to copy anything out of other birthday books. Do not neglect "THE

CAPTAIN" when making your choice. Prizes: Class I., a New Columbia Graphophone; Classes II. and III., a Set of Sandow Grip Dumb-Bells. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. No age limit.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—"Queer Christian Names."—Send on a postcard a list of the Twelve Queerest Christian Names you have ever heard. Do not include family names which have been tacked on to surnames, such as, for instance, *Baden-Powell*, *Libby-George*, etc. Prizes: Two "John Piggott" Hockey Sticks will be awarded in each Class. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. No Age limit:
Class II. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"Photographic Competition."—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Two "Sunny Memories" Albums in each Class. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. No age limit.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

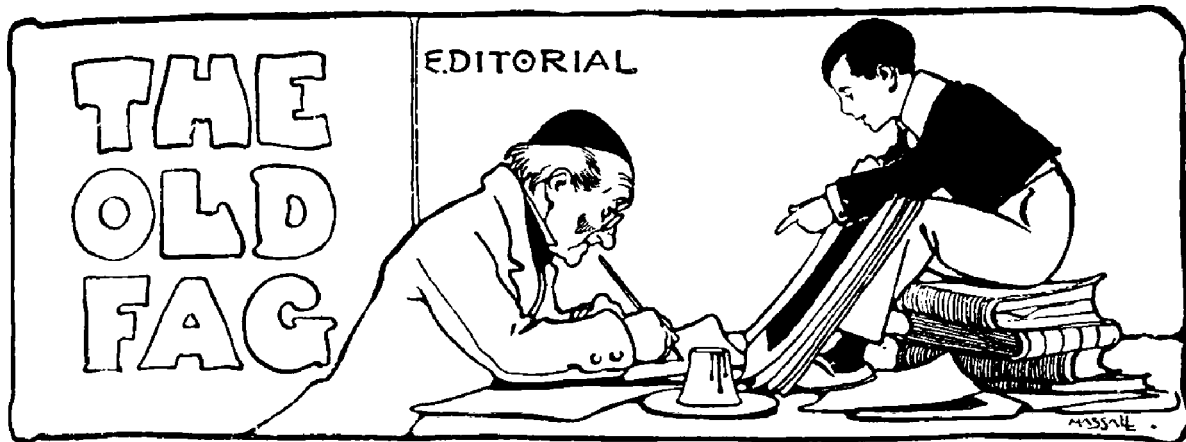
No. 5.—"Hidden Advertisers."—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe the name of a well-known advertiser or advertising firm. Write the name under each picture, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear out the page, and post to us. Prizes: Class I., a "De Luxe" Crown Combination Game Board, value £1; Classes II. and III., Handsome Books, two in each Class. (See Prizes page.)

Classes and age limits as in No. 1.

No. 6.—"A Song of a Sailor."—One Guinea will be paid to the "CAPTAIN" poet who sends in the best song dealing with a sailor's life. The words should be specially adapted for setting to music. Do not write more than three verses, and take care to supply a swinging chorus, which should be the same for each verse. The best words (if sufficiently good) will be published, and a prize will then be offered for a musical setting.

No Age Limit.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to *February 18th*. By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living *outside* Europe. There will be *no age limit*. One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial January Competitions."



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Personally I am starting the CAPTAIN'S New Year, as I promised, by tackling my arrears of correspondence. The letters stand in a truly fearsome pile before me, but there's nothing like grasping one's nettle and getting to work. Therefore, besides wishing you all a very Happy and Prosperous New Year—to the footballers, many goals; to the cricketers, heaps of runs; to the young poets, editorial smiles; to the reading man, many prizes!—let me tender you this little piece of advice:—When you've got to do a thing, do it. Don't put it off. Once you've started on your job, you'll soon warm up to it; very soon you'll begin to like it, and by the time some confounded bell calls you away, you won't want to go. When I was at school I used to sit down to prep. feeling that lessons were a bore, and that, as Mr. Arthur Stanley might poetically put it, I'd like to be a little Jap or Esquimaux, and frolic in the sun or on the snow, as the case might be. But the thought of detention and my form-master's frowns soon set me going, and by the time the chapel bell began to toll for evensong I was feeling that I could work on for hours longer. And that is exactly how I feel now, once I "get going." So any of you who find it "hard to begin" should store up in your minds an epigram once uttered by a man of much sound sense: "*Effort brings inspiration.*"

Those of us who are really human strong and weak by turns, seldom love work. But we have to work—I am sorry for the man or boy who hasn't got to—and so the best thing to do is to shake off one's indolent feelings, sit down squarely to one's work,

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and fall to like a man. A little word, that, with a great meaning. There are many creatures in human shape going about in male attire who are not real men. They are foppish and affected; they are fond of pretending to be what they are not; they lie to get themselves out of difficulties; they shirk trouble, and prevail upon other people to bear their burdens. But the real man, though he may often make mistakes and stray from the path of rectitude, remains a man all the same. He will battle with his weaknesses, and he will come through all right in the long run—scarred and singed, but still a man. For, to the man who really tries, utter failure is impossible. Once there was an epitaph on a man's tombstone, which ran somewhat as follows:—"He attempted many things, failed in most, but succeeded in a few." Does not your heart go out to that quiet sleeper? Think of him toiling and fighting with the moderate abilities Nature had bestowed upon him. At length his call came, and he went out into the everlasting night. And his friends, good men and true, had that epitaph written above his grave—a far nobler epitaph than the catalogue of virtues one so often sees, for it testified to the fact that he tried, and, though seldom succeeding, went on trying. And so, when he died, he lived in the memories of his friends as one who had done his best—and what more can a man do?

This, therefore, is a worthy New Year thought. You may lament much that you have done in 1904, but here is 1905, crisp and fresh and hope-inspiring. Let us front the future with bright faces and stout hearts. May the New Year bring gladness to those who have known sorrow in the Old.

strength to those who have been weak—new hope and courage to us all!

“The Literary Aspirant.” On the top of my letter-pile lies a bulky envelope containing a copy of this amateur magazine, whose only fault, as it appears to me, is that it is too small—and probably that is at present an unavoidable fault. This paper may be obtained from Miss A. Ward, 7 Oxendon-street, Leicester, for the sum of fourpence. I opened it expecting to find crude essays and poems of the kind that make me whistle to the Office Dog. Instead, I am treated to a very well-written and thoughtful collection of essays. Of what I have read I am much struck by “On Writing in General,” by Geo. F. Good; and “The Modern Woman Discourseth on ‘Love,’” by Isabel Wright. From the former I extract the following, which my young CAPTAIN Club contributors might do well to lay to heart:—

The Art of Writing, like the Universe itself, has the dual aspect of matter and spirit. For the writer the highest possibility is reached when his matter becomes most effectively the vehicle of the spirit of his composition, the idea.

It is in this fashioning of matter, this carriage-making, that the beginner usually fails. His ideas may be of the first order, but his words do not embody them, do not make the reader understand and sympathise with the writer's thought. The first step in the right direction is to make the language simple and to point it properly. The whole art of punctuation, so important to both reader and writer, is conveyed in the instruction: “Point your sentence as you think it.” If this rule is observed, the writer and reader, for the time being, become one, and enjoy the composition together. Of equal importance is an observance of grammatical rules, the neglect of which is, indeed, fatal. These rules are best mastered by going to the fountain-head, and absorbing knowledge and correct diction from those great writers who unconsciously stereotype our language. A well-read man naturally thinks, speaks, and writes correctly, and in these days of free libraries and cheap classics the widest reading is possible to all.

I am also much amused by L. M. Obbard's critique of the last number. Yes, I can heartily recommend this little periodical to all such as aspire to shine brightly—or even twinkle meekly—in the literary firmament.

“Ubique,” commenting on our “Curious Surnames” Competition, says that it is surprising to note how many common words there are which only require a capital for their initial letter to turn them into surnames. Says he: “You find nouns,

adverbs, adjectives, participles, verbs, and even other parts of speech. Why, you could make an ordinary sentence out of proper names only, almost.” My correspondent then adds a list of “ordinary words” that form the names of people, as follows:—

North, South, East, West; Quack, Duck; Lye, Facer, Story, Phibbs; Ing, Penn, Ingpen; Penny, Halfpenny; Bowler, Scorer, Fielder; Little, Bigge, Biggar; Rodrick, Todrick, Brodrick; Cann, Cannot; Goodyear, Badger (forgive the pun); Darling, Duck, Dear, Pett, Love, Sweet, Dovey, Honey, Mahoney, Spooner, Sutor; Gold, Silver, Argent, Cash, Money; Good, Vyle; Foot, Barefoot, Light-foot, Crowfoot, Proudfoot, Puddifoot; Bonnyman, Pretyman, Sweetman, Trueman; Pagan, Christian; Church, Chapel; Divine, Worship; Buyers, Sellers; Latter, Last, Lesser, Leest; ffolkes, french; English, Welsh, French, Dutch; Monk, Nunn, Friar, Prior, Priest, Pope; Kitchen, Kitchener, Kettle, Stove, Ovens, Bake, Boyle, Cook, Frizzle; Thorogood, Allgood, Goodenough; England, Brittain, Scotland, Wailes, Ireland, France, Holland, Spain.

The above, adds the writer, form only a small portion of his discoveries. How hard it was to select twelve for the competition may be judged by the following few selections from the names he obtained in addition to those he sent in:—

Hurt Sitwell, Magniac, Copperwaite, Traill Burroughs, Strongitharm, Wagenrieder, Wolley-Dod, Blennerhassett, Bunkum, Chestnutt, Cockayne Cust, Meanswell, Wedderspoon, Hunnybun.

Terrible News for Scotland.

Mr. C. B. Fry sends me an essay on football, written by a boy on the training-ship *Mercury*, from which I gather that anyone playing football in Scotland is liable to be put to death. How this comes about, says our essayist, is as follows:—

When the game was first in vogue it used to be played so roughly that two or three men used to be killed, and several injured, in each match. James I., being present at one of these matches, was so horror-stricken, when, one after another, five men were carried off the field, dead, that he instantly ordered that anyone playing football was to suffer the extreme penalty of death. As this Act has never been repealed, it is decidedly risky nowadays to take part in the game.

It would appear that the early Scottish footballers must have hit each other with dirks or claymores, else why this mortality? It takes a lot of kicking to kill a man, and if the five men referred to above were killed by kicks, it seems to me that the ball must have been a good deal neglected. Mr. Fry tells me that such an act was certainly passed, and so, as it has not been repealed.

it is, as the *Mercury* essayist remarks, "decidedly risky." to play football in Scotland.

A Rook Story. I have heard a good many dog stories, but very few bird ones. In old-fashioned writings on natural history one comes across most astonishing fables about birds and beasts, all of which were in those days believed to be true. Plutarch was responsible for many quaint legends. Montaigne also has much to say of such doings, and tells us in one of his essays that "the little bird called the Wren" acts as a sentinel to the crocodile, pecking the monster in order to awake him on the approach of an enemy, in return for which services the crocodile allows the wren to feed upon his leavings. Montaigne probably got this story out of Herodotus; the bird alluded to by that writer, however, was not a wren, but the spur-winged lapwing (*Hoplopterus armatus*), a native of the Nile valley and other parts of Africa, Asia Minor, and South-east Europe, known to the Egyptians as the "zig-zag." This bird (Mr. Step has been good enough to inform me) has in recent years been observed to enter the open jaws of the crocodile repeatedly, apparently with the approval of the reptile, who opens his mouth to permit the bird to enter and leave, but what business the zig-zag transacts within is not definitely known. It may fairly be surmised, however, that it is there for scavenging purposes, as there are numerous commensal arrangements of this sort among animals of diverse orders. It would therefore appear that there is some slight foundation of truth in many of these legends which have come down to us. In fact, the subject is so interesting that I have asked Mr. Step to write us an article on "Animal Partnerships," wherein he will tell some curious things of widely diverse creatures that have become messmates. I started this paragraph, however, with the intention of putting before you a perfectly true story of a rook, the property, as an auction notice would say, of Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, wife of the famous author, and herself a novelist of distinction. Mrs. Kernahan related the story to me in her drawing-room one day, and was afterwards good enough to write it down and send it on to me. She says:—

As one person's food is another person's poison, so one person's hobby may be another person's

grievance. I found this out in the early dawn, when the young rooks by my bedside began to ask for their breakfast, and my husband's voice rose in protest. He said, "I have put up with your young thrushes, your blackbirds, and linnets, BUT I WILL NOT PUT UP WITH YOUR YOUNG ROOKS!" So it will be seen that it was not without some skirmishing that I reared my rooks. But the amusement we get out of them is worth all the trouble, as even my husband owns. One rook in particular, who rejoices in the name of "Billum," is of an abnormal intelligence. He began to talk without any teaching. When the food is thrown down for him, he calls to his brother, "Johnnie, Johnnie, pick it up, come along!" But the funniest thing I know about concerns his treatment of a jackdaw. I introduced this jackdaw to Billum last spring, and the jackdaw, evidently mistaking Billum for his mother, squatted near him with gaping mouth and fluttering wings. Billum at once assumed the character of foster-mother to the newcomer, and fed him regularly for some weeks. But after that Billum got sick of the trouble, and made up his mind to "wean" the jackdaw. To this end he collected *rusty nails, buttons, and stones*, and every time the jackdaw presented himself to be fed, he gave him one of these objects. The jackdaw then, in his turn, got sick of it, and began to feed himself, though he still keeps up his devotion to his unnatural foster-parent, and is always in his train.

This Billum is quite the artfullest bird I have ever heard of. His plan for making the young jackdaw cater for himself was quite worthy, in subtlety, of a Heathen Chinee.

The Seven Ages of the Footballer:—The following is a clever parody by a contributor who in his day was one of the most prominent footballers in New Zealand. He modestly veils his identity under a Maori pseudonym:

All the world's a field,
And all the men and youngsters merely players;
They have their Rugger and their Soccer codes,
And one man in his time plays many games,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Kicking and dribbling in his nurse's arms,
With soft rubber ball crammed into mouth,
The only goal in his small baby mind.
And then the grinning schoolboy, with coat and cap
Thrown down for goal, oft runs the risk of eane
For being late. And then the junior,
Roaring like furnace that all are cheats,
And making rules to suit. Then the paid man,
Full of strange oaths, with jacket like the pard,
Jealous of his mate, sudden and quick to quarrel,
Seeking the wages reputation
Even in the mouth of goal. And then the linesman
With eyes severe and face of knowing cut,
Full of wise saws and ancient instances—
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
To stout and knickerbockered president,
With spectacles on nose and baccy-pouch in hand,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too tight
For his fat shank. Then his big, manly voice
And laugh are heard, as oft he fills his pipe

And listens to the whistle sound. Last scene
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is the Referee, whose second childishness
And mere oblivion to rules has caused the crowd
To rush the ground. In vain to reach his cab
He strives. Thanks to the bobbies' tender care
The haven gains. And so he plays his part,
Sans teeth, sans hat, sans clothes, sans everything.
"AKARANA."

The Men we Want in Canada.

—I am another CAPTAIN reader (writes Harry Cross, Toronto, Canada) who has come out here to make his fortune, and, having had time to have a good look round, will take advantage of the Old Fag's invitation to tell my fellow Clubites the sort of man we want in this, the land of plenty. We want men with agricultural knowledge, and with some capital at their disposal, especially if they intend to emigrate to the north-west. It is not absolutely necessary to have capital, however, unless you are taking up a farm at once, as in Ontario labour is badly needed, and experienced men who are not afraid of work can hire themselves out for a few years until they have saved enough money to buy a farm of their own. In fact, no man need come out to Canada—or to any of the Colonies, for that matter—unless he is prepared to work hard, as Canada has no use for idle men. The men we want are those who will exert themselves to make a success of whatever profession, trade, or calling they may take up. If any of you are desirous of coming out to take up fruit-farming, the district to go to is from Hamilton, on the shores of Lake Ontario, right round the bend as far as Niagara. All that tract of land is the great fruit-growing district of Eastern Canada. For farming, Ontario is the best province for beginners, if young men or middle-aged men without experience.

With regard to office work in Canada, there are really enough of Canada's own sons to fill these positions, but if a Briton is out of employment, is possessed of good abilities, and can show good references, there is no reason why he should not get on in Canada if he sticks at his work. I cannot advise any man to leave office work at home to come out to Canada to fill a similar capacity, unless he is sure of work here before coming. I am speaking from experience, not merely from hearsay.

The way to obtain employment in Canadian cities if you have not done so before leaving England, is to make a tour of the

city you have selected to stop at, and ask people if they want labour. Say you have just come out from the Old Country and want work, and pay particular attention to what each person says—if they are unable to give you work at once, but invite you to call again. Do so, and keep on calling until you get work. I did this in the Queen City of the Dominion—Toronto—the very day the big fire started.

Finally, do not be ashamed of taking anything, no matter what it is, for a start, so long as it is honest. Then look out for something better, working hard meanwhile at the job you have undertaken. That is the way to make a start, and if you apply yourself conscientiously to whatever comes to hand, you will go far towards attaining success in the land of your adoption.

School Sports: I have received from "A Present Westminster," "An Edwardian," and G. A. Ledingham (whom I thank for their courtesies) Sports' results respectively of Westminster, King Edward the Sixth's, Birmingham, and Aberdeen Grammar School. In the case of the King Edward's Sports the ground was in a very bad condition, with frequent storms blowing across. I append the times, &c.:-

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

300 Yards.—J. C. Vernon, 37 1.5sec.
Half-Mile with Hurdles.—G. M. Castle-Smith, 2min. 29sec.
Throwing the Hammer.—R. G. Gardner, 60ft.
Long Jump.—E. W. D. Colt-Williams, 17ft. 1in.
Half-Mile.—F. C. Callos, 2min. 13 3.5sec.
Throwing the Cricket Ball.—E. W. D. Colt-Williams, 102yds.
Quarter-Mile.—A. C. Bottomley, 58sec.
100 Yards.—E. W. D. Colt-Williams, 11sec.
High Jump.—J. K. Hepburn, 4ft. 10½in.
Hurdle Race.—J. K. Hepburn, 19sec.
One Mile.—G. M. Castle-Smith, 5min. 10sec.
Gymnasium.—B. V. T. Worthington.
Fencing.—D. J. Jardine.

KING EDWARD'S, BIRMINGHAM.

100 Yards.—L. Whitcombe, 11 2.5sec.
220 Yards.—L. Whitcombe, 26sec.
Half-Mile.—F. Eglington, 2min. 16sec.
Quarter-Mile.—L. Whitcombe, 56 3.5sec.
One Mile.—C. G. Naish, 5min. 8 3.5sec.
High Jump.—R. Crichton, 5ft.
Long Jump.—F. Eglington, 18ft. 9¾in.
Throwing the Cricket Ball.—A. T. Cond, 84yds. 2ft. 1in.
Putting the Weight (16lb.).—R. Crichton, 30ft. 7¼in.
120 Yards with Hurdles.—H. S. Tasker, 19 2.5sec.

ABERDEEN GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

High Jump.—G. McDonald, 5ft. 2in.
Long Jump.—D. N. Lowe, 17ft. 6in.
Hurdle Race (100yds).—G. E. Scroggie, 11 4.5sec.

Putting the Weight (16lb.).—D. N. Lowe, 30ft.
 Bin.
 Half-Mile.—R. W. Eddie, 2min. 14 3-5sec.
 Former Pupils' Race (100yds.).—D. J. Jamieson,
 10 4-5sec.
 Throwing the Hammer (16lb.).—G. McDonald,
 61ft. 8in.
 Throwing the Cricket Ball.—R. Semple, 91yds.
 2ft. 4in.
 Quarter-Mile.—D. N. Lowe, 60 2-3sec.
 Mile.—R. W. Eddie, 5min. 50sec.
 Former Pupils' Mile.—W. Miller, 5min. 4 1-5sec.

It will be observed that King Edward's is easily first in the Long Jump, with Aberdeen second, and Westminster third. King Edward's is first by a trifle in the Mile, Westminster second, and Aberdeen a bad third. The last-named, however, is first in the High Jump, with King Edward's second, and Westminster third with a poor jump of under 5ft. Unfortunately, the Aberdeen correspondent did not include his 100yds. time, so a comparison is impossible. In future, correspondents sending Sports Results are requested to limit themselves to the main events, *i.e.*, Mile, Half-Mile, Quarter-Mile, 100yds. Hurdles, High Jump, Long Jump, Throwing the Cricket Ball, Weight and Hammer. Then we shall be able to tabulate them properly.

Junior Sports: Hitherto I have only given results of sports contested by senior members of schools. As it will be interesting to see what younger boys can perform, I append the principal results of the sports held at Ryde House School, Ripley, Surrey, which are kindly forwarded to me by R. Woollard. The oldest boys contesting in these sports were not above sixteen. The 100 Yards Scratch Race was won by Lauderdale in 11sec., and the Seniors' High Jump by the same boy. The Seniors' Long Jump was won by Strugnell with a 16ft. leap and the same boy threw the cricket ball furthest—74½ yards. The Juniors' Long Jump was won by Gammon, with 12ft. 6in.; and the Quarter Mile Handicap by Lauderdale (who, I presume, started scratch) in 1min. 6 1-5sec. Of the swimming races, the 700 Yards was won by G. Swabey, in 12min. 15sec., but the results of the other races I am unable to give, as my correspondent has omitted to fill in the times.

Alderman Newton's School (Leicester): Swimming Sports.—Mr. S. H. Stroud, one of our readers, favours me with a newspaper cutting and

some remarks of his own concerning these sports. I cannot deal with them at length, but I notice that in the Seniors' Long Dive H. Thomsett covered 36ft. 1½in. Thomsett, my correspondent informs me, came second in the schoolboys' swimming championship of England. A fine achievement, considering he is not yet fifteen years old. The Learners' Race was a good idea, being a race for boys who could not swim last season. The Female Character Race was very laughable, as the boys entered the water in women's clothes, swam the length of the bath, undressed in the water, and swam back. Mr. J. A. Jarvis, the famous swimmer, was present, and gave an interesting display of ornamental swimming, whilst Miss Ethel Jarvis, aged seven, presented a remarkable exhibition of life-saving, twice being successful in conveying her father from one side of the bath to the other. The School Championship 100 Yards Scratch Race was, I note, won by Thomsett in 1min.

A Round-the-World Letter.

From Kumaon, India, to the CAPTAIN office, *via* Australasia, South Africa, Canada, United States, and the British West Indies, is a far cry, but such is the distance traversed by a circular sent out by Mr. Brian Alfred Harris, which eventually arrived at this office after having been the round of a dozen Colonial readers. I compliment Mr. Harris on his happy idea, and thank my far-away friends for their cordial expressions of opinion with regard to THE CAPTAIN. They will know by this time that I have attended to their one complaint by allowing them another month in which to send in competitions.

Our Book Corner. I hope this new feature of ours will be followed closely by school and institute librarians, as well as by the general reader, for we shall make it our endeavour to give perfectly fair notices, and only recommend what is really worth reading. I have divided the books up among several gentlemen who write regularly for THE CAPTAIN, and who have taken pains to find out what boys appreciate in literature. In the newspaper press too little attention is paid to boys' books. They are lumped up together in a general column, sometimes as many as eighteen or twenty being knocked off in a batch, with a few lines apiece. Writing to one of my reviewers, I

told him that I hoped, in this newly-established Corner, to deal thoroughly with such works as were submitted for review. He replied: "It's an excellent idea—boys' books never seem to be properly noticed. A tale of adventure, or a school story, is dismissed in a sugary paragraph which says that the volume is 'just the thing for the youthful mind,' or 'has a healthy tone,' and no one can judge whether the book is good, bad, or indifferent. People seem to forget the educational importance of boys' books, though they shriek loud enough over the iniquity of the 'penny blood.' I shall enjoy doing the reviews, especially as you leave it to me to speak my mind openly. That gives one scope."

How to Join the Royal Navy.—

It may interest my readers to be put in possession of a few details concerning a most interesting establishment, "an open door" to the Royal Navy. The establishment in question is the training ship *Mercury*, moored in the Hamble River, and presided over by Captain C. A. R. Hoare, President of the Hampshire Cricket Club. Captain Hoare not only actually maintains a training ship for the Royal Navy, but he passes into the Navy first-class boys—first-class too, according to the Admiralty standard—boys who promise to turn into all-round handy men—good at schoolwork, swimming, football, cricket, gymnastics, and music. Many *Mercury* boys have passed through Kneller Hall; many are now bandmasters in the Royal Navy. The reports of the boys now serving all over the world are of the most encouraging and satisfactory description. *Mercury* boys are in the habit of picking up most of the seamanship prizes and "all-round-boys'" prizes, such as a ship like the *Impregnable* gives away once a year. One Royal Humane Society medal was won by a boy while on the training ship *Mercury* for saving life under proper drowning conditions, with a strong tide running.

The *Mercury* school standard and ideals are all that can be desired. Corporal punishment is unknown on board, and the religious life of every boy on the vessel is well and duly cared for. Full particulars may be obtained from Captain Hoare, Training Ship *Mercury*, Hamble, Southampton.

ANSWERS TO OTHER CORRESPONDENTS.

H. F. Birchall (Shanghai).—You write vigorously, but the article does not make pleasant reading, and the photo of the "Death-Cage" with its

dyng occupant is simply horrible—far too horrible to be printed in any self-respecting magazine or newspaper.

S. T. B. V. E.—Don't talk nonsense. So far from THE CAPTAIN hindering your work, it should provide you with pleasant relaxation after your daily "grind" for your scholarship. You have only yourself to blame if you allow any book or periodical to hinder you. There is a time for everything in a properly mapped out day.

T. Grant.—We are holding your article over till next November. We cannot use copyright photos without permission from the photographer. Can't you get a friend to take a good "snap" of Catesby's rooms?

A. Scott, jun.—If I can get hold of enough illegible signatures of famous men to make a list long enough for a deciphering competition, I will put your suggestion into shape, as it is a decidedly good one.

"Old Tuds."—That's right. Go on pegging away till you win a prize. The golden rule in all endeavour that one should constantly bear in mind is that it is "dogged as does it."

Nobody's Fag.—It is just possible that your friend did not know the letter was from you. Whether you should write to him again depends entirely upon the state of your feelings towards him. Perhaps he will write to you at Christmas. Let us hope he will.

"Captain" Club at Durham.—CAPTAIN readers in Durham and district may be interested to hear that a club has been formed in Durham, on the lines suggested in this magazine some little time ago, by Mr. Walter G. Vann, 9 Ravensworth-terrace, Durham, who will be glad to send particulars to any of our readers wishing to join it.

Denis Wilson.—The very best of Christmas to you, too! The art-editor is flourishing, and is now the proud father of a little girl, one of the only two babies who have received a congratulatory telegram on their arrival in this vale of tears (and smiles) from my venerable self. The other baby is my god-daughter, so my bowed back is now bearing an additional responsibility of no mean order.

J. C. Young.—This magazine is hardly a suitable vehicle for the kind of articles you mention. Nevertheless, I commend your earnestness in so important a cause.

"London Irish."—Thanks for your suggestion for a pictorial competition, which I will remember. As regards Irish and Scottish cricket, I think both countries ought to be able to whip up an eleven good enough to meet our counties. A tour of an Irish or Scottish team would be most popular and attract a lot of spectators. Why don't you write to your papers and suggest it?

J. B. C.—You appear to be too self-conscious about your looks. Don't play about with so-called depilatories (or hair-destroyers), which only cause the hair to grow again all the thicker. Electrolysis is the only sure method of removing superfluous hair, and it is a slow, painful, and expensive method. My advice to you is: leave your eyebrows alone. Those who interfere with Nature generally live to repent it.

"Rabbits."—Candidates for British Consulates must be between 25 and 50 years of age, and, in the first place, have direct or indirect influence with the Secretary of State. If selected, they are required to pass an examination in ordinary

English subjects, French, mercantile law, and the current language of their consulate. The fee for this examination varies from £1 to £6, according to the value of the appointment desired. The salaries of consuls range from £200 to £1,000, promotions and transfers being made as vacancies occur.

Thistle.—You do not say if you have had any previous training in practical engineering, and therefore in advising you I shall assume that you have only had the ordinary school training. In that case it would be best for you to attend for one or two years at one of the best technical institutes. The South-Western Polytechnic, Manresa Road, Chelsea, S.W., would probably suit you excellently. After that your best course would be to attend one of the higher technical colleges, such as the Central Institution, Exhibition Road, S.W., where you would get more advanced training.

M. N. A.—Wearing glasses would debar your entering the Merchant Service in the "deck department," which is composed of the working crew, from cabin-boy to captain. This only leaves the purser's and steward's departments open to you. To secure a berth you must take a walk round the nearest docks, and interview chief stewards and pursers. The outfit would cost from £8 to £10, and the commencing salary as mess-room steward would be from 35s. to £2 5s. per month.

T. E. R.—You should enter the publishing business in the ordinary way—as a clerk in the office, and in the course of time you would acquire a knowledge of the firm's publications and of the trade generally. If you take a keen interest in your work, and endeavour to make yourself as useful as possible to your employers, there is no reason why you should not rise to a position of some importance. There is no special preparation required, but of course a knowledge of Latin, French, and German would be valuable to you.

"Arts and Crafts" is an excellent monthly periodical for those interested in painting

[Owing to lack of space we are compelled to hold over "Captain Club Contributions."]

Results of November Competitions.

No. I.—"Famous Cricketers."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF "MAGIC" FOOTBALL: Geo. A. B. Cushnie, 182 Grove-street, Liverpool.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: J. C. Matthew, 6 Hamhead View, Exmouth; George Russell, 4 Chandos-road, Causeway, Staines, Middlesex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ernest H. Lucas, A. Tadman, H. W. McRae, G. H. R. Laird, J. G. Dunham, W. S. Clark, V. Birtles, Frederick H. Maynard.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: T. S. Clarke, Hyndlee, Nairn, N.B.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Arthur Thomas, Bank House, Pembroke Dock; L. F. Page, Beaumont College, Old Windsor, Berks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Hodgson, N. Whitehead, A. Sheldon, T. Kitchin, N. R. Taylor, E. Cawthorn, K. J. Cox, E. J. Selby, J. L. Henderson, E. C. Cockburn.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: W. T. Clark, 16 Petworth street, Battersea Park, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. C. Hoyland, W. P. Benson, Marjorie Gwynne, R. Bloom, E. Harrington, L. L. Norris, L. Albone, K. F. Watson, H. Wilson, R. P. Graham, E. Peab.

No. II.—"Stamp Collectors' Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF NO. 2 CISTAFLE OUTFIT: Rev. Alfred Marshall Parkes, Netherton Parsonage, Wakefield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Frederick H. Colliga, Bridge House, Didsbury, Manchester.

and sketching, leather embossing, wood-carving, gesso work, repoussé work, and embroidery. It is published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., price 1s. net.

E. S. (Putney).—Your verses on "Hope" show promise. You will do well to persevere, always endeavouring to express yourself simply and directly.

J. E. (Salop).—What a brilliant envelope! No, I am not Mr. Keble Howard. He is the editor of the *Sketch*.

A. H. Grigsby.—No number of Hon. Mens. will win you a prize. You can only win a prize by sending in the best effort in your class.

Lupus.—Apply to the Civil Service Commissioners, Burlington Gardens, S.W. "**Nemo.**"—The *Nautical Almanack* is published by Brown Bros., Pollokshields, Glasgow, price 1s. **R. H. T.**—Address your complaint to the publishers of the paper in question. **K. T. S.**—Only a few pence, and as old silver they are worth even less. **M. C.** You can obtain particulars about California from the High Commissioner for Canada, Victoria Street, S.W. **E. F.**—(1) "Sir Billy" has not been published in book form. (2) Write to the Secretary of the B. E. L., 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C. for particulars of the League. "**Black Quill.**"—No space for a list of books; send a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. **Vere Bannerman.**—Which do you mean, a bailiff or a house and estate agent?

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from:—Fred. Hill, L. H. Hadden, W. Jungius, H. Cleaver, C. W. E. Pitt, C. James, F. Cartmel, P. Rowland, P. Hoad, E. W. Soulsby, E. S. Collier (Johannesburg), "Hopeful May," "Channel Islander." Reg Doollard, "S." (Southsea), R. C. Tharp, C.H., M. Toole, T. W. (1s. 10d., post free), Porangi Potae, H. M. Cooper, "The Abbess," and many other correspondents whose queries will receive attention next month.

THE OLD FAG.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. H. Collins, W. Eastburn, T. R. Worthington, S. E. Churchill, J. W. Connell, Maud M. Lyne, G. Barter.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF "CENTURY" STAMP ALBUM: Joseph Williams Dell, Marshall-road, Farncombe, near Godalming.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Tommie Thomson, 111 Sinclair-road, W. Kensington, W.; W. F. Curtis, c/o Mrs. G. Edmunds, Cheap-street, Sherborne, Dorset.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James Bland, P. Croyadale Cleminson, C. E. Tucker, E. Mayell, W. G. Palmer, H. G. N. Tucker, A. Tappley.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "CENTURY" STAMP ALBUM: A. C. Flewitt, 77 Musters-road, W. Bridgford, Nottingham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Leslie Lascelles Norris, 18 Lansdowne-road, Tottenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. F. Dame, George R. Wood, Bertrand Harries, C. J. G. Alcock, L. J. Hodson, C. W. Dockerill, Geoffrey C. Leech, B. W. Dale, Harold F. Walton, L. Costa, R. G. Harrison, L. J. Taylor, C. E. Sweney.

No. III.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF COLUMBIA GRAMOPHONE: T. E. W. Strong, St. Anne's-road, W. St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: R. W. Copeman, Toun View, Wincanton; Harry W. Witcombe, Castlebrook, Holland-road, Maidstone.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. C. Rhodes, J. J. R. H. Oldham, F. M. Ryalls, Ashley V. Taylor, J. H. Crabtree, Mrs. Pratt, Edgar Swallow, Herbert Halliday, Robert Oliver, W. Denys

Weston, George Nuttall, T. H. Jones, Charles Blair, Ursula M. Peck, Emily M. Colman, R. Barnes.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "SUNNY MEMORIES" ALBUM: Eveline Blacker, 20 Victoria-square, W., Clifton, Bristol.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: K. W. Dowie, 223 Commissioners-street, Montreal, Canada; R. E. O. Chipp, Beaumont, Malone, Belfast.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Albert Lingham, G. S. B. Cushnie, G. Baxter, W. H. Pearson, E. W. Willett, H. F. Wooda, A. W. Foster, John Harman Young, Cicely Banister, S. V. F. Griffiths, Owain Ogwen, W. L. Taylor, A. E. Bass.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SUNNY MEMORIES" ALBUM: Vyvyan Poole, 34 Mall, Waterford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Arthur de C. Williams, The College, Winchester; Dorothy Alice Hilton, Oaklands, Sturry, near Canterbury.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur F. Heynes, William G. Briggs, Robert H. Bacon, William Stanworth, Hilda Bellamy, Alex. Tosland, Reginald C. Kershaw, S. J. Higgs, J. W. Smith, G. Holzappel, E. C. Pinder, H. J. Sanders.

No. IV.—"A November Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: William Kentish, Balmain Lodge, Trafalgar-road, Moseley, Birmingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: E. Wharrier-Soulaby, 104 Joan street, New Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Helen C. Stone, Ewell, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. J. Smyth, W. G. Palmer, H. F. Rowe, Ethel Rainer, Eric M. Ritchie, G. Barter, W. F. Curtis, W. A. Oldfield, G. E. Russell, F. G. Grigsby.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: William M. Marshall, Elizabeth College, Guernsey, Channel Islands.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Geoffrey C. Leech, South Hill House, Bury St. Edmunds; Raymond Bladon, 33 Blake-lane, Small Heath, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. W. Dockerill, J. E. Lucas, H. S. Roch, F. C. Rosser, J. G. Macdonald, S. R. C. Kimsoll, A. W. Douglas, Fritz Davies.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: R. J. Evans, 77 High-street, Bridgnorth, Salop.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Thomas Morris.

No. V.—"Map of Korea."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "HOBBIES" FRETWORK OUTFIT: Alexander McMillan, 19 Abbeyhill, Edinburgh.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Howard W. Smith, 2 Ebenezer-terrace, Enfield Town, Middlesex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Kate Perrin, Charles W. Hubble, Edward Horace Skinner, Jessie Procter, A. H. Millis, Harold W. Smith, F. M. R. Smith, L. E. V. Tiffen, Mawgan Fremlin, Alfred T. Hurt, J. Hunter Watts, jun., Mary F. Gaskell.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "HOBBIES" FRETWORK OUTFIT: S. G. Alexander, 97 Joppa-road, Portobello.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Alfred E. Farmer, 83 Abington-avenue, East Park, Northampton; Frida Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Basil M. Peck, Norman Mackellar, R. V. Southwell, T. H. Somervell, William Webb, Barry Davies, P. C. Millington, George Bourne, W. T. O. Zeroni, Albert Wheeler, Constance Wilmott, George Mearns.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "HOBBIES" FRETWORK OUTFIT: Fred. Staddon, 206 Gladstone-street, Bradford, Yorks.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: George Cossins, Tarrant Rawston, Blandford, Dorset.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harry A. Moncrieff, S. F. Russell, Charles Burrows, William Watt, John Atkins Brain, Leonard A. Self, J. H. Chambers, W. S. Osborn, W. L. McNair, E. A. S. Peach, James T. Nelis, Aubrey George Rand.

No. VI.—"Six Favourite Authors."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF "JOHN PIGGOTT" FOOTBALL: P. A. Gardner, 2 Manor Way, Bexley, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jas. J. Nevin, G. Berry, Maud M. Lyne, George Rosser, R. Bruce Beveridge, R. H. Oakley, Helen C. Tancock, Harold Russell, E. A. Banson, James E. Atkinson, John Thomer.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "JOHN PIGGOTT" FOOTBALL: Randolph Pawby, 12 Maida Vale-terrace, Plymouth.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Geo. H. Webber, 63 Glenparke-road, Forest Gate, E.; George S. Jessup, 150 Elmdell-crescent, Grimsby-road, New Cleethorpes.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edward Burke-Gaffney, E. W. Lanam, Rita Johns, Frank Barnes, A. J. Gaskell, S. G. Harris, K. Jordan, John G. Macdonald, W. J. Juleff.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "JOHN PIGGOTT" FOOTBALL: George Barraud, Rose Cottage, Longlands Park, Sidcup, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Ches. Hopkins, 88 Kingswood-road, New Brompton, Kent; Lucy Ehrman, 39 Hilldrop-road, London, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. W. Dale, G. T. Lawrence, G. Don, Thelma Cook, Thomas Proud, Dora Roscoe, Roland E. Deakin, Albert Boxall, Thomas Owen, A. Thompson, E. Sweeney.

Foreign and Colonial Readers. (October 1904)

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: S. Westmore James, 19 St. Vincent street, Port of Spain, Trinidad. Honourable Mention: R. D. Mookerjee (India), Digby Harris (India).

No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: H. Goodbrand, Talsna Villa, Winder-road, Stamford Hill, Durban, Natal, South Africa. Honourable Mention: B. A. Harris (India), D. G. Harris, May Edwards (South Africa).

No. III.—WINNER OF 5s.: O. L. Samuel, 131 Orange-street, Kingston, Jamaica. Honourable Mention: R. D. Mookerjee, Mabel I. L. Davis (British Guiana), H. Goodbrand, Cecil Wharton (Trinidad), S. Westmore James, D. G. Harris, Alfred Keen (Canada).

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: Arnold Bridgen, 103 Rose-avenue, Toronto, Canada. Honourable Mention: K. V. Samuel (Jamaica), J. W. Stanley (Canada), H. Goodbrand.

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: Branksen, Wynberg, S. Africa. Honourable Mention: May Edwards, Mabel I. L. Davis, Digby Harris, B. Harris, S. Westmore James.

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: B. D. Mookerjee, Bankipoot, India. Honourable Mention: D. G. Harris, S. W. James.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the November Competitions.

No. I.—A correct list will be found on an advertisement page. A fair number of competitors in Classes I. and II. sent in correct solutions, so that neatness counted considerably in my selection of prize-winners.

No. II.—The tabulated list, as voted, is as follows:—

- (1) It is an excellent Hobby.
- (2) It teaches Geography.
- (3) It is a good investment.
- (4) It teaches History.
- (5) It teaches Method and Observation.
- (6) It is a Bond of Union between all collectors.

There was a large number of entries for this competition, but many failed to understand the conditions and sent in elaborate essays instead of the tabulated list required.

No. III.—A varied selection of subjects was submitted, showing a marked improvement in all classes.

No. IV.—The favourite subjects chosen for essays were the Battle of Inkerman, the Opening of the Suez Canal, and the

Relief of Lucknow. The Death of Cardinal Wolsey also found several recorders.

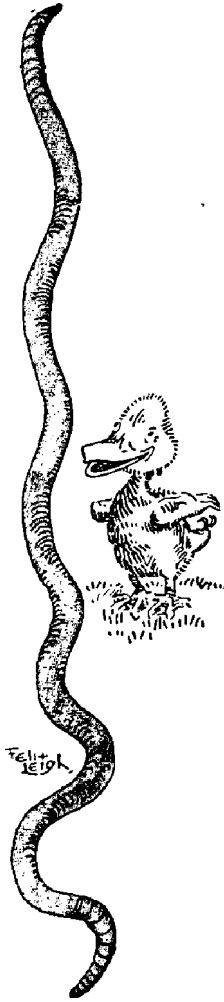
No. V.—Not an easy country, perhaps, to delineate, but some well-drawn and topographically good maps were sent in.

No. VI.—There was a specially large number of entries for this competition in Class III., the winning list of which is as follows:—

- Charles Dickens—*Pickwick Papers*.
 Sir Walter Scott—*Ivanhoe*.
 G. A. Henty—*St. George for England*.
 R. S. Warren Bell—*J. O. Jones*.
 H. Rider Haggard—*Cleopatra*.
 Sir A. Conan Doyle—*Rodney Stone*.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS.—While renewing my acquaintance with many old friends, I was pleased to welcome several new competitors from all Colonies.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



"THE WORM WILL TURN."

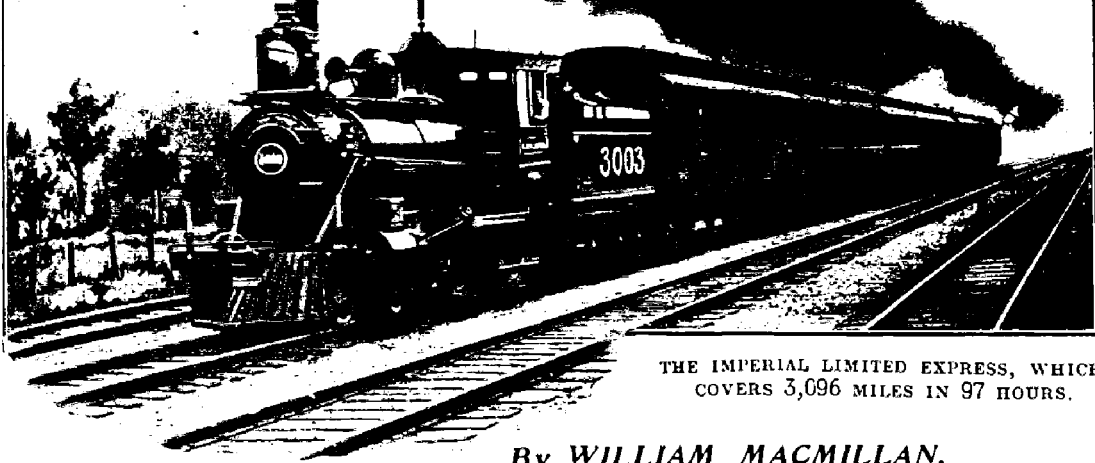
PRUDENT DUCKLING (before
making a seizure):—"I wonder
which end *turns least*."



BISON IN THE NATIONAL PARK, BANFF, ALBERTA.

These are the few survivors of the enormous herds that once darkened the plains of North America. Civilisation and firearms have led to their practical extinction.

THE EMPIRE'S GREATEST RAILWAY.



THE IMPERIAL LIMITED EXPRESS, WHICH
COVERS 3,096 MILES IN 97 HOURS.

By WILLIAM MACMILLAN.

TAKE a return ticket from London to Edinburgh; then slip down to Penzance and back; repeat the two journeys, and finish up by a run to Liverpool. You will then have a dozen miles to spare before you have travelled a distance equivalent to the great trans-continental trip over the metals of the "C. P. R."—Canadian Pacific Railway—which stretch from Quebec to Vancouver.

It is proposed to give in this article a brief account of this great system, which to-day, including its giant tentacles reaching north and south, boasts more than 10,000 miles of track. The illustrations will supply an idea of some sights that may be seen by the traveller.

As Englishmen we have reason to be proud both of the existence of the C. P. R., of the manner in which the "through track" was laid, and of the huge development of Canadian territory to which the passage of the iron horse has led. In 1871 British Columbia entered the Confederation of Canadian States, and it was soon seen that, unless it could gain ready access to the older states on the far side of the continent, mere political union would be but a weak bond on which to rely in times of national stress. Only the year before, Louis Riel's rebellion on the Red River—the theme of one of Mr. Mackie's vivid stories in *THE CAPTAIN*—had shown the Government the vulnerability of the remote Pacific province, should the country be plunged into war. And the Columbians, on their part, very reasonably demanded the con-

struction of a Trans-Canadian railway as a condition of entering the Confederation.

Owing to the magnitude of the task it had to fall on the shoulders of the Government. The then Premier, Sir John Macdonald, promised that trains should be running from Montreal to Vancouver before ten more years had passed. Surveys were commenced at once, and £750,000 was spent on mapping out a suitable path for the rails between Lake Superior and the Pacific. A large volume might be written of the adventures encountered by the engineers who probed the wild, icebound tracts of the Rocky Mountains, climbing like goats along the faces of awful chasms, or dangling at the end of ropes to seek a resting-place for the legs of their theodolites.

It was no very encouraging report that they brought back. Of the 2,500 miles then under consideration, the 650 between Ottawa River and Lake Superior lay through a region where mountains of adamant hardness barred the way, while the 600 odd miles of the Rockies provided an almost equally tough nut to crack. Nor were the 900 miles of prairie between Calgary and Winnipeg to be without their problems.

However, that the engineer, though he recognises difficulties, is not dismayed by them, may be proved up to the hilt by the records of engineering. In this case the two most serious obstacles were want of money and a consistent Government policy; which delayed matters seriously till 1879, when a start was made at the Pacific end, so that the platelayers might work



A HORSE CORRAL ON ELBOW RIVER, CALGARY.

From this place thousands of horses were despatched to South Africa during the Boer War.

eastwards to meet the people pushing westwards from Lake Superior. Two years more elapsed, and then a private company took over the job, agreeing that, in return for 25,000,000 dollars in cash, as many acres of land, and a free present of the already partly-completed portions, they should lay the balance of the rails by May, 1886.

To fulfil their contract, the Company must bore, cut, embank, and metal 400 miles a year. In a country where means of communication were almost non-existent, this presented a formidable task. It was necessary for the en-

gineers to distribute their energies, and commence simultaneously at several points; at Ottawa, Lake Superior, and Winnipeg, from which they pushed westwards; and at the Pacific end. In eight months of 1881 the navvies accounted for 165 miles west of Winnipeg. This was not fast enough going. Contracts being called for, a St. Paul firm undertook to carry railhead to the Rockies. Wages ruled high—eight shillings per diem for a navvy, nearly a pound for two horses and a driver. Things began to hum. The distance was divided into over three hundred separate sub-contracts.



HEREFORD CATTLE AT CRANE LAKE, ASSINIBOIA.

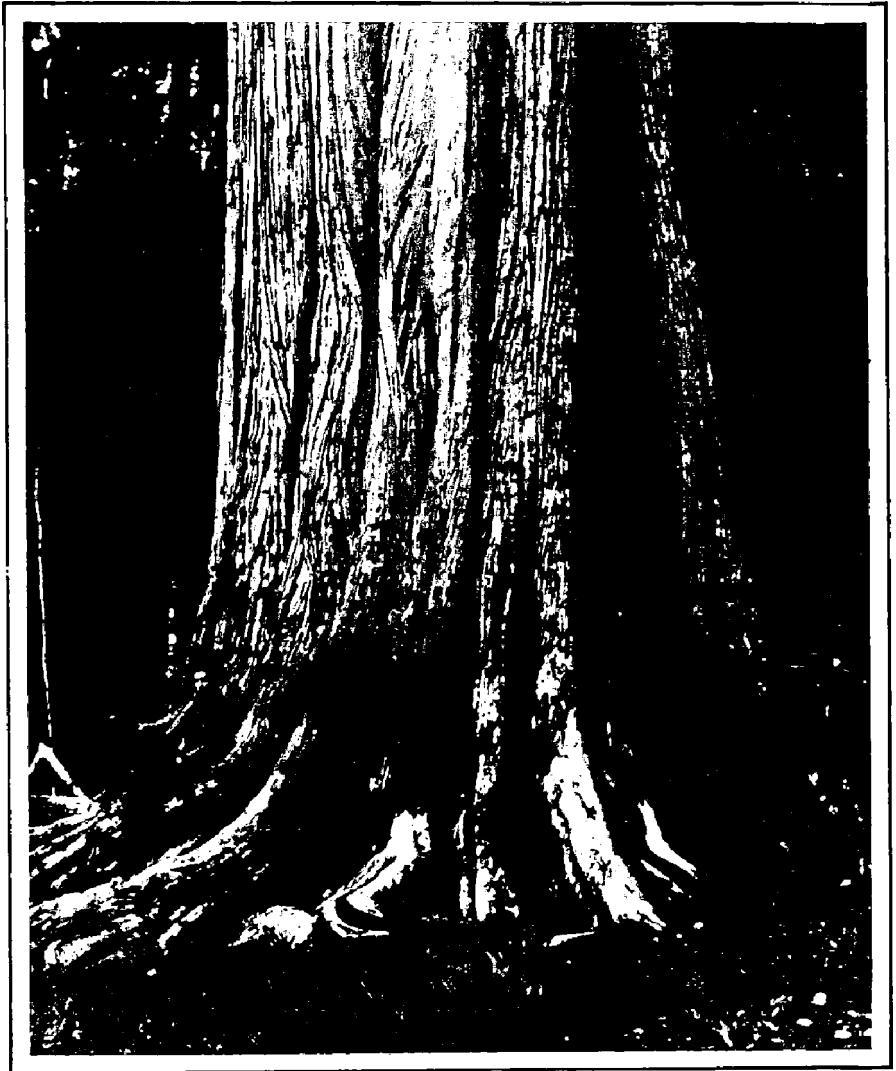
England depends largely on Canada for her supply of beef.

The Union Pacific folk in the United States had astonished the world; but the Company beat their record. Among the great army of 9,000 men who invaded the solitudes of the prairie, dawdlers were unpopular. The "boss's" eye soon marked them, and they were requested to make room for business men. "As soon as a gang had finished one section," says a writer in *Engineering*, "they had to move from 100 to 150 miles ahead to their next location, where in another six weeks they were tolerably sure

to hear the locomotives behind them, and the clanging of the hundred hammers of the plate-layers close at their heels. In advance of the track-laying party were two bridge gangs, one working at night and the other in the day, and as every stick of timber had to be brought from Rat Portage, 140 miles east of Winnipeg, they were seldom more than eight to ten miles ahead of the track-layers. Where not a stick of timber nor any preparation for work could be seen one day, the next would show two or three spans of a nicely-finished bridge, and twenty-four hours afterwards the rails would be laid and trains working regularly over it. Following these came the track-laying gang, the most attractive and lively party of the lot, and on which most of the interest of those who visited the work seemed to centre. There were three hundred men with thirty-five teams in this gang. Moving along slowly, but with admirable precision, it was beautiful to watch them gradually coming near, everything moving like clockwork, each man in his place, knowing exactly his work, and doing it at the right time, and in the right way. Onward they come, pass on, and leave the wondering spectator whilst he is still gorged with

the wonderful sight. Each day from 20 to 25 20-ton cars of rails and fastenings, and from 40 to 50 cars of ties and other materials were laid down by this busy track-laying gang, and nearly all of this had come an average of 1,000 miles by rail before it was safely delivered at 'the end of the track.'

With this description in mind, the reader will not be surprised to learn that 1882 saw no less than 349 miles of finished railway laid, besides 110 miles of grading in advance. Yet even this



THE LARGEST TREE IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B.C.

At the base it has a diameter of 17 feet, and its height is over 300 feet. One of Canada's chief assets is her forests, which cover 450,000,000 acres.

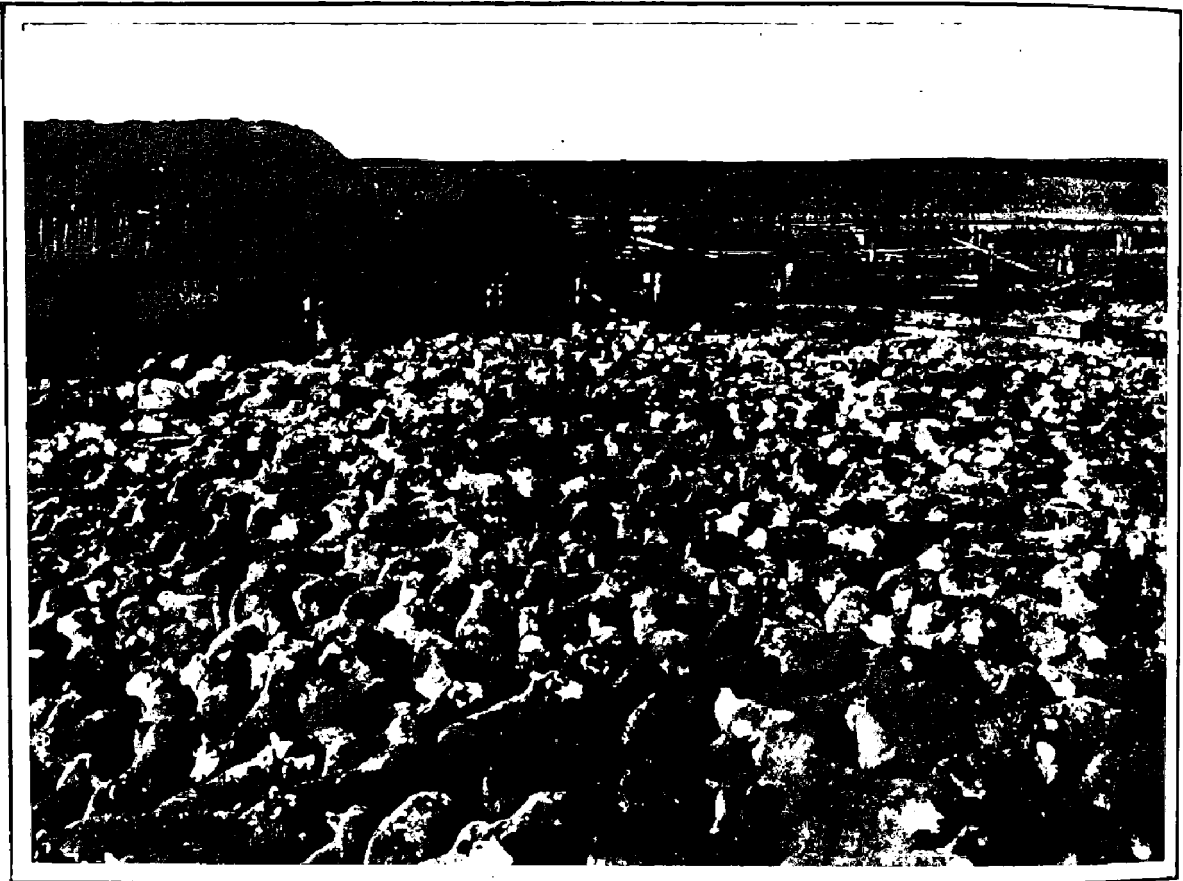
record was topped the following year: July 28th marking the maximum rate of advance—6 1-3 miles in a day! Once more inverted commas will be excusable.

"There were twenty-four men to handle the iron, that is, twelve unloading it from the cars,

and twelve to load the trollies. It took the same number to lay it down on the track. The total number of rails laid that day was 2,120, or 604 tons. Five men on each side of the front car handed down 1,060 rails, 302 tons each gang, whilst the two distributors of angle-plates, and bolts, and adjusters of the rails for running out over the rollers, handled 2,120 rails, 4,240 plates, and 5,480 bolts. These were followed by fifteen bolters, who put in, on an average, 565 bolts each; then thirty-two spikers, with a nipper to each pair, drove 63,000 spikes, which were

they would be able the better to realise the meaning of the phrase, "the dignity of labour." If the Canadian navvies worked hard, they were well fed and looked after. That year a thousand oxen died on the prairie, and there was an abundance of other food. Strong drink, on the other hand, was strictly prohibited, and a fine body of mounted police promptly quashed any outbreak of ruffianism, so that the camp never followed the notorious example set by similar communities "way down South."

On August 15th, 1883, rail-head reached Cal.



A SHEEP-CORRAL, GULL LAKE, ASSINIBOIA.

Canada sends us £1,603,000 worth of wool every year.

distributed by four peddlers. The lead and gauge spikers each drove 2,120 spikes, which, averaging four blows to each spike, would require 600 blows an hour for fourteen hours. There were 16,000 ties or sleepers unloaded from the trains, and reloaded on to waggons by thirty-two men; and thirty-three teams hauled them forward on to the track, averaging seventeen loads of thirty sleepers to each team."

It must have been a wonderful sight; and could some of the easy-going gentlemen who lay our London streets but have seen it, perhaps

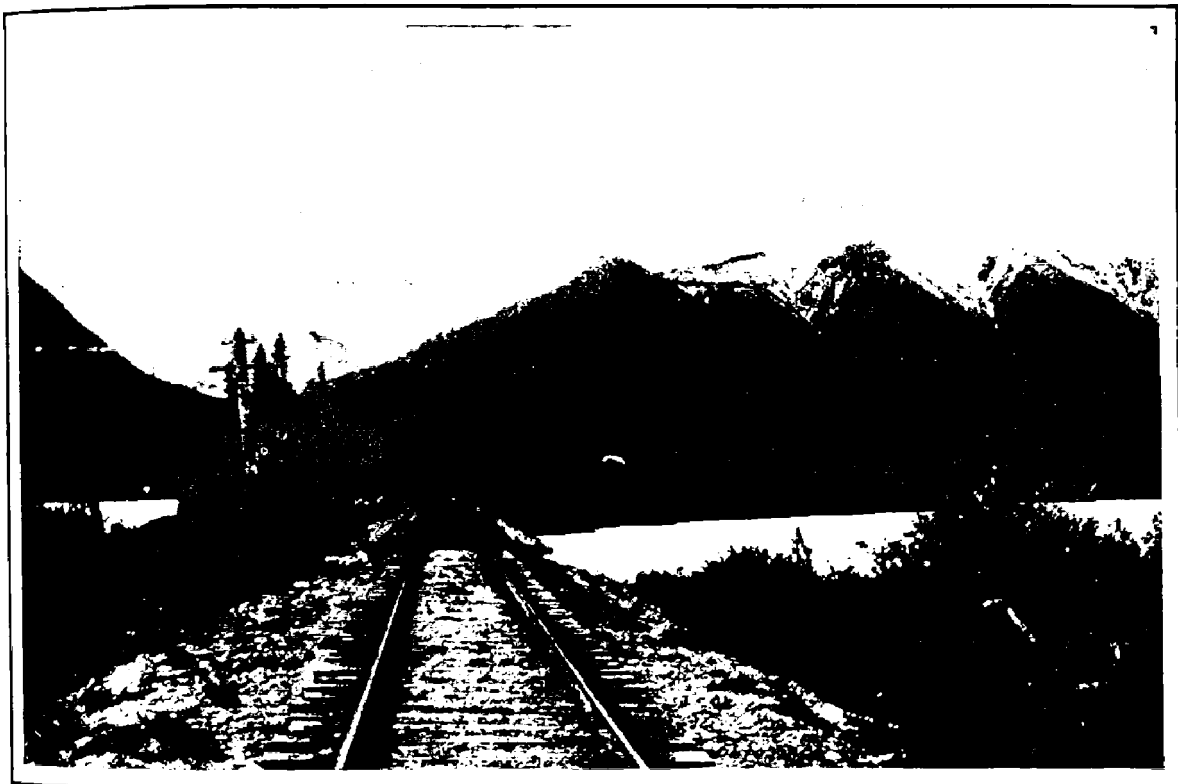
gary, 962 miles from the starting-point. A second army of 7,000 Chinamen had simultaneously been forcing its way through the Rockies from the western side, and as many more workers were tackling the tough Laurentian and Huron rocks on the north side of Lake Superior. Some idea of the difficulties here met with may be got from the fact that three-quarters of a million sterling was expended on tunnelling a single mile. In the Rockies, landslips gave infinite trouble to the men who were engaged in the passes, where, in a distance of

44 miles, 370,000 cubic yards of rock had to be quarried out *by hand*, because it was impossible to convey machinery thither!

The rails met, on November 5th, 1885, in Eagle Pass, in the Gold Range. Sir Donald Smith, the chief engineer, and a few companions looked on while the last spike—an iron one, like its millions of predecessors—was driven home. A telegraphic message was sent flying over the mountains and prairies to tell of the deed, and then the little party adjourned to a neighbouring stream to try their luck with the salmon. So English, you know!

Giant of the North was felt upon the world's commerce almost before his existence was known; and not satisfied with the trade of the golden shores of the Pacific from California to Alaska, "his arms at once reached out across the broad ocean and grasped the teas and silks of China and Japan, to exchange them for the fabrics of Europe and North America."

Every year brings increased importance to the C. P. R., as the districts along its course become more and more populous. It is the chief factor in carrying the huge wheatcrops of Manitoba to market. Over its metals pass thousands



THE ENTRANCE TO THE ROCKIES AT THE GAP, ALBERTA.

Here the train leaves the plains for its long climb through the mountains, during which it reaches a point 5,296 feet above sea level.

The line was thus completed and opened six months before contract time had elapsed. As a proof of the general confidence reposed in the management, a train had drawn out from Quebec some days previous to the completion, bound for the Pacific coast.

By midsummer of 1886, the longest continuous line (of the time) in the world was fully equipped and in proper working order throughout. Villages and towns, even cities, followed hard on the line-builders. The forests were cleared away; the prairie's soil was upturned; mines were opened. The touch of this young

of cattle and horses to European buyers. The wheat-crop of Canada is probably the most-talked-of production of the Queen of the Snows. It amounts to 100 million bushels, and experts have calculated that by 1913 this figure will have been increased tenfold. But wheat forms only a part of the wealth of Canada. Has she not great forests of fir; rich mines of nickel, copper, coal, iron, silver; copious reservoirs of petroleum; valuable fisheries? And we must not forget the wide ranches of Alberta, where one man may be lord of 100,000 acres or more. "Progress" is the watchword of the country;

and in the West the Canadian proves as good a "hustler" as any Yankee. The C. P. R. is his best friend. Without it he could not keep touch with the outer world. Winnipeg probably affords the finest example of what will soon happen in a hundred Canadian townships. Thirty years ago a little village of a hundred people stood on the edge of the Red River; to-day its place is taken by a city of 60,000 souls, with street trams, electric light, giant ware-

wealthy traveller also will find Canada to his taste, as he rolls along the metals of the C. P. R. in a sumptuous coach, fitted with every luxury. At Quebec, at Montreal, Ottawa, Sudbury, Fort William, Winnipeg, Brandon, Calgary, there is much to arouse his interest; and almost before he has had time to weary of agricultural and industrial sights, he is in the Rockies, among some of the most magnificent scenery in the world. If a mountaineer, he finds in the



STONY CREEK BRIDGE, NEAR ROGERS PASS, B.C.
A fine example of bridge construction on the C.P.R.

houses and factories, and fine public buildings—"the Bull's Eye of the Dominion" it has been called.

In Canada any male immigrant can make himself a home, provided he be over eighteen years of age. The Government will present him with 160 acres—a quarter of a square mile—on the sole condition that he brings 15 acres under tillage for three successive years. A

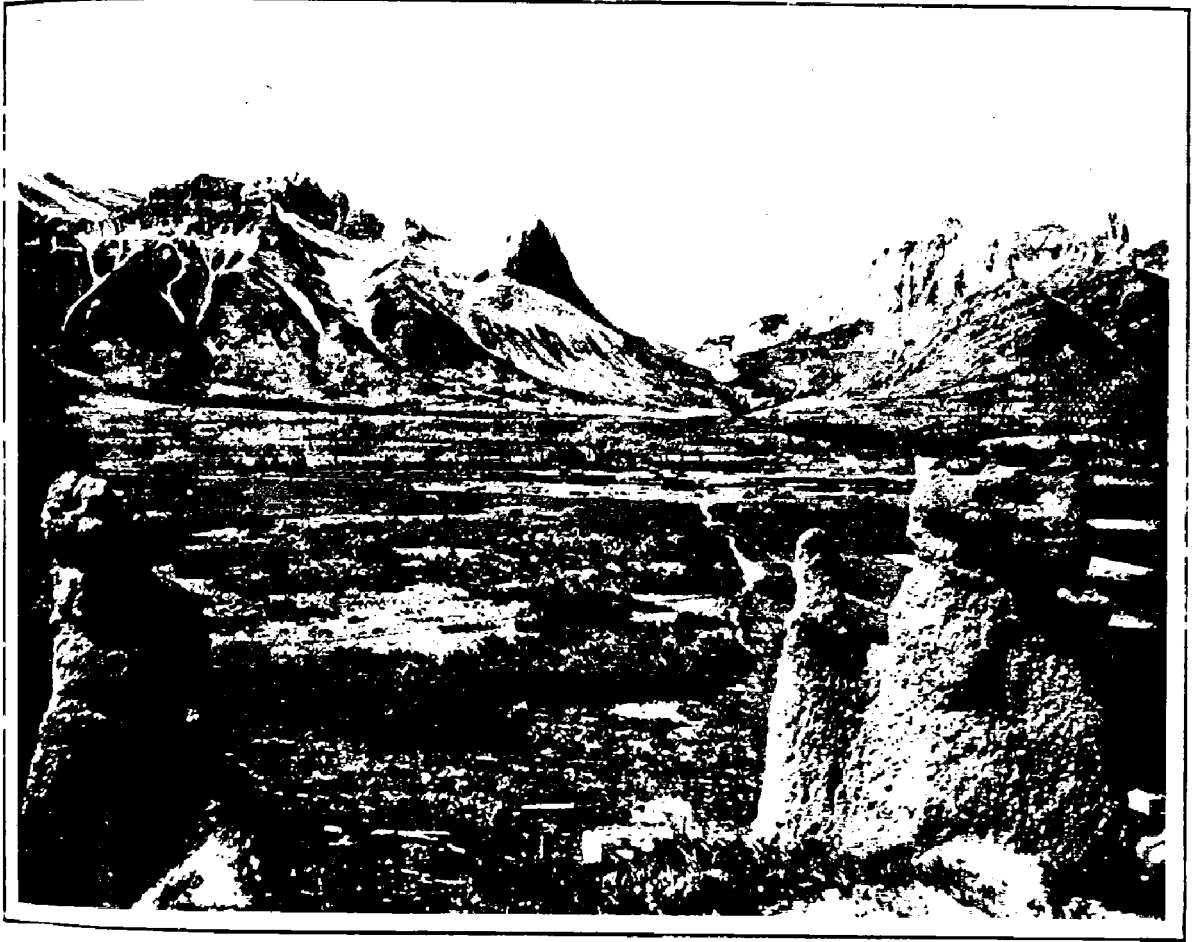
Alps of Columbia so much material that he would need to live many lifetimes to scale but a tithe of the peaks towering for miles on every side. In the Rockies, the sportsman, too, finds a paradise. Making Banff his headquarters, he may have a fling at elk, bear, panthers, bighorn, goats, caribou, deer. Or, should wiaged game be his fancy, he moves west to Golden to lagoons where swarm duck, geese, and swan. And in a

thousand places he can find good sport with rod and line among the trout and salmon of the rivers and lakes. At Banff, by the by, the Government has reserved 260 square miles as a National Park, in which all wild creatures roam secure from the gun and rifle, since anyone entering the domain must leave his firearms "in the cloakroom."

All these wonderful regions, together with the open expanses of Alberta, Assiniboia, and Mani-

toba, were practically inaccessible till the coming of the C. P. R. Now a week's traveling will carry one from the old time beauties of Quebec to wonderful Vancouver City, set at the water's edge among some of Nature's most glorious scenery.

Note.—The author has to thank the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for their kindness in supplying the illustrations to this article.



WHITE MAN'S PASS, CANMORE, ALBERTA.

In the background rise the Rockies. In the centre is a C.P.R. station.

FAVERSHAM'S & SCOUTS

A SCHOOL STORY.

By E. ST. CLAIR.

Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL

THROUGHOUT the whole term there had been fewer lines and impositions arising from dormitory irregularity than had been known throughout the whole modern history of Hailsham. It arose from no increase of virtue among the fellows themselves. On the contrary, dormitory feuds and raids as well as dormitory banquets had grown even more general than they had ever been before.

If any Hailsham fellow had been asked the reason of this welcome state of affairs he undoubtedly would have attributed it solely to Faversham's scouts. Faversham himself, the originator of this renowned body, had an elder brother who, after several years' residence at the Cape, had served his country throughout the late Boer War in the ranks of the National Scouts. The romance surrounding the elder brother's career had so impressed itself upon the younger Faversham that during the next term he instituted at Hailsham such an extensive system of sentinels and espionage as to reduce the danger of surprise visits, both of the authorities and of rival dormitories, to a minimum. The corps that bore his name did not wait long to establish its reputation.

It was at a somewhat extensive supper given by Bellingham in the large dormitory, when at an early hour in the morning, the

festivities being then at their height, a strange figure quietly opened the door and casually announced that there was no possible need to hurry, but that things should be put quietly in their places, and that there should be a return to bed.

"I'll give you about three minutes, but don't fluster," he remarked—and vanished.

Some three or four minutes later, when the majority were emitting different notes from their nostrils to represent a snore, and four or five of the more restless were grumbling about false alarms, the door noiselessly opened, and Mr. Dunbrough himself, in stockinged feet, made a systematic perambulation of the room.

From that night the fame of the corps was established. Application for admission was made from all directions—and refused. Small stealthy figures, flitting by night silently along corridor and staircase, became a frequent sight to the sixth form fellows on patrol duty. In many a dormitory a door would open—causing some of its inmates to start round in fear of a surprise visit from a master, and others to seize their bolsters in dread of an advancing foe—only to reveal a small fellow with bare feet and trousers drawn over his nightshirt. Upon his breast would be a large red S painted on a piece of paper. This badge was his security. Fellows recognised that he formed their protection against their common foe—the authorities—in their prohibited amusements, and he came and went peacefully, and at will.

The sixth-formers at first were chary of allowing these midnight wanderers, but finding that fewer breaches of regulations—

for which they were responsible—were discovered at headquarters, owing to the diligence of this small body, they became more tolerant.

After a time, however, one section of the community waxed less enthusiastic. This was especially so when dormitory No. 4 attempted a midnight raid upon the occupants of No. 2, over which ruled Hamilton, a friend of Faversham's. After stealing noiselessly to the attack, and bursting upon the unsuspecting victims, they were greeted from above by a substantial shower of boots, which had been balanced between the top and the lintel of the door. These, after greeting them, fell upon a mattress arranged beneath for their reception, so that as little noise should be made as possible. At the same time out of the darkness came the galling fire of two football-pumps filled with water, which were carefully aimed so as to empty their contents outside in the passage. When thereupon the invaders sounded a retreat, and found that their own beds had in the meantime been "ragged," they were unanimous in classifying it as the handiwork of Faversham's Scouts. Thenceforth scouting became a work of danger as well as of honour. Once or twice a scout returned in doleful condition, having been ducked in cold water and tossed in a blanket by persons unknown. But this in no wise damped the ardour either of the few limited members of the corps or of the many candidates for admission to its ranks. The danger added a yet greater spice of romance to an already romantic calling. In fact, many reputable authorities were heard to declare that they would rather be a scout than in the Eleven itself.

One afternoon Faversham sent for the subaltern of his corps.

"Fawcett, you will remember my entertainment in the dormitory next Saturday night?" he remarked.

Fawcett nodded familiarly.

"It's to be a large affair," continued his chief, somewhat pompously. "Hamilton and Atherlye are giving comic recitations in costume, and I am staging that dialogue Bellingham has written."

"And the grub is to be tremendous, I hear?" interposed his lieutenant.

"Yes, the refreshments will be plentiful," continued the future host, complacently. "But there is a matter on which I want your advice. Nicols was on duty

last night and reports to me that Tupper and his crew are up to mischief."

Fawcett nodded again and sat down.

"I have been expecting it for a long time," said Faversham. "All those beasts in No. 4 are awfully jealous of the Scouts. Now, on Saturday they want to disgrace the corps by either raiding us in force, or else by getting the whole show held up by the authorities."

"You may put your buttons on it," characteristically assented the second in command.

"Shall we baulk them by altering the date?" asked Faversham.

Fawcett produced a note-book with an official air.

"No, Saturday would be the best date for it," he observed. "Dunbrough is going into town that night, and Schofield is dining with Mrs. and Miss Pussy, so that disposes of both the masters. As for old Pussy himself," he continued, referring to the Rev. A. F. Purcell, "it is his turn to preach on Sunday, so he will be safe in his study writing his sermon."

"Which of our men are on duty that night?"

"Nicols and Allen, but we can have all the force on sentry-go if you like," Fawcett answered.

"No, that won't do," returned Faversham, quickly. "I can only have the usual number. The rest I am training to put the stage away and make things ship-shape at a moment's notice. Each one is to have his own special part to do, like firemen working a fire-engine. When the alarm comes I can't have all my men dashing about aimlessly like young buffaloes. You must give us at least four minutes' warning, Fawcett."

"Very good," he answered. "I'll be on duty myself."

"By the way," remarked his superior, motioning to a small fair boy who was standing behind his chair, "this is my cousin Clifford. I daresay you know him. However, I have long promised him our next vacancy, and also to take him on if we ever want any extra help. Take him round with you and try him, Fawcett, next Saturday night. He may be of some use, for he hits well and uses all his weight."

Fawcett inspected the recruit critically.

"Very good. Be ready next Saturday night," he said, turning to Clifford, "and

in the meantime," he continued, meaningly, "keep your tongue quiet."

Scarcely had the dormitory bell rung "lights out" the following Saturday night, when Clifford, lying partially dressed under the clothes, felt some one steal up to his bed out of the darkness. It was Fawcett.

"Are you ready?" he whispered. "No, put on your coat and black socks, if you please. I want to have you as dark as possible," he explained, as Clifford crept noiselessly out of bed.

In a couple of minutes they were creeping out of the quiet small dormitory in which Clifford slept into the passage beyond.

The secrecy, the darkness, and the whole mystery of the thing exhilarated Clifford like a stimulant.

The passage was cold and dimly lighted.

Softly in his stockinged feet he followed the noiseless footsteps of his companion along the stairs and corridors.

At the other end of one of the long lighted passages they perceived a tall figure walking away from them.

Fawcett held Clifford back. "A sixth-form chap on patrol duty," he whispered; "it doesn't matter, but it's no use him seeing us."

"Won't he interrupt the feed?" questioned Clifford.

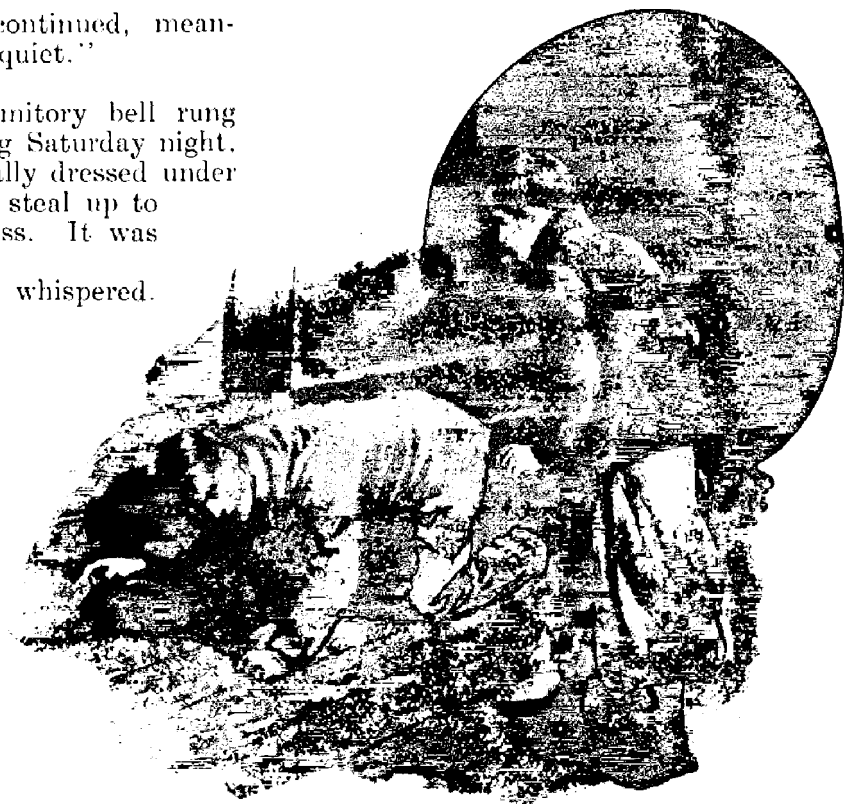
His companion shook his head. "He won't mind. Most likely going himself. Come on," he added, and flitted down some back stairs.

They came at length to the beginning of a corridor in utter darkness. "Tupper's crew live up there," Fawcett whispered again, and kneeling down flipped the skirting-board sharply with his nail, and bent low his head.

Faintly out of the darkness came two answering taps.

"That's Nicols up there," he explained. "He's shadowing them."

Thence they quietly made their way to the door of Faversham's dormitory—now



HE FLIPPED THE SKIRTING-BOARD SHARPLY WITH HIS NAIL.

temporarily converted into a banquetting hall. The guests were beginning to arrive in guilty-looking twos and threes, and from within there sounded a clatter of plates and other busy preparations. Outside the door stood the door-keeper—the sturdy sergeant of the corps.

With him Fawcett softly conversed for a few moments, and at length borrowed a chair. Bearing this article of furniture between them, Clifford and his leader took their departure farther along the passage to a point where, fixed high upon the wall, was a powerful electric bell which communicated with, and was set in motion by, a press button in Mr. Purcell's own study. Standing upon the chair, Fawcett quietly unscrewed and removed the gong on which the hammer sounded. Then he returned the chair to the dormitory he had borrowed it from.

"Now," he whispered, "we are ready. Come on;" and followed by Clifford descended the big dark staircase which led to the silent, deserted class-rooms.

"Nicols is shadowing Tupper, and Allen is following Mr. Schofield. We watch the great Pussy himself," volunteered the

guide. "Tupper dare not try an attack himself," he continued. "He would be recognised by all the big fellows, and fairly slain to-morrow. What they will do, I am sure, is to try and rouse either Mr. Schofield or Old Pussy to make a raid. We must be careful."

The staircase was of stone, and felt cold to their unshod feet. Only by following the bannisters could they proceed through the intense darkness. Another turn, however, brought them to a broad flagged hall, faintly lighted by an oil lamp. But from beneath a door upon the left bright streaks of light shone steadily upon the floor. This was Pussy's study.

"He's in there, so be careful," murmured Fawcett, and beckoned his companion along the hall to a door beneath the flight of stairs they had just descended.

The upper panels of the door were glazed, but whitewashed from within to render them opaque. Clifford knew it at once as the housekeeper's store-room. From his pocket Fawcett produced a key which he fitted into the lock.

"This is one of our sentry-boxes," he whispered; "in you go!"

A spacious cupboard lined with shelves of tins and jam-pots was revealed.

"What a lot of grub!" Clifford could not help remarking, softly.

His guide reproved him.

"The Scouts are not thieves," he remarked, sententiously. "Now let me point out the strategical importance of this position. Firstly, you see this bolt. I put it on myself. We can fasten ourselves in—so! Secondly, through that little bit of pane where the whitewash has been scratched away, we can watch Pussy's door; and lastly, you see those two white strings running up that corner? those are the wires connecting the push in Pussy's study and the electric bell upstairs, which I manipulated just now. Observe that here the isolating covering of non-conducting grease and cotton has been stripped off the two wires, thus exposing the copper strands. Press the two wires together in that place—no, don't do it now, whatever you do! However, if you did the bell upstairs would ring just the same as if you pressed the push in Pussy's study, for the circuit is thus completed by the junction of the two wires, and the current would run. If Pussy leaves his study to go upstairs, I should press them. As there is no bell, the

hammer would merely vibrate by itself, with only enough noise to attract the attention of the door-keeper on the watch. I ring three times for an ordinary warning, but once only if very urgent."

"But we meanwhile——?" questioned Clifford.

"Would remain here!"

"But our empty beds?"

"My dear fellow," replied Fawcett, "if you were to see your bed now you would find it occupied by a pile of things with the bed-clothes tastefully arranged over them, and a dark object on the pillow half covered with the sheet. Allen makes it his speciality. It's not an infallible trick, of course, but quite sparky enough to pass in a scrum."

"Wonderful!" admitted Clifford, but his admiration was cut short by his leader. "Don't talk," he ordered. "Listen."

How long it was that they watched Clifford did not know. But still no sounds came from the study, nor did the gleams of light die away under the door. At length, however, a noise reached them, faintly, as if from upstairs. It sounded like a shuffle far up in the dormitory corridors.

"What is that?" whispered Fawcett, and they both listened.

There was no further sound in the dark, silent house, however.

"I must go and see what it is," said Fawcett, at length. "It may be old Schofield on the ramp. Remember, the honour of the corps depends on us. Here, let me out. You stop here, and don't bolt the door in case I come back."

Then Fawcett rose, glided out into the dim hall, and disappeared noiselessly.

Clifford remained crouching in a dark corner of the store cupboard among the jam-pots.

Minutes passed slowly, with leaden wings. The absolute silence oppressed him. Far away he could hear the heavy ticking of a grandfather clock. He knew where it stood—opposite the Head's drawing-room door. He wouldn't have thought he could have heard it all that way. Still Fawcett did not return.

He heard faintly the hundred and one soft, inexplicable noises that occur in old houses at night.

At length—it seemed to him after an age—he heard stealthy footsteps descending the stairs above his head. Fawcett returning, no doubt.



CLIFFORD PULLED THE DOOR TO UPON HIMSELF AND SHOT THE BOLT.

But there seemed more than one—doubtless some more Scouts were with him.

Clifford peered anxiously through the glass spy-hole. Three tall fellows stood whispering together at the foot of the stairs, and he saw at a glance none of them wore the Scouts' badge—in fact, they were Tupper and two of his friends.

The door of the store-room was ajar for Fawcett's return—to close it now would be to reveal himself.

The trio conversed together softly but anxiously; at length they all advanced to

the door of the store-cupboard in which Clifford was hidden. The would-be Scout turned up his coat-collar, rammed his hands into his pockets, so as to show as little white as possible, and crouched lower in the dark corner. Fawcett's foresight in making him wear a coat was apparent.

Tupper pulled open the door. In his hand he held a key.

"I found this in Fawcett's pocket," he said softly to his companions. "and as there was a label on it I discovered the brute's retreat."

"Are you sure you have got all the Scouts?" asked Doyle, one of his followers.

"Every man Jack tied up in our dormitory, except the door-keeper," answered Tupper, gleefully. "We didn't dare tackle him, because he could call for help. Fawcett gave the most trouble."

"Having collared all the Scouts, what now?" asked the third of the band.

"To rouse old Pussy on the trail when they have no Scouts to warn them," returned the chief, softly.

"It is too far a run up the staircase afterwards.

he added solemnly, as if calculating the distance, "so this will be a good retreat. Doyle shall hold this door open for us while we make a real picnic of a din outside Pussy's door. Then we skip back here for shelter. The old man will get in no end of a rage at such a row, and will fly upstairs to the dormitories, and Faversham's feasters, having no Scouts left to warn them, will be nicely copped."

"Good!" agreed one of his companions, chuckling. "The Scouts can't scheme against you, Tupper."

"Come on," said the chief, "there's no time to lose. Hold the door open, Doyle, and be ready."

Scarcely had the items of this neat plan reached the ears of Clifford in his dark corner, than he felt gently for the electric wires, and pressed them together with a steady grip.

The two tall figures crept forwards in the direction of the study. As Doyle stood half out in the passage, holding open the store-room door, Clifford, with a sudden spring, gave him an irresistible push in the centre of the back which sent the gentleman spinning towards his companions. Then, swiftly, Clifford pulled the door to upon himself and shot the bolt. It was well-timed, for almost contemporaneously Tupper and his friend raised their uproar outside the study door.

A second more and they were flying back to safety, only to find the store-room door shut in their faces. They tugged and strained, but the bolt held good. Then they tried the stairs, but too late. Mr. Purcell's tall form was amongst them ere they gained the bottom steps.

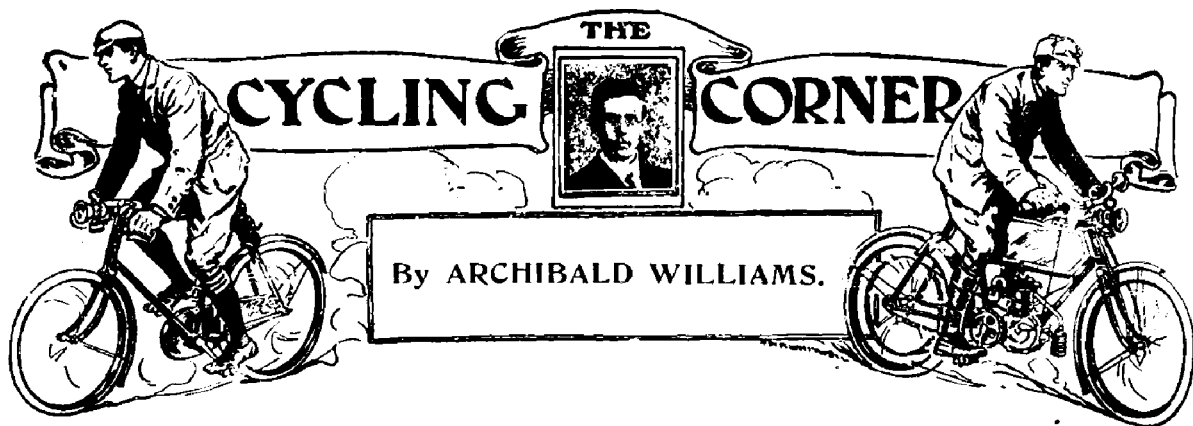
"Tupper, Doyle, and Wyatt! how dare you, sirs! Come in here!" exclaimed the enraged master, as he motioned them inside his study.

Two minutes later he departed upstairs to inspect the dormitories, but thanks to Clifford's timely signal Faversham and his guests were safe in their virtuous couches simulating the sleep of the just.

On the next day Clifford was enrolled a regular member of Faversham's Scouts.



MUSIC PIRATE: "'Ere v'are. 'I'll be yer sweet'art, if you'll be mine!'"



SOME NOTES ON THE STANLEY SHOW.

IT is unfortunate for a large number of our readers that the Stanley Cycle and Motor Show takes place at a time of year when the Christmas holidays have hardly yet even appeared "in the offing." Only a very slender percentage of those who find their business in the big schoolroom were able to attend that most attractive collection of cycles, motor-cycles, and cars—the last on this occasion being confined to a comparatively small *anneze*, where their glory might not dim that of their lesser brethren.

One's first instinct on entering a show is to have a general run round, lingering a very short time indeed at each stand. After a while, either through the slight bodily fatigue which accompanies such a performance, or by reason of the magnetic attraction of certain exhibits, the halts become longer and longer; and finally one is craning one's neck in wrapt attention to the gentleman who explains "the latest thing" in this or that. Then comes a fear that amid the apparent general sameness many interesting objects may be passed unnoticed. But the public is quick to scent novelty; and if you only watch for the knots and groups you will probably skim the cream off what is worth seeing.

THE SHOW WAS REMARKABLE

for the variety of low-priced cycles. Some years ago firms were seemingly in competition to produce the most expensive mount; now, the reverse tendency is a fact. Anybody with seven or eight guineas to spend could have put down his money and taken his choice among some dozen makes, the majority fitted with all the usual appurtenances of a good machine. It would, per-

haps, be invidious to hint that enamel and nickel can cover a multitude of sins. Anyway, there it is, the eight-guinea cycle. "thick as leaves in," &c. And not only have pedicycles depreciated, but the cheap motor-cycle, of which I spoke last month, was in evidence: here, one at £27 10s.; there, another at £26. Cheek by jowl stood the forty-five guinea machine of fine polish. The thought naturally came—Which price will predominate in the next Stanley Show?

THE LIGHT BICYCLE.

I was much attracted towards the Dursley Pedersen exhibits. This type of machine cannot possibly be mistaken for any other. I have, I believe, elsewhere described it as a sort of small Forth Bridge on wheels, and I don't think I can define it more succinctly. Its girder framework is extraordinarily strong for its weight. On the floor was a front fork, supported at each end by a block of wood. Visitors were invited to dance upon the middle and break it—if they could. I watched several heavy-weights try unsuccessfully. One machine exhibited, which weighed *only* 11lbs., had carried a 13-stone rider all about London. Such is the perfection to which cycle-making has attained.

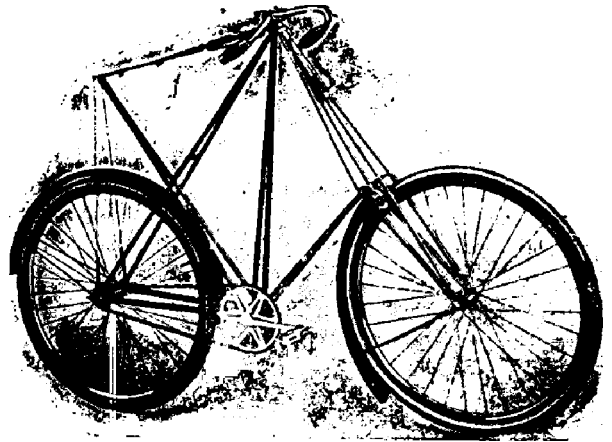
THE LIGHT MOTOR-CYCLE

also claimed much notice. It remains to be seen whether the 70lb. or less machine will stand two horse-power and thirty miles an hour sufficiently well to warrant its general adoption by the public. A few bad accidents with light-weights would undoubtedly make many riders revert to the heavier type of the year just past. The exhibits at least prove that several makers

have the courage of their convictions and a readiness to sink money in experiments. I noticed the "J. A. P." 84lb. $2\frac{1}{2}$ horse-power; the Humber 71lb. $1\frac{3}{4}$ horse-power; the Mason and Brown 75lb. 2 horse-power; and—most striking of all—a 55lb. French motor, which is said to develop one horse-power. Why! I remember that I once considered a cushion-tired pedicycle of greater poundage a very neat and manageable little duck of a machine! Of tricars I must not speak; else there would be no room for other subjects that cannot be omitted.

CHANGE-SPEED GEARS

are having a remarkably fine day of it—Fagan, Hub, Pedersen, Sturmey-Archer, Sunbeam, Premier, Raglan, B.S.A., *et cetera*. The makers with one consent look to this device as the hope on which to found a "boom." Gears are being manufactured by tens of thousands, and in a twelvemonth or so few riders will care for a fixed gear any more than for a fixed wheel. The adoption of this species of mechanism will certainly present fresh possibilities to the tourist. It is rather remarkable that the change-speed gear did not come into favour much sooner. Are cyclists as a class ultra-conservative? I have by me a description kindly supplied by Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth, the well-known makers, of the first

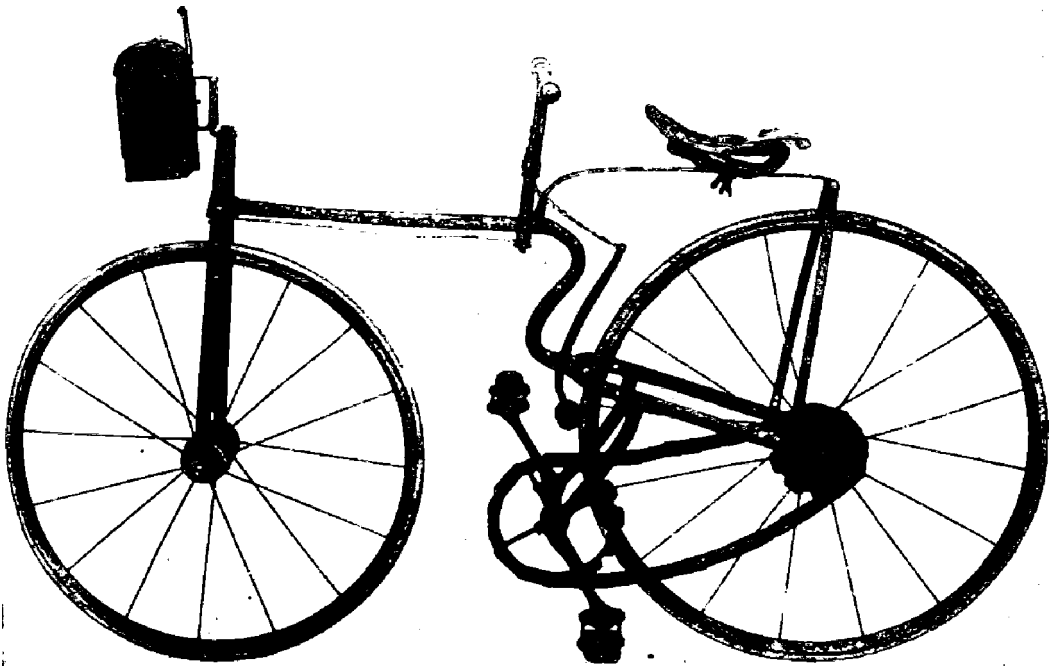


AN 11LB. DURSLEY PEDERSEN CYCLE LIKE THIS WAS EXHIBITED, WHICH WOULD CARRY A 13-STONE RIDER.

safety cycle ever built. In 1876 Mr. George Shergold, a working shoemaker, of Gloucester, embodied in a home-made machine

FIVE PRINCIPAL FEATURES OF CONSTRUCTION

which may be seen in any up-to-date 1904 model. They were:—Front steering, rear driving, chain transmission, gearing-up, back wheel brake. He also fitted oil-retaining hubs and iron spokes. This for the "boneshaker" days was not bad! The specification deserves detailed mention.



THE FIRST SAFETY CYCLE EVER MADE. IT WAS BUILT BY A SHOEMAKER, GEORGE SHERGOLD, IN 1876, AND EMBODIES FIVE FEATURES OF THE MODERN "SAFETY."

“The front wheel is 27ins. in diameter, and the rear wheel 31ins., geared to 45. The chain is 2in. pitch, the rims of angle iron, and the iron spokes $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick. The hubs are made of wood with iron side-plates. The tread is 10in.; the weight of the complete machine, 80lbs.” After riding on iron tyres for a year, he substituted rubber tyres, which, at the present day, are “soft and pliable, and in a wonderful state of preservation.” Shergold rode his invention from Gloucester to Birmingham—a great feat at the time. Then he put it away for a couple of years. In 1880, however, he offered his ideas to Messrs. Starley Bros., of St. John’s Works, Coventry; and when they were given the cold shoulder he hung out an advertisement

round through a right angle, till it is in a line with the rest of the machine, and secured in that position. For travelling and storage this is most convenient.

I must not omit to mention the Sharp Air-Spring, which consists essentially of a piston, or plunger, working in a cylinder in communication with a large reservoir of compressed air. The air is compressed by an ordinary tyre inflater until the pressure on the plunger is just equal to the load to be supported. The plunger is an easy fit in the cylinder, and therefore works freely with little or no appreciable friction. In order to prevent the leakage of air round the piston, a flexible tube, or “mitten,” is attached by its ends to the cylinder and plunger respectively. As the plunger rises



A CYCLE FITTED WITH SHARP AIR-SPRINGS BEHIND THE SADDLE AND ON THE FRONT SPRING-FORK.

in the *Gloucester Citizen*, as follows:—
“For sale, cheap, or on hire, the Perfect Safety Bicycle, new invention, great speed, goes easily, made to order by the inventor, G. Shergold, 1 Clifton-road, Gloucester.” In 1903 the inventor died, after having seen all his ideas taken up and perfected, without one penny coming to himself. Had some manufacturer only been foresighted enough, both he and the poor genius might have reaped a rich reward!

A REVERSIBLE HANDLEBAR

was exhibited by Messrs. Wallace and Kirrek, of Croydon. A simple device enables the handlebar to be swivelled

and falls, the mitten rolls and unrolls like the finger of a glove that has been turned inside out to draw it off the hand, thus permitting motion but no leakage. This air-buffer is placed on the down backstay and on the spring front fork. It sounds a very comfortable contrivance, especially for those riders who are obliged to taste the joys of mountainous London macadam.

ANOTHER METHOD OF REDUCING VIBRATIONS

is seen in the spring or pneumatic wheel, of which at least three patterns were exhibited. The Hallé spring wheel is peculiarly ingenious. With it pneumatics are said to be unnecessary, as the springs absorb

the road shocks. So that perhaps the cushion or solid tyre will get a second innings.

A GREAT VARIETY OF LAMPS

was on show. The most recent fashion of acetylene lamp is one in which the gas generator is separated from the burner, the former being attached to the cycle frame by clips. There is one great advantage in this plan, viz., that the need for an extra strong bracket is done away with, the reflector portion weighing but a few ounces. The makers also claim that the generator, being of ample size, is built more scientifically than was possible in the "all-in-one" type, and consequently will produce gas for many hours without recharging.

Some time ago I rode at night in the company of a gentleman who had reverted to oil as an illuminant. His lamp, called the "Fifax," had a circular wick and a chimney, and burnt paraffin oil. It certainly excelled in its lighting power most flat wick, chimneyless lamps, though it was not a rival to the dazzling brilliance of acetylene gas. I believe its cost to be in the neighbourhood of eight shillings.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Maud A. Bridgman.—I am glad to hear that your Sunbeam is going so well. Yes! you must keep an eye on the tyres during the heavy frosts which the Canadian winter presents you with. Rubber is a substance containing water, and therefore feels frost, which disintegrates the molecules, and, on the other hand, great heat, by drying out the water, also causes trouble. If you keep your cycle in a room which never falls below 40 degrees, nothing bad can happen to the tyres if you occasionally move the wheels round a few inches.

G. M. S. S.—You ought to get your cycle replated for about fifteen shillings; the enamelling, if done well, would cost as much more. The makers would do the job as well as anyone, and possibly more cheaply than most; but I should advise you to send it to them in good time, since repairing jobs sometimes are delayed unreasonably. On the whole, I prefer not to use a back-pedalling brake. A rim brake, worked by a Bowden cable, is my fancy.

"Clubite."—Try ordinary whitening and water made into a thick paste. This should bring your rims to a good polish. Clean it off thoroughly and rub rims with chamois leather till not a trace remains. Personally, I do not care for plated rims; they are such a responsibility in wet weather. I see in the cycling papers that more than one rider would be glad of an "all enamel" mount. Do not use plate powder (that for silver forks and spoons), but Globe Polish is, I believe, quite harmless.



TOBOGANNING AT MALVERN COLLEGE.

Photo. Whitlock.

THE HEAD OF KAY'S

A
PUBLIC SCHOOL
STORY
BY
P. G. WODEHOUSE
ILLUSTRATED BY
T. M. R. WHITWELL

his cap. After an unsuccessful attempt to regain the cap, Fenn makes his way back to the school to find that he cannot re-enter his study, the window having been latched during his absence.

CHAPTER XVII.

FENN HUNTS FOR HIMSELF.

SYNOPSIS.

FENN is head of Kay's—the most disorderly house at Eckleton. His task in ruling such a crew is unsatisfactory enough, but Mr. Kay renders it doubly so by his unreasonable behaviour towards the captain of the house. Fenn is the finest cricketer in the school—having been selected to play for his county in the holidays—and entirely by his efforts Kay's get into the final of the house matches. But Mr. Kay, who takes no interest whatever in the athletics of his house, keeps Fenn in on the afternoon of the match, and Kay's crack bat only appears in time to go in last, the consequence being that Kay's lose the match. Feeling naturally runs high against Mr. Kay, who, owing to the illness of a colleague, is called upon to preside over the grand term-end concert—always a solemn and classical affair. Fenn is a performer. Having played a serious piece, an encore being demanded, he breaks into a giddy trifle called the "Coon Band Contest," which sets hundreds of feet stamping. The uproar (led by Kay malcontents) rises to such a pitch that the concert has to be brought to a premature close, and it is feared that the authorities will take action in the matter. When the school reassembles for the winter term Fenn is deposed from the headship of Kay's, a prefect named Kennedy being put in his place. The new appointment is regarded with resentment by Kay's, where Fenn was immensely popular as captain. To make matters worse, Fenn and Kennedy, formerly such excellent friends, fall out, the result being that Kennedy has to battle with the whole house single-handed. The leader of the malcontents is Walton, a big dunce, who exasperates Kennedy to such a degree that the latter determines to fight—and, if possible, thrash—him. They decide to have it out in a dormitory, and Jimmy Silver, a chum of Kennedy's, agrees to act as time-keeper. In spite of the unfair tactics adopted by Walton, Kennedy gives him a sound licking, and the lesson thus administered has good effects, for, thereafter, open rebellion ceases in Kay's. But a great deal remains to be done in the way of reformation, and what annoys Kennedy more than anything is the knowledge that if only Fenn would lend a hand in the management of the house, their combined authority would be irresistible. Fenn, however, shows no inclination to make up his quarrel with Kennedy. While matters are in this strained condition, a series of adventures befalls the ex-head of Kay's. While returning from an illegal expedition to the theatre, he is relieved of his watch by a pick-pocket. Giving chase, Fenn misses his man in the fog and knocks down a stranger, whom he helps into his house, where the prefect unfortunately leaves

NOBODY knows for certain the feelings of the camel when his proprietor placed that last straw on his back. The incident happened so long ago. If it had occurred in modern times he would probably have contributed a first-hand report to the *Daily Mail*. But it is very likely that he felt on that occasion exactly as Fenn felt when, after a night of unparalleled misadventure, he found that somebody had cut off his retreat by latching the window. After a gruelling race Fate had just beaten him on the tape.

There was no doubt about its being latched. The sash had not merely stuck. He put all he knew into the effort to raise it, but without a hint of success. After three attempts he climbed down again and, sitting on the garden-seat, began to review his position.

If one has an active mind and a fair degree of optimism, the effect of the "staggerers" administered by Fate passes off after a while. Fenn had both. The consequence was that, after ten minutes of grey despair, he was relieved by a faint hope that there might be some other way into the house than through his study. Anyhow, it would be worth while to investigate.

His study was at the side of the house. At the back were the kitchen, the scullery, and

the dining-room, and above these more studies and a couple of dormitories. As a last resort he might fling rocks and other solids at the windows until he woke somebody up. But he did not feel like trying this plan until every other had failed. He had no desire to let a garrulous dormitory into the secret of his wanderings. What he hoped was that he might find one of the lower windows open.

And so he did.

As he turned the corner of the house he saw what he had been looking for. The very first window was wide open. His spirits shot up, and for the first time since he had left the theatre he was conscious of taking a pleasure in his adventurous career. Fate was with him after all. He could not help smiling as he remembered how he had felt during that ten minutes on the garden-seat, when the future seemed blank and devoid of any comfort whatsoever. And all the time he could have got in without an effort, if he had only thought of walking half a dozen yards.

Now that the way was open to him he wasted no time. He climbed through into the dark room. He was not certain which room it was, in spite of his lengthy residence at Kay's.

He let himself down softly till his foot touched the floor. After a moment's pause he moved forward a step. Then another. At the third step his knee struck the leg of a table. He must be in the dining-room. If so, he was all right. He could find his way up to his room with his eyes shut. It was easy to find out for certain. The walls of the dining-room at Kay's, as in the other houses, were covered with photographs. He walked gingerly in the direction in which he imagined the nearest wall to be, reached it, and passed his hand along it. Yes, there were photographs. Then all he had to do was to find the table again, make his way along it, and when he got to the end the door would be a yard or so to his left. The programme seemed simple and attractive. But it was added to in a manner which he had not foreseen. Feeling his way back to the table he upset a chair. If he had upset a cart-load of coal on to a sheet of tin it could not, so it seemed to him in the disordered state of his nerves, have made more noise. It went down with an appalling crash, striking the table on its way.

"This," thought Fenn, savagely, as he waited, listening, "is where I get collared. What a fool I am to barge about like this." He felt that the echoes of that crash must have penetrated to every corner of the house. But no one came. Perhaps, after all, the

noise had not been so great. He proceeded on his journey down the table, feeling every inch of the way. The place seemed one bristling mass of chairs. But, by the exercise of consummate caution, he upset no more and won through at last in safety to the door.

It was at this point that the really lively and exciting part of his adventure began. Compared with what was to follow, his evening had been up to the present dull and monotonous.

As he opened the door there was a sudden stir and crash at the other end of the room. Fenn had upset one chair and the noise had nearly deafened him. Now chairs seemed to be falling in dozens. Bang! Bang! Crash!! (two that time). And then somebody shot through the window like a harlequin and dashed away across the lawn. Fenn could hear his footsteps thudding on the soft turf. And at the same moment other footsteps made themselves heard.

Somebody was coming downstairs.

"Who is that? Is anybody there?"

It was Mr. Kay's voice, unmistakably nervous. Fenn darted from the door and across the passage. At the other side was a boot-cupboard. It was his only refuge in that direction. What he ought to have done was to leave the dining-room by the opposite door, which led *via* a corridor to the junior dayroom. But he lost his head, and instead of bolting away from the enemy went towards him.

The stairs down which Mr. Kay was approaching were at the end of the passage. To reach the dining-room one turned to the right. Beyond the stairs on the left the passage ended in a wall, so that Mr. Kay was bound to take the right direction in the search. Fenn wondered if he had a pistol. Not that he cared very much. If the housemaster was going to find him, it would be very little extra discomfort to be shot at. And Mr. Kay's talents as a marksman were in all probability limited to picking off sitting haystacks. The important point was that he had a candle. A faint yellow glow preceded him down the stairs. Playing hide-and-seek with him in the dark, Fenn might have slipped past in safety; but the candle made that impossible.

He found the boot-room door and slipped through just as Mr. Kay turned the corner. With a thrill of pleasure he found that there was a key inside. He turned it as quietly as he could, but nevertheless it grated. Having done this, and seeing nothing else that he could do except await developments, he sat down on the floor among the boots. It was not a dignified position for a man who had

played for his county while still at school, but just then he would not have exchanged it for a throne—if the throne had been placed in the passage or the dining-room.

The only question was—had he been seen or heard? He thought not; but his heart began to beat furiously as the footsteps stopped outside the cupboard door and unseen fingers rattled the handle.

Twice Mr. Kay tried the handle, but, finding the cupboard locked, passed on into the dining-room. The light of the candle ceased to shine under the door, and Fenn was once more in inky darkness.

He listened intently. A minute later he had made his second mistake. Instead of waiting, as he should have done, until Mr. Kay had retired for good, he unlocked the door directly he had passed, and when a muffled crash told him that the house-master was in the dining-room among the chairs, out he came and fled softly upstairs towards his bedroom. He thought that Mr. Kay might possibly take it into his head to go round the dormitories to make certain that all the members of his house were in. In which case all would be discovered.

When he reached his room he began to fling off his clothes with feverish haste. Once in bed all would be well.

He had got out of his boots, his coat, and his waistcoat, and was beginning to feel that electric sensation of triumph which only comes to the man who just pulls through, when he heard Mr. Kay coming down the corridor towards his room. The burglar-hunter, returning from the dining-room in the full belief that the miscreant had escaped through the open window, had had all his ardour for the chase redoubled by the sight of the cupboard door, which Fenn in his hurry

had not remembered to close. Mr. Kay had made certain by two separate trials that that door had been locked. And now it was wide open. Ergo, the apostle of the jemmy and the skeleton key must still be in the house. Mr. Kay, secure in the recollection that burglars never show fight if they can possibly help it, determined to search the house.

Fenn made up his mind swiftly. There was no time to finish dressing. Mr. Kay, peering round, might note the absence of the rest of his clothes from their accustomed pegs if he got into bed as he was. There was only one thing to be done. He threw back the bed-clothes, ruffled the sheets till the bed looked as if it had been slept in, and opened the door just as Mr. Kay reached the threshold.

"Anything the matter, sir?" asked Fenn, promptly. "I heard a noise downstairs. Can I help you?"

Mr. Kay looked carefully at the ex-head of his house. Fenn was a finely-developed youth. He stood six feet, and all of him that was not bone was muscle. A useful colleague to have by one in a hunt for a possibly ferocious burglar.

So thought Mr. Kay.

"So you heard the noise?" he said. "Well, perhaps you had better come with me. There is no doubt that a burglar has entered the house to-night, in spite of the fact that I locked all the windows myself. Your study window was unlocked, Fenn. It was extremely careless of you to leave it in such a condition, and I hope you will be more careful in

future. Why, somebody might have got in through it."

Fenn thought it was not at all unlikely. "Come along, then. I am sure the man is still in the house. He was hiding in the cupboard by the dining-room. I know it. I am sure he is still in the house."

But, in spite of the fact that Fenn was



"ANYTHING THE MATTER, SIR?" ASKED FENN.

equally sure. half an hour's search failed to discover any lurking evil-doer.

"You had better go to bed, Fenn," said Mr. Kay, disgustedly, at the end of that period. "He must have got back in some extraordinary manner."

"Yes, sir," agreed Fenn.

He himself had certainly got back in a very extraordinary manner.

However, he *had* got back, which was the main point.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A VAIN QUEST.

AFTER all he had gone through that night, it disturbed Fenn very little to find on the following morning that the professional cracksman had gone off with one of the cups in his study. Certainly, it was not as bad as it might have been, for he had only abstracted one out of the half dozen that decorated the room. Fenn was a fine runner and had won the "sprint" event at the sports for two years now.

The news of the burglary at Kay's soon spread about the school. Mr. Kay mentioned it to Mr. Mulholland, and Mr. Mulholland discussed it at lunch with the prefects of his house. The juniors of Kay's were among the last to hear of it, but when they did they made the most of it, to the disgust of the School House fags, to whom the episode seemed in the nature of an infringement of copyright. Several spirited by-battles took place that day owing to this, and at the lower end of the table of Kay's dining-room at tea that evening there could be seen many swollen countenances. All, however, wore pleased smiles. They had proved to the School House their right to have a burglary of their own if they liked. It was the first occasion since Kennedy had become head of the house that Kay's had united in a common and patriotic cause.

Directly afternoon school was over that day Fenn started for the town. The only thing that caused him any anxiety now was the fear lest the cap which he had left in the house in the High Street might rise up as evidence against him later on. Except for that he was safe. The Headmaster had evidently not remembered his absence from the festive board, or he would have spoken to him on the subject before now. If he could but recover the lost cap all would be right with the world. Give him back that cap and he would turn over a new leaf with a rapidity and emphasis which would lower the world's record for that

performance. He would be a reformed character. He would even go to the extent of calling a truce with Mr. Kay, climbing down to Kennedy, and offering him his services in his attempt to lick the house into shape.

As a matter of fact, he had had this idea before. Jimmy Silver, who was in the position—common at school—of being very friendly with two people who were not on speaking terms, had been at him on the topic.

"It's rot," James had said, with perfect truth, "to see two chaps like you making idiots of themselves over a house like Kay's. And it's all your fault, too," he had added frankly. "You know jolly well you aren't playing the game. You ought to be backing Kennedy up all the time. Instead of which you go about trying to look like a Christian martyr——"

"I don't," said Fenn, indignantly.

"Well, like a stuffed frog, then—it's all the same to me. It's perfect rot. If I'm walking with Kennedy, you stalk past as if we'd both got the plague or something. And if I'm with you, Kennedy suddenly remembers an appointment, and dashes off at a gallop in the opposite direction. If I had to award the bronze medal for drivelling lunacy in this place, you would get it by a narrow margin, and Kennedy would be *proxime*, and honourably mentioned. Silly idiots!"

"Don't stop, Jimmy. Keep it up," said Fenn, settling himself in his chair. The dialogue was taking place in Silver's study.

"My dear chap, you didn't think I'd finished, surely! I was only trying to find some description that would suit you. But it's no good. I can't. Look here, take my advice—the advice," he added, in the melodramatic voice he was in the habit of using whenever he wished to conceal the fact that he was speaking seriously, "of an old man who wishes ye both well. Go to Kennedy, fling yourself on his chest, and say, 'We have done those things which we ought not to have done—— No. As you were! Compn'y, 'shun! Say J. Silver says that I am a rotter. I am a worm. I have made an ass of myself. But I *will* be good. Shake, pard!' That's what you've got to do. Come in."

And in had come Kennedy. The attractions of Kay's were small, and he usually looked in on Jimmy Silver in the afternoons.

"Oh, sorry," he said, as he saw Fenn. "I thought you were alone, Jimmy."

"I was just going," said Fenn, politely.

"Oh, don't let me disturb you," protested Kennedy, with winning courtesy.

"Not at all," said Fenn.

"Oh, if you really were —"

"Oh, yes, really."

"Get out, then," growled Jimmy, who had been listening in speechless disgust to the beautifully polite conversation just recorded. "I'll forward that bronze medal to you, Fenn."

And as the door closed he had turned to rend Kennedy as he had rent Fenn; while Fenn walked back to Kay's feeling that there was a good deal in what Jimmy had said.



"WODYER WANT?"

So that when he went down town that afternoon in search of his cap, he pondered as he walked over the advisability of making a fresh start. It would not be a bad idea. But first he must concentrate his energies on recovering what he had lost.

He found the house in the High Street without a great deal of difficulty, for he had marked

the spot carefully as far as that had been possible in the fog.

The door was opened to him, not by the old man with whom he had exchanged amenities on the previous night, but by a short, thick fellow who looked exactly like a picture of a loafer from the pages of a comic journal. He eyed Fenn with what might have been meant for an inquiring look. To Fenn it seemed merely menacing.

"Wodyer want?" he asked, abruptly.

Eckleton was not a great distance from London, and as a consequence many of London's choicest blackguards migrated there from time to time. During the hopping season and while the local races were on, one might meet with two Cockney twangs for every country accent.

"I want to see the old gentleman who lives here," said Fenn.

"Wot old gentleman?"

"I'm afraid I don't know his name. Is this a home for old gentlemen? If you'll bring out all you've got, I'll find my one."

"Wodyer want see the old gentleman for?"

"To ask for my cap. I left it here last night."

"Oh, yer left it 'ere last night? Well, yer cawn't see 'im."

"Not from here, no," agreed Fenn. "Being only eyes, you see," he quoted happily, "my wision's limited. But if you wouldn't mind moving out of the way—?"

"Yer cawn't see 'im. Blimey, 'ow much more of it, I should like to know? Gerroutovit, cawn't yer! You and yer caps."

And he added a searching expletive by way of concluding the sentence fittingly. After which he slipped back and slammed the door, leaving Fenn waiting outside like the Peri at the gate of Paradise.

His resemblance to the Peri ceased after the first quarter of a minute. That lady, we read, took her expulsion lying down. Fenn was more vigorous. He seized the knocker, and banged lustily on the door. He had given up all hope of getting back the cap. All he wanted was to get the

doorkeeper out into the open again, when he would proceed to show him to the best of his ability what was what. It would not be the first time he had taken on a gentleman of the same class and a similar type of conversation.

But the man refused to be drawn. For all the reply Fenn's knocking produced, the house might have been empty. At last, having tired

his wrist and collected a small crowd of Young Eckleton, who looked as if they expected him to proceed to further efforts for their amusement, he gave it up, and retired down the High Street with what dignity he could command which, as he was followed for the first fifty yards by the silent but obviously expectant youths, was not a great deal.

They left him, disappointed, near the Town Hall, and Fenn continued on his way alone. The window of the grocer's shop, with its tins of preserved apricots and pots of jam, recalled to his mind what he had forgotten, that the food at Kay's, though it might be wholesome (which he doubted), was undeniably plain, and, secondly, that he had run out of jam. Now that he was here he might as well supply that deficiency.

Now it chanced that Master Wren, of Kay's, was down town—without leave, as was his habit—on an errand of a very similar nature. Walton had found that he, like Fenn, lacked those luxuries of life which are so much more necessary than necessities, and, being unable to go himself, owing to the unfortunate accident of being kept in by his form-master, had asked Wren to go for him. Wren's visit to the grocer's was just ending when Fenn's began.

They met in the doorway.

Wren looked embarrassed, and nearly dropped a pot of honey, which he secured low down after the manner of a catch in the slips. Fenn, on the other hand, took no notice of his fellow-Kayite, but walked on into the shop and began to inspect the tins of biscuits which were stacked on the floor by the counter.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GUILF OF WREN.

WREN did not quite know what to make of this. Why had not Fenn said a word to him? There were one or two prefects in the school whom he might have met even at such close quarters and yet have cherished a hope that they had not seen him. Once he had run right into Drew, of the School House, and escaped unrecognised. But with Fenn it was different. Compared to Fenn, lynxes were astigmatic. He must have spotted him.

There was a vein of philosophy in Wren's composition. He felt that he might just as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. In other words, having been caught down town without leave, he might as well stay there and enjoy himself a little while longer before going back to be executed. So he strolled off down

the High Street, bought a few things at a stationer's, and wound up with an excellent tea at the confectioner's by the post-office.

It was as he was going to this meal that Kennedy caught sight of him. Kennedy had come down town to visit the local photographer, to whom he had entrusted a fortnight before the pleasant task of taking his photograph. As he had heard nothing from him since, he was now coming to investigate. He entered the High Street as Wren was turning into the confectioner's, saw him, and made a note of it for future reference.

When Wren returned to the house just before lock-up he sought counsel of Walton.

"I say," he said, as he handed over the honey he had saved so neatly from destruction, "what would you do? Just as I was coming out of the shop I barged into Fenn. He must have twigged me."

"Didn't he say anything?"

"Not a word. I couldn't make it out, because he must have seen me. We weren't a yard away from one another."

"It's dark in the shop," suggested Walton.

"Not at the door; which is where we met."

Before Walton could find anything to say in reply to this, their conversation was interrupted by Spencer.

"Kennedy wants you, Wren," said Spencer. "You'd better buck up; he's in an awful wax."

Next to Walton, the vindictive Spencer objected most to Wren, and he did not attempt to conceal the pleasure he felt in being the bearer of this ominous summons.

The group broke up. Wren went disconsolately upstairs to Kennedy's study; Walton smacked Spencer's head—more as a matter of form than because he had done anything special to annoy him—and retired to the senior dayroom; while Spencer, muttering darkly to himself, avoided a second smack and took cover in the junior room, where he consoled himself by toasting a piece of india-rubber in the gas till it made the atmosphere painful to breathe in, and recalling with pleasure the condition Walton's face had been in for the day or two following his encounter with Kennedy in the dormitory.

Kennedy was working when Wren knocked at his door.

He had not much time to spare on a bounds-breaking fag; and his manner was curt.

"I saw you going into Rose's, in the High Street, this afternoon, Wren," he said, looking up from his Greek prose. "I didn't give you leave. Come up here after prayers to-night. Shut the door."

Wren went down to consult Walton again. His attitude with regard to a licking from the head of the house was much like that of the other fags. Custom had to a certain extent inured him to these painful interviews, but still, if it was possible, he preferred to keep out of them. Under Fenn's rule he had often found a tolerably thin excuse serve his need. Fenn had so many other things to do that he

"Can't understand Fenn running you in," said Walton. "I thought he never spoke to Kennedy."

Wren explained.

"It wasn't Fenn who ran me in. Kennedy was down town, too, and twigged me going into Rose's. I went there and had tea after I got your things at the grocer's."

"Oh, he spotted you himself, did he?" said Walton. "And he doesn't know Fenn saw you?"

"I don't think so."

"Then I've got a ripping idea. When he has you up to-night, swear that you got leave from Fenn to go down town."

"But he'll ask him."

"The odds are that he won't. He and Fenn had a row at the beginning of term, and never speak to one another if they can help it. It's ten to one that he will prefer taking your yarn to going and asking Fenn if it's true or not. Then he's bound to let you off."

Wren admitted that the scheme was sound.

At the conclusion of prayers, therefore, he went up again to Kennedy's study, with a more hopeful air than he had worn on his previous visit.

"Come in," said Kennedy, reaching for the swagger-stick which he was accustomed to use at these ceremonies.

"Please, Kennedy," said Wren, glibly, "I did get leave to go down town this afternoon."

"What!"

Wren repeated the assertion.

"Who gave you leave?"

"Fenn."

The thing did not seem to be working properly. When he said the word "Fenn," Wren expected to see Kennedy retire baffled, conscious that there was nothing more to be said or done. Instead of this, the remark appeared to infuriate him.

"It's just like your beastly check," he said, glaring at the red-headed delinquent. "to ask Fenn for leave instead of me. You know perfectly well that only the head of the house can give leave to go down town. I don't know



"WHO GAVE YOU LEAVE?"

was not unwilling to forego an occasional licking, if the excuse was good enough. And he never took the trouble to find out whether the ingenious stories Wren was wont to serve up to him were true or not. Kennedy, Wren reflected uncomfortably, had given signs that this easy-going method would not do for him. Still, it might be possible to hunt up some story that would meet the case. Walton had a gift in that direction.

"He says I'm to go to his study after prayers," reported Wren. "Can't you think of any excuse that would do?"

how often you and the rest of the junior day-room have played this game, but it's going to stop now. You'd better remember another time when you want to go to Rose's that I've got to be consulted first."

With which he proceeded to ensure to the best of his ability that the memory of Master Wren should not again prove treacherous in this respect.

"How did it work?" asked Walton, when Wren returned.

"It didn't," said Wren, briefly.

Walton expressed an opinion that Kennedy was a cad; which, however sound in itself, did little to improve the condition of Wren.

Having disposed of Wren, Kennedy sat down seriously to consider this new development of a difficult situation. Hitherto he had imagined Fenn to be merely a sort of passive resister who confined himself to the Achilles-in-his-tent business, and was only a nuisance because he refused to back him up. To find him actually aiding and abetting the house in its opposition to its head was something of a shock. And yet, if he had given Wren leave to go down town, he had probably done the same kind office by others. It irritated Kennedy more than the most overt act of enmity would have done. It was not good form. It was hitting below the belt. There was, of course, the chance that Wren's story had not been true. But he did not build much on that. He did not yet know his Wren well, and believed that such an audacious lie would be beyond the daring of a fag. But it would be worth while to make inquiries. He went down the passage to Fenn's study. Fenn, however, had gone to bed, so he resolved to approach him on the subject next day. There was no hurry.

He went to his dormitory, feeling very bitter towards Fenn and rehearsing home truths with which to confound him on the morrow.

CHAPTER XX.

JIMMY THE PEACEMAKER.

IN these hustling times it is not always easy to get ten minutes' conversation with an acquaintance in private. There was drill in the dinner hour next day for the corps, to which Kennedy had to go directly after lunch. It did not end till afternoon school began. When afternoon school was over he had to turn out and practise scrummaging with the first fifteen, in view of an important school match which was coming off on the following Saturday. Kennedy had not yet received his cap, but he was playing

regularly for the first fifteen, and was generally looked upon as a certainty for one of the last places in the team. Fenn, being a three-quarter, had not to participate in this practice. While the forwards were scrummaging on the second fifteen ground, the outsiders ran and passed on the first fifteen ground over at the other end of the field. Fenn's training for the day finished earlier than Kennedy's, the captain of the Eckleton fifteen, who led the scrum, not being satisfied with the way in which the forwards wheeled. He kept them for a quarter of an hour after the outsiders had done their day's work, and when Kennedy got back to the house, and went to Fenn's study, the latter was not there. He had evidently changed and gone out again, for his football clothes were lying in a heap in a corner of the room. Going back to his own study he met Spencer.

"Have you seen Fenn?" he asked.

"No," said the fag. "He hasn't come in."

"He's come in all right, but he's gone out again. Go and ask Taylor if he knows where he is."

Taylor was Fenn's fag.

Spencer went to the junior dayroom, and returned with the information that Taylor did not know.

"Oh, all right, then—it doesn't matter," said Kennedy, and went into his study to change.

He had completed this operation, and was thinking of putting his kettle on for tea, when there was a knock at the door.

It was Baker, Jimmy Silver's fag.

"Oh, Kennedy," he said, "Silver says if you aren't doing anything special will you go over to his study to tea?"

"Why, is there anything on?"

It struck him as curious that Jimmy should take the trouble to send his fag over to Kay's with a formal invitation. As a rule the head of Blackburn's kept open house. His friends were given to understand that they could drop in whenever they liked. Kennedy looked in for tea three times a week on an average.

"I don't think so," said Baker.

"Who else is going to be there?"

Jimmy Silver sometimes took it into his head to entertain weird beings from other houses whose brothers or cousins he had met in the holidays. On such occasions he liked to have some trusty friend by him to help the conversation along. It struck Kennedy that this might be one of those occasions. If so, he would send back a polite but firm refusal of the invitation. Last time he had gone to help Jimmy entertain a guest of this kind, conversation had come to a dead standstill a quarter of an hour

after his arrival, the guest refusing to do anything except eat prodigiously, and reply "Yes," or "No," as the question might demand, when spoken to. Also he had declined to stir from his seat till a quarter to seven. Kennedy was not going to be let in for another orgy of that nature if he knew it.

"Who's with Silver?" he asked.

"Only Fenn," said Baker.

Kennedy pondered for a moment.

"All right," he said, at last, "tell him I'll be round in a few minutes."

He sat thinking the thing over after Baker had gone back to Blackburn's with the message. He saw Silver's game, of course. Jimmy had made no secret for some time of his disgust at the coolness between Kennedy and Fenn. Not knowing all the circumstances, he considered it absolute folly. If only he could get the two together over a quiet pot of tea, he imagined that it would not be a difficult task to act effectively as a peacemaker.

Kennedy was sorry for Jimmy. He appreciated his feelings in the matter. He would not have liked it himself if his two best friends had been at daggers drawn. Still, he could not bring himself to treat Fenn as if nothing had happened, simply to oblige Silver. There had been a time when he might have done it, but now that Fenn had started a deliberate campaign against him by giving Wren—and probably, thought Kennedy, half the other fags in the house—leave down town when he ought to have sent them on to him, things had gone too far. However, he could do no harm by going over to Jimmy's to tea, even if Fenn was there. He had not looked to interview Fenn before an audience, but if that audience consisted only of Jimmy it would not matter so much.

His advent surprised Fenn. The astute James, fancying that if he mentioned that he was expecting Kennedy to tea, Fenn would make a bolt for it, had said nothing about it.

When Kennedy arrived there was one of those awkward pauses which are so difficult to fill up in a satisfactory manner.

"Now you're up, Fenn," said Jimmy, as the latter rose, evidently with the intention of leaving the study, "you might as well reach down that toasting-fork and make some toast."

"I'm afraid I must be off now, Jimmy," said Fenn.

"No you aren't," said Silver. "You bustle about and make yourself useful, and don't talk rot. You'll find your cup on that shelf over there, Kennedy. It'll want a wipe round. Better use the table-cloth."

There was silence in the study until tea was ready. Then Jimmy Silver spoke.

"Long time since we three had tea together," he said, addressing the remark to the teapot.

"Kennedy's a busy man," said Fenn, suavely. "He's got a house to look after."

"And I'm going to look after it," said Kennedy, "as you'll find."

Jimmy Silver put in a plaintive protest.

"I wish you two men wouldn't talk shop," he said. "It's bad enough having Kay's next door to one, without your dragging it into the conversation. How were the forwards this evening, Kennedy?"

"Not bad," said Kennedy, shortly.

"I wonder if we shall lick Tuppenham on Saturday."

"I don't know," said Kennedy: and there was silence again.

"Look here, Jimmy," said Kennedy, after a long pause, during which the head of Blackburn's tried to fill up the blank in the conversation by toasting a piece of bread in a way which was intended to suggest that if he were not so busy the talk would be unchecked and animated, "it's no good. We must have it out some time, so it may as well be here as anywhere else. I've been looking for Fenn all day."

"Sorry to give you all that trouble," said Fenn, with a sneer. "Got something important to say?"

"Yes."

"Go ahead, then."

Jimmy Silver stood between them with the toasting-fork in his hand, as if he meant to plunge it into the one who first showed symptoms of flying at the other's throat. He was unhappy. His peace-making tea-party was not proving a success.

"I wanted to ask you," said Kennedy, quietly, "what you meant by giving the fags leave down town when you knew that they ought to come to me?"

The gentle and intelligent reader will remember (though that miserable worm, the rapid and irreflective reader, will have forgotten) that at the beginning of the term the fags of Kay's had endeavoured to show their approval of Fenn and their disapproval of Kennedy by applying to the former for leave when they wished to go to the town; and that Fenn had received them in the most ungrateful manner with blows instead of exeats. Strong in this recollection, he was not disturbed by Kennedy's question. Indeed, it gave him a comfortable feeling of rectitude. There is nothing more pleasant than to be accused to your face

of something which you can deny on the spot with an easy conscience. It is like getting a very loose ball at cricket. Fenn felt almost friendly towards Kennedy.

"I meant nothing," he replied, "for the simple reason that I didn't do it."

"I caught Wren down town yesterday, and he said you had given him leave."

"Then he lied, and I hope you licked him."

"There you are, you see," broke in Jimmy Silver, triumphantly, "it's all a misunderstanding. You two have got no right to be cutting one another. Why on earth can't you stop all this rot, and behave like decent members of society again?"

"As a matter of fact," said Fenn, "they did try it on earlier in the term. I wasted a lot of valuable time pointing out to them with a swagger-stick—that I was the wrong person to come to. I'm sorry you should have thought I could play it as low down as that."

Kennedy hesitated. It is not very pleasant to have to climb down after starting a conversation in a stormy and wrathful vein. But it had to be done.

"I'm sorry, Fenn," he said; "I was an idiot."

Jimmy Silver cut in again.

"You were," he said, with enthusiasm. "You both were. I used to think Fenn was a bigger idiot than you, but now I'm inclined to call it a dead heat. What's the good of going on trying to see which of you can make the bigger fool of himself? You've both lowered all previous records."

"I suppose we have," said Fenn. "At least, I have."

"No, I have," said Kennedy.

"You both have," said Jimmy Silver.

"Another cup of tea, anybody? Say when."

Fenn and Kennedy walked back to Kay's together, and tea-d together in Fenn's study on the following afternoon, to the amazement—



JIMMY SILVER STOOD BETWEEN THEM.

and even scandal—of Master Spencer, who discovered them at it. Spencer liked excitement; and with the two leaders of the house at loggerheads things could never be really dull. If, as appearances seemed to suggest, they had agreed to settle their differences, life would become monotonous again possibly even unpleasant.

This thought flashed through Spencer's brain (as he called it) when he opened Fenn's door and found him helping Kennedy to tea.

"Oh, the Headmaster wants to see you, please, Fenn," said Spencer, recovering from his amazement, "and told me to give you this."

"This" was a prefect's cap. Fenn recognised it without difficulty. It was the cap he had left in the sitting-room of the house in the High Street.

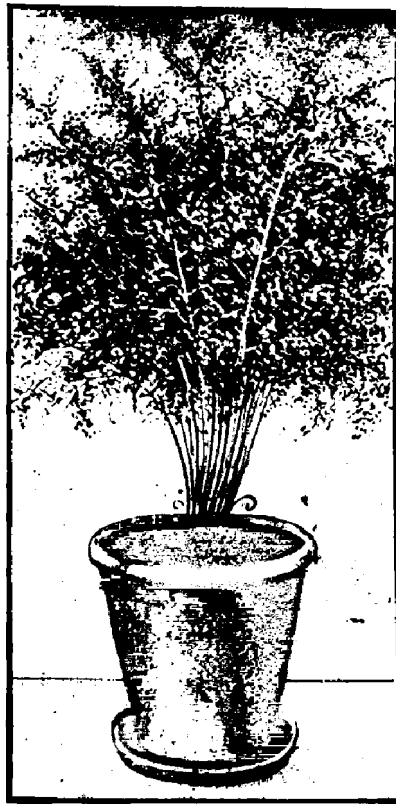
(To be concluded.)

MICROSCOPIC
MYSTERIES . . .
OF FERNS . . .

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED
 BY
 JAMES SCOTT.

MANY people must often have wondered in what manner the reproduction of ferns is effected; yet, while being ignorant of the actual truth, they refrain from seeking information on account of such a course appearing to be an inexcusable educational defect. They know that in connection with flowering plants Nature has provided for the development of seeds within special repositories, which reveal themselves more conspicuously upon the decay of the blossoms, and are cast forth when sufficiently ripened; but the vast majority have never been permitted to see the equivalent of seeds, called spores, by whose agency ferns contrive to secure the continuous birth of offspring.

It is impossible for a person to purchase quantities of these spores, as one is enabled to buy penny packets of flower seeds. Indeed, it is a quite impossible matter to discern them at all (except collectively as mere dust) unless the would-be observer avails himself of the use of a very powerful microscope. In the production and dissemination of these fern-spores, Nature displays some of her most marvelous resourcefulness and infinite novelty, which really require witnessing if a full comprehension of the subject is desired. Some very extraordinary evolutions of certain parts of these plants occur when the period of



(1)

germination, or growth of spores, is under development; and I propose, without adopting any technical language, to explain them to the reader, taking as my example the ordinary and greatly appreciated maidenhair fern, which is also known in the mass as bracken. The subjoined illustrations, made by myself direct from observations of life especially for the present occasion, will assist considerably towards conveying to the reader a proper understanding

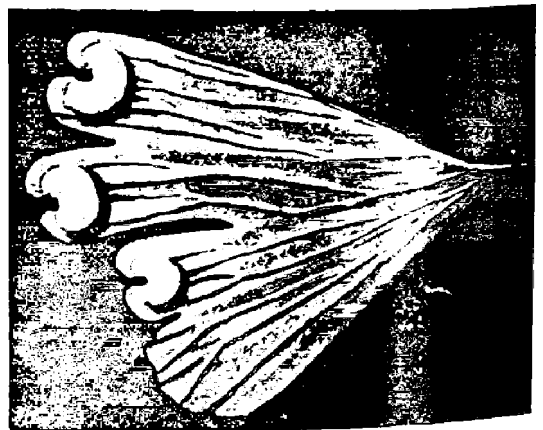
of these curious facts.

In No. 1 is shown a fully grown pot of maidenhair fern. The subsequent series of drawings picture progressively certain selected portions of this fern. That is to say, No. 7 is a very immense enlargement of the two immediately preceding them (No. 6), whilst they, in their turn, are enlargements of particular parts of No. 5. I can think of no clearer method whereby the subject may be treated for the acceptance of readers unfamiliar with its details.

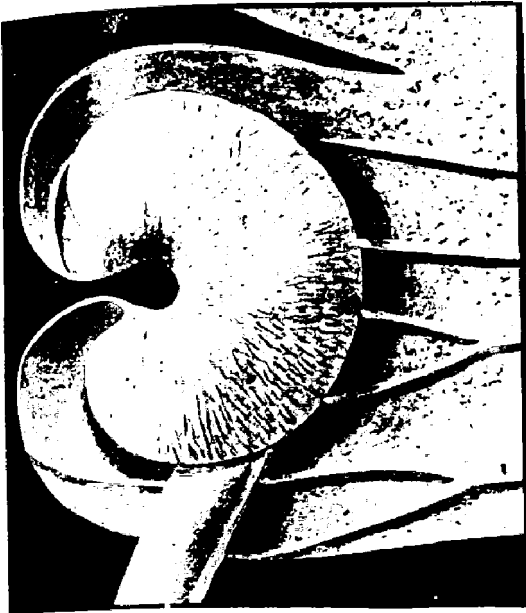
Alluding to No. 2, let me state that it is a slightly magnified frond of the fern shown in No. 1. If you will closely examine one of



(2) SPRAY OF MAIDENHAIR FERN
 HALF NATURAL SIZE.



(3) ENLARGED "LEAF" OF MAIDENHAIR FERN, WITH
 SEED OR SPORE BASKETS DISPLAYED.



(4) GREATLY MAGNIFIED SEED BASKET, WITH NEEDLE-POINT INSERTED BENEATH THE LID.

these pretty and delicate plants while it is growing, you will detect numerous brownish dots beneath its leaves, as I will simply term them. Undoubtedly, wise Nature has placed them in this position as being one entirely sheltered from the undue influence of direct sunlight, whilst at the same time sufficient warmth may be secured for them. Now, while these peculiar dots, or tiny lumps, are in themselves of extremely small and apparently insignificant dimensions, they contain several other objects. And yet again (startling though the statement sounds), these other objects contain the spores, which are individually of incredible minuteness.

Let us break off a leaf, and, after it has been inverted, place it beneath the microscope. Under such conditions it will resemble the drawing No. 3. That is to say, the tiny brown dots appear to have a certain symmetry, instead of being shapeless and haphazard excrescences, as might be assumed at first glance.

At this point we will increase the magnification of one of its four projections, bearing a kidney-shaped protuberance, which will then appear as in No. 4. The leaf seems to be notched at its extremity, and turned over in a most peculiar manner on to itself. This kidney-shaped piece is joined only at the comparatively small dent in the outer edge, and we can insert the point of a needle beneath it as indicated, for its under side is hollowed out in the form of a shallow dish, whilst its edge is slightly raised above the surrounding area. With the exercise of great care and a certain

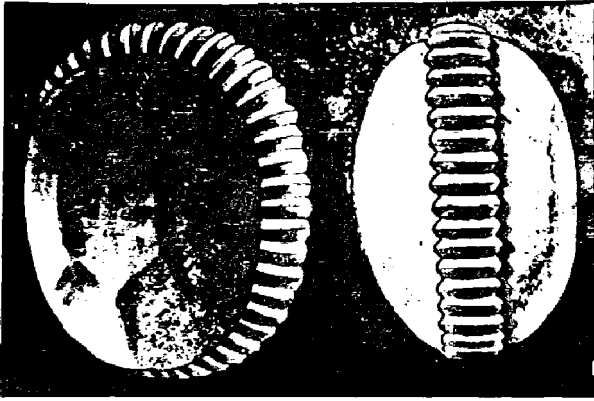
degree of dexterity it is possible to lift the coverlet up and over, as illustrated in No. 5. When this has been satisfactorily accomplished we are astonished at beholding a fairy-like nest of tiny brown, shining, egg-shaped objects. These strange and beautiful little things are seen to be sprouting out from the adjoining leaf, and if we detach a couple and magnify them to a still greater extent, showing a full-faced and an end view respectively, it will be seen that they resemble No. 6. The unique coils that surround them are as delicate and amazing pieces of natural mechanism as it is possible to secure, and it is in relation to them more especially that my previous opening remarks were applied. They have a most remarkable likeness to the bellows of a concertina or a camera, and perhaps the expansion of these every-day objects will explain as appropriately as anything can the extending action of the girdles.

Suppose I call each of these objects a nut, and I am sure that I could not more prosaically refer to them.

Well, as each nut dries it shrivels considerably, and the shell loses some of its strength. At the same time the curious girdle is endeavouring, like a bent spiral spring or a doubled piece of whalebone, to straighten itself out. The combination of the two circumstances—the exertion of the girdle and the contraction of the shell—results in the breaking of the nut. At the precise instant of this exceedingly common, yet rarely seen, disruption, a large number of kernels are liberated, on account of the accompanying jerk, and they are scattered to proportionately long distances from the nuts. As one watches a numerous collection of these interesting objects bursting forth beneath a microscope, the girdles twist and wriggle about with the



(5) SEED BASKET, WITH THE LID LIFTED OFF BY A NEEDLE. HERE THE MAGNIFIED SEED PURSES ARE SHOWN GROUPED TOGETHER.

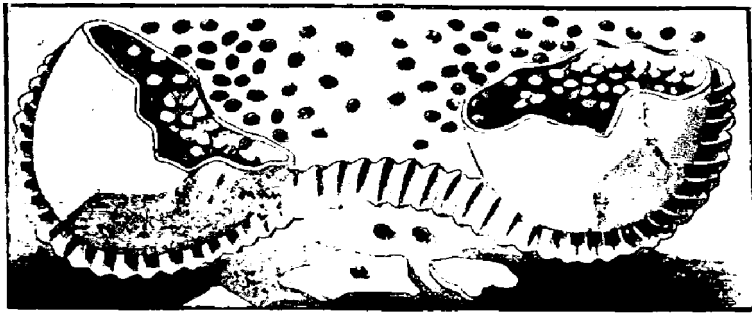


(6) TWO OF THE SEED PURSES IMMENSELY MAGNIFIED. AROUND EACH IS THE WONDERFUL BURSTING SPRING.

appearance of a number of minute snakes among a lot of debris.

The resemblance to miniature snakes is intensified because of the cross markings on the girdles.

Meanwhile, showers of kernels can be observed shooting off in every direction. These kernels are actually the spores, and may be reasonably likened to the seeds of ordinary plants, although there is a great deal of difference between the two if regarded from a purely scientific point of view. Each spore is surrounded by numerous hairs, and in this connection, bearing in mind the size of the kernels themselves, I should not care to hazard an opinion as to the actual length and thickness of each hair -- but let the reader have a guess!



(7)

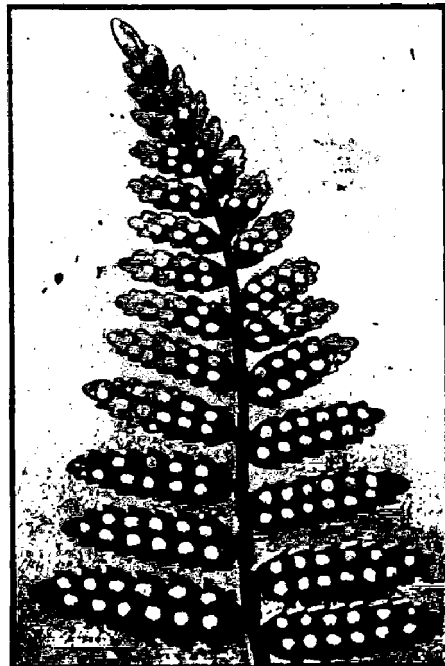
Any description beyond that already provided would entail some knowledge of microscopy on the reader's part to be adequately understood. It may, however, be stated that additional marvellous phenomena can be witnessed, for each spore alters in form, and undergoes really fantastic automatic performances, before it is capable of reproducing its kind.

It would require many thousands of these spores, laid side by side in contact with one another, to cover the surface of an ordinary pin's head. When we bear in mind their extreme minuteness, it seems a startling fact that they can give birth to large bunches of fern.

Just consider for a moment what an enormous aggregate number of these spores must be contained in the whole of the nuts of a ripe fern! If they were all to properly germinate and give rise to equally powerful offspring, the earth would

soon be overrun with an entangled, reeking mass of these charming plants, which would then, however, fail to please people.

The true ferns contain rows of similar fairy-like baskets, arranged neatly along the undersides of their fronds, each basket sheltering nuts of almost identical formation and characteristics with those portrayed here. Except in minor details, my present description will apply with equal truth to these forms, a frond of which, fully ripened, with numerous spore receptacles, is provided in No. 8.



(8) FROND OF COMMON FERN, WITH CLUSTERS OF SEED OR SPORE BASKETS ON THE UNDERSIDE.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS,

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

No. 11.—THE TRADER'S DUEL.



JUSTIN McANDREW, an old fur-trader, was neighbour to my grandfather in my boyhood days. He knew every foot of the Fox and Wisconsin waterways and of the Missouri River as well. Before a military post was built at Prairie du Chien he had

made a number of bateau voyages between that point and Green Bay. On one of these trips his helpers and river-pilots below Portage la Prairie were two Winnebagoes—Many Stars and One-Eyed Dakorra, or Decoré, whose grandfather was a Frenchman. These Indians spoke enough English to make themselves fairly understood.

There was always need of pilots for the loaded bateaux on the Wisconsin River. Treacherous, shifting sand-bars reached out abruptly into what seemed like lakes of deep water. In spite of the familiarity of his pilots with this waterway, McAndrew's boat struck now and then, causing vexatious delays.

But something of more serious import occurred on the afternoon of their second day's voyage. As the bateau drifted alongside a bluff in a district thickly studded with patches of whortleberry, McAndrew, seated upon bales of blankets in the bow, looked upward to see the heads and shoulders of numerous dusky figures. A crowd of Indians, strange to the newcomer, were standing among the berry bushes, and gazing curiously down upon the boat and its occupants.

The young trader turned to his pilots inquiringly, but saw from their stern and forbidding faces that he had better keep silence. Many Stars had thrown a blanket over his shoulders to cover his plaited and befeathered braids. Dakorra had snatched

up and donned a bell-crowned, wide-brimmed hat which McAndrew had found too warm for comfort. Both Indians were making awkward and unusual motions with their paddles, and their employer understood that they wished to pass the bluff unrecognized as Winnebagoes.

But the keen eyes upon the bluff were not to be deceived. As the bateau drew opposite the berry-pickers, sharp cries arose: "Winnebago! Winnebago!" the voices shouted, with a fierce, guttural accent upon the last syllable.

The bateau's prow veered quickly toward mid-current, and McAndrew, seizing a pair of oars, sprang to the assistance of his Indians, whose fierce strokes betokened a desperate need of haste.

Well was it for them that all three worked with might and main, for a shower of arrows fell all about them. *Thit! thit! thit!* The water hissed and bubbled with falling missiles. Three or four struck the bateau, but the range, even at the beginning of the flight, was considerable. No one was hit, and, in a minute, the boat was beyond arrow-shot.

When assured of this, both Winnebagoes dropped their paddles, caught up their guns, and turned eagerly to fire upon the enemy. All the black heads, however, had vanished.

McAndrew, hoping this spasmodic attack upon his boat would end the episode, besought his Indians not to fire into the bushes where the hostiles had been. They complied only because they could not see their enemies. They stood erect and defiant, their eyes snapping wrathfully as they shouted taunts and threats at the skulkers.

Seeing no responsive movement, they finally resumed their paddles. "This much bad," said Many Stars to McAndrew. "This Ponca—he Omaha—he Sioux. Winnebago know him heap bad. Me guess him take scalp now."

This was comforting, truly! McAndrew

was far enough from accepting such a conclusion with the Indian's fatalistic stoicism.

"Paddle," he said. "Paddle for your lives before they get into their canoes!"

"Huh!" grunted both Winnebagoes in contempt of useless exertion.

"No good paddle," said Dakorra. "No good go up—no good go down—no good go closs. Ponca him got heap hoss—can catch, anyhow."

"Heap Ponca—him take scalp to-night, me guess," added Many Stars.

McAndrew, having traded but a year or two in that region, had not yet met the Ponca Sioux, but he knew they and the Winnebagoes had quarrelled fiercely of late. Were there a thousand of them, however, he had no mind to drift into such trap as they might choose to lay for him. He exerted his authority, therefore, as an employer, and sternly bade his Indians ply their paddles.

With himself at the oars, they were soon doubling the speed of a five-mile current. Even on the best of horses the Sioux could not follow over the bluffs and through the woods for many hours, and the neutral, or "sacred ground of the tribes" was but a day's journey in advance.

Encouraged by their employer's vigorous use of the oars, Many Stars and Dakorra applied themselves with energy. Had it not been for the shifting sand-bars the bateau must soon have tired out any pursuit along-shore; but there were unavoidable delays.

Soon after noon the paddlers rounded a sharp curve of the river to discover the whole war party of Poncas, divided in two bands, awaiting their approach. One division was stationed alongshore upon the left, and another, seated upon ponies, upon a bar near the mid-current.

The position was cunningly chosen. The width of navigable current lay between the parties, and hardly exceeded fifty yards. To put the boat about and toil slowly upstream was but briefly to delay the inevitable. The bateau's case was truly desperate.

McAndrew looked at his Winnebagoes; but these, with unflinching faces and stern demeanour, continued to ply their paddles. The bateau was kept in mid-current, and sent forward at the speed of a trotting horse, until a chief with high head-gear pressed out from his fellows and motioned the boatmen to approach.

As the odds were overwhelming, there seemed nothing to do but obey; and

Dakorra, muttering, "Yellow Wolf! Chief Yellow Wolf!" turned the bateau's prow in the direction of the warrior. Then to McAndrew the Winnebago hissed under his breath: "Big chief—you catch—bling um in boat!"

The trader was young—a thickset, very powerful man and active as a cat. With intense excitement he looked at the Ponca chief, now eagerly and confidently advancing beyond his fellows. The pony he rode was already more than girth-deep in water and could with difficulty keep its feet.

McAndrew shipped his oars in apparent readiness to go ashore. Many Stars ceased paddling.

Dakorra steered the bateau. Apparently he was trying to bring the boat alongside the chief, who leaned forward to seize it by the prow. Other Poncas pressed forward to be next to their leader in seizing the Winnebagoes.

The chief's hand actually grasped the boat's bow which was slipping by, when McAndrew swept an oar backward, and struck him upon the scull. The blow knocked him from his horse and the pony, plunging backward, impeded the progress of those behind.

As quick as thought McAndrew threw out a hand, caught the sinking chief by his arm and drew him alongside. In a trice the dazed Indian was hauled aboard, while Many Stars, with knife lifted to strike, warned his fellows back.

The Poncas could not shoot their arrows without endangering their chief, and the bateau had slipped beyond their reach. For an instant the baffled Indians stood or sat with open mouths; then changed their attitude with the shiftiness characteristic of Indian tactics.

They made friendly overtures to the receding boat. These were ignored with contempt, while the knife flourished above their chief warned them of his fate should they attempt a rescue. And so they withdrew to the wooded shores, to follow the bateau and to plot what further should be done.

The Ponca chief, fast bound, was set in the bow to recover his wits at leisure. By their quick-wittedness, but chiefly by the accident of Yellow Wolf's eagerness and his pony's floundering, McAndrew and his Winnebagoes had saved their lives.

The Winnebagoes were elated beyond measure, as they showed by excited exclamations in their own tongue. But McAndrew

knew that for him the incident was by no means closed. He had no fear of the Poncas upon the river now, but at Prairie du Chien, the neutral ground of the tribes, there was a village of Winnebagoes, and both these and the Poncas would demand of him the prisoner, Yellow Wolf. The demands would probably be complicated in such ways and by such influences as only

The Winnebagoes, whose actual rights must be respected by all parties on the neutral ground, would simply demand the prisoner as their property, and, if the demand were acceded to, they were quite powerful and subtle enough to spirit Yellow Wolf away and put him to the torture. It was quite possible, too, that McAndrew would have to have a personal struggle with



WITH A SWEEP OF HIS LEFT HAND, HE CAUGHT YELLOW WOLF'S KNIFE WRIST.

the go-between among Indians has had to contend with.

McAndrew knew perfectly that at the mouth of the Wisconsin the clans would foregather. The Poncas could not there attempt a rescue, but they would maintain that their young men had, under a misapprehension, shot arrows at his boat, and that Yellow Wolf had followed the bateau to make amends.

his helpers, finally, for possession of the prisoner's body. The body was by no means ready to surrender the chief to torture; yet Yellow Wolf deserved punishment.

While the trader brooded, his Winnebagoes paddled on, much elated. Yellow Wolf, who had recovered his senses, sat glowering in disgust over the edge of the boat, as if minded to tumble himself into the current.

“He might as well go to the bottom and stay there,” thought McAndrew, “for his life depends wholly on my efforts. Every other trader at the Prairie will wash his hands of the whole affair.”

In the meantime, the boat went forward till nightfall. The bateau was then hauled up on a sand-bar, and the boatmen took turns in guarding their prisoner, so that each could gain some hours of sleep.

Before noon the next day the bateau had entered the neutral ground, and, shortly afterward, Dakorra handed his steering-paddle to Many Stars, slipped over the edge of the boat and swam ashore.

“Him go Plala du Chien,” explained Many Stars, “git Winnebago—take boat up river.”

McAndrew simply nodded assent. It was *his* business to send for extra “paddles,” should they be needed at the mouth of the Wisconsin. He knew that Dakorra would run across to the traders’ fort with all speed to inform the Winnebago town of Yellow Wolf’s capture. A crowd would immediately gather at the Wisconsin landing.

But he had formed his plan, and was relieved to know that there would be but one Winnebago in his boat, should any attempt be made to thwart his purpose. There was only one sure way out of the dilemma—the way of a strong and absolutely fearless man—and McAndrew took it.

At the Wisconsin River landing, as the trader had expected, were gathered, an hour later, a crowd of Winnebagoes eager to lay hands upon the prisoner; and their triumphant shouts grew clamorous as the bateau approached. Near at hand, too, the Poncas were encamped; and they stood upon the bank, silently waiting to see what disposition would be made of their chief.

As his boat’s prow touched the landing, McAndrew, gun in hand, waved back the advancing Winnebagoes. These Indians halted, muttering, when they saw him about to push his boat offshore. A number of *voyageurs* were lying about the bank, looking on curiously. McAndrew spoke to one of these, whom he knew.

“Zhack,” he said, “will you interpret what I have to tell these Indians?”

The *voyageur* consented. The trader then spoke to the Winnebagoes as follows:—

“This man, Yellow Wolf, is my prisoner. He attacked my boat and men in my

employ. I am a captain, and I wish to punish him myself. I will do so immediately and before you all. Stand aside now, and you shall see it done, as I have said.”

This was interpreted sentence by sentence, both to the Poncas and the Winnebagoes. The latter were openly chagrined, but supposing Yellow Wolf was to be killed, they stood aside, while McAndrew marched his prisoner out upon a high bank. He then stood Yellow Wolf between his friends and his foes.

On the bateau the trader had thrust an extra knife in his belt. He now deliberately cut the bonds upon Yellow Wolf’s wrists, placed the boat-knife in his hands, and then drew his own. For fear the Ponca chief might retreat among his friends, McAndrew boxed his ears smartly with one hand.

Grunts of approval from all hands greeted his action. The Poncas were delighted to see their chief given his chance in an honourable fight, and the Winnebagoes were forced to admire so generous and so brave a captor.

Stung to sudden and impulsive anger by the blow, Yellow Wolf certainly did not stop to reflect upon his captor’s generosity. He “pitched in,” as McAndrew put it, in tremendous fashion.

For a moment, despite his great strength, his trained activity and disciplined brain, the odds seemed rather against the trader. Yellow Wolf’s onset was furious. Without attempting to cut the Indian with his knife, McAndrew parried rapid thrusts and dodged headlong lunges until, with a sweep of his left hand, he caught Yellow Wolf’s knife wrist. This he bent backward till it cracked, and the knife dropped from the chief’s nerveless fingers.


McAndrew then lifted the Indian in his powerful grasp, carried him forward amid grunts of amazement, and flung him, helpless, defeated, and humiliated, upon the ground among his tribesmen.

“I give you your life,” he said, “because you are a papoose.”

Physically and morally he was victor. His fine courage and tremendous display of strength won the admiration of the Winnebagoes, and the Poncas immediately named him *Washushe*, The Generous.

Yellow Wolf, in after days, became his faithful friend and ally.

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.



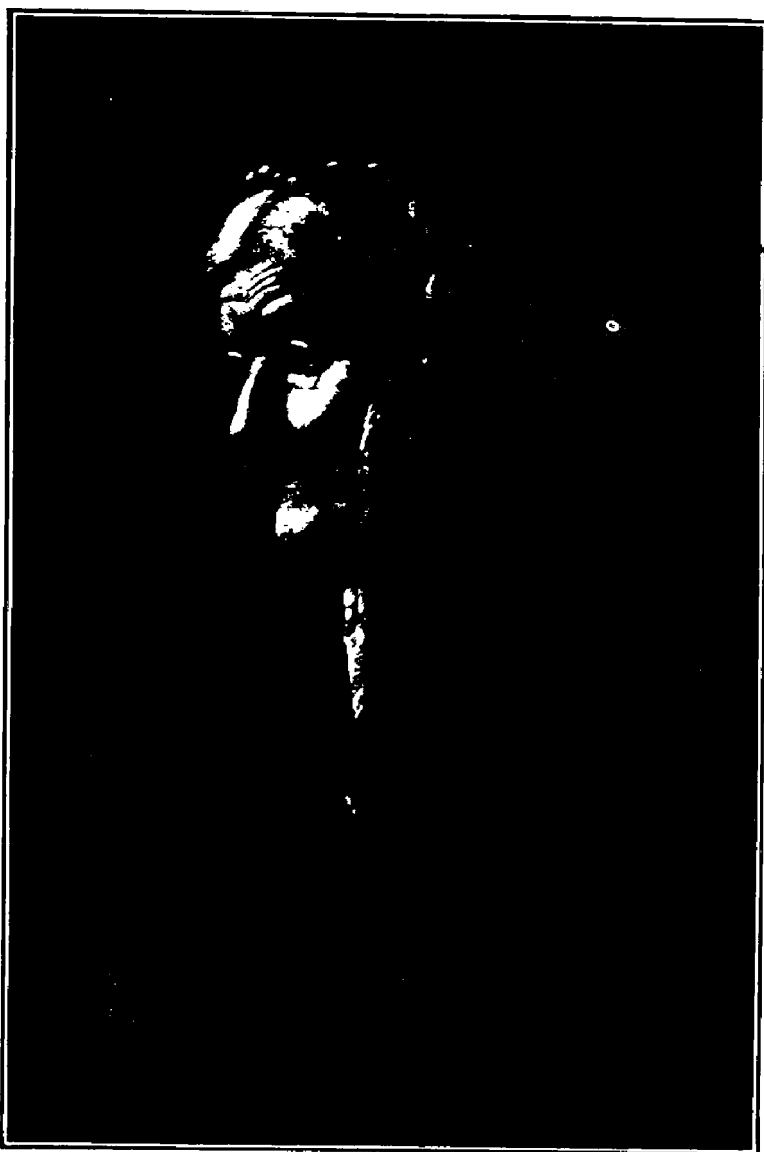
THE Old Fag, after running his aged eye over the photographs entered for the competition of November, has handed the pile over to me, that I may make a more critical survey and pronounce judgment at large and in particular.

The competitors have certainly taken great trouble to make their entries attractive as regards the finishing and mounting. Some add useful little bits of information about the subject; others are very careful to append particulars of light, stop, exposure, &c. This is quite as it should be.

How easily one picks the best few out of a number of photographs! There may be a large proportion of technically *good prints*: but the *best pictures* stand revealed at once. This is fortunately due to the fact that care, as opposed to luck, gets its reward. A well-thought-out and composed picture has practically made a bid for the prize before the cap is taken off. There are two special qualities needed in a first-class worker: the ability to recognise a good thing when he sees it, and the ability to make the best of that thing when recognised. The snapshotter fails grievously under the second head, largely because circumstances hardly permit him time to decide what is the most artistic course to adopt. With one exception, it is the treatment of the subject rather than the subject itself which has scored: though the winners have certainly kept their eyes well open for good matter.

The best entry is decidedly T. E. W. Strong's *Thoughts of Youth*. He has hit upon a

subject of real interest and pathos: the old cottager, her thoughts awakened by a letter, casting her mind back to the times when her forehead was not yet wrinkled, and she could see without her glasses, and her "man" met



THOUGHTS OF YOUTH.
By T. E. W. Strong, St. Anne's-on-Sea.



WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

By Harry W. Wilcombe, Maidstone.

her o' nights at the stile. The lighting of the face and hands is excellent. Only the critical part of the subject stands out; the rest is dim and merely suggestive. This is the type of photograph that raises photography to the level of an art.

Another very pleasing contribution is *Waiting for the Tide*. I should here warn readers that the relative excellencies of original photographs cannot be gauged by their appearance in half-tone blocks, especially when the latter are made from tinted prints, as in this case. The attitude of the men is decidedly restful; and in the background is seen a quay, sufficiently out of focus not to intrude upon the foreground. The use of a very small stop would have spoilt the picture.

As a nature-study, *On the Broads of Norfolk* has distinct merit, despite the halation of the upper branches, which could have been minimised by a well-"backed" plate. The peep of water, broken up by reeds and ripples, balances the deep shadow of the tree forming the main subject. As a view, it is nothing much—just a tree and a little bit of Broad, yet the result suggests that the photographer has the eye artistic.

R. W. Copeman's *Coming in for the Night*

shows beautiful graduation of tone on the wool of the sheep, which in the original print gives a distinct impression of *sunlight*. How seldom does one get a really "sunny" photograph, out of hundreds taken with old Sol blazing fiercely! I don't suppose that I have, in all my labourings with camera and tripod, managed to catch the effect half a dozen times.

Passing by the Irish smokeress, who pretty well explains herself, I come to *Bishop West's Chapel, Ely Cathedral*. The negative rather lacks strength, but the details of the beautiful stonework stand out well. Architectural subjects are notoriously difficult, largely on account of the distorted perspective arising from the unavoidable use of a comparatively wide-angle lens in a confined space. Windows also cause trouble, even with a backed plate. Here is a hint that may prove useful to readers who are bothered by "halation." Make a light print, tone



ON THE BROADS OF NORFOLK.

By Arthur Williams, Winchester.



AN IRISH SMOKFRESS.
By Vyvyan Poole, Waterford.

graphic days, once pressed a "pot hat" into the service as a foreground-breaker, and wondered why I failed to share his enthusiasm as to its artistic success. Among the pile of photos now before me I have one which shows a ploughing team returning from work. There is a nice horse, and a pretty glade of trees, and a picturesque outbuilding; *but*, the ploughman is guilty of a white collar and a cloth cap, when one would expect to see something much more rustic. And the photographer has omitted to notice a man standing behind the horse in such a manner as to be apparently a prolongation of the animal's nose.

A pretty view does not necessarily make a pretty photograph. We wander with our cameras through some lovely glen, or along the banks of a purling stream, and are charmed by the play of light on dancing ripples and graceful overhanging boughs. Out go the three legs, and in a minute an exposure has been made. But alas! when it comes to printing, all seems flat and unprofitable. The eye has been affected by the colours of the trees and other objects; the camera cares little for them. Our double vision gives a solid stereoscopic effect; the single lens doesn't. For this reason, vistas are particularly disappointing. In conclusion, I would lay special stress on the importance of trimming a print artistically. Many prints are

and fix it; oil it till fairly transparent, and place it in the printing frame in front of the negative. The halated portions, being white in the positive, will pass most light where it is most needed, while the darker portions retard it where least needed. Care must be taken that the screening-print is arranged with film side towards the light.

After criticising individual prints I proceed to some general advice to competitors. Avoid hackneyed subjects, unless they can be approached from a somewhat novel point of view. THE CAPTAIN Photographic Gallery must not savour of a small professional's show-window. Be careful in your choice of a background for portraits, groups, &c., and if possible get it well out of focus. Wall-papers are probably the worst backgrounds of all, being so hideously artificial. An ivy-covered wall (in focus) is almost as bad; brick walls are anathema.

Don't introduce the "human element" into a landscape, unless it is a picturesque example. An otherwise charming bit is so often ruined by the presence of a—no doubt excellent—young man, whose attire is of the town, towny, and a quite discordant factor in the general harmony. A friend of mine, who was great on "breaking the foreground" in his earlier photo-



ELY CATHEDRAL: BISHOP WEST'S CHAPEL.
By R. E. O. Chipp, Belfast.

spoilt by sparing the scissors. A half-plate negative often will not give an effective print larger than quarter-plate, and that not necessarily of the central part. Make a set of cardboard masks with rectangular openings of different sizes and proportions; and if you are in doubt lay them in succession over your print and shift each about. You will soon learn to appreciate the fact that a large portion of a print is often mere inertistic lumber.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. E. Gaze has a valued negative, the glass of which is broken, but not the film. He asks how best to treat it. The film *can* be floated off on to another glass, but it is a risky process except for

extant. The *f* is found in the usual way—*i.e.*, take diameter of stop (very small, of course), and divide it by the distance between pin-hole diaphragm and the plate. Thus, if hole be 1.64 inch in diameter, and plate eight inches from it, the focal value of stop is *f*-512. The actual correct exposure will depend on the usual contingencies of light, rapidity of plate, &c.

(2) I take the "Kernel's" side without hesitation since I have found that pyro gives—as a general rule—*much* softer negatives than hydrokinone, for instance. A soft negative is one in which the various grades of shadow develop pretty well in proportion. With hydrokinone the deeper shadows often hang back, and if you wait till they are out, the "high-lights" have become "banged-up," and will print almost pure white. If you took out the negative while the high-lights are soft, you would probably be left with clear glass in the shadows.



COMING IN FOR THE NIGHT.

By R. W. Copeman, Wincanton.

an expert. I should strongly advise him to get a clean plate of equal size and smear it for about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch all round the edge with Canada Balsam or seccotine; then apply it to the clear side of the negative so that it exactly "coincides." Press the two together under a few pounds' weight, and when dry bind the edges with strips of paper used for lantern slides. A cracked negative should be placed, for printing purposes, at the bottom of a deep and narrow box, so that the light may strike it almost entirely at right angles; or the frame may be exposed as usual (in the shade), and frequently turned about.

W. F. C. weighs in with a baker's dozen of queries, only six of which space permits me to answer. Remainder next month.

(1) I don't know of any book on pin-hole photography, though I believe there is such a thing

Under certain conditions hydrokinone may yield very satisfactory negatives; but in portrait work, where "softness" is a *sine qua non*, PYRO is, I believe, almost universally used.

(3) Never used hypo eliminators, so cannot say. I think I would make sure of the job with plenty of *aqua pura*.

(4) Any paper can be squeegeed.

(5) To get a satisfactory negative of an interior, cover the windows with a sheet to diffuse the light, and minimise halation.

(6) Cyanotype paper can be toned to a bluish-green by soaking in a one per cent. solution of sulphuric acid; to red by a bath tannic acid one dram, water 4oz.—used for five minutes. Then immerse in a second bath—carbonate of soda one dram, water 8oz.—and again put it in the first bath.

AT HICKSON'S.

No. 5.—THE REFORMATION OF PARLEBY.

BY F. L. MORGAN.

Illustrated by Alfred Pearse.

I.

THIS is a story of complications. The hero is one Robert Parleby, a senior Hicksonian of good repute, but of doubtful popularity. This last, in fact, was limited to Septimus Curtis, the occupant of the cubicle next to Parleby's, the partner of his study, and his champion on all necessary occasions.

To be an analytical chemist was the goal that Parleby strove to reach. He had a tall, solemn exterior, with earnest eyes, and an habitually *intense* expression. Somewhere behind his chemical ambitions lay the volcanic attributes—subject to frequent eruptions—of a Thinker. He felt that there was something he desired even more than to become an analytical chemist; that there was something attainable, without which he could not enjoy life thoroughly—not even in his chosen calling. He thought that it had to do with what he called his character; and in impatient endeavours to understand his own ideas and feelings, he suffered considerable mental discomfort. Without waiting to sort himself out, and to bring his difficulties into the searching light of thought and reason, he became moody and careless, shunning his fellows, and thereby striking terror to the heart of the faithful Curtis.

Poor Robert Parleby! He shirked his duties to house and college; drove his best friend nearly to desperation; became aggressive and unpleasant to his fellows; neglected his work until the Western Physics Examination (the passing of which meant more than a little to him) was almost at hand—and all this because he was assailed by the ordinary mental disturbances from which a thinking mind seldom escapes.

At last, however, when the summer term was some weeks old, he thought that he saw a way out of his difficulties. He concluded that it was desirable to have several degrees more of virtue than heretofore, in all his

dealings; and to become considerably more elevated in thought and action than the ordinary human earth-worm. The difficulty lay in the fact that he was straight by nature, and needed no reforming. Instead of "pressing toward the mark" with a hopeful heart and a cheery grin, he wasted his time over self-analysis and boring circumspection that had a most irritating effect on his temper, and caused Curtis to gaze skywards and dream helplessly of lunatic asylums. Hickson disapproved of the reforming process; for it included not only Parleby himself, but all rule-breakers and such-like publicans and sinners that crossed his daily path.

After an exciting week, Curtis tried a gentle remonstrance.

"What does it matter," retorted Parleby with fine scorn, "what insects like Hickson's think? So long as I am square with my sense of right, nothing affects me."

"But I think it would be squarer if you were to let Hickson's look after itself and its own sense of right. You'd get on oceans better with the fellows," said the perplexed Curtis, feeling a trifle floored by this new and alarming phase of his eccentric chum's character.

"My dear chap, I don't want to get on with them. I feel out of my element in their company. I tell them when I see anything wrong, because it would be a bit weird for a fellow to try to live up to a certain standard, and then to wink at the pettiness, folly, and miserable deceit that surge round him. Rules are made to be kept, and for the honour of the College, and my own self-respect, I'm going to report whenever I find them abused."

"You're real eloquent—but you're a *real* fool!" said Curtis, with a patient smile, leaving the study and closing the door delicately behind him.

The possibility of the temporary truth of

this last remark never entered Robert's head. Already he began to form plans for the reformation of Curtis.

II.

NOW for the ladies.

Hilda Connor was an Irish-American, a junior Hicksonian, and a young person of enterprise. Her character was Irish in its temper, and American in its generosity. She was possessed of considerable physical

fair to be. Seated on the grass, fanning herself gently with her straw hat, she glanced up with an angelic expression of countenance, and remarked:--

"I hate your brother more than any one else in the world!"

Carrie Parleby wrinkled up her nose and wriggled uneasily. She was a small person, round, plump, undecided, and happy-go-lucky.

"Yes," continued Hilda, with an expression on her small face that brought involuntary thoughts of Heaven;—"I think he's the beastliest sneak that ever was!"

Carrie Parleby screwed up her face until her little blue eyes were scarcely visible, and wriggled again protestingly.

"He's not so bad," she said, torn between loyalty to her brother and her knowledge of Hilda's temper.

"He's the beastliest sneak that ever was," reiterated Hilda calmly; "he's chivied and flurried us till we are nearly raving mad. Now he says that if he catches us doing anything wrong again, he'll report us to house-quarters. He's a pesky thing—that's what he is."

"That's better than being reported to head-quarters," said Carrie, rolling over on her back and gazing optimistically at the cloudless sky; "the Head is worse than Bowen."

"But it's hateful and lowdown and—and pesky of your old brother to report us anywhere," said Hilda, with more warmth.

The appearance of Robert Parleby at this moment prevented any further discussion of his peculiarities. The two juniors retired at once and with dignity. Hilda, with a passing glance of scorn, and Carrie, with a backward look of mixed indignation and apology.

Without noticing them, Parleby paused with bent head and busy brain. He had suddenly awakened to the fact that the Western Physics Examination, which loomed in the near future, would find him utterly unprepared for it. He had been in similar tight places before: but had surmounted the difficulties by descending to his study when Hickson's was sleeping, for



"I HATE YOUR BROTHER MORE THAN ANY ONE ELSE IN THE WORLD."

attractions, but these were quite unappreciated at Hickson's. Of course, there are types of beauty that cannot be disguised, either by tight plaits or square-toed shoes. Some girls are pleasant to behold, whether they "do" their hair or not; and any or no shaped hat is becoming to them. Such an one, Hilda Connor, at the age of twelve, bid

a couple of hours' steady grind. This practice, carried out fairly frequently during the ensuing week or two, might enable him to pass the examination creditably—in which case he would be a long step nearer to the analytical chemist. Now, however, his reformed character and new resolutions made such a flagrant act of rule-breaking seem quite impossible.

And yet—what harm would he be doing?

Parleby dropped down on to the spot just vacated by his small sister, and gazed up at the sky with puzzled eyes.

Several days later, as Septimus Curtis was just losing himself in his first beauty-sleep, he was disturbed by a stealthy movement on his right. Parleby, who slept in the next cubicle, was stirring. Grinning cheerfully in the dark, Curtis heard the reformed character creep out of his cubicle, walk along the corridor, and open the dormitory door.

Curtis chuckled appreciatively.

"Going down to swot," he reflected.

"Well, it's a step in the right direction, anyway."

Parleby entered his study and sniffed impatiently. It was the hottest night they had yet had, and the warm, close smell of a room that had been shut in and tenantless for several hours seemed particularly unpalatable. There was a time when Parleby had shared studies with Stanborough, the Englishman, and the fresh air mania possessed by that youth had driven away some of Robert's prejudice against the air of Heaven unpolluted—a prejudice possessed in some degree by America in general.

As he advanced to push up the window, the senior saw a strange sight. The calm peace of the moon-lit green was broken by two small forms, hurrying across the junior field. With a subdued exclamation, Parleby climbed out of his study, down a convenient rain-pipe, and gave chase right away.

The two small figures had reached the river, at the end of the senior field, before he could overtake them.

"Let's run!" suggested Carrie, observing the approach of her brother with strong misgivings.

"No. I've come to bathe by moonlight—and I'll do it!" replied Hilda Connor.

Parleby saw a gleam of scarlet, a slim form in a bathing suit poised on the river bank, and heard the gentle ripple of a clean dive.

With a quick breath of relief he laid a heavy hand on Carrie's shrinking shoulder before her courage (which was always more or less absent) had been gathered together sufficiently for the plunge into the cold, dark river.

The senior's voice was harshly forbidding.

"Come out, Hilda Connor," he said; "I am going to take you both straight to Mr. Bowen."

Hilda Connor came out, dripping and sparkling in the moonlight, and shivering in spite of the sultry heat. In terrifying silence, Parleby took off his coat and wrapped it round her. Then he grasped an arm of each delinquent, and marched them rapidly Hickson-wards.

"You don't mean it, Bob," suggested Carrie fearfully; "you won't report us to Mr. Bowen, really?"

Bob did not answer.

"We'll n—never do it again," she continued tremulously; "we were only g—going to bathe by m—moonlight just once."

Parleby heard the little shaking voice, and out of the corner of his eye he saw the two tears which rolled down his sister's round cheeks. His sympathy, always on the alert, was stirring uneasily, but he silenced it, and strengthened his determination to follow the path of duty.

"Don't talk, Carrie," said Hilda. She spoke loudly, and the small arm in Robert's grasp trembled with nervous excitement. "He'll report us 'cause he said he would. We all know that good Robert Parleby couldn't break his word."

Parleby looked at her with renewed vexation. At this moment, with her cheeks paled by the dip in the river, and her dark blue eyes (looking like blackest velvet in the moonlight) wide with apprehension, she was a vision fair enough to see. But Robert's heart was consumed with anger and virtuous indignation; therefore, the unconscious pleading in the sweet childish face affected him not at all.

"It was my idea," went on Hilda, with less defiance; "I made Carrie come. Suppose you let her off—she can get back, the sheets are still hanging out of the window—and take me to Bowen."

"No!" replied Parleby fiercely, to hide his sudden revulsion of feeling.

"You did right, Parleby, in bringing them straight to me," said Mr. Bowen, ten minutes later.

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"You did right, Parleby, in bringing them straight to me," said Mr. Bowen, ten minutes later.

The terrible ordeal was over. The two juniors, their sentence deferred until the morning, had gone to bed, accompanied to their dormitory by Mrs. Bowen's sympathetic presence.

"Yes—good-night, sir,"—and the senior moved towards the door.

"Good-night, my lad."

Mr. Bowen looked curiously at the white boyish face. He did not ask how it was that Parleby had seen the two small girls crossing the junior field, although he was quite aware of the fact that Carr's senior

juniors' offence was serious, the affair could have been settled quite easily by their house-prefects; and in that case it would probably never have come to Mr. Bowen's ears.

Parleby did not feel quite happy.

III.



MAKE no apology for passing over five weeks and directing the reader's immediate attention to the interior of the Greater Hall, San Francisco, where Professor Longman's Lecture on Radium was in progress.



HE MARCHED THEM RAPIDLY HICKSON-WARDS.

dormitories faced east—the opposite side to the playing-fields.

Parleby returned to his study by means of the rain-pipe. He knew that though the

Did space permit, much might be told of the extra work through which Hilda and Carrie waded, as punishment for the bathing-by-moonlight episode; of Hilda's thirst

for Parleby's blood, and her many, but as yet unacted upon, plans for revenge; of the senior's growing unpopularity; of Curtis's increasing despair; and of the Western Physics Examination, which had taken place nearly two weeks back. But as it is, we must return to the Greater Hall.

Rather to the back, and occupying several rows of seats, were large majorities of Hickson's sixth, fifth, upper fourth, and such of the juniors as had obtained special permission, listening, with more or less attention, to Professor Longman's remarks on radium. The growth of the discovery of the wonderful element, which throws off heat and light unceasingly, without undergoing any perceptible change; and its marvellous power of rendering substances with which it comes in contact radioactive, as described by the Professor, commanded the attention of all Hickson's—save Hilda Connor.

Hilda was at the end of a row of seats, directly behind Parleby and Curtis. She had obtained special permission on account of the lecture falling on the afternoon appointed weekly for French Author. At the present moment she was inexpressibly bored; but it was a peaceful kind of boredom—preferable to the torture inflicted by the third form's French Author. The lecture was drawing to a close when several metal tubes, each containing a minute particle of radium, were distributed among the audience for their inspection. With a slight addition of interest, Hilda received in her turn about half a grain of the element—valued at £700,000 per pound. After satisfying her very mild curiosity, the junior looked round for somebody to take the tube from her. No one seemed anxious—or, in fact, to be aware that she had it; and in doubt as to whether she ought to pass it to the row in front or behind, Hilda paused—uncertain. A subdued laugh in front directed her attention to Parleby. Her dark brows knitted angrily at the remembrance of her wrongs.

The senior was leaning towards Curtis—the pocket of his coat gaped invitingly.

IV.

THREE days later, Parleby was walking through Bowen's Court with a firm step, head erect, and a despondent heart.

At the end of Professor Longman's lecture, one of the tubes containing radium, not being forthcoming, was discovered, after considerable excitement, in Parleby's coat-pocket, by Parleby himself. Hickson's, writhing under the disgrace of having been



THE POCKET OF HIS COAT GAPED INVITINGLY.

made to look a public knave—or fool—rose as one man, and with bitter disdain ignored the erring one—all but Curtis. That youth, sorely puzzled, yet hoping for an explanation, clung to his chum with the faithfulness of friendship. In a ten-minutes-private with the Head, Parleby had managed (in some way unknown to his fellows) to straighten the affair so far as head and house-quarters were concerned; but to the outraged seniors he offered no explanation. And Parleby was miserable. His position, together with some almost confirmed doubts as to the soundness of his own philosophy, made his days torture and his nights sleepless.

Such was the state of affairs when he passed Bowen's doorway on his road to the Lecture Hall, where the results of the

Western Physics Examination were to be declared that evening. And such was the burden of his thoughts when he looked up to find Hilda Connor and his sister Carrie standing before him.

Carrie caught hold of her brother's arm with a little affectionate gesture (that had been missing of late) and wasted a kiss on his coat-sleeve.

"Poor old Bob—dear old Bob!" she said, and ran back into Bowen's.

Parleby had no time to notice her face, but he heard the catch in her voice, and paused.

"What's the trouble?" he asked of Hilda, who stood looking at him with eyes of tragedy—tragedy composed of sorrow, remorse and pity, struggling for the uppermost place.

"It's about the Western Physics exam. The Head's going to read results this evening."

"I know. I'm just going to the Lecture Hall. But what about it?" asked the senior, with an internal quiver.

"You—you've failed. All the others are through. Every one knows."

Failed!

Parleby did not doubt the truth of Hilda's statement. It was just the crowning point to a term of miserable failures.

"Thanks for telling me," he said, turning and walking rapidly away in the direction he had come.

For a moment Hilda stood looking after him with mournful eyes. Then, with pale determination, she went straight to the Lecture Hall, where most of Hickson's were amassed.

A little later Parleby joined them, and was greeted by a sudden silencing of tongues. With steady nerves, he stood alone—it had become a usual thing. It had also become a usual thing for Curtis to range himself alongside of his chum. He did so now. What was not usual, was for Joseph White to walk up to the outcast, and remark:—

"We have been under a false impression, Parleby. We thought—took it for granted, as you didn't speak—that you—well, that

you had put the old feller's radium in your pocket—for reasons of your own. We opined that it was a fool's trick. I don't think any one really believed it to be more. Anyway, it was lowdown of us to drop you for it—though we thought an explanation was due to us as the wretched affair was public. The explanation has now been given, and as you are in as much need of it as we were—and more—I hope we shall be able to square things up a bit, before the Head comes. Here's my hand, if you'll shake—and Hilda Connor sneaked the radium into your pocket."

"I know," replied Parleby, as he "shook," looking White squarely in the eyes.

"You knew!"

Hickson's gasped. This was unexpected.

"Yes—she was sitting behind me. I felt her do it, but didn't realise it until after all the flurry had begun."

"He—he didn't want to get me into a row!" said Hilda, with a burst of tears; "and—and I was too scared to own up."

Hickson's understood—and gave tongue to its feelings. It was some time before Parleby got a chance to speak.

"I want you all to know that I owed it to Hilda Connor," he said, "not to tell on her; so there is no need for heroics. In fact, I've messed things up a bit this term somehow, and been a downright—"

"No—no!" from many throats, and with generous force.

"Yes—a cad." Parleby drew a long breath. "Put it right there. I know I've failed the Western Physics, but I'll have another shot next term—at that and at other things. I haven't anything else to say—except that I'm real glad if we're square again."

"We are—we are!" declared Hickson's, passing forward to shake the hand of Parleby—really reformed—as the Head, who had been waiting patiently outside the door for five minutes, walked in with an unusual aspect of affability, the words of censure—which he had had in his mind to speak to Parleby for having failed in an examination he was capable of passing—quite forgotten.



THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

THE Falkland Islands is a quiet little colony that creates no excitement in the world—philatelic or otherwise.

But there was a time when it came very near being the cause of a war with Spain.

The group, which now forms our southernmost possession, was discovered by John Davis during a voyage he made in 1592, with the object of finding a practicable route to Asia through the Straits of Magellan, and up the Pacific Coast. Richard Hawkins visited the islands in 1594, and named them "Hawkins' Maiden Land." A few years later Sebald de Veert, a Dutch sailor, called, and named them Sebald's Islands, or the Sebaldines, but in 1690 they were finally named the Falkland Islands. It was not, however, till the eighteenth century that they were thought worthy of any particular attention. Lord Anson, after his voyage round the world, suggested that they would be useful as a station and friendly place of call for British ships in the Atlantic. Steps were accordingly taken to secure possession, but the Spanish Government objected to us as near neighbours to their South American possessions. Later on Bougainville, a French explorer, planted a colony on the East Falkland Island. But the opposition of the Spaniards led to Bougainville and his colony being bought out. Following the French, the English seized the West Falkland Island, but they were cleared out by a force sent from Buenos Ayres in 1770, and it was not till 1832 that the British flag was finally hoisted over the group, and then only on a threatened occupation by America for trade route purposes. Since 1832 our possession has remained undisputed.

The most interesting description of the archipelago is to be found in Darwin's *Naturalist's Voyage round the World*. Darwin visited the Falklands in March, 1833, and again in March of the following year. He thus describes the country: "An undulating land,

with a desolate and wretched aspect, is everywhere covered by a peaty soil and wiry grass, of one monotonous brown colour. Here and there a peak or ridge of grey quartz rock breaks out through the smooth surface."

The islands, which form a solitary group in the Atlantic Ocean, are 480 miles north-east of Cape Horn. There are two principal islands, West Falkland and East Falkland, with many good harbours. On East Falkland is Stanley, the capital, with an excellent land-locked harbour, and a population, in 1891, of 694. The total population of the colony in 1891 was 1,789. The Government is that of a crown colony, with a governor and minister, executive and legislative councils. There is no public debt, hence, perhaps, the small number of stamps which have served all postal needs since the issue of the first stamp twenty-six years ago.

Port Darwin, a village on Darwin Harbour, commemorates the visit of the great naturalist.

Their Philatelic History.

THE philatelic history of the Falkland Islands commences with the year 1878, when there was an issue of four values on unwatermarked paper. The first stamps were designed and printed by Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson and Co., of London. Then, in 1884, the plates were turned over to Messrs. De la Rue and Co., and 1d. and 4d. values printed on paper watermarked Crown CA. In 1886-8 there was a further printing, but, strange to say, the Crown CA. watermark was placed sideways. In 1891 the need arose for a ½d. stamp, and a provisional was provided by surcharging the halves of the 1d. value, and cutting up the surcharged stamps diagonally. Then in 1891-6 came a full set of values, including ½d., 2d., 2½d., and 9d., but omitting the 4d., of which presumably a sufficient supply remained on hand. Two high values, 2s. 6d. and 5s., in large size, followed in 1898, and this year we have the first values

of an issue of the King's head. It will be noted as a curious coincidence that in the Queen's head issue the profile of the Queen turns to the right, whereas the current coinage of the reign turned to the left, and once more now that the head of the King turns to the left on the stamps, the profile of his Majesty on the current coinage turns the opposite way, so that in the stamps of the Falkland Islands it seems to be fated that design shall always be at loggerheads with the accepted usage of the coinage.

Let us now turn to the few issues that have been made for this unique little Colony, that is free from debt, and the consequent necessity of making stamps for the squeezing of revenue out of stamp collectors, and let us set them out in detail.



1878.—First issue of four values, 1d., 4l., 6d., and 1s. Designed, engraved, and printed by Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson, and Co., of London, the designers and engravers of the

Queen's head issue of the Transvaal, in sheets of sixty stamps, in six rows of ten stamps each. Diademed profile of Queen Victoria, turned to right, printed on unwatermarked paper. The



1s. of this unwatermarked series served for many years, in fact, till 1896, a matter of eighteen years. The life of the 6d. of the same series was only four years less; hence the comparatively low price at which these first issues of comparatively high values stand in the catalogues to-day.

No Wmk. Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
1d. claret	25 0	20 0
4d. grey black	45 0	12 6
6d. green	5 0	4 0
1s. bistre brown	4 0	5 0

1884.—Same design, printed by Messrs. De la Rue and Co., from the plates engraved by Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson and Co., on paper watermarked Crown CA.

Wmk. Crown CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
1d. claret	5 0	2 6
4d. olive black	0 6	0 6

1886.—The same two values as the previous issue, but with the watermark placed sideways. The general collector may very well ignore this issue as a minor variety, if he pleases, but it is generally included in most collections, like the sideways watermark of Gambia. The 4d. is a very scarce stamp.

Wmk. Crown CA. sideways. Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
1d. claret	1 6	2 6
4d. olive black	20 0	15 0

1891.—Provisional occasioned by the need of a ½d. value. "½d." surcharged in black on each half of the 1d. claret of 1884, and the stamp cut diagonally. This is the only provisional ever issued by the Colony.

Provisional on 1d. of 1884.

	Unused.	Used.
"½d." in black on 1d. claret	10 0	7 6

1891-6.—A full series of new and old values including ½d. and 2½d. values for Postal Union requirements; also 2d. and 9d. stamps, but omitting the 4d., a supply probably remaining on hand of that value. All watermarked Crown CA. and perf. 14. Design as before throughout.

Wmk. Crown CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
½d. green	0 1	0 2
1d. red	0 4	0 6
2d. mauve	0 3	0 4
2½d. blue	0 4	0 6
6d. yellow	0 8	0 9
9d. vermilion	1 0	1 3
1s. grey brown	1 1	1 6

1904.—King's head issue. Head of King Edward VII. turned to the left. Design as before, except that the King's head being smaller than the Queen's head, which it replaces, the oval has been filled in with a ring of pearls. The stamps are watermarked with the new multiple CA. watermark, and are perf. 14 as before. A 3s. stamp takes the place of the 2s. 6d. of the Queen's head series. So far only the ½d., 1d., 2½d., and 3s. values of the King's head series have been received.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

½d. green.
1d. carmine.
2½d. blue.
3s. green.



A Young Collector's Exhibition.

THE young collector is coming to the front and asserting himself in a manner to compel attention. He has planned a very pretentious exhibition of his own, to be held in London on February 3rd and 4th, 1905. For this exhibition nothing less than Exeter Hall will meet his requirements. There are to be stalls for dealers to show their wares, and tempt visitors to plunge deeper into the hobby. Sweet music and lantern lectures on stamps, and other entertainments are to be thrown in to fill up the cup of enjoyment. The display of exhibits is to be confined to the stamps of Great Britain, and admission is to be free.

Reviews.

Stamps worth Finding is the title of a little book by Mr. B. C. Hardy, intended to open the eyes of the beginner in stamp collecting as to "what he has got, what he is to look out for, and what he is on no account to let go from him: to induce him to search carefully among his own specimens and duplicates for the small differences not usually observed." Under the heading of each country is a list of errors and varieties worth searching out. Thus the beginner is started on a hunt for varieties which do not generally come under his ken. Mr. Hardy admits that his book is not likely to be of much service to the advanced collector, and we doubt if it will serve any very useful purpose for the young collector, for it will tempt him off the safe lines of general collecting into the unknown fields of specialism, and thus generate an unhealthy excitement in minor varieties which are far better left for a later day, when experience will enable him to discriminate as to what is worth his attention and what is not. The price of the book is 1s., and it is published by Sidney Appleton, London.

Messrs. Chas. J. Endle and Co. send us a copy of their *Twentieth Century Catalogue of Postage Stamps*. It gives in chronological order "a list of the adhesive postage stamps which have been issued for legitimate postal purposes from January 1st, 1901, down to the date of publication." It is a pity that this limitation is not drawn at officials and unpaids. The catalogue comprises some thirty-six pages, is very neatly got up, and carefully priced.

Notable New Issues.

THERE are few new issues to discuss. In fact, if it were not for the change that is taking place in the alteration of the single CA into the multiple CA watermark, there would be no new

issues of British Colonials to record. From Denmark comes a new design with a portrait of the aged King, which is believed to be the forerunner of a portrait series. Denmark has never before placed a portrait on its home supplies of postage stamps.

Cyprus.—The series of current King's heads on the new multiple watermarked paper is now complete, with the exception of the 4 and 12 piastres. The colours have in no case as yet undergone any change.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

- ½ piastre, green, name and value in carmine.
- 30 paras, mauve, name and value in green.
- 1 piastre, carmine, name and value in ultramarine.
- 2 piastres, ultramarine, name and value in purple.
- 6 piastres, slate, name and value in green.
- 9 piastres, brown, name and value in carmine.
- 18 piastres, black, name and value in brown.
- 45 piastres, purple, name and value in ultramarine.

Denmark.—We illustrate what seems to be the forerunner of a new series for this country with a rough portrait of King Christian IX. It is a 10 öre in a scarlet colour, watermarked crown, and perf. 13.



Wmk. Crown. Perf. 13. New Design.

10 öre, scarlet.

French Guinea.—A series of new and uniform design has been received from this French possession. The figure is evidently intended to represent a native of the country, and indicates an intention on the part of the French postal authorities to abandon the adaptation of the design of the mother country in favour of something more appropriate to the colony itself.



New Design. Perf. 13½.

- 1c., black, on green.
- 2c., brown, on buff.
- 4c., carmine, on bluish.
- 5c., green, on green.
- 10c., carmine, on buff.
- 15c., mauve, on flesh.
- 20c., brown, on green.
- 25c., blue, on bluish.
- 30c., pale brown, on cream.
- 40c., carmine, on yellowish.
- 50c., sage green, on greenish.
- 75c., dark green, on buff.
- 1fr., pale green, on greenish.
- 2fr., carmine, on orange.
- 5fr., green, on green.

Great Britain.—The halfpenny in the new shade, pale yellow-green instead of blue-green, has been placed on sale.

Wmk. Crown. Perf. 14.

½d., pale yellow-green.

Indo China.—A new design has been received for this French colony. As yet we have only seen one value. Perf. 13½.



New Design. Perf. 13½
40c., black, on bluish paper.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. and F. (Herne Hill).—The letters "C.E.F." overprinted on the stamps of India stand for the words "China Expeditionary Force," and were thus overprinted for the use of the troops sent to Peking for the rescue and defence of the Legations in the late Boxer trouble.

R. J. W. and Others.—The difference of shade in our ½d. English stamp you will find chronicled under "Notable New Issues." I have seen no explanation of the change, but suspect the paler shade has something to do with getting a better cancellation result. The letters "D.P." on your Hong Kong are probably the initials of the firm using the stamps. These letters are put on for protection, just as our English firms perforate their office supplies with their initials to prevent employees purloining and selling them.

C. A. F. A.—The overprint "Postal Service" on your Indian stamp is put on for postal accounts' use, and has no value from the stamp-collecting point of view.

A. H. M. (Bristol).—The overprint "Cancelled" reduces the value of a stamp to almost nil. Unless in the case of a rare stamp which he cannot afford, no collector mounts a stamp overprinted "Cancelled." Even used copies are of more value.

G. E. J. (Manchester).—The punched hole in your Transvaal has no philatelic meaning. It is probably done by the purchasing firm to protect them from being stolen by employees.

W. J. H. (Ireland).—(1) You may safely rely on any of the leading firms of dealers; in fact, any of those advertising regularly in the pages of THE CAPTAIN. (2) Whitfield King and Co.'s "Standard Catalogue" is the cheapest stamp catalogue. There is no priced catalogue for general use. Every one is

the price list of the issuing firm. (3) Yes, very likely every book gives different advice as to what to collect. You, as a collector, must decide the merits of the would-be advisers for yourself by their standing, experience, &c. (4) *Gibbons' Stamp Weekly*, which starts with the New Year, will meet your requirements; price, one penny a week. It is intended for the young collector. But in what respect do THE CAPTAIN pages fall short of your needs?

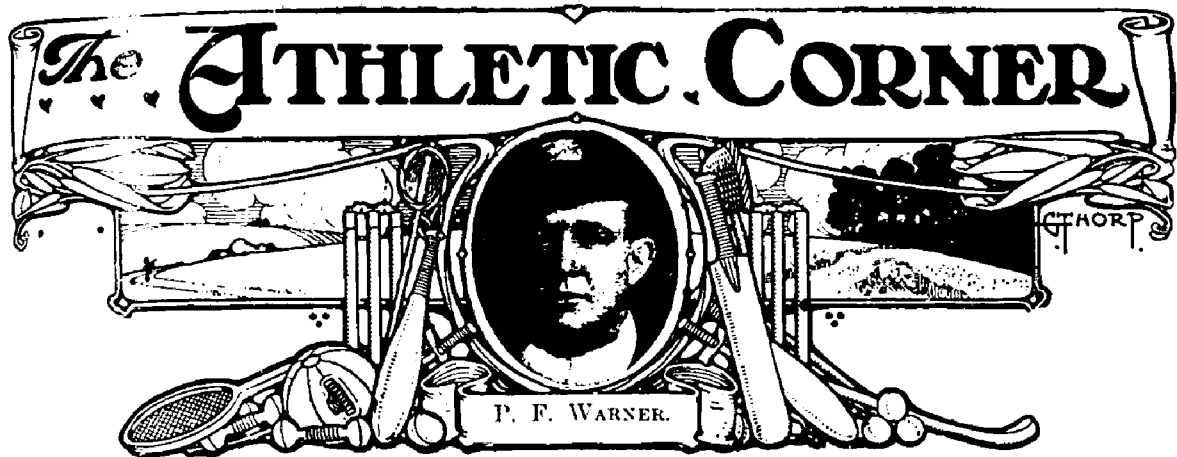
C. R. B. (Queenstown).—I cannot undertake to say what countries are likely to go up in price. You had better collect good countries for the collecting's sake. If you are collecting for the sake of profit you are much more likely to burn your fingers than make profits. Better drop stamp collecting if speculation is your only incentive.

A. W. (Harrogate).—Your Transvaal stamp is a Rustenburg provisional. It is catalogued, but not priced. Some think them worth collecting. As a Transvaal specialist I would not give a shilling a ton for them.

O. H. (Wandsworth).—Yes, the Belgian stamps, though collectable without the Sunday label, should have it for preference to be quite complete as issued. You can collect either used or unused, or both. The stamps of Corrientes were a provincial issue, and were withdrawn from use on September 11th, 1880. They are not rare. The stamps inscribed "Te betalen" are unpaid letter stamps of Holland. Yes, the Japanese wedding stamps were issued as postage stamps.

F. R. H. (New Zealand).—Many thanks for your letter, and the postcard with new cancellation mark enclosed. If all New Zealand stamps are so heavily cancelled, nice used copies will be scarce, which will be a pity. Light and, at the same time, effective cancellation is in use in other countries, and working quite satisfactorily. The stamps you mention, left unpriced by Gibbons, used, are priced by Bright, Niger Coast, 1894, 2½d., used 1s.; Queensland, 1903, 2s. 6d., used 4s. Scott prices Tonga, 1894, 2½d., on 1s. green, used, 2s. 6d. It is not priced used by Gibbons or Bright, and is scarce used.

J. L. M.—An old English ½d. is worth very little unless it has the plate No. 9 on it. You will find the plate number at the sides in the frame work. It will want searching for.



THE STORY OF MIDDLESEX.

THEY call us the Cosmopolitan County, and one or two have gone so far as to say that they would turn us out of the County Championship; and certainly, if one looks down the names of a Middlesex XI., it is surprising to find how few of its members have a birth qualification for the County. To begin with, Mr. MacGregor, our captain, is a Scotsman; Mr. Bosanquet's ancestors were driven from France because of their religion; Mr. Robertson was born in Peru; Mr. R. O. Schwarz, who played for the County before he went to South Africa, is a Silesian; Ashan ul Hak, who took part in a couple of matches in 1902, is an Afridi; Rawlin is a Yorkshireman; Jack Hearne was born in Bucks, and I was born in the West Indies. As one of the Yorkshire professionals once said, "That Middlesex election is full of foreigners"!

Again, Mr. R. N. Douglas and Mr. C. M. Wells, though born in London, played formerly for Surrey, but, that County failing to recognise their merits, they emigrated to the other side of the river, where Middlesex, ever ready to receive desirable immigrants, welcomed them with open arms.

Many, indeed, object strongly to our habit of occasionally importing aliens, and would have an Aliens Bill wide enough in its scope to keep out of England not only undesirable people, but the most desirable of them as well—Albert Trotter.

It is, of course, in theory, a very nice idea to have every county composed only of men born in that county; but until the present

rules governing county qualification are altered, Middlesex are in no way infringing the law.

If Gloucestershire has been aptly called "The County of the Graces," Middlesex may, with even greater propriety, be known as "The County of the Walkers"; for they simply created Middlesex cricket.

Mr. John Walker was the first Vice-President of the Club; V. E. and I. D. Walker were, for many years, captains of the Club, and its heartiest supporters; and R. D. Walker was equally famous as a batsman and bowler, and one of the best all-round players of his time.

The Middlesex Cricket Club, *quâ* Club, did not exist until 1864, but in 1850 Middlesex played Surrey twice, losing both matches, and in 1851 the M.C.C. were met at Lord's. For the next seven years we find no record of Middlesex cricket, but in 1859 Mr. John Walker got together a Middlesex XI. which played Kent at Southgate, the home of the Walkers, and Canterbury, and won both matches. But the year 1864 was the real starting-point of Middlesex cricket. From 1864 to 1869 the County ground was at the Islington Cattle Market, "an irregularly shaped triangle, wedged in between the market and the Great Northern Railway. From the pavilion to the wicket was downhill, so that the ground was on a slope, as at Lord's. Something like a brick foundation at times ominously showed itself at the surface, but what turf there was was good and well kept,

the wicket was even, and there was a life in the ground which favoured quick scoring and fast bowling."

At the end of 1868 it was decided to give up this ground, and in 1869 the Club was groundless, though two matches were played with Surrey, one at the Oval, and the other at Lord's. Just about this time a proposal came from the M.C.C., offering the use of Lord's ground under certain conditions. The proposal was not at the time entertained, and, in 1870 and 1871, Lillie Bridge, the headquarters of the Amateur Athletic Club, was hired.

The financial position of the Club was very unsound just then, and on January 18th, 1871, a General Meeting was held, when the continuance or not of the Club was discussed. Only thirteen gentlemen were present. Thirteen is generally sup-



MR. R. D. WALKER.
Photo. Stereoscopic Company

posed to be an unlucky number, but by a majority of *one* it was decided that the Club should be carried on.

Those seven "Ayes" deserve the lasting gratitude not only of everyone who has had the honour of playing for Middlesex, but of the countless thousands who have derived pleasure from watching those giants of the game who have, from time to time, appeared in the County's eleven.

After two years' experience of the Lillie Bridge the conclusion was arrived at that the ground there was too isolated to promise

any real financial success, and negotiations were opened with Messrs. Prince. The result of these negotiations was that from 1872 until 1876 the Middlesex home matches were played at "Prince's," which was situated on the spot where Hans Place, S.W., now is.

But Prince's was not altogether satisfactory, cricket being rather a secondary consideration there, and when a fresh proposal to come to Lord's emanated from the M.C.C. in November, 1876, it was unanimously decided to accept the offer.

Here Middlesex have played ever since, and here, unless something very unforeseen should occur, they will continue to play until the crack of doom. For, though in theory Middlesex is but a tenant on sufferance, and is liable to be evicted at a year's notice, such an eviction can scarcely be seriously entertained, for the arrangement is one of mutual benefit, Middlesex paying all the expenses of the match, groundmen, lunches, umpires' fees, &c., &c., and taking the gate money, the M.C.C.'s share being the stand or enclosure moneys.

One curious fact in the constitution of the Club is the small membership, the number of subscribers being limited to fifty. This is by arrangement with the M.C.C., who were afraid of a rush of Middlesex members into the pavilion, to the crowding out of its rightful occupants. But as the majority of the Club's followers are members of Lord's, this rule does not press upon the supporters of Middlesex.

Of all the great cricketers who have at various times played for Middlesex none have been greater than the Walkers. From 1850 until 1884, when the late Mr. I. D. Walker retired from first-class cricket, it was very seldom that the County appeared in the field without at least one of the Walkers in the team. Six feet two inches in height, Mr. John Walker was, for many years, as good a batsman as any one in England, while as a field and wicket-keeper he was unsurpassed; Mr. V. E. Walker, now the President of the Club, was in his time the best all-round cricketer in the world, and first among the first as captain. Indeed, it may be questioned whether there has ever been a better captain and judge of the game, the testimonies of the cricketers of his day being unanimous in this respect. Three times in the course of his career Mr. V. E. Walker took all ten wickets in a first-class match—for England v. Surrey, at the



Top—Strudwick, Braund, J. A. Murdoch, Knight, Arnold, Fielder, Rhodes, R. E. Foster, Relf, Tyldesley, Hayward, B. J. T. Bosanquet, P. F. Warner, Hirst, Lilley.
M.C.C. TEAM IN AUSTRALIA.

Oval, in 1859, when Mr. Walker also scored 108 in his second innings, the double feat having never been performed by any cricketer before or since; for Gentlemen of Middlesex v. Gentlemen of Kent in 1864; and for Middlesex v. Lancashire in 1865. Mr. V. E. Walker played his last match for the County at Nottingham in 1877. By his prowess on the field, both as a player and a captain, he brought honour and glory to his County, and by his generosity and kindness saved the Club when financial ruin stared it in the face.

Then there was Mr. R. D. Walker. No batsman was ever like him before; none has been like him since; there never will be anyone like him. He scorned pads and gloves, and, "like a cat on hot bricks," patted the ball about as if he were playing with a racquet. He was an ungainly player, but something of a genius, and though one Kentish spectator did speak of him in irreverent terms as "the old bloke in the billy-cock hat," yet he ventured to express an opinion that "he would worry 'em yet"—which he did. Of him Mr. C. E. Green tells a little story: "I remember R. D. Walker batting at Prince's when Pinder was keeping wicket. Pinder had never seen him before, and after he had watched him for some time patting Tom Emmett's bowling gently, not wearing pads or gloves, he suddenly remarked, without intending Walker to hear, 'I wonder how much longer this

Punch and Judy show is going on.' Walker turned round and blandly said, 'Well, if you are alluding to my batting, I'm feeling very comfortable, thanks, and "this Punch and Judy show" is likely to last for some little time.'"

R. D. Walker was, too, a very good slow right-hand bowler, and a perfect field. Finally, there was I. D. Walker, so beloved of Harrovians. Captain of the County from 1874 to 1884, he was a brilliant batsman, with a wonderful stroke over cover-point's head—like all his brothers, a splendid field—a great lob bowler, and a first-class captain, though not so good as V. E. For Middlesex he scored 5,528 runs, with an average of twenty-five, and took 140 wickets for twenty runs each.

All the Walkers were at Harrow. To-day Harrow is proud of F. S. Jackson and A. C. MacLaren; in the past they may be equally proud of the Walkers.

In the thirty years during which the Walkers played for Middlesex many distinguished actors passed across the cricket stage, some of them immortals in the history of the game.

Contemporaries of the Walkers were B. B. Cooper, the hero of a long first wicket stand with W. G. Grace; T. Case, Tom Hearne, whose deeds are reflected in his kinsmen of to-day; C. F. Buller, Howitt, the Jack Hearne of this period; J. J. Sewell, E. Rutter, who looked easy from the pavilion.

like many another famous bowler; B. Pauncefote, W. H. Hadow, C. J. Ottoway, H. R. Webbe, C. I. Thornton, greatest of hitters; C. K. Francis, W. H. Hadow, A. P. Lucas, who has played for Surrey and Essex as well as Middlesex; Hon. Edward Lyttelton, whose hundred against the first Australian team is one of the memories of Lord's; Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, wicket-keeper, batsman, and statesman; the two Studds, C. F. H. Leslie, A. F. J. Ford, T. S. Pear-

and A. J. Webbe himself, good on a dry wicket, but splendid on a sticky one.

In 1898 G. MacGregor became captain, and it was under him that in the season of 1903 we gained the championship; so that that year must be regarded as the *annus mirabilis* of Middlesex cricket. 1903 was, it will be remembered, a very wet summer, and many matches were abandoned without a ball being bowled, which led some people to say that we had considerable luck in gaining



Top Row: Hearne, B. J. T. Bosanquet, G. W. Beldam, Trott, Rawlin.
Second Row: C. M. Wells, J. Douglas, G. MacGregor (Capt.), R. N. Douglas, P. F. Warner.
Front Row: W. P. Robertson, R. E. More.

MIDDLESEX, 1901.

Photo. F. G. Foster, Brighton.

son, A. W. Ridley, P. J. de Paravicini, and Burton.

Then, from 1884 to 1897, A. J. Webbe captained the eleven, and it was under his leadership that the County were so exceptionally strong in batting, for there were A. E. Stoddart and Sir T. C. O'Brien, partners in many a famous stand, and the two finest batsmen Middlesex ever had; S. W. Scott, E. A. Nepean, F. G. J. Ford, E. H. Buckland, Rawlin, H. B. Hayman,

the first place. The match with the Rest of England, however, caused our detractors to modify this opinion. As a matter of record I give the names in the batting order of those who represented Middlesex on that occasion.

They were P. F. Warner, L. J. Moon, G. W. Beldam, J. Douglas, B. J. T. Bosanquet, C. M. Wells, E. A. Paddam, G. MacGregor (captain), Trott, J. H. Hunt, and Hearne (J. T.).

Mr. MacGregor, who ought to know, tells me that this eleven was the best Middlesex team he has played for, but possibly the side which represented the County in August, 1868, was rather stronger. Trott and Hearne were such wonderful bowlers that season, and A. E. Stoddart, F. G. J. Ford, J. Douglas, and C. M. Wells were in brilliant batting form. Of the last twelve matches, ten were won and two drawn; the last seven were all won.

Middlesex had been champions twice before this, in 1866 and in 1878, but in those days the County competition was on nothing like the same scale as it is now.

The County's fondness for tie matches has been unique, for four times have Middlesex played a tie—twice with Surrey, once with Somerset, and once with the South Africans last summer, when Albert Trott, who was bowling, setting himself for a great effort, sent down a tremendously fast yorker and Kotze's middle-stump disappeared in a cloud of dust!

"Great men, indeed, have been among us—better, none," and of those who have made Middlesex cricket of to-day, several names stand forth with illuminating brilliancy. First, there is Mr. MacGregor, behind the stumps—very quiet but very skilful, and a model for all wicket-keepers. And what a good bat when runs are wanted! I would as soon see him go in at the crisis of a match as any man in England. And then there is Jack Hearne, who for fifteen years now has been everything to Middlesex—her very *raison d'être*; Albert Trott, a genius, if somewhat perverse, and ever ready to snap up anything that comes near him at extra slip with those colossal hands of his; J. Douglas and C. M. Wells, "August" players these in both senses of the word; G. W. Beldam, as steady as the Pyramids and a great liker of the Surrey bowling; and B. J. T. Bosanquet, in whom all our hopes for the future are centred.

The eleven seasons I have played for Middlesex carry with them many pleasant memories—memories of keen fights, side by side with some of the finest cricketers and best fellows in England, and of brilliant victories, mingled with the bitterness of defeat.

But whether in joy or in sorrow, success or failure, running through it all has been that subtle spell which the game casts over us, and the spirit of good-fellowship and companionship which is inseparable from cricket.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nineteen.—What better advice can I give you than that in St. Luke, ch. xii., v. 25, "Which of you with taking thought can add to his stature one cubit?" Still, you may yet reach 6ft. in the ordinary course of nature. But why so anxious to be taller? 5ft. 11in. is a splendid height.

Quilp.—You are certainly very short for your age, but, as you say you are growing two inches a year, there is no need to worry yet. Like "Nineteen," you should consult St. Luke. Remember, too, that many of the greatest men in the world have been very short. The first Napoleon was a small man, and so is Lord Roberts.

Reader of "The Captain."—There is no handbook that I know of dealing with sports and sportsmen. There are so many sports and games nowadays. C. B. Fry's "The Book of Cricket" will



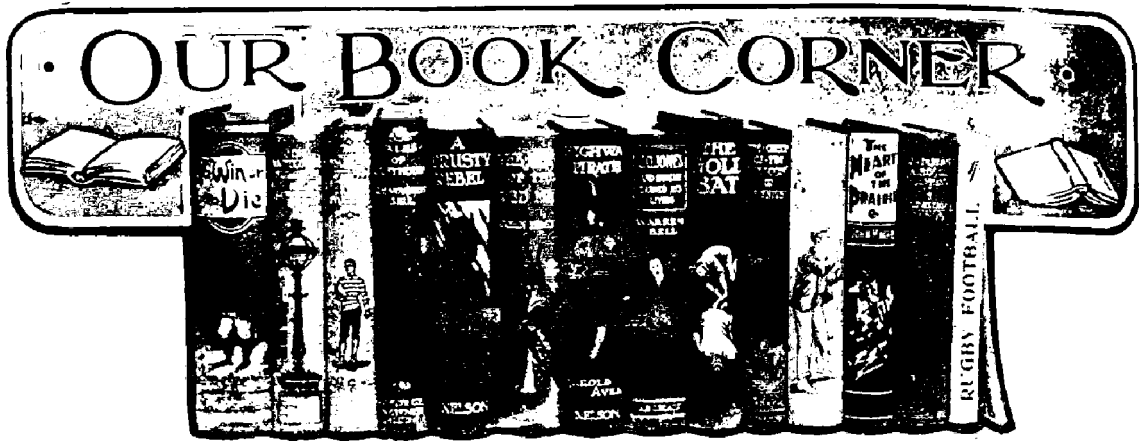
MIDDLESEX IN AUSTRALIA.—P. F. W. AND B. J. T. BOSANQUET GOING OUT TO FIELD.

tell you everything about cricketers and cricket grounds; and as for football, there is the Badminton Library. Probably, however, the nearest approach to the book you are thinking of is "Fifty Leaders of British Sport," by F. G. Aflalo. It is expensive (a guinea), but it is magnificently illustrated and covers every branch of sport. Cannot you persuade some one to give it you as a birthday present?

Herbert S. Jarvis.—The best sight-boards are made of wood, which are certainly preferable to corrugated iron. Any small carpenter ought to be able to make one for the sum you mention. The board should be on wheels, like the one at Lord's, but I should advise you to have it at least ten feet high.

C. McCormick.—Foulke; but it is a matter of opinion. They are all very good.

P. F. WARNER.



Stories. By Ascott R. Hope (Black, 5s.).—It is quite possible that Mr. Ascott R.

Hope may be correct in his belief that there is a greater demand for short stories than formerly, but we are inclined to think that the critics who have "lectured him on his preference for this form of literature" were fully justified in so doing, and we fear that "Stories" will not



achieve the popularity won by so many of his former works.

The episodes related are for the most part of the slightest description, requiring a much lighter treatment than they have received, and there is an unfortunate tendency to "vain repetition." The majority of the tales would have been greatly improved by judicious pruning.

The best of them, perhaps, is "The Burning of the Whins," an account of two Scotch laddies, who, after carelessly setting fire to the whin bushes while indulging in illicit smoking, manage to avoid detection, and allow the blame and punishment to fall on two gipsy boys. Remorse and confession follow, and the two laddies take the place of the gipsies, and experience the terrors of a night in a prison cell, mitigated to some extent by the kindness of the jailer and his wife, who surreptitiously feed them with good things.

The tone of all the stories is unimpeachable.

Brought to Heel. By Kent Carr (W. and R. Chambers, 5s.).—The chief fault we have to complain of in Mr. Kent Carr is his lack of discretion in selecting public school life as the subject of his story. It is not given, of course,

to every author accurately to discern his own limitations, and in the present case we can only regret Mr. Carr's unfortunate choice. Had he written (for instance) a tale of adventure, instead of attempting the difficult task of picturing public school life, we think he might have proved more successful, for his story-telling powers are no mean ones.



As it is, much that is excellent in *Brought to Heel* is spoiled by the unnaturalness—very often the absurdity—of the life at St. Dunstan's. His central theme—the gradual mastering of an unruly school by a strong headmaster—is capital, and the plot is well-constructed and deftly worked out. But his boys are like none that we have ever met in real life, and even the masters, with whom the literary artist should have a less exacting task, are in credible persons.

Mr. Carr has evidently felt the difficulty of finding sufficiently exciting incidents in the humdrum round of school life, and has accordingly resorted to such ancient devices as a "bar-out," an "indignation meeting," and other of those traditional occurrences of fictional school life, which the real public-school man reads of with vague wonder and amusement. We confess, though, that the introduction of a headmaster's love-story is something of a novelty. Many, too, of the minor incidents in the book are preposterous, and the characters, from Mr. Rupert Firth (variously known as "the Doctor," and "the Head") downwards, are exaggerated. The whole book, in fact, is

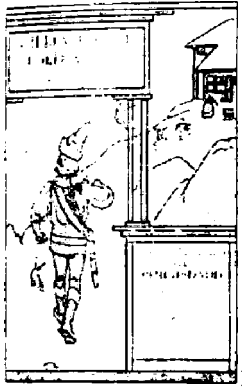
overdrawn and though sensible of certain good qualities in Mr. Carr's work, we would suggest that in future stories he lets school life alone. His picture of a public school simply won't do.

Mr. Harold Copping's six illustrations are admirable. His boys and masters are both natural and gentlemen. A rather rare quality, the latter, for the pictures of a "boy's book" to possess.

William Tell Told Again. By P. G. Wodehouse (Black, 6s.).—The story of William

Tell has always had a great fascination for boys and girls, and it loses nothing of its charm in the hands of Mr. Wodehouse.

The dialogue is bright and humorous, and the tale is told in a direct and amusing fashion that will appeal to every child. The illustrations are ex-



cellent, and the print delightfully clear.

Anyone who wishes to find an acceptable present for a youngster may feel assured that *William Tell Told Again* will receive an enthusiastic welcome.

Mr. J. W. Houghton has supplied some amusing descriptive verses, the first of which we quote:—

"The Swiss, against their Austrian foes,
Had ne'er a soul to lead 'em,
Til Tell, as you've heard tell, arose
And guided them to freedom.
Tell's tale we tell again—an act
For which no one can scold us—
This tale of Tell we tell, in fact,
As this Tell tale was told us."

By a Schoolboy's Hand. By Andrew Home (A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d.).—Mr. Andrew

Home is entitled to rank high, we think, amongst the not too numerous writers who can turn out a really good school story. His latest volume, however, is only partially a school story. The hero, Dick Norman, spends most of the time between chapters one and forty-two at school,

and the majority of the accessory characters are supplied by his schoolfellows. The main plot, however, has nothing to do with St. Martin's, but concerns the mysterious disappearance, and supposed death off the rocky Cornish coast, of Dick's father. The rôle of villain is shared by two persons—Mr. Norman's executor, who is of the conventional "wicked guardian" type, and Kiernick, a coarse farmer of the neighbourhood, whose son George—an admirably-drawn cad—is at school with Dick, and plays the part, so to speak, of sub-villain.

A good many of the incidents are in no way connected with school, though Mr. Home's sure hand has no reason to shun the latter topic. His boys, both in speech and action, are very colourable imitations of the real article, not mere self-conscious prigs; and life at St. Martin's, for a school of fiction, seems to have been remarkably sane and normal. Mr. Home sustains the interest to the end, and his combination of school life and adventure makes a very readable tale.

The illustrations (in colour), and the cover in which the publishers have dressed the book, are truly terrible.

Out of the Running. By Harold Avery. (Collins, 2s. 6d.).—When we found, on

an early page, the hero being joined by a "class-mate," we began to have doubts about the artistic merits of "Out of the Running" as a picture of public school life. Further perusal confirmed those doubts. Mr. Avery appears to be one of those unfortunate people



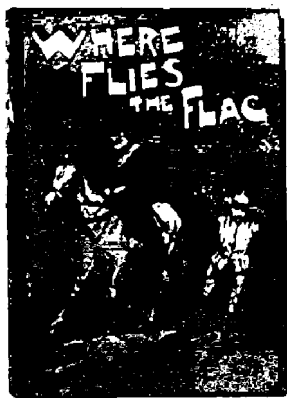
who overlook the fact that public schools, and the boys who attend them, are *not* all modelled upon certain standard patterns. He *might* have drawn for us some real boys—live boys, with individualities of their own, as most boys have in real life. Instead, his boys are stereotyped, one and all; and we confess that their stereotyped deeds and dialogue, eking out a stereotyped plot, have bored us not a little. The only occasions on which the boys of Claybrook do anything that is not stereotyped is when they commit absurdities. On a half-holiday, for instance, a member of the eleven goes off with two others, his captain tamely acquiescing, to drink coffee, play dominoes, and smoke cigarettes at a



gorgeous "French café" in the local country town. Believe us, Mr. Avery, these things are not done.

The Phantom Spy. By Fox Russell. (Nelson, 2s. 6d.).—There is only one thing more astonishing than the uncanny cunning of John Dare, British spy, nicknamed Le Fantôme, and that is the superlative stupidity of the Frenchmen he meets. The period is that of the Peninsular Wars. Dare, equally at home on the sea, on shore, and in the French language, performs wonders. He steals despatches, gags lighthouse-keepers, breaks prison, outwits sentinels, patronises patriotic smugglers, throws a wicked spy (French) over the cliffs, and passes from disguise to disguise so rapidly that he must sometimes be puzzled himself as to what he is supposed to be. He possesses, too, the inevitable "grim" and "inscrutable" smile, all to confound the Frenchmen's knavish tricks and to uphold the glory of Old England. No dangers daunt him, no Frenchman can outwit him: he smokes cigars calmly when the quiver of an eyelash might mean death. Finally, Dare escapes, even when a firing party has put him against a wall and done its worst. Le Fantôme is a little too overwhelming, perhaps, but the story rattles along in fine style, and every chapter simply bristles with incident. Admiral Sturdy, an old sea-dog, and Nobbs, a smuggler, are well-drawn, but Septimus Sounding, an exciseman, is credited with an abysmal ignorance worthy of the author's Frenchmen.

Where Flies the Flag. By Henry Harbour. (Collins, 2s. 6d.).—George Payne

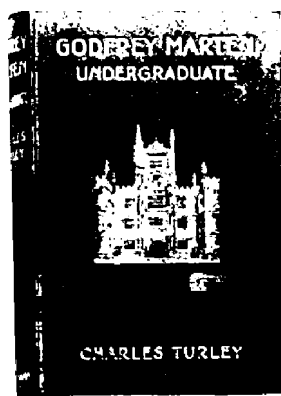


certainly wanders far and wide. When first we meet him he is trying farming in Canada, with a little moose shooting thrown in as amusement. Then he is fired with the idea of gold-mining in Klondyke; but hard work and little gold is Payne's portion in Dawson City, and he leaves the diggings and becomes a Bronco Buster in Alberta, where he learns the whole art of riding. This is very useful, indeed, for George joins the Imperial Rifles, and ships to the Cape when the Old Country asks for help against the Boers. He distinguishes himself and gains his commission. The adventures of his brother Harold, who is in the merchant service, fill up

a good portion of the book. There is no story, properly speaking, incidents on land and sea, where the flag flies, being strung together. These are of the usual stereotyped kind, and are only mildly exciting. Young boys and girls will like the book, but the average fourth former will demand something more rousing. There are, however, six fine illustrations by H. Rackham.

Godfrey Marten, Undergraduate.

By Charles Turley. (Heinemann, 5s.).—This is



a sequel to "Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy," wherein Mr. Turley shows that he knows public school life, the real thing, through and through. Marten leaves Cliborough and proceeds to Oxford. There are "rags," noisy and otherwise, in plenty: we meet undergrads and dons good, bad,

and indifferent, in store, and not for one half-page does the interest flag. St. Cuthbert's is a working college, but has a good reputation for sport. Dennison has the ambition of making it a college of "bloods": of fellows who wine and dine, gamble and loaf. He has some success, and the college reputation steadily drops. Marten, who gets his rugger "blue," and in his last year his cricket "blue," puts his shoulder to the wheel for the good of the college, and lifts it out of the mire. We like his friend Ward, a convert from Dennison's fold, immensely, and during the May Week we see his sister Nina, and wish the week had been a fortnight. This is the story of average Oxford life, told from the inside by one who knows. Godfrey and his friends are not scintillating impossibles, neither are they of the Tom and Jerry type, but clean, healthy-minded Englishmen, who can line up well at need. A better book of 'Varsity life than this would be hard to find.

The Mystery of a Bungalow. By Weatherby Chesney. (Methuen, 6s.).—Mr. Chesney's book contains two mysteries, the first of which is the death of the owner of the bungalow, the second that of a man who comes forward as the heir of the deceased. The latter part of the volume cannot be highly praised, for the claimant business is not carefully worked out; but the opening chapters are interesting, and the way in which the man meets his death

is unusual, and therefore deserving of praise. Throughout a simple love-story runs, but there is nothing in the book to call for a more detailed notice.

The President's Scouts. By Herbert Hayens. (The Clear-Type Press).—“Arms

and the man I sing” might be fitly inscribed on the title-page of Mr. Hayens’ stirring narrative, which carries us across the Atlantic into the scenes of the Chilian Civil War of 1891. The reader who follows the fortunes of Jack Mardon and his companions, Barnardo Mardon and

Enrique Hoyos, will get a very good idea of the events which led to the downfall of the ill-fated President Balmaceda. Jack is sent out to join his uncle, Balmaceda’s right-hand man, in Santiago. After a narrow escape from drowning—his ship sinks in a collision—he reaches the Chilian capital to find the country on the verge of hostilities. When the fighting begins he and his friends enjoy their full share of adventures as despatch-bearers and soldiers. They learn what defeat means at Pozo al Monte, near Iquique. Jack and Barnardo escape across the desert, and after great suffering reach the sea, where they are taken aboard the torpedo-gunboat *Condell*. This causes them to be present at the sinking of the *Blanco Encelada* in Caldera Bay—the one naval success of the Loyalist party. The villain of the piece, Garina, an Insurgent spy, leads them a pretty dance, during which some of their most exciting experiences occur. The book ends with the disastrous battle of Placilla, the dispersal of the Loyalists, and the escape of Jack and his relatives. Mr. Hayens tells his story in simple, but vivid, language; and, while giving a very accurate description of the campaign, keeps the reader so thoroughly interested that he is sorry when the last page has been turned.

The Closed Book. By William Le Queux. (Methuen, 6s.).—This is a very readable story of an adventure somewhat out of the beaten track. A collector of old books and curios chances upon a very rare and remarkable

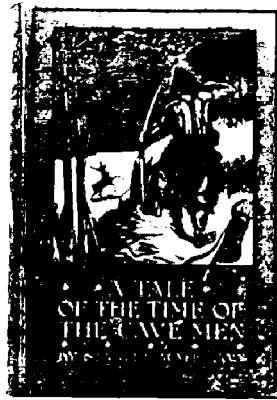
fourteenth-century manuscript, which he is fortunate enough to purchase for a song. It turns out that his “find” was once in the possession of the Borgias, and, to preserve a secret written on the fly-leaf, the pages have been envenomed with the famous poison known only to that family. The secret is the hiding-place of buried treasures, and the efforts of two groups of people acquainted with it to forestall each other in taking possession is the motive of the story.

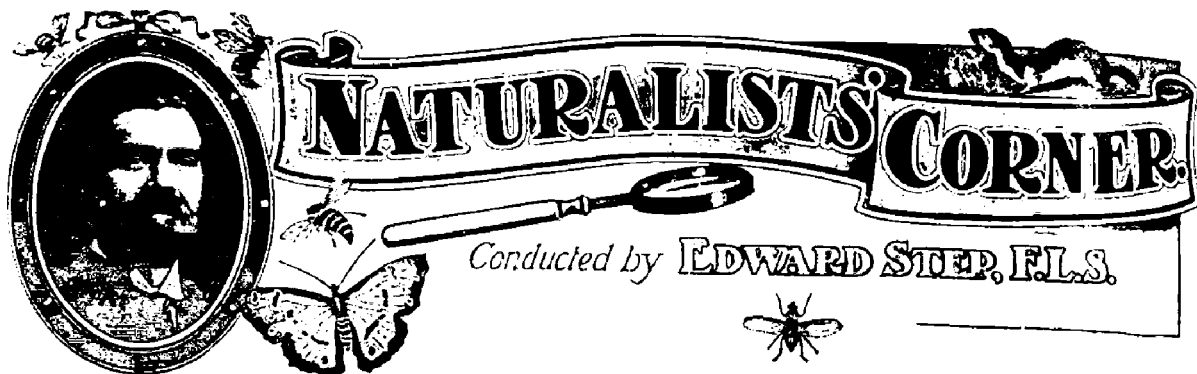
The Story of Ab. By Stanley Waterloo. (Black, 6s.).—“The Story of Ab”

is a tale of the time of the Cave Men, who lived in the Stone Age, a period so remote that it is impossible to assign to it a date. Mr. Waterloo tells his readers that he has been fortunate enough to have been assisted by some of the ablest searchers into the life-history of this pre-historic

epoch. He has, therefore, been able to present a background, of which the accuracy cannot be challenged in the existing state of knowledge. The author has not written a novel—he can scarcely claim to have written a story: rather has he presented a picture of the life of the young men and women in the days that were earlier. He tells of the adventures of Ab in the forest and in the open, and his experiences with sea-serpents and mammoths and women. With the latter young Ab was a favourite, and in the end he marries—marries, that is, according to the then prevalent customs. Mr. Waterloo must be thanked for having produced a volume that is interesting, and that does not follow in the hackneyed lines of boys’ books. There are eight illustrations by Mr. Simon Harmon Vedder, the colouring of some of which is startling in the extreme.

Tom Browne's Comic Annual (1904) is published by Henry J. Drane, price 1s. In addition to fifty-eight illustrations in Mr. Browne’s best manner, it contains stories by such talented authors as Dick Donovan, Harold Begbie, W. Pett Ridge, Mostyn T. Pigott, and others.





Conducted by EDWARD STEEP, F.L.S.

British Hawks.—J. S. Mellor (Malvern) asks for particulars of a book devoted exclusively to the British species of hawks. There are a number of books on hawks and hawking, written from the sporting point of view—several by Mr. J. E. Harting, F.Z.S.—but I do not remember one such as you appear to require. You will find information relating to each of the British species in any good work on British birds.

Keeping Pupæ.—H. H. Hamling (Barnstaple) has several pupæ all under the earth in his larvæ cage. The earth is quite dry, and he asks whether he ought to damp it to prevent the pupæ drying up. There is always a danger of "mould" when the soil is wetted. It would be well to remove them from their present quarters, and put in moist (not wet) earth in an unglazed flower-pot or seed-pan, over which may be placed a glass cylinder with the upper end covered with perforated zinc or gauze. The earth should be leaf-mould mixed with silver sand—a mixture which will not so readily dry up, and if it does will not cake. After the pupæ have been placed, and covered with leaf-mould, the whole should be covered with a layer of damp cocoa-nut fibre.

Dead Canary.—Miss A. Friedrichs (W. Hampstead) sends me a dead canary for *post-mortem* examination. As I have previously intimated, I cannot undertake this work, so far, at least, as dissection is implied. But from the particulars she sends me, in conjunction with a superficial inspection of the remains, I have little hesitation in ascribing the death to diarrhœa. As this is the third canary my correspondent has had from one establishment, and all have died within a few days of purchase, I should certainly try another dealer next time.

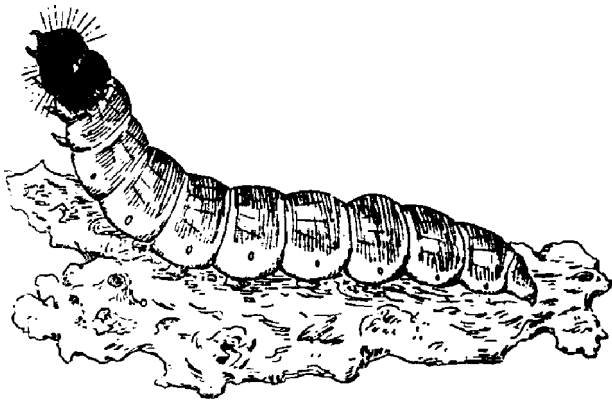
Tortoises Again.—"Testudinator" (Dover) asks what he ought to do with his three tortoises in winter. It is rather late to raise the question, which he hoped might be in time for the December CAPTAIN; but the greater part of the Christmas number was printed before his letter reached the office. There have been several replies on the subject of tortoises during the past six months, and it would be well if "Testudinator"

would look these up. Respecting the special circumstances you name, you should have a plot of ground turned up with the fork and left rough, so that the tortoises can bury themselves easily. If they are well-fed and in good condition, as all hibernating creatures require to be before "turning in," you need have no fear of their awakening in spring. But if they are not well-fed by autumn they are not likely to have sufficient vitality to carry them through the long winter's fast and sleep—whatever treatment you may adopt. If they show no disposition to burrow, you might try the plan you mention, of wintering them in boxes of earth, but these should be put away in a cool but frost-proof shed or cellar.

Tiger Moths.—R. W. Attwood (Brockley) is breeding the larvæ of the common tiger moth (*Arctia caja*), and is surprised to find that they are still feeding (some spinning up) instead of hibernating, as his previous experience led him to expect they would do. There is no doubt that your ability to supply them with suitable food has made all the difference. I have known them to be fed on cabbage all through the winter. Respecting *Callimorpha vera*, it would be worth while trying a similar method, for a friend of mine has succeeded in feeding them continuously instead of their hibernating. You should have no difficulty in getting a supply of dandelion leaves during the winter. You should join the South London Entomological and Natural History Society, Hibernia Chambers, London Bridge.

Diseased Love-bird.—In reply to W. V. S. (Bridgnorth), I can only suggest that the diseased state of the love-bird's foot is due to a want of cleanliness of the perches and floor of the cage. The perches should be frequently scraped and the floor cleaned every day, and then strewn with bird-sand. If birds are provided with a bath and a sanded floor, they can, as a rule, keep their own feet clean; but if, in spite of these precautions, dirt adheres and cakes, it must be removed by the bird-keeper, after first soaking the foot in warm water. That, I fear, is all you can do. It is better to aim at prevention; then the necessity for a cure will not arise.

Caterpillars.—E. G. Jones (Chorlton-cum-Hardy) found a caterpillar in Norfolk, last August, of which he would like to know the name; but, unfortunately, he trod upon it, so cannot send it for identification. As I have said before, the naming of animals and plants from insufficient material or unscientific description is no enviable task, for it is very easy to make a mistake under such conditions, and then grave injury to the reputation of the naturalist follows. He says it was about 4 inches long, 7-8ths of an inch round, yellow beneath, and mixed red, black, and yellow above. His Norfolk friends said they had never seen such an insect before. Well, I will venture a guess that it was the caterpillar of the goat-moth, an insect plentiful enough, but, on account of its habits, little known



CATERPILLAR OF GOAT-MOTH.

except to naturalists. Here is a portrait of it. It lives inside various trees, feeding upon the timber for two or three years, and boring long tunnels which let in air and moisture, and so hasten decay. Your other caterpillars from the nasturtium you do not describe, but they are probably those of the common white butterfly. Caterpillars do not lay eggs, and what you took for such were the cocoons of a small four-winged insect known as the ichneumon-wasp. Their mother laid her eggs in the skin of the caterpillar, upon which the grubs fed. Having now become full-grown, they have bored their way out and spun their cocoons, from which they will emerge as ichneumon-wasps to lay their eggs in other caterpillars.

Trees. W. Ewart (Langholm, N.B.) has undertaken to write an essay on the trees of his neighbourhood, for a mutual improvement society, and wants a book that would help him. The most recent book on the subject, and the most complete so far as our native trees are concerned, is my own "Wayside and Woodland Trees," with illustrations from photographs (F. Warne and Co., 6s.). I think it will give you the help you need.

Preserving Moths.—W. W. Baird

(Helensburgh) asks how to preserve moths, or for the title of a book on the subject. We have made several references to this matter recently, which it would be well for W. W. B. to look up in the "Corner." Briefly, the moths are killed by placing them in a "killing-bottle" (to be obtained from any dealer in natural history requisites), then they are pinned to a "setting-board," and their wings expanded and held in position by paper braces until the joints are "set" and hard. They are then removed to the store boxes or cabinet drawers, where a little naphthaline will protect them from the attacks of destroying mites, &c. To properly set forth the minute details of setting, &c., would take up more space than I have at disposal; but if you buy Knaggs' "Lepidopterists' Guide," which Watkins and Doncaster will send you for 1s., you will find the details there, with a vast amount of other information about collecting and preserving which it is necessary for you to acquire if you aim at making a collection of insects.

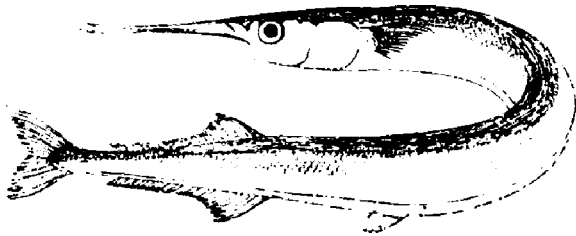
Farming.—D. F. Riley (Strood) asks me to write "a description of farming, how you start, and all the things a beginner should know." D. F. R. appears to forget that we department-editors acknowledge the sway of a superior being known as the O.F. What does he suppose would happen to me if I were to try and palm off an agricultural essay as natural history? Besides, I know nothing of farming, and should probably mislead him. He should have a talk with a farmer, or apply to the Agricultural College at Wye for their syllabus, which will show him the range of subjects taken in the training of a modern farmer.

Pond Life in Winter.—J. Morton (Croydon) has been presented with a fine microscope, and wishes to use it chiefly in the study of minute pond-life, but fears he must let it lie idle till spring, for lack of material. There is really no necessity for this, for any old-established pond that is rich in aquatic weeds should afford him an abundance of specimens at all seasons. He might also keep a small aquarium in his study, to which he should transfer some growing weeds from a good pond. Such plants as water-thyme and crowfoot will have their leaves covered with low organisms, which, even if inactive in the pond, will be stimulated into activity by the higher temperature indoors. Small samples of water should be taken from various ponds, and after examination should be turned into the aquarium. They will contain the germs of many organisms which will develop in due course. Such an aquarium, once established, will prove an inexhaustible source of supply for the microscope.

Suggestion.—W. Davison (Chester) suggests that I should devote a part of the Corner each month to a short article on the keeping of

some particular kind of pets, such as rabbits, mice, &c. The suggestion is a good one, but the practical difficulty lies in the want of space. Every month comes a little pile of letters asking for information on special points, and the answers to these, brief as they are, use up all the space, and frequently some of these have to be held over for want of room. But your request shall come under the eye of the O.F., and you may rely upon his doing what is best for meeting the requirements of the great body of "CAPTAIN" readers.

Name of Fish.—L. de Weck (Wimbledon) asks the name of a fish caught near St. Malo. "It is nearly eight inches long and has a very long kind of beak at its head, the upper part of which is about three-quarters of the length of the under one, which has at its tip a hook projecting downwards. The



GARFISH.

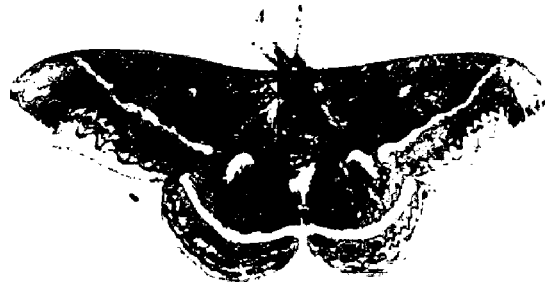
beak is plentifully armed with teeth." L. de W. sends further details and rough sketches of parts, from which it is clear that his fish is a young specimen of the garfish or longnose. It sometimes attains a length of 2½ feet, and its rich blue and bright silver colouring, combined with its singular form, make its identification easy. But if L. de W. wishes to catch further examples, he need not go so far as St. Malo, for it is plentiful on this side of the Channel, along the coasts of Devon and Cornwall.

Lark's Flight.—*Apropos* of the notes in recent CAPTAINS respecting the perching of larks—the accuracy of which I am able to vouch for from my own observations this summer—Mr. J. Marshall Sturge (Charlbury) asks if any of my readers have noticed a special peculiarity of this bird, viz., the very short time it remains in the air. He says, "It was stated to me that it comes down every four minutes. My own observations, however, would lead me to say that it sometimes remains in the air for seven minutes—very seldom longer." It would be very interesting if those of my readers who are interested in birds would make observations on this point, and let me know the results.

Query re Terrier.—J. R. B. Roberts (Gosforth) sends me half-a-dozen small photos of his dog, and asks what breed he is. I am sorry to say

that not one of these photos is sufficiently sharp and large to enable me to express anything more than a vague opinion that he must be some variety of the Scotch terrier. J. R. B. R. thinks this is not so, "because he does not carry his ears very pricked." This is really no distinction, for Scotch terriers may have either drooping or erect ears, and the coat varies greatly.

Canadian Queries.—K. W. Dowie (Montreal) sends me a couple of photos. Concerning the first (which we reproduce), he says: "The moth measured just six inches from tip to tip of its wings, and was coloured principally a beautiful brown. The spots and other lines were red, white, and black. My brother caught it near Montreal this summer, and I should like very much to know its name." It is the Great Brown Emperor Moth (*Samia cecropia*), a North American species, whose caterpillar feeds on wild plum, apple, birch, &c. Its large cocoon contains a considerable quantity of silk, and I remember that about thirty years ago serious attempts were made to introduce this and other silk-producing species into Britain, but the enterprise did not succeed. Of the second photo. K. W. D. says: "It is the wonderful Night-blooming Cactus, which blooms only once a year, and then only for a few hours near midnight. . . . Does this plant grow in the British Isles? The flowers measured about ten inches across." The plant photographed is a night-blooming cactus, but not



GREAT BROWN EMPEROR MOTH.

the species to which the name properly belongs. *The* Night-blooming Cactus is *Cereus nyctalis*, and has angular stems. K. W. D.'s plant is *Phyllocactus phyllanthus*, a South American species. It does not occur in this country, except as a cultivated plant in warm greenhouses; but the growers of cacti are not very numerous here, probably on account of frequent failure through wrong treatment. I am much interested in this group of plants, chiefly on account of their remarkable forms; therefore, I am glad to have the photo K. W. D. has sent me.

HELD-UP!

A Motoring Adventure
on the Prairie.

By JOHN MACKIE,

Author of
"The Rising
of the Red
Man," &c.



C. LOREN SOPER

IT was foolish of me to undertake the journey from Etzikom Coullée to Medicine Lodge in a six-horse car. Indeed, it came near to proving one of the most disastrous journeys I ever took, and my relatives and kind friends are never weary of reminding me of the fact that I have engaged in a few unhappy things in my time.

If you look at the map of the Canadian North-West Provinces you will see the scene of the adventure I am about to relate. It is in the south-west corner of Assiniboia, near a lake called Pah-ogh-kee, which in the Indian tongue means Bad Water Lake. If you are debilitated into drinking from it in summer or break a hole in the ice in winter, you realise to the full the meaning of the word "bad"—that is to say, if you survive the consequences.

I had come out from the old country to visit some friends in Calgary, Alberta, and

also to look once more upon the great lone prairie land, for here it may be as well to state that in the days of my youth I wore the Queen's red coat as a North-West Mounted Policeman, and, with other congenial spirits, qualified for the great Lost Legion.

I had got the car in Calgary, and it was my intention to make back to Maple Creek by the old police patrol trail, across that wild and unsettled stretch of prairie country where still little wandering bands of Piegan, Blood, renegade Sioux, and Cree Indians roam, looking for game or stray cattle to kill, or even, perhaps, a prying band of Sarcees with which to try conclusions, after the manner of the good old days. It is a mistake to suppose that the Indian of to-day has changed. It is his environment that has changed, and though in some parts of the provinces he goes to church, and his children go to school, I have not the slightest

dcubt that he would gladly return to-morrow to the old days of raiding and scalping, if only circumstances permitted. The leopard cannot change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin.

I had left the solitary police outpost of *Pendant d'Oreille* about 9 a.m., and started on my sixty miles' run to the outpost at Medicine Lodge. Several years before, I had been in charge of the detachment there, and on two or three occasions had accompanied the weekly patrol to the first-named place, so that I fancied I remembered the ground fairly well. I was alone and going at the rate of about ten miles an hour. It was a glorious, sunny day—it is always sunny in the north-west—and I was enjoying to the full the vast unfettered expanse of land and sky. There was nothing around me save the silvery green sage-bush, the nodding sunflowers, and the hundred and one other flowers that go to make the prairie so beautiful. Away to the south rose the dim outline of the Sweet Grass Hills, and the Bear Paw Mountains in Montana, and gradually growing upon my sight the gleaming blue of the Bad Water Lake. Its banks were crusted with snow-white alkali. It looked for all the world like a great turquoise in a silver setting. I was gradually coming abreast of it when suddenly a sight presented itself that for the moment made me apprehensive, then caused me to laugh heartily. Six mounted Indians, made picturesque by the old-time glory of war paint and feathers, stood watching me from a slight rise about a mile ahead. Their rifles rested crossways on the pommels of their saddles, and their appearance somehow suggested mischief. Probably a few weeks before they had been resting quietly on their reserves, or selling buffalo horns at Medicine Hat railway station to travellers, but the old wild nomadic instincts had come back to them, and they were determined to have a high old time at all costs.

It was really a ludicrous sight to see these Indians clear on the approach of my car. They had doubtless neither seen nor heard of such a means of locomotion in their lives. They must at first have taken me for some supernatural being, since I could dispense with horses. Moreover, my peaked cap and begoggled eyes must have given me the appearance of some strange monster. They stood at gaze for a minute or two as if spell-bound, but when I gave them a friendly *toot-toot*, they wheeled their horses and

fled. Having no firearms with me I was not sorry, for there was no telling how easily redskins out for a holiday and playing at old times might slip into grim reality. They kept easily ahead, looking back every now and again to see if I were coming. It seemed to me they were discussing the phenomenon of the horseless car, and were undecided as to what they should do in the matter. By some good or ill fortune, I happened to look back, and saw that my tent, which had been packed up on the back seat, had fallen, and was lying on the trail. I pulled up, made everything secure, and leisurely walked back to get it. Arrived at the spot, I put it over my shoulder, and prepared to return. Then, to my horror, I saw something that gave me a bad three minutes. The old instincts and curiosity of the Indians had been too much for them, and they had turned, and were bearing down upon me with wild, shrill whoops, brandishing their rifles in the air over their heads, and otherwise amusing themselves. It was anything but a laughing matter to me now. They reached the car and jumped off their horses. I was in for it, and had to face the situation as best I could. My former experience with Indians would surely stand me in good stead.

"*How-koola, Niche!*" I said, by way of salutation, on approaching them.

Then, according to their invariable and objectionable custom, they all insisted on shaking hands with me, and the very next minute relapsed into a state of discomfiting aggressiveness.

They were Cree Indians who had not taken treaty, and, as a consequence, gave themselves airs. One of the six, with a huge aquiline nose, who was evidently the wit of the party, constituted himself spokesman. He might have been considered handsome had it not been for his aforesaid nasal adornment, a villainous squint, and a certain air of blood-thirstiness in his general appearance. I had not forgotten my Cree. so was able to understand what he said.

"Brother," he asked, "where are your horses?"

He was evidently a witch-finder, and eyed me triumphantly. I could not actually swear he looked at me—the squint made that impossible.

It was a poser, but I answered that my car worked on much the same principles as the great iron horses that ran on the Canadian Pacific Railway; which, of course, they must have seen. I was on the point





BANG, BANG, BANG! AND THEIR RIFLES BEGAN TO RING OUT.

of explaining that alcohol took the place of coal, but checked myself in time. I knew the unquenchable weakness of the noble Red man for anything of the nature of fire-water only too well, and was anxious to continue my journey.

"But where, O Brother, are the long iron ways on which the wheels of your Red-River cart should run?" persisted the clever one. "We know that the medicine of the Pale-face does many wonderful things, but there is a limit even to his magic."

I resented my beautiful motor-car being

likened to a Red-River cart, and tried to explain that it was a new kind of iron horse built expressly for the prairies, and did not require rails, but I could see that my explanation did not carry conviction.

Then a choleric-looking little Red man, whose chief mission in life seemed to lie in contradicting everything that was said, asked me to show the fuel with which I fed the fire which fed the iron horse. He had on several occasions, he said, examined the iron horses on the main line of the C.P.R. when they were being fed and

watered, so it was no use telling *him* lies. If I did not at once convince them that my cart was not the work of the spirit of evil himself, he would propose that I should be shot and then scalped for the good of mankind at large.

It was hardly a pleasant prospect, and it was incumbent that I should take some definite line of action. Besides, the Indians were evidently a bold, inquisitive, and reckless lot, and, in their misguided sentiment to revive their picturesque past, were not likely to stop at trifles.

"The wise sayings and the laughter of my brothers are pleasant to hear," I remarked, after their own flowery fashion. But when I tried to laugh myself, I realised that my efforts at conciliation had been a miserable failure. I even attempted to mount the car so as to drive off, but the cross-eyed one put a huge hand on my chest, and I stayed where I was.

"Our brother laughs as the silver fox laughed when he was caught in a trap, and asked the bear to come and sit on the spring," observed the ugly one, sententiously.

I could have slain him where he stood when the others joined him in their mirthless cackle. I looked around despairingly, but, of course, there was no one in sight in that wild spot—nothing but that vast expanse of rolling grey and pale-blue sky. But I had a bottle of their beloved fire-water in the box. Surely that would propitiate them. It was a bottle of old spirits that I carried about for medicinal purposes, and although it was heart-breaking to waste such a brand on savages who could hardly be expected to distinguish between it and the vilest horse medicine, the sacrifice would have to be made.

I explained that I had something to give them, and they allowed me to fish out the bottle. The cork had only been put in loosely, and came out at the first wrench administered by my friend the witch-finder.

As long as I live I shall never forget the face he made when he put that bottle to his lips and took a long pull. The tears came into his eyes, but by an extraordinary effort he managed to control himself.

Then I realised what had happened. *I had handed him by mistake an old whisky bottle in which I kept kerosene.*

I trembled, but to my astonishment the wit quietly handed the bottle to the choleric little man who was always contradicting him. It was clearly a case of reprisals.

I thought the choleric one would have died after the steady drain he took. His contortions and splutterings were painful to witness.

They doubtless thought I had tried to poison them, for in another minute they had pounced upon me and tied my hands to my sides. Then they found the real bottle, and with more or less success used it as an antidote. To tamper with the machine itself was a natural sequence. At last they found what I feared they would, the tap of the alcohol that constituted my fuel. Here, at last, was unlimited fire-water of superior quality. They forgot all about me for the time being, and drank greedily. In less than half-an-hour they were rolling about, yelling like fiends, in the immediate neighbourhood, in an advanced stage of intoxication. Now was my time.

I managed to free my hands, and, finding a jack-knife under one of the cushions, succeeded in severing the rope that rather hampered my movements. Unnoticed, I got things into working order, and, jumping into the car, started off.

When the Indians realised that I was about to escape, they made for their horses and managed to mount; then, putting on full speed, I prayed for a clear course. Bang, bang, bang! and their rifles began to ring out. But they were too far gone to do much harm, and the bullets whizzed past. Looking back, I saw that two of their horses were riderless. The riders must have come very bad croppers indeed. Half-an-hour later, while three of them were still following me up, but swaying badly in their saddles, I crossed a little rise and drove right into a mounted police patrol.

And then the tables were turned with a vengeance, and the police found some bad Indians for whom they had been looking.

Alcohol as fuel has its advantages.



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SCHOOL MAGAZINES



City of London School Magazine.

—An excellent example of that type of school magazine which one may term the eminently respectable. Outside and in, both in matter and manner, the *City of London School Magazine* is as dignified as its title, or the civic arms upon its cover. One may usually look with confidence for something of note in this well-conducted periodical, and in the number before us there are two general articles of interest. The first gives some "Impressions of a Scottish University"—Glasgow, to wit. 'Varsity life in Scotland is very different, of course, from that at Oxford or Cambridge, the social life of the latter being notably absent north of the Tweed.

Incidentally, the writer comments on the atrocious effect (to him) of "Sophocles with a Scotch accent." One is apt to forget, naturally, that to a Scotsman, Thucydides as rendered by a Sassenach tongue must be equally excruciating. It is curious how absorbed one becomes in one's own point of view. The present writer is acquainted with an English lady who, on her first visit to New York, was smilingly told by an American hostess that her conversation was rendered doubly entertaining because "she spoke with such an *English* accent." Greek, one must admit, would sound more suitable in a Scot's "broad Doric" than in a Londoner's cockney.

"Inter Librarios" is a suggestive little paper on the costers' barrows round Smithfield.

At this season of the year, the barrels of shining fruit are most in evidence: from the rosy (perhaps too rosy) apple of Kent to the grape of Palermo or the date of Jamaica, all the fruits of the world are for sale—none more than a penny apiece.

Romance is everywhere—if you care to look for it. He that hath eyes to see, let him see.

Fettesian.—"Viator" gives an account of a long tramp in the Lake District, but his narrative is singularly uninspiring. No doubt for anyone desirous of following, with sheep-like fidelity, the exact route taken by the author and his chum, the geographical details will be highly useful. It is likewise interesting to learn that certain of the lakes were "pretty" and that the Langdale Pikes are "a most imposing line of peaks." But we should have liked to hear what personal impressions "Viator" received during his tramp. Surely four days amidst the grandeur of the Lakes stirred *some* emotions within him! Or are we to take this concluding paragraph as representing the sole reflection which occurred to him?

Not contented, we pushed on to Ambleside that night, where we arrived, tired out, at 10.30, having had twelve hours' walking, and having traversed in that time a full thirty miles—equal to a good deal more in Lakeland—including three high passes and the highest mountain. No bad day's work!

"No bad day's work." Possibly if he had walked less he might have seen more.

Haileyburian.—In a postscript to the cus-

tomary "Haileybury Letter" we find this interesting little paragraph:—

The following inscription has just been put up on a board which is fastened to the oak on the Terrace Field:—
STRUCK BY LIGHTNING,
JUNE 2, 1898.

Saepe Jovis telo quereus adusta viret. OVID.

19.9.04. E. L.

Harrowian.—"Vox Populi" writes to the Editor to complain that the *Harrowian* is not sufficiently stimulating. Personally, we had always looked upon the paper in the flimsy dark-blue wrapper as one of the best of its kind. It seldom sinks to the banality which mars some of its contemporaries, and often it contains admirable contributions and interestingly-presented news. "Vox Populi" demands "a fiction column for budding novelists," and suggests a competition for the best "light and stirring one-act drama." Of course, if the Editors should discover latent literary or dramatic talent amongst their readers, by all means let them encourage it. For what else should they hold office? But indiscriminate fiction and "one-act dramas"! *Di vident!*

From the news column of the latest number before us we take the following paragraph:—

An extract quoted by the press from a recently published book, entitled "The Reminiscences of a First Whipper-in," details a story of the first occasion on which the author saw Mr. J. M. Richardson on horseback. "His riding costume," he says, "was white flannels, for a Sixth Form game was being played on the Harrow Cricket Ground, and Richardson was, I fancy, fielding at long leg—at any rate during the progress of the game the old brown horse, whose daily occupation was to draw the ground roller, happened to be grazing in the vicinity." The sequel may be easily guessed, though the capacity of the long-suffering animal to "gallop round and round the field" must compel a certain surprise among those who have made even a cursory study of the type. In how great a degree Mr. Richardson's double victory in the Grand National was due to his remarkable methods of fielding at cricket we are left in doubt.

Heretaungan.—News from over the seas we are always glad to get, and we welcome (though a trifle late) the September number of the *Heretaungan* from New Zealand. There is little of general interest to comment upon, the whole number being taken up by school news. Captains of football, however, in search of a new school cry, may gain a few hints from the following poem of the Heretaungans:—

Tupato! Tupato!
Heretaunga kei te maraaha
Tonu matou
Kia maia, kia toa
Kia maia, kia toa.

It was only the other day that we read of the match between the British touring XV. and a team of Maoris. No wonder the latter play well with fierce chants of that kind to spur them on.

Lily (Magdalen College School).—
The boy with the soul of a globe-trotter should be

restrained from putting into writing an account of his "travels." He merely exposes his fatuous insensibility to anything but the commonplace and suburban, and is in no way edifying or inspiring. A contributor to the *Lily* concludes a very bald and uninteresting account of how he "did" Tangier, with this luminous remark:—

Coming to the conclusion that a view of Moorish life was a rather expensive luxury, we made our way back to the pier and dismissed our guide.

Just what we should have expected. We only wonder that he ever left the pier—or the boat. The contribution, by the way, is headed "Letter from Tangiers," though we never knew before that the name of the Moorish town was spelt with a final s. Was he thinking of Algiers, we wonder—or of Tangierines?

Malvernian.—While "K." continues to write for the *Malvernian*, that magazine will always be the one to which we shall turn with the most pleasurable anticipations. In the number before us he contrasts, with almost melancholy skill, the high hopes and ambitions of youth, and the flat, stale, profitless ending to which, as a rule, they come—their owner placidly acquiescing in the lessening flights of his erstwhile soaring spirit. "We are all determined to be heroes, and mostly destined to be clerks." But such dismal pessimism is not unrelieved. "We are mostly destined to be clerks," says "K." You and I, reader, if we have the grit, may yet realise, if only in some small measure, that vaulting ambition of our youth. Even if we achieve but a part, that is something; and since the realisation is but a feeble semblance of the anticipation, crush not the yearning spirit within you, but let it spur you on to further deeds.

Dream on, dreamer! Gaze yet more deeply into the fire, stir the magic coals again. Hope and memory are the salt of life; never yet has promise of fancy been equalised by the performance of fact. Dream on! Work on! Work in the present; dream in the future and the past. "Ignorance is bliss," 'tis true; they suffer least, who think least. Yet the mind has joys of its own no less, if it shun the foreground of reality, and fix its gaze on things present and things to come, seen faintly fair through the rose-lit veil of memory and of hope.

Mill Hill Magazine.—Staid as usual, with one article—an interesting one—on "German Student Life" to catch the general reader's taste. We would suggest that the mass of school news—match reports and the like, which form always such a prominent feature of the *Mill Hill Magazine*—might be served up in more attractive fashion. The long pages of statistics in small type are formidable to attack and wearisome to wade through. The "Old Millhillians" column seems to be well and adequately done.

Silcoates School Magazine.—There is plenty of good material here, but it is feebly presented. To use a technical phrase, the "make-up" is poor. Could not a little more originality and taste be displayed in the arrangement of the various articles, reports, and items of news? At present there is nothing attractive about the appearance of the magazine. And why give way to the too prevalent fashion of Latin phrases, wherever they can be dragged in? "Acta Silcotiorum," as the title of a column of school jottings, may be thoroughly academic, but it is supremely ugly. The letter addressed by a new boy to Admiral Rojdestvensky of the Russian Baltic Fleet, is amusing and interesting, but we question the wisdom of publishing it in *extenso*, with the writer's

name, age, and so forth. It should have been kept for private circulation.

Tollingtonian.—The Editor contrasts "with a certain amount of warmth" the recent disapproval expressed in these columns of the *Tollingtonian's* cover, with a previous utterance which described the said cover as "tasteful." The discrepancy, we would observe, is due to a change in the personality of the magazine reviewer. As to our query in regard to the design upon the cover—What does it mean?—the Editor delivers himself as follows:—

In the foreground stands an ancient tripod with smouldering contents, fit emblem of superstition and ignorance, while behind it is thrust back the veil, whose heavy folds have so long concealed from man and boy the glorious and inspiring truths of science.

But now we rejoice to say the heavy curtain is slowly being rolled back—by whom? By the *TOLLINGTONIAN*, of course. Does not its name stand plainly at the head of the enchanting allegor? Do not the rays of life-giving wisdom spread forth from it as the sun's rays from our luminary? What could be more obvious? Of course, a few people may not have heard of us, but the greatest movements have often hidden causes, and there is no *Tollingtonian* but thoroughly believes that his school is the greatest and most successful of the world's means of enlightenment.

And what does the removal of the veil reveal? A view of the everlasting hills, symbol of eternal truths, always present, but only now, under the efforts of the *TOLLINGTONIAN*, being slowly understood—and from them flows the pleasant stream of learning, pure and limpid, un sullied by cruelty and superstition, offering to the seekers after wisdom a sweet, refreshing draught.

How's that for an allegory? Of course, it's all fun, but when people ask you, "What does it mean?" you will be able to tell them.

"How's that for an allegory?" Very nice, to be sure, but—Evidently we must be painfully dense, but upon our sacred honour we quite failed to read the allegory aright. After all, an allegory should at least be capable of interpretation, and more obscure hieroglyphics than those on the *Tollingtonian's* cover we have seldom been asked to unravel. The "ancient tripod with smouldering contents" we recognise, though we had doubts whether it was not intended for a drawing-room flower-pot, but that the "heavy veil," which we took to be a skimpy cretonne curtain, is being rolled back, we deny. On the contrary, it hangs before us with stolid inertness, and only on the presumption of economy in material can the ordinary mind explain why it only stretches half-way along the cornice-pole. The sun's rays we *did* recognise in the conventional emblem at the top of the cover, but we could only account for their presence by the supposition that the artist had put them in to fill up a blank space. As to the "everlasting hills" and the "pleasant stream of learning" disclosed by the half-drawn "veil," our barbarian eyes took them to be part of the garden next door, seen from over the top of the brick wall in the foreground. Even now the river of learning, which flows in such a symmetrical zigzag through the middle distance, looks to us more like a trickle from the hose-pipe than a "pleasant stream, pure and limpid."

We tender most contrite apologies to the Editor of the *Tollingtonian*. His cover is, of course, excellent. With an explanatory footnote at the bottom of the page it would be perfect.

Other Magazines received, at the date of going to press, include the *Blue*, *Hurst Johnian*, *Lorettonian*, *Ousel*, *Olavian*, *Quarterly Review* (Liverpool Industrial School), *Salopian*, *Sedburghian*, *Tonbridgian*, and the *Isis*.

A. E. JOHNSON.



THE RABBIT TRAPPER.
Drawn for THE CAPTAIN by Charles Tressider.

THE DUFFER.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," &c.

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

SYNOPSIS.

This story concerns the fortunes of George Wellington Denver, a boy of sixteen, who spends several years at Silverdown, a public school, without achieving anything creditable. Finally, being very miserable, and anxious to escape from a disreputable set he is mixed up with, he procures his expulsion by breaking a very strict rule. On hearing that George has purposely brought this dishonour on himself, his father, Dr. Denver, gives the boy a severe horse-whipping. The thrashing is brought to an end by the intervention of Joyce, George's ten-year-old sister, and George dashes out into the storm which is raging at the time. Seeking a favourite spot under the cliffs (he lives at Mellerby, a small seaside place), he throws himself down and gives vent to his misery. There, waked and forlorn, he is found by Munro, an artist, who occupies a bungalow near the beach. Munro befriends the boy and dries his clothes, but George, nevertheless, catches a severe cold. When he is well enough to leave his room his father tells him that he must go to school again, but George emphatically refuses to do so. Eventually he is given temporary employment in the office of Garrick and Mappin, a firm of Mellerby solicitors. Mr. Mappin, the junior partner, admires Molly, George's pretty sister of seventeen, and it is with the hope of improving his relations with the Denver family that he offers George this post. The boy, though he tries his best, does not give much satisfaction at the solicitors' office, and it is the opinion of Andrews, the managing clerk, that he will never do any good at this kind of work. George, however, has a considerable talent for music, and he is encouraged to persevere in this direction by Mr. Wall, organist at Mellerby parish church, who gives him lessons for nothing. Living in the town is a very old lady, named Mrs. Pardoe, said to be a centenarian. This old lady, who is very sharp-witted, considering her years, keeps in touch with the Denver family by the unconscious agency of little Joyce, who, when some trouble has arisen, or when she particularly wants anything, writes a letter to God, and posts it in an old oak tree which stands near Mrs. Pardoe's garden. These letters are taken out of the tree by Mrs. Pardoe. In one of them Mrs. Pardoe learns that Munro, the artist, is very poor, and so by way of assisting him she commissions him to paint her portrait. In the course of the story it is shown how Munro incurs the enmity of John Blunt (nicknamed, on account of his appearance, "Black Jack"), a huge boatman, of disreputable character. One day Blunt publicly insults Munro, and in the course of the encounter that follows gets much the worst of it. Burning with a desire for revenge, the ruffian waits for the artist late that night by the latter's bungalow. Whilst a thunder-storm is raging, Blunt sees the figure of a man approaching the bungalow door. Taking this to be Munro, Blunt falls on him with a boat hook, and is about to repeat the blow when the prostrate man is killed by a flash of lightning, and by the glare of the lightning Blunt sees that his victim is not Munro, but Dr. Denver. All efforts to find Black Jack prove fruitless, and he is supposed to have escaped out to sea in a rowing-boat. It is computed that when the practice has been sold the three children will have about sixty pounds a year to live upon. Mrs. Pardoe, who has recently bought a farm near Mellerby, commissions Munro to offer the children new quarters at the farmhouse. When Munro calls at Theables to put this proposal before them, he is told by Molly that a London theatrical manager has offered her an engagement, and that she would like to have his advice on the

matter. Munro is against her taking the engagement; nevertheless, Molly departs for London, and ultimately adopts the stage as her profession. Mrs. Pardoe's offer of accommodation is accepted, and George and Joyce remove to the farm. Munro goes up to town for the winter, and Mappin makes frequent visits to London, ostensibly on business, but really with the object of seeing Molly. Apparently the girl does not favour his advances, for his temper grows very short, and at Christmas he informs George that his services will not be required any longer by Garrick and Mappin after the commencement of the New Year. When George leaves he tries hard to get another post, but unsuccessfully, and his troubles culminate in a painful inflammation of the eyes which makes him fear that he is going blind.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TIME DRAWETH NIGH.

MRS. PARDOE was sitting in her parlour. The fire was burning briskly and giving out a genial warmth in which the big tortoiseshell cat and her companion, an aged spaniel, recumbent on the hearthrug, were basking enjoyably. The sun's watery rays hardly found a speck of dust to reveal, for the old-fashioned furniture was polished to a mirror-like smoothness, and the whole appearance of the room showed that the good Hannah, Mrs. Pardoe's widow-servant, was an indefatigable plier of broom and brush. A few oil-paintings—dim with years—and half-a-dozen etchings garnished the walls; the bottom shelf of the bookcase was solemn with bound volumes of magazines that ceased to appear decades ago, while above these, in serried rows with sombre bindings, stood early editions of dead-and-gone authors who were boys when the owner of the bookcase was a grown woman. On the shelves of a cabinet were gathered a varied array of curiosities which took one back to the time when Mrs. Pardoe was a girl. Here lay a pair of cumbrous candle-snuffers; there hung a sturdy oaken watchman's rattle, with a voice that could have been heard the length

of Mellerby high street; here, again, was a tiny ebony box containing coins—such as the golden seven-shilling-piece—that have long since passed out of the currency. The cabinet and its hoard took one dreaming back to the Georgian era. All sorts of ancient goods, indeed, did Mrs. Pardoe's dwelling boast—some much older, and some just as old as its mistress, and she was "an hundred."

The daily newspaper lay on the floor and Mrs. Pardoe's spectacles on the little table which was generally to be seen by her side, wherever she was sitting. The old lady herself seemed strangely inert for so early an hour—for her breakfast had only recently been cleared away. Generally at this time she was to be found scanning the news with unflinching interest—but to-day she had barely glanced at the summary of happenings.

She had been sitting in this listless condition for half-an-hour when she was aroused by a tap on the door and the entrance of Hannah.

"The Doctor, ma'am," said the widow, proceeding to brush an imaginary speck off the table-cloth and then to sweep a few morsels of cinder under the grate.

The servant went out and in a few moments reappeared with Mr. Deadwood. Clad in a thick ulster, the new doctor looked quite monstrous as he towered above the lean little servant.

Mrs. Pardoe put out a hand which seemed to be composed entirely of skin, bone, and wrinkled veins. Deadwood drew off his big driving-glove.

"I like your handshake, Doctor," said the old lady. "Some men try to wring one's arm off, some to crush one's poor old bones, and some are afraid to do anything but touch you. There's a way of striking the happy medium. Sit down, pray! What a big fellow you are, to be sure—and how are you getting on?"

Deadwood was somewhat taken aback by the suddenness of the question, but he managed to reply that he was getting along all right.

"That's well. You followed a good man. He was hot-blooded and haughty, and I didn't like him, but he knew his work. I'm told you do, too."

"I hope so, madame."

"Times have changed since I last had a doctor to see me," proceeded Mrs. Pardoe. "All sorts of new-fangled ideas have come into the world. They look right into your body now and take photographs of one's skeleton. Heavens! what next? Well, thank goodness, for many a long day I've never been troubled with sickness but what I could cure by myself. The last doctor

that came into my house killed my poor husband. That was forty years ago. Not a doctor has crossed my doorstep since then—professionally."

Deadwood felt honoured and perhaps looked as if he felt so, for Mrs. Pardoe hurried to add: "But you needn't think you're going to have the run of the place. I've only called you in to ask you a few questions, young man, and I'm not going to take any physic. The fact is, for a month or more I've not been feeling myself——"

"At your advanced age, madame——" began Deadwood, in a very proper medical tone.

"I beg your pardon—I was speaking," Mrs. Pardoe interrupted, somewhat testily. "As I was saying, I have not been feeling well for some time. I want to go to bed at half-past eight, and I don't want to get up when I awake at my usual time. In other ways, I enjoy good health. I have no pain at all. Now, what is the matter with me? I should like your opinion."

For form's sake Deadwood looked at the old lady's tongue, felt her pulse, and put a few stereotyped questions to her. But he could see that she was suffering from no temporary ailment. It was a straightforward case of ebbing vitality.

Then he reflected. From some patients he had to withhold the truth; to others he spoke openly. It all depended upon their nerves and the effect he calculated his pronouncement would have upon their spirits. Here, before him, was a woman with nerves of steel. There was no need to trifle with her.

"Your complaint," he said, "is old age. That, and nothing else."

She bowed her head as if in silent submission to the inevitable. Already she had lived thirty years beyond the span of life allotted to a strong man or woman. She could think, and talk, and see, and hear, and feel—yet the end was near.

It was curious to be told a truth like this in broad daylight, with the sunbeams striking athwart the crimson tablecloth and the bustle of the township's workaday life in her ears. The fitting hour for such a sentence should have been a night hour; her judge, a grey-haired physician, a veteran with the seams of years upon his face. Yet it was just a quarter to ten on a bright January morning—and her informant a prosaic young bull-dog of a surgeon—a mere big boy!

She did not even sigh as she bowed her head. She just smoothed down her apron with her thin old fingers, and at length raised her head and

gazed keenly at the young man in the heavy frieze driving-coat.

"Thank you, Doctor. You mean, I shall not live very much longer. It is right of you to tell me the truth. Well, you must come and see me again now and then—just to let me know how much older I am looking! You'll find me a good patient. You doctors like to have a lot of old ladies on your lists, eh?"

She smiled grimly, and as she turned her face towards the window the sunshine illumined her furrowed features and set Deadwood marvelling at her great strength. He had attended other very old people, but mostly they had been bedridden, helpless, with all sorts of aches and pains, whining and shrivelled up. Here was one of sterner mould altogether—a monument of will and pluck and tough fibre! But, despite her tenacious grip on life, and the resolution that was pictured in her pointed chin and close-set lips, he knew there were not many months of existence left for this world-weary old lady. And she, too, had known it when she called him in to say out loud what Nature had lately been telling her in whispers.

Presently the silence was broken by the voice of Nancy (who had by this time become regularly engaged to the lovelorn Tom Cooper). The maid announced that Miss Denver had called and wished to see the Doctor.

"Miss Denver?" said Mrs. Pardoe, with puckered brows. "Now, which of the girls can it be? I heard the elder one was on the stage."

"This must be the little one," said Deadwood.

"I hope she is not ill," rejoined the old lady. "Tell her to come in," she added to Nancy, who had only opened the door an inch or two.

The door was pushed further ajar, and Joyce entered. The child was rosy-faced with health and the keen air, but both Deadwood and his patient noticed that she was greatly upset. There was a strained, anxious look in her eyes, and her lips were trembling a little.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Pardoe, turning kindly to the small caller, "and what is the trouble?"

Curiously enough, though she had sundry little letters in Joyce's handwriting stored away in a drawer of which she alone kept the key—though she knew the child by sight and had become acquainted with her fortunes by reading those little letters—Mrs. Pardoe had never as yet spoken to Joyce. They were—save for that letter-box in the Great Oak—entire strangers. George and Joyce had called to thank Mrs. Pardoe for the home she had provided for them at the farm, but the old lady was lying down and Hannah would not disturb

her. They had not called again, but George had written their thanks, and Mr. Elphinstone had been commissioned by Mrs. Pardoe to say that she was much obliged by his letter and hoped they would be quite comfortable. Now, therefore, for the first time, Joyce found herself face to face with her benefactress. Naturally, she felt somewhat overawed, but Mrs. Pardoe herself was suddenly filled with a great gentleness and love for the child whose simple petitions for aid had been taken into such safe and sure keeping.

"I called to ask Dr. Deadwood to come and see my brother," said Joyce.

"What is wrong with your brother?"

"His eyes," replied Joyce. "He can't bear to look out of them."

"His eyes, eh? Oh, the Doctor will soon put them right. Has he been studying too much—I thought he was a lazy boy?"

"Oh, he isn't lazy!" cried Joyce, hotly. "I beg your pardon," she added, "I didn't mean to be rude."

"Rude! You only spoke up as a sister should for a brother, little one. So he isn't lazy, eh? What does he do?"

"He has nothing to do now except copy music, and its through copying so much that he has hurt his eyes," Joyce informed her. "They have always been rather weak, you see."

"But I thought he had employment in an office," said Mrs. Pardoe.

"He had to leave at the beginning of the year," explained Joyce. "I don't know why, I'm sure, because he really did do his best. Mrs. Andrews has told me so. She is the wife of Mr. Andrews, who was over George in the office."

"Hum!" said Mrs. Pardoe. "So Garrick and Mappin dismissed him, although he did his best? That wasn't Garrick's doing, I'm sure. I know the old man too well. But your brother has had *some* work, you say?"

"Mr. Wall gave him church music to copy. Mr. Wall has been very, *very* kind to my brother. George says he is a brick."

"Mr. Wall is the organist, is he not?"

"Yes; he has taught George the organ for nothing."

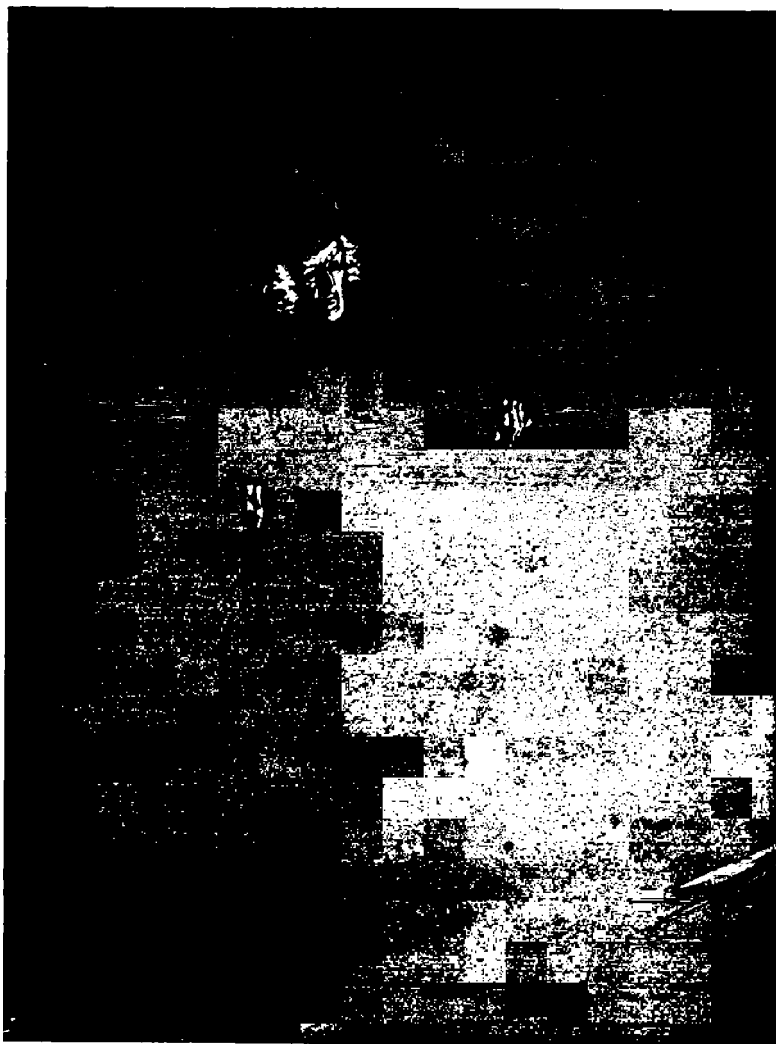
"I shouldn't have thought he could have afforded to do anything for nothing on his miserable salary," commented Mrs. Pardoe. "It's extraordinary," she added, for Deadwood's benefit, "what starvation wages these musical folk work for. I daresay you pay your coach man more than the church pays Wall, eh, Doctor?"

"I daresay I do," agreed Deadwood.

"Well, as to these poor eyes, Doctor; will you

please go at once and see Master Denver? And tell your brother from me, Miss Joyce, that I'm very sorry to hear of it and hope he'll soon be better. And, Doctor, you might come in tomorrow and let me know how the eyes are getting on. There—go along with the Doctor, my dear—he'll drive you up with him."

That afternoon, the weather being favourable, Mrs. Pardoe ventured out for a short



MRS. PARDOE WAS SITTING BY THE FIRE.

walk. Not along the street, but up and down her garden, where the dry gravel paths afforded a firm footing. She came at last to the bridge, where she paused for a few moments, looking about her at the summer-house and other familiar objects. Then she passed over the bridge, and directed her steps towards the Great Oak.

But there was no letter in the cranny this time. The small correspondent no longer lived at The Gables, and it was a roundabout

trudge of some length from the farm to this meadow. She was growing older, too, and with this increase of age had probably come a disinclination to put her dearest wishes on a piece of paper that anyone might find and read.

Mrs. Pardoe slowly retraced her steps to the garden, and for a little time longer paced up and down its paths. Then, going indoors, she took off her things and had tea, and when the blinds had been lowered, and the lamp lit, she unlocked a drawer in her cabinet and took out a number of little letters. These she read once again ere she consigned them all to the fire.

"There, little one," she said, as she watched the morsels of paper blaze merrily, "I have kept your secret."

CHAPTER XVII.

HAROLD THE HERO.

DEADWOOD diagnosed George's complaint as ophthalmitis—an exaggerated form of ophthalmia.

"I'm sorry, old chap," he said to George; "it means three months with the blinkers on."

"Blinkers!" said George faintly, while Joyce gazed with sorrowful, inquiring eyes at the doctor's square-jawed physiognomy.

"You mustn't use them for three months," explained Deadwood. "They are not strong, and you have been doing too much with them. I'll pull them round for you all right if you do what I tell you, and you won't have to wear specs afterwards, if I can help it."

George, sitting on the edge of the bed—he had managed to get some clothes on during his sister's

absence—with lids fast closed upon his burning eyeballs, heard the sentence with a sinking heart. Three months of dreadful monotony! Three months in which to do nothing but think! He wondered how he would bear it.

"Cheer up, George," cried the young doctor, putting a great paw on the boy's shoulder. "It mayn't be quite as long as that. It depends on how you obey orders. You've got a jolly little nurse here, and she'll read to you, and a clever chap like you will be able to play the piano

undfolded. It's hard on you, but it's not so bad as being guillotined or harpooned."

George grinned dismally. "The luck's been read against me for a long time, sir," he said. "This is the finishing touch."

"Here, don't croak like that!" was Deadwood's protest. "You talk as if you were sixty instead of sixteen. Buck up, man!"

"I'll try," said the boy, apologetically. "But my eyes are giving me such gyp, you see." "I'll send you up some nice cool stuff to put on 'em directly I get back to the town," promised Deadwood. "Meanwhile, your sister can bathe them with warm water. Now, Nurse," he concluded, assuming his best professional manner, "your patient's eyes are to be kept constantly covered up, and the blinds must be always down. You'll have enough light to read by. He won't be able to open his eyes in the morning until you have bathed them, so you mustn't lie in bed till twelve."

"Oh, as if I should!" cried Joyce, indignantly.

Deadwood laughed.

"That's right. I see you'll make a good nurse. Well, I must be going now, but I'll look in every day to see how they're going on. Good-bye, Joyce. So long, George—keep your pecker up!"

The big-hearted fellow then hastened out to his gig, for his list of patients was a long one. Both Smallwood—whom he had kept on as his assistant—and himself were up to their necks in work, and neither had enjoyed a complete night's rest for a whole fortnight. One of the other Mellerby doctors had knocked up, and they were doing his work as well as their own—a matter of good comradeship, not fees.

With the duties of a nurse weighing upon her shoulders, Joyce felt quite serious and important. She made up her mind at once that she must take a long holiday from school, and George, to whom she looked for instructions in such matters, feebly acquiesced in her decision, for he felt that being left alone for any very long period would be intolerable. At first the pain sapped all his energy, and he just lay limply on the sofa in their little sitting-room, whilst Joyce read to him. Once more, as in that lovely June-time, she had recourse to the bound volume of the *Boy's Own Paper*, and once more she chose, with a shrewd eye for pictures representing perilous situations, such narratives as promised to disengage the invalid's mind from his own sad plight. And when she had exhausted what she considered to be the most exciting stories, she

went a-hunting among the pages of a new magazine for boys, a bound volume of which Dr. Deadwood left at the farm during one of his calls. And in this volume, a spruce young fellow in a coat of crimson and gold, she found tales that absolutely made George forget all about his eyes. He was, indeed, all ears. Never was a volume better read or more diligently thumbed than this young fellow in his smart new coat of crimson and gold.

By and by, when the pain in his eyes became less intense—thanks to the cooling lotion and the soft, light-expelling bandages—George began to wander into the farm's small, cold little drawing-room, and run his fingers over the keys of the poor old piano. Then was the air made hideous, and Joyce used to take refuge in the garden. But she felt very much obliged to even the poor old piano, cracked and out of tune though he was. After all, for a score of years he had been submitted to many lusty thumpings by the previous tenant's daughters, and so it wasn't his fault that his voice was so very shaky. He did his best, and was better than nothing. And when George managed to keep to the notes which played properly, his tunes occasionally sounded quite passable.

The sharp weather of Christmas had been followed by the usual thaw and damp fog, which gave place, with the new moon, to a real hard frost that covered all the ponds and streams with good strong ice. So Barry, who was back again, had to relinquish the chase of fox and get out his skates. One day he called for Joyce, who at first said she could not leave her brother for so long, but at last, when George grew stern and masterful about it, was prevailed upon to get out her small skates and put on her thickest boots. They left George filling the farmhouse with excruciating sounds in a gallant attempt to render Mascagni's famous *Intermezzo* on the querulous and protesting piano.

The whole of Mellerby appeared to be disporting itself on or about the Hall pool, whither Barry and Joyce directed their steps. Mr. Lawson, the owner of this fine sheet of ice, was present, muffled up to the eyes, as were also Harold and Edmund Beresford, whose sisters—those doughty Amazons—had joined in the rough-and-tumble game of hockey which was proceeding in the middle of the lake. Rough-and-tumble is a mild adjective to apply to the pastime, for the majority of the players were large, utterly unscientific men, who careered headlong at the ball with knobbed sticks, and cared little how many people they upset in the course of their bull-like rushes. The Misses Beresford, however, were not young ladies to be

daunted by a fifteen-stone butcher; they dashed in and out of the crowd, wheeling, smiting, and racing neck-and-neck with their burly opponents, heeding not hard knocks or tumbles, careless of danger, intent only on guiding the ball between the two bushes which formed the goal.

Meanwhile their brothers watched the game with lukewarm interest from a safe position on the bank—their post of vantage being an old red-brick bridge which spanned one of the lake's outlets—a small stream in which, centuries since, the monks of the neighbourhood had trapped fish for Friday's consumption.

Barry, having put on Joyce's skates, and seen her carefully launched upon the ice, proceeded to don his own steel runners. This effected, he treated Mellerby onlookers to a brilliant display, cutting threes and eights in a manner that excited much comment and admiration. Presently he hove in sight of the Beresford pair.

"Hullo, you crocks," he called out lustily, "why aren't you skating?"

They gazed at him with fishy eyes.

"Eh?" inquired Barry, wheeling round backwards and coming to a halt within two yards of them.

"We have never learnt how to," explained Edmund, simply.

"Too delicate, I s'pose?" said Barry.

"Yes," rejoined Harold. "Otherwise we might have shown off before the Mellerby tradespeople."

Barry winced. It seemed to him that however cutting the remarks he addressed to the Beresfords, they invariably retorted with something still more cutting. While he harboured a supreme contempt for them, he was beginning to feel a little afraid of them. Harold's shaft found its mark, for Barry was well aware that he had been endeavouring to impress Mellerby with his skill as a skater. Like the simple fellow he was, he dropped the rapier of sarcasm for the cudgel known as bluster.

"I tell you what it is," he cried, "you two fellows ought to have been girls. You simply funk doing anything at which you're likely to get hurt. You're born cowards. Why, Joyce Denver has ten times the pluck of both of you put together."

How long Barry would have continued this harangue, had the ice held true, we cannot say. At that moment, however, it gave a loud crack, and the water bubbled up under his skates. Shooting an angry glance at the two wrapped-up youths, he made off quickly, but not so quickly as to escape the sound of their derisive cackles.

Nevertheless, the savage scorn of his remarks lingered in their ears, and they were both inspired with a feeling akin to shame when they caught sight of Joyce Denver skimming boldly over the ice. For it struck them that while she, a little girl, appeared absolutely fearless, they, boys well on in their teens, had trembled when their father suggested that their sisters should teach them skating.

The crowd on the lake increased, and the hockey battle was waged more furiously than ever. The Misses Beresford seemed to be absolutely tireless; they had quite worn out the butcher, who was sitting on the bank mopping his crimson brow. Barry, defiantly determined not to be affected by the Beresfords' irony, continued to execute difficult manœuvres on the outskirts of the mob in the centre of the pool. Suddenly, in endeavouring to bring off a particularly dexterous feat, his feet flew from under him and he measured his length on the ice. And his admirers on the bank actually had the impudence to laugh. Feeling considerably shaken, he got up and skated away into the midst of the hockey-players. But unfortunately one of the Misses Beresford, in the ardour of the game, did not notice his proximity, and cannoned into him with such force that he again went down with a thud that left a lump on his head and many bruises as mementoes of the occasion.

But no one laughed this time, for at that moment the attention of both hockey-players and spectators was directed to a far more tragic incident.

Joyce, happy as a bird, had been for some time gliding lightly hither and thither without any preconcerted plan as to route, when she caught sight of the Beresford boys on the little bridge. Turning in their direction, she skated rapidly up to the bridge, and was about to address them when the treacherous ice, weakened by Barry's solid weight, gave way, and Joyce found herself struggling for life in the deadly cold water. She had not even time to scream or call for help; in a moment she was immersed and helpless, for, though she could swim, her movements were impeded by her clothes, and she was utterly disconcerted by the suddenness of the misadventure.

No other skater was near the spot; of all the souls on and around that pool, only the Beresfords witnessed the event. The girl sank and reappeared while the two boys were still gazing at the black circle of water in speechless horror. In her agony she shrieked, and then they, too, raised their queer, feeble voices in an appeal for help. And then—most

strange of all deeds in the annals of heroism—Harold Beresford dropped off the bridge on to the ice, ran towards the gaping hole—and disappeared.

He could not have been of any possible assistance to Joyce; indeed, he would have been an incubus an additional peril. But Barry's scorn was ringing in his ears. He had been called a coward. He would show everybody that, although he might be weak, he wasn't afraid, and so he sprang to Joyce's assistance and fell in beside her.

Meanwhile, Edmund's rabbit-like squeaks had attracted attention, and soon assistance was at hand. A hurdle was dragged off the bank and pushed along the ice up to the edge of the hole. Joyce had just sense and strength enough left to grasp it, and Harold, thinking—it must be admitted—nought of Joyce, and everything of himself, grasped it, too, and so, shivering and gasping, was at length drawn into safety, when the first person to seize his hand and clap him on the back was his ancient foe Barry.

But Harold did not know that till afterwards. Edmund and his sisters bore him off on the instant, and never was mortal man or boy in this world tended with such care as fell to the lot of Harold Beresford that afternoon. Suffice it to say that he got up the following morning very little the worse for his bath, and a great deal the better—as far as his manhood was concerned—for that desperate endeavour to render aid to a drowning fellow-mortal.

Joyce, on the other hand, was in far sadder case.

Barry, clear-headed and practical, had taken her hand and made her run to the farm with him. But she was faint and tottering by the time they arrived, though the run had warmed her blood a little. That night her temperature was perilously high, and Deadwood, who sat by her bedside, looked very serious.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

ALL that night, and the next day, and the day after, Joyce Denver, only half-conscious and breathing heavily, fought for her life. The battle was an even one, for, matched against the dire chill that had gripped her blood were a good constitution and the fine skill of a clever surgeon. But throughout the contest the child's Guardian Angel must have hovered over the house, for there were critical moments which made even the young doctor's heart beat fast, accustomed though he was to such wrestles with Death.

We may picture at such times the Angel placing her white presence between the sick bed and the black phantoms that waited hungrily for the little soul, held to earth by a gossamer thread.

Throughout this trying period George was in a fever of anxiety and distress. The horrible possibility that he was going to lose his sister haunted his mind day and night; appetite and sleep fled, and he grew thin and haggard. His own sightless and impotent condition filled his cup of sorrow to the brim; he could only pace up and down the little parlour—up and down—and wait with a heavy heart for bulletins from the sick-room. Barry came up and tried to comfort him, but there was little to be said. Barry did his best, in his blunt way, to assuage his friend's grief, but George, though grateful enough to the other for his kindness, felt relieved when he went away and left him to rove the small sitting-room at his will.

So the minutes and the hours dragged heavily on. George had nothing to do but listen to the coming and going of the doctor; the soft, quick steps of Mrs. Elphinstone and the maid, as they went up and down the staircase; the subdued, ominous sounds, generally, of a house of sickness. Time's feet seemed to be shod with lead during these dreary days of suspense.

Barry, in his rough kindness, knowing no other method of expressing his sympathy, sent up huge hothouse grapes and other impossible comestibles for the sufferer's consumption. When the grapes were handed on to George he almost choked in a brave attempt to swallow a few of them. He pushed them aside and threw himself on to the old sofa with a groan. And for the hundredth time he asked himself what he had done to deserve so much trouble.

It was on the fourth day of Joyce's illness that Deadwood, watching the descending flakes of snow from the window, was surprised to hear himself addressed by the invalid in a perfectly rational and collected manner. He turned round quickly and gladly. The fever, then, had left her brain.

"Yes," he said, in answer to the query addressed to him, "George's eyes have been well looked after and are going on very nicely."

"I hope he's not worrying because I'm ill," said Joyce. "He is a dreadful boy to worry, you know."

"He will be very glad to hear you are better," replied Deadwood, avoiding a direct answer to the question.

The young doctor was delighted to find that his small patient's temperature had abated.

But the struggle had left her much reduced; it would take weeks of careful nursing to pull her round, and there was always the danger of a relapse to be feared. Still, the crisis was over for the time being, and that night Deadwood sent up Evans to see Joyce, while he himself went to bed and slept the clock round.

George was admitted for just three minutes to see his sister. He was so weak and run-down that the news that she was practically out of danger had quite unmanned him. He could only take the hot little hand that she held out to him and press it, for there was an enormous lump in his throat which prevented him from saying a single word. That was all that happened. He didn't even see her. Then Evans gently turned him out of the room, and George, groping his way down to the little parlour, was glad that nobody came in during the next ten minutes.

However, the fact that his sister was on the way to recovery made all the difference to him, and he could now listen to Mr. Elphinstone's long Scotch anecdotes of an evening with a certain amount of patience. For Mr. Elphinstone, in a worthy endeavour to do what he could to raise the boy's spirits, had taken it into his head to spin him prodigious yarns of a humorous nature, though they seemed to George the most prolix and unfunny stories he had ever heard in his life. However, to oblige the bailiff he occasionally laughed—sometimes, unfortunately in the wrong place—and by his demeanour endeavoured to appear interested in what was being narrated.

As for Mrs. Elphinstone, that good soul was in her element. She enjoyed waiting on an invalid far more than going to a theatre. Sickness of any kind had a ghoulis fascination for her, and it may truthfully be said that during Joyce's illness she was happier than she had been for months past. Her only fear was that Joyce, with her sound little body, would get well too soon. So indefatigable and assiduous was Mrs. Elphinstone, indeed, that it seemed quite on the cards that she would nurse Joyce to death instead of back to life, and Deadwood had to warn her that there was such a thing as being too attentive to a patient. It took a casual threat to the effect that he might find it necessary to send up a trained nurse, to make Mrs. Elphinstone abate some of her intemperate ardour and reduce her pillow-arrangings, sheet-smoothings, and proffers of "just a little of this beautiful soup," to a reasonable average.

Barry about this time caught a cold which inflicted upon him temporary loss of voice.

Nevertheless, he still called regularly at the farm and insisted on leading George out for walks. With one unable to see and the other to speak, their perambulations about the farm lands were hardly lively affairs; Barry could only steer George's steps safely by keeping a tight grip on his arm, and George indulged in what was practically a monologue, since Barry, thanks to his inflamed larynx, could only make remarks in a whisper that was almost inaudible. However, George got some colour into his cheeks, and the queer conditions under which these walks were taken had the effect of cementing the friendship which had sprung up between the artiled clerk and the boy he had once sought to bully. While Barry was dependent on George for conversation, George relied on the other for vision, and the mutual sympathy evoked by their respective conditions made them better friends than they had ever been before.

Unfortunately, however, Barry had no sooner recovered his voice than Mappin sent him off on the firm's business to a distant part of the county. So then George's walks came to an end, and again he found himself moping about the house all day long in a rather morbid state of mind.

He was tinkling somewhat miserably on the piano one day, with the soft pedal well down, when he heard a voice in the hall which sent a sort of joyful electric shock through him. He started up, hoping against hope that he had not been deceived, and then began to grope his way hastily to the door.

He was fumbling excitedly with the handle when the door was opened suddenly on the other side and he was sent reeling back. He gripped wildly at where he thought the table was, but missed it, and fell. In a moment, however, he felt the grasp of a strong man's hands under his elbows, and he was on his feet in a trice, red and stammering with surprise and delight.

It was Munro.

"Why, my dear old boy," said the artist, "I hope I haven't hurt you!"

"You didn't hurt me a bit, sir," replied George. "It was my fault."

"Well, now, we'll get out of this cold room before we talk. There's a fire in the 'one opposite."

He put a kindly hand on George's shoulder, and led him back to the parlour.

"Where's the parrot?" he asked, looking round.

"We banished him to an outhouse, so that he shouldn't disturb Joyce."

"Joyce! To be sure. How thoughtless of me not to have inquired about her first of all. How is your sister?"

"She's getting better every day," said George, "though of course she's awfully weak and all that."

"Dear, dear me, what a peck of troubles!" cried Munro, taking big strides across the room. "And to think I shouldn't have known anything about it till young Dwyer mentioned it in a letter I received from him yesterday. He's looking after Rufus, you know. I came off at once and made a great lady very cross by postponing her sittings."

Munro clapped his hands on George's shoulders again.

"When I heard what had occurred, George, I thought you'd like to see me. So here I am, and here I'm going to stop till things have righted themselves a bit." He paused a moment and then, in a somewhat altered tone, asked: "I suppose your people in town were told about Joyce?"

"Yes; Dr. Deadwood wired."

"Well?"

"My uncle asked to be informed regularly of her condition. So Mr. Elphinstone sent a wire every day."

Munro bit his moustache. "Then your sister—in town—knows?"

"I suppose so," said George.

He had wondered why Molly had sent no word. Of course, she was very busy, and possibly didn't realise—or hadn't been fully informed—how very ill Joyce was. But still—it was strange he couldn't quite understand.

Nor, apparently, could Munro, who, on the few occasions that he had seen Molly, had been treated by her in a chilly fashion that rather puzzled him. Could he, he asked himself, have read her aright? He had never imagined her to be the sort of girl whose head is turned by success. And yet—yet—the Molly of *The Mayflower* was not the Molly he had first encountered on the beach one fair April day. However much she might have changed in one way, however, he could not imagine that she harboured now a whit less affection for her little sister. He was certain Molly did not fully realise how ill Joyce was—or had been. She must have imagined that the child had nothing more than a severe cold.

"Do your people know about your eyes?"

"They know they're bad," said George. "My uncle wrote and told me not to bother about getting any work to do until they were quite well."

Munro had been doing famously of late—for

him. His study of little Jack Blunt had brought him a good price and several commissions—one a portrait commission from a titled patron of art. He had repented him of his resolution to sell the portrait of Molly. That he intended to exhibit at the Academy, together with the painting of Mrs. Pardoe. And while the sun of success had been shining on him, he reflected, these youngsters had been plunged into fresh adversity.

"Well, I'm here now," he said, "and here I'm going to stay if the good lady of the house will put me up."

The artist's words had dissipated all George's melancholy. Munro's very presence seemed to make things quite bright again. Dr. Deadwood, he acknowledged, was an awfully good chap, and Barry was a first-rate chum, but Mr. Munro, as George crudely but sincerely put it to himself, had something about him which made him different to everybody else.

"You look chippy, George," said the artist presently. "You've had the miserables, I'll be bound—and no wonder. But now you and I are going to get those eyes well, and we're going to get Joyce well, and then we're all going off for a holiday. Do you think I may see Joyce?"

"Oh, I'm sure you can," said George.

"Ask Nurse, whoever she is," quoth Munro, mindful of sickroom etiquette.

Mrs. Elphinstone said "only a few minutes, being a stranger, who'll excite her," and Munro went up.

Joyce turned her head and looked at him rather vaguely as he entered. Then recognition stole into her white face, and with a smile of welcome she put out a sadly thin little hand. Munro put his big one round it and sat down on the nurse's chair.

"I am so pleased you have come," said Joyce, softly. "I was sure you would."

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. BLUNT'S HAPPY THOUGHT.

WHEN Black Jack escaped up the cliff from the coastguard and Deadwood, he made straight for home. Having entered his domicile in the manner he invariably adopted when the front door was locked, i.e., by the kitchen window, he first proceeded to devour all the food he could find, and then commenced a stealthy ascent to the spare room. It was his intention to be off again at early dawn, and he desired that his wife should remain ignorant of his presence in the cottage.

But there was a light sleeper in the house

with whom he had not reckoned. The small amount of noise he had made in his search for eatables failed to reach the ears of his wife, who, tired out after a long day's mangling, was sleeping heavily; but little Jack Blunt was aroused by the stealthy movements below, and, sitting up in his cot, listened with all his ears.

Little Jack hadn't a doubt as to the visitor's identity. He knew instinctively that it was his sire who had honoured the modest dwelling-place with a call, and intended to make the fact known to his mother when the time should be ripe for the announcement.

Just, therefore, as Black Jack was padding cautiously in his stockinged feet past his wife's door, a shrill voice that he had often cursed in smothered accents broke the silence of the dark little house.

"Mother, 'ere's father come 'ome! Wake up, mother!"

The boy followed up this summons in a practical manner. Leaping from his cot, he ran to Mrs. Blunt's bed, and began to tug the clothes vigorously.

"Wake up, mother," he cried again; "'ere's father."

The boatman opened the door and put his shaggy head into the room.

"'Old yer noise, you imp," he growled in a hoarse undertone. "I'll screw yer neck if you say another word."

But little Jack was not to be intimidated. He renewed his efforts to arouse Mrs. Blunt from her deep sleep, informing her meanwhile in a penetrating treble of his reason for so doing.

Black Jack shook his huge fist at the boy, took his head out of the room, and closed the door quietly. But the mischief was done by this time, and the occupant of the bed was sitting up and rubbing her eyes.

"Eh?" she said. "Yer father?"

"Yes, 'e's come 'ome. 'E's on the landing."

Mrs. Blunt was out of bed in a second, and, just as her lord and master was creeping in between the blankets in the spare room—he had not waited to undress—a scraggy form in night attire loomed up by his bedside and seized him viciously by the hair.

"You come 'ome, you ruffian!" she shrieked. "Come back 'ere when you can't 'ide anywhere else, 'ave you? Out you get! You're not goin' to stay 'ere, so be off, and sharp."

"Be off, and sharp!" echoed little Master Blunt from the doorway.

"Leave go of my 'air!" shouted Black Jack, flavouring the command with a suitable excerpt from his vocabulary of invectives.

"Get out and be off, then, or I'll 'ave the police to yer."

"'Ave the police to yer," said little Jack, in a tone which suggested that he would probably be the person to fetch them.

"Send the kid away and I'll explain," expostulated the boatman, seizing his wife's wrists. "You ought to 'ave more respect for me than to let 'im over'ear everything," he added, in an aggrieved tone.

"The kid ain't doin' no 'arm," cried Mrs. Blunt, releasing her husband's unkempt locks. "Now, then, just explain what you've bin up to. Jack, light the candle and bring it in 'ere."

The boatman knew his wife's character better than she suspected. He was well aware that she still had a sneaking regard for his welfare, although she bore him little enough of the love that she had entertained for the giant when she had been misguided enough to marry him. He therefore told her exactly how he had fared since the night of the Dr. Denver episode.

When he pulled away from the scene of the catastrophe in Munro's dinghy, he put a mile between the shore and himself before pausing to think out the situation. The result of his cogitations was that he rowed back to the beach, and took shelter for the night in the cave that he made use of at various periods. The coastguardsmen were not at that time aware of the existence of this cave. Blunt knew almost to a minute when they were due in its vicinity, and was careful never to enter or leave it when Dwyer or any of his colleagues were likely to be about. In the early dawn he had erased the words *Why Not Dinghy* from the stern of the boat he had used, and sent the little craft adrift. As she was leaking slightly at the time, he trusted that she would fill and sink before many hours had passed. And in all probability, as Munro neither heard nor saw anything more of his dinghy, this was the fate that befel her.

Keeping to his cave during the daylight, and only issuing therefrom at night for a little fresh air when it was perfectly safe to do so, Black Jack had subsisted on food brought to him "by a pal wot I know something against." This gentleman, a shore-leafer of his own kidney, being so unfortunate as to break his leg, the cave-dweller found starvation staring him in the face, and on this account was led to commit the assault on Dr. Deadwood which resulted in the refugee's hasty return to his modest home.

"Where's the watch?" demanded Mrs. Blunt, when her husband had come to an end of his moving story.

"I dropped it," was the reply.

"Gammon!" was Mrs. Blunt's unbelieving

retort. "And it over."

"And it over," put in Master Blunt, who had listened to his father's gruff recital with wide-eyed attention.

"That kid's got too much lip," observed Black Jack, in an aggrieved tone, as he unwillingly produced the article under discussion.

"I shall give it back to 'im," said Mrs. Blunt. "I won't 'ave no stolen goods in this 'ouse. 'E won't know 'oo's left it, so don't

that Black Jack had the cunning to hide when the hue and cry was raised for him after his midnight call on Mr. Lawson. Being desperately in need of a little ready money, he had ventured forth one night when his wife was away. After the police had paid their fruitless visit he returned to the little back room, and with the money he had found in the brewer's pockets was wont to send his son for beer when Mrs. Blunt was not in the house. Little Jack obeyed his father in sullen silence, and did not say anything to his mother about



HE COULD NEVER BE PREVAILED UPON TO "GIVE HIS PA A KISS."

look so scared. Now get yer clothes off and go to sleep. You can stay 'ere till you can get away safe. You don't deserve it, but I can't forget you're me 'usband. Go back to bed, Jack, and keep yer tongue quiet when I'm talking to your father."

Mrs. Blunt was a true woman. In his hour of dire peril her heart softened towards her husband, and she toiled her hardest to provide the ruffian with the food, drink, and tobacco that he required. Luckily the house on one side had recently been vacated, and it was here

these expeditions. But although he ran errands and accepted pennies for his trouble, he could never be prevailed upon to "give his pa a kiss," though frequently urged so to do by Mr. Blunt.

It occurred to some of the neighbours, when they caught sight of the little boy trotting down the street to the nearest public house, jug in hand—there was no law then prohibiting a child of such tender years from buying liquor—that Mrs. Blunt was taking rather more than was good for her, but as the boat-

man's wife kept herself to herself, and had very little to say to those living round and about her, no comments on little Jack's journeys ever reached her ears.

The fact that Blunt's presence in the place was never suspected was due, not only to the emptiness of the house on one side, but also to the deafness of the lone widow woman occupying the house on the other side. As the purchase of tobacco in Mellerby would have aroused suspicion, Mrs. Blunt obtained this commodity by post from London. It was Black Jack himself who thought of this device, and pointed out an advertisement of a popular brand in a well-thumbed copy of a weekly journal which he favoured above all others on account of its copious reports of police-court proceedings. And thus the outlaw whiled away several months, never a soul outside the house dreaming that he was in it.

At last sheer *ennui* goaded Blunt into action. He decided to help himself to a boat, row out to sea, and get picked up by a passing vessel. Then, if he had any luck, he would be put ashore at some foreign port where it would be an easy job to sign on as one of the crew of a ship bound to a distant corner of the globe. Japan, say. That sounded a good long way from Mellerby police-station.

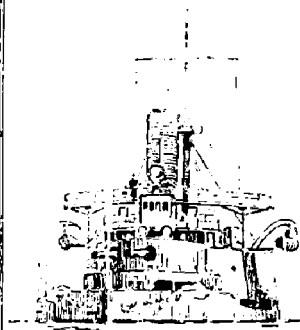
Having matured his plans, he waited until his wife should depart on one of her periodical charring visits to a neighbouring village. He wanted her to be well out of the way at the time of his departure, and he wanted the night of his exodus to be as dark a night as possible.

Fortune, as it appeared, favoured him. Early in the dismal month of February Mrs. Blunt informed him that she would not be home to sleep on a certain night, as she was wanted for two days at a farmhouse. She left some food for him, and, as was usual now, little Jack stayed at home to act as his father's house and parlour maid. While the daylight lasted, Black Jack lay on his bed and added a few finishing touches to his mental programme. Before finally shaking the mud—as it was now—of Mellerby off his feet, he thought it would be a pity not to fill his purse at the expense of some good Mellerby householder. He was already so deep in the mire of guilt that one more little burglarious venture could not make his record much blacker. He coned over the houses that lay between the street in which he dwelt and Mellerby beach. The

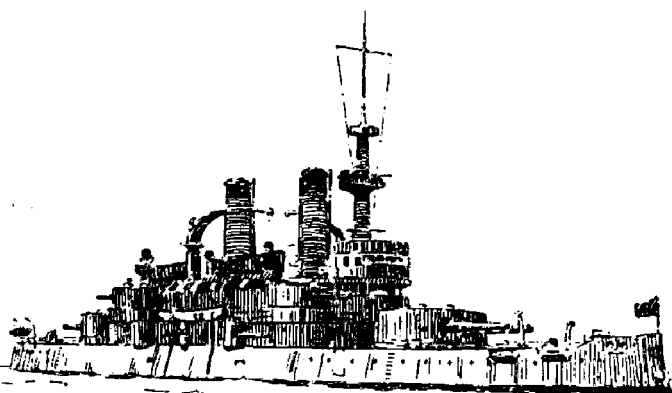
Vicarage Mr. Blunt promptly dismissed from his mind as an unpromising edifice to plunder. The poor-box in the church would be equally unlikely to yield much of a haul. "Wee Nestø," the abode of a newly-married young City man, who came down for week-ends, was also struck off the list. So was Trenham Place, the abode of a retired Covent Garden asparagus merchant. There were dogs there, in addition to a stalwart coachman-gardener, who slept on the premises, his wife acting as cook to the establishment. Then came a row of substantial villas, which were pack full of children. Not much likelihood of anything valuable being left about in places like that. No, what Mr. Blunt required was the house of a well-to-do, unprotected female. He ran over the list of unprotected females dwelling between his road and the beach—or within a fairly wide area in the direction of the beach, as he did not mind going a little out of his way—and found it to be a very short one. In fact, the only unprotected female (worth robbing) he could think of was Mrs. Pardoe. She, he remembered, had a dog, but it was an old one and probably slept in its mistress's bedroom. Ah! the very house. These aged ladies had a way of keeping money in odd places. He had been in her parlour when he had been paying his rent and had noticed a very handsome cabinet in the corner—the lower part having wooden, and the upper part glass, doors. A very likely cabinet for his purpose and a house that should offer no difficulties as to entrance to a man of his resources. Over the bridge, past the summer-house in which she had been sitting when last he had had the pleasure of a little conversation with her, up the path bordered by gooseberry and raspberry bushes, and so to the kitchen window. At the conclusion of his visit, back again the same way, then over the common towards the empty bungalows and the drawn-up boats.

Congratulating himself on the felicity of the idea, Mr. Blunt smoked serenely and waited for dusk. And when it grew dark, Mr. Blunt was pleased to observe that there was next to no moon. As the hour grew late, rain began to fall, and with it came the wind, sighing and moaning round the dripping eaves. It was a black, dismal night, well suited to the deed which this desperate outlaw had in contemplation.

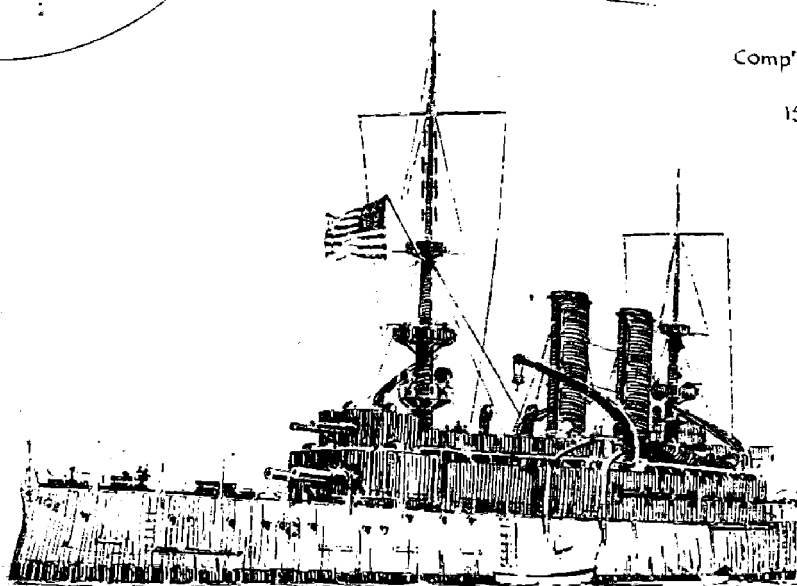
(To be concluded.)



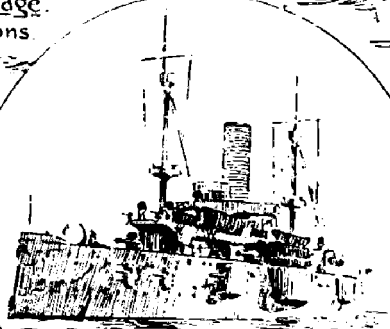
Puritan.
6060 tons.
Comp^r 230.
Arm^t { 4 12 in
6 4 in
12 4 kts



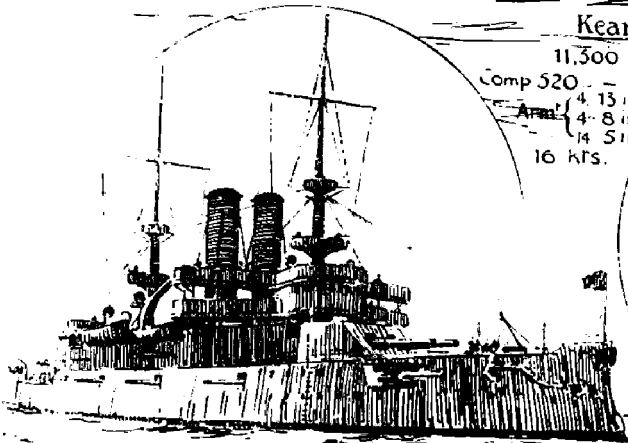
Oregon.
10,288 tons
Comp^r 470
Arm^t { 4 13 in
8 8 in
4 6 in
15 kts



Kearsage.
11,300 tons.
Comp 520
Arm^t { 4 13 in
4 8 in
14 5 in
16 kts.



Texas
6300 tons
Comp^r 380
Arm^t { 2 12 in
6 6 in
17 kts



Illinois
11525 tons
Comp^r 490
Arm^t { 4 13 in
14 6 in
16 kts

A. B. Cull 1904

SOME AMERICAN BATTLESHIPS.
Drawn for THE CAPTAIN by A. B. Cull.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

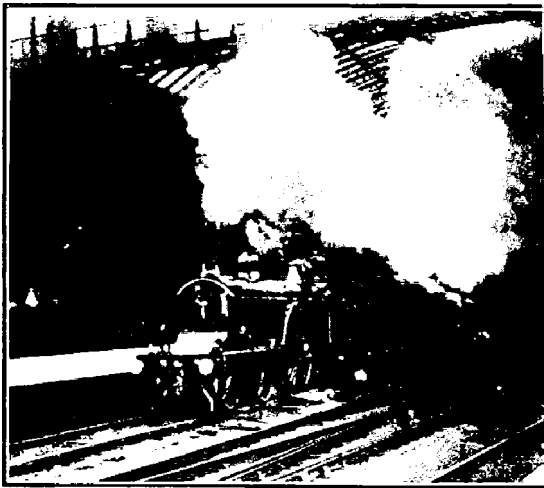
This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to A. D. Robertson, "A Watson Boy," A. Van Swae, and Joseph W. Connell. Each prize-winner is requested to send his present address, and at the same time to select a book.

Train Snaps.

PROBABLY most amateur photographers who have taken snapshots of railway trains have often been disappointed with their results. The chief cause of failure is undoubtedly under-exposure, but the attempt to snapshot trains travelling at top

obtained after the train has just started, or when it is ascending a steep gradient. Therefore, instead of snapshotting trains travelling at a very high speed, it is better to take them when they are travelling comparatively slowly.



SCOTCH EXPRESS LEAVING ST. PANCRAS.



LEICESTER EXPRESS LEAVING MARYLEBONE.

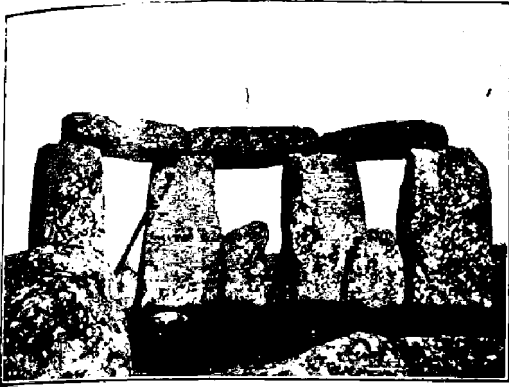
speed, with a shutter that will not work with sufficient rapidity, accounts for many of the blurred results which are produced. These blurred results would be greatly modified if the train were made to cover less of the plate, as the nearer the train is to the lens the more blurred will be the result. Besides, is it not an advantage to show, in moderation, the metals upon which the train is about to run? In a photograph, the only means of giving a train the appearance of movement is by the reproduction of steam. This is obviously best

as not only is steam more likely to be obtained, but the risk of under-exposure is greatly minimised. In order to reproduce steam to its full advantage, backed plates should be used. The accompanying photographs, illustrating my suggestions, were taken about midday in April, upon Imperial Special Rapid plates, with an aperture of $f/8$, and shutter working at 1-25th of a second.

A. D. ROBERTSON.

Stonehenge.

SEVERAL widely different theories have been advanced as to the probable origin of the megalithic structure which dominates Salisbury Plain. Stonehenge is Old English for "hanging-stones," or "stones of Hengist." In 1620, Inigo Jones, the father of modern English architecture, expressed the opinion "that Stonehenge was a Roman temple, inscribed to Cælus, and built after the Tuscan order." This idea was opposed by Dr. Charleton, who ascribed it to the Danes



STONEHENGE.
Photo. by Sybil Nicholson.

One hundred and twenty years later, Dr. Stukeley overruled both these suggestions, and proclaimed it to be a Druid temple, in which view he was supported by many eminent men of that period. Scientists and astrologers of more recent generations have described it as the Assyrian Bel and an astronomical observatory respectively, while modern palæontologists, from Lord Avebury downwards, regard it as being from 10,000 to 50,000 years in antiquity. Excavations made in 1620 by the Duke of Buckingham, however, go to contradict this latter theory, as iron armour and Roman pottery were discovered under the base of the fallen stones, conclusively proving that Stonehenge was erected after the arrival of the

Romans in Britain. Further, all direct historic evidence available points to the fact that Stonehenge was raised, probably by Ambrosius, to commemorate the slaughter of 300 nobles by Hengist, in 469 A.D. C. G. P.

The Rugby International Championship, 1883—1904.

THE year 1883 was practically the first year of the Championship, as previously to this Wales had no fixture with Scotland, and it was only in 1880 that Wales began its series of matches with England. As far back as 1871 Scotland beat England at Edinburgh by 8 points to 3, and to this day England v. Scotland is looked upon by both countries as the most important fixture of the year. Since 1883 Scotland has distinguished itself most, closely followed by England, which won the Championship in 1883, 1884, 1885, and was equal with Scotland in 1886. Last year England was unlucky in not getting the Calcutta Cup, and Wales was also unlucky in being beaten by Ireland by 14 points to 12. Scotland has much cause to thank Ireland for defeating Wales, as she would have had to give up the Cup to Wales had the Irish been beaten. In the Scottish-English match (1904), Scotland won by two tries to one. Scotland scored through J. E. Crabbie (formerly of Oxford) in the first half, but at the beginning of the



A COMPETITOR IN A DOG-SLEDGE RACE IN THE VICINITY OF STOCKHOLM—A FAVOURITE SWEDISH WINTER SPORT

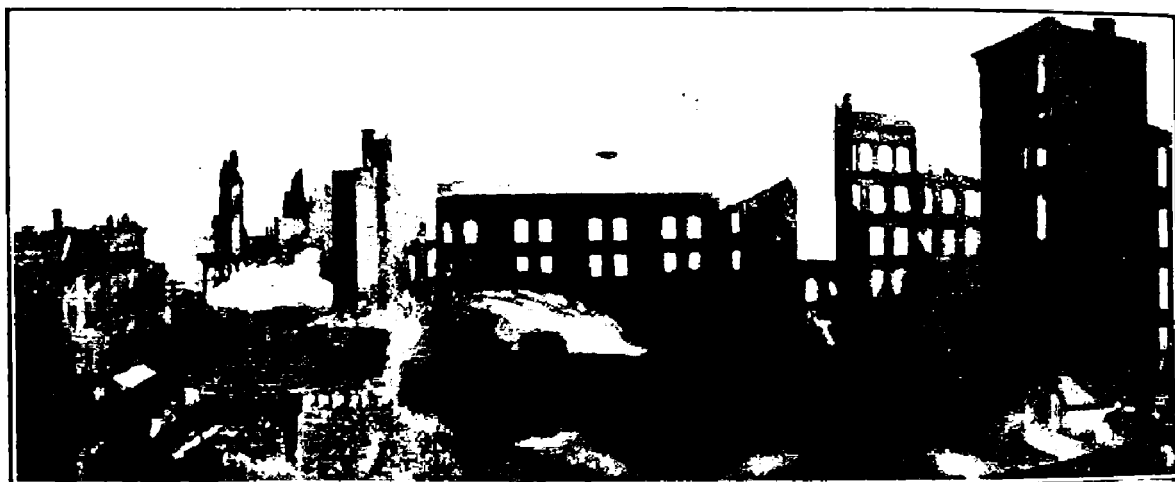
Photo. by Klemming and Melier

Sent by Georg Brochner.

second half E. J. Vivyan (Devon) scored for England right behind the posts. Vivyan took the easy place-kick himself and, as luck would have it for the Scotch, missed bringing out major points. Just on time, "Jimmy" Macdonald (Scotland's little terror) scored for the North, thus gaining the Cup for Scotland for the second year in succession. It may be mentioned that Mark C. Morrison, the Scottish captain, has played in no fewer than twenty-five International Matches for Scotland, captaining Scotland fifteen times! This great player has been forced to retire, and he will be sadly missed from the Scottish ranks this season. Appended is the position of the four countries from 1883:

the first item to consider is—is the subject treated worthy to live? If the true loves of a brave, honest, and sterling Englishman and of a high-born yet humble and faithful maiden are of any worth, then the answer is emphatically—yes. Is a true and faithful representation of English country life a fit subject to record? Again we have the same reply.

If the portrayal of the characters, the scenes, the life of those times, the virtues, vices, and aspirations, is absolutely genuine, then it will pass our second test. Is this the case with *Lorna Doone*? The reply cannot be otherwise than favourable, as truth and genuineness pervade the whole book, even to an account of such a small, insignificant and unpoetical



PANORAMIC VIEW OF PORTION OF RUINS AFTER GREAT FIRE OF TORONTO (APRIL 19TH AND 20TH, 1904). Showing on the left dynamite explosion for the purpose of removing the tottering walls. Assisted by a furious gale, the fire raged for ten hours, and devastated an area of fourteen acres, destroying 130 wholesale warehouses of the value, roughly, of £2,400,000.

Photo. by Arnold Bridgen, Toronto.

	Pld.	Won	Dn.	Lost	Points		No. of times Champions.
					For	Agst.	
1. Scotland	61	37	8	16	457	214	12
2. England	59	30	5	24	442	348	9
3. Wales	58	23	3	32	393	492	4
4. Ireland	60	18	4	38	233	471	5

"A WATSON BOY."

Why "*Lorna Doone*" will Live.

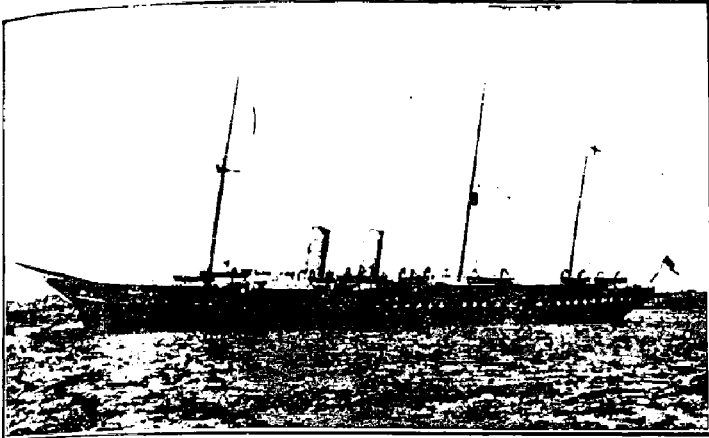
WILL it live? is a question often asked about a book that has become a popular favourite. With regard to the majority of present-day productions, the answer must be in the negative, as they hopelessly fail to stand the tests that must be applied. Happily, however, some of them can emerge successfully from the most critical examination. One of these is, in my opinion, Blackmore's masterly *Lorna Doone*.

Applying the tests to this particular work,

occupation as feeding pigs. On further examination we find that the style and subject matter are delicately blended. The simple, yet rugged and picturesque style at once gives an idea of the country, as well as of the chief characters. Especially is this harmony seen in the passage in which "Jan Ridd" declares his love for "Lorna," in their secret meeting-place. The time, the place, and the outspoken words of honest Jan are all in touch with the mutual love that is being revealed.

As to the language, who can say that Blackmore has not presented his mother-tongue in such a way as to make one feel what a grand language English is? The country dialect as well as the language of court is faithfully set down.

The meaning throughout is always clear, the chief reason being that the author never used



THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," KING EDWARD'S BEAUTIFUL YACHT. It is a very imposing vessel of 4,700 tons displacement, carries engines of 11,000 horse power, and is capable of steaming at 20 knots per hour under normal conditions. Photo. by William Woodfin.

a foreign word if a good old English one could possibly be employed instead.

On every page we seem to see a portrait of Blackmore himself, hale, hearty, straightforward, honest, and hardworking. We see a man who loved his home, his family, and, indeed, all the world; a man who had a contented mind, and who, within his rugged exterior, had a heart as pure, tender, and true as that of a little child.

For these reasons I think that *Lorna Doone* will deservedly live. JOSEPH W. CONNELL.

They and We: A Contrast.

- They wear a cap, we a hat.
- They wear no overcoat, we do.
- They turn up their trousers, we don't.
- They have a stick, we have a cane.
- They are cold-blooded, we not quite so much.
- They eat much "steak," we drink much wine.
- Their schoolmasters cane them, our schoolmasters kick us.
- They are born sportsmen, we may learn to be.
- They have a pipe, we cigarettes.
- They don't know conscription, we are its slaves.
- They have a fine navy, we acknowledge it.
- They travel at sixty miles per hour, we at thirty to forty.
- They pay 1d. a mile, we five centimes.
- They are Protestants, we mostly Catholics.
- They are clean-shaven, we have pointed moustaches.
- They have their pudding, we have our soup.
- They build machinery, we have many artists.
- They are good at maths., we at the languages.
- They have Dons and Blues, we Professors and students.
- They are for the Japs, we for the Russians.

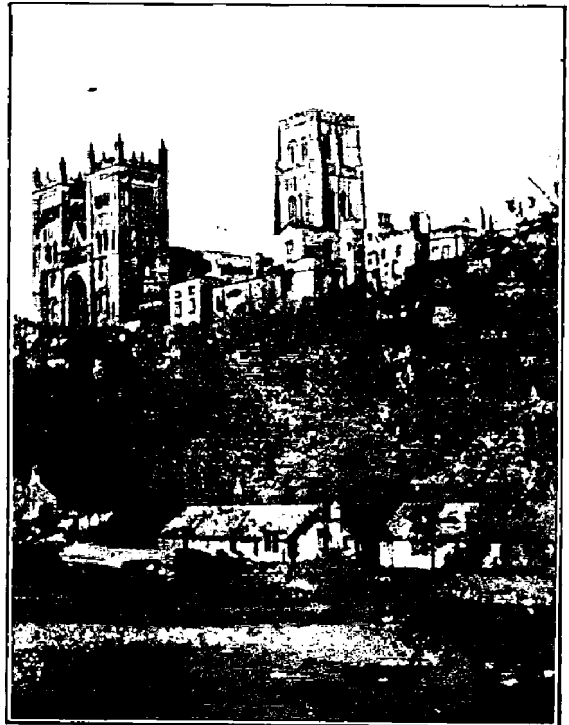
A. VAN SWAE.

Durham Cathedral.



OWERING majestically over the quaint old city, and presenting an impressive picture from across the river Wear, Durham Cathedral comprises the work of four centuries. It was commenced about 1093, by Bishop William de Carilepho, and was completed towards the end of the fifteenth century, consequently embracing specimens of the Norman and Early English styles of architecture. The cathedral covers a total area of 55,700 feet, the inside length being 473 feet, while the nave is 81 feet in width. The Chapel of the Nine Altars, at the east end,

is an elegant example of pure Early English, the pillars and screen being festooned with rare carving. The exceptionally large rose window at the same end is renowned as being one of the finest lights in England. But the chief characteristics of Durham Cathedral, perhaps, lie in its three richly ornamented towers, the highest being 216 feet, and dating from the thirteenth century. The ill-fated Cardinal Wolsey was once Bishop of Durham, and the cathedral contains the tombs of St. Cuthbert and the Venerable Bede. ST. IVEL.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL, FROM PREBEND'S BRIDGE. Photo. by E. G. Caldwell.

COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Last day for sending in, February 18th.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, 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 separately stamped envelope.

Owing to the frequency with which certain names have appeared in the Lists of Prize-Winners, we have decided to make a rule to the effect that a Competitor may not win more than one first prize and one consolation prize per month.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by February 18th.

The Results will be published in April.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"Hidden Advertisers."—Second Series.—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe the name of a well-known advertiser or advertising firm. Write the name under each picture, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear out the page, and post to us. Prizes: Three Columbia A. Q. Graphophones. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"A February Event."—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of February. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration.

Prizes: Three Benetton Footballs (or Hockey Sticks for girls). (See Prizes page.)

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"Captain's Birthday Book."—This time take the month of *June* (thirty days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, humorous or serious, from any source you please. Make them as varied as possible, and bear in mind the season June falls in. Remember that you are put on your honour not to copy anything out of other birthday books. Do not neglect "THE CAPTAIN" when making your choice. Prizes: Class I., a handsomely framed picture by Louis Wain; Classes II. and III., a Set of Sandow Grip Dumb Bells. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"Photographic Competition."—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, i.e., not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three "Swan" Fountain Pens. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"Drawing of an Open Door."—Send a sketch of an open door, in pen, pencil, or water-colours. Prizes: Class I., a Gradidge Football; Classes II. and III., a City Sale and Exchange Hockey Stick. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

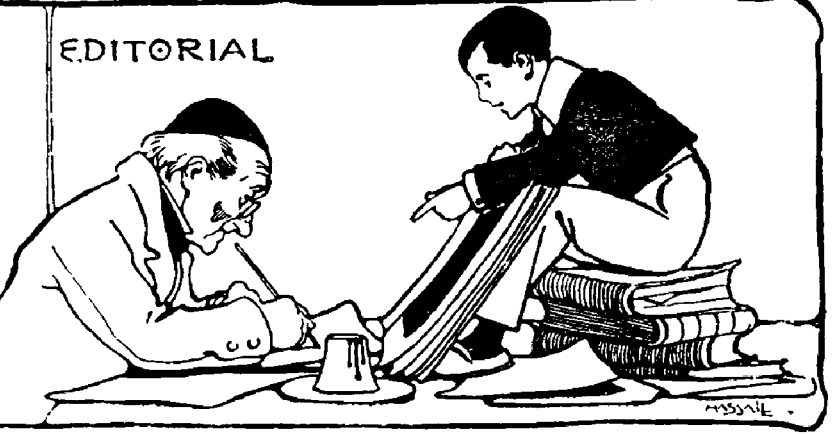
No. 6.—"Derivations."—Give the derivations of the following twelve words, and explain how they came to have their present meaning: salver, atonement, arctic, ostracism, electricity, saunterer, biscuit, boudoir, auspices, meerschaum, degenerate, idiot. Prizes: in each Class, Books to the value of Ten Shillings.

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: twenty-one.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to *March 18th*. By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living *outside* Europe. There will be *no age limit*. One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial February Competitions."

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLBIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

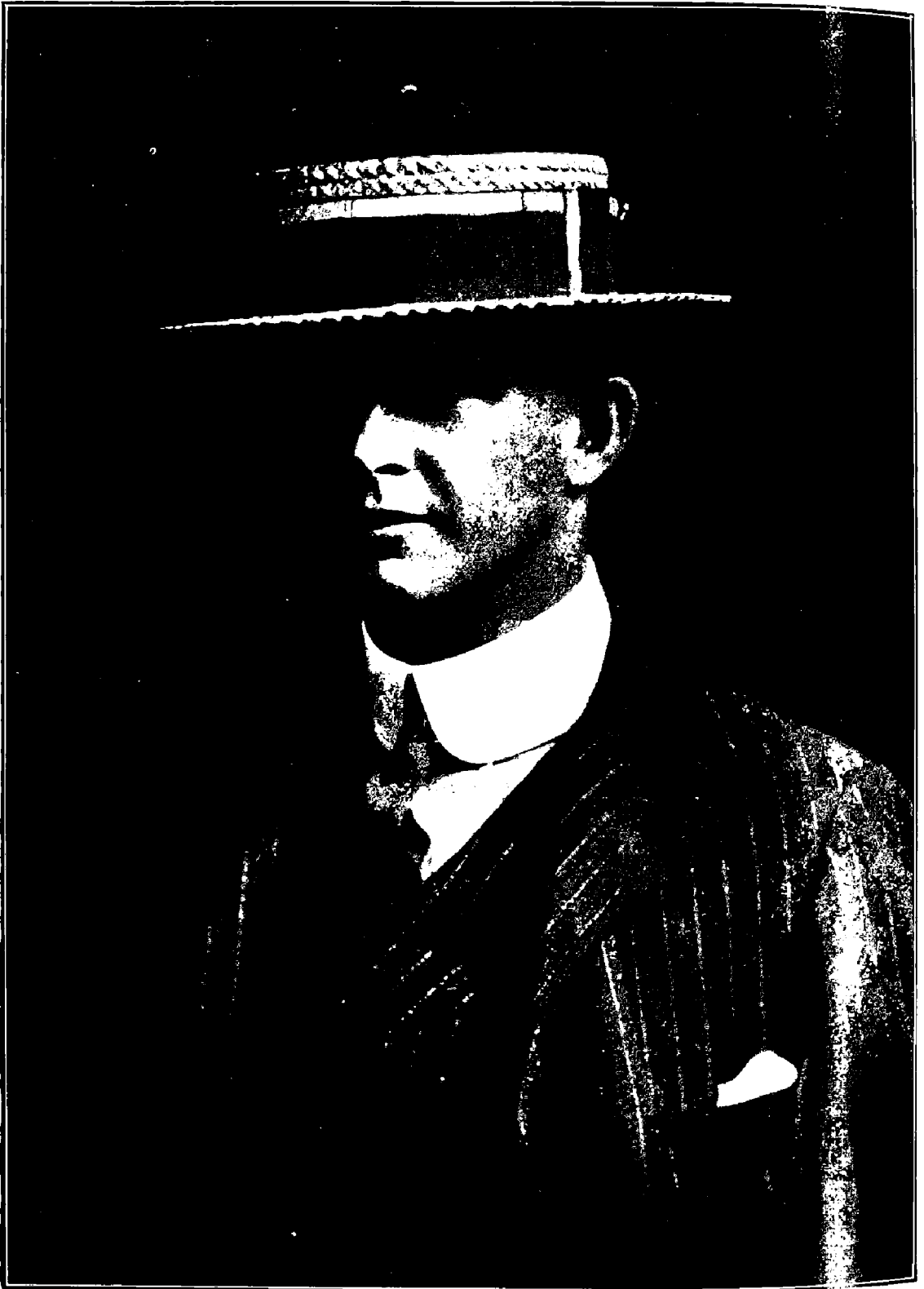
"Captainites," young and old, will all hear with great regret that Mr. C. B. Fry has found himself compelled to vacate the position of Athletic Editor to this magazine. In the interests of his own magazine he considers it necessary that he should devote himself more exclusively to that periodical, and so, with much reluctance, he has handed over the Corner with which he has been so long associated to another writer. Mr. Fry joined THE CAPTAIN at its inception. To our first number he contributed a very sound article on "How to Train for Sports," and his work has appeared in nearly every succeeding issue. He has penned contributions for us on a vast variety of topics—cricket, football, sports, training, breathing, diet, and other little byeway subjects—"Cricket Crowds," "Holidays," "Moderation," "Perseverance," and the like. His CAPTAIN work alone would make a big book. He has enriched our columns with a host of reliable information and helpful answers to correspondents, and he has throughout taken a keen and lively interest in the magazine's welfare. We bid him farewell with regret. His strenuous personality has permeated our pages; his vitality has imparted, I think, something of itself to our programme and our tone. His printed teachings remain behind for you to read and read again—the splendid work of a great man, who, by arduous study and struggle, had first to instruct himself in the wisdom which he has handed on to you in THE CAPTAIN Athletic Corner.

Such a Man is not easily replaced, for our Athletic editorship demands many qualities. Our Athletic Editor must be

something of a scholar as well as an athlete, he must be a man of sound judgment and ripe experience, and one who has the interests of boys at heart. And I have been so fortunate as to obtain a man possessed of all these qualifications. As "P. F. Warner" he is known in the papers—as "Plum" Warner to his friends. In Mr. Warner we have a thoughtful and capable writer—on divers subjects besides cricket, as you will see as time goes on—a cricketer of great distinction, and a very good fellow. He is full of fire and ideas, and keen as mustard on keeping up the reputation of the Corner he has succeeded to. That he is a man of very solid worth you may be sure, else would he never have been chosen to captain the M.C.C. team that went to Australia last winter, and won the rubber in the test matches. This summer the Australians will be battling for those "ashes" on the green swards of Old England, and no one will be better equipped with knowledge to discuss the struggle than the English captain who so recently, and amid so much adverse criticism, took an English team to Australia, and covered himself with glory. In the spring Mr. Warner will sum up, in these pages, the merits of each member of the Australian team, and, as the season goes on, will give his further impressions of our visitors.

From Mr. Fry's admirable "Book of Cricket" I extract the following estimate of our new Athletic Editor's prowess:—

No heartier cricketer than Pelham Warner ever chose a bat. His education in the game was at Rugby, with Tom Emmett as head-master. There he learnt the rudiments of an irreproachable style and more of cricket lore than most men of fifty carry in grey heads. His school cricket was a great success, and he eventually captained the Rugby eleven. This honour he afterwards supplemented



MR. P. F. WARNER.
OUR NEW ATHLETIC EDITOR.
Photo. T. Humphrey and Co.

by gaining his Blue at Oxford. But it was not till he came down that he developed into the batsman his cricket for Middlesex has shown him to be. As he is one who thinks that there is always room for improvement, and that everything requires attention and diligence, he is likely to take a very high place among batsmen. He represents the best kind of public school player. His style is almost classically correct, without being so moulded as to suppress individuality. Perhaps the most noticeable point in his play is the absolute straightness of his bat, but his orthodoxy is of the kind that appears natural, such is the ease that much practice gives. Many players who strive after correctness lose their ease and swing; not so Warner, who has made all that is artificial in batting quite his own.

The quality of defence is strong both in his back and in his forward play, as you would expect from so straight a "cue." He is not exactly a powerful back player, because he does not force the ball quite enough, but he is sound as a bell. His forward play is of its kind practically perfect. He never fails when in form to plant his leg quite close to the line of the ball and to play the ball quite close to the leg. This point is particularly evident when he plays forward to the ball well outside the off-stump. And almost every time he tries the stroke he may stay well balanced where he is, and watch the ball go for four, a result as satisfactory to the spectators as to himself.

He is a very determined player on the leg-stump, being able to persuade most balls pitched there away outside mid on for twos and threes. Anything on his legs he deals with in the most approved fashion, a neat glance or glide. He is one of those batsmen who make their strokes late rather than soon, so his push strokes are not dead, but alive; they go hard and reach the boundary. He is a keen and energetic fieldsman, who loves his work all day, a passable bowler at country houses, and a golden treasury of all that ever happened, or was likely to happen, in the game of cricket.

As for other biographical particulars, well, *Who's Who* sums them up in this commendably terse fashion:—

Warner, Pelham Francis; Journalist, Barrister-at-Law, Inner Temple; b. Trinidad, West Indies, 2 Oct. 1873; y. s. of late C. W. Warner, C.B.; m. 1904, Agnes, d. of late Henry Arthur and Mrs. Blyth, of 45 Portland Place, W., and Stanstead, Essex. Educ.: Rugby, Oriel College, Oxford. Honours in Final School of Jurisprudence; Rugby XI. 1889, '90, '91, '92 (Capt.); Oxford XI. 1886, '96; Middlesex XI. since 1894 (Vice-Captain); Captained M.C.C. Team in Australia, 1903-4. Publications: "Cricket in Many Climes"; "Cricket Across the Seas"; "How we Recovered the Ashes"; Cricket Contributor to *Westminster Gazette*. Recreations: cricket, tennis, swimming.

So now, being possessed of all this information about Mr. Warner, you will doubtless turn with interest to his first contribution to our columns—"The Story of Middlesex."

The other day I received a call from an old friend who has never yet been to see

me without making a suggestion. I was worrying away at my proofs, with that confounded Eton-jacketed young fellow (the one on the books) interrupting me with all sorts of questions, when the door opened and an odd figure appeared. Our Hound followed immediately in his wake, as if uncertain whether to bite him or not, but ready to do so (judging by the way he sniffed at the visitor's calves) on the slightest provocation, or at a nod from myself. "Yes, sir?" I said, and then, "Lie down, Baskerville—lie down, old boy!" Our Hound lay down exactly where he was, and with his head between his paws proceeded to watch the caller in a sullen and suspicious manner. I turned my gaze interrogatively



AS IF UNCERTAIN WHETHER TO BITE HIM OR NOT.

on the tall, lean, bearded gentleman in question. "Yes, sir?" I repeated. He was holding his hat and umbrella in front of him in a manner which seemed familiar to me. Where had I met him before—in a tea-shop, in Egypt, in the Tube—where? At length he spoke:

"Don't you know me?" I gazed at him searchingly through my glasses. . . . Of course! "*The Idea Merchant!*" I exclaimed. "Ah! you've penetrated Nature's disguise, then?" laughed he; "you will observe I have grown a beard." "It is

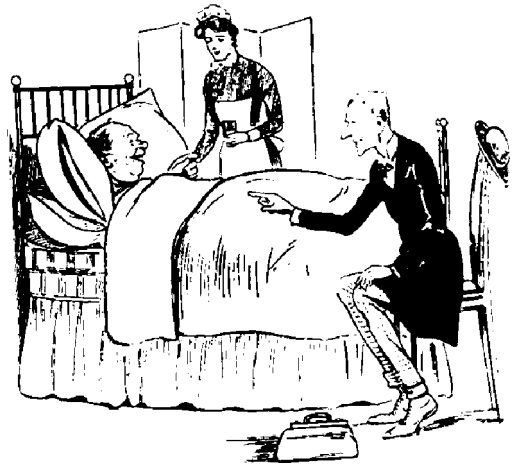
not an improvement," I ventured. "Then 'tis soon removed," cried the Idea Merchant, plucking off his false chin covering and thrusting it into his overcoat pocket. "I adopted this disguise," he explained, "in order to get successfully past the Fighting Editor and the Office Dog. My ruse was successful—eh, Baskerville, old man?"

Baskerville rose to his feet and inspected the caller's trouser-legs. I motioned to him to lie down again, and when he had done so I placed a chair for the Idea Merchant. Then I waited for the usual sentence. It was not long coming. "*I have an idea for you,*" he said, and groped importantly in that same old inner pocket.

For the benefit of the New Reader I must here interpolate a few words of explanation and introduction. The Idea Merchant made his bow to THE CAPTAIN public in our first number, where I described how our friend proposed to execute various wonderful feats (such as crawling from London to York on his hands and knees) and publishing his experiences in our pages. Since then, there have been intermittent references to him in this Corner, mostly of an unsatisfactory nature. To our last Christmas Number but one he contributed a brief letter addressed from Holloway Gaol, where he had been confined for assaulting a gentleman with whom he had differed on the Big and Little Loaf question. I had not seen him since, hence my failure to recognise him with a beard—previously he had been clean-shaven—which artificial growth, I must add, did not enhance his beauty or lessen the extraordinary nature of his appearance. Indeed, coupled with his threadbare frockcoat and ill-brushed hat, it gave him the look of a sandwichman rigged out for a party by a third-hand clothes-dealer.

I tapped the desk with my pencil, and smiled encouragingly. It was so long since he had been up that even the Hound had forgotten him. I like to let old friends see I remember them, and the Idea Merchant was often in and out in THE CAPTAIN'S early days. In fact, his "Any crumbs, Mr. Editor—any little crumbs of work for yours hungrily?" was at one time almost a daily inquiry. He witnessed the magazine's early struggles—he was an eccentric member of our little circle when we were all six years younger, working shoulder to shoulder

to build up THE CAPTAIN on a solid foundation. "Well," I said, "and what new idea have you got for me now?" "This," he replied, taking a roll of paper from his pocket and spreading it out upon his knee with much circumstance. "May I ask whether you suffer from insomnia?" I answered him that I did not. "Still, you sympathise with people who suffer from that distressing malady?" "Yes," said I; "certainly I sympathise with them." "Then will you act as Chairman of a company I am forming to provide a certain cure for sleeplessness?" "I don't think



"I SHALL TAKE A TURN AT IT MYSELF."

I can do that," said I. "But tell me about your cure, will you?"

The name he had given to his remedy, he told me, was "SLEEPO—Nature's Sweet Restorer." and the remedy consisted of a course costing fifty guineas. Each patient would be required to spend a month at the Sleepo establishment in London, where he would be lulled to rest by the strains of a fairy-like string band. Should more music be required, the musical-box in each bedroom could be turned on at the rate of 6d. per half-hour. Every air played would be of a soothing and peaceful nature. Should the patient awake in the night, another sixpennyworth would be at his service. The rooms of the Sleepo institution would be specially constructed: air would be introduced, but not sound. In fact, the institution would prove of universal benefit. People took cures for other complaints, then why not for sleeplessness—he asked again, why not?

"You must remember," said I, "that insomnia springs from a variety of causes—depression—"

"I have thought of that," cried the Idea Merchant. "I shall have a fellow to tell funny stories to depressed people, and make them chuckle themselves to sleep. I shall

"Now for my plan of procedure. With your help, I propose to advertise particulars of the company, and offer the public fifty thousand shares at par. I shall be the Managing Director; you, Honorary Chair-

"What's that?"



AT ELEVEN P.M. THEY WILL ARRIVE AT THE STATION.

take a turn at it myself, in fact, when our raconteur wants an evening off."

"I should have thought that funny stories would keep a man awake," said I.

"No, sir," replied the Idea Merchant.

"Ease the poor fellow's mind, make him laugh, put him in a good humour—then sharp along with a glass of hot milk, and turn on the musical-box. Do you take me?"

"Take you?"

"Understand me, I should say. Then again. Some people sleep better in a train than in a bed. 'Sleepo' will provide for them by means of a bed in a train—in fact, a train-dormitory. A long train, all beds. Punctually at eleven p.m. they will arrive at the station, each will go into his cubicle, and the train will start."

"Where will it go?" I asked.

The Idea Merchant waved his hand vaguely.

"Liverpool, York, Cardiff—anywhere. But when they wake, hey! presto! they will find themselves back at their starting-point. Do you take me?"

I smiled. The Idea Merchant rose to his feet.

"You are supposed to take the chair at the meetings, but you won't really. I shall."



"I SHALL BE THE MANAGING DIRECTOR."

"Why put me down, then?"

"Sir, your reverend appearance, your white locks, your stoop, your pious expression, the excellent tone of the periodical you conduct with such good taste and sound judgment——"

"Well?" said I, impatiently.

"All these attributes give you a certain market value on a prospectus," he replied in a very practical tone.

"Thank you," said I, "but I don't intend that my pious expression and white locks shall be put to commercial uses."

"'Sleepo,'" replied the Idea Merchant, "will be largely a humanitarian movement. It is," he proceeded, in an unctuous drawl, "the outcome of a desire on my part to benefit suffering humanity——"

"Who will first buy fifty thousand £1 shares?"

"Capital is necessary," he snuffled.

"As regards," said I, "your suggestion that I be Honorary Chairman. I suppose you would put my portrait on the prospectus?"

"Why, yes," said he; "it would inspire confidence. The very look of you is calming to the nerves. Think of the poor insomniack——"

"Eh?"

"Insomniack—'one who cannot sleep.' Think, I say, of the poor insomniack gazing on that reverend appearance, those white locks, that stoop——"

"That'll do—close down," I cried. "I feel as if I were something in a Stores cata-



—GAZED DOWN AT THE HOUND IN AN ANXIOUS MANNER.

logue. To be brief, what do you want? You know I won't have anything to do with this wild cat idea of yours, so the point is——"

"Ah!" He bent over me. "Could you oblige me with half-a-crown?"

I produced the coin. "You might have said that was what you wanted, without all this rigmarole about my stoop, my pious expression, &c."

"Still," he said, "don't you think there's something in my idea? Sleepo would minister to the wants of many thousand poor insomniacks——"

I rose to my feet. "That word again! Look here, do you mind going?" And I pointed to the door.

"Think of the poor wrecks of insomniacks——" he recommenced.

"Will you go?"

"Think of the advertisements: 'If you Can't Sleep, Try Sleepo, Nature's Sweet Restorer. Only Fifty Guineas: Worth Five Hundred.'"

"Go, sir!" I thundered.

At that moment Baskerville made a jump at him. The Idea Merchant leapt lightly on to a desk and gazed down at the Hound in an anxious manner.

"With you as Honorary Chairman," he started again, "the public, inspired with confidence by your stoop, your white——"



"COULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH HALF-A-CROWN?"

Baskerville uttered a menacing growl.
 "Hold the dog, and I'll go," said the Merchant.
 "Lie down, sir," I said to the Hound.
 "Now, then—"



FURTHER SOUNDS LED ME TO BELIEVE THAT HE WAS GOING DOWNSTAIRS IN A HURRY.

He hurried to the door, went out, then put his head in.

"It's worth thinking over. It's not every man who can start a company on the strength of his appearance. Your white locks would—"

[A large number of correspondents will receive replies next month.]

"Baskerville!"

The Hound, with a blood-curdling growl, sprang forward. The door banged, and further sounds led me to believe that the Idea Merchant was going downstairs in a hurry. Since then I have seen nothing of him.

I do not altogether like what he said about my appearance. Are my locks as white as all that? Is my expression so very pious? I thought I had a touch of the *bon vivant* about me. Here, boy, bring me that little bit of a looking-glass of yours. Ah! Now, then.

[When I took this 'ere to the printer's 'e was still studying 'imself in the glass. Don't believe 'e likes being called Ho Heff—wanity, that's wot it is—wanity. Oh, 'ow weak is 'yuman natcher—The O.B.]

Books Received: In addition to the books reviewed elsewhere, I beg to acknowledge receipt of the following, a selection of which will be noticed next month:—

From Ward, Lock, and Co., Ltd.—*In Regions of Perpetual Snow*, by Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M., R.N. (5s.).

From A. and C. Black.—*The Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan (6s.).

From the Westminster Press.—*The Commission of H.M.S. "Foz,"* the "Log" Series, No. 19 (4s. net).

From W. Collins, Sons, and Co., Ltd.—*My Sword's My Fortune*, by Herbert Hayens (6s.); *The War God and the Brown Maiden*, by Tom Bevan (3s. 6d.).

From George Bell and Sons.—*Eton*, by A. Clutton-Brock; *Harrow*, by J. Fischer Williams; *Winchester*, by R. Townsend Warner; *Rugby*, by H. C. Bradby; *Charterhouse*, by A. H. Tod; *Westminster*, by Reginald Airy (3s. 6d. net each); *Rowing and Sculling*, by Guy Rixon (1s.); *Wrestling*, by Walter Armstrong (1s.).

THE OLD FAG.

Results of December Competitions.

No. I.—"Famous Footballers."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
 WINNER OF "GRANDIDGE" FOOTBALL: Arthur Wheeler, Desmond House, Southchurch-road, Southend-on-Sea.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: C. E. Vigor, Forest Lea, Highstone, Leytonstone, N.E.; Bernard F. Barber, Crompton School, Southend-on-Sea.

HONORABLE MENTION: W. Leslie, C. L. Widdlake, W. E. Horner, W. J. Phillips, Archie Rutter, W. T. Casson, H. Wilnot.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
 WINNERS OF HORSEY STICKS: John J. Sheil, 62½ Spellow Lane, Liverpool; Tom Marston, 13 Denman Drive, Nensham Park, Liverpool.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: William M. Marshall, Elizabeth College, Guernsey; W. E. R. Saunders, 12 Church-street, Wellingborough, Northants.

HONORABLE MENTION: Ian G. Innes, G. H. Banton, L. A. Pavey, W. H. Lea, William Mackay, L. J. Hibbert, C. A. Wheeler, R. L. Robertson, Arthur Fox, Frank N. Harby, Thomas Cooke, Marguerite Schindhelm.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
 WINNERS OF HORSEY STICKS: James Cooper, Parkisea, West Cula, Aberdeen; W. Howard Mallett, 48 Grandison-road, Captham Common, London.

HONORABLE MENTION: Leonard Clifford, K. Turpin, Lealie Phip, B. J. Michael, H. W. Turner, J. W. Middleton.

No. II.—"A December Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
 WINNER OF BENEFINK FOOTBALL: Eric Moore Ritchie, Beaufort House, Alexandra Park, Manchester.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Frances Whittingham, Kimberley, Kinnaird-avenue, Bromley.

HONORABLE MENTION: J. M. D. Henderson, William Ainsley, Robert Layfield, C. E. Duncan, F. J. de Boos, W. G. Palmer, F. Gordon Grigsby, E. Wharrier-Soulaby, P. Eustace Petter, W. B. Gronow.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
 WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: J. Wilson Campbell, 6 Vernon-street, Bolton.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: William M. Marshall, Elizabeth College, Guernsey; W. E. R. Saunders, 12 Church-street, Wellingborough, Northants.

HONORABLE MENTION: Ian G. Innes, G. H. Banton, L. A. Pavey, W. H. Lea, William Mackay, L. J. Hibbert, C. A. Wheeler, R. L. Robertson, Arthur Fox, Frank N. Harby, Thomas Cooke, Marguerite Schindhelm.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
 WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: Elizabeth Maude, 9 Cadogan-gardens, London, S.W.

HONORABLE MENTION: R. J. Evans, C. W. Metcalfe, Percy Hartill, Cameron Bardsley

No. III.—“Handwriting.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty one.)
WINNER OF HOBBIES' FRETWORK OUTFIT: G. W. Bailey, 396 Attercliffe road, Sheffield.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Thomas Street, 36 Montgomery-street, Edinburgh; S. Wilson, The High School for Boys, Croydon; Charles C. Norbury, 6 Stonehaven-terrace, Stanley-road, Wakefield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John F. Rowan, Haveley R. Hill, Harold Schofield, Harry Wolf, Thomas R. Penn, R. Padre, T. F. McMullen, Fred. J. Spencer.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF HOBBIES' FRETWORK OUTFIT: Douglas King, Whimhill Cottage, By Auchinblae, Fordoun.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Norman Lockhart, Manor House, Clapham, S.W.; J. W. Smith, Branksome, Edgeley-road, Cheadle Heath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. M. Aitken, Arthur Dickson, E. F. S. Anderson, John Hunt, Francis G. Potter, A. Robins, R. G. M. Jones, Harry Hudson, G. Holzapfel.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF HOBBIES' FRETWORK OUTFIT: Douglas Cruickshank Herring, Chez nous, Belmont-road, Wallington, Surrey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. S. Killick, 5 Dixon-road, New Cross; Donald F. Fergusson, Logie Manse, Bridge of Allan, Scotland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. G. Fenn, Harry C. Hunt, Charlotte M. Tainton, Thomas Cooke, R. W. A. Lloyd Jones, A. W. Harris, R. S. Ashworth, Harold Paxton, N. Bolland.

No. IV.—“Photographic Competition.”

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE: E. G. Medley, Clarendon-road, Shanklin, I.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: R. G. Jenkins, 114 The Albany, Albany-road, Camberwell, S.E.; A. H. Kimm, 18 Brook-street, Cromer; Ursula M. Peck, 8A Randolph-road, Maida Vale, London, W.; A. H. Kimm, 18 Brook-street, Cromer.

HONOURABLE MENTION: K. Reeves, G. Heynes, Arthur Higgins, the Rev. A. N. Gilmore, H. Gibson, Herbert W. Harmaworth, Mrs. Pratt, H. J. Tufnell, W. J. Walker, jun., W. R. Bainbridge.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF “SUNNY MEMORIES” ALBUM: G. S. B. Cushnie, 182 Grove-street, Liverpool.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: L. E. Bastable, Brighton-road, Rathgar, Dublin; W. L. Taylor, 9 Bell-street, Henley-on-Thames; Alfred Martinson, 5 Norfolk-road, St. John's Wood, N.W.; S. G. Gurney, 93 Queen's-road, Wimbledon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. J. R. H. Oldham, J. D. MacKay, W. N. Bagshaw, Charles W. Hoban, R. E. O. Chipp, Alice M. Hamling, Stanley Dudman, Othbert Boucher.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF “SUNNY MEMORIES” ALBUM: Cedric Burrell, Neville Cottage, Clifton-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Bennett Robinson, 246 Bath-street, Glasgow; Dorothy Alice Hilton, Oaklands, Sturry, near Canterbury; William G. Briggs, 80 Reedworth-street, Kennington, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. J. Howie, Arthur O. Donoghue, Eric R. Exell, H. C. C. Stanley, Reginald J. Drury, Jasper Williams.

No. V.—“Captain Birthday Book.”

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT GOLF OUTFIT: C. Maud Haddy, 46 Redcliffe-gardens, South Kensington.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the “Captain,” “Strand,” “Sunday Strand,” “Wide World,” “Technics,” “C. B. Fry’s Magazine,” or one of the following books—“Jim Mortimer, Surgeon,” “J. O. Jones,” “Tales of Greyhouse,” “Acton’s Feud,” “The Heart of the Prairie.”

Comments on the December Competitions.

No. I.—A correct list will be found on an advertisement page. Pictures Nos. 2 and 3 proved to be the most difficult to solve, a large number of competitors putting “Wood” and “Pallet” instead of the correct solutions.

No. II.—A number of good essays were sent in, but on the whole they were not up to the usual high standard. The important events which found most chroniclers were: Battle of Austerlitz, Birth of John Milton, Death of Washington, Fall of Plevna, and Battle of Colenso.

No. III.—There were an enormous number of entries for this competition, and such was the general excellence that the winners were only selected with difficulty.

No. IV.—There were very few entries this month, probably owing to the dull weather.

No. V.—A large number of exceedingly good birthday books were submitted, the quotations for the most part showing great taste and judgment. Competitors must bear in

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: May MacCowan Hall, Penderel Lodge, Tenterden.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles Reed, Constance Messers, Constance Greaves, Mary Gillott, Albert A. Kerridge, S. C. Arding, Ursula M. Peck, G. T. Burrows.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF HOCKEY STICK: Albert Albrow, 43 Hinton-road, Loughborough Junction, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Grace Elliston, 37 Cloudesdale-road, Balham, S.W.; Margery L. P. Lycock, 10 Lancaster road, West Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. W. Spikin, Marian Hewitt, C. S. Duncan, Gladys A. W. von Stralendorff, Alice M. Hamling, E. Wharrier-Soulsby, Ethel L. Brooks, Evelyn Byrde, F. Gordon Grigsby.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF HOCKEY STICK: R. Gough, 11 Northgate street, Bury St. Edmunds.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Maud Brougham, Viewmount, Inverness.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Smithers, M. Rose Sandes, Mildred Hall, J. Wilson Campbell, Jean B. Montgomery, Dorothy Osmond, George M. Fowler.

No. VI.—“Stamp Collectors’ Competition.”

CLASS I. (Over Twenty.)
WINNER OF “CISTAFILE” OUTFIT: B. L. Jones, 6 Brunswick street, Carlisle.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Constance H. Greaves, Winifred Cates, W. A. Oldfield, H. G. Tucker, Arthur H. Redman.

CLASS II. (Over Fifteen.)
WINNER OF “CENTURY” STAMP ALBUM: Jack Simpson, North of Scotland Bank, Portree.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lottie Tucker, G. R. Wood, Herbert W. Quicke, W. R. Powell, John Deed, Mildred Hall, P. Langton, Gwen Okeden.

CLASS III. (Under Fifteen.)
WINNER OF “CENTURY” STAMP ALBUM: J. F. Mielziner, 6 Lindum-terrace, Bradford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Percy W. Sadler, J. S. Jeffrey, R. B. Geach, Phyllis H. Arundel, Edgar A. Leigh, J. W. Smith, Ernest A. Hill, S. Casson.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—November, 1904.

No. I.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** Arthur Troye, 52 Pretoria street, Hospital Hill, Johannesburg, South Africa.

No. II.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** E. S. Glasse, 54 Cape-road, Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony. **Honourable Mention:** E. W. Melville, B. A. Harris (India), Frank Callcutt (Canada), M. R. D. Mookerjee (India), F. Delanougerede (India), D. G. Harris (India), Alfred Pulford (South Africa), Henry Boris (India), Aldridge Kershaw (Transvaal).

No. III.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** J. W. Stanley, Charlotteown, P.E.I., Canada. **Honourable Mention:** A. K. Tancock (Ceylon), John Allison (Cape Colony), R. C. Harrison (Cape Town), H. C. Maclaine (Demerara), Max Marais (Orange River Colony), Mary W. Johnstone (Transvaal).

No. IV.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** R. D. Mookerjee, Bankipore, India. **Honourable Mention:** B. A. Harris, Leslie Lacy Langley (India).

No. V.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** Egerton W. Melville, 10 East Race Course, Kingston, Jamaica. **Honourable Mention:** B. A. Harris.

No. VI.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** A. W. Edwards, Bank of Commerce, Windor, Nova Scotia, Canada. **Honourable Mention:** L. Lacy-Langley, W. G. Hanson (Canada), R. D. Mookerjee, E. W. Melville, F. Delanougerede, A. K. Tancock, Kenneth Cameron (Cape Town), A. W. McGregor (Cape Town), Max Marais, Aldridge Kershaw.

mind that very long quotations are unmitable. I congratulate the prize-winner in Class II. on a most artistic production.

No. VI.—The six most artistic postage stamps, according to votes, are as follows:—
 Canada, Jubilee Issue, 1897.
 New Zealand, 5s., 1898.
 New Zealand, 2d., 1898.
 Tasmania, 1d. and 2d., 1900.
 Newfoundland, 5c., 1898.
 Jamaica, 1d., 1900.

I regret that some confusion was caused as to classes, but competitors may rest assured that no one has suffered any injustice in consequence of the error.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS.—More new names. I was pleased to observe.



FOLLOWING OUT INSTRUCTIONS.

Beetle Athlete (as a dewdrop falls):—"A shower-bath and a walk before breakfast—that's what C. B. Fry says, isn't it?"



"HE FIRED AS HE SPOKE, AND THE CHINAMAN FELL HEAVILY SIDWAYS."

AT HICKSON'S.

By F. L. MORGAN.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

No. 6.—THE PERIL OF THREE.

I.

JULIUS POLLARD stood at Hickson's gates with melancholy strong upon him. It was the last day of the term, and he faced the dismal outlook of three long weeks at Hickson's—*solus*. That there might be others in the same predicament did not cross his mind until a few words from two of Carr's blackest sheep, overheard just as the last 'bus was leaving the College, brought home to Julius the fact that he was to have at least one companion in his solitude.

Hodgson, large, bold, and ruddy, was climbing into the 'bus, while a pale and agitated Wodman (of the fifth, and known to Pollard only by a doubtful reputation) hung hold of the door-handle.

"Hodgson—swear you'll send the money. They'll kill me. I'm clean broke—swear you'll send it!"

With a burly laugh and an unconvincing "Take my giddy oath!" from Hodgson, the 'bus rumbled away, and Wodman turned, with a gesture of despair, to meet the part inquiring, part quizzical, and wholly contemptuous gaze of Julius Pollard of the sixth—a man of high repute, forced by certain untoward and unforeseen family reasons to spend the Easter vac. at Hickson's.

Wodman lowered his eyes and strolled away with elaborate indifference. More than once he had been censured by Carr's prefects for doubtful dealings, and neither he nor Pollard felt any pleasure at the prospect of the other's company for three weeks. "One thing," reflected Julius, "I needn't have anything to do with the bounder. Hickson's is large, and San Francisco is at hand."

Just at that moment, a voice, soft and of the tenor persuasion, spoke at Pollard's elbow.

"Greetin' Pollard," it said; "mighty cheerful prospect, eh?"

Julius turned, and beheld a small but well-made form, with a singularly mild expression of countenance. Though, before this, Julius had exchanged only the everyday civilities with the fellow, he did not resent the familiar address. Indeed, even an Englishman could scarcely have taken offence, so friendly was the smile in the wide blue eyes. Without answering, Pollard stared up at Hickson's—red, dismal, deserted. Then his thoughts reverted to home—sociable, jovial, united; and he sighed. The small one, who was called David Sharpe, and whose innocent countenance belied the weight of his seventeen years, regarded him sympathetically.

"I know," he said; "I'm feeling just like that, right now. They've got fever up my home, that's why I'm stopping here. Beastly, isn't it?"

"Rather," answered Julius, suddenly realising that Sharpe's company would be preferable to Wodman's, and evincing some personal interest in the youthful-looking fellow, who had a reputation in the fifth for eccentricities of the wildest and most varied description. "We can go into San Fran. though."

"Oh, yes," rejoined David, secretly pleased by Pollard's use of the plural pronoun; "we need only turn up here to eat and sleep. Wodman can show us San Fran. if we like. He spends all the vacs. here, so he ought to know the place."

Julius Pollard looked down sharply.

"Tha-anks," he drawled; "I rather think I should prefer not to have Wodman for a guide."

David Sharpe's eyes looked thoughtfully after the retreating Wodman, and he remarked:—

"He was whining to Hodgson for money just now. Obvious deduction—he's in debt. If we were Christians we should inquire into the trouble and haul him out of it. We accidentally overheard that he's in a

mess of some sort, and responsibility comes with knowledge, whether we will or no."

"I don't agree with you," said Julius, warmly; "Wodman is an unsavoury animal by all accounts, and I for one won't be mixed up in his dollar difficulties. The fellow has got himself into a mess, and——"

"And therefore must get himself out of it. Of course!" laughed David Sharpe, with a faint sneer glinting for an instant in his large blue eyes.

Pollard looked thoughtfully after him as he walked away. What did the fellow mean?

The days went by without excitement. By mutual consent, Pollard and Sharpe paired off together, and it was certainly a case of two being company. Wodman apparently regretted this not at all, for he went off by himself each day; never speaking to the other two, and meeting them only when hunger made it unavoidable.

On the seventh day, Pollard experienced a slight disturbance, and on the eighth day he unburdened his mind to Sharpe. Said he:

"Do you know, young feller, last night about six o'clock I met a Chinnee coming out by the Coll. gates."

Scarcely had his voice ceased, when a remarkable sight met the eyes of the two collegians. As if conjured up by Pollard's words, a Chinaman (within ten yards of them) was squatting on the ground *within* Hickson's gates, peacefully smoking a pipe.

The heathen Chinnee is the white elephant of the Pacific coast—and particularly of San Francisco. Not but what he is fairly common all over the States. But it is in San Francisco that he has become a racial problem, and has annexed unto himself (by right of sheer filth) a part of the town. The whites, finding the Chinnee an unsanitary neighbour, have left with common consent the Chinese quarter, which, though built for Westerners, has been absolutely orientalised. By reason of all this, and of his tendency to drain America of its dollars in order to enrich his own country, the Chinnee, who for over thirty years has built houses and railways, nursed babies, cleaned, cooked, and washed for the whites, is, in the Pacific States, a reptile. Therefore immediately and with one accord, the Hicksonianians fell upon the peacefully smoking Oriental, and kicked him beyond the College gates.

This done, David rearranged his cap and danced on the grass, to remove the impress of the reptile's form. While he was thus

engaged, Wodman came up. His face was pale and drawn, and his appearance more unkempt than usual. He peered through the gates, glanced hesitatingly at Pollard, and then walked away again.

David Sharpe looked thoughtful.

"Obvious deductions," he muttered: "Chinnee came to see Wodman. Pollard," he added aloud, "if Wodman asks you to lend him some money, what shall you do?"

"Refuse!" replied Julius, briefly, walking slowly towards Carr's doorway, meaning to wash and brush up before tea. Half way along the corridor he met Wodman.

"Pollard—could you lend me five or six dollars? I'm beastly hard up and——"

"No!" said Julius decisively, without pausing on his way.

* * * * *

"Excuse native curiosity—but *did* Wodman want cash?" whispered David Sharpe, suddenly appearing at the door of Pollard's cubicle, about ten minutes after lights out that night. It was one of the fifth form dormitories, but all holiday men occupied the same dormitory for the sake of company.

"Yes," replied Julius; "and I told him I wouldn't lend him any. It's some wretched affair he and that brute Hodgson have got into."

"You're right, my boy," said David, taking a temporary seat at the foot of Pollard's bed. "Imagine Hodgson, Wodman and a Chinaman—what a savoury concoction! All the same, I reckon we might rid Hickson's of the Chinnee atmosphere—or at least we might try!"

Pollard frowned fiercely in the dark. Then, quite suddenly, he gave in.

"All right, young feller—anything for a little variety! What you've got in your mind about Wodman I don't know, but anyway, if anything can be done for the young fool, I'm with you."

Without a word, David felt in the dark for the hand of Julius, and gave it a hearty grip—grinning a grin of victory as he did so. Then he crept noiselessly out of the cubicle, and proceeded immediately to the sixth door on the left.

"Wodman," he whispered, "may I come in?"

"Yes—what is it?"

Wodman's voice was husky, and David had his suspicions.

"Can you tell me why you want money? Because——"

"No. Git!" said Wodman, savagely.

David went; and, as he closed the door, a stifled sob confirmed his suspicions.

II.

A WEEK later saw Wodman walking aimlessly down Market Street, San Francisco. At a discreet distance, and apparently with equal aimlessness, Pollard and Sharpe followed him—David with a pistol in his pocket. This was the third visit to Sar-

fellows were well-nigh tired of their slow progress, when David gripped Pollard's arm.

"Look, man—that Chinese we kicked out of Hickson's has just joined Wodman. We're in luck this time."

It was true. The Oriental and the Hicksonian were walking side by side. Pollard nodded.

"It was just here," he said, "that we missed him before, and—they've disappeared! Come on, young feller!"

Quickening their pace, the two came to a narrow turning, something between a doorway and a gate.

"They went down here," said Julius.



THE HICKSONIANS FELL UPON THE ORIENTAL AND KICKED HIM BEYOND THE COLLEGE GATES.

Francisco; twice before had the three cycled from Hickson's, put up their machines, and wandered down Market Street—the two unknown to the one. Each time, after about twenty minutes' shop-gazing at the rate of one mile an hour, sometimes in one street and sometimes in another, the investigators had suddenly lost sight of Wodman—whom they were determined to make some attempt to rescue, in spite of himself.

The afternoon was waning, and the two

"Are you sure?"

"Dead cert."

Sharpe at once turned down the uninviting-looking passage. Dark it was, narrow, and strangely twisting. Before them, dimly, could be seen the forms of Wodman and his Eastern companion. The noise of San Francisco seemed to be deadened and shut out; only the faint whirr of the electric tram-cars could be heard, as if from a distance. After walking for some seconds in

silence, the two Hicksonians turned suddenly into a street lighted with lamps and lanterns and busy with shops. Painted balconies stood out from the houses, with coloured streamers and huge signs in golden, un-English characters. Men with loose blouses, wide trousers, slippers, and pig-tails down to their knees, paraded the street. Pollard and Sharpe paused simultaneously. They had come into the Chinese quarter—Chinatown, a city of dirt and colour, of superstition and debauchery; a city built by Westerners, yet absolutely oriental. Both fellows knew that it was not a particularly wholesome or safe place to be in, yet neither hesitated to go on.

"Let's follow Wodman, anyhow," said Julius; "he's up to no good, I'll bet."

David was rather more versed in the undercurrent of Chinatown's lawlessness than was Pollard. David knew of the terror and anarchy which are the real rulers of this East within West; of its secret societies which rob, blackmail and murder at will. He knew something of the cruelty and large share of personal vice which the San Francisco tame-cat Chinese lets loose in the precincts of Chinatown. Yet, with the sublime recklessness of youth, David pressed forward with his friend, only pausing to rescue a tiny child from the rough treatment of a half-friendly, half-hostile dog, and hand it to a solemn-looking Chinaman, who received his offspring with guttural mumblings of gratitude.

Wodman, whose pace had increased, disappeared with his companion into a dark and apparently empty house. His would-be rescuers paused involuntarily in the evil-smelling doorway. Peering down a flight of rickety steps, they saw the glimmer of a light and heard the sound of voices—Wodman's raised in protest. In Julius was born a burning desire to go on; in David, a warning that to descend into an unknown basement in the Chinese quarter would be more than foolhardy. At length, however, the feel of the six-shooter in his breast-pocket, and the voice of Julius whispering, "Come on, feller; Wodman's down there!" overcame his caution, and the two collegians felt their way down, staring curiously around them as they came into the light below.

The place was a dark, foul-smelling courtyard, round which rose several storeys of wooden rooms, with verandahs. Through an open door at one end could be seen the interior of a doss-house, where in tiers of filthy

bunks a score of men were smoking opium. Before the Hicksonians could take in further details of the place, they were surrounded by silent and stealthy Chinamen, two of whom, armed with pistols, took immediate guard over the steps leading up into the street.

Wodman, his face white and his voice shaking, turned on them angrily.

"You fools!" he cried. "Why have you come here?"

Without noticing him, David addressed the Orientals.

"You speakee Inkelis?" he asked, in his best pidgeon-English.

"What for numpa one piecee foleign devil in Chinee house?" responded one, whose portly and prosperous appearance suggested the merchant.

"We wantee this idiot foreign devil," said Sharpe, indicating Wodman; "he must come with us, right now—savvy?"

"Idiot-foleign-devil owe Chinee muchee dollars galaw!" answered the Chinaman, quick to pick up the extra word.

"Allee money paid later," returned David; "he must come now at once—right away—understandee?"

The Chinaman shook his head. "No can do so fashion," he said. "Numpa one piecee gentlemans come play. P'laps foleign devils win allo dollars!"

Julius stood firm as a general move was made towards the doss-house.

"I'll not go into that beastly place," he said. "Here, Dave, let's get out of this!"

"For heaven's sake don't be such an ass. Pollard," said Wodman, in a low tone. "don't you see they are all armed?"

Through the doss-house, and up a flight of stairs, led them into another room. Filthy, like most habitations of Chinatown (for the Chinese seldom cleans his clothes or his bedding, his floors or his furniture, or anything that is his), it was better lighted than the doss-house, draped in many colours, and contained already about a dozen men. These glanced up, evincing some surprise at the entrance of the Hicksonians. Several, however, greeted Wodman with much Eastern politeness, and soon all else was lost in dice, dominoes, cards, and several Chinese inventions which contain special advantages for gambling.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed David. "it's a gambling den! Wodman, have you been here before?"

"Yes," replied Wodman miserably; "I

came first with Hodgson. He and I owe them about thirty dollars, and I haven't a cent!"

He turned with a white face and a pitiful show of pluck to the Orientals, who made as if to draw him towards the gamblers.

"No!" he said, loudly; "me no wantee. Me no play more."

"American gentlemans no play? Foreign devils Chinaman's plisoners for litee piecee while galaw!" rejoined the Oriental, indicat-

ing to the Americans that they were to take up their position in a corner of the room, where two men, apparently servants, armed with pistols, were set to guard them.

The swinging lamps, Eastern figures, and close smell, the strange mutterings of the gamblers as the rustling paper money passed from one to the other, at first kept the minds of Sharpe and Pollard so occupied that they did not realise the danger of their position until an hour had passed away.

"How long will this last?" asked Julius, suddenly; "it's past six, and I'm mighty hungry."

"They keep on like this all night," replied Wodman. "As they grow tired they go down to the doss-house."

"Wodman," put in David, "tell us how you came to such a hole."

III.

AND Wodman told. It was a miserable tale of an orphaned and neglected childhood; of solitary vacations, bad company, and consequent bad habits; of efforts to reclaim himself, and of constant failures. Hodgson had introduced him to the Chinese quarter the preceding holidays, when they had contracted debts which several stolen visits during the term had not lessened.

"I made up my mind never to come here again. I thought I would give all this up

and start afresh. But the Chinese know I stay at the Coll. for the holidays, and they sent a chap to persuade me to come and play again. They said they'd split to the Head if I didn't. At first I wouldn't. I asked Pollard to lend me five dollars—I thought that might keep them quiet until Hodgson comes back—but he couldn't lend it me, and I—I had to come."

The other two were silent. Both wished they had not given Wodman such a large



"YOU FOOLS! WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE?"

share of cold shoulder, and Julius would have rejoiced had his pocket been lighter by the sum mentioned.

"Are you sure you owe it?" asked David, suddenly recollecting that the Chinese has a genius for fraud and treachery of any kind.

"I suppose so. And—but look, Pollard, there's not nearly so many Chinese in the room now!"

"No," rejoined David; "they're certainly thinning. Why, there's a chap giving them

pipes and getting rid of them as quickly as he can!"

What Sharpe said was the truth. A solemn-faced Chinaman was moving from one to another of the gamblers, giving them pipes and chatting genially with each one. He was apparently a man of great importance, for on all sides he met with deferential politeness.

Julius suddenly leant forward, white with excitement and hope.

"David—David, that's the man whose kid you hooked up out of the road! He's getting rid of the others to help us—to give us a chance of escape!"

There certainly appeared to be some motive in the deliberate way in which the solemn-faced Oriental inveigled his countrymen out of the gambling-den. When there remained only six men in the room besides the two keeping guard over the Hicksonians, Julius murmured:—

"Guess we might tackle them now!"

"The odds are too great—wait a bit," replied David. "There goes another down to the doss-house, and one more out of the door. Look, you chaps, he's trying to persuade the other three to go, and they won't take it on. Yes—yes, there goes one more! Fellers, I'll evermore respect Chinamen for the sake of that one who has emptied this den for us."

The friendly Oriental, having done his best for the whites, left the gambling-den by the door.

The Hicksonians stared round the room; at the two men throwing dice; at the motionless, yet armed, servants.

"Quick, fellers," said Julius, "before any more come in. Let's stick together, and tackle the two armed men first."

With a sudden movement, he neatly tripped up the Chinese nearest him, and immediately closed with the other. Wodman turned to face the two players, who had risen to the aid of their countrymen; and David hovered between the two groups, encouraging the Hicksonians and tripping up the Chinese—for David was no fighter. It was Wodman who knocked up a pistol, so that the bullet intended for Pollard whistled harmlessly over his head, and it was Julius who laid two men low on his own account—one with a broken nose. But the whites were both lighter and fewer, and the Orientals gained heart as the Hicksonians, beginning to show signs of exhaustion, were pressed backwards towards the flight of

stairs. Suddenly David, seeing his friends were almost overcome, wormed his small form from the grasp of a Chinese, and, catching up a long bamboo pole, ran round the room, dashing out the lights as he went.

"The door—make for the door!" he cried.

Julius, freeing himself with a straight hard left, followed immediately by an equally straight and somewhat harder right, was at David's side in a moment.

"Wodman—where are you?"

"I'm down! Go on; you chaps—don't wait for me!" came in muffled tones out of the darkness.

As he ceased speaking, a portly form, carrying a lamp, came shuffling up the stairs from the doss-house. By the light of this lamp, which cast swinging shadows on the walls and gave life to the laboured breathing, the two Hicksonians at the doorway saw the fallen Wodman lying at the top of the stairs, with a Chinese apparently sitting on his head.

Sharpe drew out his pistol.

"Feller—put up the gun—you might kill Wodman!" shouted Julius.

David's young face hardened, looking suddenly many years older, and his blue eyes shone with a steady gleam.

"Come, Wodman!" He fired as he spoke, and the Chinaman fell heavily sideways, rolled down the stairs, and knocked his ascending countryman backwards into the doss-house, the lamp shivering into a thousand pieces.

In a second Wodman was on his feet, and narrowly missing a bullet fired by one of the remaining Orientals, the three ran stumblingly through the darkness, out into the street.

A Chinaman hurried towards them. It was the one who had befriended them.

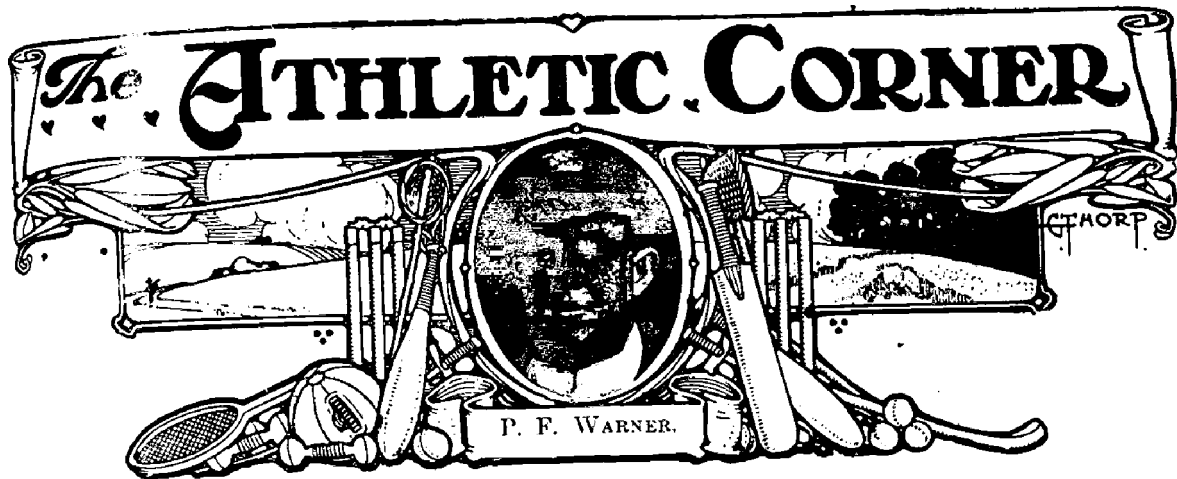
"Allo lightee?" he said, eagerly. "Quick—follow Chinaman!"

In a few minutes the Americans found themselves once more in the cheerful, orderly bustle of Western civilisation.

"I reckon you saved my life, Wodman," said Julius, holding out his hand; "I should have been a sure billet for one of the Chinese's bullets if you hadn't knocked up the beggar's gun."

They shook, and with square shoulders and a new light in his eyes, Wodman replied:—

"You chaps have saved my life in more than one sense, I guess."



SOME GREAT RUGBY FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

I PROPOSE, in this article, to deal with a few of the best known English Rugby Football players of the present day. The majority of CAPTAIN readers are probably far more conversant with Association football, and know all details connected with the shining lights of that game, while they have very likely never so much as heard of many of the fine athletes and sportsmen connected with the Rugby Code; but as Rugby Football is one of the finest games that has ever been invented, I shall try in this article, by taking well-known players as instances, to show the way in which the game should be played.

The casual spectator of a Rugby match, who has never played the game himself, wonders what amusement eight men on each side can find in putting their heads down in a scrummage, and apparently trying to shove the opposite eight over—and, when this has been successfully accomplished, setting to work to form another scrummage and repeat the process. It does not interest him in the least to watch this performance. What he has come to see is an open game, with plenty of passing amongst the backs. Then he goes away satisfied, but still with a great pity in his heart for the forwards. The forward's lot in Rugby Football is, of course, not as miserable a one as our casual spectator thinks, but I am bound to admit that the prevailing custom of continually heeling-out to feed the backs, makes one feel that a position behind the scrummage is preferable to one in it. The brilliant points of the game—in the very great majority of cases, go to the backs, and the hard work

to the forwards; but still, if the forwards fail to accomplish their hard work satisfactorily, sad is the lot of the backs. Hence we arrive at this point—that the backs do not have their opportunities if the forwards do not make them.

The forward, then, as the hardest worker—the man who gets most of the kicks and fewest of the halfpence—shall be discussed first. Personally, I think the day of the gigantic forward has gone, and as long as the four three-quarter game lasts, which of necessity makes the forwards more or less heeling machines, it will not return. A very good height for a forward is 5ft. 10in. or 11in.—with a playing weight of about 13 stone or a few pounds more. The big hulking forward of well over 6ft. and 14 stone is, of course, very useful for certain points of the game, but is apt to be a nuisance in the scrummage—and must never find himself in the front row, as he is almost impossible to pack with, and quite upsets the general comfort, and very often the effectiveness of the others. Certainly

THE TWO BEST FORWARDS OF THE PRESENT DAY

in England, in my opinion, or, at any rate, on last year's form, are Frank Stout, the Richmond captain, and Cartwright, last year's Oxford captain, and both of these, I should think, run to about the height and weight I mentioned.

Frank Stout, as far as International Football is concerned, has had rather a chequered career. He first played for England about eight years ago, and in those days he was a very different player to the Frank Stout



Photo.]

A RUSH BY THE FORWARDS.

[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

of to-day. Then he was so extraordinarily brilliant in the loose—his dribbling, running, and tackling being always so very much in evidence. He was accused—whether rightly I am not at all convinced—of doing no work in the scrum, and consequently, for quite a number of years—from 1899 till 1902-3—he did not figure in another English side. During the later part of this period he was gradually changing his style of play, and for the last two years, at any rate, no one could have had the slightest doubt as

to his doing his own and a good deal more than his own share of the work in the scrum. This has naturally, to some degree, spoiled the brilliance of his operations in the open, but even to-day he is a fast and clever dribbler, uses his hands well, and is a good tackler. In the scrum he is an excellent leader of forwards, keeping them well together, while he is clever at getting the ball when it is put in.

CONCERNING CARTWRIGHT.

J. Daniel, who, though he has now given up the game, was, in his day, the best forward in England, tells me that the first time he saw Cartwright he thought him a great player. This was in September or October, 1901, and Cartwright was playing for the Harlequins against Richmond, just before going up to Oxford. Since that game, four years ago, he has gone on improving, and to-day he is one of the cleverest and most finished performers in the four kingdoms. No one could have played a finer game than he did in the Varsity match of 1903. Oxford's success in that match was almost entirely due to him, and if ever any one individual may be said to have won a Varsity match by himself, Cartwright is that man. By this I do not in the least mean that Cartwright scored and converted every Oxford try—to the best of my remembrance he did not score at all, and perhaps the unskilled spectator of that game might not have singled him out beyond any other of the Oxford forwards; but, watching him from the touch line, one could see, almost as well as if one was playing in the game, how he was always up first in the middle row of almost every scrum that was formed, the result being nearly always the same—Oxford got the ball. Cambridge



FRANK STOUT.

Photo. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

went up to Queen's an unbeaten side, and were defeated by the skill and genius of one man—and he a forward, the maker of the opportunities for his backs, of which they certainly availed themselves well.

Shall we now turn to

THE HALF-BACKS

—the connecting link between the forwards and three-quarters? The best of forwards with the best of three-quarters will find it a most difficult task to beat another side (granting it is a fairly good one) if the connecting link is weak. The Cambridge team of 1900 had a very good scrummage, I think seven Internationals, and the three-quarters were well up to average 'Varsity form, but halves we could not find anywhere. One

gets the ball away quicker than almost any one I have ever seen. Nobody who saw the try he scored in this year's 'Varsity match will need any remarks by me on his running and swerving powers; but perhaps I may be allowed to mention

THE ONE LITTLE SECRET THAT MAKES HIS RUN SO DANGEROUS.

Run and tackle him when he is well under weigh, and you will find that just as you are ready to hurl yourself at him to make the tackle, he has slipped out of range—in short, he has the wonderful faculty of just putting on that extra pace for a few yards to carry him out of danger, when all the time going at full speed. Unfortunately, Stoop's defensive game is not to be com-



Photo.]

A SCRUMMAGE.

[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.]

O. V. Payne, was a fair player without being brilliant, and for the other place a dozen different men were tried. The result was that the opportunities made by the forwards were continually wasted, because the halves were unable to feed the three-quarters with any certainty.

A half-back has two distinct games to play; (1) offensive, (2) defensive, and these two games are so different that you seldom find one half-back really excellent at both.

Without giving offence to many other great half-backs, I propose discussing the play of the two 'Varsity captains of this season, to show the difference of style.

Stoop, the Oxford captain, is one of the most brilliant attacking half-backs of the present day. He is wonderfully clever with his hands and feet, makes delightful openings for the men behind him, and passes well. When he takes the scrummage he

pared with his offensive, as, although he tackles well and often picks the ball off the very toes of dribbling forwards, yet he will not go down on it, which is the only certain way of stopping a forward rush.

This now brings us to Mainprice, whose forte is defence; he is a very fine tackler and one of the most difficult half-backs to dribble past. He throws himself down on the ball, and your rush is nipped in the bud at once. He is absolutely fearless, and one frequently sees him lying prone on the ball with a seething mass of feet round him, and the next moment up again quite cheerfully, as if being kicked all over was a pleasure rather than a pain. As an attacking player he is not nearly as quick as Stoop, nor are his passes as certain. This latter is chiefly because he so frequently passes with one hand instead of two, and consequently the direction is as often as not rather inaccurate.

If one could combine Stoop's attacking powers and Mainprice's defensive powers in one person, then you would have your ideal half-back.

THE GREAT RAPHAEL.

The three-quarter, like the half, of course, has two games to play—attack and defence. If his forwards are winning and the halves are sound, it will be practically all attack; on the other hand, if his forwards are losing and his halves are weak, it will be all defence. As an attacking player and a centre, Raphael stands alone amongst English three-quarters. On his day, with winning forwards in front of him, he is practically unstoppable, but he is one of the most difficult players in the world to rely on, as you can never tell what he is going to do. When he plays well, I have scarcely ever seen anyone play better; when he plays badly, I cannot imagine anyone much worse. Still, he is a player



J. E. RAPHAEL.

Photo. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

you can hardly leave out of any English side, as he is the one three-quarter in the country who is capable of winning a match by himself, and after all, when you have a man of these possibilities on your side, you are not likely to be beaten. If you

want to win International matches you must risk something, and I am not at all sure that the Selection Committee have not of late years been going rather too much for sound mediocrity, which has not been any too successful, and that now they may not try a new line—unsound brilliancy—if one may call it so.

Personally, I think the finest centre three-quarter England has had in the last five years is Jack Taylor, formerly of Yorkshire, and now of Durham. His defence and kicking powers are wonderful. He is the finest drop-kick I have ever seen. The length of his kicks is simply enormous—no matter whether the ball is heavy and wet, or light and dry, or if he is kicking with the wind or against it. As an attacking player he is also very dangerous—more especially when you are anywhere near your opponents' line—as he is very quick on the mark, and has a wonderful way of bursting right through two men. Simpson, of Northumberland, is undoubtedly

THE FINEST WING IN ENGLAND

—and I am not at all sure that the first game he ever played for England was not his best; he certainly could never have played better—and that he played was mere chance. It was the England and Scotland match at Edinburgh in 1902. Cooper, who was the original choice, travelled up to play, but he had been crooked, and it was rather doubtful if he was fit. He was taken on to the ground in the morning, and given a trial spin, when he went fairly well, but the matter was finally left to J. Daniel, and it seemed to him better to play a sound man whom he did not know rather than an unsound man whom he did know; so Cooper stood down and Simpson, who had to mark Welsh, the Edinburgh flier, was the best three-quarter on the field of the four wing men.

At full back, H. T. Gamlin, of Somerset, was as near the ideal as one is ever likely to get. His tackling was extraordinarily powerful—and not quite orthodox, for it was rather high—but it was simply smothering. Instead of waiting for the attacking player to come right up to him, he used to leap to meet him suddenly, unexpectedly, and catch as often as not man and ball together, and crash them to the ground—and it was a case of crash, too, for he was a huge, big man, and very powerful. He was also a fearless stopper of forwards, and would go down on the ball anywhere, even



Photo.]

[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.]

AN UNCONVERTED TRY.

in front of the wildest of Scotch forwards in their tear-away rushes. He was a safe catcher of the ball, and although he used to catch it very far away from his body, he

very seldom missed it. He kicked an enormous length, especially with his left foot, which he always used for preference, and rarely failed to find touch.

HOW WE PLAYED FOOTBALL IN AUSTRALIA.

WE went to Australia, of course, to play cricket, and cricket only; to think about it during the day and to dream of it at night; but when the tour was at an end, and the anxiety and strain of the long months were over, we amused ourselves by playing two Association football matches; the first against a South Australian team on the Adelaide Oval, and the second at Fremantle against Western Australia.

Unlike what obtains in England, there is very little "Soccer" in Australia. In Victoria and South Australia there is a hybrid sort of game, which is neither Rugby nor Association, and, in New South Wales, Rugby is fairly popular; but Association is in its infancy, and in Adelaide, if anywhere, it thrives best. At Adelaide it was that we received a challenge to play, and the morning before the match found us busy buying knickerbockers and stockings, and having bars put on our cricket boots. R. E. Foster, the hero of many an international football match, and in his day the equal of even G. O. Smith, captained our side, and

was, of course, a tower of strength, taking the ball where he liked, and shooting with staggering velocity. Fielder was in goal.



R. E. FOSTER. G. S. WHITFIELD. RELF. HIRST.
STRUDWICK. TYLDESLEY. RHODES.

and Lilley, looking very businesslike in a new pair of shin pads, was as cool and reliable at back as he is at the wicket; while



THE MATCH AT FREMANTLE.—R. E. FOSTER WITH THE BALL.

Bosanquet was occasionally forward and occasionally back, playing in a manner befitting a member of an Oxford College which carried off the Soccer Cup. Braund and Tyldesley, too, were as "nippy" as they are in the cricket field; but Hirst was the most interesting figure that afternoon, for his vigour appalled his adversaries, who fell back right and left before his triumphal charge, so that he fairly cleft a passage

before him whenever he got the ball. By six goals to love we beat them, and so showed that cricket was not our only game.

From Adelaide to Fremantle is three days and a half by sea, and arriving there early one morning we played Western Australia in the afternoon. This was a different type of game altogether, for our opponents played really well, and though we won by two goals to one we had little the best of things.

Foster was splendid. Nominally he played forward, but whenever we were being pressed he retreated to the vicinity of goal, where he defended heroically, and showed that he might be as great a full back as he is a forward.

It was a stiff game, and the heat was very trying, while, as the ground was as hard as it would be in August after a dry summer, those who fell had cause to remember it. The Australians have much to learn about "Soccer"; but, given the opportunity, there is no reason why they should not excel at it, for they display those qualities of grit, determination, and tenacity, which have made them such formidable antagonists on the cricket field.



LILLEY, THE WARWICKSHIRE WICKET-KEEPER, AS A FOOTBALLER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS
E. M. Needham.—The duties of a coxswain



OUR "PICNIC" AT KALASTRI.

BY
H. HERVEY.

A Story of Anglo-India.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. MACFARLANE.

I.

A

ALMOST every Anglo-Indian sojourning place boasts of some isolated building in its neighbourhood that is sacred to honeymoons, picnics, and so forth. Putehagoonta—a small civil station, miles off the railway, solitary and retired—had one of these convenient resorts in the shape of a large substantial bungalow, erected in the long past by some

officer, who christened it Kalastri. It lay four miles from Putehagoonta, perched on the very brink of a high rocky bluff, and looked sheer down on the Putehagroo River, a good hundred and fifty feet below. It

J. Macfarlane

was a lonely, desolate locality, devoid of jungle, and with no habitations nearer than Putchagoonta itself. Just here, for some distance, the land rising from the rear culminated in a series of bare precipices, forming part of the river's southern bank; and on the highest of these eminences stood Kalastri. Unowned, untenanted, and with nothing particularly attractive about it, the English residents of Putchagoonta—for want of a pleasanter retreat—were content to make occasional use of the place, and they subscribed for its upkeep in good repair. The unnavigable Putchayroo river was rarely filled by the monsoon, and remained for the greater part of the year a gloomy, sluggish stream about three hundred feet wide, hugging the hither shore, and said to be denized with gavials or crocodiles; a fact that probably accounted for the natives making such little use of the river. The north bank, besides being uninhabited, was notorious for malaria, and consequently remained a *terra incognita* to the indwellers of Putchagoonta.

About a year before my narrative opens, a man named Spynk came to Putchagoonta prospecting for mica. He did not drop cards on us; but from what we saw of him casually he seemed to be a respectable middle-class man; dark complexioned, well set up, about forty years of age, and with remarkably aquiline features. He dressed in a *négligé* style, suggestive of his having led an adventurous life in America or somewhere; but beyond giving out that he had come after mica, he said nothing about himself. As to the mica, he had not been misdirected, for the district was known to possess indications of the mineral. Among Spynk's belongings was a gramophone. This being something of a novelty to the longer residents, they occasionally asked to hear it when they happened to be interviewing the man—in the fruitless endeavour of drawing him out. After staying in the travellers' bungalow for ten days, he moved to Kalastri, and we never saw him again, for the next forenoon his two servants came flying into Putchagoonta to report their master's disappearance. They had noted nothing wrong about him the night before; but when early this morning the "boy" took in the usual cup of tea, his master was nowhere to be found. Many of us at once hurried off with the police to Kalastri, but thorough search and inquiry were of no

avail, so the only conclusion we could come to was that Spynk must have fallen over the precipice into the river below. Further, when having procured boats we sent the police to examine the river for miles down stream, and drag it with fishing nets, the non-recovery of the corpse or any traces of it led us to surmise that the unfortunate man had been devoured by crocodiles. So, after waiting a week, in the off hope that Spynk might have possibly strayed, and would either return or be heard of, Gomsmith, our magistrate, took charge of the missing man's property on behalf of Government, and had it carried back to Putchagoonta for safe custody. Announcements of the occurrence, a description of the man, and a list of his effects, were sent to the Indian and home Press; for, in spite of a careful investigation of Spynk's papers by the local committee, nothing that identified him, nothing that gave the name of a single relative or friend, was forthcoming. A sum of money—some fifty pounds—was discovered in his desk, mostly in English gold.

Naturally enough, the incident vested Kalastri with a certain gruesome import; and to heighten the idea, a man named Slinger, who left shortly after the tragedy, affirmed that the bungalow was haunted by the ghost of the mica miner. We shunned the spot; and it was not until the immediate time I am writing of, when Captain Muchleigh, our police superintendent, pooh-poohing the local prejudice, passed a couple of days at Kalastri, and returned among us none the worse for his visit, that the feeling against the lone bungalow began to subside.

II.

DURING Christmas week of 1902 the Gomsmiths gave a picnic at Kalastri, to last from Wednesday, the 24th. to the following Friday. There were four ladies and four men, of whom Muchleigh and I were bachelors. Besides providing furniture and all other requisites, such as tents, &c., our entertainers sent up their piano, so we looked forward to a pleasant outing, little dreaming of what was in store for us.

"There, now!" cried Mrs. Gomsmith cheerily, as we assembled for our first breakfast; "who says the place is haunted?"

"Sink me, not under its present guise," laughed Fewshire, the Forest Officer.

"And yet what did Mr. Slinger say?" observed Miss Clayton, looking fearfully round the room.

"Nonsense, Mary!" snapped Mrs. Fewshire, her sister. "I am sure Captain Muchleigh would have seen the ghost—if there had been one."

"All very fine, Dido," bridled Miss Clayton; "you know I believe in the supernatural."

"So do I, Mary," put in Miss Muchleigh, with warmth.

"Rubbish! Tommy-rot!" ejaculated her brother, scornfully.

"Sink me," added Fewshire, "if we go talking of Spynk's ghost we shall perhaps see the beggar."

"Oh, don't!" moaned Miss Clayton, imploringly.

"Come, come; this won't do," laughed Gomsmith; "we must not drift into the doldrums. Mallyns"—turning to me—"I hope you've brought your music?"

I nodded in the affirmative.

"Then you must give us something after breakfast, Mr. Mallyns," said Mrs. Gomsmith, "to exorcise the ghost," she added, smiling at Miss Clayton.

The meal over, we gravitated towards the verandah overlooking the river. We had all been here before at various times, and ever regarded that verandah as a hair-raising danger spot, for its plinth literally extended to the verge of the precipice. There was no balustrade, and if you hung on by one of the pillars and stooped forward a little, you could see right down a hundred and fifty feet into the river beneath. But now, with poor Spynk's fate vivid in our minds, the place possessed a creepy significance for us, and the boldest shrank from approaching the brink. As for me, my heart heaved at the bare idea.

"Albert," presently murmured our hostess, breaking the silence, "do have some barrier put up, before anyone falls over."

"Just what I was going to do," replied Gomsmith, as we retreated into the house.

"It seemed as if I *must* go over," whimpered Miss Clayton, shuddering.

"Ditto," said Fewshire. "Sink me, Gomsmith, if I shouldn't have a railing of some sort up at once."

This was done. While we still lingered about the door, the cool-headed servants stretched tent-ropes breast-high from pillar to pillar, and thus added to the security of

the verandah; but it set one's blood freezing to watch the fellows at work.

Being asked to play, I opened the piano and commenced a noisy piece. The others gathered round, listening; but when I had got about half way through, Miss Muchleigh—who was nearest the verandah—suddenly screamed, "Hark!" I abruptly ceased playing, and immediately the air vibrated with an unearthly sound that ascended from the river directly below us—an uncanny half-bellow, half-roar, floating up in short, quick repetitions! Presently it stopped.

"Oh, what is it?" wailed Mrs. Fewshire, nervously.

"The ghost—perhaps," faltered Miss Clayton.

"Ghost or demon or animal," said Fewshire, "sink me, if I don't believe it is affected by the music. Turn on a cakewalk, Mallyns."

I complied; instantly the hullabaloo recommenced, echoing among the cliffs, and making the welkin palpitate with a sort of tremor. By tacit consent we again made for the verandah, and while the others kept back, Muchleigh, Fewshire, and I, throwing ourselves on our stomachs, each with two servants clutching us by the legs protruded our heads over the brink and gazed fearfully down, to see—what? a huge gavial swimming frantically about directly below us, bellowing, and occasionally scrabbling at the wall of rock with his forefeet, as if to scale it! When at length he quietened down, I screwed my neck round and signed Mrs. Gomsmith to strum on the piano. No sooner did she do so than the crocodile resumed his movements and his noise! Enough; we drew back: light had been thrown on the mystery of Spynk's disappearance, for now we remembered that on coming to search for him that morning we had seen his gramophone on the table, run out, and with a disc on. He must have set the instrument going during the night: the servants asleep in the outhouses had not heard the music, but the gavial had heard it, and, either charmed or infuriated by the harmony, the huge lizard, swimming abreast of the bungalow, must have made the same outcry as on the present occasion. Spynk—curious as we were to ascertain the cause—had evidently gone out into the verandah, missed his footing in the dark, and toppled over, right into the jaws of the saurian in the water beneath!

III.

THAT evening, while playing tennis on the level ground to the rear of the bungalow, we saw several figures approaching from the direction of Putehagoonta.

"Halloa!" cried Muchleigh, the first to catch sight of them. "Who are these?"

"Sink me if a European with a gun or something is not heading half-a-dozen coolies carrying his blessed kit," observed Fewshire.

Further comment ceased; for now the row of outhouses screened the people from our view, and we were not particularly curious about them. They were manifestly making for Kalastri, and as the path came out at the end of the outhouses, we would next see them close enough. In due time the party rounded the angle of the intervening block, the European leading; but barely had he shown ere our ladies fled screaming into the house!

Cause, indeed! for either Spynk in the flesh, or Spynk from the other world, stood before us! The same swarthy skin, the same aquiline features, the same half-miner, half-cowboy dress! Signing the coolies to ground their loads, the apparition advanced in our direction.

"A—are you — S—s—synk?" queried Muchleigh, with a gurgle.

"I am, sir," replied the "spook" in a very material voice, a voice we recognised as that of the missing man!

"Sink me, then you weren't gobbled up here by a crocodile after all?" remarked Fewshire more composedly; for by this we were satisfied that we were not dealing with a visitant from shadowland.

"Yes," put in Goms Smith, angrily, "and where have you been all this time, sir? giving us no end of trouble, and making me the custodian of your confounded belongings for nearly a year!"

"For whom do you take me, gentlemen?" asked the newcomer, quietly.

"For whom but yourself, Spynk, the man who came here about twelve months ago—after mica," retorted Muchleigh.

"You are in error, gentlemen; but in a very excusable error. I am Nathan Spynk.



"SINK ME, THEN YOU WEREN'T GOBBLED UP BY A CROCODILE?"

He to whom you allude and about whom I have come all the way from Manitoba was my twin brother, Silas. This is not the first time that our strong resemblance has mixed us up. I have much to explain."

Thus the ghost theory exploded. Silas was dead, and we looked on his living double in the person of his brother Nathan.


"The resemblance is truly marvellous,"

half whispered Gomsmith, as we continued staring at the man. "But, look here, there's a vacant room at your disposal, so come along in, have some refreshment, and then tell us your story."

Nothing loth, Nathan Spynk dumb-showed his coolies to follow with their loads, and accompanied Gomsmith into the house. The ladies came out, and we stood in a group discussing the matter. Our fair companions had regained their equanimity now they knew that there was no ghost in the case; nevertheless, something told us to prepare for developments of a startling nature.

Spynk rejoined us. He had bathed, changed his clothes, partaken of a snack against eight o'clock dinner, and now looked more than ever like his lost brother. Abandoning all thoughts of further play, we sat ourselves down in the circle of chairs placed between the house and courts. We told him of the morning's occurrences, after which he let out about himself.

IV.

 WAS at Polglaise township, on Lake Manitoba, ladies and gentlemen," commenced Spynk, "when I read the account of my brother's disappearance, copied from the English papers into the *Canadian Globe*, and I came along as soon as I could settle my affairs. In 1880 Silas and I emigrated from England to America, where we tried our hands at almost everything—from mining to wheat-growing. Anyhow, we made our pile, and all went well till we quarrelled on a matter which concerns no one but ourselves. It ended in a split; I remained out there, Silas went off in a huff, determined—as it turned out—to mask his trail and bury his identity, for I never heard of him again till I read that announcement in the papers."

"Then, sink me," cried Fewshire, "in spite of your tiff there must have been some love left to induce you to travel across half the world to hunt for his bones."

"Not altogether to hunt for his bones. I have a more interested motive. Silas was rich, and I, being his sole surviving relative, am entitled to his money."

"We came across no bonds or securities among his things, if that is what you are thinking of," said Gomsmith. "As we published in the papers, we found about fifty pounds in cash—nothing else."

"He had far more, and I believe he carried it with him. Look you, he never banked a darned cent."

"What then?" queried Muchleigh.

"He commenced by having a gold belt made, and wore it on his body, next to his skin."

"Sink me, that's a rum notion!" exclaimed Fewshire, voicing the general opinion.

"When we parted, Silas was wearing that gold belt round his waist; it was fitted with a hinge on one side, and opened with a spring catch on the other. This belt was the first step; then, each time we shared profits, we would ride into the nearest town. I to bank my surplus, he to buy some precious stone and have it fixed into the belt."

"Strange," muttered Gomsmith. "What do you value the whole thing at?"

"Quite five thousand pounds. He had been at it for eight years, and was always a careful man."

"Sink me, enough to make you come after it," was Fewshire's comment.

Nathan Spynk then showed us papers establishing his identity as well as his claim to rank as his brother's heir.

"Look here, though," said Gomsmith. "All this is quite right and in order. I'll hand over the property without hesitation. but, from what you say, it strikes me that you are hoping to find your brother's remains."

"I am—also the belt."

"Good lor!" gasped Muchleigh. "where?"

"When I was in Florida I saw a good deal of caymans—another name for crocodiles. I know that they do not eat big prey in the water, but prefer some snug corner on land. Therefore, when I read your account, which said that no traces of my brother's body had been found. I guessed that all of you were ignorant of the crocodile's habits, and that the shore had not been searched for hiding places. I have come to kill that crocodile; I have come to find my brother's remains and give them decent burial, however little of them may be left; I have come to find that belt. Will you help me?"

"Yes — readily," replied Gomsmith, answering for all. "But how will you make sure of your crocodile as the one that ate up your brother?"

"My experience of them, coupled with

your descriptions of what has been taking place here, convinces me that there is only one varmint in the case, at least, in this particular part of the river; he is an old brute, and has been kicked out by his fellows to rub along by himself."

"Sink me, is that so?" murmured Fewshire. "But how can we help you?"

"While dressing just now I took in the 'lay of the land' through the window, and I know what to do. I require a boat, and two mongrel dogs for bait. I shall also want some one to play the piano when necessary. If you get me the boat and the dogs by to-morrow morning, I think I can promise you a sensational Christmas Day, ladies and gentlemen."

V.

BRIEFLY, the morrow came. Our messengers—despatched over-night—had been prompt in carrying out our instructions. By seven o'clock we could see the boat—moored a quarter of a mile up stream, at a spot where a break in the cliffs afforded the only access to the water's edge for miles on either side. The dogs—held in leash—had already arrived. We brimmed with suppressed excitement and expectancy; we regarded Nathan Spynk with a species of awe; we hung on his very word, his very look.

Breakfast over, we prepared for action, feeling far from "Christmassy" in the true sense.

"Come with me," whispered Spynk, touching my arm; "you are light, and we may have a rough time. You, ladies and gentlemen," he continued to the others, "please take your stand in the verandah. Be silent, and watch us narrowly. At the first wave of a handkerchief, play the piano; at the second, pitch one of the dogs over; at the third, stop the music; at the fourth, start playing again; and at the fifth, drop in the second dog. After that, we can shout—I reckon."

Gomsmith jotted this down on a card, and Spynk, shouldering his rifle, followed me, showing the way. We boarded the boat, crossed the silent, torpid stream to the further sandy shore, and got out. After ordering the boatman back to the mouth of the break, we walked for some distance straight towards the northern bank proper, then, détouring to the right, gradually worked round till we were

opposite Kalastri, which we now silently approached. I could see our friends in the verandah, jammed against the interior wall, and watching us, some through binoculars. When about a hundred paces from the water, we tore up two of the bushes that grew here and there in the yielding sand, and, holding them before us as screens, crept forward at a snail's pace. I saw it all now; I had read of such incidents, and here—however, not to anticipate. I know this; my heart simply raced; I was not much of a sportsman, and the situation thrilled me to the marrow!

When within a stone's throw of the water, we halted, relinquished hold of the bushes, and crouched behind them. Our party looked bang down on us; they did so without approaching the ropes on the brink. Spynk cautiously waved his handkerchief under cover of his screen, and almost immediately the notes of the piano—sounding tinpotty and tinkly—reached our ears. Mrs. Gomsmith—it must have been—played on for a few minutes, during which, following Spynk's example, I ranged my eyes over the stream, both ways. Presently, my companion nudged me, and silently pointed to a ripple a short way up stream; the agitation—slight at first—rapidly grew more defined, and then, to my dismay, the hideous snout of a crocodile appeared above the water, as the big lizard swam swiftly down. It came to exactly below the bungalow, and repeated the same performance which I had already witnessed. Hereupon, Spynk gave the second signal; our friends responded by heaving one of the mongrels over the cliff, and the wretched dog fell with a resounding splash into the river. Instantly the gavial ceased bellowing, dashed at the canine, seized it, and swam silently towards the cliff, with the dog held aloft in its cruel jaws. The third signal was waved, and the music stopped.

But what of the crocodile? After reaching the cliff wall, it coasted along to the right, and then, to my added astonishment, it drew out its scaly length on what I now saw to be a ledge, and appeared to enter some opening in the rock! Both ledge and opening were scarcely distinguishable from the other parts of the precipice.

"Thought so!" muttered Spynk, triumphantly; "that's his shore lair, where he eats anything larger than the river fish he otherwise lives on, and which he swallows at a gulp. Let him finish the dog,

and then we'll fetch the ugly brute out with some more music."

About a quarter of an hour passed; my companion signalled for the fourth time, and at once the piano re-started. Spynk now cocked his Mauser, and thrusting the barrel through his bush gazed intently at the spot where the saurian had last been seen.

"Be ready to wave your handkerchief when I



THAT HESITATION DID FOR HIM.

give the word," he whispered, keeping his eyes on the cleft.

In a few seconds the monstrous head reappeared at the entrance of the aperture.

"Wave!" muttered Spynk, energetically.

I obeyed; and almost immediately, with a

sickening "swish," down came dog number two. The crocodile saw it; he scrambled out on to the brink of the ledge, but before taking the water he paused, as if straining for a spring. That hesitation did for him; the whip-like crack of the rifle close to my ear half stunned me; there was no smoke; I heard an indescribably blood-curdling cry; there was a terrible commotion in the water, and presently, when following Spynk's lead I rose to my feet and looked, there I saw the enormous lizard floating belly upward, and slowly drifting down with the current!

"Hurrah!" cried Nathan, "my brother

is avenged at all events. You can go home," he added to the reprieved mongrel, which, having swum to land, began capering about our legs.

"Aloft there!" bawled Spynk, waving his slouch hat to the bungalow, "come down across by the boat—some of you! Bring candles and matches!"

In due course Gomsmith, Muchleigh, and Fewshire came poling the craft to where we were. We embarked, and, guided by Spynk, the boat touched the ledge, which was narrow, and an inch or two only above water. Leaving the boat with the boatman holding it, we examined the aperture which the crocodile had used; it appeared to be the mouth of a cave, to get into which we would have to crawl. Spynk led the way, and, lighting a candle, bid us follow. We obeyed him blindly, and after worming along lizard-fashion for a few feet, emerged into a good sized cavern, lofty enough for us to stand erect in. We ignited more candles and gazed about us. Immediately at our feet the rocky floor showed blood and a shred or two of fur, the remains of the poor mongrel; but further up, towards the other end, what were those sinister-looking, ooze-encrusted objects? What was that "something large and smooth and round" which Spynk picked up and regarded so mournfully?

"Sink me, if you've not found

them after all," whispered Fewshire sepulchrally.

"Yes; little doubt that they are my brother's bones. No doubt at all if we find the belt. The croc. could not have swallowed it. Help me to search, gentlemen."

The chamber was irregular in shape, with nooks and corners. Each taking a candle, we poked about among the dried ooze and weeds, for evidently, when the river rose, the cavern became filled with water, which sucked in all manner of rubbish. For a long time we maintained the search, till our labours were suddenly terminated by a joyful exclamation from Spynk, who, turning towards us, brought a hoop-like object into the combined light of our candles. It was encrusted with deposit; but a little cleaning disclosed it to be the belt—as described by Nathan.

"Sink me, you're in luck!" exclaimed Fewshire, emphatically; "I congratulate you."

We severally shook him warmly by the hand, though still under the spell of an unbounded amazement at all that had transpired. We gathered up the remains of Silas Spynk, returned to Kalastri, and had a grave dug by the police; and then, with the entire party standing round, and Gomsmith reading the burial service, we consigned what was left of the poor waif to a final resting place.





L. E. BASTABLE.

This photograph shows fine detail, but the camera has been tipped, and the side pillars appear to converge towards the top.



E. G. MEDLEY.

A very artistic picture; the little girl in foreground should have been sitting down. Standing figures facing the camera are generally stiff.



BENNETT ROBINSON.

A "backed" plate should have been used to prevent halation of figures and poles against the sky.



CEDRIC BURRELL.

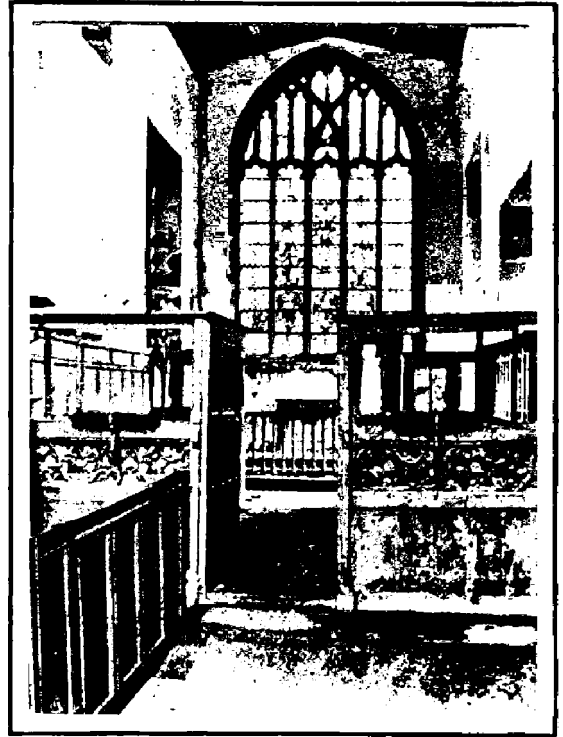
A very nicely shaded sculpture study. The printing should have been carried a little further.

SOME PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHS, CRITICISED BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.



DOROTHY ALICE HILTON.

The background of this picture should have been darker, to throw the fur into relief. Otherwise, the result is pleasing.



G. S. B. CUSHNIE.

A very successful interior, unusually free from halation.



R. G. JENKINS.

A pretty "bit," rather spoiled by the prosaic notice-board on the right. gradations of tone are very good.

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.



PREPARING FOR THE SUMMER.

SOME months ago an article was devoted to the ordering of a dark-room, and to suggestions as to the construction of one which will answer all reasonable requirements. Let me here say a few words about the various items of apparatus, which, now that the days are lengthening apace, will soon be in full work again. During the winter we are apt to leave things severely alone, the prey of damp and dust: so it will be well for us to take our photographic belongings, and subject them to a mild edition of the "spring cleaning" which rages elsewhere.

FIRST OF ALL THE CAMERA.

Whether hand or stand, clean it well out. A new pair of bellows, or a cycle foot-pump, should be applied to its interior to drive the dust from inaccessible corners, after a soft and perfectly dry cloth has been round the walls of the box or bellows. Then dust carefully again. If there are any areas from which the blacking has worn off, buy a sixpenny bottle of dead-black varnish and put this right, since internal reflected light is very harmful.

THE LENS

should next be taken to pieces, one element at a time, and both faces of each glass carefully wiped with a soft handkerchief, a camel's-hair brush, or old wash-leather. The interior of the brass-work should also be re-blackened, if necessary, after all dust has been removed. Many amateur photographers are ignorant of the great obstruction to light afforded by a dusty film on the lens. I should advise users of a stand camera to have a wash-leather bag made for the lens to repose in when the outfit is packed into its case.

Small screws often get loose. Take a fine screw-driver (a bradawl will do) and make sure that they are all tight, especially those which hold a moving part, such as a button.

THE TRIPOD

next claims our attention. If it has been shut up in a damp room, its legs may have contracted the tripod counterpart of rheumatics, and be a bit "stiff in the joints." Dry the stand before a fire—at a respectful distance—and, if it is still obstinate, apply a slight smear of vaseline to the rubbing parts. Even more maddening than a sulky tripod is a refractory dark-slide. So look over your "double-backs," and lead-pencil the grooves and slides till everything works easily. How many thousands of pictures and tempers have been ruined by that "hop-and-a-jump" motion in which some double-backs indulge?

Then make sure that the

STRAPS OF THE CASE

are tightly secured. Sometimes the threads fixing them to the canvas or leather rot, and go by the board at an inopportune moment. Canvas cases "tear out" under heavy weights or sudden strains; it is, therefore, wise to have the places where the straps join on "backed" with an extra thickness of canvas, and stitches put right through all.

If you use a stand camera, have a case that is on the *big side*—capacious enough to carry a good-sized focussing cloth, and such "spares" as may be needful on a short tour, e.g., a box or two of plates, or portable ruby-lamp.

THE CLOTH,

whatever it be made of, should be quite opaque and sufficiently slippery not to persist in dragging off a cloth cap. I find my velvet cloth very exasperating in this way, and feel that I must get rid of it, or line it with satin. As an old friend, it is worthy of the lining. A tip which you might make a note of, is to sew $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of shot in each corner. On windy days this weight will save you from taking part in a stern chase, which is proverbially long, and from thinking

uncharitable things of photography in general. Before leaving the camera and its appurtenances, I most humbly beg you to ascertain whether your camera is *really light-tight*. So many cameras aren't; and the owner wonders vaguely why his plates suffer from chemical (?) fog. A properly light-tight apparatus should be capable of withstanding the sun for a long time, unaided by a cloth, though in practice one would screen it as much as possible.

TO TEST YOUR CAMERA

Get a box of fresh plates and load a back or a sheath, as the case may be, *in the dark*, or by the dimmest possible red light. Then mix your developer, and sally out. If the subject of test be a stand camera, draw the slide half out—keeping the cap on, but no cloth. In the case of a hand camera, the plate should have been partially faced with a piece of orange paper. After the light has done its worst for fifteen minutes, retire to the dark-room and learn what the developer has to say. Light-fog will at once assert itself by the darkening of the exposed part of the plate. You will be able to judge from the density of such darkening how serious the leak is; and the next thing will be to find the point at which light gets in.

This is often at the junction of bellows with woodwork, a frayed fold in the bellows, or the surface on which the dark-slide presses. In the last case the velvet may need renewal. A stand camera is easily examined. Put in a slide and take out the lens. Wrap the cloth round your head and the front end of the camera so as to keep out as much stray light as possible, and peer into the dark interior. When your eye has become accustomed to the gloom, you will, perhaps, see a very faint suggestion of light, which grows in intensity. Then pass a hand over the outside till the leak is suddenly reduced, and you are satisfied as to its exact position. A little careful gluing will probably set things right.

Now for the other end. Replace the lens, cap it, draw the back out a little way, and search eagerly for any traces of light round the lens or front end of the bellows.

An instantaneous shutter should also be tested.

Hand cameras are not always easy to examine; and, if proved leaky, may need a visit to the makers. It will, however, be worth a small outlay to feel that you have a thoroughly reliable instrument to work with.

PRINTING FRAMES.

I was looking over my frames the other day—they are some dozens in number—and made a

virtuous and wise resolve. Some have seen their best days; their backs are weak; their joints are loosened; they have been warped by the sun. So I determined to burn them and replace them by others *all of the same pattern*. We hear a good deal about standardising parts of machinery, and having them interchangeable. Let us do the same with our printing frames. Before the summer begins I shall have a dozen half-plate "Jaynay" frames to work with; all perfectly fitted, so that when a printing fit is on me, and backs and fronts are in disorder, I can pick up *any* back, knowing that it will fit *any* front. Then no more of the horrid hunting for the correct match, which wastes time and temper!

I choose the "Jaynay" because it has the hinge pins of the back extended to fall into grooves in the frame, which prevent any sliding of the paper over the negative after I have examined the print and closed the back again. To make assurance doubly sure, I arrange my negatives in the frame so that one end is firmly up against the "stops"; and examine the other end. Then the sliding of the spring can't possibly shove anything along.

EXPOSURE METERS.

Stand camerists who mean business should not let another summer come before they have bought one of these. Wynne's Meter (price about 6s. 6d., at Houghton's, High Holborn) is simply invaluable, and soon saves its cost. Instead of being reduced to making wild "guesses at truth," you merely stand in the shade and watch how long it takes a piece of paper to turn to a standard tint. You then move a dial about; and, knowing your stop and plate rapidity (always look for this on the plate-box wrapper), you arrive at the correct exposure; or, at least, far nearer to it than your unaided judgment would bring you to nine times out of ten. The meter is the shape and size of an ordinary watch, and can easily be carried in the waistcoat pocket.

I said above, stand in the *shade*, because, on a sunny day, when part of the subject is in shadow and part not, you should "expose for the shadows," according to the good old rule, and let the high-lights take care of themselves.

PIN-HOLE PHOTOGRAPHY.

I got a letter the other day from a correspondent who desired advice about *pin-hole* photography. As I haven't indulged in this variety, I could not refer him to a book on the

subject; but a contemporary, *The Amateur Photographer*, has spoken on the point—itsself quoting from an American journal—and I will take the liberty of “cribbing” a few details.

In pin-hole photography the place of the lens is taken by a diaphragm, in which a very minute hole has been made with a needle. This necessitates, of course, a very much prolonged exposure; but the image may be as sharp as that given by a stopped-down lens, and there is the advantage that the picture can be made larger or smaller by altering the position of the plate relative to the diaphragm.

The lens board is replaced by an extra front, easily made from stout card-board covered on both sides with black paper. A hole of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch diameter is cut in its centre, and its sides are blackened. On the front side paste a piece of black paper by two edges, and pierce a hole in it opposite to that in the board, but only $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch in diameter. The piece acts as a slide, in which works a strip of very thin copper, $\frac{3}{4}$ by 4 inches, pierced with needle-holes of different sizes. To make the holes easily, first anneal, or soften, the copper by heating it to a dull red and plunging it into water. Lay the strip on a piece of wood, and press the end of a knitting needle against the points where the holes are to be—at distances of about $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch apart. This will bulge the copper, which must be filed thin on the bulge. Select sewing needles Nos. 8, 10, 11, 12. Mount them in cork handles, and with one make a hole, gradually, thrusting the point further through each time, and filing off rough edges.

The shutter is only another copper strip, with a hole in it to slide over the first at right angles in a “way” of paper pasted on.

As to exposure, for a full table you had better consult the January 3rd issue of *The Amateur Photographer*. It may be generally helpful to state that a plate which, with a $f/8$ stop, requires 1-100th sec. exposure, would need, with a No. 12 pin-hole, at a distance of 6 inches from the diaphragm, about 33 seconds. Other distances of plate would imply exposures varying in the proportion of the square of the distances. Thus:—at 3 inches, $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times 33 = 8\frac{1}{4}$ secs. would suffice.

For focussing, a hole as big as a pin's head should be used. Mark a scale of inches on the tail-board of your camera, zero being at the diaphragm. With a hand camera you cannot well work this method, as it is practically impossible to focus.

I made an error above in saying that I hadn't tried pin-hole work. I did once, many

years ago. The outfit, camera, plates, &c., cost fifteen pence; and the results—well, you can't expect much for that sum!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“The Abbess.”—You can't take clouds by moonlight. During the long exposure necessary the clouds would have travelled miles. But you can get a moonlight effect by using a “backed” plate and pointing your camera towards the sun, and making a very fast instantaneous exposure. The negative will have deep shadows and strong contrasts; such as moonlight is noted for. Some photographers keep the sun itself out of the picture, for fear of halation, and print it (or the moon!) in with a circular (or crescent-shaped) wafer.

John Macnaughten.—To be able to carry your photography right through, you should have: *For development*, two quarter-plate porcelain dishes, 1s.; *for fixing*, one whole-plate ditto, 1s. 2d.; *for intensification*, one whole-plate, 1s. 2d.; *ruby lamp*, “Dual Chimney,” 3s. 6d.; *for toning and fixing prints*, two half-plate ditto, 1s. 8d.; *for washing*, a black japanned trough, and removable zinc rack to take 12 plates, 1s.; three printing frames, “Jaynay” pattern, 1s. 4½d.; one 6in. squeegee, 1s. 6d.; *chemicals*, pyro soda, two half-pint stoppered bottles, full, 3s. 6d.; 2lbs. hyposulphite of soda, 4d.; tube gold chloride, 1s. 9d.; 1oz. sulphocyanide of ammonium, 4d.; 1oz. bi-chloride of mercury (deadly poison!), 6d.; 4oz. bottle ammonia, 6d.; *et ceteras*, two 8oz. stoppered bottles for toning and intensifying solutions, 9d.; pair rubber gloves for developing, 5s. 6d. The total is about 24s. I have not included plates, printing paper, &c., but these are the main essentials as “fixtures” and chemicals. The prices are those of Houghton's, Ltd., 88 High Holborn, W.C., to whom you had better go.

New Reader.—(1) Your plates must be “stale,” or damaged by damp or gas fumes. Don't store plates on a high shelf, where they may be attacked by foul air. (2) Wash for at least an hour; two hours is a much better practice. (3) Technically, your photo. is a good one, but artistically it needs clouds printing in, and the bare mass are uninteresting. I don't think you would score with it.

“Stramongate.”—(1) I don't know your camera, but the charging mechanism must be wrong. A dealer would probably put it right; but ask a price first. Possibly only a little work is required. (2) I believe “Davis's Special” is the very highly refined paraffin I use, but I can't be certain, as I get it through an oil-merchant. Any lantern-maker would tell you. (3) Don't throw magnesium on the fire; rather burn it in a proper apparatus. “Flash powders” are sometimes very explosive. You had better stick to pure magnesium. (4) Your films either haven't been exposed at all, or very insufficiently. Eight a.m. in the winter means very poor light, much too little for most photographic purposes, so that under-exposure is most likely the reason. Films don't turn black unless very much over-exposed. (5) Velox prints probably over-exposed and not properly washed: though impure developer would stain badly. (6) Rotax cards must either be stale or badly prepared to turn black round the edges.

OUR CHRISTY MINSTREL SHOW



BY
STUART WISHING.

Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

I.

WHEN Dickie and I decided to get up a Christy Entertainment we experienced no difficulty in finding fellows to join the crowd. The hardship lay in persuading them to keep out of it. The whole house wanted to be members—barring the monitors and bigger chaps, of course. Naturally, this wasn't possible, and some little discontent was caused when we announced that we should only want a limited number. Finally, I hit on the happy idea of charging a small entrance fee of threepence to defray expenses; and this halved the number of would-be actors in a very brief period. Then we sorted out those we wanted from the remainder, and told the rest to run away and play by themselves.

We rehearsed every night for ten days after lock-up, during the half-hour that was vacant before prep. began. We got leave from Gaffin to have an orchestra practice in the dining-hall, on the understanding that we didn't make too much row or pull the house to bits. This we promised cheerfully, and observed our pledge scrupulously until the evening of the performance, when—but I must tell you the rest presently.

Rehearsals went very smoothly, on the whole. We practised coon songs of various kinds, and one fellow knew a step-dance

which, he told us, would bring down the house. It certainly brought down the table the first time he attempted to do it; and as he sprained his ankle rather severely, we decided to omit the dancing, and simply rely on our vocal efforts to please the throng. I wrote an excellent song on various fellows of our acquaintance, and Dickie composed a stump-speech—with my assistance. Finally, after all our practice, we decided to give our entertainment on Thursday night, as soon as the tea-things had been cleared away. Thursday is a half-holiday, you see—so we had between five-thirty and seven-thirty for the show.

"We must advertise the exhibition," I said, "in the usual way."

"How?" asked Dickie. "Put a bill on the door of the dining-room?"

"Yes—that's the simplest. I'll do it."

"You're sure to make a mess of it, Tommy. Better let some fellow who can spell and write draw it up."

"Don't talk rot," I said, severely. "Am I the captain of the company or are you? . . . Very well, then—it's clearly my duty to do the bill-sticking."

"It's about all you're fit for," was the coarse reply. "It's the writing—not the sticking—that I object to."

But I carried my point, and drew up the following snappy announcement, which attracted large crowds.

O YEZ! O YEZ!! O YEZ!!!

Notice!—To all whom it may concern, and all whom it doesn't! To-morrow night, Thursday, at five-thirty precisely, the Gaffinite Concert Party will give their world-renowned entertainment.

"A Refined and Pleasing Company." See Press.

Testimonials from all the Nobility!

As performed daily at the Hippodrome!!

Smart Songs! Witty Jests! Harmonious Music!
 Once Heard, Never Forgotten!
 A Scream from Start to Finish!!!
 Entrance fee—one penny.
 No money returned—unless it is bad.

II.

GAFFIN proved singularly sweet when we asked if we might give a small concert. Probably he thought that we should get into mischief any-way after tea, and it would be better for us to employ ourselves with a musical evening than breaking the furniture.

and with some violence, how unfair it would be to the other fellows.

Well, at five-thirty our audience began to file into the room. We managed to attract a good lot in; and as Dickie and I took the money at the door, we made sure of no unauthorised person entering. The monitors and senior fellows, being sidey, did not appear. I suppose they thought it might compromise their precious dignity.

"Better not keep all this money loose," I suggested, when the last paying guest had planked down the needful. "Why not store



THE WHOLE CROWD OF US CAKE-WALKED ON TO THE STAGE

"You must put the room tidy, of course, after your entertainment is concluded," he said.

"Of course, sir," we replied amiably. "There won't be much to do—just sticking a few forms in for the audience, and that sort of thing, you know."

"Very good," said he; and we departed, joyful at having got permission so easily.

We collected a few kids to put the finishing touches to the room, and made them into a kind of slave-gang, labouring under the fear of death. They weren't very keen on the job; and the most pushing of them—Weatherly—demanded that they should be admitted free as a reward. Naturally, such a claim could not be allowed for a moment, and we pointed out, at great length

it in the study till after the show? There *might* be a little disturbance."

"Good idea," said Dickie. "We don't want a Hidden Treasure hunt under the forms."

So we removed it to safer quarters, and then returned to the concert room. Events afterwards proved that we were wise.

We had made a little curtained-off recess behind the platform—a raised dais-thing at which the masters dine—and in this secure retreat we made-up. We had bought some black grease-paint as being superior to burnt cork, so it took us only a short time to transform ourselves into niggers of the ordinary type. Then the whole crowd of us cake-walked on to the stage in two lines, and a roar of cheering greeted our appearance.

After we had settled ourselves in chairs, I stood up to address the meeting.

"Gentlemen," I said, "or, rather, as many of you as *are* gentlemen—(hisses)—I beg to introduce to your notice my famous troupe of minstrels. Each will do his best to entertain you. Need I say more?"

And I sat down in face of a Babel of sound.

"The first item," I said, rising once more, to the manifest dissatisfaction of the audience, "is the overture—a sweet thing by Mendelssohn, I believe. Unfortunately, the composer could not see his way to be present to-night to conduct his own masterpiece."

And we gave them "Bill Bailey" on the zuzzers, while they stamped to keep us in correct time. It made rather a noise, but of course we couldn't be held responsible for that. Nobody minded—unless it was Gaffin—and I noted with pride that our entertainment looked as if it would be a complete success. After "Bill Bailey" had run his wild career, Dickie rose to make his stump speech.

"Unaccustomed as I am——" he began.

"Oh, chuck that, Vaughan!" remarked some boor in the background. "We all know you've been rehearsing for weeks."

"If you interrupt me, Hooky," returned my chum, "I'll attend to you in a fatherly way afterwards. . . . Now, where was I? . . . Ah, yes . . . to public speaking, I feel compelled to address you to-night. You see before you the youth and beauty of England. ("Oh, oh!") I repeat, the youth and beauty of England. You ask, where is the beauty? ("We do!") Well, modest as I am known to be, I cannot refrain from naming one splendid specimen—Richard Vaughan. (Loud dissent.) Anyone who wishes may, on payment of the purely nominal sum of two-and-six, be presented with a majestic photograph of myself—carte-de-visite. You must book orders early, as there are only a few copies left. (Cheers.) I cannot say much ("Question!") in favour of the features of my companions—(Unrest among the minstrels)—but their faces are honest, if ugly; and I ask you to remember that the black will come off in the morning, as they are all cleanly animals. (Laughter.) I now approach the next division of my speech——"

But he got no further, for an indignant fellow-comedian pulled him backwards by the coat, and Dickie subsided gracefully into his chair.

I took his place to announce the next item.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I must beg you to express your satisfaction in the usual way—not by heaving books about. The song I am about to sing you is an excellent song—a topical song—and will, no doubt, give great pleasure to all it concerns. It is entitled: 'The Name on His Collar.'"

Then I began the famous verses which I had composed to suit a well-known air. As they were the cause of the subsequent trouble, perhaps I'd better give you a few selections. It started like this—

You all know a slack sort of card,
A "Weary Will" kind of a man,
Who never does anything hard,
Or anything else, if he can.
He is last out of bed in the morn—
He is first in the snoring at night—
He must wish he had never been born!
And the name on his collar is——

Here I paused impressively, and turned to the minstrels for information. They all sang with one accord, "*White!*" dropping the zuzzer accompaniment meanwhile.

The song caught on; fellows yelled and cheered, and everybody looked quite happy, except, perhaps, White himself. So I went on to the second verse.

There's another whom Nature has cursed
With a fit-giving sort of a face;
His temper is one of the worst—
In fact, he's a slight on the race.
His eyes are a greenery-blue—
His nose is a handful of mud—
And I think you'll acknowledge it's true,
That the name on his collar is——

The audience didn't wait for the minstrels, but rose as one man and shouted "*Rudd!*" in an ear-piercing yell. I felt I had my house with me, and, after bowing my gratitude, proceeded to verse three.

There's a youth you may meet in the street
Who never is happy, unless
You admire on his dear little feet
His boots—or the rest of his dress.
He buys him a buttonhole trim,
Whenever he visits the town—
And I'm sure you can recognise him,
For the name on his collar is——

"*Brown!*" yelled the audience, hitting each other in sheer unrestrainable glee, while Brown, the dandiest chap in Gaffin's, glared blue fire at your humble servant.

There was a lot more, of course—about seventeen stanzas altogether—which I had composed very carefully. As it happened, I only got to the end of the tenth. You see,

by that time there was quite a heavy contingent whom I—and the audience—had named. Somehow, they weren't overjoyed at the advertisement we'd given them. So they combined against me and laid a plot. The plot was simple and was this—as soon as I had sung ten verses, they were to make a simultaneous rush and attack the concert-party. They impressed half-a-dozen of their pals into their service, and became quite a strong body. The whole business was done

As I crawled up from under a form, I had an idea, remembering the account of an election meeting at home. Without saying anything to anybody, I made a dash for the gas-chandelier which hung in the middle of the room. With a bound I sprang at the taps—turned them off one after the other—and plunged the whole room into total darkness!

Then I had another notion, and crawled back cautiously to our dressing-room.



THERE STOOD GAFFIN, HIS FACE ALL BLACK!

very quietly, and we none of us had the least suspicion that such a low-down trick was about to be played. Accordingly, just as the audience was chanting the tenth missing word, the malcontents made their onslaught, and took us entirely by surprise. I went down like a ninepin, and Dickie followed suit, while the rest of the hearers joined in the fray eagerly, helping whichever side they chose.

What I wanted was the grease-paint, for I thought it would be an excellent wheeze to leave my mark on a few of our foes. The crowd buzzed beneath me as I emerged. Just as I was preparing to descend, I heard a tramp of feet outside and the door open. "Hullo!" I thought. "The monitors are coming in to have a dust-up! Sportsmen! . . . By Jove! If I could bag a monitor!"

Of course, I was an ass; but at the time there was reason for my action. You see, it was pitch-lark—the room was a kind of roaring butcher's-shop—and there was no risk of being spotted. So I went round, keeping close to the wall, and when I got near the door I saw a tallish figure looming dimly, and—apparently—shouting.

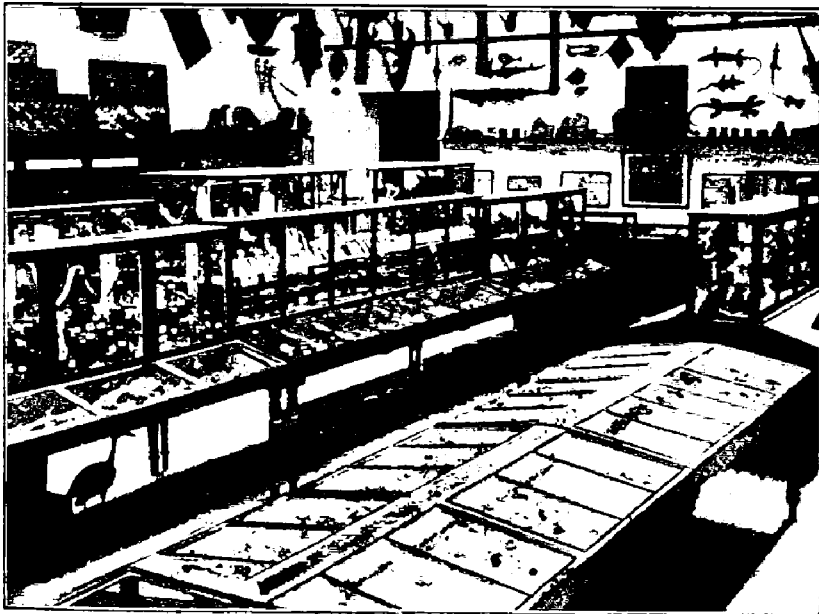
"Yorke!" I determined. "He lammed me, too, yesterday, the brute! I'll have my revenge!"

I rushed at him—collared him low—and brought him to the ground with a really cheery thud. Getting to work at once before he had time to resist, I smeared the grease-paint well over his face and mouth, and then fled, leaving my victim gibbering. Laughter was all I needed now.

Just then there was a lull in the storm, and I heard Gaffin's voice shouting, "Stop this noise at once and light the gas!"

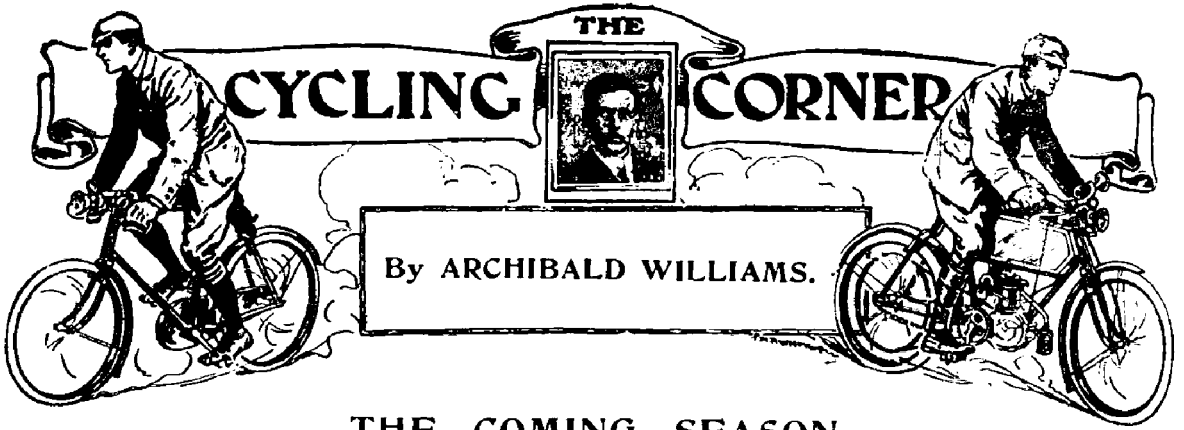
We were rather sick at his coming in to spoil sport, but nobody dreamed of the impending disaster. Somebody struck a match, lit the gas, and there—there stood Gaffin, his face all black!

Well, I never want to feel again as I did then. Of course, you can guess what had happened, and what was going to happen. Owing to my jumping to idiotic conclusions there was the biggest row even I have ever known. I must say Gaffin behaved decently, on the whole, for he didn't try to sack me. He accepted my explanation that it was a great and much-to-be-regretted mistake, but I spent a painful five minutes in his study, and we all of us had to write thousands of lines for the rest of the term. The one drop of consolation was the Minstrel Feed we enjoyed next day at the grub-shop. But we haven't given another concert since that eventful occasion.



THE MUSEUM, CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

Photo. by E. C. Pinder.



THE COMING SEASON.

The Cyclist's Diary—Post-Card Maps—Motor Licences—Motor Lamps.

IN the Spring the cyclist's fancy turns lightly to thoughts of future summer days, which are, perhaps, more appreciated in anticipation than in fact. After their arrival, well, the days *are* long; every day is long. We don't have to light up till after nine o'clock; and get so used to it that when the time is contracted we suddenly become aware that summer is on the wane.

Now, every hobby or pastime is more valuable if indulged in systematically, or at least appears to be so, after the event. I therefore suggest that of the cycling season of 1905 a record of some sort be kept—photographic, literary, cartographic; or all combined. To begin with, we may use our cameras whenever we break fresh ground, taking notes of the place and date of exposures. The photographs should be mounted consecutively in the album, with interesting details under each, and perhaps a sketch map of the roads traversed, the spots being marked at which each picture (numbered) was made. In this way we shall accumulate a pictorial guide to our wanderings which will be very nice to traverse again when the summer is no more.

Individuals of a literary bent might well

KEEP A DIARY,

in which to register impressions of new country—first impressions often being the most pleasurable. References should be made to photographs by number. Some cynical people hold that a diary is a mistake. They are wrong. Records of any kind are valuable, not merely for their own sake, but also on account of the stimulus which they give to the powers of observation and to the expression of ideas or experiences. In after years you will be very glad that you expended time in this way.

MAP-MARKING.

Should you jib at the pen, you can at least mark every route taken, in red ink, with date at the side. On a tour each day's journey should be terminated by a cross-line; and you might add remarks such as "interesting," "very hilly," "bad roads," &c., in small but legible characters. This becomes very interesting work, if done regularly. A reliable cyclometer is a valuable ally for estimating the actual road distances; while a "rotameter" (price 3s. 6d.) will enable you to run over the map routes to check the figures. The cyclometer gives the more accurate results; but the other is useful for determining to within the fraction of a mile (on a correct map) how far it is from any one point to any other. Measuring with "dividers" is not so satisfactory, as it is difficult to make proper allowances for curves and corners.

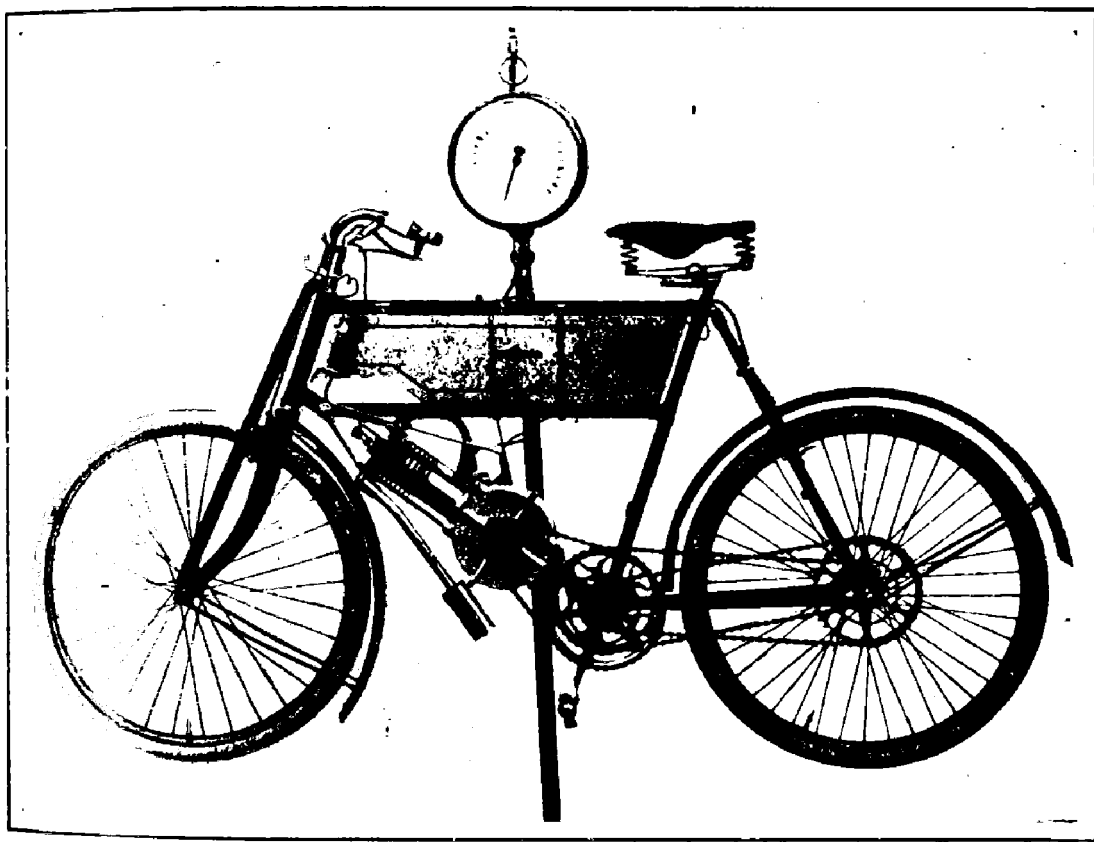
POST-CARD MAPS.

In this connection I may mention the Cyclist Touring Club's Map-Post-cards, issued in 6d. packets of eight maps each. These maps are on the scale of ten miles to the inch and clearly indicate the following main roads:—London to Brighton; London to Gateshead (Great North Road); Gateshead to John o' Groats; London to Exeter, *viâ* Bristol and *viâ* Salisbury; and from Exeter to Land's End *viâ* Plymouth and *viâ* Okehampton. The subsidiary roads are marked with a dotted, the main roads with a solid, red line. Taken as a whole, these maps are very well produced and their accuracy and handiness will recommend them to many riders. A map that can be consulted during a dismount only, and which requires much folding-up, is often a nuisance.

MOTOR-CYCLISTS AND LICENCES.

As this season will witness many accessions to the ranks of motor-cyclists, let me warn all and sundry that not only must every rider of a cycle, whether owner or not, have a "licence to drive," but he must also be able to produce it when requested to do so by the police. This latter requisition seems somewhat unreasonable and will doubtless be rescinded in time; but while the law stands as it is, let the rider beware! Official police sometimes make quite a nice little scoop by an outburst of licence-hunt-

ing; dashing round corners without ringing; flying hills without thought of whether the brakes are in proper condition; whizzing past pedestrians and drivers without warning. These habits, dangerous on a pedicycle, would be intolerable with a motor, which has a far greater capacity for doing damage to both rider and other users of the road. At present the motor is on its good behaviour, and a serious outbreak of "road-hog"-ism may lead to much stricter legislation than prevails to-day; though many motorists find that irksome enough. The



THE HUNTER LIGHTWEIGHT MOTOR BICYCLE: WEIGHT, 72LB.; 2½ H.P.; CHAIN DRIVEN. THIS MOTOR CYCLE IS ONLY JUST DOUBLE THE WEIGHT OF AN ORDINARY ROADSTER PEDICYCLE.

From a Photograph.

ing. So don't borrow your friend's motor-cycle unless you have a licence; or, if you don't happen to possess one, don't be surprised and injured to learn that you are acting illegally if found riding. Ignorance of the law is no excuse. *Experto crede.*

MOTORS AND MANNERS.

This paragraph is intended particularly for the younger of my motoring readers. Boys—and some girls—often display a great recklessness in their use of an ordinary

letter of the law prescribes twenty miles an hour as the speed limit, with a much lower limit in certain localities, according to the byelaws of the district. The *spirit* of the law aims at the suppression of furious driving "to the danger of the public"; for any reasonable person will understand that the open road and the crowded street cannot both be covered by any one standard. Five miles an hour in dense traffic may be more dangerous than thirty in the deserted stretches of our country highways.

LEARNING TO RIDE A MOTOR.

Don't begin on a new machine by choice; a motor smash is a smash and may include a limb as well as metal. Don't attempt motoring until you are absolutely expert and self-confident on a "pusher." It is certainly unwise to make one's motoring *débüt* on a powerful machine; 1½ to 2 h.p. will be quite sufficient for the first few lessons. Again, before taking to the sport, buy a treatise, such as the "Motor Manual," and learn something about the mechanism of the engine and the necessary operations that every rider must perform if he is to avoid disaster. Don't for a moment imagine that a motor will stand the treatment meted out to many a cycle—i.e., utter neglect. It is a locomotive, and its dignity demands that you must give it some of the care that the engine-driver lavishes on his express "flier." At the same time, *given* proper attention, the motor will run hundreds, often thousands, of miles without causing any serious trouble; though you must expect every now and then to be called upon to show what sort of a "handy man" you are mechanically.

For a light rider—eight to ten stone—a 1½ h.p. engine and a mount of 100lbs. gross weight will suffice; if it be in *good going order* and well designed. You may pick up a secondhand mount of this power very cheap; though I warn you not to trust to your own judgment in making a choice if you are ignorant of motors. There are many rubbishy second-hand machines on the market and also some very good bargains.

ACETYLENE LAMPS.

For motoring there is no other kind to touch these. The rider *must* have plenty of light to illumine the road at least thirty yards ahead. Before the acetylene came into practical use, I had several very narrow escapes from serious accidents while riding at night. On one occasion, I thought I saw a glint in front of me and instinctively pulled to my side. The glint was from the tyre of a lightless cart which, being of the same colour as the road, was practically invisible in the rays of my oil-lamp. But for that warning reflection I should have crashed into the tail-board—and might not be writing these lines. Another night, while descending a hill, I struck a brick

which had fallen from a cart, and performed a flight of some feet. Luckily, the motor alit well and I escaped with a bad shaking. One or two such experiences render the motorist devoutly grateful to the makers of good acetylene lamps.

CARRYING CARBIDE.

The capacity of some lamps is very limited; and with the best a renewal of carbide is necessary on a long journey. Now, a box of the chemical is both bulky and awkward to carry; while, if unprotected, the substance soon deteriorates. For some months past I have kept odd pieces of tin-foil that have come in my way, hoping that they might prove useful for something. But that "something" didn't turn up till the other day, when it suddenly occurred to me that lumps of carbide, wrapped up in the foil, might defy the atmosphere. I at once enveloped some pieces and stood them in my dark-room sink, where the air is very moist. After two days they were practically unchanged; and now I carry pieces, so protected, in my wallet or pockets.

Trouble with acetylene lamps is generally due to an imperfect or clogged burner. Keep a few spare ones by you and make a change when the lamp turns sulky.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. H. Wodehouse.—(1) The entrance fee to the Cyclists' Touring Club is 1s.; the yearly subscription 5s. If more than one person of a household join, each member after the first is admitted on payment of the 1s. entrance fee and an annual 3s. They are not entitled to receive any of the club's publications, but, as the member paying full subscription gets them, this is a matter of no consequence. (2) The best guide to the Somersetshire roads is the C.T.C.'s roadbook, dealing with all the country south of the Thames and Severn. Price 4s.

"Breaker."—I don't think 33lb. heavy for a touring machine. If it is in good condition, i.e. bearings quite sound so that they can be adjusted to a nicety without jamming; enamel and plating still uninjured to any great extent; then it would be worth your while to have a Pedersen or Sturmev Archer three-speed gear fitted. I don't see any object in getting rid of a machine which does its work well, and to which you are thoroughly accustomed, merely for the sake of purchasing one a few pounds lighter. You would drop money over the transaction, whereas the expenditure of fifty to sixty shillings on a change-speed hub for your back wheel would put you in possession of a practically up-to-date mount.

"Constant."—Thanks! glad to hear you like the motoring flavour now given to the Corner. I hope that you will have had experience of the joys of motoring before you are much older.

THE SULTAN'S VIEWS ON CATS.

By JAQUETTA C. LEMM,

Author of "The Sirdar,"
"Screamer and Skilful," &c.

SKETCHES BY REX OSBORNE.



sailing, but cat-lore was to me a mystery profound.

"Although you do not know anything about them, you have not sense enough to make inquiries," said an unfamiliar voice. I started, for it was the Sultan who had given vent to his feel-

ings, and he looked both indignant and offended.

I do not think that I should have taken the trouble to argue the matter, only I wanted sympathy, and I wanted a few guineas still more, so I temporised with him.

"Cats were never much in my line," I said, regretfully, "and now I have no means of finding out anything about them."

"If you only pay attention," went on the Sultan, "I can put you in the way of earning those guineas you're hankering after. Take this down."

So I posed my fingers humbly above the keys, and awaited his pleasure.

"Cats," he began, "are much underrated and misunderstood. They are considered by the majority of human beings (who are most strangely ignorant on the subject) to be selfish, treacherous, comfort-loving animals, attaching themselves to places rather than to people. You often hear it said that cats find their way back to empty houses, even after they have been taken miles away. This is certainly true. but the cats do not know that the houses are empty—they simply return to the place where they have been accustomed to receive food and attention, expecting to find the inmates there as usual. This action is a proof of pussy's fidelity rather than an instance of her callousness, as is generally supposed.

"The great naturalist, the Rev. J. C.

I WAS not at all surprised when he spoke—in fact, I had been expecting every day for weeks to hear him do so. Month after month he had sat there while I worked, staring solemnly at me, always with such a contemptuously superior air as to show that he had taken my measure.

On this particular morning he was more aggressive than usual, and he had such a self-satisfied grin on his face that he drove me nearly frantic.

I had a specially tough article to write, and did not in the least know how to set about it. In order to put off the evil moment as long as possible I had carefully oiled my Blick, and fixed on a new ink pad. Then I neatly typed the heading, and sat patiently waiting for an inspiration.

The Sultan, a large, old-fashioned tabby, chose his position in front of the fire and looked on. He was an uncommonly well-groomed, handsome grimalkin, and had taken up his quarters in my parlour as a matter of course. At first I had resented this, strongly but uselessly. If I put him out of the room he simply waited until some one opened the door, and then came in again, or else he climbed in through the window; so, for the peace of my soul, I let him stop.

If only the editor had wanted a paper on dogs then all would have been plain



THE WILD TYPE.

Wood, M.A.," he continued, "holds very sensible views on the character of cats, and he says that those which he has known 'have been as docile, tractable, and good-tempered as any dog could be, and have displayed an amount of intelligence which would be equalled by very few dogs and surpassed by none.' He certainly understands our race."

"How many kinds of cat are there?" I inquired.

"Ah!" said the Sultan, "there are many. Foremost comes the good old-fashioned tabby like myself, which, in spite of the numerous innovations of fancy breeds, still holds its own with people of sense. It is an institution in all well-regulated households, and is rightly considered to be an indispensable ornament to the hearth. The typical tabby is compact and comfortable-looking, short in the forelegs and small in the ears, though, of course, every few years bring a change of fashion. The head in the male should be round and massive, and the eyes should wear a contented expression. This particular species is, for the most part, good-natured, courageous, and enduring, and more devoted to its offspring than any

of the fancy cats. Its fur should be thick and even, and the ground colour a tawny brown or dun shade, on which the striping should be heavy and of a rich, clear black. The bars across the chest should take a semicircular direction, and should not be less than three in number. Correctly speaking, there should be no white about a true tabby, though in my opinion a nice white waistcoat or neat parsonic tie is most becoming, especially to a country cat, who is little apt to soil it."

"What can I say about the red, silver, and grey tabbies?" I inquired.

"These cats you now mention are merely freaks," answered his Imperial Majesty scornfully, and he puffed himself out until he looked larger than ever. "They give good accounts of themselves on the show bench," he admitted, "but they are not to be compared with us for mousing or all-round abilities. The red are, I believe, supposed by cat fanciers to be the most valuable, but they are stupid and indolent, and not worth their salt, excepting as far as winning prizes goes.

"Then come the parti-coloured cats," he reminded me. "They have no particular recommendation beyond being homely, affectionate animals; they are either black



"VARIETIES."

or white, with heavy patches of the contrasting colour, or maybe of a tawny brown.

"We must not forget the black cat," he went on. "With some it is a great favourite, and, indeed, many of the sleek, well-proportioned specimens are very handsome, especially if the eyes are of that lovely green shade which is never seen in the eyes of any other-coloured cat. The whiskers are also thicker in texture, and in a pure black cat they should match the colour of its fur. These particular cats have always been credited with more intelligence than their feline brethren, and in olden days they were supposed to be the accomplices of witches, of whom we read as bestriding their broomsticks accompanied by a black cat. Even now they are looked upon as somewhat uncanny, and they play important parts in exciting stories. Most of us, for instance, are familiar with the famous black cat that was such a faithful comrade of Dr. Nikola's in Guy Boothby's interesting novel.

"Then," added the Sultan, "there is that strange though very beautiful arrangement of colours, the tortoiseshell. It is a most fascinating species as regards the tinting of its fur, and the male animal is much in request, being exceedingly rare and of great value. These cats are of a rather excitable nature, but at the same time they are loving, faithful companions, and grateful for any kindness."

"What about Persian cats?" I asked. "How can one distinguish them from Angora?"

"The Persian cat," explained my authority, "is a very fine fellow indeed. He has always an air that Shakespeare would describe as 'an aspect of princes.' He is noted for the breadth and bushiness of the fur on his tail, which exceeds the size of any other cat's tail, and for the long hair with which his ears are lined. His coat is crisper to the touch than that of the Angora, and his face is more alert and less massive. He is fond of roaming, and is a thorough-paced poacher. In France, Persian cats are treated with as much consideration as the English bestow on their dogs, and they are, in consequence, far more companionable and fearless. Every café has its pet cat, and it is no uncommon sight to see puss following the visitors about the grounds. They may be more handsome than we English cats, but they are less hardy, and the damp of our climate affects them to such an extent that consumption is

not unknown among them. There is also one other serious drawback, namely, that the famous Persian cats are invariably blue-eyed, and almost without exception deaf, and this is a distinction which they alone of all the cat-tribe enjoy.

FACTS ABOUT PUSSY.

"And now," said his Imperial Majesty, "you must put in a few odd scraps of information, just to make your paper interesting. First of all, there is a great deal of electricity in our composition, which is one of the reasons why we are such good weather prophets. You observe your cat a



THE WITCH'S BLACK CAT.

few hours before a storm, and see how playful and frisky she is. Most people know that if you take pussy into a dark room on a frosty day, and smooth down her fur, you will see sparks; but everyone does not know that under certain conditions your pet is

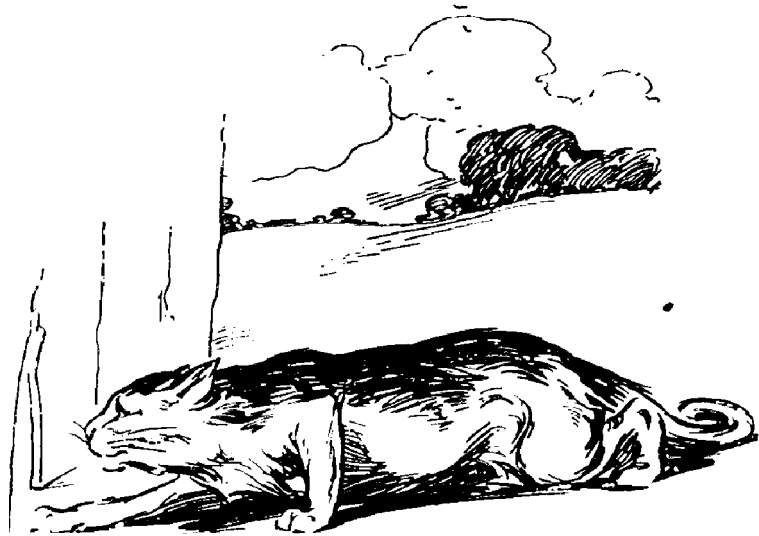
capable of giving you an electric shock. Yet it is so. Choose a dry day, and, taking your cat in your lap, place your left hand on her breast, and gently stroke the fur on her back with your right hand. One by one the sparks will come, and suddenly you will experience a smart shock, chiefly about your wrists. There is little doubt that puss herself feels the shock, for she is not caught napping a second time.

CATS' WHISKERS.

“Secondly, there are our whiskers, and these very ornamental portions of our anatomy play a most useful and important part, for they are the organs of touch.

all cats, and amongst them is Lord Roberts, of whom it has been said that were he blind-folded he could tell if a cat were in the room. Very different from the attitude of Sir Walter Scott, whose consideration for his cat was almost equal to that with which he treated his fellow men. In English a black cat is said to be lucky, and if a stray one come to the house he is considered to bring good fortune with him, while to meet one when starting on a journey betides prosperity. A carroty cat, on the contrary, is the harbinger of misfortune, for, if it be the first living thing seen in the morning, everything during that day will go wrong.

“In some of the remote hamlets in the



OUR WHISKERS ARE THE ORGANS OF TOUCH.

Each single hair is in connection with the nerve running through the lip, and is also attached to a little gland underneath the skin. Directly they come in contact with any object the sensation is communicated through the lip-nerve by the hairs, which are themselves insensitive. Hence the secret of puss's stealthy movements when in search of prey. Crawling through thickets or under shrubs when bird-stalking, she can judge exactly when to spring on her quarry, for her whiskers, touching some blade of grass or dry twig, tell her that to move one more step would be to betray her presence.

CAT LORE.

“People have very strange ideas about us,” went on the Sultan, meditatively; “some indeed have a rooted antipathy to

West of England, amongst the uncultured, the belief is rife that during the month of February witches take the form of cats, and come down the chimney at dusk. For this reason stray pussies have a bad time of it. Another queer notion is that cats suck the breath of sleeping infants if left in the room with them. In Sicily, where the cat is dedicated to St. Martha, the patron saint of good housewives, cats are held in great veneration, and the unfortunate person who injures one is supposed to meet with the same fate as he who, in England, breaks a looking-glass, namely, seven years of ill-luck.”

“We have said nothing about the treatment of cats,” I observed. Then Grimalkin fired away like some famous preacher concluding a special discourse.

"They only need to be treated in a common-sense, rational manner," he declared," and they will repay with interest all the care lavished on them. The great mistake which people so often make is in thinking that so long as pussy has her saucer of milk she needs nothing else to drink. There are times when we enjoy a sip of water quite as much as do dogs, and a shallow bowl of clean water should always be left within our reach. Again, at dinner-time, some owners fancy that when they have thrown a chunk of liver to the cat they have done their duty; far from it—cats are quite as dainty in their tastes as dogs, and a well-brought up puss enjoys a change of diet and expects her share of vegetables. Then there is a great fuss about taking Fido for a run in the grass, so necessary for the dear dog's health. So it is, but does any one ever think of grass for the cat? One of my former mistresses," continued the Sultan, "was very thoughtful about this; we were then living in a town, so it was not always convenient to get grass, but she overcame the difficulty. She kept an old sponge moist, and all over it she sowed grass seeds, so that when they grew I had a constant supply ready to hand.

"As regards our toilet there is not much to be said; most self-respecting cats take sufficient pride in themselves to keep their

coats smart and spruce. With some of the long-haired varieties, however, it is as well to keep a comb and a soft brush, and pussy's appearance after a good grooming well repays the trouble.

"In the matter of ailments few understand us. A cat that is well cared for is seldom ill; the diseases to be most dreaded are bronchitis, which chiefly attacks badly fed cats and the more delicate varieties, and consumption, which is all but incurable.

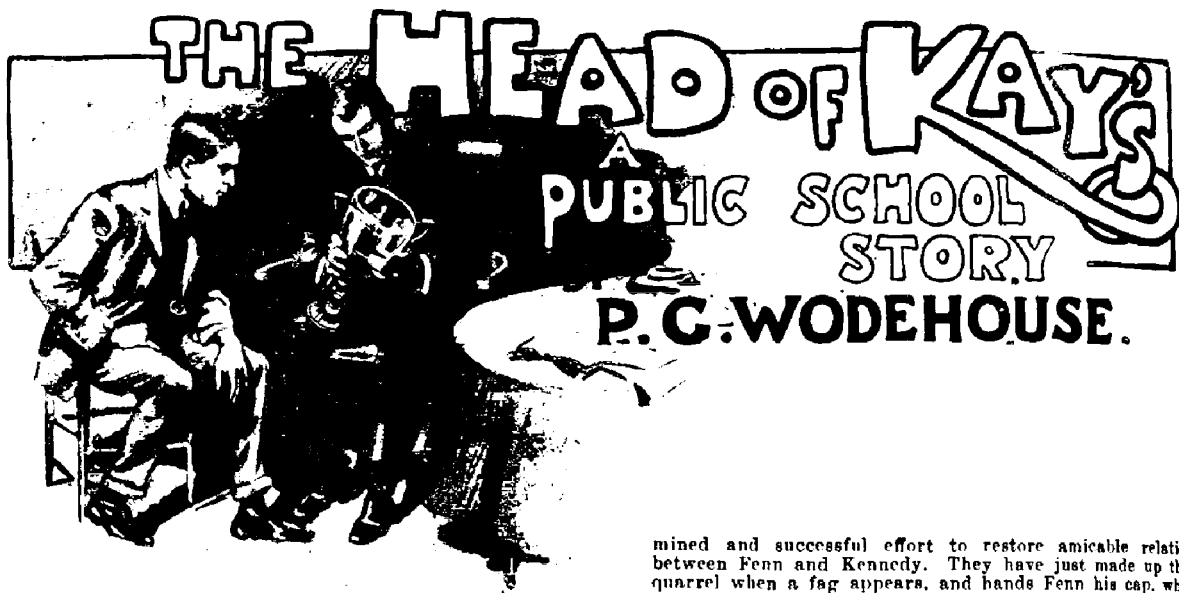
"I have said nothing about white cats, for they are not by any means popular, which is strange, considering that our present Queen is very partial to them, and always takes a favourite of this particular colour with her when she travels.

"Perhaps it may be news to you that there is a famous monastery for cats attached to the ancient church of San Lorenzo, in Florence. It is a refuge where any ancient member of the cat tribe may go into retreat for the remaining span of its life."

I felt deeply grateful to the Sultan for all he had told me, and, although he did not quite convert me to cat-worship, I began to think that the old maids who are laughed at for their penchant for pussy are in reality to be envied.



Drawn by Louis Wain.



THE HEAD OF KAY'S

PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY

P. C. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SYNOPSIS.

FENN is head of Kay's—the most disorderly house at Eckleton. His task in ruling such a crew is unsatisfactory enough, but Mr. Kay renders it doubly so by his unreasonable behaviour towards the captain of the house. Fenn is the finest cricketer in the school—having been selected to play for his county in the holidays—and entirely by his efforts Kay's get into the final of the house matches. But Mr. Kay, who takes no interest whatever in the athletics of his house, keeps Fenn in on the afternoon of the match, and Kay's crack bat only appears in time to go in last, the consequence being that Kay's lose the match. Feeling naturally runs high against Mr. Kay, who, owing to the illness of a colleague, is called upon to preside over the grand term-end concert—always a solemn and classical affair. Fenn is a performer. Having played a serious piece, an encore being demanded, he breaks into a giddy trifle called the "Coon Band Contest," which sets hundreds of feet stamping. The uproar (led by Kay malcontents) rises to such a pitch that the concert has to be brought to a premature close, and it is feared that the authorities will take action in the matter. When the school reassembles for the winter term Fenn is deposed from the headship of Kay's, a prefect named Kennedy being put in his place. The new appointment is regarded with resentment by Kay's, where Fenn was immensely popular as captain. To make matters worse, Fenn and Kennedy, formerly such excellent friends, fall out, the result being that Kennedy has to battle with the whole house single handed. The leader of the malcontents is Walton, a big dunce, who exasperates Kennedy to such a degree that the latter determines to fight—and, if possible, thrash—him. They decide to have it out in a dormitory, and Jimmy Silver, a chum of Kennedy's, agrees to act as time-keeper. In spite of the unfair tactics adopted by Walton, Kennedy gives him a sound licking, and the lesson thus administered has good effects, for, thereafter, open rebellion ceases in Kay's. But a great deal remains to be done in the way of reformation, and what annoys Kennedy more than anything is the knowledge that if only Fenn would lend a hand in the management of the house, their combined authority would be irresistible. Fenn, however, shows no inclination to make up his quarrel with Kennedy. While matters are in this strained condition, a series of adventures befalls the ex-head of Kay's. While returning from an illegal expedition to the theatre, he is relieved of his watch by a pick-pocket. Giving chase, Fenn misses his man in the fog and knocks down a stranger, whom he helps into his house, where the prefect unfortunately leaves his cap. After an unsuccessful attempt to regain the cap, Fenn makes his way back to the school. On the following day he calls at the house in the High-street, but again fails to regain his cap—a fact which causes him grave anxiety, as, should the cap ultimately fall into the hands of the headmaster, it will afford proof of its owner's illegal visit to the town. About this time Jimmy Silver makes a deter-

mined and successful effort to restore amicable relations between Fenn and Kennedy. They have just made up their quarrel when a fog appears, and hands Fenn his cap, which has been sent to the prefect by the headmaster. The fog adds that the Head desires Fenn's immediate attendance in his study.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH AN EPISODE IS CLOSED.

"THANKS," said Fenn.

He stood twirling the cap round in his hand as Spencer closed the door. Then he threw it on to the table. He did not feel particularly disturbed at the thought of the interview that was to come. He had been expecting the cap to turn up, like the corpse of Eugene Aram's victim, at some inconvenient moment. It was a pity that it had come just as things looked as if they might be made more or less tolerable in Kay's. He had been looking forward with a grim pleasure to the sensation that would be caused in the house when it became known that he and Kennedy had formed a combine for its moral and physical benefit. But that was all over. He would be sacked, beyond a doubt. In the history of Eckleton, as far as he knew it, there had never been a case of a fellow breaking out at night and not being expelled when he was caught. It was one of the cardinal sins in the school code. There had been the case of Peter Brown, which his brother had mentioned in his letter. And in his own time he had seen three men vanish from Eckleton for the same offence. He did not flatter himself that his record at the school was so good as to make it likely that the authorities would stretch a point in his favour. "So long, Kennedy," he said. "You'll be hero when I get back, I suppose?" "What does he want you for, do you think?" asked Kennedy, stretching himself, with a yawn. It never struck him that Fenn could be in any serious trouble. Fenn was a prefect; and when

the headmaster sent for a prefect it was generally to tell him that he had got a split infinitive in his English Essay that week.

"Glad I'm not you," he added, as a gust of wind rattled the sash, and the rain dashed against the pane. "Beastly evening to have to go out in."

"It isn't the rain I mind," said Fenn; "it's what's going to happen when I get indoors again." and refused to explain further. There would be plenty of time to tell Kennedy the whole story when he returned. It was better not to keep the headmaster waiting.

The first thing he noticed on reaching the School House was the strange demeanour of the butler. Whenever Fenn had had occasion to call on the headmaster hitherto, Watson had admitted him with the air of a high priest leading a devotee to a shrine of which he was the sole managing director. This evening he seemed restless, excited.

"Good evening, Mr. Fenn," he said. "This way, sir."

Those were his actual words. Fenn had not known for certain until now that he *could* talk. On previous occasions their conversations had been limited to an "Is the headmaster in?" from Fenn, and a stately inclination of the head from Watson. The man was getting a positive babbler.

With an eager, springy step, distantly reminiscent of a shopwalker heading a procession of customers, with a touch of the style of the winner in a walking-race to Brighton, the once slow-moving butler led the way to the headmaster's study.

For the first time since he started out Fenn was conscious of a tremor. There is something about a closed door, behind which somebody is waiting to receive one, which appeals to the imagination, especially if the ensuing meeting is likely to be an unpleasant one.

"Ah, Fenn," said the headmaster. "Come in."

Fenn wondered. It was not in this tone of voice that the Head was wont to commence a conversation which was going to prove painful.

"You've got your cap, Fenn? I gave it to a small boy in your house to take to you."

"Yes, sir."

He had given up all hope of understanding the Head's line of action. Unless he was playing a deep game, and intended to flash out suddenly with a keen question which it would be impossible to parry, there seemed nothing to account for the strange absence of anything unusual in his manner. He referred to the cap as if he had borrowed it from Fenn, and had

returned it by bearer, hoping that its loss had not inconvenienced him at all.

"I daresay," continued the Head, "that you are wondering how it came into my possession. You missed it, of course?"

"Very much, sir," said Fenn, with perfect truth.

"It has just been brought to my house, together with a great many other things, more valuable, perhaps,"—here he smiled a headmagisterial smile—"by a policeman from Eckleton."

Fenn was still unequal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation. He could understand, in a vague way, that for some unexplained reason things were going well for him, but beyond that his mind was in a whirl.

"You will remember the unfortunate burglary of Mr. Kay's house and mine. Your cap was returned with the rest of the stolen property."

Just so, thought Fenn. The rest of the stolen property? Exactly. Go on. Don't mind me. I shall begin to understand soon, I suppose.

He condensed these thoughts into the verbal reply, "Yes, sir."

"I sent for you to identify your own property. I see there is a silver cup belonging to you. Perhaps there are also other articles. Go and see. You will find them on that table. They are in a hopeless state of confusion, having been conveyed here in a sack. Fortunately, nothing is broken."

He was thinking of certain valuables belonging to himself which had been abstracted from his drawing-room on the occasion of the burglar's visit to the School House.

Fenn crossed the room, and began to inspect the table indicated. On it was as mixed a collection of valuable and useless articles as one could wish to see. He saw his cup at once, and attached himself to it. But of all the other specimens of this private collection he could recognise nothing else as his property.

"There is nothing of mine here except the cup, sir," he said.

"Ah. Then that is all, I think. You are going back to Mr. Kay's? Then please send Kennedy to me. Good-night, Fenn."

"Good-night, sir."

Even now Fenn could not understand it. The more he thought it over the more his brain reeled. He could grasp the fact that his cap and his cup were safe again, and that there was evidently going to be no sacking for the moment. But how it had all happened, and how the police had got hold of his cap, and why they had returned it with the loot gathered in by the burglar who had visited Kay's and the



"YOU ARE WONDERING HOW YOUR CAP CAME INTO MY POSSESSION?"

School House, were problems which, he had to confess, were beyond him.

He walked to Kay's through the rain with the cup under his mackintosh, and freely admitted to himself that there were things in heaven and earth—and particularly earth—which no fellow could understand.

"I don't know," he said, when Kennedy pressed for an explanation of the reappearance of the cup. "It's no good asking me. I'm going now to borrow the matron's smelling-salts: I feel faint. After that I shall wrap a wet towel round my head, and begin to think it out. Meanwhile, you're to go over to the Head. He's had enough of me, and he wants to have a look at you."

"Me?" said Kennedy. "Why?"

"Now, is it any good asking me?" said Fenn. "If you can find out what it's all about, I'll thank you if you'll come and tell me."

Ten minutes later Kennedy returned. He carried a watch and chain.

"I couldn't think what had happened to my watch," he said. "I missed it on the day after

that burglary here, but I never thought of thinking it had been collared by a professional. I thought I must have lost it somewhere."

"Well, have you grasped what's been happening?"

"I've grasped my ticker, which is good enough for me. Half a second. The old man wants to see the rest of the prefects. He's going to work through the house in batches, instead of man by man. I'll just go round the studies and rout them out, and then I'll come back and explain. It's perfectly simple."

"Glad you think so," said Fenn.

Kennedy went and returned.

"Now," he said, subsiding into a deck-chair. "what is it you don't understand?"

"I don't understand anything. Begin at the beginning."

"I got the yarn from the butler—what's his name?"

"Those who know him well enough to venture to address him by name—I've never dared to myself—call him Watson," said Fenn.

"I got the yarn from Watson. He was as excited as anything about it. I never saw him like that before."

"I noticed something queer about him."

"He's awfully bucked, and is doing the Ancient Mariner business all over the place. Wants to tell the story to everyone he sees."

"Well, suppose you follow his example. I want to hear about it."

"Well, it seems that the police have been watching a house at the corner of the High-street for some time—what's up?"

"Nothing. Go on."

"But you said, 'By Jove!'"

"Well, why shouldn't I say 'By Jove'? When you are telling sensational yarns it's my duty to say something of the sort. Buck along."

"It's a house not far from the Town Hall, at the corner of Pegwell-street—you've probably been there scores of times."

"Once or twice, perhaps," said Fenn. "Well?"

"About a month ago two suspicious-looking bounders went to live there. Watson says their faces were enough to hang them. Anyhow, they must have been pretty bad, for they made even the Eckleton police, who are pretty average-sized rotters, suspicious, and they kept an eye on them. Well, after a bit there began to be a regular epidemic of burglary round about here. Watson says half the houses round were broken into. The police thought it was getting a bit too thick, but they didn't like to raid the house without some jolly good evidence that these two men were the burglars, so they lay low and waited till they should give them a decent excuse for jumping on them. They had had a detective chap down from London, by the way, to see if he couldn't do something about the burglaries, and he kept his eye on them, too."

"They had quite a gallery. Didn't they notice any of the eyes?"

"No. Then after a bit one of them nipped off to London with a big bag. The detective chap was after him like a shot. He followed him from the station, saw him get into a cab, got into another himself, and stuck to him hard. The front cab stopped at about a dozen pawn-brokers' shops. The detective Johnny took the names and addresses, and hung on to the burglar man all day, and finally saw him return to the station, where he caught a train back to Eckleton. Directly he had seen him off, the detective got into a cab, called on the dozen pawnbrokers, showed his card, with 'Scotland Yard' on it, I suppose, and asked to see what the other chap had pawned. He identified every single thing as something that had been collared from one of the houses round Eckleton way. So he came back here, told the police, and they raided the house, and there they found stacks of loot of all descriptions."

"Including my cap," said Fenn, thoughtfully. "I see now."

"Rummy the man thinking it worth his while to take an old cap," said Kennedy.

"Very," said Fenn. "But it's been a rum business all along."

what he ought not to have done. But there was a world of difference between the effect these visits had now and that which they had had when Kennedy had stood alone in the house, his hand against all men. Now that he could work off the effects of such encounters by going straight to Fenn's study, and picking the housemaster to pieces, the latter's peculiar methods ceased to be irritating, and became funny. Mr. Kay was always ferreting out the weirdest misdoings on the part of the members of his house, and rushing to Kennedy's study to tell him about them at full length, like a rather indignant dog bringing a rat he has hunted down into a drawing-room, to display it to the company. On one occasion, when Fenn and Jimmy Silver were in Kennedy's study, Mr. Kay dashed in to complain bitterly that he had discovered that the junior day-room kept mice, and similar small deer, in their lockers. It seemed to him enough to cause an epidemic of typhoid fever in the house, and he hauled Kennedy over the coals, in a speech that lasted five minutes, for not having detected this plague-spot in the house.

"So that's the celebrity at home, is it?" said Jimmy Silver, when he had gone. "I now begin to understand more or less why this house wants a new head every two terms. Is he often taken like that?"

"He's never anything else," said Kennedy. "Fenn keeps a list of the things he rags me about, and we have an even shilling on, each week, that he will beat the record of the previous week. At first I used to get the shilling if he lowered the record; but after a bit it struck us that it wasn't fair, so now we take it on alternate weeks. This is my week, by the way. I think I can trouble you for that bob, Fenn?"

"I wish I could make it more," said Fenn, handing over the shilling.

"What sort of things does he rag you about generally?" inquired Silver.

Fenn produced a slip of paper.

"Here are a few," he said, "for this month. He came in on the 10th because he found two kids fighting. Kennedy was down town when it happened, but that made no difference. Then he caught the senior day-room making a row of some sort. He said it was perfectly deafening; but we couldn't hear it in our studies. I believe he goes round the house, listening at key-holes. That was on the 16th. On the 22nd he found a chap in Kennedy's dormitory wandering about the house at one in the morning. He seemed to think that Kennedy ought to have sat up all night on the chance of some-

CHAPTER XXII.

KAY'S CHANGES ITS NAME.

FOR the remaining weeks of the winter term things went as smoothly in Kay's as Kay would let them. That restless gentleman still continued to burst in on Kennedy from time to time with some sensational story of how he had found a fag doing

body cutting out of the dormitory. At any rate, he ragged him. I won the weekly shilling on that; and deserved it, too."

Fenn had to go over to the gymnasium shortly after this. Jimmy Silver stayed on, talking to Kennedy.

"And bar Kay," said Jimmy, "how do you find the house doing? Any better?"

"Better! It's getting a sort of model establishment. I believe, if we keep pegging away at them, we may win some sort of a cup sooner or later."

"Well, Kay's very nearly won the cricket cup last year. You ought to get it next season, now that you and Fenn are both in the team."

"Oh, I don't know. It'll be a fluke if we do. Still, we're hoping. It isn't every house that's got a county man in it. But we're breaking out in another place. Don't let it get about, for goodness' sake, but we're going for the sports' cup."

"Hope you'll get it. Blackburn's won't have a chance, anyhow, and I should like to see somebody get it away from the School House. They've had it much too long. They're beginning to look on it as their right. But who are your men?"

"Well, Fenn ought to be a cert for the hundred and the quarter, to start with."

"But the School House must get the long run, and the mile, and the half, too, probably."

"Yes. We haven't any one to beat Milligan, certainly. But there are the second and third places. Don't forget those. That's where we're going to have a look in. There's all sorts of unsuspected talent in Kay's. To look at Peel, for instance, you wouldn't think he could do the hundred in eleven, would you? Well, he can, only he's been too slack to go in for the race at the sports, because it meant training. I had him up here and reasoned with him, and he's promised to do his best. Eleven is good enough for second place in the hundred, don't you think? There are lots of others in the house who can do quite decently on the track, if they try. I've been making strict inquiries. Kay's are hot stuff, Jimmy. Heap big medicine. That's what they are."

"You're a wonderful man, Kennedy," said Jimmy Silver. And he meant it. Kennedy's uphill fight at Kay's had appealed to him strongly. He himself had never known what it meant to have to manage a hostile house. He had stepped into his predecessor's shoes at Blackburn's much as the heir to a throne becomes king. Nobody had thought of disputing his right to the place. He was next man in; so, directly the departure of the previous head

of Blackburn's left a vacancy, he stepped into it, and the machinery of the house had gone on as smoothly as if there had been no change at all. But Kennedy had gone in against a slack and antagonistic house, with weak prefects to help him, and a fussy housemaster; and he had fought them all for a term, and looked like winning. Jimmy admired his friend with a fervour which nothing on earth would have tempted him to reveal. Like most people with a sense of humour, he had a fear of appearing ridiculous, and he hid his real feelings as completely as he was able.

"How is the footer getting on?" inquired Jimmy, remembering the difficulties Kennedy had encountered earlier in the term in connection with his house team.

"It's better," said Kennedy. "Keener, at any rate. We shall do our best in the house matches. But we aren't a good team."

"Any more trouble about your being captain instead of Fenn?"

"No. We both sign the lists now. Fenn didn't want to, but I thought it would be a good idea, so we tried it. It seems to have worked all right."

"Of course, your getting your first has probably made a difference."

"A bit, perhaps."

"Well, I hope you won't get the footer cup, because I want it for Blackburn's. Or the cricket cup. I want that, too. But you can have the sports' cup with my blessing."

"Thanks," said Kennedy. "It's very generous of you."

"Don't mention it," said Jimmy.

From which conversation it will be seen that Kay's was gradually pulling itself together. It had been asleep for years. It was now waking up.

When the winter term ended there were distinct symptoms of an outbreak of public spirit in the house.

The Easter term opened auspiciously in one way. Neither Walton nor Perry returned. The former had been snapped up in the middle of the holidays—to his enormous disgust—by a bank, which wanted his services so much that it was prepared to pay him £60 a year simply to enter the addresses of its outgoing letters in a book, and post them when he had completed this ceremony. After a spell of this he might hope to be transferred to another sphere of bank life and thought, and at the end of his first year he might even hope for a rise in his salary of ten pounds, if his conduct was good, and he had not been late on more than twenty mornings in the year. I am aware

that in a properly-regulated story of school-life Walton would have gone to the Eckleton races, returned in a state of speechless intoxication, and been summarily expelled; but facts are facts, and must not be tampered with. The ingenious but not industrious Perry had been superannuated. For three years he had been in the Lower Fourth. Probably the master of that form went to the Head, and said that his constitution would not stand another year of

masters in the school. He was a keen athlete and a tactful master. Fenn and Kennedy knew him well, through having played at the nets and in scratch games with him. They both liked him. If Kennedy had had to select a housemaster, he would have chosen Mr. Blackburn first. But Mr. Deneroft would have been easily second.

Fenn learned the facts from the matron, and detailed them to Kennedy.



"I WISH WE COULD WIN THE FOOTBALL CUP, TOO, FENN."

him, and that either he or Perry must go. So Perry had departed. Like a poor play, he had failed to attract," and was withdrawn. There was also another departure of an even more momentous nature.

Mr. Kay had left Eckleton. Kennedy was no longer head of Kay's. He was now head of Deneroft's. Mr. Deneroft was one of the most popular

"Kay got the offer of a headmastership at a small school in the north, and jumped at it. I pity the fellows there. They are going to have a lively time."

"I'm jolly glad Deneroft has got the house," said Kennedy. "We might have had some awful rotter put in. Deneroft will help us buck up the house games."

The new housemaster sent for Kennedy on

the first evening of term. He wished to find out how the Head of the house and the ex-Head stood with regard to one another. He knew the circumstances, and comprehended vaguely that there had been trouble.

"I hope we shall have a good term," he said.

"I hope so, sir," said Kennedy.

"You—er—you think the house is keener, Kennedy, than when you first came in?"

"Yes, sir. They are getting quite keen now. We might win the sports."

"I hope we shall. I wish we could win the football cup, too, but I am afraid Mr. Blackburn's are very heavy metal."

"It's hardly likely we shall have very much chance with them; but we might get into the final!"

"It would be an excellent thing for the house if we could. I hope Fenn is helping you get the team into shape?" he added.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Kennedy. "We share the captaincy. We both sign the lists."

"A very good idea," said Mr. Dencroft, relieved. "Good-night, Kennedy."

"Good-night, sir," said Kennedy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE HOUSE MATCHES.

THE chances of Kay's in the inter-house Football Competition were not thought very much of by their rivals. Of late years each of the other houses had prayed to draw Kay's for the first round, it being a certainty that this would mean that they got at least into the second round, and so a step nearer the cup. Nobody, however weak compared to Blackburn's, which was at the moment the crack football house, ever doubted the result of a match with Kay's. It was looked on as a sort of gentle trial trip.

But the efforts of the two captains during the last weeks of the winter term had put a different complexion on matters. Football is not like cricket. It is a game at which anybody of average size and a certain amount of pluck can make himself at least moderately proficient. Kennedy, after consultations with Fenn, had picked out what he considered the best fifteen, and the two set themselves to knock it into shape. In weight there was not much to grumble at. There were several heavy men in the scrum. If only these could be brought to use their weight to the last ounce when shoving, all would be well as far as the forwards were concerned. The outsides were not so satisfactory. With the exception, of

course, of Fenn, they lacked speed. They were well-meaning, but they could not run any faster by virtue of that. Kay's would have to trust to its scrum to pull it through. Peel, the sprinter whom Kennedy had discovered in his search for athletes, had to be put in the pack on account of his weight, which deprived the three-quarter line of what would have been a good man in that position. It was a drawback, too, that Fenn was accustomed to play on the wing. To be of real service a wing three-quarter must be fed by his centres, and, unfortunately, there was no centre in Kay's—or Dencroft's, as it should now be called—who was capable of making openings enough to give Fenn a chance. So he had to play in the centre, where he did not know the game so well.

Kennedy realised at an early date that the one chance of the house was to get together before the house-matches, and play as a coherent team, not as a collection of units. Combination will often make up for lack of speed in a three-quarter line. So twice a week Dencroft's turned out against scratch teams of varying strength.

It delighted Kennedy to watch their improvement. The first side they played ran through them to the tune of three goals and four tries to a try, and it took all the efforts of the Head of the house to keep a spirit of pessimism from spreading in the ranks. Another frost of this sort, and the sprouting keenness of the house would be nipped in the bud. He conducted himself with much tact. Another captain might have made the fatal error of trying to stir his team up with pungent abuse. He realised what a mistake this would be. It did not need a great deal of discouragement to send the house back to its old slack ways. Another such defeat, following immediately in the footsteps of the first, and they would begin to ask themselves what was the good of mortifying the flesh simply to get a licking from a scratch team by twenty-four points. Kay's, they would feel always had got beaten, and they always would, to the end of time. A house that has once got thoroughly slack does not change its views of life in a moment.

Kennedy acted craftily.

"You played jolly well," he told his despondent team, as they trooped off the field. "We haven't got together yet, that's all. And it was a hot side we were playing to-day. They would have licked Blackburn's."

A good deal more in the same strain gave the house team the comfortable feeling that they had done uncommonly well to get beaten by only twenty-four points. Kennedy fostered the

delusion, and in the meantime arranged with Mr. Dencroft to collect fifteen innocents, and lead them forth to be slaughtered by the house on the following Friday. Mr. Dencroft entered into the thing with a relish. When he showed Kennedy the list of his team on the Friday morning, that diplomatist chuckled. He foresaw a good time in the near future. "You must play up like the dickens," he told the house during the dinner-hour. "Dencroft is bringing a hot lot this afternoon. But I think we shall lick them."

They did. When the whistle blew for No-Side, the house had just finished scoring its fourteenth try. Six goals and eight tries to nil was the exact total. Dencroft's returned to headquarters, asking itself in a dazed way if these things could be. They saw that cup on their mantelpiece already. Keeness redoubled. Football became the fashion in Dencroft's. The play of the team improved weekly. And its spirit improved, too. The next scratch team they played beat them by a goal and a try to a goal. Dencroft's was not depressed. It put the result down to a fluke. Then they beat another side by a try to nothing; and by that time they had got going as an organised team, and their heart was in the thing.

They had improved out of all knowledge when the house-matches began. Blair's was the lucky house that drew against them in the first round.

"Good business," said the men of Blair. "Wonder who we'll play in the second round."

They left the field marvelling. For some unaccountable reason Dencroft's had flatly refused to act in the good old way as a doormat for their opponents. Instead, they had played with a dash and knowledge of the game which for the first quarter of an hour quite unnerved Blair's. In that quarter of an hour they scored three times, and finished the game with two goals and three tries to their name.

The School looked on it as a huge joke. "Heard the latest?" friends would say on meeting one another the day after the game. "Kay's—I mean Dencroft's—have won a match. They simply eat on Blair's. First time they've ever won a house-match, I should think. Blair's are awfully sick. We shall have to be looking out."

Whereat the friend would grin broadly. The idea of Dencroft's making a game of it with his house tickled him.

When Dencroft's took fifteen points off Mulholland's the joke began to lose its point.

"Why, they must be some good," said the public, started at the novelty of the idea. "If they win another match they'll be in the final!"

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Kay's in the final! Cricket? Oh, yes, they had got into the final at cricket, of course. But that wasn't the house. It was Fenn. Footer was different. One man couldn't do everything there. The only possible explanation was that they had improved to an enormous extent.

Then people began to remember that they had played in scratch games against the house. There seemed to be a tremendous number of fellows who had done this. At one time or another, it seemed, half the school had opposed Dencroft's in the ranks of a scratch side. It began to dawn on Eckleton that in an unostentatious way Dencroft's had been putting in about seven times as much practice as any other three houses rolled together. No wonder they combined so well.

When the School House, with three first fifteen men in its team, fell before them, the reputation of Dencroft's was established. It had reached the final, and only Blackburn's stood now between it and the cup.

All this while Blackburn's had been doing what was expected of them by beating each of their opponents with great ease. There was nothing sensational about this, as there was in the case of Dencroft's. The latter were, therefore, favourites when the two teams lined up against one another in the final. The School felt that a house that had had such a meteoric flight as Dencroft's must—by all that was dramatic—carry the thing through to its obvious conclusion, and pull off the final.

But Fenn and Kennedy were not so hopeful. A certain amount of science, a great deal of keeness, and excellent condition, had carried them through the other rounds in rare style, but, though they would probably give a good account of themselves, nobody who considered the two teams impartially could help seeing that Dencroft's was a weaker side than Blackburn's. Nothing but great good luck could bring them out victorious to-day.

And so it proved. Dencroft's played up for all they were worth from the kick-off to the final solo on the whistle, but they were over-matched. Blackburn's scrum was too heavy for them, with its three first fifteen men and two seconds. Dencroft's pack were shoved off the ball time after time, and it was only keen tackling that kept the score down. By half-time Blackburn's were a couple of tries ahead. Fenn scored soon after the interval with a great run from his own twenty-five, and for a quarter of an hour it looked as if it might be anybody's game. Kennedy converted the try, so that Blackburn's only led by a single point. A fluky

kick or a mistake on the part of a Blackburnite outside might give Dencroft's the cup.

But the Blackburn outsiders did not make mistakes. They played a strong, sure game, and the forwards fed them well. Ten minutes before No-Side Jimmy Silver ran in, increasing the lead to six points. And though Dencroft's never went to pieces, and continued to show fight to the very end, Blackburn's were not to be denied, and Challis scored a final try in the corner. Blackburn's won the cup by the comfortable, but not excessive, margin of a goal and three tries to a goal.

Dencroft's had lost the cup; but they had lost it well. Their credit had increased in spite of the defeat.

"I thought we shouldn't be able to manage Blackburn's," said Kennedy, "What we must do now is win that sports' cup."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SPORTS.

THERE were certain houses at Eckleton which had, as it were, specialised in certain competitions. Thus, Gay's, who never by any chance survived the first two rounds of the cricket and football housers, invariably won the shooting shield. All the other houses sent their brace of men to the range to see what they could do, but every year it was the same. A pair of weedy obscurities from Gay's would take the shield by a comfortable margin. In the same way Mulholland's had only won the cricket cup once since they had become a house, but they had carried off the swimming cup three years in succession, and six years in all out of the last eight. The sports had always been looked on as the perquisite of the School House; and this year, with Milligan to win the long distances, and Maybury the high jump and the weight, there did not seem much doubt of their success. These two alone would pile up fifteen points. Three points were given for a win, two for second place, and one for third. It was this that encouraged Kennedy in the hope that Dencroft's might have a chance. Nobody in the house could beat Milligan or Maybury, but the School House second and third strings were not so invincible. If Dencroft's, by means of second and third places, in the long races and the other events which were certainties for their opponents, could hold the School House, Fenn's sprinting might just give them the cup. In the meantime they trained hard, but in an unobtrusive fashion which aroused no fear in School House circles.

The sports were fixed for the last Saturday of term, but not all the races were run on that day. The half-mile came off on the previous Thursday, and the long steeplechase on the Monday after.

The School House won the half-mile, as they were expected to do. Milligan led from the start, increased his lead at the end of the first lap, doubled it half-way through the second, and, finally, with a dazzling sprint in the last seventy yards, lowered the Eckleton record by a second and three-fifths, and gave his house three points. Kennedy, who stuck gamely to his man for half the first lap, was beaten on the tape by Crake, of Mulholland's. When sports day came, therefore, the score was School House three points, Mulholland's two, Dencroft's one. The success of Mulholland's in the half was to the advantage of Dencroft's. Mulholland's was not likely to score many more points, and a place to them meant one or two points less to the School House.

The sports opened all in favour of Dencroft's, but those who knew drew no great consolation from this. School sports always begin with the sprints, and these were Dencroft's certainties. Fenn won the hundred yards as easily as Milligan had won the half. Peel was second, and a Bedell's man got third place. So that Dencroft's had now six points to their rivals' three. Ten minutes later they had increased their lead by winning the first two places at throwing the cricket ball, Fenn's throw beating Kennedy's by ten yards, and Kennedy's being a few feet in front of Jimmy Silver's, which, by gaining third place, represented the only point Blackburn's managed to amass during the afternoon.

It now began to dawn upon the School House that their supremacy was seriously threatened. Dencroft's, by its success in the football competition, had to a great extent lived down the reputation the house had acquired when it had been Kay's, but even now the notion of its winning a cup seemed somehow vaguely improper. But the fact had to be faced that it now led by eleven points to the School House's three.

"It's all right," said the School House. "our spot events haven't come off yet. Dencroft's can't get much more now."

And, to prove that they were right, the gap between the two scores began gradually to be filled up. Dencroft's struggled hard, but the School House total crept up and up. Maybury brought it to six by winning the high jump. This was only what had been expected of him. The discomfiting part of the business was that



CRAKE'S LEGS GAVE WAY, AND HE ROLLED OVER.

the other two places were filled by Morrell, of Mulholland's, and Smith, of Daly's. And when, immediately afterwards, Maybury won the weight, with another School House man second, leaving Dencroft's with third place only, things began to look black for the latter. They were now only one point ahead, and there was the mile to come: and Milligan could give any Dencroftian a hundred yards at that distance.

But to balance the mile there was the quarter, and in the mile Kennedy contrived to beat Crake by much the same number of feet as Crake had beaten him by in the half. The scores of the two houses were now level, and a goodly number of the School House certainties were past.

Dencroft's forged ahead again by virtue of the quarter-mile. Fenn won it; Peel was second; and a dark-horse from Denny's got in third. With the greater part of the sports over and a lead of five points to their name, Dencroft's could feel more comfortable. The hurdle-race was productive of some discomfort. Fenn should have won it, as being blessed with twice the pace of any of his opponents. But Maybury, the jumper, made up for lack of pace by the scientific way in which he took his hurdles, and won off him by a couple of feet. Smith, Dencroft's second string, finished third, thus leaving the totals unaltered by the race.

By this time the public had become alive to the fact that Dencroft's were making a great fight for the cup. They had noticed that Dencroft's colours always seemed to be coming in near the head of the procession, but the School House had made the cup so much their own that it took some time for the school to realise that another house—especially the late Kay's—was running them hard for first place. Then, just before the hurdle-race, fellows with "correct cards" hastily totted up the points each house had won up-to-date. To the general amazement it was found that, while the School House had fourteen, Dencroft's had reached nineteen, and, barring the long run to be decided on the Monday, there was nothing now that the School House must win without dispute.

A house that will persist in winning a cup year after year has to pay for it when challenged by a rival. Dencroft's instantly became warm favourites. Whenever Dencroft's brown and gold appeared at the scratch the school shouted for it wildly till the event was over. By the end of the day the totals were more nearly even, but Dencroft's were still ahead. They had lost on the long jump, but not unexpectedly. The totals at the finish were, School House twenty-

three, Dencroft's twenty-five. Everything now depended on the long run.

"We might do it," said Kennedy to Fenn, as they changed. "Milligan's a cert for three points, of course, but if we can only get two we win the cup."

"There's one thing about the long run," said Fenn; "you never quite know what's going to happen. Milligan might break down over one of the hedges or the brook. There's no telling."

Kennedy felt that such a remote possibility was something of a broken reed to lean on. He had no expectation of beating the School House long distance runner, but he hoped for second place; and second place would mean the cup, for there was nobody to beat either himself or Crake.

The distance of the long run was as nearly as possible five miles. The course was across country to the village of Ledby, in a sort of semi-circle of three and a half miles, and then back to the school gates by road. Every Eekletonian who ran at all knew the route by heart. It was the recognised training run if you wanted to train particularly hard. If you did not you took a shorter spin. At the milestone nearest the school—it was about half a mile from the gates—a good number of fellows used to wait to see the first of the runners and pace their men home. But, as a rule, there were few really hot finishes in the long run. The man who got to Ledby first generally kept the advantage, and came in a long way ahead of the field.

On this occasion the close fight Kennedy and Crake had had in the mile and the half, added to the fact that Kennedy had only to get second place to give Dencroft's the cup, lent a greater interest to the race than usual. The crowd at the milestone was double the size of the one in the previous year, when Milligan had won for the first time. And when, amidst howls of delight from the School House, the same runner ran past the stone with his long, effortless stride, before any of the others were in sight, the crowd settled down breathlessly to watch for the second man.

Then a yell, to which the other had been nothing, burst from the School House as a white figure turned the corner. It was Crake. Waddling rather than running and breathing in gasps: but still Crake. He toiled past the crowd at the milestone.

"By Jove, he looks bad," said someone. And, indeed, he looked very bad. But he was ahead of Kennedy. That was the great thing. He had passed the stone by thirty yards, when the cheering broke out again. Kennedy, this time, in great straits, but in better shape

than Crake. Dencroft's in a body trotted along at the side of the road, shouting as they went. Crake, hearing the shouts, looked round, almost fell, and then pulled himself together, and staggered on again.

There were only a hundred yards to go now, and the school gates were in sight at the end of a long lane of spectators. They looked to Kennedy like two thick, black hedges. He could not sprint, though a hundred voices were shouting to him to do so. It was as much as he could do to keep moving. Only his will enabled him to run now. He meant to get to the gates, if he had to crawl.

The hundred yards dwindled to fifty, and he had diminished Crake's lead by a third. Twenty yards from the gates, and he was only half-a-dozen yards behind.

Crake looked round again, and this time did what he had nearly done before. His legs gave way; he rolled over; and there he remained,

with the School House watching him in silent dismay, while Kennedy went on and pitched in a heap on the other side of the gates.

* * * * *

"Feeling bad?" said Jimmy Silver, looking in that evening to make inquiries.

"I'm feeling good," said Kennedy.

"That the cup?" asked Jimmy.

Kennedy took the huge cup from the table.

"That's it. Milligan has just brought it round. Well, they can't say they haven't had their fair share of it. Look here. School House. School House. School House. School House. Daly's. School House. Denny's. School House. School House. *Ad infinitum.*"

They regarded the trophy in silence.

"First pot the house has won," said Kennedy at length. "The very first."

"It won't be the last," returned Jimmy Silver, with decision.

THE END.



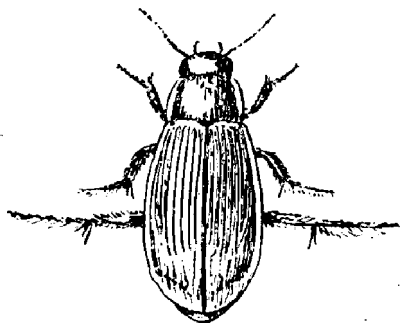
The Russian Army, although it has not shone much in war, evidently believes in enjoying itself even under the most trying circumstances. For instance, the officers with Kuropatkin for some time engaged a troupe of Chinese jugglers to help pass away their evenings pleasantly. Now these men, the Chunchuses, have left the seat of war and are nightly amusing large audiences at the Alhambra. The above picture shows the jugglers and their late patron, General Kuropatkin.



NATURALISTS' CORNER

Conducted by EDWARD STIMP, F.L.S.

Entomological.—"Corn" (Hurworth - on-Tees) sends me a dead butterfly he found in the house, and asks for its name. It is the Meadow-brown Butterfly (*Epinephele ianira*), a species that is generally common on grass lands and heaths throughout the summer. "Corn" may be interested to learn that both matchbox and insect were smashed in the post-office. In this case it did not matter, for a few fragments are sufficient for the identification of so common an insect; but this habit of sending specimens in chip or cardboard boxes mostly results in a mere waste of postage stamps. The stamping methods of the post-office involve destruction to any fragile articles not enclosed in metal or stout wood.—A. J. Aldridge (Horsham) is wiser, for he sends me for identification a live water-beetle in a tin box filled with damp moss, and it reaches me in a lively condition, with all its limbs intact. Its name is *Dytiscus punctu-*



WATER BEETLE.

latus, distinguished at a glance from the slightly larger *D. marginalis* by its underside being black instead of yellow. It is a female specimen. I give a life-size drawing of it. The other beetle to which A. J. A. refers is probably *Acilius sulcatus*, but it is impossible to say certainly without seeing it. I presume that these beetles proved harmless to the fish because they had a sufficient supply of meat for their wants. Without seeing it, I could not tell what is the white growth on the beetles—probably the aquatic fungus that sometimes attacks fishes, etc., in an aquarium.—H. F. F. (Streatham), who wrote about his Swallow-tail moth larva (see

December CAPTAIN), now writes (1) to say I was right—"as soon as this cold weather set in, it immediately buried itself amongst the leaves at the bottom of the cage." (2) I cannot say why a Red Admiral should come out in a winter fog, but it was probably disturbed in its hibernation by the removal of a faggot-stack, or other shelter it had selected. I do not suppose it stirred itself voluntarily on such a day. (3) Moths afflicted by "grease" should be soaked in benzole (not benzine) from one day to a fortnight, according to the badness of their condition, then covered above and below with powdered French chalk and left to dry, when the chalk may be blown off.

Book on Birds.—Molly Rickman (Uckfield) wants a book on the British Birds with coloured illustrations, and does not mind it being an expensive work. Then by all means get "British Birds" by Butler and others, illustrated by Frohawk, published by F. Warne and Co., in six vols., price £3 12s. The plates of eggs only are coloured.

Food for Starling.—T. W. Whitefoot (Bridgnorth) wishes to know how to feed a Starling. Though its food in nature consists chiefly of insects, snails, &c., the starling is a pretty general feeder, and will eat grain and fruit of various kinds. This affords you a wide choice, and you may give it such things as fall under these heads that may be most convenient to you. Scraps of meat, meal worms, beetles, grasshoppers, small snails, grapes, berries, apple, breadcrumbs, and so forth. Give him plenty of clean water for drinking, and let him have a frequent bath.

Tame Mice.—In answer to H. Hoyes (Loughborough), I believe I have answered a similar query lately, but cannot turn it up. Stale bread (three or four days old) soaked in milk should be given every day, always clearing away any that is not eaten, as the milk turns sour and may cause trouble. Other food should consist of oats, bran, canary-seed or millet. Do not give hemp or any other oily seeds. In winter a little finely chopped suet or lean meat (boiled) may be given once or twice a week. A little carrot occasionally will be appreciated as a change. I should omit the cheese of your present bill of fare.

Rabbits.—"Casa" (Wohill). No, brown bread and apples will not harm your rabbit. It is a strange fancy for him to sit out on his box at nights during the winter; but does this mean that it is not so comfortable inside? I should see to this, or you may find him dead one morning.

Bird-stuffing.—"Jumbo" (Brighton) wants a book on "Bird-stuffing," and expresses the opinion that **THE CAPTAIN** is "a perfect mine of useful information." That is so. You see, the O. F. is so very particular that if any of his trained specialists were to fail his readers they would be handed over to the tender mercies of that awful office dog at once. We have to be very careful. The book you require is Wood's "British Bird Preserver" (F. Warne and Co., 1s.), or if you want a bigger book get "Practical Taxidermy," by Montagu Browne (L. Upcott Gill, 7s. 6d.).

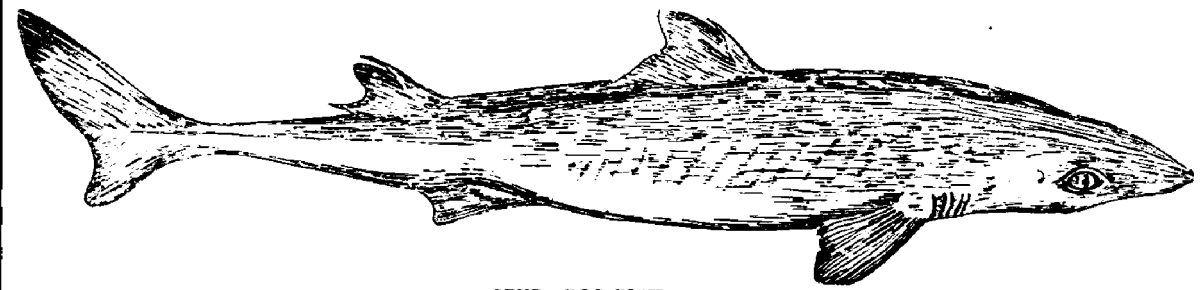
Seaweeds.—In answer to B. C. E. P. (Drayton Park), (1) I have not Gray's book at hand as I write, but if I recollect rightly he uses the names of Harvey's great work "Phycologia Britannica," where *Ascophyllum nodosum* is called *Fucus nodosus*. (2) Better mount *all* your specimens on sheets of the same size; it is less confusing. Arrange according to Holmes and Batter's "Revised List of British Marine Algae" (H. Frowde, 2s. 6d.). (3) Murray's "Introduction to the Study of Seaweeds" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.).

Conchology.—"Land Shell" (Malvern) will

Before death its eye was a most beautiful iridescent green, but it became quite dull afterwards." G. C. V. is a careful observer, and all young naturalists should note points like these in the living creatures they come across. He is quite correct in his suggestion that it is the Spur Dog, also called Picked Dog, and Spiny Dog-fish. It is one of the commonest of our smaller sharks, and one that commits great damage to the fishermen's nets. I have had an illustration made, partly from G. C. V.'s sketch, to show other readers its spines, &c. When full grown, it reaches a length of two feet, and by that time the light spots on the upper side have usually disappeared.

Wild Flowers.—I am sorry that Will Parsons (Barnsley) has been disappointed in his efforts to obtain my *Wayside and Woodland Blossoms*, which has been "out of print" for some time; but I am pleased to tell him that a greatly improved edition is on the way, and will be issued this spring. I hope he can wait a little longer for it.

Tortoise.—Jack Moody (Cricklewood) has a tortoise which he brought into the house for the winter, and when the cold weather came it withdrew head and limbs into its shell, so that he does not know whether it is dead or asleep. The probability is that it is asleep. Put it in a box with some straw, and keep an eye upon it when the mild weather comes. Should it be dead, your sense of smell will inform you before long.



SPUR DOG-FISH.

find that the *Journal of Conchology* (1s. 6d. quarterly) is what he wants. Glad you have got such a good district for your study.

Name of Shark.—G. C. Vaughan (Cheltenham) sends me a rough pencil sketch of a shark he got at Weston-super-Mare in the summer, and which is now in spirit. It was caught in a shrimper's net, and as G. C. V. carried it home by its tail, it continually tried to wound him with its spines, bending round and twisting about. "It is about a foot long. Above, it was greenish-brown, and white beneath. It had a few spots above, but I hardly think enough to be the Spotted Dog-fish. Perhaps it is the Spur Dog fish? The skin is rough, not scaly.

Guinea Pig.—W. Tingle (Leytonstone) asks whether it is usual for guinea pigs to eat flesh? He has one that has lately acquired a taste for cooked meat. It is not the guinea pig's natural food, but animals living under unnatural conditions do unnatural things if they are allowed or encouraged to do so. It is pretty certain that the taste for meat would not have been acquired had not the meat been supplied. Many unwise things of this sort are done by the keepers of pets, and then they wonder why the animals become unhealthy and die. Give it proper vegetable food, and see that it has no further opportunity for indulging this unnatural acquirement.



THEY SHOT INTO THE MOUTH OF A CANYON LIKE RABBITS BOBBING
INTO A BURROW

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS,

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

No. 12.—A TRAPPER'S PROTÉGÉS.



IN the summer and autumn of 1875 I was one of a company who perilously located placer claims on French Creek, in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Around our camp-fires was gathered a group of frontiersmen whose like could not have come together in a

later decade. Many tales were told—humorous, exaggerated, truthful—the truth of the true ones easily felt, as when one listens to the narrative of a truthful child.

It was at the tent of California Joe's partners that I listened to that old pioneer's sober narrative of a trapping expedition, in which he rescued and fed two Crow children, who did him a good turn in the end.

"When I came back across the mountains from my first California trip," Joe said, "I reached Fort Laramie so ragged and poverty-struck that I was ready for any enterprise which would turn me an honest dollar. Luckily Jim Bridger was at the fort, and he put me on my feet with a trapping outfit, pack-ponies and provision, with a year's credit and longer if I should need.

"Now, Joe," says Jim, "there's plenty of room to scatter this season—smallpox among the Blackfeet and Crows, and good free ground in the Yellowstone country. If you've got the grit to live out by yourself you'll have something to lay by at next summer's meet."

"I thought I knew where to go, and three weeks later found me trailing my ponies down a branch of the Little Missouri. I began putting out traps after first frost and took beaver nearly every day. As I saw no fresh signs of Indians, I was beginning to

feel as happy as a man can in a lonesome country, when, one morning, as I took an extra lap down-stream, I ran plump upon a Crow tepee and plenty of trouble. Inside that tepee, upon some old skins, I found a single Crow squaw in the last stages of smallpox, and two starving papooses, so weak and wan they were pitiful to look at.

"I'd had smallpox and so had no fear; but here was a responsibility I certainly hadn't been yearning for. I had to take it up. There had been other lodges of Crows there, but the Indians had pulled up stakes, left a few scraps of meat with the woman and her children and abandoned them—fleeing from the dreaded disease.

"The young ones had had the fever, probably light, and they were now simply starving. One was a girl of nine or ten, and the other a boy a year or so younger. I made soup for the young ones, which they could hardly eat at first, they were so nearly gone.

"In three days the woman died and I buried her. Then I moved the tepee to a clean spot and began housekeeping. There was nothing for it, of course, but to take care of those little Crows until some of their kind could be found. They got well fast, once they began to eat. I fed 'em on beaver tails at first, and in a few days they could eat anything—and lots of it.

"We talked in sign-language until I picked up some Crow words from them. They wouldn't try to learn English. I learned after a time that the little girl's name was Umentukken, which means 'the mountain lamb'; so I called her Lamb. The boy's name was too much for my understanding, so I named him 'Jim,' after Bridger.

"After their shyness wore off the girl proved to be spry and uncommonly intelligent for an Indian—a willing little kit to do what she could to help. The boy was just

a lazy, ordinary, small limb of a buck who ate so much at times that he reminded me of a pumpkin on two sticks. But how they did grow!

"I actually got fond of them after a while. Lamb did all our cooking, and, as winter came on, she was handy in helping to tan skins and make moccasins, jerk meat, and so on. Out of one of my woollen blankets we made jackets for her and Jim, and belted them around the waist to keep 'em warm. We dressed extra buffalo-hides for tepee cover and beds, and so I was saved the building of a shack. When snow came we were living quite homelike, in peace and plenty.

"Our winter camp was on a little creek near the river, at the edge of high breaks of the Bad Lands, with dry cottonwood close at hand. Lamb and Jim would get wood, bring the ponies in at night, and fasten them in a brush corral which gave them shelter from the winds. Even Jim was faithful to the animals, for, like all Indian lads, he loved a horse. I looked forward to breaking up this life with real regret, for it seemed like I had a sort of home, with a family to look after; and I was doing well with the beaver. The only plan I could make for my little Crows was to carry them back to Laramie and send them off with the first expedition into the Crow country.

"As matters turned out, though, I wasn't to dispose of their future—they settled it for themselves in most Indian fashion. When spring thaws came and the ice ran out and the geese and ducks began to honk and quack, and the air got a 'growing' feel in it, there came a change in my papooses. They went wild. Lamb quit housekeeping, and she and Jim climbed the bluffs, and watched and rambled like good-for-nothing goats.

"After a week or more of this kind of thing the truth dawned on me. The young Crows were expecting some of their people to come down upon the river to fish and hunt the game which would gather on the first new grass of the bottoms. They wanted to return to their folks; and they knew that when the Crows should discover me and my ponies and beaver-skins my scalp would quickly adorn one of their tepees.

"So I took thought to myself and, one day, while my birds were among the hills, I packed my pelts on ponies and cached

them in a dry crevasse among some rocks five or six miles up the river.

"In a few days spring was upon me, and the new grass was booming on the river-flats. I pulled up my traps and began to get ready for a move as soon as my ponies should pick up a little. Then, one fine morning, as I sat at the tepee mending some moccasins, my young Crows came flying down from the bluffs in savage excitement. The boy ran past me and toward the ponies, which were feeding on the edge of the river-flats. Lamb burst into the tepee and scattered my smudging fire, kicking the embers out upon the grass and working like a little fury.

"'Santees!' she said, between her fierce little gasps. 'Santees!' And so I understood that the Sioux were coming—a spring swarm—down upon the river.

"'Pony quick! Pony quick! Go-go-go!' said Lamb, in her Crow tongue, and I waited for no further warning. While the boy was running in the ponies I gathered bridle, head ropes, lariats, and gun. There was no time to pack anything else.

"I had four ponies, and in less than a minute we had mounted three of them, and, leading one, dashed out up the river-bottom. As we came out on the flats I looked behind, and, sure enough, there was a string of pony-riders stretching as far as I could see away over the bluffs, the nearest not a half-mile distant.

"We should have gone up the creek, according to my notion, and I yelled to Lamb, who was a little in the lead, to turn her pony about. But the little Crow pointed to the beetling hills and shook her head. She and Jim now forged ahead of me, holding to their ponies' manes with one hand and plying the short ends of their lariats with the other.

"I looked back again and saw that a lot of the Sioux had seen us and were flogging their ponies into a gallop. I rode my strongest and swiftest horse, but Lamb and Jim were light-weights and kept their lead. Knowing that the instinct of Indians, big or little, is like that of wild animals in getting away from danger, I followed the little Crows.

"In less than a minute, though, I believed that I had made the mistake of my life, for right in front of us, at separate points, two more big squads of Sioux were coming over the edges of the bluffs.

"Again I yelled to Lamb, who was lead-

ing. to ride toward the river, thinking to try for a run into the country beyond, but neither she nor Jim paid any attention. That they saw the Indians in front I could not doubt, yet there they were, bending low upon their ponies' necks, whipping furiously and riding straight at the crowds now coming down the hills.

"It seemed a crazy thing to do, but I followed the Crow papooses. I didn't believe, though, there was a ghost of a chance for us: any way we might run. My ponies were none of the best, were unseasoned for riding and just off the new grass, and I knew the Sioux mounts would be the pick of their big herds.

"On we went, right into the teeth of them. We passed a yelling mob coming down from above us not a quarter of a mile away, and there was another scattered party whooping off the hills in our front. The bluffs were fearfully steep for their advance, else we should have been surrounded almost instantly.

"We turned a sharp spur, and then my papooses showed their hand. They shot into the mouth of a cañon like rabbits bobbing in at a burrow. It was cover they sought in their wild instinct—cover known to them by their ramblings—a death-trap, as I believed, and yet I went in upon their heels.



LAMB AND JIM STOOD HOLDING FAST TO THEIR MUZZLE-ROPES.

"It was a regular Bad Lands cañon we had entered—a huge ditch, with dry, rough bottom, grown here and there with chaparral and with fringes of stunted pines overhead. We had no more than fairly launched into it when a tumult of yelling came down to us from Sioux who had turned upon the bluffs to head us off. As we lunged ahead I looked to see the Indians swarm out of every gulch and draw.

"Up and down we scrambled, jumping over big boulders, sliding on all fours into ditches, torn and buffeted by bushes. Lamb kept the lead, the boy following as the cottontail follows its mother.

"Fairly over our heads the Sioux yells could be heard; but they seemed to grow no nearer and I had no time to look for Indians. Soon we dodged into a side cañon, then into another and another—rock-bottomed now; a trackless trail, part of the time, at least. But we were going steadily up, up, winding out upon the hills right into the midst

of the Sioux, as it seemed to me. In places the ascent was so narrow and crooked I had to jump from my pony to save my legs or to let him over a steep pitch. I had a mighty scramble to keep up with those scudding Crow babies. Presently we came out upon a sunken hog-back among low pines. We hugged this fringe of trees, lying flat upon our ponies in going over the slope, and then we halted under cover.

"The young Crows lay quiet, listening intently. I did as they did. The Sioux were chasing about the hills and among the cañons like packs of coyotes, noisy as they always are in crowds or when they think they have their game corralled. Their whoops came from half a dozen directions. We were pretty much surrounded, in fact, and it did not seem to me my chance of life was worth a copper.

"We listened but a few seconds. There were but two descending gulleys in our front. Lamb chose the one on our right, clucked to her pony, and a moment later we were scrambling down a steep washout toward the river. Again we scampered at breakneck speed, and, before I had time to think, we had come out of the hills and our animals were wading at the bottom of a run, like a big ditch, which drained across the river valley.

"I knew this run when we came to the water. We were not a mile from our own tepee, or from where it should have been if the Sioux hadn't found it. This big ditch, dry except after thaws or rains, was crooked as a ram's horn, and bush-grown along the bottom. Nothing could be seen at its bottom from any point of the compass, from anywhere except the banks overhead. We travelled in its channel not faster than a stiff walk, so as not to splash water on the dry earth.

"At an old buffalo-crossing, half-way to the river, which wasn't more than a quarter-mile from the bluffs, a party of Sioux had already crossed the run—their trail not five minutes old. But the Crow papooses paid no heed to it; they hugged their ponies' necks and jogged ahead, intent only upon following their line of flight.

"Two or three minutes later we were wading in the river, sticking tight to the bank and going toward our own camp. We could only make two or three short turns for the bank got low, and we halted, prob-

ably twenty rods from the mouth of the run, under a drooping fringe of willows.

"For several minutes we lay on our ponies' necks and listened. The Sioux whoops were heard now and then, but more faintly, and still among the hills. All this time those little Crows had acted exactly as if they were alone, taking no account whatever of me. I was glad enough I'd followed them, though, and I began to think they had got me well out of a scrape.

"Then suddenly the two slipped from their ponies into the shallow water, hastily made loops of their lariat ends, and, pulling their animals' heads down, muzzled their nozzles. I had heard nothing more than I'd been hearing, but I knew the papooses had caught alarming sounds, so I circled my ponies' noses as quickly as possible.

"Presently I heard muffled, jogging hoof-beats and voices calling back and forth, and I knew that the rear procession of a big hunting-party, with women and children, was coming up the valley.

"Our position was one of frightful danger again. The snort of a pony, or the coming of a Sioux boy or girl to the river-bank, would have betrayed us.

"The voices of young Sioux and the angry screams of old women as they belaboured some lazy or used-up pony now came to our ears distinctly. We scarcely breathed. Luckily there were no flies to cause our ponies to stamp and splash.

"A half-hour or more passed before the sounds of marching Sioux grew faint and finally ceased. Still Lamb and Jim stood, holding fast to their muzzle-ropes and remaining as motionless as two willow stumps.

"It seemed an age before they ceased that tense silence and climbed upon their ponies, looking to me at last for direction. Then I knew that we had escaped as the rabbits escape.

"We forded the river and followed a creek valley into the western foot-hills. We travelled until nearly night. Then I shot a deer and made camp.

"The next morning my two little Crows had flown for good. They had stolen away while I slept, taking some meat and two of the ponies. I didn't begrudge them the animals, but I knew then they had been plotting to do that very thing for a long time. I haven't a doubt they reached the Crow villages on the Yellowstone, although I never saw them again."



THE STAMPS OF MONACO.

EVERYONE has heard of Monte Carlo, with its notorious gambling Casino, but the miniature principality of which it is the mainstay is not so well known.

Nevertheless, it has to be reckoned with as a philatelic reality. The little principality juts out into the Mediterranean from the French department of the Alpes Maritimes. It has an area of only eight square miles, and a population, all told, of 15,180, or less than the little Hertfordshire town of St. Albans. Still, it is a principality of ancient renown, and of latter-day evil repute. It consists mainly of a rocky promontory surmounted by the town of Monte Carlo, and dominated by the Casino.

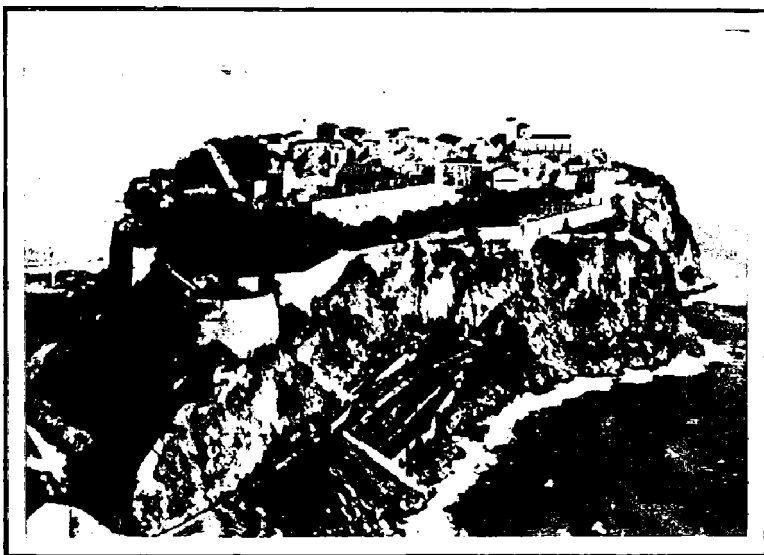
The authorities tell us that for more than nine hundred years it has belonged to the family of Grimaldi, that it is under French protection, and that the reigning sovereign is Prince Albert, who was born in 1848, and succeeded to the throne, such as it is, in 1889. The Casino bears the cost of government, and pays the Prince £50,000 a year for its gambling concession, which, unhappily, will not expire till 1947.

Its Philatelic History.

The Principality of Monaco is a comparatively new philatelic country, for it has had only two sets of postage stamps, the first of which was issued in 1885. Until then current French stamps served all its postal needs. As the little principality is very jealous of its independence, it was but natural that it should wish to have its own separate postal labels to advertise the fact, and to add a little grist to the financial mill. But it must be admitted that the suspicion entertained at the time of the

first issue that the real purpose was to milk stamp collectors, has not been altogether justified, for only two issues of stamps have been made, and the second was very legitimately called for on the accession of a new prince, and, even so, was not made for some two years after his accession.

1885.—Head of Prince Charles III., the reigning prince. Ten values, in French currency of centimes and francs. First, the 5c., 15c., and 25c. were issued, and were evidently intended to serve all needs. Then followed, a few months later, two lower values, 1c. and 2c.



GENERAL VIEW OF MONACO.

All these were on white wove paper. Next came five values, 10c., 40c., 75c., 1fr., and 5fr., all on coloured papers. The stamps were designed by D. Dupuis and engraved by M. Mouchon, the engraver of the French stamps. Under each stamp the name of the designer appears on the left, and of the engraver on the right. The printing was done by the French Govern-

ment factory, which prints the French stamps. All values afford plenty of scope for those who are fond of getting shades.

Head of Prince Charles III.
Perf.



- 1 centime, olive-green.
- 2 centimes, purple.
- 5 centimes, blue.
- 10 centimes, brown on buff paper.
- 15 centimes, rose.
- 25 centimes, green.
- 40 centimes, indigo on rose paper.
- 75 centimes, on rose paper.
- 1 franc, black on yellow paper.
- 5 francs, carmine on green paper.

1891.—Prince Albert succeeded his father, Prince Charles III., on September 10th, 1889, but stamps with the son's portrait did not make their appearance until two years afterwards, in 1891. The design with the portrait of Prince Albert is of a much more fanciful type than its predecessor. The head is placed in the left-hand portion of the design, on the right being a draped and crowned female figure holding a shield, with the motto in a scroll overhead, "Deo Juvante." The name of M. Mouchon may be deciphered by the aid of a magnifying glass under the stamp on the left, where the designer's name is always placed, and as there is no name on the right, where the engraver's is inscribed, it is assumed that M. Mouchon was both designer and engraver of this series. In all there are eleven values, a 50 centimes being added. As before, the stamps were printed at the French Government factory. The first of this new series, the 1 franc, made its appearance on the ominous date of April 1st, 1891.

Head of Prince Albert.
Perf.



- 1 centime, olive-green.
- 2 centimes, purple.
- 5 centimes, blue.
- 10 centimes, brown on yellow.
- 15 centimes, rose.
- 25 centimes, green.
- 40 centimes, steel-blue on rose.
- 50 centimes, purple on orange.
- 75 centimes, brown on buff.
- 1 franc, black on yellow.
- 5 francs, rose on green.

A SERBIAN STAMP MYSTERY.

QUITE a sensation has been caused throughout stamp circles, and even in political circles, by



THE LATE KING OF SERBIA.

the discovery that the specially-designed stamp recently issued to celebrate the coronation of King Peter I. of Serbia, in addition to the portraits of King Peter and his ancestor, also included the death mask of the murdered King Alexander, hidden puzzle fashion. If the stamp, which we illustrate, be examined upside down, the head of King Alexander can be clearly seen: the nostrils of both heads form the eyes of the murdered man, the moustaches form the eyebrows, and the eye and eyebrow of Karageorge form the nose and mouth.

The likeness is striking and somewhat weird, and must be the result of a deliberate and ingenious manipulation of the design by the designer. Such a clear, though hidden, face could not be the result of mere accident or coincidence in the normal design. Indeed, it is asserted that the engraver was inspired by the Ex-Queen Nathalie to "fake" the design and introduce the features of her murdered son. As the engraver was M. Mouchon, the well-known engraver of the French stamps, such an explanation is open to serious doubt. It is incomprehensible that such an eminent engraver should jeopardise his reputation in such a manner. The designer whose name appears below the stamp on the left is, we believe, a Servian, and he it is who must explain the mystery of the death mask.

It is stated that as soon as the discovery was made the Servian authorities at once withdrew the stamps from circulation, called in all that were unsold, and instructed agents in London, Paris, and Berlin to call on stamp dealers and speculators, and buy up as many of the offensive labels as could be had, regardless of cost.

Of course, the stamps sold like hot cakes immediately the discovery leaked out, but we have not heard of any Servian agents buying up stock in London.

Notable New Issues.

THE change from single CA to multiple CA watermarks continues to provide the leading novelties. Many colonies have completed the change, others are rapidly doing so, and a few

have not yet commenced the issue of multiples. Some, such as Lagos, have been sprung upon us long before we expected them. The set of single CA King's heads for this West African Colony was only chronicled by us in the summer of last year, and already we have received nearly all the values, with the new multiple. The consequence has been that many collectors who have not kept pace with the collection of the King's heads, have made a wild rush for Lagos single CA stamps, and have had to pay the penalty for their neglect. For the 5s. single CA they have had to pay as much as 15s., and for the 10s. from 30s. to 50s. The wise collectors who take British Colonials unused have adopted our advice and have secured all King's heads of countries they collect, at new issue rates, as they came out, but, sad to say, the wise man who has been preaching to such good purpose to readers of THE CAPTAIN has himself been caught napping this time, and is just now wondering where and at what penalty price he can get that wretched 10s. single CA.

Bechuanaland Protectorate.—Our current English 2½d. stamp has been overprinted for use in this Colony. On the left, reading upwards, is the word "Bechuanaland," and on the right, reading downwards, is the word "Protectorate," all in small block capitals.

Ceylon.—We have several more values of the King's head series with the new multiple watermark to chronicle, making the list to date as follows:—

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

- 2 cents, orange-brown.
- 3 cents, green.
- 4 cents, orange; value ultramarine.
- 5 cents, purple.
- 6 cents, carmine.
- 12 cents, sage green; value rosine.

Denmark.—As anticipated, the 10 öre with a portrait of King Christian IX., chronicled last month, was the forerunner of a portrait series for this country. We have since received the 20 öre of the same design.

Wmk. Crown. Perf. 13.

- 10 öre, scarlet.
- 20 öre, blue.

East Africa and Uganda.—Five values—½a., 3a., 4a., 5a., and 8a.—have been received with the multiple watermark. Some of the single CA issue are likely to be rather scarce, especially the 5a.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf.

- ½a., green.
- 3a., green, centre chocolate.

- 4a., black, centre grey-green.
- 5a., orange-brown, centre grey-black.
- 8a., blue, centre grey.

Lagos.—So recently as the May number of THE CAPTAIN of last year we chronicled the series of King's heads for this colony with single CA watermark, and already we have to note the issue of several values, with the new multiple CA watermark. Up to date the following have been received:—

Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

- ½d., green.
- 1d., purple on red paper.
- 6d., purple and mauve.
- 1s., green and black.
- 2s. 6d., green and carmine.
- 10s., green and brown.

Liberia.—1c. and 2c. values have apparently run short in this West African republic, and an emergency supply has been provided by surcharging current stamps of higher denominations, as follows:

Provisionals.

- 1c., in black, on 5c. on 6c., green.
- 2c., in red, on 30c., slate-blue.
- 2c., in black, on 4c., green, with "official," in red, barred out in black.

Malta.—This Colony has commenced the issue of the current series with the multiple CA watermark. So far only three values have been received, ½d., 2½d., and 1s.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf.

- ½d., green.
- 2½d., blue, centre purple.
- 1s., violet, centre grey.

Mauritius.—It needs close attention to keep pace with the peculiar changes that this erratic colony, for many years past, has been in the habit of making in its stamps. We know of no colony that indulges in such frequent and obviously needless changes. In 1895 it adopted the current Arms type, and issued the 4 cents in lilac, with value in emerald. In 1900 it changed the colours to purple, with value in carmine. A few months since it was further changed to slate-blue, with value in violet; and now it comes printed in black, on blue paper, with value in carmine.

Wmk. Single CA. Perf. 14.

- 4c., black, on blue paper; value in carmine.

Montserrat.—The 6d. of what is known as the picture series of this little West Indian colony has been received, with the multiple CA watermark.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

- 6d., olive-brown, centre purple.



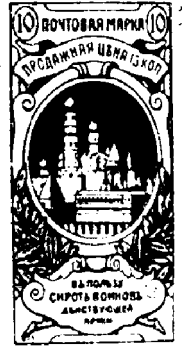
Natal.—The ½d. is the first of the current series to appear with the multiple CA watermark.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.
½d., green.

Russia.—War Stamps. A series of four values of special design have been issued for the purpose of raising a fund to help the orphans of soldiers who have lost their lives in the war between Russia and Japan, now being waged in Manchuria. The stamps are of the values of 3kop., 5kop., 7kop., and 10kop., but they are sold to the public with an additional 3kop. added to each stamp, and this additional 3kop. is passed over to the Orphan Fund by the postal authorities.

The 3kop. is for postcards, 5kop. for local postage, 7kop. for inland postage, and the 10kop. for foreign letters.

The 3kop. has as its central design the monu-



ment of Admiral Nakimoff at Sebastopol, the 5kop. the monument of Minim and Poskarski in St. Petersburg, the 7kop. the monument of Peter the Great on horseback in St. Petersburg, and the 10kop. the monument of Alexander II., and the Kremlin in Moscow.

Two further values, 15kop. and 25kop., are to be issued.

The inscriptions on the stamps are as follows : Top line, between the numerals of value, "Postage Stamp," on the scroll the value, and in the tablet at the foot of each stamp, "For

the Orphans of the Soldiers fallen in the War." War Stamps. Perf.

- 3 kopecs, red-brown and green.
- 5 kopecs, brown and lemon.
- 7 kopecs, blue and pink.
- 10 kopecs, blue and yellow.

Straits Settlements.—The 1c. has appeared in the series with the larger head of the King. In general design it resembles the others of the series, but differs in details. The watermark is multiple CA. This series, therefore, now stands as follows :—



Larger King's head.

Wmk. Single CA. Perf. 11

- 3 cents, purple.
- 4 cents, purple on red paper.
- 8 cents, purple on blue paper.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 11.

- 1 cent, green.
- 3 cents, purple.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues :—

Ewen.—East Africa, multiple CA., ½a., 3a., 4a., 5a., 8a.; Straits Settlements, 1c.

W. H. Peckitt.—Bechuanaland Protectorate. 2½d.

Whitfield King and Co.—Ceylon, multiple CA.; Denmark, 10öre, 20öre; Lagos, multiple CA.; Liberia, Provisionals; Malta, multiple CA.; Mauritius, 4c. Russian War Stamps.

Stanley Gibbons, Ltd.—Ceylon, multiple CA.; Denmark, 10öre, 20öre; Liberia, Provisionals. Russian War Stamps.

THE DUFFER.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," &c.

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

SYNOPSIS.

This story concerns the fortunes of George Wellington Denver, a boy of sixteen, who spends several years at boarding-school, without achieving anything notable. Finally, being very miserable, and anxious to escape from a disreputable set he is mixed up with, he escapes his expulsion by breaking a very strict rule. On hearing that George has purposely brought this dishonour on himself, his father, Dr. Denver, gives the boy a severe horse-whipping. The thrashing is brought to an end by the intervention of Joyce, George's ten-year-old sister, and George dashes out into the storm which is raging at the time. Seeking a favourite spot under the trees the lives at Mellerby, a small seaside place), he throws himself down and gives vent to his misery. There, naked and forlorn, he is found by Munro, an artist, who occupies a bungalow near the beach. Munro befriends the boy and dries his clothes, but George, nevertheless, catches a severe cold. When he is well enough to leave a man his father tells him that he must go to school again, but George emphatically refuses to do so. Eventually he is given temporary employment in the office of Munnick and Mappin, a firm of Mellerby solicitors. Mr. Mappin, the junior partner, admires Molly, George's pretty sister of seventeen, and it is with the hope of improving his relations with the Denver family that he offers George this post. The boy, though he tries his best, does not give much satisfaction at the solicitors' office, and it is the opinion of Andrews, the managing clerk, that he will never do any good of this kind of work. George, however, has a considerable talent for music, and he is encouraged to persevere in this direction by Mr. Wall, organist at Mellerby parish church, who gives him lessons for nothing. Living in the town is a very old lady, named Mrs. Pardoe, said to be a centenarian. This old lady, who is very sharp-witted, considering her years, keeps in touch with the Denver family by the unconscious agency of little Joyce, who, when some trouble has arisen, or when she particularly wants anything, writes a letter to God, and posts it in an old oak tree which stands near Mrs. Pardoe's garden. These letters are taken out of the tree by Mrs. Pardoe. In one of them Mrs. Pardoe learns that Munro, the artist, is very poor, and so by way of assisting him she commissions him to paint her portrait. In the course of the story it is shown how Munro incurs the enmity of John Blunt (nicknamed, on account of his appearance, "Black Jack"), a huge boatman of disreputable character. One day Blunt publicly insults Munro, and in the course of the encounter that follows gets much the worst of it. Burned with a desire for revenge, the ruffian waits for the artist late that night by the latter's bungalow. Whilst a thunder-storm is raging, Blunt sees the figure of a man approaching the bungalow door. Taking this to be Munro, Blunt falls upon him with a boat hook, and is about to repeat the blow when the prostrate man is killed by a flash of lightning, and by the glare of the lightning Blunt sees that his victim is not Munro, but Dr. Denver. All efforts to find Black Jack prove fruitless, and he is supposed to have escaped out to sea in a rowing-boat. It is computed that when the practice has been sold the three children will have about sixty pounds a year to live upon. Mrs. Pardoe, who has recently bought a farm near Mellerby, commissions Munro to offer the children free quarters at the farmhouse. When Munro calls at The

Gables to put this proposal before them, he is told by Molly that a London theatrical manager has offered her an engagement, and that she would like to have his advice on the matter. Munro is against her taking the engagement; nevertheless, Molly departs for London, and ultimately adopts the stage as her profession. Mrs. Pardoe's offer of accommodation is accepted, and George and Joyce remove to the farm. Munro goes up to town for the winter, and Mappin makes frequent visits to London, ostensibly on business, but really with the object of seeing Molly. Apparently the girl does not favour his advances, for his temper grows very short, and at Christmas he informs George that his services will not be required any longer by Garrick and Mappin after the commencement of the New Year. When George leaves he tries hard to get another post, but unsuccessfully, and his troubles culminate in a painful inflammation of the eyes which makes him fear that he is going blind. The complaint proves to be ophthalmitis, and Deadwood tells George that he will be unable to use his eyes for several months. Joyce looks after her brother until, while out skating with Barry, she falls through the ice and a violent chill supervening, becomes dangerously ill. This period proves an exceedingly trying one for George, who has no friend to seek comfort from until Munro suddenly reappears on the scene. George cannot understand why Molly does not come, too. All this time Black Jack has been lying hid in his own house, his presence there being entirely unsuspected by the police. Wearing of his long inaction, he resolves to escape to a foreign country. As he requires money, he plans a raid on Mrs. Pardoe's house, where he hopes to find cash or valuables.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XX.

RELATES HOW BLACK JACK CHANGED HIS MIND.

WHEN J. Blunt, junior, took his father's supper up that night, he was surprised to receive a present of sixpence from the recumbent ruffian. He had never before been honoured by his father with a tip of this size, and his eyes opened wider than ever.

"You look struck all of a heap, sonny," said the boatman. "What d'yer say for it?"

"Thank you," replied little Jack, withdrawing to a respectful distance.

"Thank you wot?"

"Thank you, father."

"That's better. Little lads should always be

respectful. Now come an' give daddy a kiss for 'is nice present."

The boy shrank back a pace, pursing his lips up resentfully.

"Come on," roared Blunt.

Little Jack shook his mane of hair.

"Do you 'ear? Come and give your pa a kiss! Wot- you *won't*! Oh, I'll see about that——"

As the giant made a movement as if he were about to spring off the bed, little Jack turned and scuttled out of the room at his best speed. Blunt lay back again with a bellow of laughter. Certainly it was fortunate that the lonely lady in the next house was almost stone-deaf.

J. Blunt, junior, his small heart beating rapidly, took cover in the darkest corner of the scullery, under the sink, and awaited developments of the situation. But as no heavy foot-step sounded on the stairs, he breathed again. Stealing out presently, he secured a hunk of bread from the living-room, turned out the gas, and repaired with mouse-like tread to the sleeping apartment which he shared with his mother.

Little Jack devoured the bread; then, having disrobed—a brief process, as his garments were few—he slipped on his nightgown and knelt down by his cot to say his prayers, for Mrs. Blunt, in the midst of her life of perpetual toil, had not forgotten to teach her little boy to perform this simple duty, in spite of the fact that she herself never said a prayer or went inside a church. Jack said "Our Father," jumbling the sentences together as village choir-boys do, and then a little verse which his mother herself had been taught to say in her childhood.

Ever since he could remember, the boy had said these prayers—for some years at his mother's knee, in a drowsy monotone, but latterly by himself. He always said them aloud—that being the custom he had been brought up to—and to-night, while he uttered them in his childish treble, he little dreamed that he had an audience in the shape of his father, who had stolen up to the door of the room in his stockinged feet with the intention of taking his son by surprise and eliciting the much-desired caress before he went away. Black Jack listened in some wonder to his son's prayers, and when, having finished his artless devotions, the boy blew out the candle and clambered into his cot, the bearded monster without changed his mind about the surprise, and retreated silently to his own room.

For some time little Jack lay awake listening to the whining of the wind and the beat of the raindrops on the window panes. Naturally his

thoughts turned on home affairs, and he wondered how much longer his father would stay in the back bedroom, doing nothing. It was certainly curious, as previously to this his father had been so little at home. He had been instructed by his mother never to breathe his father's name outside the house; he was not to answer any questions put to him on the subject save with the reply: "Father's gone to sea." He had carried out these instructions to the letter, and curious people who had tried to worm information out of the urchin might as well have addressed their queries to a stone wall.

Little Jack knew it was wrong to tell lies, but his mother's instructions took precedence over all ethics. If he had been directed by his mother to go to the police-station and tell the big fat sergeant there that John Blunt was at his house, he would have gone at once. With equal obedience he held his tongue. Still, he wondered in his childish way whether the big fat sergeant would ever come and take his father away—for he had an idea that his father wouldn't be staying at home like this unless he was afraid to go out. He knew his mother was sorry that his father always stayed at home, because he had once or twice heard her crying after she had gone to bed. But that was only when she was almost worn out with her exertions to keep the little home together. Wherefore J. Blunt, junior, wished his father would go away and work. Perhaps he would when the summer came, for then there would be plenty for him to do.

Comforting himself with this thought, the lad fell asleep. While he slept, the wail of the wind increased to a roar. Presently it was blowing a hurricane, and the windows rattled violently as the storm swept shrieking over the town. The rain hurled itself against the panes and fell back on to the ledges, thence to drip miserably to the ground. Many people awoke and listened to the thunderous din of the tempest, remarked that the poor fellows at sea must be having a bad time, and then composed themselves, with a comfortable sense of snug security, for more slumber.

In the distance could be heard the boom of great waves on the beach. This was a sound to which the inhabitants of Mellerby were well accustomed; often it lulled them to sleep in a not unpleasing manner. But to-night, even as these good landsfolk were congratulating themselves upon being indoors and abed, a bright stream of light shot up into the blackness, some way out to sea, and a few moments later a telephone message passed from the coastguard

station to the house of the captain of the lifeboat:—

"Vessel in distress off the Bassetts signalling for help. Can you go out?"

Without flurry, but with much quiet expedition, the captain of the lifeboat dressed himself and went forth into the storm to get his crew together. A bang on the door or a handful of gravel flung at the bedroom window sufficed to arouse such light sleepers. Two of the crew lived in cottages not far from the bungalows, and these Tom Dwyer, who had seen the rocket signal at the same time that it was noticed at the coastguard station, had summoned from their couches.

Soon there was a patter of feet and a sound of gruff voices in Mellerby high street. Windows were flung up, and voices inquired what was amiss. *A wreck off the Bassetts!* Instantly the news flew up and down the town, and presently a number of hardy souls, regardless of the weather, were issuing from their houses and heading for the beach. The Bassett rocks were the danger-spot off Mellerby. When a ship came to grips with that submerged reef there was need of strong arms and stout hearts in the lifeboat.

It was precisely at the moment that the distressed vessel sent up her appeal for aid that Black Jack emerged from his dwelling and slunk down the street. It was past midnight, and the whole town was abed. The policemen on duty were probably cowering in doorways, their thoughts far removed from the movements of law-breakers. He could not have chosen a better time for putting his happy thought into force. As for his after-plan of rowing out to sea, that, of course, was quite impracticable under present conditions. When he had taken what he could find at Mrs. Pardoe's, he would have to return to the back bedroom and await a favourable opportunity of getting away. After this storm would come a calm, and that would be his chance.

As the outlaw passed out of the street in which he dwelt, he happened to look seawards. Simultaneously the ship that had fallen foul of the Bassetts sent up another rocket. This he saw. "Wreck!" he muttered, and went forward more cautiously, for he knew that numbers of people would soon be astir.

The fury of the gale did not slacken a whit whilst the lifeboat captain went his rounds and roused out his men. Black Jack slipped into an entry as the skipper came past to call one John Stevenson, and overheard what ensued. Stevenson, a trusty oar, could not turn out. He was ill and had been ordered not to leave

his bed. Muttering discontentedly, the skipper proceeded on his way to search for a substitute.

Black Jack had learned from his wife's gossip that another of the lifeboat crew was unfit for work, having put out his shoulder. When the skipper had gone, he came out of the entry and considered the situation. Not so very long ago he himself had been a member of the lifeboat crew, and, in view of his great strength, a valued one. To-night they wanted the strongest oars they could get—and two of the crew were not available.

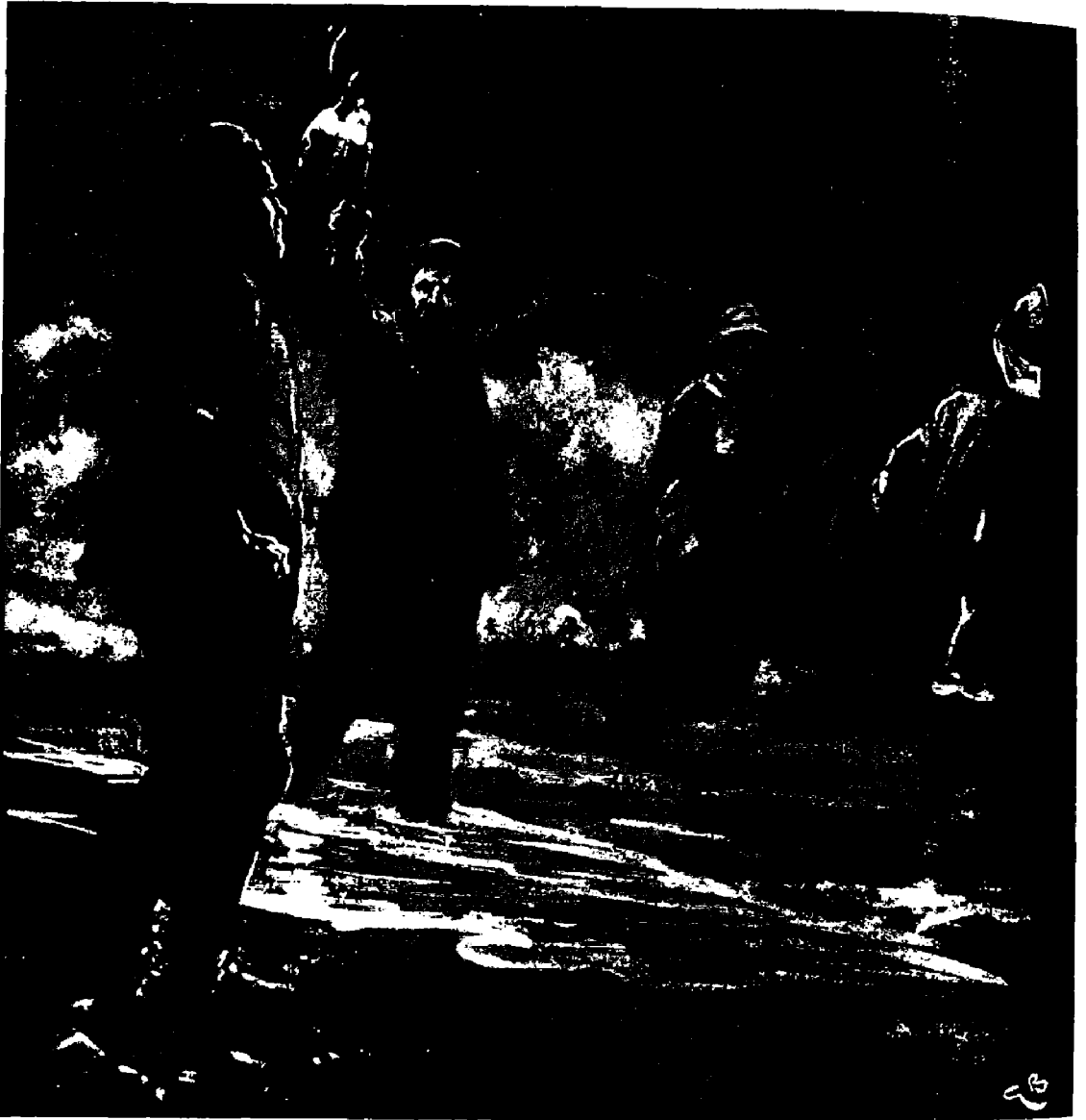
Blunt stood quite still, turning the matter over in his mind. It had been his intention to rob an old lady: he suspected she would be an easy prey—the present circumstances, in fact, suggested that he could not have chosen a better night for his expedition.

Well . . . he hesitated. Was it to be Mrs. Pardoe's . . . or the beach? These lifeboatmen were all comrades of his. Some of them had grown up with him. The love of the sea was in his blood: scoundrel though he was, he was a sailor first. There was a tough job in hand to-night, and it looked as if the lifeboat would be undermanned. He didn't care a button about the men on the distressed ship, but he possessed some remnants of friendship for his mates. He had fought with them and drunk with them: not one of them would have given him away to the police, and he knew it. There was nothing of the hero about him, nothing of the penitent, but it did not take him long to make up his mind to pull an oar in the lifeboat that night.

Wheeling into his own street again, he hastened back home for his oilskins. He entered very quietly, and went up to his room with as little noise as possible.

His oilskins, which he had not donned for many months, were hanging high and dry in a cupboard. He was a handy man, considering his bulk, and had soon changed. Then he blew out the light in his bedroom and issued forth on to the landing.

Without, the gale was raging more furiously than ever. In the boatman's memory he could not call up a dirtier bit of weather. The wind was blowing from the east with unmitigated savagery, thundering round the chimney-stacks and yelping up every alley way. "A bad night," said Black Jack, as he paused on the threshold of his wife's room. *She* was away, and he wasn't sorry for that, for he knew that she would have opposed his resolution to take his old place in the lifeboat, had she been aware of it. But his boy was in there, and little Jack was the only



"I'M WITH YOU, MATE, IF YOU'LL HAVE ME!"

being for whom the rough longshoreman entertained the slightest affection.

He went into the room and struck a match. The boy awoke on the instant, and sat up, rubbing his eyes in an affrighted manner.

The giant approached the cot.

"Jack, I'm going out in the lifeboat," he said. "It's nasty weather. Give me a kiss for good-bye, won't yer?"

The boy—the replica-in-little of his father—stared curiously at the huge form in oilskins. In a flash the lad understood. . . . His father might not come back. . . .

The boatman bent over the cot, and little Jack, without hesitation, kissed him.

"Be a good lad," said Blunt, a strange fore-

boding in his mind, "and look after yer mother. Don't go an' do as I've done when yer grow up."

Then the match went out, and a moment later little Jack was alone. For long he lay awake, staring, wide-eyed, into the darkness, and listening to the howl of the storm and the roar of the distant breakers.

As Black Jack had anticipated, the captain of the lifeboat was sore perplexed by the absence of two of his crew—both tried men who had been out many times under his leadership. No doubt he could get fairly efficient substitutes, but on a night like this, the skipper knew, there was no hand like an old hand. Young boat-

men, however plucky and willing, were liable to lose their nerve. Nevertheless, the lifeboat must go out, and fully manned.

The boat was hauled out of her house and run down to the water's edge. Then those of the crew who were fit for duty put on their cork belts. A considerable number of town-folk and fishermen had assembled on the beach, and now stood, a black, silent mass, near the stern of the boat. They could see the lights of the wreck, which had been informed by a rocket from the shore that help was being sent.

The captain of the lifeboat had obtained one substitute—a young fellow who had been out twice before, and was not, therefore, quite a novice.

"Now, my lads," cried the skipper, addressing a group of fishermen, "who'll take an oar? Just one place left."

No one came forward, and the skipper was about to make another appeal when a towering figure stepped into the area of light shed by a flaming torch.

"I'm with you, mate, if you'll have me!"

"Jack Blunt!"

"Aye, it's me."

A buzz of excited comment burst from the crowd of onlookers. Blunt the boatman, the man who was wanted for more than one crime, was here in their midst! Not half-a-dozen yards from him stood a policeman.

"Right you are, Jack," cried the skipper. "You're the very man for this job. Now, boys, in you hop," he concluded, addressing the crew collectively.

They clambered into the lifeboat, the skipper took his place, and then a small mob of fishermen ran the boat into the water. An incoming billow floated her off, and the oars fell simultaneously. The lifeboat had started!

Now poised high on the crest of a wave, now descending into a dreadful furrow, the boat proceeded on her daring journey. Soon she had disappeared from the view of the watchers on shore, who presently took shelter from the lash of the wind behind the bungalows.

Meanwhile the lifeboat, impelled onward by sturdy arms, headed for the terrible Bassetts, from which direction every now and again a rocket whizzed into the air for her guidance. The lifeboatmen toiled on, keeping marvellously regular time, never flinching from their work, but rowing with grim persistency. The cruel sea raved hungrily round them, but still they pulled steadily out to sea, these quiet, dauntless men . . . pulled for the Bassetts, where a score of poor Norwegian sailors were awaiting them with straining eyes and numbed limbs.

The boat forged gallantly on, and half the

distance to the fatal shoal had been accomplished when a mountainous wave caught the brave craft broadside on and toppled her over. For a few moments the crew held their breath and clung desperately to their oars, knowing that the boat would right herself. And she did, and the men, who were made fast to their seats, came round with her, and immediately renewed their exertions.

Stay—one place was vacant. Black Jack had been careless in seeing to his fastenings; besides, he was stale from his long inaction—he was not so quick to hold on as he once had been. When the boat righted herself the skipper saw that the giant had vanished. There was no sign of him on the waste of waters.

"All together, my lads," shouted the skipper, hoarsely, and added to himself: "Jack's gone. God forgive him all his sins."

So the good lifeboat came in time to the Norwegian steamer and took off her crew, and after a hard fight regained the beach at Mel-lerby. But out there in that wild tumult of waves one victim remained. The longshoreman, with his little boy's kiss as a last tender memory, had been swept away in the ocean's grim clutch. Ashore, there awaited him life-long imprisonment: out there he found everlasting freedom.

Peace to Black Jack, and pardon, for he died like a man.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH MR. BARRY SUSTAINS YET ANOTHER DEFEAT.

"TELL that boy I want to see him," said Mrs. Pardoe.

Though now confined to her bedroom, the old lady insisted on being dressed every day, in order that she might sit and muse by the fire. She had ever scorned to lie abed longer than was necessary, and the habit held good even in these, her last days.

"What boy, ma'am?" asked Hannah.

"George Denver!" replied Mrs. Pardoe, a little sharply.

"But I'm told his eyes are still very weak, ma'am. He may not be able to come all this way."

"Bosh!" said Mrs. Pardoe, "he's not as bad as that. You had better go up to the farm yourself for him this afternoon. Tell him to come to tea—alone, mind."

"Very well, ma'am."

When the worthy widow—looking particularly lean and cross, for she had no stomach for



HE WAS NOT OVER-PLEASED TO FIND MISS PLAYFAIR'S SCHOOL PARADING PAST THE SHOP.

such errands as this—arrived at the farm and expressed a desire to see Master Denver, the hired girl of the place showed her without ceremony into the sitting-room that had been allotted to George and Joyce, and which was now shared by Munro as well. On entering the room, Hannah was immediately seized with a fit of coughing, for assembled there were four persons of the male persuasion—George, Munro, Barry, and Mr. Lawson, the brewer—three of whom were smoking, for even Mr. Lawson, whose nerves were becoming stronger (as was proved by his venturing so far from his own domain), had been prevailed upon to indulge in a mild cigarette.

In the midst of the smoke and the coughing, the parrot, no longer a melancholy exile in an outhouse, greeted the newcomer in a jovial, pothouse manner.

"Ow are yer, misses? Give it a name!" quoth the bird, reminded by the state of the atmosphere of his old quarters at the "Ship and Sails."

"Silence, Polly!" commanded Munro.

"Drop of the old poison, misses?" continued the unabashed bird, performing a sort of jig on his perch. "Ow's the kids?"

Munro jumped up and put a cloth over the parrot's cage, this generally proving an effectual way of silencing him.

"Hot a life!" muttered the parrot, gloomily, when he realised, owing to the darkening of the cage, that further remarks on his part were not desired by the company, and he whistled in a defiant manner intended to show that, though covered up with a ragged old table-cloth, he still preserved his independence of spirit, and claimed the right to speak his mind at all times and in all places.

Rufus, his massive form prone on the hearth-rug, glanced round at the caller with indifferent interest, little dreaming that a post-man he had once chased had poured his tale of woe into this very lady's ear, or that she had branded him as "a beast what ought to be shot." Miss Florence, by this time a sleek

matron, with a handsome kitten of her own to look after, was upstairs in Joyce's room, an apartment which she favoured above all others. Her relations with the parrot, though not cordial, were now, on the whole, friendly, though the bird couldn't abear her child, a creature which he viewed with a jaundiced and suspicious eye—a creature which, according to his idea, ought to have been drowned or given away along with its little brothers and sisters.

"Master Denver," said the widow, taking her handkerchief from her mouth and casting a glance of sour disapproval at the parrot's cage, "Mrs. Pardoe has asked me to say that she would like to see you, sir. She will be obliged if you will come down with me."

George was sitting in an arm-chair near the window, with a green shade over his eyes. He rose, as the woman spoke to him, with a somewhat perplexed look on his face. He had a lively remembrance of his last little chat with the centenarian—that day when he left Silverdown in disgrace—and he wondered whether the old lady had been saving up a few more texts and reproofs for his benefit.

"She would like you to come to tea," added Hannah, observing the boy's hesitating manner, and thinking that the mention of a meal would render the invitation more attractive.

George murmured something to the effect that he would be very pleased to come, and then Munro struck in.

"Don't you trouble about seeing him down to the town, Mrs. James," he said to Hannah. "I will do that."

"Very well, sir; I will tell Mrs. Pardoe," responded Hannah, highly pleased to escape the duties of conductress to Master Denver.

"By Jove, George, she's got a lecture up her sleeve for you," laughed Munro, when the widow had departed.

"Or a fiver, p'raps," put in Barry.

Mr. Lawson blew a cloud of smoke into the air, and, quite forgetting to utter his customary nervous little cough, remarked that he, too, would like to accompany George into Mellerby. The others marvelled at this, knowing that the brewer had not set foot in the town for a couple of years or more.

George, having tidied himself up, was duly conveyed to Mrs. Pardoe's house by his three friends. Munro, having promised to call for him in half-an-hour's time, walked on down the street with Mr. Lawson, who was gazing about in a curiously interested manner. After the restricted beat he had confined himself to during the last few years, a stroll through Mellerby quite took the shape of a picnic. Shopmen,

much surprised to see him passing their doors, came out and bowed to him; his worshipful the Mayor stopped and shook hands with him; Mr. Thompson, the vicar, greeted him with cordial words; it was quite by way of being a royal progress.

Barry had left the other two rather abruptly, saying that he had to "get something from a shop." The truth was, Barry had become completely immeshed in the toils of Miss Phyllis Peel's charms, and the young lady ordered him about unsparingly. Though so high and mighty to all the rest of the world, to this damsel he was a most obedient servant. His present duty, for instance, was to call at a milliner's for some gloves that she had had cleaned, and when he emerged with the packet he was not over-pleased to find Miss Playfair's school parading, two by two, past the shop. A quite juvenile Miss Peel went to this school, so all the girls knew exactly what his errand was, and not a few regarded him with scorn.

Barry himself, as he walked down the street at the tail of the procession, pondered bitterly on the situation. He was fetching and carrying and acting as an errand-boy generally for a girl whom he had once loftily characterised as a silly little fish!

Gripping the gloves tightly in his hand, he proceeded to the Peels' residence. He rang the bell, and, while waiting in the porch, told himself that he must change his attitude. What was it Pope or some other johnny once said?

"A woman, a spaniel, a walnut tree,
The more you beat them the better they be!"

Ha! That meant that a man must master a woman. Good!

He was admitted by a smiling parlour-maid, and conducted upstairs to the drawing-room, where, engaged upon some fancy-work, sat Miss Phyllis Peel.

"Here are your gloves," said Barry, pitching the parcel into her lap.

Miss Phyllis raised her eyebrows. Mr. Barry usually addressed her in a most deferential manner. What was the matter with him? At any rate, he must not be allowed to behave in this way.

"Thank you," she said, coldly.

Barry moved across to the fire and warmed his hands. That was all right for a start. Now, what next?

"Been out to-day?" he asked, without turning round.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said, have you been out to-day?"

"No, I have not been out to-day, Mr. Barry."

The article clerk felt a little embarrassed. This wasn't exactly what one would call "mastering" her. Come, he must make the pace a bit hotter.

"Well, if you'll get your things on, I'll take you up to the farm to see Joyce Denver."

(That was Al. Fine bossing touch about it.)

Miss Phyllis made no reply. Barry stirred the fire with the toe of his boot. Still no reply. This was getting awkward. Was she crying? He peered round at her, and was annoyed to find that she was crocheting with the greatest composure.

"Er—if you're coming, we'd better start soon," he said.

Again she did not reply. Looking at her again, he observed that her lips were set in an unpleasantly tight manner. He had seen them like that before, and it meant that she was not in a sweet mood.

However, it would not do to give in. Master her he must. So he strolled across the room and stood in front of her.

"Nice little thing you're making," he said. "Who's it for?"

"It is for Mamma," replied Miss Phyllis, distantly.

"Lucky Mamma!" breathed Barry. "I say, how about that tie you were going to knit for me?"

"I am not aware that I was ever going to knit you a tie," said Miss Phyllis.

Barry felt that his experiment was hardly proving a success. Pope, or whoever the boulder was, knew more about spaniels and walnut trees than he did about women, that was plain. Still, there might be something in it. It was no good giving in. So, while Phyllis pursued her task, he softly whistled an air from a Gilbert and Sullivan opera that a travelling company was playing at the town hall.

"Care to go to *Iolanthe*?" he at length queried, with studied carelessness.

"I hope to go," quoth Phyllis.

"I'll book some seats for Wednesday, then," said Barry.

"I shall probably see you there," returned Phyllis. "Mamma is taking us that night."

Barry experienced a strange sinking feeling, such as he had read of in advertisements. Still, never say die!

"You are wearing that blouse I don't like," he presently informed Miss Peel, in a tone meant to be hectoring.

She looked at him with clear, scornful eyes.

"Do you imagine," she said, "that I am

in the least affected by what you like or dislike about my dress, Mr. Barry?"

Laughing offhandedly, he returned to his original place by the fire. After examining the ornaments on the mantelpiece, he again walked across to her and boldly sat down by her side. Immediately upon his doing this, she rose and went out of the room.

Barry turned hot and cold. He had done it now! Beating—that was, behaving masterfully—might be the correct tactics to employ in the case of some girls, but they were evidently useless here. He had done it! Henceforth he would be received with a cold bow when they met in the street, and informed that "Miss Phyllis was engaged" when he called to see her. Heavens! life would be unendurable under such conditions. What was to be done? He liked her awfully—she was the nicest girl he had ever met—yet it looked as if she meant to cut him out of her life for evermore.

So completely enslaved was he, really, that the thought terrified him. He sat down at a little writing-table in a corner of the room, and hurriedly scribbled a note.

DEAR MISS PHYLLIS.

Please forgive me for being rude. I'm awfully sorry. Will you come up to the farm?

Ever yours,
F. B.

Then he rang the bell and gave the note to the maid who had admitted him. He observed that she was still smiling.

Ten—fifteen—twenty minutes passed; meanwhile, Barry was in a fever of apprehension. Was it all over?

At length—ah! joyful sight there was a glimpse of a pretty hat in the doorway, and the most dulcet voice in the world (to his thinking—though it was really quite an ordinary one) observed in a hard and unemotional tone: "I'm ready."

Barry breathed again and sprang forward, blushing and happy. And it must be added that they never reached the Hall farm.

Some young lady fortune-teller had told Barry at Christmas-time that he was fated to marry a girl with blue eyes and golden hair. By a strange coincidence, Miss Phyllis had eyes of a distinctly azure tint, and hair which, by a generous stretch of imagination, might be termed golden. And the fortune-teller was an entire stranger to Miss Phyllis.

So, good reader, if you believe in what the stars predict, you will be able to plan out Mr. Barry's future to your (and his) entire satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXII.

COMPRENDRE C'EST PARDONNER.

BROODING over the fireside, her body feeble, but her mind still unimpaired and vigorous, Mrs. Pardoe passed in mental review the events of her long career. More especially did she take pleasure in recalling memories of her youth—the memories which ever stand out most clearly in one's mind. She had been, even in those strict days, passionate and wilful, hard to hold in, a terror to governesses. All her life she had been dominating and severe, so that her relations had never found her an agreeable person to dwell with. She liked to have young people about her, but her juvenile kinsfolk stood in much awe of her, and did not relish the prospect of paying visits to Mellerby. Nevertheless, some came on the score of policy—for the old dame was rich—paid the penalty exacted by "prospects," and scuttled off with glee when their servitude came to an end. Mrs. Pardoe knew they were afraid of her, and, it must be confessed, took a somewhat unrighteous delight in adding to their tremors. For, naturally enough, she had little love for people whose attentions were prompted by mercenary motives.

On the whole, she had been left very much to herself, and the fact had not sweetened her declining years. Quite at the end of her life, by Joyce's unconscious agency, she had become interested in the Denver family, and it had afforded her considerable satisfaction to have had an opportunity of providing the boy and girl with a roof to live under.

When she knew for a certainty that her days were numbered, she made some slight alterations in her will, and while doing this she did not forget certain persons living within a bow-shot of her residence.

When, indeed, she had been gathered to her fathers, the daily path that he trod became a much smoother one to little Mr. Wall, though he had never done more than raise his hat to the old lady when he encountered her taking walks on fine days. The handsome legacy he received on her demise remains to this day a surprise for which the good little man can find no explanation.

The letter-box in the old oak had put Mrs. Pardoe in possession of not a little information about the Thompson family; how that the vicar's house was much too small for his numerous circle; how that John had to do with a very small allowance of new suits; how that the vicar himself did not at times know where to turn for money, though no man could have

passed a more temperate or self-denying life than he. Judge, then, of the delight that filled that too-small vicarage of his when it was known that Mrs. Pardoe had left her big roomy house and wide-spreading garden to the living, a substantial sum of money for the present incumbent being added thereto.

It must not be supposed that her own folk were in any manner neglected. She judged, and rightly, that a wealthy man or woman has a duty to perform by relations which must not be overlooked, no matter what sort of relations they may be. Each son, each daughter; each grandson, each granddaughter; each great-grandson, and each great-granddaughter, together with the members of collateral branches, benefited immediately, or in the course of years, by her will. Justice was done to her blood; and there was enough over—for she had been a prudent business woman all her life—wherewith to reward deserving persons who were not related to her at all.

Sitting by her fire, taking a final survey of her affairs and her friends, her acquaintances, people she liked and people she disliked, Mrs. Pardoe bethought her of the strange boy whom she had upbraided in no gentle fashion when he left his school under a ban. Surely by this time he had paid a full price for losing heart and deliberately bringing about his expulsion. He had been motherless at that period, too, and his father had quite failed to understand the turns and twists of his temperament. Mrs. Pardoe thought much of George before she finally put her affairs in order, and when it was all done, when Mr. Mew, the young solicitor, had paid his final call, when there seemed nothing more to do save wait, with folded hands, for Nature's call to rest, it occurred to her that she would like to see that boy again—that "pretty, scowling fellow" whom she had so belaboured with her tongue on a fair June afternoon.

Hence the invitation, unwillingly conveyed by the widow; hence George's journey down to Mellerby, his admittance to the dark old house, and his ascent of the softly-carpeted stairs to the bedroom where a kind and gentle welcome set the lad entirely at his ease.

When Munro went back to Mrs. Pardoe's house at the end of half-an-hour, he found George awaiting him on the pavement.

"Well, how did you get on?" asked the artist.

George walked a few paces before he replied, "Oh, she was awfully jolly."

Munro had not thought it possible that such

an adjective could ever have been applied to the grim old lady.

"That sounds like a fiver," he said, laughing.

"A good deal more than that," returned the boy. "She has left me a thousand pounds in her will."

Munro was so surprised that he came to a full stop.

"What?"

"Yes, a thousand pounds," repeated George, in a rather dazed manner. "On conditions."

"What conditions?"

"Well," said George, "one condition is that I go back to school for another year. Not Silverdown, you know—that would be impossible. Any school."

"Yes?"

"And I've got to look after Joyce and do what I consider right by her."

Munro secretly commended the old lady for her wisdom. It was much better to leave a boy like George to act according to his own discretion, rather than bind him down to any hard and fast line.

"Any other conditions?"

"No, that's all. I call it jolly decent of her, don't you?"

"It is magnificent of her—I congratulate you most heartily, old chap. But what about after the year at school?"

"I can do what I like."

"It will be music, I expect?" suggested the artist.

"Mrs. Pardoe told me to do what I could do best. Well, I'm a bit of a duffer at everything but music, and I'm no great shakes at that."

"You may depend upon it," said Munro, "that if you've got the real stuff in you it's got to come out. It's like writing or painting, or sailing or soldiering. If you're a musician to your finger-tips—and I believe you are—you'll follow up music. There's not much money in it, but there's a lot of pleasure. Now tell me some more about your tea-party. We can talk about music another time."

"She was sitting in her bedroom, by the fire," said George. "The servant brought up tea, and while we had it Mrs. Pardoe asked me questions about the farm, and Joyce, and you, and Molly, and all sorts of things. She's awfully sharp, you know; you have to buck up when you're talking to her."

"Yes," said Munro. "She's not an old lady to be humoured, as one humours most old people."

"Well, when I came home from Silverdown," resumed George, "she saw me going along by the stream, and jawed me no end. It made

me feel awfully sick. She reminded me of that day, and of how she prophesied all sorts of bad things for our family. Part of them have come true and part haven't."

"Which have and which haven't?"

"Well, she said something would happen to the pater, and he—he died, you know. And she said I should have a bad time, and I have had. But nothing has happened to Molly. I think she was prejudiced against Molly, because Molly's really a jolly good sort, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Munro, briefly.

"I'm perfectly sure that owing to some mistake Molly never heard that Joyce was ill." George went on. "Of course, she's rather silly sometimes, like other girls, but she's all right, you know. So Mrs. Pardoe was wrong about her," the boy continued, "and she was wrong about Joyce, too. She said nothing would ever happen to one of us, because she was so good. Of course, she meant Joyce. I wonder how she knew so much about Joyce! They never met till that day my eyes crocked up."

After this there was silence for a time. Presently they came to the gate admitting to the rough road leading up from the main thoroughfare to the farm, which lay back a couple of hundred yards from the highway.

As Munro piloted the boy safely between the deep ruts left by cumbrous waggon wheels, each was busy with his own thoughts. Mrs. Pardoe's last speech was still ringing in George's ears. The scene still floated before his eyes—the spacious, comfortable bedroom, with its huge cupboards and wide, ornamented fireplace; the great bed, with its old-fashioned curtains; the flicker of the fire on the silverware which graced the tea-tray. He would never forget it, nor the words addressed to him by the very old lady sitting opposite him in a high-backed armchair.

"When I spoke to you so harshly on that June afternoon, Master Denver, I did not know how it was you came to be expelled from Silverdown School. I heard later, and when I heard I was sorry that I spoke to you in that way. So now I wish to give you a fresh chance, and I hope, when you go to school again, as I wish you to, that you will not be easily discouraged if you do not meet with much success at work or play. Just do your best, and turn a brave face to your troubles. It has been truly said that God helps those who help themselves. Just do all you can, and He will help you over the rest."

George was an English public school-boy, trained not to display emotion. To all appearance he was little affected by his recent inter-

view. Deep down in his heart, however, the old lady's words had taken a lasting hold, and long afterwards were destined to bear abundant fruit. That day he set his teeth and determined that, whatever happened, he would never confess himself beaten.

A very long time ago an Arabian poet made a song about a departed warrior, "a climber to all things high." There's many a boy and many a man who, in despondent mood, labels himself a duffer. Let him take heart and never tire of trying again. Let him emulate that Arab warrior, who was:—

"No wailer before ill-luck, one mindful in all he did,
To think how his work to-day would live in to-morrow's tale."

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN WHICH MUNRO ACCEDES TO A REQUEST.

THEY had almost reached the top of the little road when their attention was attracted by the sound of wheels behind them. So absorbed had they been in their talk and thoughts that the vehicle was close upon them ere they became aware of its proximity. Munro drew George out of its path, and the cab a "growler," severely provincial in its characteristics—was lumbering past them when the window on the near side went down with a clatter, a large hat, surmounting a pretty face, appeared, and a voice, which both knew very well indeed, called upon the cabman to stop.

"By Jove!" exclaimed George, excitedly, "it's Molly!"

The cab door was open and Molly—for she it was—had alighted before Munro, who sprang forward, could render her any assistance. George had pushed up his green shade, and was staring at his sister with his inflamed eyes. The effort made them smart horribly, and involuntarily he put up his hand to rub them. But before he could do that Molly had flung her arms around his neck, and George was being kissed by as dainty and winsome a girl as had ever set foot in that rough, wind-blown meadow.

She laughed as she kissed him, and something like a sob was mingled with her laughter.

"Dear old George!" she cried. "Oh, you dear boy, I am so sorry for you and your poor eyes!"

She kissed him yet again as, in a pretty, sisterly way, she slipped the green shade into its proper place. Then, because she was so very glad to see him, and so very sorry for his eyes,

she gave him another hug. Fur was nestling about her neck, and one of her hands was buried in an equally soft muff. She was so fresh and wholesome, so sweet to look upon and so genuinely affectionate, that George, who, like most boys, somewhat resented too much demonstrativeness on the part of his sisters, really rather enjoyed the hugging.

"You *do* look astonished," she said, her words tumbling headlong over one another, "and no wonder! Those careless people never sent on Uncle Charles's letter saying Joyce was ill, and I never knew your eyes were half as bad as this. Oh, how horrid and selfish you must have thought me! Of course, I should have come at once——"

She paused, and turned her head towards the cab. She remembered that there had been somebody with her brother—a man—who had come forward to open the cab door. She had not noticed his appearance in her hurry to greet George. Now, however, she saw that Munro was standing quietly by the cab, as if he had no business or part in this scene of welcome.

She went up to him with outstretched hand.

"How do you do?" she said, smiling. "I had no idea you were here. It was very good of you to come and look after Joyce and Georgie."

"It has been a great pleasure to me to be with them," said Munro, quietly, as they shook hands.

He gave a sign to the driver, and the cab moved on towards the farm, Munro and his two young friends following in its wake.

"You see," said Molly, reverting to her interrupted explanation, "a great, hideous mistake was made. About a week before Joyce was taken ill Mr. Wilson sent me on tour with the No. I. 'Mayflower' Company. I hadn't much of a part in town—although it was a very nice little part—and he offered to give me a much bigger one on tour, and more money. So I decided to go. We opened at Birmingham, and just after we left, Uncle Charles must have written to me about Joyce's illness. But, if you can *believe* it, the letter only reached me yesterday. I suppose it was poked away and forgotten, or they didn't know where we had gone till somebody in another company came upon the letter and told them where to send it. I was in theatrical lodgings, you see—a dreadful place! That's the worst of touring—you have to live in such nasty places."

"But did you not hear from London again?" asked Munro.

"Well, you see," said Molly, with a sidelong

look at the artist, "I don't get on very well with my cousins, and none of them write to me. Uncle Charles is my sole London correspondent, and he doesn't write often. So nothing more was written to me about Joyce's illness."

"I must say I wondered——" began George.

"Of course!" cried Molly, hotly. "You wondered why I didn't come post-haste directly she was taken ill. Oh, dear, dear! It was all that stupid, silly, fat old woman's fault. But directly I *did* get the first letter, although I then knew Joyce must be getting well, I came at once. The manager told me I mustn't, but I wired to Mr. Wilson, and he wired back that I might come, but only for one night."

"One night!" cried George, in dismay.

"Yes, dear old boy—isn't it a shame! That comes of having an actress sister. It's a great compliment to me, you know, because it means that my understudy is very bad. See how vain I am! I should *hate* to have a good understudy!"

Munro laughed.

"Thank you for being so good-tempered with me, Mr. Munro," said Molly, saucily. "Mr. Munro, you see, George," she added, "doesn't approve of my being on the stage."

Munro tried to protest.

"Circumstances——" he began.

"You think I am very wicked," she cried. "It doesn't matter. I don't mind a bit. I love it. . . . Oh, the cabman's waiting. Here's my purse, George please pay him. I *must* go up and see Joyce at once."

Putting her purse into George's hand, Molly disappeared into the house. She must have found a guide in the shape of Mrs. Elphinstone or the maid at once, for a minute later silence reigned on the ground floor, and Munro knew that Molly was with her little sister.

He told George to put Molly's purse in his pocket; then he himself paid the cabman, sending him away happy with a shilling over his fare.

"I daresay they will like you to go up, George," said the artist. "I'll take a stroll round for a bit."

So George went up, to find his sisters laughing and crying over each other. On his entrance Molly must needs make more fuss of him, and then he and Molly both sat on the edge of Joyce's bed, while all three talked at once, with occasional intervals for laughter, and a little crying, out of sheer gladness. And all the time Molly and Joyce were gazing at each other with misty eyes, Molly thinking how sweet Joyce looked, and Joyce thinking how

improved and pretty and grown-up Molly looked!

Meanwhile, Munro was contemplating, in an absent-minded way, the denizens of the farmyard. He gazed at the nearest pig with an interest which made that animal feel quite self-conscious; he took stock of the cattle until he must have known the exact colouring of each one's hide, and stared the hens out of countenance. Yet his expression was quite vacant, and he could not have given you particulars that would have led to the identification of any of these creatures, when he finally made his way out of the farmyard into the fields.

Munro was a brave, simple gentleman. He had quite a straightforward temperament, and a psychological novelist would have passed him over as worth little or no attention, regarded as human material for examination and dissection. There was nothing at all fascinating about him. He had none of the qualities which rendered Mr. Mappin so attractive to the opposite sex. He painted, and smoked, and played bridge and billiards; he talked in a steady, sensible way, but you seldom heard an epigram fall from his lips. He had plenty of quiet humour, though, which made him an agreeable companion, and he was well-versed in books and the affairs of the world. You could see by his eyes that he was a brave man, and people who knew him well awarded him a very large place in their hearts.

Such was Munro, who, strolling aimlessly about the meadows adjacent to the farm, was thinking all the time of Molly Denver. He was thinking of the change that the last few months had wrought in her: for she had gone away a mere girl, and had returned—a woman.

She was becoming very well-known, too, because, though her acquaintance with the stage was so brief, photographers and editors of illustrated papers had evinced a great liking for her face. There was nothing very remarkable about her sudden jump into fame—fame of a kind, but distinctly fame for he could recall several similar instances. A pretty song, sung in a pretty dress; a little dance of no extraordinary merit; a certain indescribable charm in the turn of the head and the pose of the figure—simple ingredients, these, yet sufficient to make a girl's name "known," and editors pleased to publish her portrait. And it is all very right and commendable, for one's eye is pleased by the pretty face, and no one is harmed save its owner, if so be she allows her dainty head to be turned by the fuss that is made of her.



"I WAS CROSS ON PURPOSE——"

He walked on, making occasional slashes at the hedge with his stick. The school-girl he had met on the beach in her simple blue dress and red tam-o'-shanter was no more. The reflection evoked a ghost of a sigh. He felt a little sorry. But it couldn't be helped. He could hardly talk to her now in the old way—as a man talks to a girl whom he regards as still a child. She would quickly become less and less like the child he had first known; she would marry a young peer, perhaps, or a gentleman with bulging money-bags. They generally did. It was their reward for being pretty and having their photographs in the papers.

It was almost dark when he strolled back to the farmhouse, and entered the sitting-room which he shared with George—for Joyce hadn't begun to come downstairs yet. The lamp hadn't been lit, and he did not trouble to light it, for the gloom suited his mood. He walked to the window and stared out upon the fields in their gowns of mist, and he was thus

silently engaged when a voice close at hand said: "And what do *you* think of me, Mr. Munro?"

He wheeled sharply. Molly was sitting in a big armchair in the darkest corner of the room.

"Why, I had no idea you were there!" he exclaimed.

"Of course you hadn't. I wish I hadn't told you. Then you might have begun to talk about me out loud."

"I will light the lamp," said Munro, feeling for his match-box.

"Oh, no, no—don't. I love this sort of darkness. It makes the fire look so nice. But you haven't told me what you think of me!"

She rose and walked to the window. Munro contented himself with a rapid survey of her as she appeared without her hat and cloak.

"I can only offer you wholesale congratulations. Will that do?"

"Wouldn't you like to paint me again?"

"It would afford me great pleasure," said Munro, gravely.

Molly stamped her foot.

"Please don't talk like a man of fifty," she cried. "You're not so old as all that. In fact, you're not at all old."

"I'm a good deal older than you," Munro rejoined.

"You think so. But I never was *very* young, you know. I had to manage a house and act as mother to George and Joyce when I was sixteen, and that was three years ago."

Munro looked out at the fields again.

"Now I am going to tell you why I was cross with you when you *did* come to see me in town," continued Molly. "On the night you came to see the play you didn't come round afterwards—and I was expecting you. Somebody else came that I didn't want to see, though, and that made me more cross, and I was taken home by a big boy cousin who talks, breathes, eats, and dreams *Rugger*. So I was bored and annoyed, and when you did come, I was cross on purpose—"

"But surely——" began Munro.

"It rankled," explained Molly. "Still, never mind. It's all over now, and when I'm back in town you'll come to see me very often, and take me out to tea, won't you?"

"It will give me great pleasure to do so," said Munro.

"There you are again," cried Molly, impatiently. "You might be a bishop, by your stately way of talking. Now promise me you'll leave off behaving like a bishop!"

"I promise," said Munro.

"And that you'll be friends—real friends—with me."

"It will be delightful."

"That's better. You're thawing. I shall rely on you to take me out when I want a trustworthy and steady male companion—do you hear?"

"I am just the sort of man," agreed Munro. She gave a little ripple of laughter. "You're

so big—you'll frighten away these horrid men in evening dress who want introductions. They have motor-cars, and heaps of money, and brag about the girls they take out. You know them?"

"I have met the brand you speak of," said Munro, grimly.

"And—and—and—well, that's all. It will be so nice for me, knowing you'll always come when I want you. I shan't be too exacting, of course, because I shall remember you have your work to do."

"Yes, you must bear that in mind," said Munro, smiling.

"I shall tyrannise over you, I'm afraid," added Molly, very demurely. "Still, you won't mind that very much, I hope?"

"Indeed," said Munro, taking her hand, "I shall like it, of all things."

She was suddenly silent. Holding her hand in both of his he turned to her, and spoke from his heart.

"My dear little girl, I know exactly what you mean. I will always be the kind of friend you want."

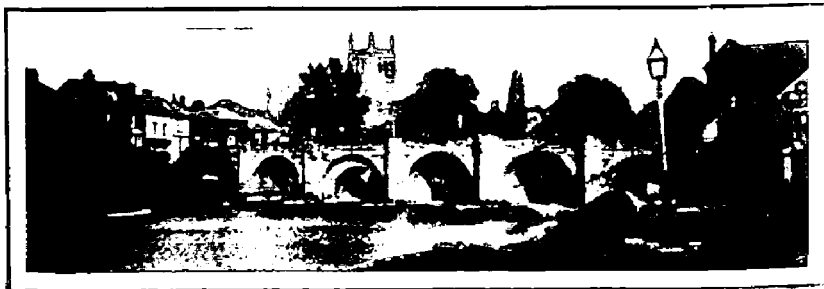
For he felt that he knew what was in her thoughts. She was, for all her brave talk, very young still. She lived in a rough world, where perils abounded. He would be the strong arm she needed.

He loved her, but this was no time to speak of love. She did not know her own mind yet. Till she did, he would be her good and faithful friend.

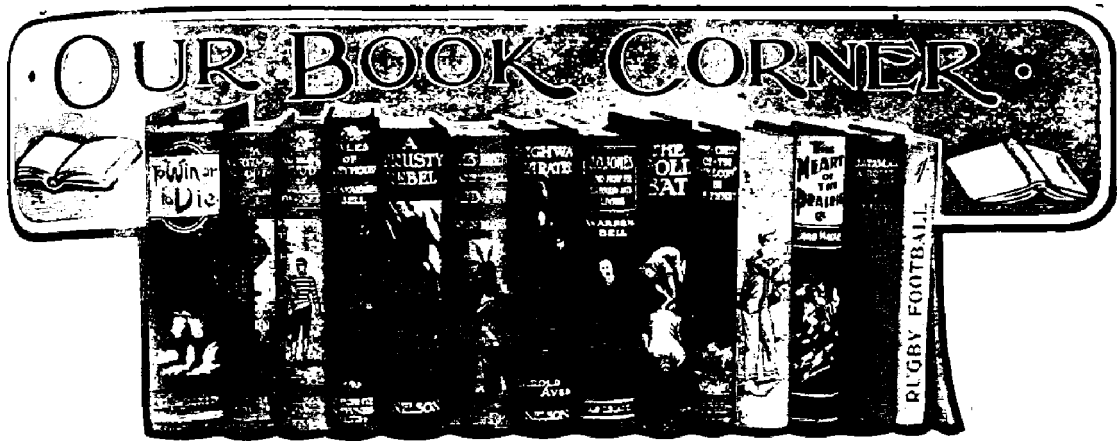
So the compact was sealed, and so commenced a new era in Munro's life. The future must be left to the Fates, and he prayed that they might deal kindly with him.

But the Fates plan far ahead, and already they had decreed that Molly Denver should never look beyond Munro for a guardian of her steps, and a keeper of her heart's best love.

THE END.



OLD BRIDGE AT MAIDENHEAD.
Photo. H. A. Binnington.



To Win or to Die. By G. Manville Fenn. (S. W. Partridge and Co., 5s.).—This book is welcome, if only as an evidence that Mr. Manville Fenn, who is now in his seventy-sixth year, still retains the vigour of his youth. At an age to which few novelists attain, this *doyen* of sensational writers can still grip his readers with a strong hand.



Here we have the terrors and fascinating desolation of the frozen North, the search for gold, the fierce savagery of men reduced by circumstances almost to the level of the beasts, the crack of the revolver, and the struggle for existence against man and nature. Stirring incidents follow one another with breathless rapidity, and Mr. Fenn has shown the younger writers of this particular class of fiction that he can more than hold his own with the best of them.

It is a pity that so excellent a tale should have been clothed in such an execrable cover. Publishers have yet to learn that a hideous combination of blue and scarlet and gold does not attract buyers of that class which can afford to pay 5s. for a book.

The Dog. By G. E. Mitton. (A. and C. Black, 6s.).—This book will be read with pleasure by all lovers of dogs. It is a simple story, told purposely with an almost exaggerated simplicity of style to give effect to the idea that it is written by the dog himself.

The incidents are neither original nor striking, but the writer has so thoroughly entered into all the joys and sorrows of a dog's life, and is so

intimately conversant with the ways of birds and animals, that the story has a charm which will appeal to young and old alike. The scent of game, the delightful touch of soft fur, the keen excitement of chasing rabbits, the sober and intellectual pleasure of retrieving, these and a hundred similar things which go to make up the life of "our friend the dog," are touched on with a true appreciation of their reality.

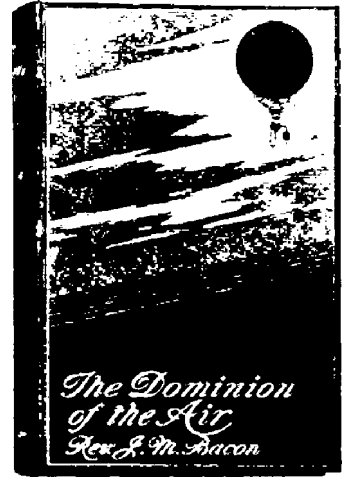


Some of the illustrations are charming, but many of them are too bright in colour to be artistic.

We can heartily recommend the book as a very clever piece of work in a branch of literature where good workmanship is rare indeed.

The Dominion of the Air. By the

Rev. J. M. Bacon. (Cassell and Co., 6s.).—It is with feelings of regret that we have read the last book which Mr. Bacon will contribute to the literature of aerostation. Mr. Bacon died shortly after completing this volume, and the world of science is a loser by his death. He has, however, left



his work behind him—a practical life devoted to the conquest of the “dominion of the air.”

The book itself is an extensive and popular account of the efforts of man to navigate the thin covering of atmosphere which clothes the earth. It is illustrated with excellent photographs, many of them taken by the author himself, and is written by a man who knows his subject thoroughly.

And what more fascinating subject for a nation that has thrived on conquest! From Montgolfier to Santos Dumont, from Glaisher and Coxwell to Count Zeppelin, it is one long narration of peril and hardship, and death itself, and yet it is written with the calm exactitude of the scientist. No story of shipwreck and storm could be more thrilling than this quiet history of the navigation of the aerial sea.

In Regions of Perpetual Snow.

By W. Gordon-Stables. (Ward, Lock, and

Co., Ltd., 5s.).—

Take a pair of “brave, handsome lads,” and a corresponding couple of “bonnie and winsome lassies”: add a few “stalwart” specimens of grown-up masculinity, who must be endued with all the heroic virtues, and should be, if possible, hairy travellers, with a fine contempt for

hotel-life and “civilisation”: throw in a “noble deer-hound” as make-weight: place your company in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, the more out-of-the-way the better (since the local colour will then be taken on trust), and make them experience any kind of adventure you have ever heard or read of: manufacture a few stage properties, such as snow huts, log cabins, runaway balloons: and if you cannot, with these ingredients, boil up a romance which even Dr. Gordon-Stables himself will scarcely know from one of his own, you have a poor sort of invention indeed.

“In Regions of Perpetual Snow” is a mere hotch-potch. Of plot there is nothing worth mentioning, and the book consists simply of adventurous episodes (none novel, and few exciting enough to atone for staleness), slung together with little or no regard for continuity or cohesion. The author’s style, too, jars: and

his personal idiosyncrasies, we notice, are still to the fore. He is so fond of telling, for example, what an “everlasting rover” he has been all his life, that he will have only himself to blame if his readers begin to suspect that the traveller doth protest too much.

A little less flummery and a good deal more plot would make Dr. Gordon-Stables quite readable.

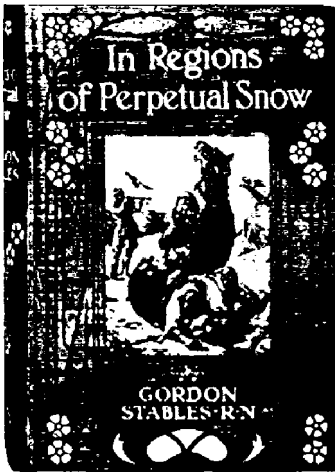
The Out-Door World. By W. Furneaux, F.R.G.S. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 6s. net.).—Mr. Furneaux has attempted a big task in this volume, and it is not surprising that he has been obliged—for all that his book is a long and heavy one—to study brevity and conciseness. That necessity, indeed, militates against the complete success of what is, in great measure, a very admirable compilation. In dealing with his various subjects the author has had to be so brief that he has scarcely space to be interesting.

Not that “The Out-Door World” lacks charm and usefulness. As a handbook to the young collector, it fulfils its purpose excellently: but we should have preferred to see Mr. Furneaux in the rôle of mentor to the young naturalist. Collecting is an altogether delightful occupation, and

the writer looks back with pleasure upon the profitable hours which he himself spent, as a boy, by pond and hedgerow. It is well, however, to inculcate that observation is possible without collection: and that the intellectual joys of the former, indeed, are greater than the material pleasures of the latter.

As a readable text-book for the beginner, however, we have only praise for “The Out-Door World.” The illustrations are very numerous, and, in most cases, fairly good.

Gold Island. By Nicholas West. (Cassell. 6s.).—The subject of buried treasure is as old, probably, as the first book written for boys, and one would have thought that every combination and permutation of circumstances in connection with this well-worn theme had been exploited. Yet Mr. Nicholas West shows that this is not the case, for he gives a turn to events that tends to make it novel. The plot



is well-conceived, and the story, as a whole, is stirring. There is a sub-plot, too, that does not lack interest.

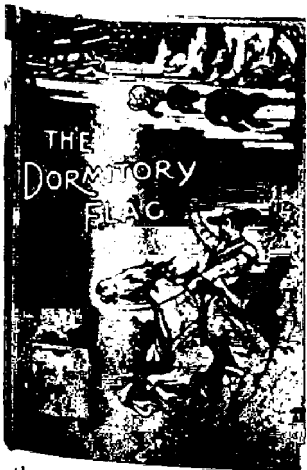
Indeed, there will be those who prefer the minor to the major incident. The author has a keen sense of character, and his creations live, and thus compel the interest of the reader. Humour is not lacking, and the author's skill is manifest throughout. "Gold Island,"

however, is an uneven book: parts of it, it must be confessed, are mediocre, but nowhere is it badly written, and at times it calls for high praise. It is a story that may well be recommended, both to adult and juvenile readers.

The Dormitory Flag. By Harold Avery. (Nelson, 3s. 6d.). Mr. Avery does not break new ground in his tale: we have the old familiar friends, villains, and heroes of school yarns: the decent head-prefect, the prefect who has fallen under the thumb of the villain, who smokes, loafs, and is unutterably bad, and the rough and ready youth, who pulls his house (dormitory here) through the final match by a brilliant try. The tale rattles along brightly to the conclusion, and when we feel, as we do, that we like the heroes, and would just love to kick the villains, we know the book is good. One of the prefects has some curious carp-

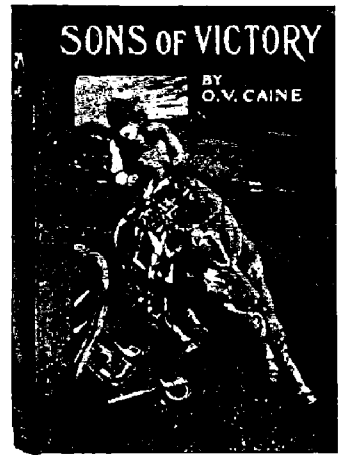
fishings . . . we shrewdly suspect in the close season. He hooks one an experience grey-haired anglers would like to enjoy—and between the carp's nibbles lands two roach. Let's hope he threw them back. By the way, what is a public school? Eton we know, and some few

others, but are grammar schools, with boarders, within the pale?



Sons of Victory. By O. V. Caine. (Nisbet and Co., 5s.).—The era of the struggles of the French Army in Italy, against the Allies under that grim old Russian, Suvóroff, before the time of Napoleon's meteoric crossing of the Alps, and the utter downfall of the Austrians and Russians at Marengo, has certainly not been overwritten. The great figures of the Napoleonic age flit through the pages, names to thrill France yet, Soult, Massena, Moreau, Berthier, Joubert, Murat, and the great Little Corporal himself, and the Sons of Victory were the French soldiers in the very heyday of their glory. One can understand from Mr. Caine's story how Napoleon was welcomed from the sands of Egypt, and the stubborn British. It was the hour of France, and there came the man. These battle scenes are excellent: there is little of the blood and thunder, or gasping piling-up of lurid phrase: instead, there is a keen and reasonable style of making the dead bones of history live again.

The Pendletons. By E. M. Jameson. (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.). "The Pendletons" are a large family of delightful children, whose adventures are skillfully recounted by Miss E. M. Jameson. The charm of the book lies in its characterisation. The sweet, unselfish Peggy, the two manly little brothers, the inevitable twins, and even the erring Connie, all live and excite our warmest interest. Fine characters, too, are the brave old General, with his stern face and tender heart, and the genial Major, who becomes a boy again in his games with the young folk. We could have wished to have heard more of the father and mother



of this happy family, but Miss Jameson is too good an artist to overcrowd her canvas.

The dialogue is bright and natural, and mention must be made of the excellent illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne. We advise our readers to make the acquaintance of "The Pendletons" at the earliest opportunity. They will be the better for it.

A Boy's Control and Self-Expression. By Eustace Miles, M.A.—It is no easy task to put old heads on young shoulders, but after reading Mr. Miles' excellent and stimulating book, we begin to feel that it may be possible.

The object of the book is to help parents and schoolmasters, and through them the boys themselves, to develop the *mens sana in corpore sano*. The great aim of the boy should be to acquire self-control, and Mr. Miles points out that this may be pleasantly and easily attained by proper and scientific attention to the ordinary physical functions.

Form good habits of eating, breathing, and living, and health will be the natural consequence. Master "the alphabets," and delegate their use to the sub-consciousness, and what is now an effort will one day become a habit and an instinct. Aim at true purity by providing a healthy outlet for physical and mental energy, but shun prudery as the plague, and teach the child in a simple, tactful way the physiological facts which he ought to know. Above all, let the boy preserve his self-respect. We must confess to a certain doubt as to the soundness of Mr. Miles' advice on the question of food, though his personal experience is entitled to consideration. The breathing and physical exercises, and the accompanying diagrams, are excellent.

The book should be read by every parent and schoolmaster. We do not consider it a book for every boy, though, doubtless, many would find it helpful.

We have also received copies of the following works, a selection of which will be reviewed next month:

From George Newnes, Ltd. **The Handy Atlas of the British Empire** (1s. net); **The Stolen Idol**, by F. Anstey (6d.). **The Life and Voyages of Captain Cook**, Thin Paper Classics (3s. 6d. net).

From Hiffe and Sons, Ltd.—**Toning Bromide and Other Developed Silver Prints**, by R. E. Blake Smith (1s. net).

From Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons, Ltd.—**Under the Lone Star**, by Herbert Hayens (3s. 6d.); **Lionel Harcourt**, by G. E. Wyatt; **Partners**, by H. F. Gethen (1s. 6d.); **Archie Digby**, by G. E. W. (1s.); **Norseland Tales**, by H. H. Boyesen.

From Longmans, Green and Co.—**British Butterflies and Moths**, by W. Furneaux, F.R.G.S. (6s. net); **Life in Ponds and Streams**, by W. Furneaux (6s. net); **The Sea Shore**, by W. Furneaux (6s. net); **Country Pastimes for Boys**, by P. Anderson Graham (3s. net).

From Macmillan and Co.—**Famous Fighters of the Fleet**, by Edward Fraser (6s.); **Westward Ho!** by Charles Kingsley (2s. net); **The Pathfinder**, by Fenimore Cooper (2s. net).

From T. Fisher Unwin.—**Under Tropic Skies**, by Louis Becke (6s.).

From L. Upcott Gill.—**The History of the Early Postmarks of the British Isles**, by John G. Hendy (3s. 6d.).

From Neuman and Castarede.—**Money-Making by Short-Story Writing**, by T. Sharper Knowlson (3s. 6d. net).

From Cassell and Co., Ltd.—**Treasure Island**, by Robert Louis Stevenson (2s. net).

From the Civil Service Press **Skerry's Civil Service Manual** (2s. net); **Skerry's Specimen Essays** (2s. 6d.); **Skerry's Physical Geography** (1s. 6d. net); **Skerry's Model Solutions in Advanced Arithmetic** (2s. 6d. net); **Skerry's Higher Arithmetic** (3s. 6d. net).

From the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, Ltd.—**"One and All" Gardening, 1905** (2d.).

SCHOOL MAGAZINES



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine.—The last number to hand maintains the usual level of excellence. The Aberdonian magazine is not, perhaps, sprightly; but its eminently respectable pages never sink to the banality of which more lively periodicals are sometimes guilty. The Impressions of a Scotch Student at a German University (Göttingen, to wit) are interesting, but not so informing as those which have been appearing (as commented upon elsewhere) in the *Mill Hill Magazine*.

A good feature of the magazine is the use made by the editor of the alluring paragraph. News and comments which would be tame and boring if presented *en bloc*, are thus made interesting and attractive. The "Notes About Old Boys," for example, are particularly good, and one reads of the doings of Old Aberdonians in all parts of the world from the Antarctic to the South Sea Islands. As for instance:—

An interesting item of news regarding our *Magazine* reaches us from far Peking, where we have our only subscriber in China. Mr. R. Hynd, of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank. One day Mr. Hynd left his *Magazine* on the counter of the bank. A stranger entered, and, on spying the cover, exclaimed, "Hillo! the *Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine* in Peking! Who is the subscriber?" Mr. Hynd said that he was, and asked the name of his unknown schoolfellow. It turned out to be General Macdonald, of Tibet fame, who was interested in reading a little paragraph relating to himself.

Arrow (Owen's School).—There is a capital article on the liquefaction of air, explanatory of "The Magic Kettle," which was recently so prominent a feature in the programme of various London places of entertainment. Immersed in the liquid air which the mysterious kettle contained, grapes became hardened into hailstones, flowers were petrified, and mercury frozen into a solid mass. In the Epilogue to the Westminster Play this last Christmas, by the way, a "magic kettle" was introduced, from the spout of which dainty strings of sausages were produced!

The verses "On Filey Brig" are promising, but the writer should learn to concentrate and reserve his strength, instead of spending it in spluttering adjectives.

Avonian (Port Talbot).—Some of the paragraphs in "School Jottings" make entertaining reading. In one, several examples of the evergreen "howler" are given. "Then you describe squares on the sides of the hippopotamus," conjures up very delightful memories of the 48th proposition.

The results of the literary and artistic prize competitions promoted amongst members of the school are interesting. We doubt, however, the wisdom of printing "Mrs. Boodle's Intellectual Party," the "excellent comedy" which gained the first prize.

As the work of an immature tyro it is promising, certainly; but it does not merit publication.

Blue (Christ's Hospital).—"Some Masters, and Other Folk," is the title given to some capital reminiscences of Christ's Hospital in bygone days. One of the best parodies we have met with in our excursions amongst the school magazines this month is the following "Jinglesby Legend"—an adaptation of Thomas Ingoldsby's last ballad—"As I lay a thynkyng":—

As I laye a snorynge, a-snorynge, a-snorynge,
Softlye swore ye sleepless wyghte upstartyng from hys bedde,

In ye styllnesse of ye nyghte
He grasped hys shoe, bedyghte
With rustie nayles and bryghte.
(So 'tys said),

As I laye a snorynge, he hurled it atte my hedde.

As I laye a-snorynge, a-snorynge, a-snorynge,
Merrie sange ye shoe as through ye gloome it tore;
But alas! for in ye darke
Ye sleeplesse missed hys marke!
(Was there ever such a lark
Known before?)

As I laye a snorynge, it hytte ye monytore!

And now I laye a wakyng, a-wakyng, a-wakyng,
And mesemed thro' ye gloome that I heard ye sounde of payne:

That voyce, it haunts me styll:
"Nowe, Snookes, you goe onne drylle,"
And, "Please I never will
Do't agayne!"

I turned me backe to snorynge: methought hys teares were wayne.

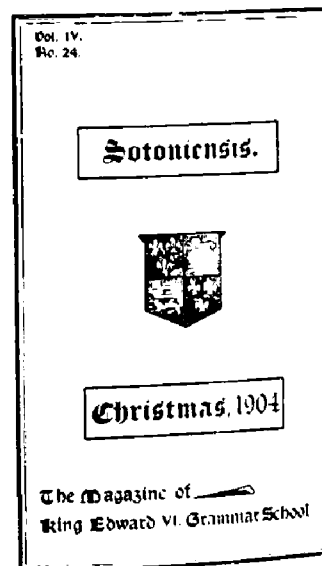
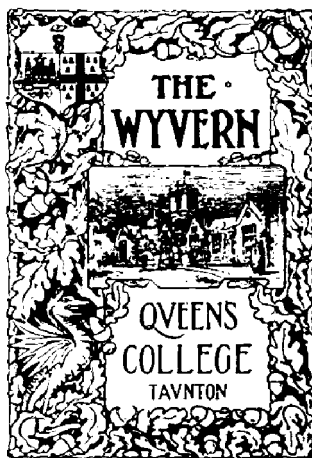
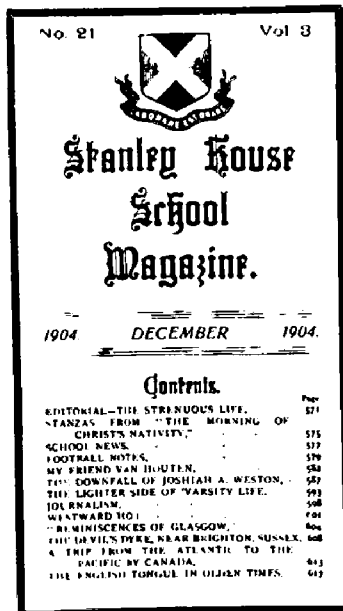
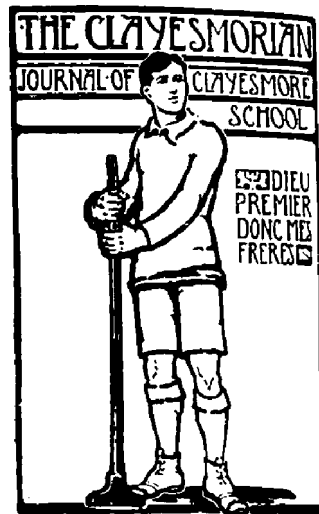
Cranleighan.—Not a very attractive number. The "Proceedings of the U.S.B.P.S.," which prove to be the doings of the "Upper Sixth Brewing and Philharmonic Society," are amusing, though the "Entrance Examination Paper" endeavours to be a trifle *too* funny.

The *Cranleighan* would be greatly improved if more pains were taken as regards "make-up." We should judge from the general aspect of successive issues that the printers who are responsible for its production are not too liberally supplied with fancy types. But that is no reason why the sub-editor should allow them to insert those monstrous and meaningless head- and tail-pieces, so dear to the heart of the provincial comp.

Johnian (Leatherhead).—The "Soliloquy" supposed to be written by a retired merchant who has invested in a set of the "hundred best books," in order to improve his education, is delightful. He reads a translation of the Classics with keen appreciation:—

The dreadful fates
Of poor Socrates,
And wretched Demosthenes,
Have made me moan,
And Antigone
Has many tragie scenes.

SOME SCHOOL MAGAZINE COVERS.



Far too much fuss
Old Orpheus,
About his wife created;
His Eurydice
(Though doubtless nice)
He greatly over-rated.

I might, besides,
Quote Euripides—
Half pathos, and half jollity;
But, as in "biz,"
My motto is,
Not quantity, but quality.

Keswick School Magazine.—Mr. H. Raphoe, who is presumably an Old Keswickian, contributes an essay on walking tours, "Solvitur Ambulando," which is of a quality rare in school magazines. The author has learned the lesson of the road and laid it to heart. If we may judge by what he writes, he would be an ideal companion on the road—were it not that we echo heartily his sentiment: "After all, I will confess that I like to be alone." A fine essay, this; written by a man who understands.

And the old shepherd of the upland farm—he makes one think of what Doctor Johnson said of poor Smart, the seedy poet, who lost his wife and took to falling on his knees and saying his prayers in the streets—"I'd as lief pray with Kit smart as anyone else." For the shepherd, though he can only manage to scrawl his name, and has never heard of Mr. —'s novel; though he thinks the world is flat, and has never been inside a railway train in his life—I would as lief talk with him as with — or — or —, his betters and mine. For he knows many things that lots of clever people have not so much as heard of; and when he counts his sheep over he uses words that would puzzle a University Extension Lecturer, words which his forefathers of the craft were using when Hengst and Horsa overran the island.

Why should a man travel afoot: *solvitur ambulando*—for the "jolly humours" that H. L. S. tells us of. For "a little breathing-space to muse upon indifferent matters," according to Hazlitt; and because effort is blessed and happy toil a boon; and because there is always something worth finding just a little way ahead, and always something to be seen from the top of the rise, even though it be only another stretch of the straight road.

Kirkcaldy High School Magazine.—A new-comer amongst school periodicals is this. The first number contains nothing specially deserving of comment, adverse or otherwise. We would venture to suggest, however, that if the *Kirkcaldy High School Magazine* is to rise above mediocrity, such contributions as "A Scot in Paris" would be better left out. A man who, writing of a first visit to the French capital, can record no more remarkable impressions than "I was at once struck with the great number of cafés in the streets," "Paris has a splendid service of omnibuses," "Versailles is well worth a visit," "The Boulevards of Paris are handsome and spacious streets, lined with trees" such a born disciple of Cook had better keep his travels to himself.

Liverpool College Upper School Magazine.—With the last issue to hand, the magazine which used to be separately published by the Old Boys' Union is incorporated. In future one organ is to serve both Past and Present. A good scheme is that by which the Old Boys' Column is placed in the hands of an Old Boy, specially appointed for the purpose. Every school editor knows the great difficulty of obtaining news of Old Boys' doings; while, on the other hand, to old boys (for whose benefit largely the school magazine exists) nothing is more interesting than news of this sort. The appointment of a special editor to this department is a good idea, which might well be imitated.

Lorettonian.—More howlers: and beauties, too. Such beauties, in fact, that one is almost tempted to doubt their genuineness. For instance:—

America was discovered by Columbus in the mayflower. Americans make cheap boots, and large houses and tall stories.

Titus Oates founded the sect called Quakers, they still exist and it is sometimes used as an advertisement.

Oliver Cromwell was the first socialist and formed the first commonwealth. He came to the throne when Charles was up a tree. He had a wort on his nose so did Milton.

The Plague was a dizenze and was cured by fire no one was aloud to come out of doors except to be buried.

These "howlers" (and others) were perpetrated, it is averred, "in a recent history exam." There is a wit about them, however, that almost savours of the deliberate. Has somebody's leg been pulled?

Mill Hill Magazine.—The third article on "German Student Life" is devoted to the *Mensur*, or student-duel. Insular prejudice must incline us to regard such performances with ill-favour; but it is hard indeed to find a good word for such a ridiculous, childish, and barbarous substitute for the sports—cricket, football, and the rest—of an English public school and 'varsity. The German duel requires pluck, and teaches the endurance of pain, certainly; but beyond that there seems nothing good to be said for it. As exercise it cannot be considered very seriously.

We enter the large roomy country *Gasthaus* and mount to the second floor. In a spacious room on the left the drama which we have come to witness is being enacted. We stand in a window-space near the door and watch. The combat seems to have been in progress already several minutes, for the combatants appear smeared all over with red pitch. They are standing, perfectly erect, facing one another at a distance of some four or five feet, on a square of stained oil-cloth. Everything is splashed and stained, and the place seems to reek of blood. The bodies of the combatants are carefully padded: their right arms (the left arms strapped behind the back) and necks are carefully swathed in thick bandages; they wear slight protectors for ears and eyes. Men, doctors and seconds, stand by with bare arms and horrid oil-cloth aprons. The rest of the men form a ring round, keenly interested in and criticising the display. The combatants, who do not seem to be enjoying it, raise their swords wearily for another bout. They cross swords, the seconds stand by with swords uplifted to prevent any dangerous hitting, and the chief second gives the signal to commence. *Anfang!* There are three sharp flashes, and the seconds strike up the swords, another three flashes and the same, another three flashes and then a longer pause. A streak or a spurt of blood from the head or face of the victim announces the success of a stroke, but the quick wrist-play (the finest sword-play is all done with the wrists) is very hard to follow. During the pause the doctors come forward, examine the wounds, counting the number of stitches required to sew them up (which goes to the credit of the other man), and smear them to stem bleeding. The faces of the men look too gory and ghastly for words.

Quintus.—This is an "unofficial" journal, produced in mimeographed manuscript, and published in the Fifth Form at Portsmouth Grammar School. We do not quite see what useful purpose it serves, though doubtless it has been appreciated amongst the community for which it was published. The *Portsmouthian*, we imagine, will be much relieved to hear that the editors of *The Quintus*, "do not wish to be considered in opposition." They may breathe again.

Sedberghian.—A recent number to hand contains a lot of good things. We note that, at the 100th Masters' Concert, one of the concert-givers scored uproariously with that ancient ditty of the streets, "Where Did You Get That Hat?" sung not only in its original English, but in Latin, Greek, French, and German! The various verses are printed before us, and delightfully neat they are.

We have no room to quote them all, but the Latin stanza is a good example. It will be noted that the metre (and consequently the air) is preserved.

"Heus tu," clamatur undique,
 "Quanti," dico, "pileus?"
 Testor Deos, hoc imbrice
 Nil elegantius.
 Vellem, edepol, haberem
 Isti persimilem.
 Non exeo quin audiam,
 Da mi, Da mi, parem.

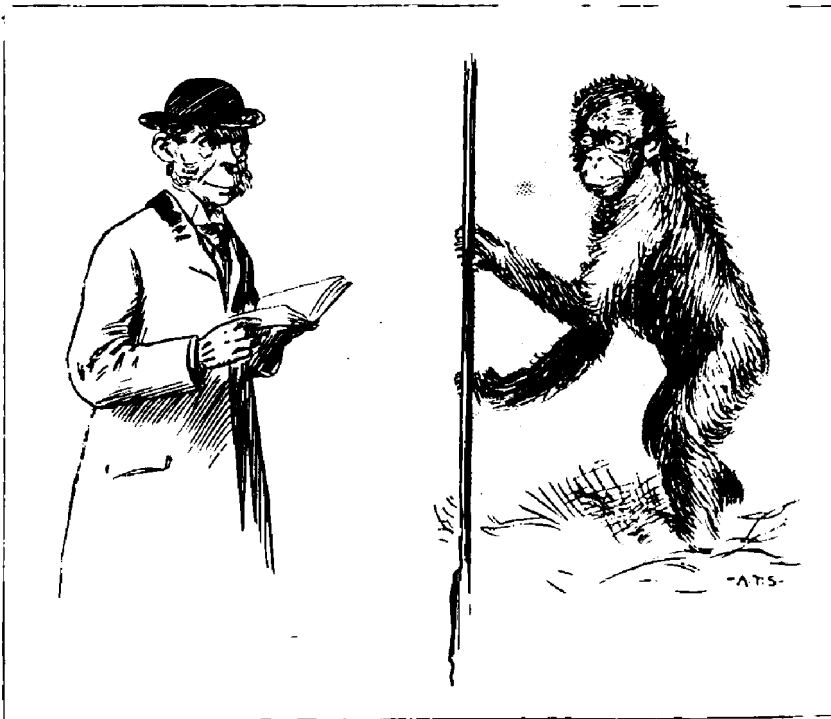
Some account is given of the "record walk" over the fells of Lakeland done by an Old Sedberghian last July, though we confess such feats do not interest us greatly. "The Game of Football" summarises some curious researches into the early history of the game, and makes entertaining reading, and we note a capital little report of an O.S. dinner in far Valparaiso. The eighth "Elegant Extract" is a passage from More's *Utopia*. A good idea, this, to print in each issue an extract from some English classic. Some may object to the shallow smattering which is all that these homœopathic doses of literature can give; but in a school magazine it is likely that such means may stir and feed a latent love of literature which might otherwise be crushed and starved. A letter to the Editor suggests that in connection with the rifle corps an ambulance squad

should be started, as it would be useful on the football field! Cheery reading, that, for visiting teams.

Sotoniensis (King Edward VI. Grammar School).—Short stories as published in school magazines are usually weak to drivelling point, but the issue of *Sotoniensis* before us contains a notable exception to the general rule. This is "The Remittance Man," by Edwin Hughes, which is a capital yarn, capably told. If all the fiction to be found in school magazines were as good, one would tackle it with less reluctance than, it must be confessed, is often the case. "Read More and Play Less" is the title of some sound advice upon the importance of not neglecting the library. The writer makes some useful suggestions as to a pleasant and useful course of reading.

Other school magazines received, at the date of going to press, are:—*Blew House Magazine* (2), *Blundellian*, *Cadet*, *Carloli*, *Clayesmorian*, *Compostellan*, *Der Neuenheimer*, *Droghedean*, *Durban High School Magazine*, *Elean*, *Esmeduna*, *Haileyburian*, *Hoe Preparatory School Magazine*, *Lily*, *Malvernian*, *Merle*, *Olavian*, *Quael* (2), *Pelican*, *Quernmorian*, *Salopian*, *Stanley House School Magazine*, *Wyvern*, and the *Isis*.

A. E. JOHNSON.



WHO'S WHO? AT THE ZOO.

Drawn by A. T. Smith.

"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 H.E.H.C., J. Oldham, Walker Hodgson, Winifrede M. Jewkes, and J. W. Stanley. Each prizewinner is requested to send his present address, and at the same time to select a book.

How Lead Pencils are Made.

PLUMBAGO or graphite, commonly known as black lead, is really pure carbon. It is found chiefly in Cumberland, Bohemia, and Ceylon. The finest comes from Seathwaite, in Borrowdale. The plumbago is prepared by reducing it to powder, and grinding in a wet condition, with binding material, between large mill stones, till it becomes a smooth paste. It is then nearly dried, and pressed by machinery, through dies of the required shape and size. The result is a long thread of plastic lead, which is cut into lengths of seven inches or more, and then

hardened by tempering and heating to redness in iron pots.

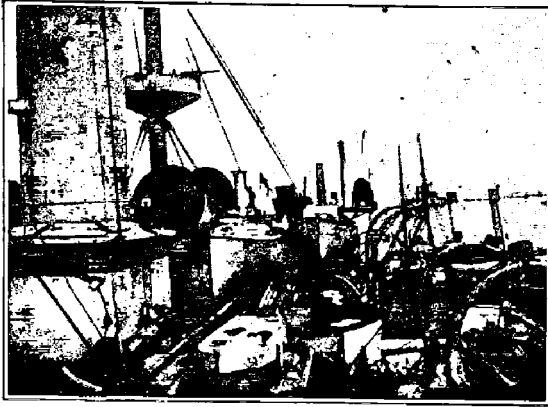
Red cedar wood is mostly used, because it is easily worked. It is cut into slabs, varying from seven inches to twenty-eight inches long, and two inches wide, called grooves and covers. The slabs are passed through a fine machine, which cuts out six parallel furrows, just wide enough to hold the lead, which is dipped in glue, and placed in them. The cover slabs, in which the furrows are not so deep, are coated with glue on one side, and placed on the lead. The whole are then put in a cramp and pressed firmly together, resulting in a flat piece of wood, twenty-eight inches by two inches, containing six pieces of lead. When dry this block is shaped by revolving cutters into six round pencils. These are sand-papered and polished by hand, the manufacturer's name, &c. being finally stamped on by a press.

H. E. H. C.



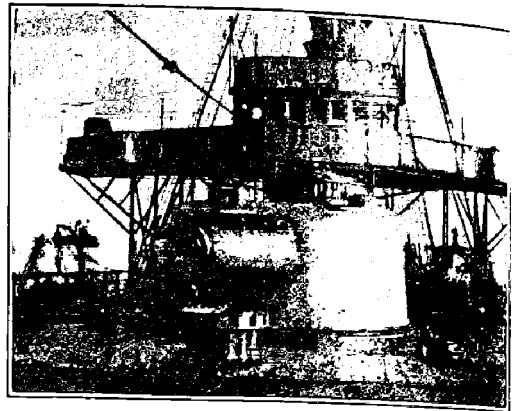
K. S. RANJITSINHJI SKIPPING.

[From a snapshot taken at a country house.]



SPRING-CLEANING ON BOARD H.M.S. "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."

Photo. by H. C. C. Stanley.



THE FORE-BARBETTE AND CONNING-TOWER, H.M.S. "GOOD HOPE."

Photo. by E. L. Goodman.

"The Crooked Spire."

THE accompanying photograph is of St. Mary's and All Saints' Parish Church, Chesterfield, which possesses what is universally known as "the crooked spire."



It is the most unique object of its kind in the world, second only to the leaning tower of Pisa. Many theories are put forward to account for this extraordinary twist and slant. The most likely, however, is that the timbers of which it is constructed were not properly seasoned when the spire was built, and that the action of the sun, combined with the great weight of the lead, has caused the present curious twist and lean of the structure. The spire is 230 feet in height,

and it leans six feet out of the perpendicular.

J. J. R. H. OLDHAM.

Worcester Cathedral.

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL has passed through many vicissitudes. The spire itself, together with those of Hereford, Leicester, and Lindsey, was originally part of the immense diocese of Lichfield, which was so divided by Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury towards the end of the seventh century. "The Cathedral Church of the Blessed Virgin and Saint Peter, and of the Holy Confessors, Oswald and Wulfstan," quote the form of dedication used in 1218, was rebuilt late in the tenth century by St. Oswald.



HOPKINS AND TRUMPER, TWO MEMBERS OF THE COMING AUSTRALIAN TEAM.

Photo. by P. F. Warner.



WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.
Photo. by L. E. Bastable.

but of this Anglo-Saxon building nothing remains further than the balusters in the arcade of the slype. It was rebuilt a second time by Bishop Wulfstan in 1084, and again in 1281. Many alterations have since been made from time to time, the last "restoration" costing upwards of £100,000. Externally the Cathedral is entirely nineteenth century work, and, of the many styles of architecture the interior comprises, Early English and Decorated predominate. It is built of red sandstone, and in the form of a double cross, 425 feet in length, 145 feet in width, and 193 feet in height. It has a very fine central tower, which contains a clock and a carillon of twelve bells. King John and Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., are buried in Worcester Cathedral, and during the reign of the former many pilgrimages were made thither, on account of the miraculous "cures" ascribed to the body of St. Wulfstan, who had died a century previously.

C. G. PAUL.

Camels on the Goldfields.

MARK TWAIN thinks the camel is not a beautiful animal. He says he is "gallus" looking about the under lip. He compares him to a goose swimming when he is down, and to an ostrich with a supplementary pair of legs when standing. He has immense, flat-forked cushions of feet, which make a track in the dust like a pie with a slice cut out of it. For our part we have always thought the camel a noble-looking beast, and, consequently, not unlovely. He is like the ostrich or emu—surprisingly so—but that "pie" he leaves behind him is not exactly like a pie with a slice "cut out" of it, but rather like the

dish with only one slice left. On the whole it is a very good thing that "beauty has no rules," so that the ship of the desert may claim an admirer here and there. In the reptile house at the Zoo the generality of visitors refer to the toads as being decidedly ugly, but we once heard an Eton boy there exclaim as he bent over a glass case containing several specimens, "Oh! what lovely creatures," and so we think they are. The camel and dromedary resemble each other in appearance, but the difference between them is not, as commonly stated, that the one has two hunches on its back and the other only one. It is like the difference between a heavy cart-horse and a swift-riding horse. The dromedary is much lighter, swifter, and quicker in its motions; but the Arabian camel and dromedary (most of these on the goldfields are shipped from Aden) have both only one hump, though the camel of Bactria and other regions has two. But apart from his form and bearing the camel has beautiful parts, as many an explorer (look up Ernest Giles) and prospector knows. Their staying



B. J. T. BOSANQUET WITH A 10LB. SWALLOW-TAIL TROUT CAUGHT IN TASMANIA.
Photo. by P. F. Warner.

power and capacity for going long journeys without water is marvellous. Horses and men may be checked in the desert and ready to die of thirst, while the camel will plod on, on, on in a way worthy of all admiration. The most doughty camel we have ever seen or heard of is on the Coolgardie Field. He is called "Misery," and "holds the championship" for the greatest distance travelled without a drink, that is *six hundred miles*. We think "Misery" deserves the italics.

He must have been in a state indicative of his name, though, when his master—one Brophy—"pulled up" at a plentiful supply of water.

The camel bells—and the same are used on pack-horses—have no musical charm, making a dead sound, such as you will get by rattling the inside of a pewter-pot, or a pail, but they can be heard at a considerable distance—three or four miles—particularly at night. The suitable is the beautiful, in camel bells as in most other things.

WALKER HODGSON.

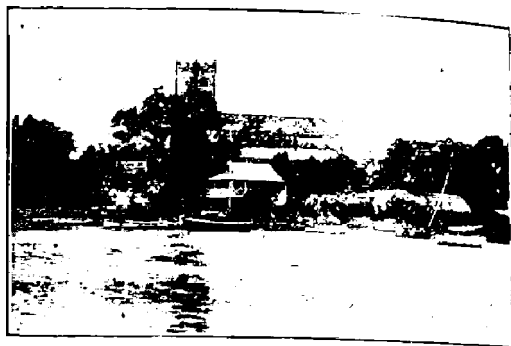


CURIOSLY SHAPED APPLES.
Photo. by R. E. Dickinson.

Christchurch Priory.

CHURSTCHURCH is about three miles east of Bournemouth, and a visit to the Priory will well repay anyone who should chance to be in the vicinity.

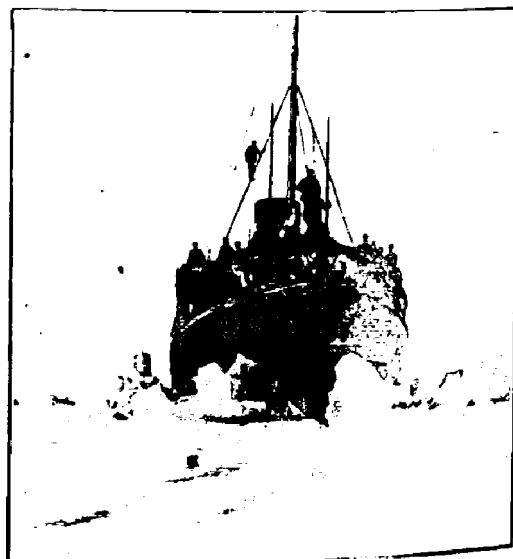
The exact date of its original foundation is not known, but there is sufficient evidence to justify the generally accepted opinion that it occupies the site of an ancient Saxon Priory. The nave of the present building was erected by Flambard, confidential minister to William Rufus, is 118 feet long, by 58 feet wide, and



CHRISTCHURCH PRIORY, HANTS.
Photo. by C. G. Paul.

possesses a fine timber roof. Christchurch Priory, in spite of its great age, is still used for public worship, being the parish church, and is one of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in the south of England. In addition to its extent and arrangement, it has all the magnificence and majesty of a cathedral. There are some remarkably fine carved oak seats in the choir, and very interesting, too, are the legends associated with some of them. The "monks' walk" is also a feature of this grand old sacred structure, and a climb up the dark, winding stairway to the top of the tower is rewarded by a view of the splendid panorama spread out before one, from the Isle of Wight on the left to the Purbeck Hills on the right, while nestling at one's foot is the meandering Stour, with its picturesque flotilla of small sailing craft.

WINIFREDE M. JEWKES.



SS. "STANLEY," ICE-BOUND IN NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT, NOVA SCOTIA.
Photo. by J. W. Stanley.

COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

Last day for sending in, March 18th.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, April 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 separately stamped envelope.

Owing to the frequency with which certain names have appeared in the Lists of Prize-Winners, we have decided to make a rule to the effect that a Competitor may not win more than one first prize and one consolation prize per month.

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.

AGERULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"Hidden Authors."—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe the name of a well-known author, in most cases a popular boys' writer. Write the name under each picture, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear out the page, and post to us. Prizes: Three "New Columbia" Graphophones. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"A March Event."—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of March. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling

will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three "Gradidge" Cricket Bats. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. Age limit: Twenty one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"Captain's Birthday Book."—This time take the month of *July* (thirty-one days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, humorous or serious, from any source you please. Make them as varied as possible, and bear in mind the season July falls in. Remember that you are put on your honour not to copy anything out of other birthday books. Do not neglect "THE CAPTAIN" when making your choice. Prizes: Books to the value of 10s. in each class. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. No age limit.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"Photographic Competition."—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three "Swan" Fountain Pens. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. No age limit.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"England Team v. Australia."—Send, on a postcard, what you consider would be the best eleven we could put into the field against Australia in the forthcoming test matches. The team sent in which comes nearest to that chosen by the votes of the majority, will win the prize in each class. Prizes: Three "Benetfink" Cricket Bats. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. No age limit.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"Suggestion for Pictorial Competition."—Send us what you think would be a good idea for a Pictorial Competition. Not "hidden" pictures of any sort, but something to draw or paint. Prizes: Class I., a "Guinea Cyko" Camera; Classes II. and III., a "Scout" Camera.

Class I. No age limit.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to *April 18th*. By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living *outside* Europe. There will be *no age limit*. One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial March Competitions."

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLINGHAM STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

"The Adventures of John Baywood," the new serial which I have secured for our next volume, is a romance which will rivet the attention of every CAPTAIN reader, of whatever age he be. I think it is quite the best adventure story which has been submitted to me since this magazine was started. It concerns the son of a man who for conscience' sake emigrated to New England early in the seventeenth century. As you know, those Puritans who gave up their positions and homes in England, and went to a strange land in order that they might enjoy liberty in regard to their religious views, were absolutely fanatical in the strictness of their lives, and all sorts of penalties were imposed upon young John Baywood because he ventured to embrace his sweetheart. Yes, dear reader, you may stare, but you must know that these old Puritans regarded such an act as a very grievous offence. But John did not wait to undergo the punishment meted out to him, and this story deals with the manner in which he left his home, and with the divers strange adventures which befell him before

he got back to it. The tale is told with a fine swing, the characters are very skilfully delineated, and the atmosphere—a very important feature in every story, and especially in a story of this kind—is delightful. Curiously enough, the author, Mr. H. C. Crosfield, who is a retired solicitor, has never written a story before, and yet these adventures are related with the ease of a practised writer. I am happy to think that Mr. Crosfield should have sent THE CAPTAIN his first manuscript, and am quite sure that he will be pleased with the pictures that are being drawn for the tale, since I have been so fortunate as to secure the services of Mr. Stanley Wood, who is perhaps best-known for the pictures he made of the one and only "Captain Kettle." In the opinion of our Art Editor—who ought to know something about it—Mr. Stanley Wood is, of all black-and-white

artists, the best living depicter of action.

"O. H. M. S."—Of Mr George Elbar's work you have already seen two samples—"A Queer Catch," and "French Leave!" Mr. Ellbar can tell a rattling good tale and at the same time give one an accurate idea of life aboard a man-o'-war, be it battleship,

VOLUME XIII.

FICTION.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN BAYWOOD.

By H. C. CROSFIELD.
Illustrated by Stanley Wood.

O. H. M. S.

Being Naval Yarns of To-day.
By GEO. ELLBAR.

TALES OF WRYKYN,

A Series of Public School Stories.
By P. G. WODEHOUSE

AT HICKSON'S.

American School Stories.
By F. L. MORGAN.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By F. W. CALKINS.

gunboat, or torpedo-boat-destroyer. These are two very commendable qualities. In addition, he hits off the navy man to a T. You feel he knows what he is talking about, and that's a great thing nowadays, when all sorts of books for boys concerning—say—Borneo and Brazil, the Seychelles and Samoa, are being knocked off by people whose knowledge of foreign parts is limited to Ostend, Paris, and possibly Geneva (for you can get a good way with a cheap trip ticket nowadays). So it is a satisfaction to find a writer who can spin a good navy yarn without representing the commander of a warship as the possessor of a flowing moustache—and no beard! This series, "O.H.M.S.," starts with a tale of a cruiser which is sent out to discover why so many merchant vessels have disappeared in a certain spot—a "death-trap" with a vengeance. The cruiser herself as near as sinking comes to grief—but that's the story, so I won't say any more.

Mr. Pelham G. Wodehouse will contribute "Tales of Wrykyn"—a series of public school stories. You may depend upon it that these school stories will be lively reading, for the author's motto seems to be "Avaunt, dull care!" Mr. P. G. W., by the way, is climbing the ladder of popularity very rapidly. A couple of years ago he was grinding away in a city office, but one day he said he was going to chuck it and be an author and nothing else. And he has carried out his resolution with praiseworthy energy and sprightliness, for there is simply no end to the humour that bubbles out of him.

Mr. F. L. Morgan will write yet another six studies of American school life. These tales are astonishing in some of their details. Fancy Marlborough or Harrow being half peopled with girls wearing long pigtailed and square-toed boots. And yet "Hickson's" is the American equivalent of one of our big public schools. Mr. Morgan deserves our thanks for improving our acquaintance with the American educational system, in addition to telling a good story every month. While talking about "the other side," I may mention that there are still another five tales in Mr. Calkins' "Far West" series to be told. Mr. Calkins is a sound yarn-spinner, and an editor can always depend upon him for good

stuff. His men are the right sort of men, too. You're not tired of his tales, I hope. I'm not.

So that, my young "pals and paliasses" (as "Blueskin" used to sing at the old Gaiety years before most of you were born), is our fiction programme for the next volume. Taking it all round, I don't think Vol. XIII. will fall short of any of its predecessors.

Public Schools in India: I regret to say that I know very little about the respective status of Indian Schools. The following letter, therefore, must speak for itself. The writer certainly appears to have a real grievance to air.

BISHOP COTTON SCHOOL, SIMLA.

November 8th, 1904.

SIR,

I trust you will be good enough to allow me to protest against the title of an article in your eleventh volume, which has just reached me. In it I see that St. Paul's, Darjeeling, is styled the *only* public school in India. How such a mistake came to be made, I cannot understand. There are, as a matter of fact, several public schools in India, but at present I am concerned only in upholding the claims of that one to which I have the honour to belong. If the title of public school is to be applied to schools in India of the same class and on the same grounds as those of England, then we certainly are a public school. We were founded in 1859 by Bishop Cotton, formerly headmaster of Marlborough, as a thank-offering for the suppression of the Mutiny, and that gentleman drew up statutes for our government, which were approved by the Viceroy, who is our Visitor. The school is not carried on for private profit; the headmastership is in the gift of the Metropolitan of India and we are under the control of Governors, amongst whom are included the Lieut. Governor of the Punjab, the Metropolitan or India, the Bishop of Lahore, the Commissioner of Delhi, the Deputy Commissioner of Simla, and other eminent gentlemen. On our last Founder's Day (All Saints), we were informed by the preacher that we were the premier public school of India. Whether that be so or not, is not for me to say. As a matter of fact, our first title was "The Simla Public School," but this was afterwards changed to "Bishop Cotton School," in gratitude to our distinguished founder. On what grounds St. Paul's, one of the youngest of the Indian schools, arrogates to itself the title of the only public school in India, it would be hard to say. It may be the highest school in the world: upon this point I cannot speak with any certainty. We ourselves are situated nearly 7,000 feet above sea level, which is surely high enough for all practical purposes.

I trust to your fairness to notice this protest for the title of your article will be very vexing to literally hundreds of Anglo-Indians holding posts of all kinds in this great empire, who regard their

old school with respect and affection, and will be grieved to see it so slighted.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

A. H. LEE, B.A.,

Second Master, B.C.S.

"The Sportsman's Year Book,"

edited by A. Wallis Myers (Geo. Newnes, Ltd., 3s. 6d.), is a volume that everyone interested in sport and athletics should have on his shelf, for it is at once a "Who's Who in Sport," and a biographical dictionary of leading personalities in the wide realm of our principal pastimes. It is the sort of book that puts an end to disputes about times, distances, cricket scores, billiard breaks, boxing encounters, cycling championships, and a hundred other matters of argument. It contains over one thousand biographies of men and women distinguished in sport. In it you will find your sporting hero's age, parentage, early successes, and all the details of his later achievements. The "S.Y.B." tells you how far the Headmaster of Haileybury jumped when he was at school, where P. F. Warner scored his first century, and the year G. O. Smith saved Oxford from defeat by Cambridge at Lord's. These are three little examples of its contents. Mr. Wallis Myers is to be congratulated on his untiring industry, for the labour involved in the compilation of this work must have been enormous.

Joke.—I have just thought of a joke. It is dedicated to the winds of March.

Q.: What is the best sort of stick to carry in stormy weather?

A.: A hurricane.

Here's an anecdote recently related to me by a Scotch gentleman. If it reads old to certain subscribers, I offer the usual apologies. It is called

HE WOKE THE WRONG MAN.

A commercial traveller was travelling to Rugby by the night express. At Euston he said to the guard: "My good fellow, here is half-a-crown for you. I am going to sleep on the seat, but you are to turn me out at Rugby. Don't take any denial; turn me out. Do you see?" "I see, sir," said the guard. The commercial traveller, when he awoke, found himself a hundred miles beyond Rugby. He called the guard and expressed his sentiments in his choicest diction. When he had finished, the guard pulled his beard and replied: "Ay, you can use langwidge, but your langwidge is nothing to that used by the gent I *did* turn out at Rugby!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Unclubbed Captainite.—You give so little information about yourself that it is diffi-

cult satisfactorily to answer your inquiries as to what Volunteer corps to join. It is generally advisable to enlist in a regiment which has its headquarters conveniently near to your residence or place of business; but you give no clue to your whereabouts. If you wish to join an artillery corps in London, you have the choice of the 1st City of London (Staines House, Barbican, E.C.), the 2nd Middlesex (Leonard Street, City Road, E.C.), or the 3rd Middlesex (1 Palace Place, Great Scotland Yard). Of the three, the last-named has perhaps the best social status. There are no subscriptions to any of them, and uniform, &c., is in each case provided free; but to the 3rd Middlesex there is an entrance fee of £2. Your day's work finishes rather late for drill purposes, but with Saturday a free day you ought to be able to make yourself efficient in a few months. Apply for information about any corps to the adjutant, addressing him at the regimental headquarters. We shall be pleased to answer any further questions, but would advise you to buy a copy of *The Volunteer Annual* (A. and C. Black, 1s. net), which is a mine of information with regard to Metropolitan Volunteer Corps. You are wise to go in for volunteering. Apart from the duty of it, membership of a good (*i.e.*, keen and reputable) corps will afford you more scope for interesting, profitable, and varied occupation and amusement than any other single pursuit that could be named.

O. A. W.—(1) Vacancies for inspectors of factories are filled as they occur by a competitive exam., limited usually to candidates nominated by the Home Secretary. Only men of practical experience receive a nomination, and they are subject to an exam. in sanitary science, statute law as regards factories and workshops, and elementary physics and mechanics. The age-limits are from 21 to 30, and 38 for those who have worked in a factory or workshop. The work is technical, and consists of inspecting factories, laundries, &c., and securing their compliance with the law. The commencing salary is £200 per annum. You may rely on any of the coaches who advertise in **THE CAPTAIN**. (2) The Bank of Bengal is one of the tip-top banks in India, and certainly offers better prospects than the banks at home. I do not know the present value of money in India, but I know that one has to live on a much higher scale there than in England.

Girl of Nineteen (and a very nice age, too!) wants to be a journalist. A literary man has advised her not to attempt writing anything till she is twenty-three. She says that is all very well, but what is my advice to a would-be journalist, and adds that in *her* opinion the best thing is to have another profession as well as journalism, so that if you don't succeed in the one, you can devote your entire attention to the other. That being the case, do I consider it better for a woman to be a teacher, a private secretary, or a doctor?—Well, in reply to "Girl of Nineteen" I should say that a private secretaryship would suit *me* best, were I a girl of nineteen. But, alas! I am a boy, and a very old boy, too. Failing the private secretaryship, I would be a teacher. As for being a doctor, if "Girl of Nineteen" wants to be that, she won't have any time for journalism, let me tell her. Viewing her question, *re* journalism, broadly, I must confess that it is a very hard and uncertain profession, and one must have heaps of ideas and energy to get on in it. Let her dabble in it by all means, but let her have a good crutch to lean upon in the shape of another occupation. She will remember that a great countryman of hers (she writes

from Glasgow) have said: "Writing is a good stick, but a bad crutch."

E. R. R. inquires whether there is any prospect of our publishing an article on Loretto School. In reply, I beg to say that I have a short article on Loretto in type, and that I shall insert it as soon as spare permits.

A. C. Cooper complains that very little is said about Ireland in *THE CAPTAIN*. My dear A. C. C., the best thing you can do is to send an essay about Ireland—not exceeding 400 words—to *THE CAPTAIN* (Club Contributions' Corner). If Irishmen want us to publish things about Ireland, they must write little essays about the Ould Country, and take care that they are interesting. Otherwise they will serve as provender for the voracious maw of the O. D., and I suppose you know who *he* is, A. C. Cooper?

K. W. Dowie (Canada) is a Colonial reader who, "by hustling," can get in his entries for our competitions before the time is up for British readers. So he wants to know whether he must regard himself as a "Colonial" reader or one of the ordinary kind. My answer is that if Dowie is such a hustler as to get his comps. along as soon as home readers, he may certainly regard himself as a home reader, and stand in for the beautiful prizes awarded in that section.

Amops (Edinburgh) points out that the plot of a book which we recently reviewed is exactly similar to that of a story published six years ago in the *Boy's Own Annual*. This, of course, may be a coincidence, as two authors often think of the same plot. If, however, the author *has* committed such a reprehensible plagiarism, he should certainly be taxed with it, since stealing a plot is ethically every whit as bad as stealing a horse or a diamond brooch.

G. Avery.—I have handed your letter on Rugby football to Mr. Warner. There is a good deal in what you say.

Circo.—Don't touch cigarettes. Engineering takes one out of doors a lot, especially water engineering. Also estate agency work.

John.—I should say you had been carrying your contribution about in your pocket for a month. Anyhow, it was so dirty that I threw it into the W.P.B. without reading it. Surely you are forgetting your manners, to send me a manuscript in such a grimy state.

Porangi Potae.—Don't be impatient. Give me time.

C. McManus.—A good letter. I will comment on it next month. The author of "Grey-house" is turning over a new series in his mind, but has not written any of them yet. We hope to bear more of "John's" in course of time.

A Present Pauline.—I hope to print St. Paul's Sports Results in our April issue. I will talk

over your suggestion *re* Public School Records with Mr. Warner, who will be glad to receive Sports Results and Athletic Notes from Sports, Cricket, and Football secretaries.

A. K. Sinclair.—Very sorry, old man. You were clubbed all right. I'll look up the contribution.

L. Altintop (Smyrna).—"Tales of Grey-house" can be obtained from this office, price 3s. 6d. I may have something to say about your letter in the April *CAPTAIN*.

D. C. M.—I am afraid your puzzle would be guessed at once.

Exonian.—The King's surname is "Guelph." "**Captainite.**"—I thank you for your correction. "Highgate Grammar School" should, of course, have read "Highgate School." I had no idea that this school dated from so far back as 1565.

V. H. Burton.—Six operations! You must have had enough chloroform—or A. C. E. mixture—by this time. I sincerely trust you have done with operations now.

Preserved Walnut.—I am afraid you cannot take extracts out of the book you mention, the idea in the "Birthday Book" competitions being that you must hunt up quotations for yourself—not use those that other people have hunted up.

"The Committee."—I shall have something to say in April about subjects for Debating Societies.

"Christmas Cards."—I have to acknowledge the receipt of cards from: Harold Scholfield, James Michael, jun., M.D., V. Griffith, Maurice W. Lowry, R. L. Pawby, Gerald and Gladys von Stralendorff, "The Mastiff," D. Mackay, Jack L., Dora Laredo, Tom Browne, R.I., E. L. Joseph, Walter G. Vann, "Porangi Potae" (New Zealand).

Foreign Education.—Those interested in this subject will (a correspondent informs me) find an instructive article, entitled "College Life in France and Belgium," in the *Catholic Times* for September 16th, 1904.

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from: Stanley M. Parker, E. T. K. (Ampleforth College), "Caout-Chouc," V. D. B. (Croydon), C. K. D. (Felstead), "Cricket" (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Una Murphy, "A Schoolgirl," "Nona," Violet Barnjum (Montreal), "A Boy Captainite," C. L. Fisher, E. A. P. (West Horsley), "A CAPTAIN Reader" (Toronto), L. B. R. (see next month for a note on "field-goal"), L. M. Rowlands, "Nil Desperandum," C. Grant, E. N. G. Gwynne, "Sea Pointer" (Cape Town), R. H. Sennett (Zurich), M. S. (Cambridge), C. B. Westley, "Volunteer" (keep your eye on this corner next month), "Veteran," and "Palette." A number of these will be commented on in our April issue.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of January Competitions.

No. 1.—"A January Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "SWISS" FOUNTAIN PEN: Walter L. Dualey. The Rectory, Coleraine, Ireland.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Ethel M. Parsons, Victoria-road, Dawestry, Shropshire; R. Harrison, St. Catherine's, Feltham, Middlesex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. H. Critten, Thomas Fann, B. Corby Gwynneth Lamb, C. P. Webster, T. A. Gourlay, Frances Whittingham, T. B. Knight, A. J. Bridgman, R. Layfield, H. Willoughby, Mawgan Fremlin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "GAMAGE" FOOTBALL: Leonard A. Pavey, 10 Edith-road, Plasbet Grove, East Ham, E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: T. Oliver, Bellegrove, Lesbury-road, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; John G. Macdonald, 26 South Portland-street, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur Fox, Charles Burrows, A. W. Dobbins, J. McNeil, P. W. Sadler, J. B. Ogreaves, W. M. Marshall, T. Proud, J. A. McGilvray, A. C. Boxall, Nesta Davies, Norah Sheppard.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "GAMAGE" FOOTBALL: Frederick B. Julian, 1 Smithgrove-terrace, Montenotte, Cork.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. B. Seymour-Ure, Alex. Steven, A. Bertoli, H. Kent, W. Drummond Hunter, Humphrey N. Kent, Lewis Hayhow, F. S. Thomas, Lily Moore, B. Hodge.

No. II.—"Captain's Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF NEW COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE: C. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis-square, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Evelyn Hewitt, Albert A. Kerridge, C. M. Le Messurier, Evelyn C. Pritchett, Albert J. Langridge, Edith M. Nanson, May McOwen Hall.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: E. M. Pough, 12 Norgate, Bury St. Edmunds.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Percival L. Dacre, Passaic, St. Flora's-road, Littlehampton, Sussex; Ethel M. Parsons, Victoria road, Oswestry, Shropshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. A. Riding, T. W. Spikin, Gladys M. Smith, Helen Rushton, Gwendolen Minshall, Annette Hemphill, Dorothy Nanson, Olive Marcus, Edith L. S. Smith.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: A. Leslie Cranfield, Suffolk terrace, St. Ives, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Wilson Campbell, Hilda Nield, Phyllis H. Arundel, Beatrix N. Bond.

No. III.—"Queer Christian Names."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNERS OF "JOHN PIGGOTT" HOCKEY STICKS: Helen C. Tancock, The Rectory, Little Waltham, Chelmsford, Essex; Albert A. Kerridge, 51 St. Mary-street, Chippenham, Wilts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Constance Messervy, Mark Gill, Norman Donovan, Lucy E. Parry, C. R. P. Hearn.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNERS OF "JOHN PIGGOTT" HOCKEY STICKS: Dorothy Rolfe, Swanton Novers Rectory, Melton Constable, Norfolk; Evelyn Byrde, Wilworthy Rectory, Honiton, Devon.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Jas. D. Jamieson, 21 Sutherland-avenue, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fred. Hill, O. H. R. Layton, Olive Marcus, R. Harrison, Harry C. Fletcher, Howard W. Smith, May Reed, Kate Ferrin.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF "JOHN PIGGOTT" HOCKEY STICKS: R. M. Gill, 297 Darnall-road, Darnall, Sheffield; Edmund G. Coryten, Pentillie Castle, St. Mellion, R.S.O., Cornwall.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Colin Heard, Jno. H. Hamer, W. R. Gosling, Claude B. Armstrong, C. W. Dockerill, F. Thomas, Dorothy Archer, J. S. Gore, Betty Maude, T. W. Owen, T. Oliver, Thomas Cooke.

No. IV.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNERS OF "SUNNY MEMORIES" ALBUMS: T. E. W. Strong, St. Annes-road W., St. Annes-on-Sea; W. E. Price, Bushey View, Hampton Wick, Middlesex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lylie Thomas, M. A. Marshall, W. R. Nutman, T. H. Jones.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNERS OF "SUNNY MEMORIES" ALBUMS: O. F. Brown, 51 Nassington-road, Hampstead, N.W.; F. Stanley Piper, Glen-Maye, Yelverton, South Devon.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: George Kay, 59 Hamilton terrace, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Archie Mackenzie, Edward Curwen, jun., R. E. O. Chipp, William B. Meff, Arthur F. Heynes, Owain Ogwen, R. G. Gill, A. J. Langridge, Alice M. Hamling.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF "SUNNY MEMORIES" ALBUMS: Eric Seward,

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the January Competitions.

No. I.—There were only a small number of entries in Class III., but Classes I. and II. more than made up for this deficiency. Many of the essays were quite excellent, the favourite subjects being: The Execution of Charles I., the Fall of Port Arthur, the Introduction of the Penny Post, the Battle of Corunna, the Death of Queen Victoria, and the Battle of Spion Kop.

No. II.—Not quite so many really good Birthday Books were sent in this time, but the respective prize-winners in each class showed much discrimination in selecting suitable quotations. Several senders of otherwise good books forgot to mention the source of their quotations, while others did not "bear in mind the season May falls in," as they were particularly requested to do.

No. III.—The following are a few "Queer Christian Names" selected from the prize-winners' lists, most of them being peculiar to certain counties: Grizzigun, Chrysgone, Hancylowe, Corona, Kerenhappuch, Belimbo, Gazetlia, En-

Hillbrow, Linton-road, Hastings; M. Webb, Aramghar, Suffolk-road, Bournemouth.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: James Aitken, Dunelm "Captain" Club, 9 Ravensworth-terrace, Durham; Joyce Chambers, School House, Lincoln; H. C. Osborne, Highbourn-road, Sidcup; Kenneth G. Wheeler, 2 Alexandra road, Leicester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. W. Callander, Don Giulio Terlonia, G. S. B. Cushnie, E. S. Potter, J. W. Smith, L. G. Holzapfel, S. Casson, Dorothy A. Hilton, Vyvyan R. Poole, William Harry Green.

No. V.—"Hidden Advertisers."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "DE LUXE" CROWN COMBINATION GAME BOARD: John Brown, 13 Argyle-street, Paisley.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Herber. H. Wilnot, 17 Cornwell-road, Stroud Green, N.; A. B. Cardon, "Maltese," Chelmsford; T. Howard Pickles, 28 Prescot-street, New Brighton, Cheshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. J. Neffleton, Harold Scholfield, John O. Peace, John Docherty, John W. Tait, Edward Luff, Howard W. Smith, Victor Towers, G. E. Mitchison, Joseph O. Young, Hugh L. Davies, Sidney T. Baker.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF BOOKS: W. S. Leeming, 69 Arbutnot-road, New Cross, S.E.; Stanley Browne, 139 My Lady's-road, Belfast.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: James Stevan, 32 Downing-road, Bootle, near Liverpool; Stuart E. Macle, 18 Nottingham-road, Bishopston, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Muriel Jackson, John L. Tann, L. I. Whitaker, A. C. Flewitt, Owen Squires, C. Renshaw, George Bourne, A. R. N. Rookaby, B. F. Lawrance, S. E. Kay, A. A. Rogers, M. J. Burgess.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNERS OF BOOKS: Herbert W. Lockwood, 187 Sebert-road, Forest Gate, Essex; Leonard Pughe, 11 Dickinson-road, Crouch Hill, London, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Donald Rooksby, Frank W. E. John Love, W. Foulstone, T. H. Graves, F. W. R. Green, B. J. Michael, E. Jordan.

No. VI.—"A Song of a Sailor."

No age limit.

WINNER OF ONE GUINEA: Marian Hewitt, West Hill, I. dock, Ipswich.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Rev. J. Hubs, M.A., 76 Crown-road, East Twickenham, S.W.; E. M. Schindhelm, 4 Maley-avenue, West Norwood.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Francis Whittingham, M. E. Hoad, John S. Cox, W. G. Carter, Bob Andrew, C. J. Corrie, M. M. Read, Percy S. Winter, Albert A. Kerridge, Frank W. White, Wallace MacGregor, Leonard C. Cooper.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(December 1904.)

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: Victor C. Aitken, 2 Wellington street, Spanish Town, Jamaica. Honourable Mention: P. A. J. Cottam (Canada), B. A. Harris (India), F. X. Brierly (Trinidad).

No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: Brian Alfred Harris, Oak Cottage, Naini Tal, Kumaon, India. Honourable Mention: T. I. Waddington (Bernuda); G. P. Cassé (Cape Town).

No. III.—WINNER OF 5s.: Charles Harris Lanch, 117 Haul ton-street, St. John's, Newfoundland. Honourable Mention: T. T. Waddington, Arnold Bridgend (Canada), Percy H. van Blommestein (Cape Town), H. Goodbrand (Durban), Mr. Ella Clarke-Shaw (Egypt).

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: Iris Harris, Oak Cottage, Naini Tal, Kumaon, India. Honourable Mention: B. A. Harris, C. H. Lench, William Joseph (Trinidad).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

dorea, Hiwassee, Wayne, Kosen, Happy, Elian, Olantich Carnimon, Chancellor.

No. IV.—The entries were considerably below the average, both in number and quality, this month.

No. V.—A correct list will be found on an advertisement and page. There were over 1,200 entries for this competition, a considerable number of competitors (especially in Class I.) solved every picture correctly, so that only the nearest of the neat had any chance of a prize, or even of Honourable Mention. Care will be taken to make future pictures of this kind harder to solve.

No. VI.—Although there were quite a large number of entries for this competition, many had to be disqualified for lack of due attention to the ordinary rules of metre. A considerable number of very creditable versions remained, and it was a matter of some difficulty to award the prize, there being very little to choose between the actual winner and the two next in order.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

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OCTOBER, 1904.

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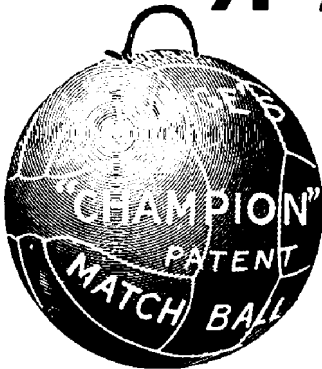
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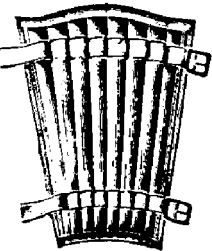
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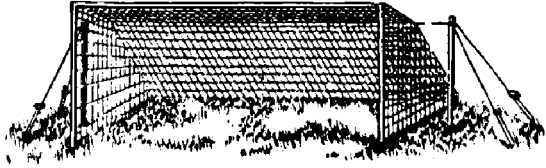


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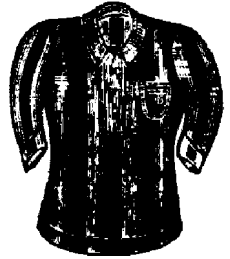
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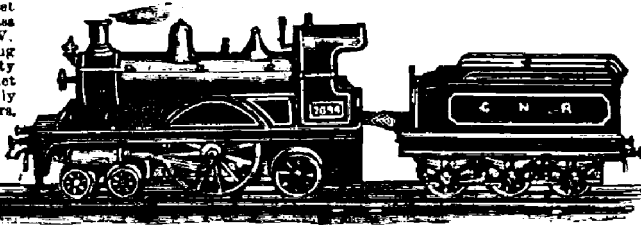
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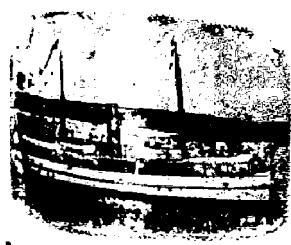


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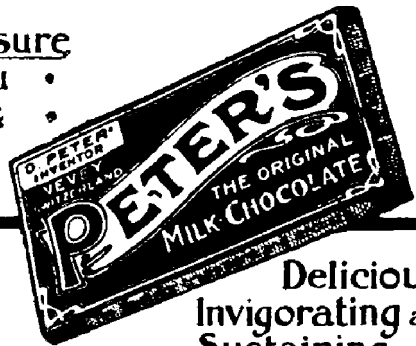


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20 Honduras	8	20 Servia	6	10 Labuan	9
19 Ecuador	6	50 Spain	9	14 Mauritius	1 0
70 Austria	1 4	10 Siam	2 0	17 Newfoundland	2 0
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10 China	1 0	16 Phillipine	8	9 Seychelles	1 6
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24 Egypt	1 0	24 Jamaica	6	10 Transvaal	1 3
40 Japan	1 0	6 30 India	1 0	24 Victoria	1 3
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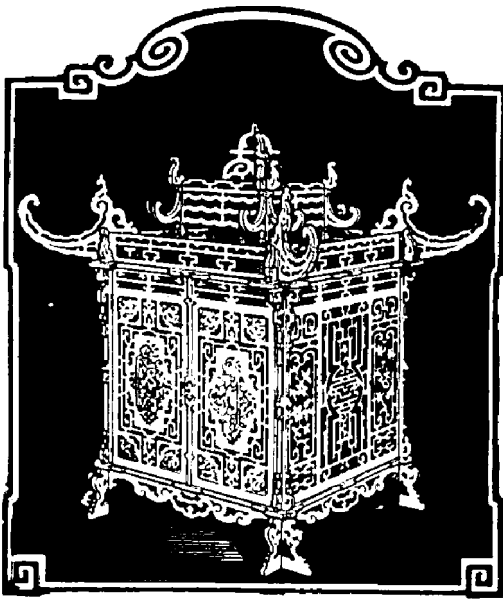
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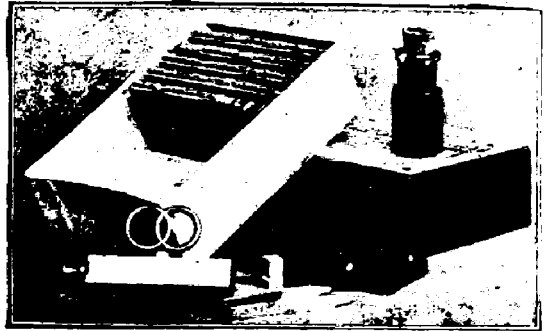
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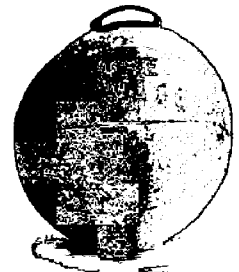


Three of these 10/6 "Swan" Fountain Pens are awarded as Prizes to the Winners of Competition No. 4. See page 86.

Prizes of VALUABLE BOOKS, "SANDOW" DEVELOPERS, GRIP DUMB-BELLS, and POSTCARD ALBUMS, are also awarded as Consolation Prizes.



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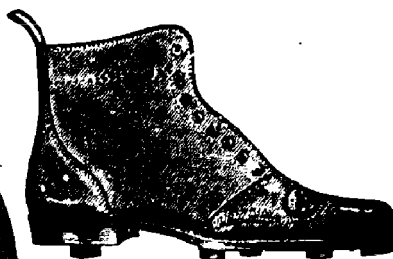
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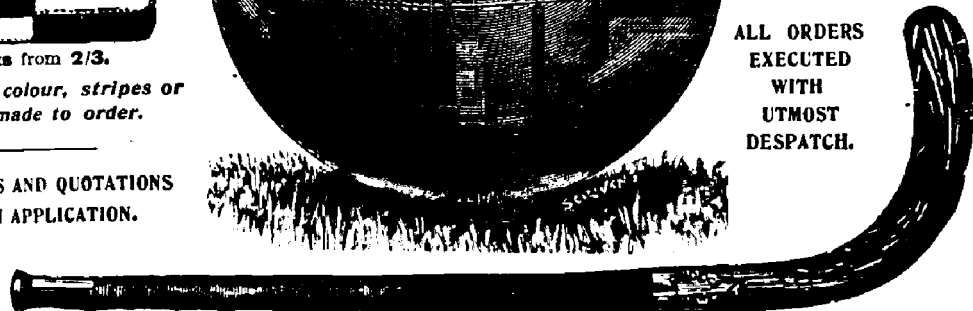
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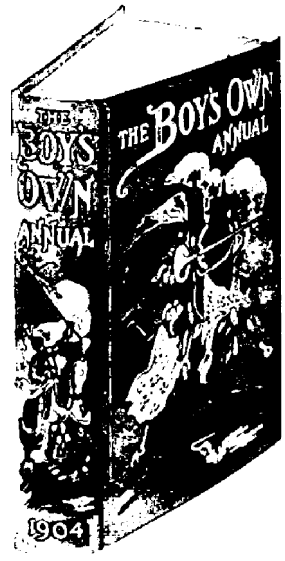
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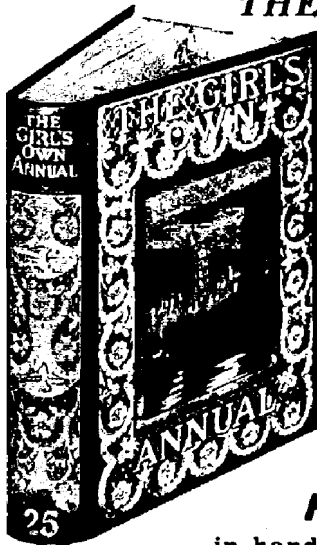
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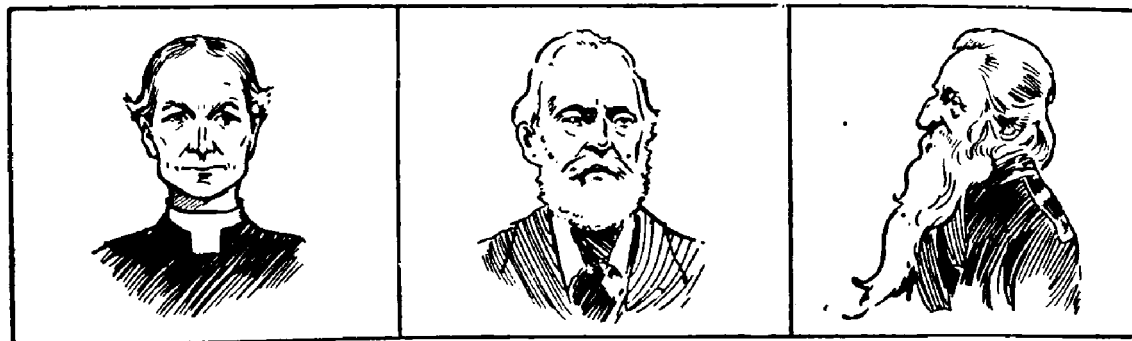
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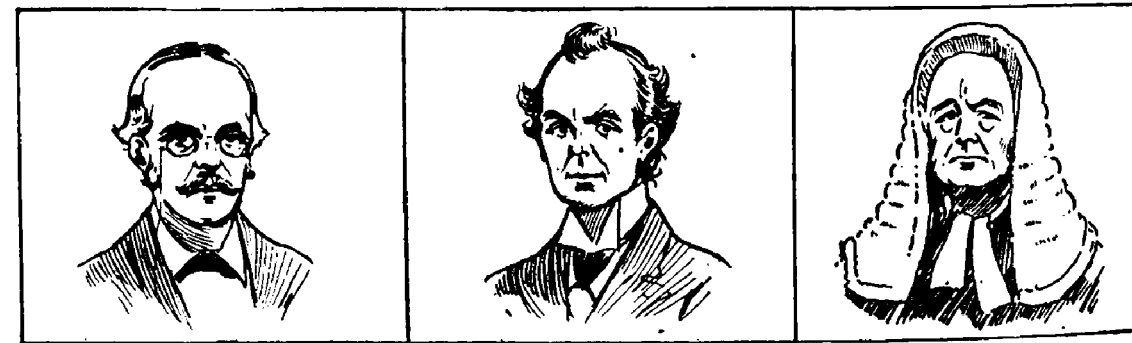
See "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS for OCTOBER, page 86.



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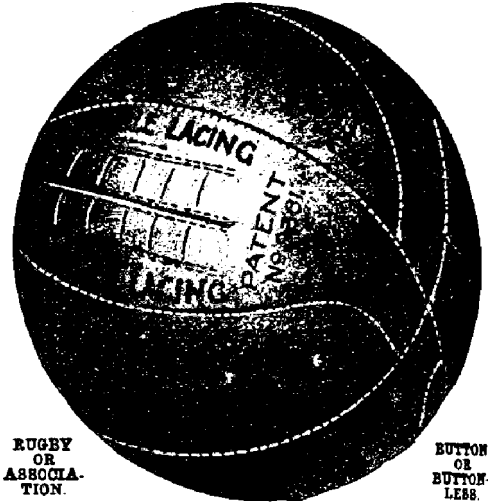
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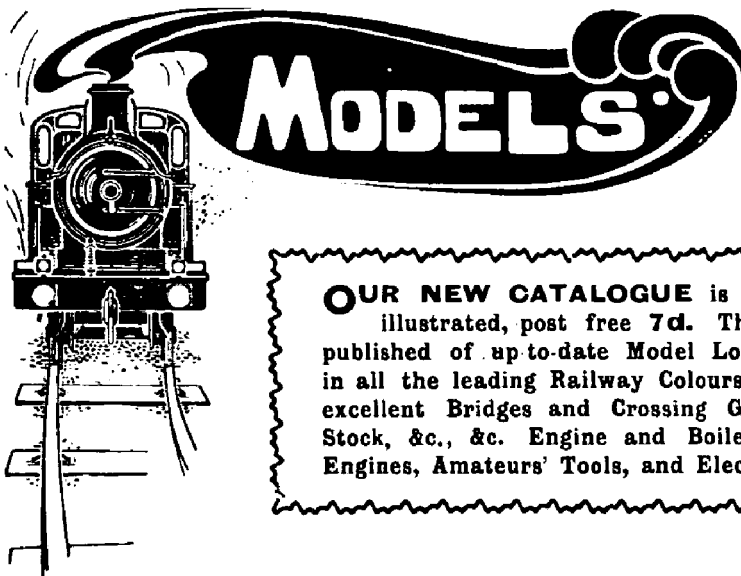
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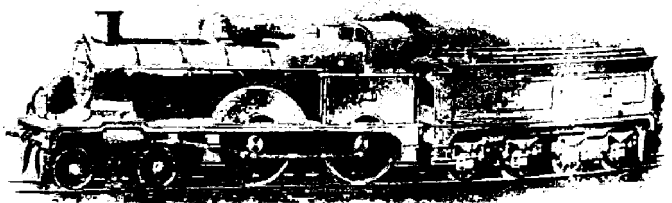
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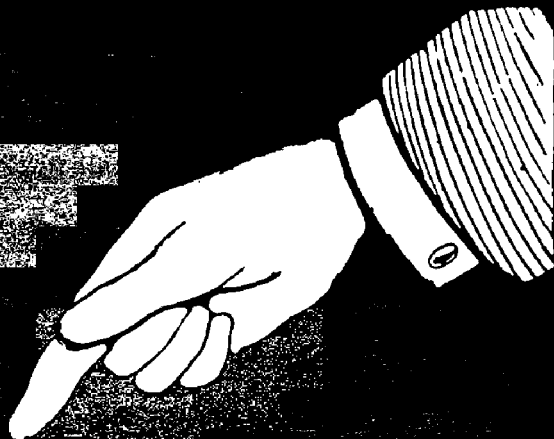
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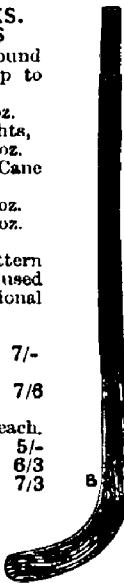
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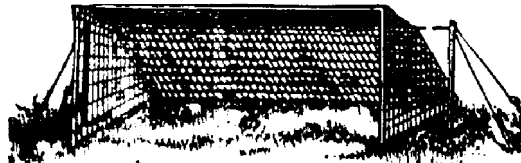
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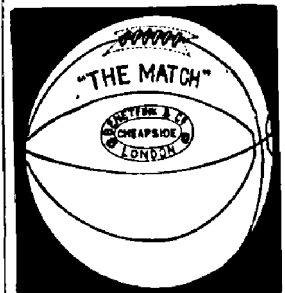
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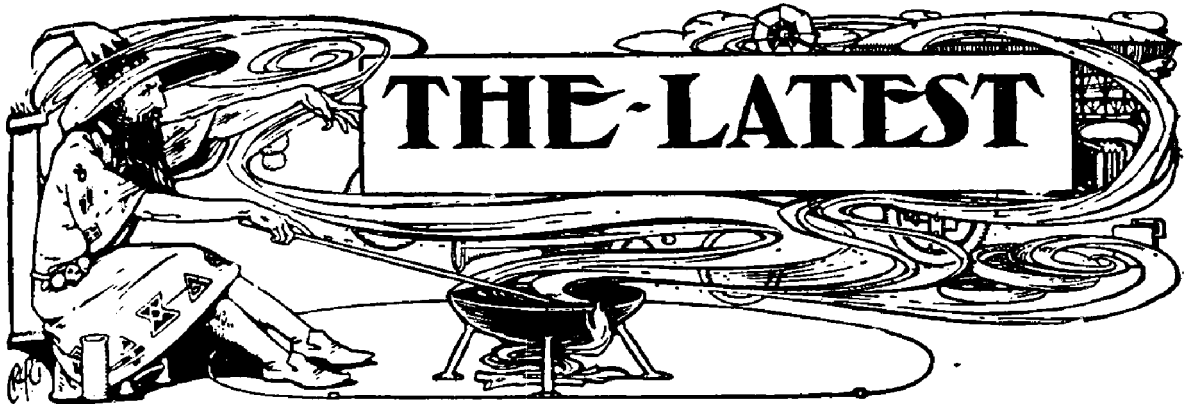
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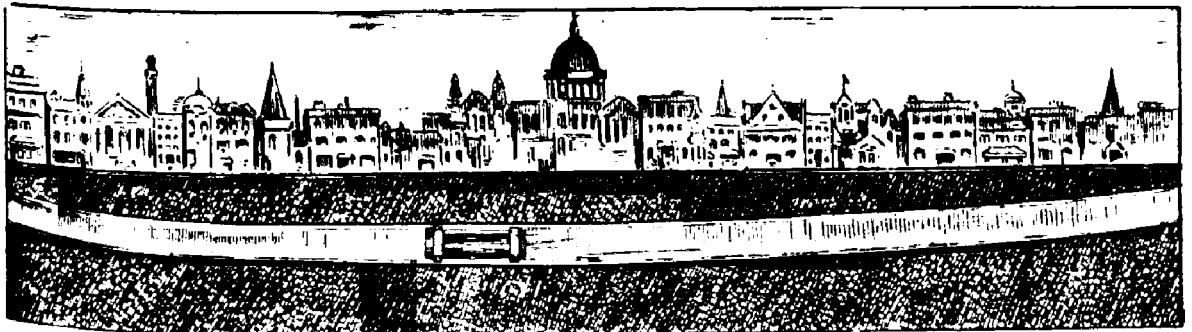
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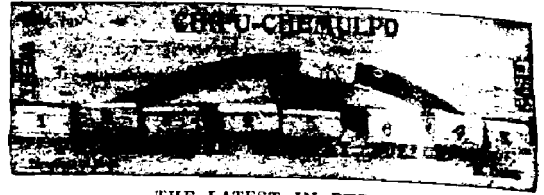
A "PARCELS TUBE" AT WORK.

A New War Puzzle.

Enterprising game publishers have not been slow to christen their latest productions with names having some connection with the great war in the Far East. Of these one of the most amusing is "Chifu-Chemulpo, or Russo-Jap Railway Puzzle," sold by Messrs. Guiterman and Co., 35 Aldermanbury, E.C. It represents a military train, consisting of an engine and eight cars, and the puzzle is to reverse the position of the cars in the smallest number of moves.

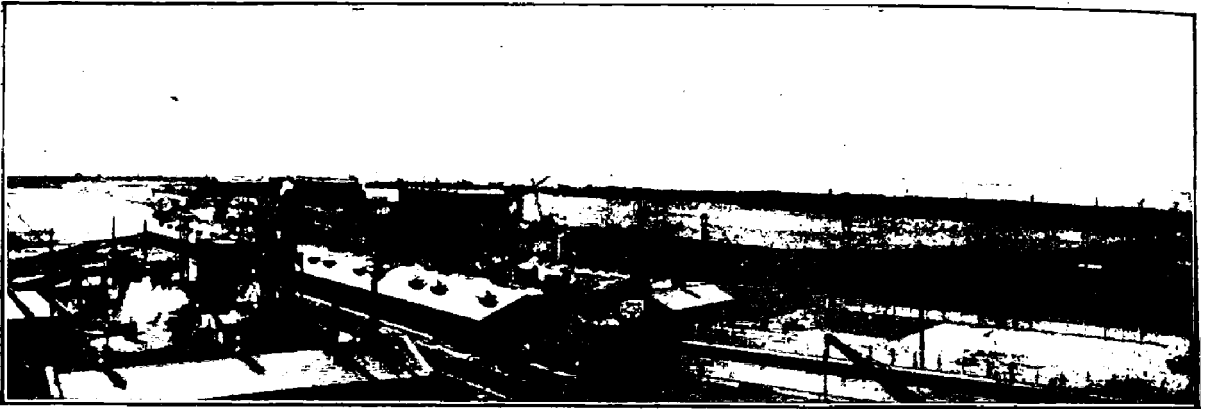
England's Newest Port.

The prosperity of this sea-girt land of ours naturally depends to a large extent on the number and up-to-dateness of its harbours and docks.



THE LATEST IN PUZZLES.

rarely come to fruition. The Midland Railway, however, has just completed and opened a new port at Heysham, in Lancashire. The work was begun in 1897, and since then some 140 acres of the foreshore of Morecambe Bay have been reclaimed from the sea. Heysham Harbour is 700 feet broad and 1,700 feet long, and the en-



ENGLAND'S LATEST PORT, HEYSHAM.

Extensions and improvements to existing ports are a common enough event, but it is seldom one hears of the opening of a brand new port on what was a few years previously a barren sand-swept shore. Such schemes are often talked of, but

trance channel is so deep that the largest steamers can enter or leave at any state of the tide. The passenger-quay is provided with platforms at three different levels, so that the fleet of fast turbine steamers that run between the Isle of Man, Belfast, Londonderry, &c., and Heysham may land or embark passengers at the latter port at any hour of the day or night.

Stamps for Wallpaper.

We have received the accompanying interesting photograph of the library of Mr. C. Whitfield King, of Morpeth House, Ipswich, which is papered with 49,542 unused foreign postage stamps, having a total face value of £750 13s. The room contains some 50 varieties of different sizes and colours.

The Latest in Milk.

Milk can now be procured as a powder. By an ingenious chemical process, all the properties of rich unskimmed milk are concentrated into a powder, which may be carried about for weeks at a time in packets. When required for use, the powdered milk has to be mixed with a certain proportion of water.



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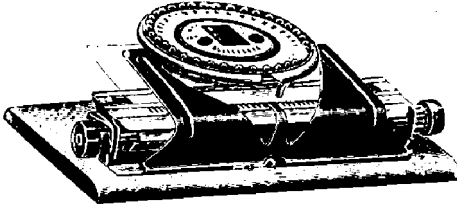


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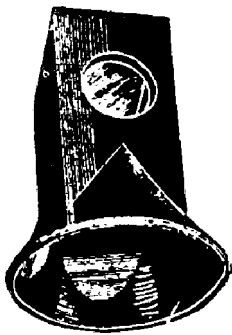
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LEAGUE NOTES FOR OCTOBER, 1904.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., by the 1st of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The following are interesting reports from some of our branches:—

NORTH WALSHAM.—The members of this branch had a splendid outing on July 6th, to the pretty seaside place of Happisburgh. After a pleasant drive of an hour and a half they visited the famous lighthouse, and were courteously shown round by the keeper. The mechanism and powerful lantern were explained, and from the balcony outside a remarkable view was obtained, no fewer than twenty-eight churches being visible. The Reading-room was visited, and the rest of the day was spent on the beach, in bathing and various other amusements.

KIDDERMINSTER.—On Saturday, June 25th, the members of this branch spent a very enjoyable time at the residence of their president (Peter Adams, Esq.), near Bewdley. The president met the members on their arrival, personally conducted them round his grounds, and invited them to tea, which was served in the grotto. Replying to a hearty vote of thanks, the president said he thought a boys' club was needed in Kidderminster, and wished the B.E.L. every success. The thanks of the committee are offered to Mr. Adams for the great interest he has displayed in the League.

BENDIGO (VICTORIA).—Mr. Ramsey B. Cook, the hon. sec., writes:—"It is nine months to-day (9th May) since this branch was formed. I do not think any club could have more

enthusiastic members. . . . Our membership is small (16), but is slowly and surely increasing."

This is very encouraging considering the distances members live apart from each other.

To BOYS IN CLAPHAM AND BATTERSEA: T. E. Dilnot, 23, Eland-road, Lavender Hill, the local secretary, would be glad if they would join him in forming a club. There are already four or five members in this branch, but to make it quite successful many more members are needed.

No greater enthusiast can be found throughout the Empire than Mr. Borg, of Malta. of whom we publish a photo. Although only a young member, he, with the help of willing workers, no sooner gets their great inauguration over than he institutes another "field" day, this time at the Grand Studio, at which were present Major-Gen. O'Callaghan, C.V.O., R.A., the President, Lieut.-Col. Gatt, V.P., Mr. Paul Faulzen (University), and others.



MR. BORG.

A scouting corps was formed, and also a class of Topography.

May 24th was held as Empire day throughout the whole island, the University, the College, and all the schools meeting in unison under one flag to salute the Royal Standard.

The first B.E.L. sports then followed, with a grand gala in the evening at the Royal Opera House in aid of the poor children of Malta. Sir John Blunt, C.B., who takes a great interest in the League at Malta, has been made an Associate.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

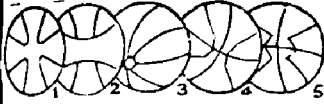


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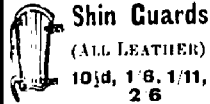


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(ALL LEATHER)

10/6, 1/8, 1/11, 2/6



KNICKERS,

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Navy—1/6, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6 5/6 per pair.



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AUTHOR OF "BACHELORLAND," "J. O. JONES," &c.

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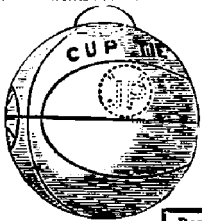
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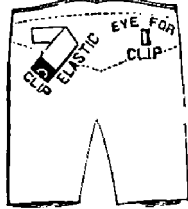
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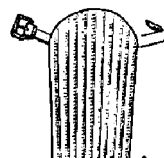
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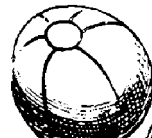
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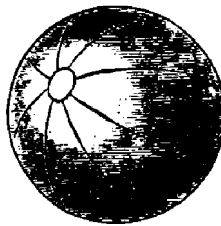
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XII. No. 68.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

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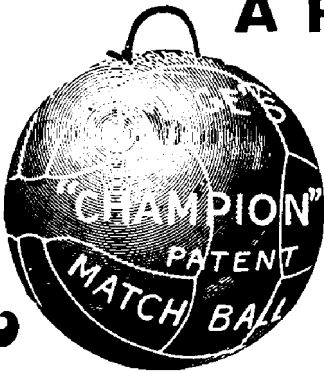
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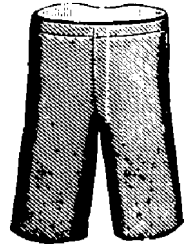
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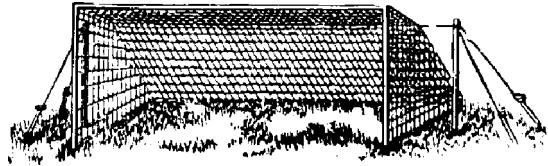
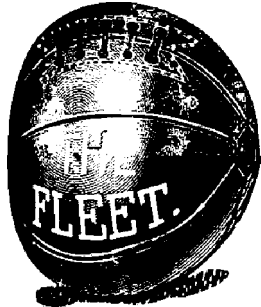
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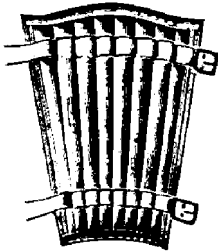
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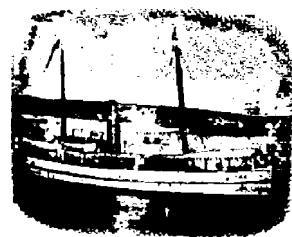
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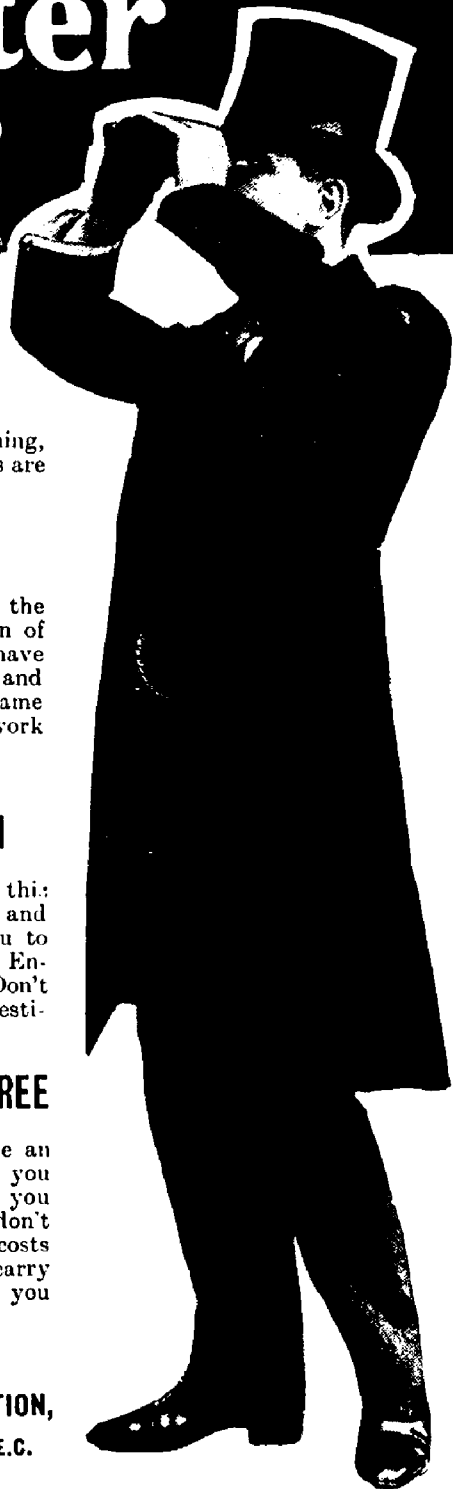
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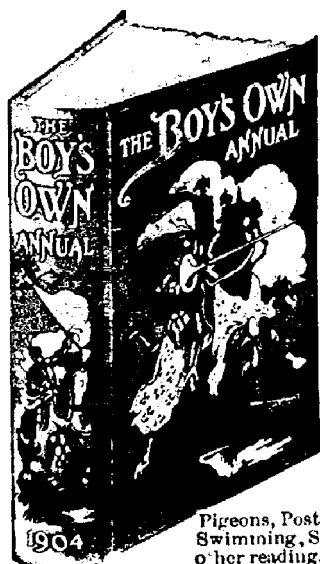
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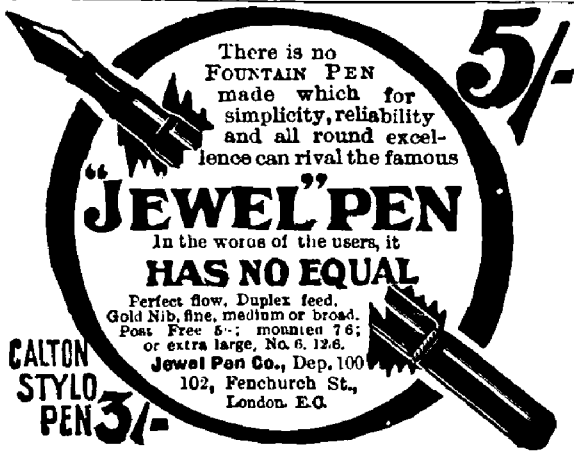
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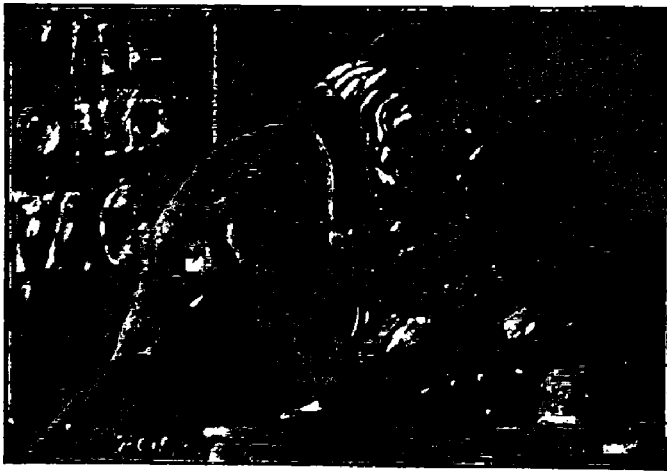
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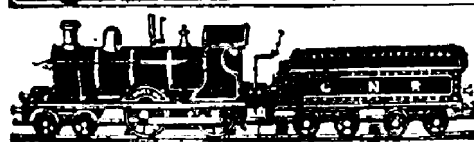
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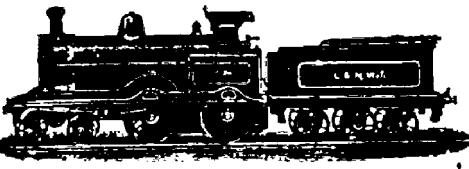
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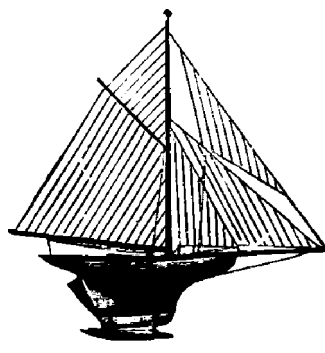
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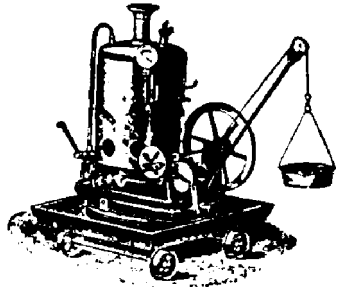
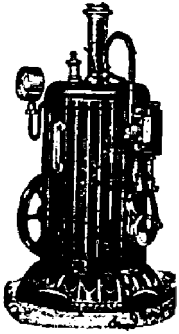


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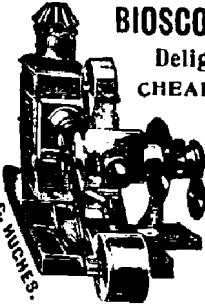


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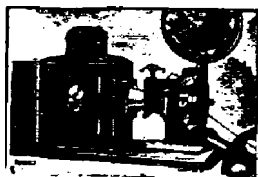
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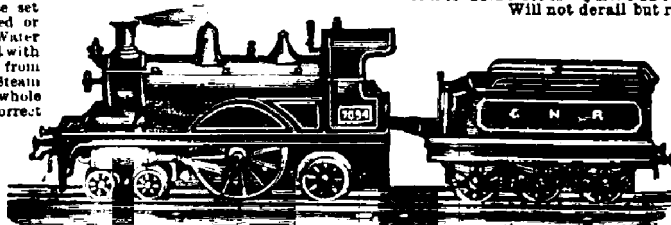
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				" 4 C.K. ...	" 1/9	12 x 10 ,, ...	6/-

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Sole Pyrotechnists to H.M. THE KING, ALEXANDRA PALACE, &c., &c.,

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12 Squibs with loud reports	0 6
6 Golden Rain	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
11 set 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 8
2 Squibs with loud reports	1 0
2 Golden Rain	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
2 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.

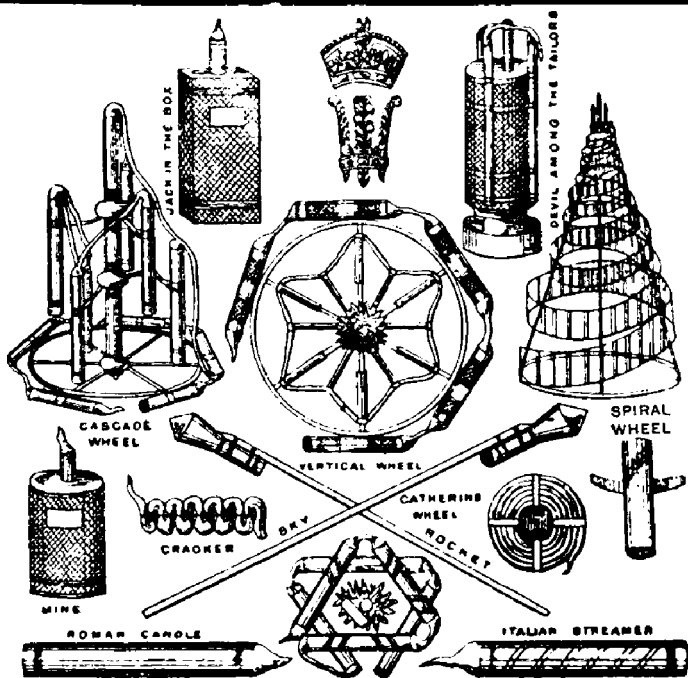
1 Pain's Electric Sparkler	0 3
1 Torch	0 3
1 Wheel	0 6
12 Squibs with loud reports	1 0
12 Golden Rain	1 0
12 Starlights	0 6
12 Crackers	0 6
12 Catherine Wheels	1 0
3 Catherine Wheels, extra size	0 6
1 Mount Vesuvius	0 6
1 Chinese Tree, with Silver Fire	1 0
1 Box Crimson Fire	0 9
1 Green Fire	0 9
1 Blue 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 explosion)	1 6
1 Triangle Wheel	2 0
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

16 3

Nett 6 3

Nett 10 0



ONE GUINEA CASE.

1 Electric Wheel	0 8
1 Torch	0 6
1 Sparkler	0 6
3 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
2 Squibs	1 0
1 Chinese Tree, Silver Flowers	1 0
2 Starlights	1 0
2 Crackers	1 0
2 Catherine Wheels	1 0
3 Large Catherine Wheels	1 0
12 Golden Rain	1 0
1 Hot Balloon	1 0
1 Italian Streamer	1 0
1 Golden Tourbillon	1 6
6 Coloured Torches	0 8
1 Live Rocket	1 6
2 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	5 0
6 Roman Candles, assorted colours (large size)	10 0
6 Catherine Wheels	3 0
1 Large Balloon, 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 lights	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	4 0

Less Discount added in Fireworks

£4 16 6

Nett £3 3 0

FIVE GUINEA CASE.

Special Assortment Pain's Electric Fireworks	10 0
1 Jewelled Fountain	2 6
2 Golden Tourbillons, 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 Eruptious of Varied Amusing Fireworks	5 0
3 Prismatic Lights, giving Varied and Charming Effects	9 0
4 Rockets, with Pearl Stars	8 0
3 " with Variegated Stars	12 0
2 Asteroids, changing colours while sailing through the air	8 0
1 Bouquet of Gerbes, producing Blossoms of Golden Fire	6 0
1 Magnesium Light	2 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	7 6
1 Rainbow Wheel, with Circles of Beautiful Colours, interacting 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	2 6
1 Doz. Port Fires for Lighting	1 6
6 Oriental Shells, with Mortar, complete	12 0
1 Magnesium Flash	1 0
1 Packet Cannon Crackers	1 0
6 Doz. Small Fireworks for Children	6 0

Less Discount added in Fireworks

£7 17 6

Nett £5 5 0

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BATTERSBY ... 7/3

Wisden's Pat. "Ex-celler" Handle 7/6



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Flannel, all Wool, Plain Colours	Boys' 4/6	Men's 5/3	52/-
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			54/-
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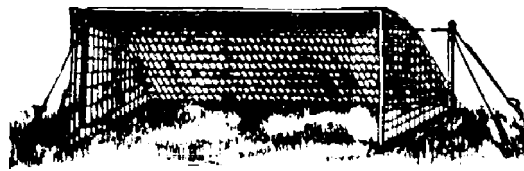
	Boys'.	Men's.
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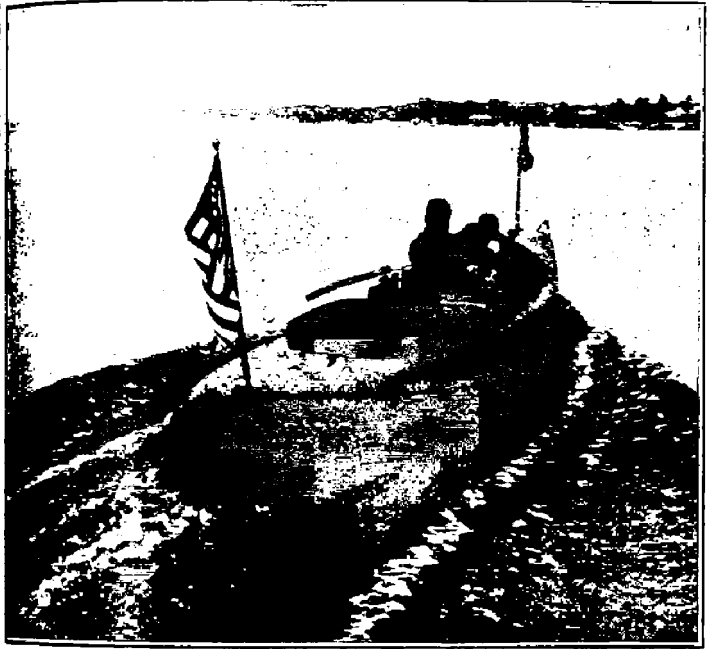
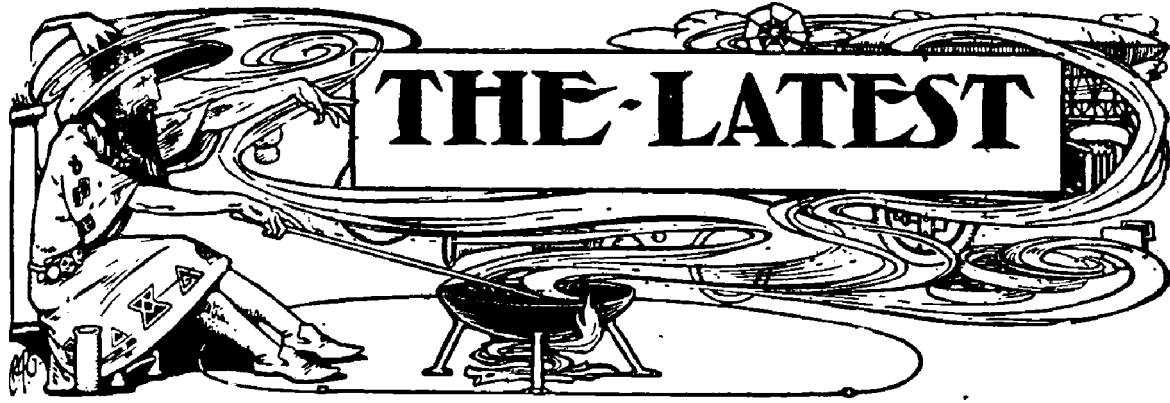
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 [of "The Motor Boat."]

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Sea-motoring will soon be a serious rival to road-motoring as a popular pastime for the well-to-do. The motor-boat is admirably fitted for fast river and loch navigation, and for towing work: whilst even now, several motor-fishing-boats may be seen at work around our coasts. The French Government have already built a motor-gun-boat for river service in the French Congo. It is unsatisfactory, too, that, unlike the state of affairs in the early days of the motor-car industry, British firms are well ahead of foreign rivals in the manufacture of speedy and

efficient motor-boats. As to speed, a 35 feet long motor-boat with four cylinder 55-horse-power Napier engines recently covered 271½ knots at an average speed of 13½ knots an hour. For shorter distances, speeds of 24 or 25 miles an hour have been frequently attained.

Your Christmas Cards.

The time approaches for choosing your Christmas cards, and calendars for 1905. Once again Messrs. Raphael Tuck are to the fore in meeting all possible requirements. This season they have produced 1,700 entirely new sets of cards, and as each contains from two to four separate subjects the total number of new designs is 3,500! Christmas postcards, for the second year, take a leading place in the Christmas card ranks, the embossed ones being really striking examples of the skill of artist, engraver, and printer.

The humorous cards, which will probably appeal keenly to many CAPTAIN readers, show that it is quite possible to be very funny without calling in the aid of vulgarity. In short, if you want at once the best and the latest in Christ-

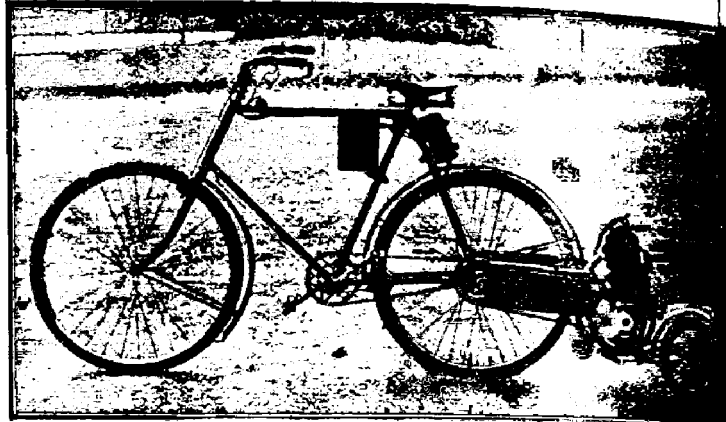


TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.
 By Cecil Aldin.
 From the House of Tuck.

mas cards, see that they are Raphael Tuck's.

Detachable Motor Bicycles.

The "Detachable Motor Bicycle" is something really new in motor cycling. It should add much to the popularity of wheeling. As will be seen from our photo., the bicycle itself is entirely relieved from carrying any of the machinery, engine, &c., all of which are transferred to a special frame support. The petrol tanks fitted on either side of the tubular shafts have a much greater capacity than the reservoir on an ordinary motor cycle. A 12-in. "castor" wheel supports the rear of the frame. Should anything go wrong with the motor it can be detached and left behind at some cycle repairer's, or, failing that, it can be towed home with much less exertion than an ordinary motor bicycle demands. Now the thousands of riders who would like to have a motor bicycle but cannot afford to pay £40 or £50 for it, can, for an expenditure of £15, have their present bicycle converted at will into a motor. Nor is a motor cycle of this description any less serviceable than one of the orthodox type; moreover, the removal of the heat, noise, and weight from between the rider's legs, and the new position of the motor, abolish nearly all vibration, and enable quite a light cycle to be used. Machines similar to that illustrated herewith may be seen at the British Detachable Motors Company, 165 Victoria Street, Westminster.



SOMETHING NEW IN MOTOR CYCLES.

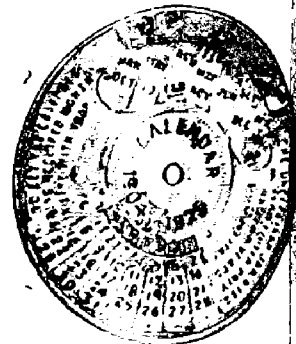
the war, "this season's stock of Chinese crackers has arrived in splendid condition. But whilst well ahead of all rivals in the matter of novelties, Messrs. Pain have forgotten none of the old favourites which caused so much merriment on the "fifths" of long ago. As regards big displays, Messrs. Pain remind us that they have recently secured important contracts for fireworks and illuminations at the St. Louis, Dusseldorf, Bradford, and Capetown Exhibitions. They were also responsible for the past summer's special illuminated fêtes at the Earl's Court Exhibition.

A Railway Game.

CAPTAIN readers who are on the look-out for something really railwayish to serve as a present for a younger brother might do worse than select the *Railway Puzzle*, published by Messrs. Davies and Co., 11 Skipton Street, S.E. This consists of a confusing array of strangely-shaped figures. The puzzle is to piece these together in their rightful places so as to form coloured pictures of locomotives and express trains running at full speed and such like.

The Latest in Calendars.

We illustrate herewith a novelty in calendars brought out by the United States Metallic Packing Company, of Bradford. By turning round the movable portion of the disc month by month, the calendar is kept up to date for twenty years! Our picture shows the exact size of this ingenious contrivance.



A NOVEL POCKET CALENDAR.

The Latest Physic for the Dumps is an afternoon with

"JIM MORTIMER,
SURGEON,"

who can be consulted at any library or bookseller's. Fee, 3s. 6d.

The 1904 Firework Novelties.

Messrs. James Pain and Sons' novelties in fireworks include: "Japanese Gatling Guns" (very loud reports!), "Port Arthur Squibs," "Japanese Torpedoes," "Jap Flash Signals," and "Japanese Bombs." Messrs. Pain have also just brought out some novel "Electric Fireworks." These are a beautiful and economical adaptation of a process invented and used by them in their large displays. Another welcome piece of news is that, despite

HAMLEY'S NOVELTIES.

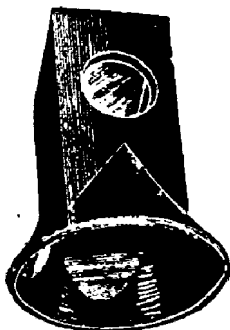
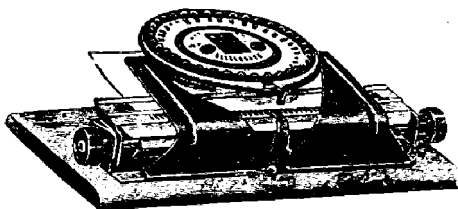


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Box containing 1 Flying Sausage, 1 Flying Snake, 2 Howling Babies, 2 Coons, 1 Balloon, 1 Blow-out Cigar, 1 Fish, 1 Flying Serpent. All of these blow out and squeak, causing roars of laughter. Price 1/- Post Free, 1/3. Smaller Box, containing 7 Surprises, price 6d. Post Free, 7d.
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Very amusing and interesting.
Price 2/- Post Free, 2/4



ELECTRIC POCKET LAMP.
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A pretty and effective novelty, that can be worn in the necktie, and by pressing a button an electric light will appear. They are made in the following designs:—A Brilliant Horseshoe, Cow's Head, Owl's or Skeleton's Head.
Price 3/6 Post Free, 3/10

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The Royal Horse Artillery Gun.
The Maxim Gun.
The Wonderful Gyroscope Top.
Russian Mtd. or Foot Soldiers.
Japanese Mtd. or Foot Soldiers.
Vertical Engine, goes by Steam.
Rude Jolly Jap, puts out Tongue.
Box Kite, Post Free, 1/4.
Memoric Discs.
Marvellous Diver, goes under Water.
Crystal Gazing Ball & Book 3/1.
47 Naval Gun, 2/4.

NOVELTIES. POST FREE, 7D.
Packet of Magic Flowers.
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The Ever Changing Card.
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ARMY CRESTS

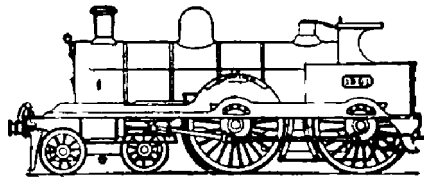
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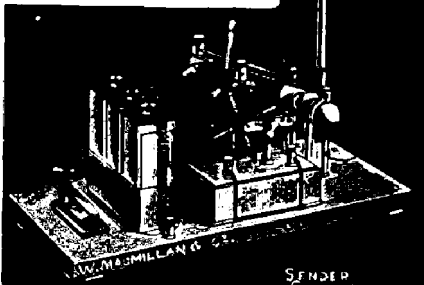
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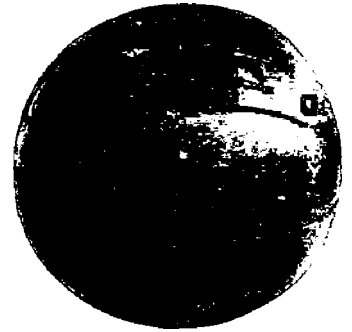
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"CAPTAIN" COMPETITION PRIZES.

See page 187.



This Complete No. 2 "Cistafile" Outfit, value £3 3s., is awarded in Class I. "Stamp Collectors'" Competition.



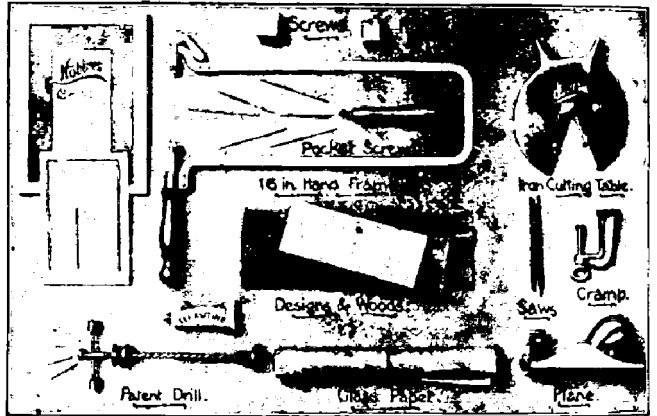
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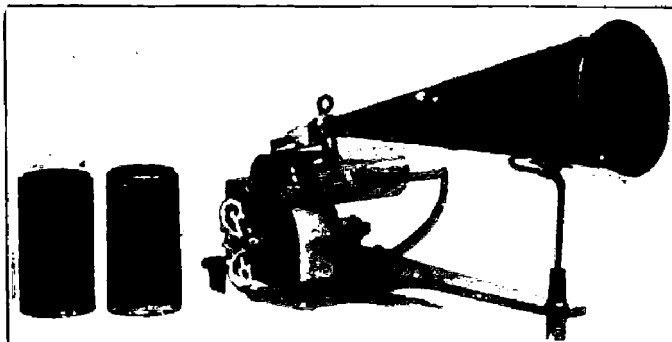
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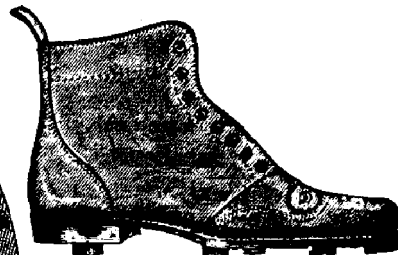
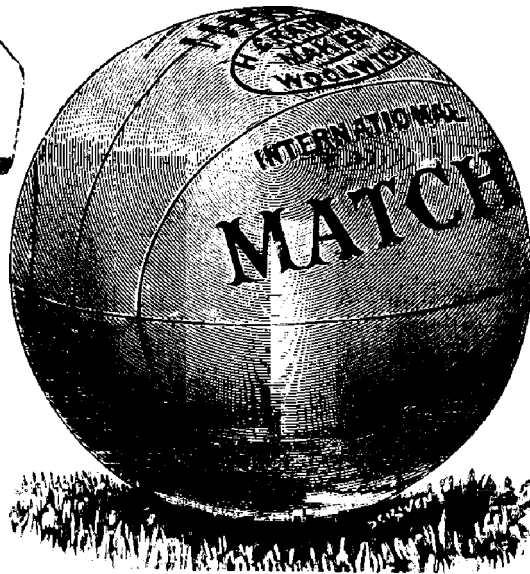
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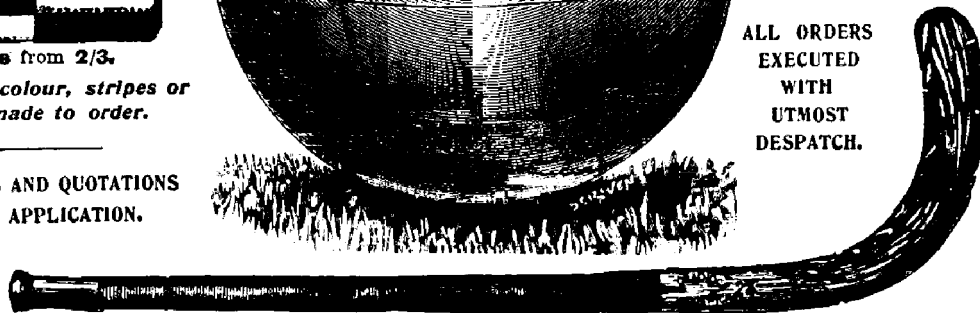
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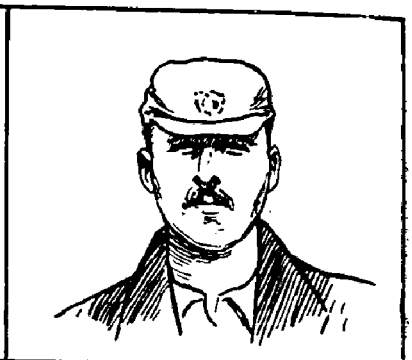
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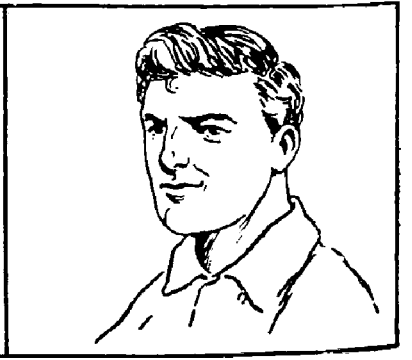
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LEAGUE NOTES FOR NOVEMBER, 1904.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 1st of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The following are interesting reports from some of the branches:—

SLIEMA, MALTA.—Hon. Sec., Robert Borg, 22 Strada San Nicola. A committee meeting was held in the Grand Studio in August, at which it was proposed to publish a fortnightly review, which would be regarded as the official organ of the B.E.L. in Malta. Many influential gentlemen have already promised to support the project by contributing articles and in other ways. We offer our members in Malta hearty congratulations, and wish them every success in their enterprise. It is hoped that members all over the world will assist in contributing their club doings, about which our Maltese members are much interested. It is proposed to call the new paper *Young Malta*, and, as there is no other paper for boys in the island, it should be successful. If it is taken up in the same spirit as the branch is conducted we have no fear of this. We await with interest the first number.

LAURA, AUSTRALIA.—Hon. Sec., Mr. Alfred Lowe. I have a very encouraging report this month. There are now over 60 members, who indulge in dumb-bell exercise, club swimming, fencing, ping-pong, quoits, draughts, airgun shooting, and horizontal bar exercises. The meetings are held in the Town Hall every Monday and Wednesday.

NORTH WALSHAM.—I have another good report

from this place, eleven new members having joined during the last week.

KIDDERMINSTER.—I have also an excellent report from our new club in this town. On September 28th a new Club Room was opened in Worcester Street. There was a good attendance of members, who passed a very enjoyable evening reading the magazines and papers provided. Draughts and chess were also indulged in, and in a short time it is hoped to organise a Draughts and Bagatelle Tournament, for which prizes will be offered. Mr. and Mrs. Holloway have earned the thanks of the committee for their trouble in getting the room ready for the occasion. Any boy will be welcomed to the club any Wednesday and Saturday evening from 6.30 to 9 p.m., or full particulars may be had of the joint secs., Fred Ashcroft, Bewdley Hill, or William J. Hammond, 107 Coventry Street, Kidderminster.

PROPOSED NEW CLUBS: H. Wallis, 114 Prince of Wales Terrace, Great Queen Street, Dartford; G. Guy Davison, Faversham Villas, 42 Wigginton Road, York; and G. Jones, 9 Festing Road, Putney, S.W., would like to hear from B.E.L. members and readers of THE CAPTAIN, with a view to forming clubs in their respective districts.

INTER-COLONIAL CORRESPONDENTS are required in all parts of the Empire, and particularly from Canada, Jamaica, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and China. The organising secretary would be pleased to put would-be correspondents in communication. Forms for this purpose can be had on application to the head office. Applicants should give the name of the country in which they require a correspondent, and should enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

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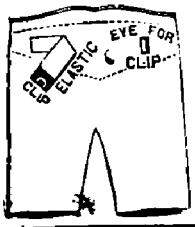
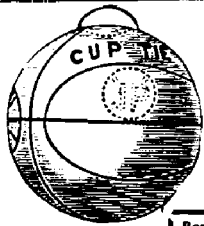
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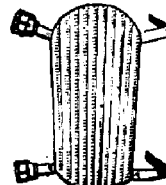
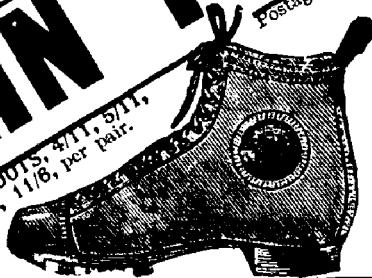
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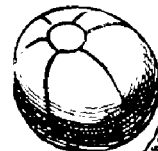
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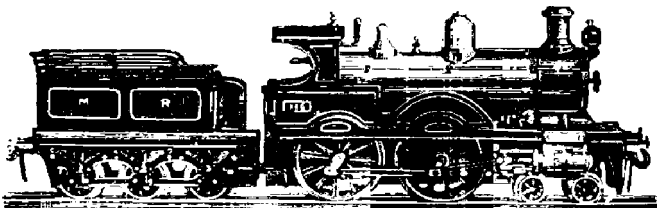
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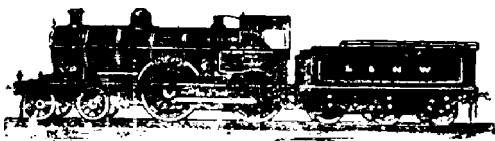
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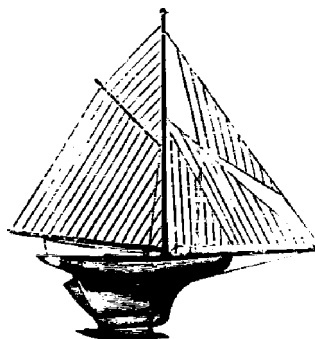
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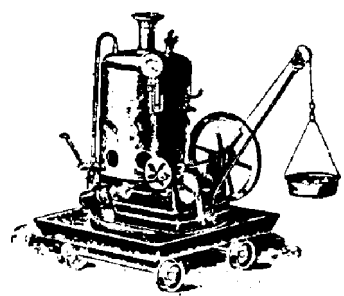
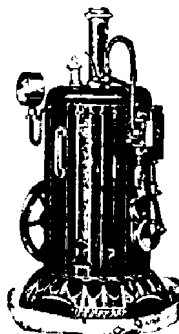


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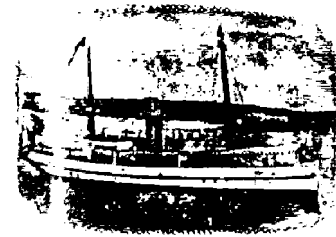
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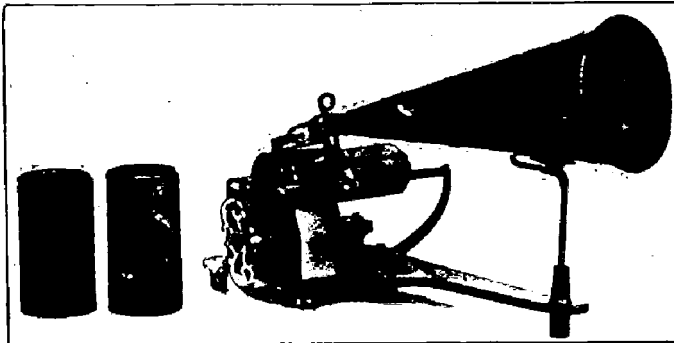
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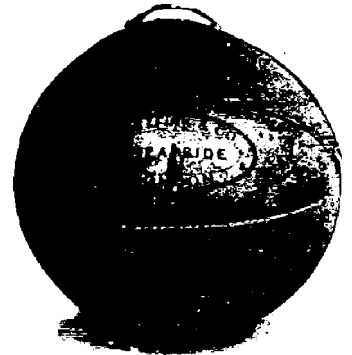
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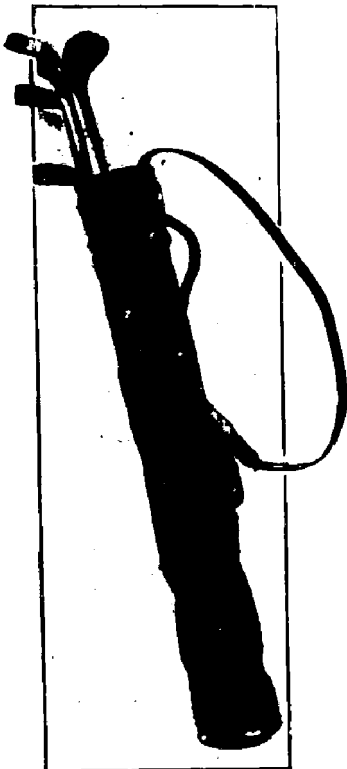
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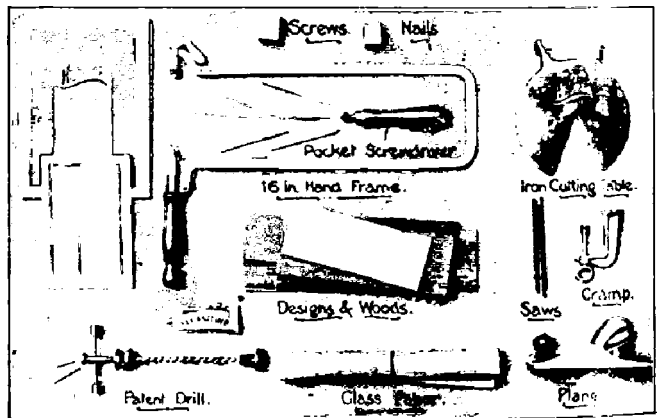
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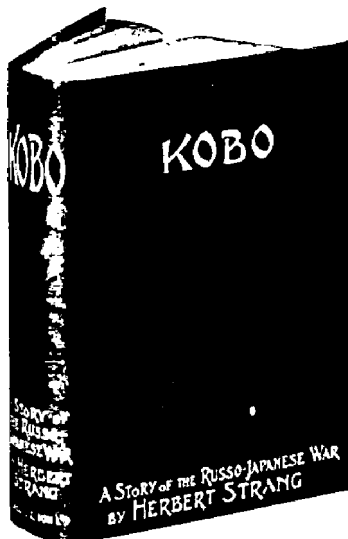
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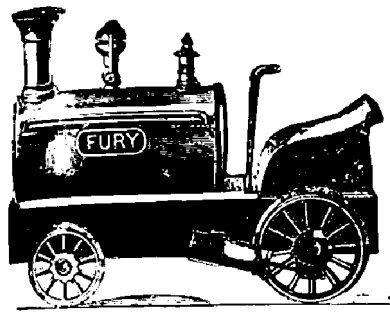
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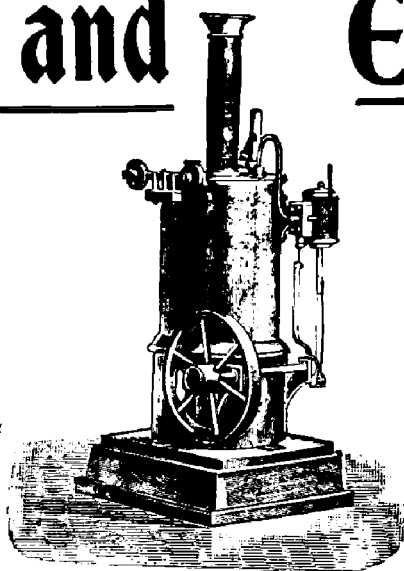


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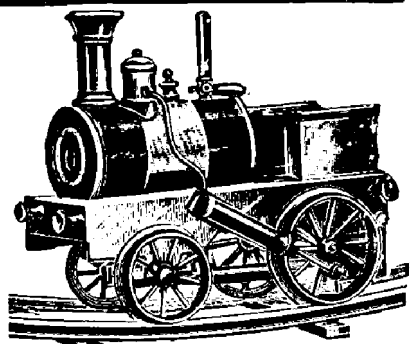
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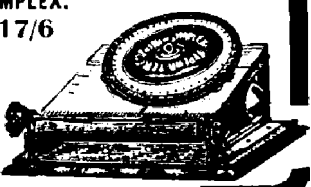
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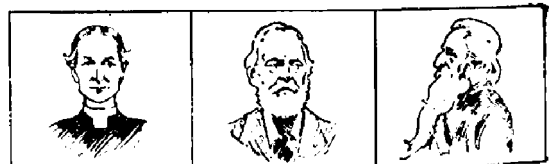
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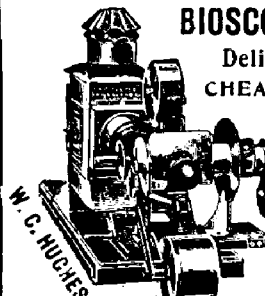
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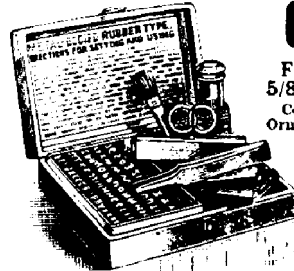
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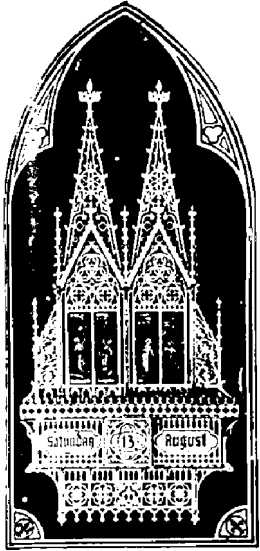
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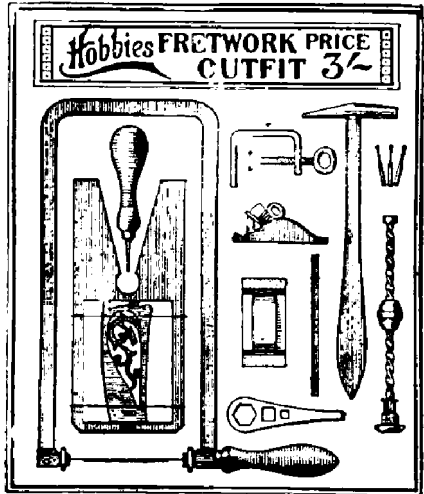
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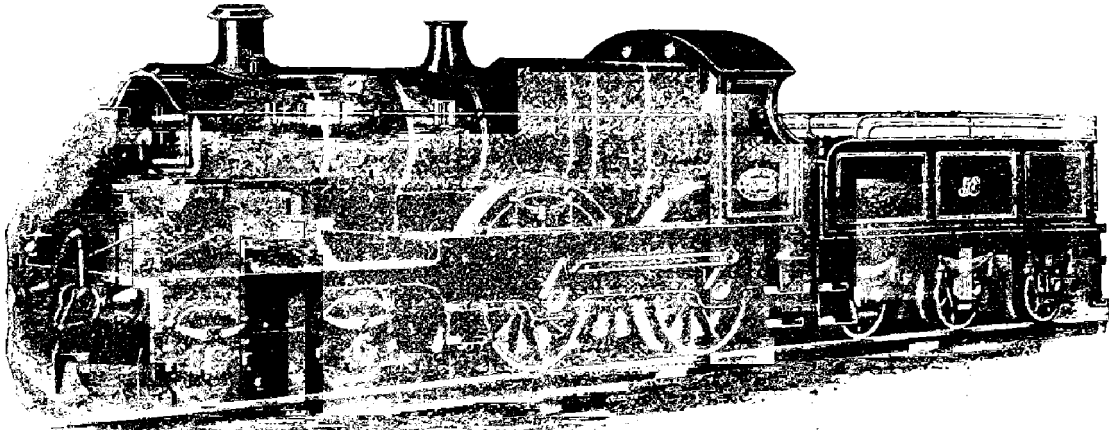
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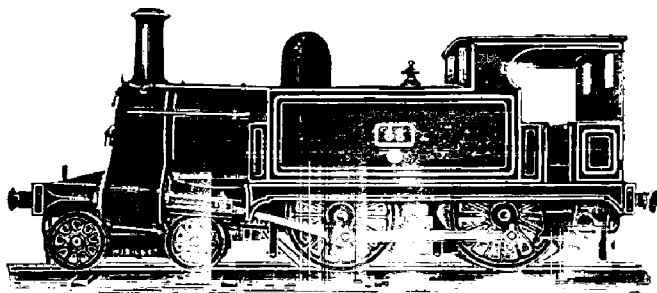
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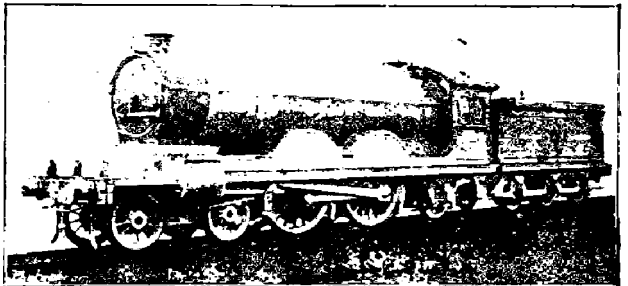
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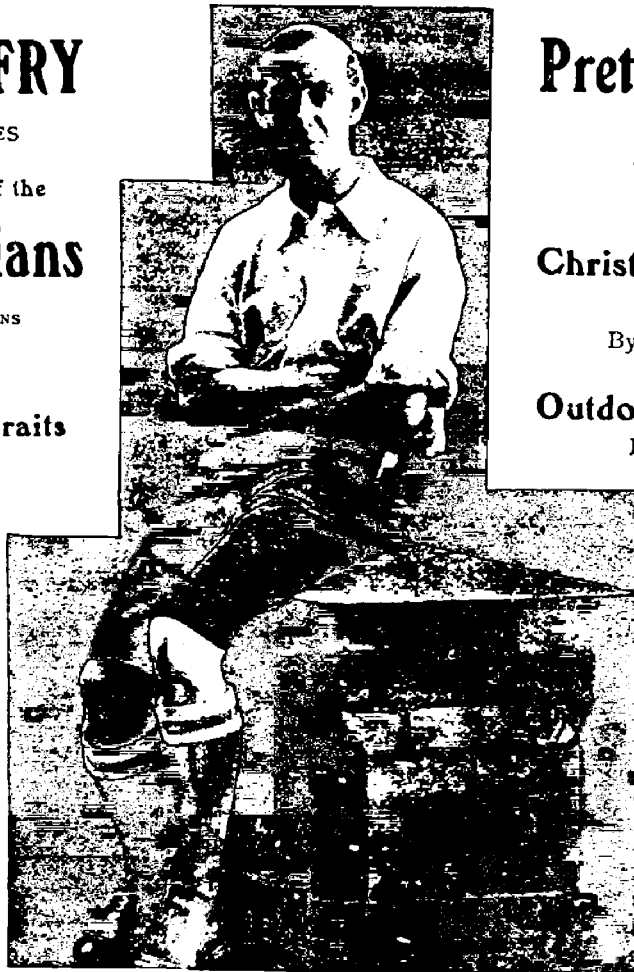
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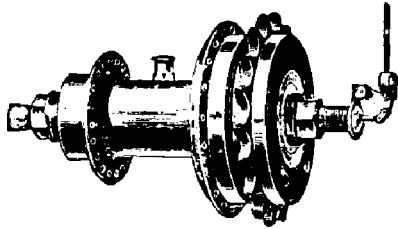
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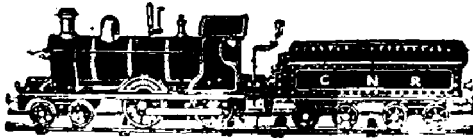
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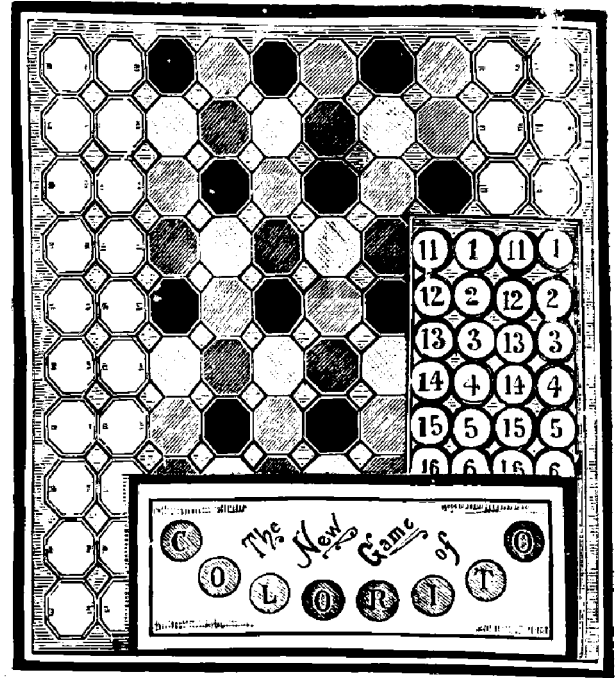
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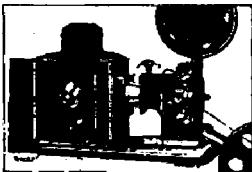
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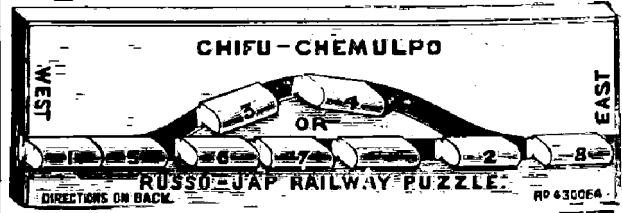
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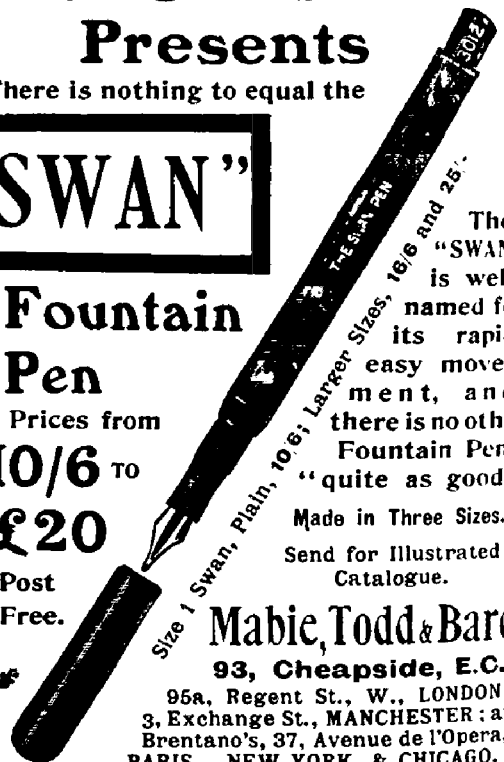
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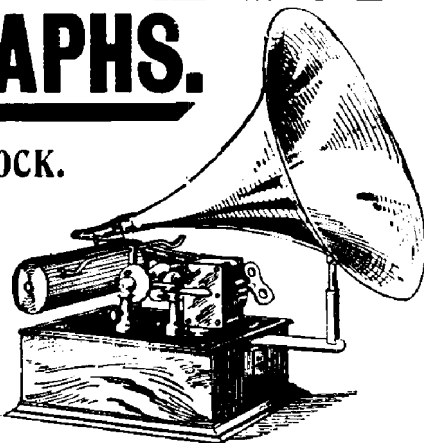
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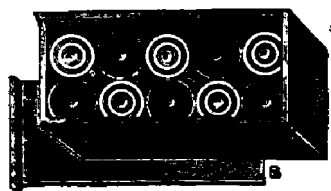
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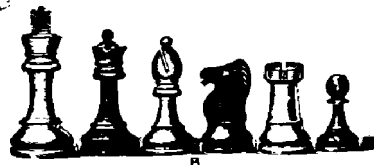
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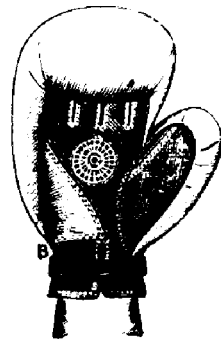
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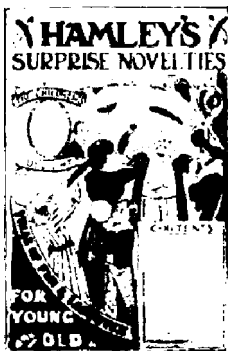
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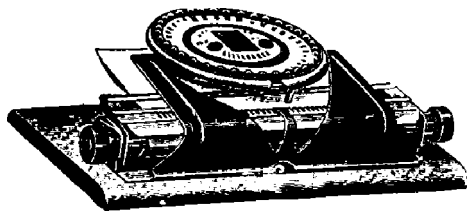
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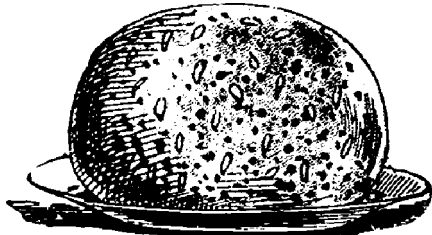
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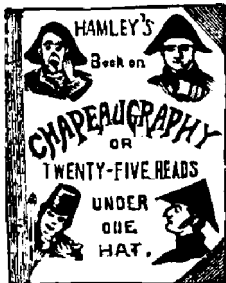
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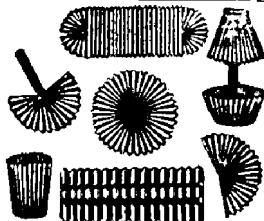
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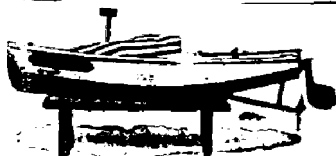
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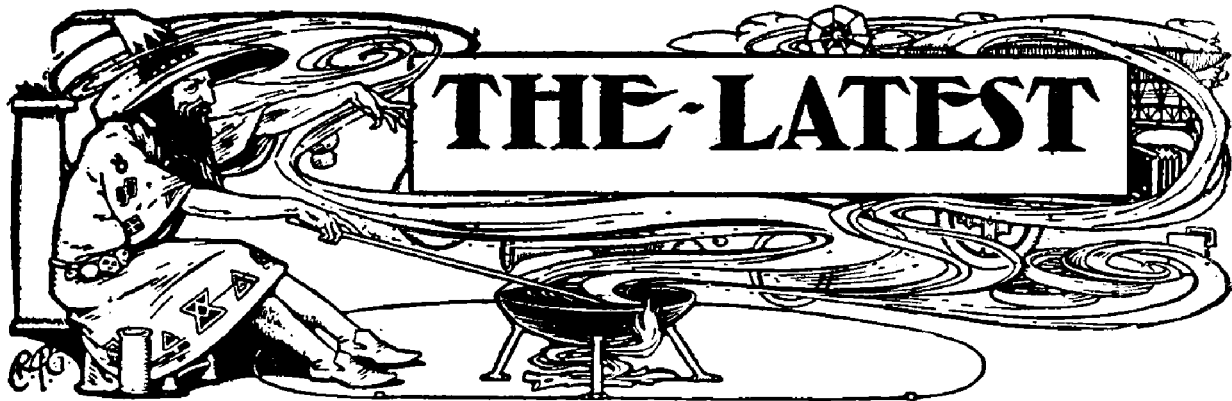
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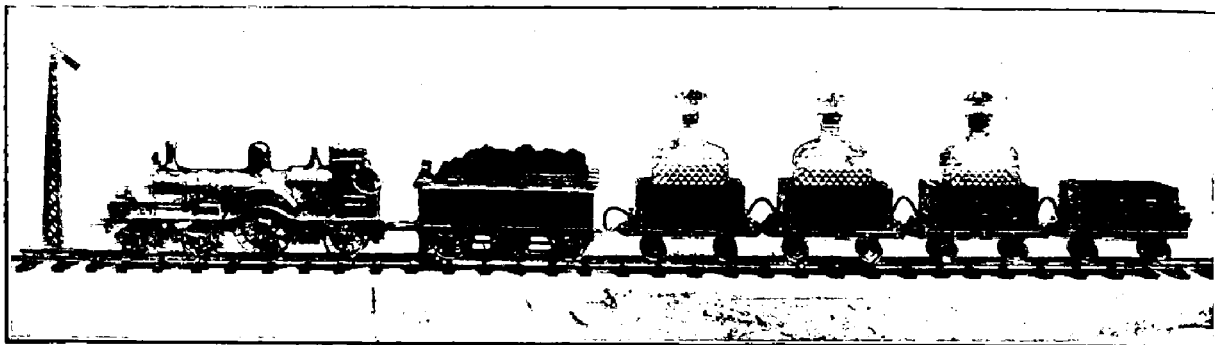
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Largest size, made in mahogany, beautifully French polished, with brass fittings, &c. A Perfect Model. Price 16/9; Post Free, 17/9.

HAMLEY'S BRANCHES { 512 & 510a OXFORD ST., W. (Marble Arch); 64 & 66 REGENT ST., W. (Piccadilly Circus); 59 KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. (near Albert Gate); 35 NEW OXFORD ST., W.C., Conjuring and Entertainments; 231 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C., Conjuring and Fancy Goods; 86 & 87 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C., Wholesale and Retail. } **LONDON.**



THE LATEST



A MODEL TRAIN WHICH RUNS ROUND A DINNER TABLE.

A Railway for the Dinner Table.

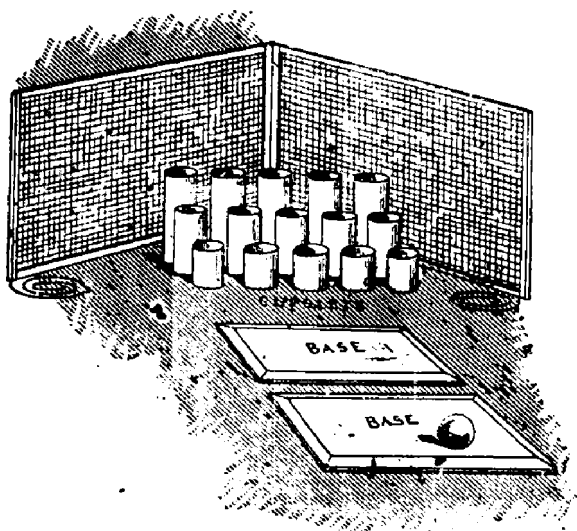
It is not often one finds a really great engineering firm turning their attention to model making, but in the case of the railway train pictured on this page, the well-known British engineering firm, Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., famous the world over for dock-gates, bridges, &c., have brought all their skill to bear in making an ingenious model of a railway train to carry a load of liquor and cigars round a gentleman's dinner table after dessert. The motive power used is electricity.

A Game for Christmas.

"Bounceola" is certainly one of the most exciting indoor games ever invented, and there is plenty of room for skilful play in making the balls bounce into the most desirable "cupolets," as shown in our illustration. "Bounceola" has been patented by Messrs. E. Newington and Co., 57, Berners-street, London, W., and may be obtained of any toy-dealer, price 10s. 6d.

Clark's College.

We publish herewith a small portrait of Mr. George E. Clark, who, in 1880, founded the now famous Clark's College. It was the pioneer of those institutions where one may obtain specialised training for examinations at a reasonable cost. The college is situated at 1, 2, and 3, Chancery-lane, London, and, besides being of great service to students in the Metropolis, by a carefully elaborated and up-to-date scheme of postal tuition, CAPTAIN readers resident in any British colony may at a very moderate outlay become "correspondence" students. Special



A NEW GAME—"BOUNCEOLA."

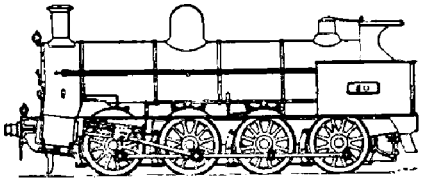


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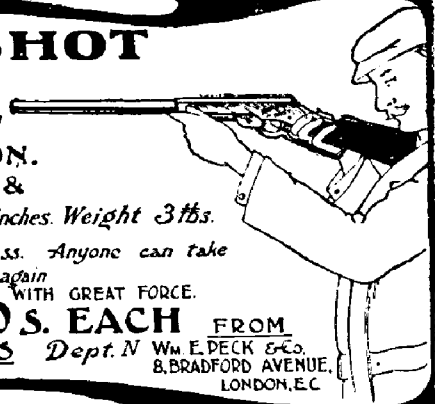
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A MAGAZINE GUN WITH LEVER ACTION.
MAGAZINE HOLDS 1000 B.B. SHOT &
LOADS AUTOMATICALLY. Length 36 inches. Weight 3 lbs.

Working parts steel and brass. Anyone can take
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STATIONS AND
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Invigorating and
Sustaining

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DECLINE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

arrangements have recently been made for postal instruction throughout South Africa.

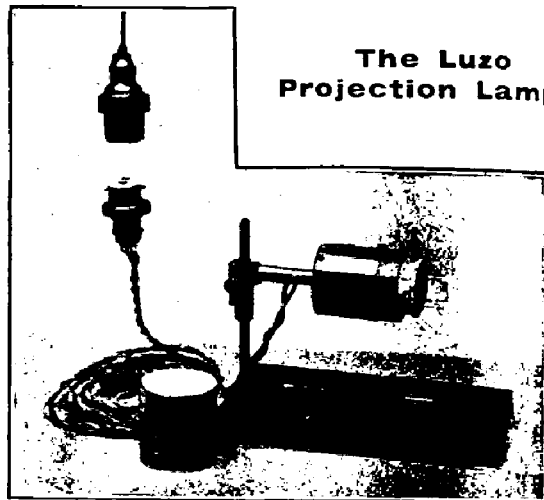


THE LATEST IN CRACKERS.

Tom Smith's Crackers.

The cracker is one of those things inseparably associated with Christmas merriment, and the name of Tom Smith is inseparably associated with the Christmas cracker. His crackers are British-made by British labour, and contain, besides grotesque and amusing headdresses, thousands of miniature novelties collected from all parts of the world. Moreover, in Tom Smith's crackers the mottoes or verses are all charming and graceful compositions by well-known authors. By a special process of manu-

facture the failure of the crackers when pulled is rendered practically impossible. So many new designs and novelties have been introduced for the coming Christmas season that it would be impossible even to mention them all here. We are enabled, however, to reproduce in black and white the cover of the latest cracker novelty—"Tom Smith's Marconi Messages."



ELECTRIC LAMP FOR MAGIC LANTERNS.

A novel and useful electric lamp for photographic enlargement work, or magic lantern entertainments, has just been introduced by Messrs. H. J. Redding and Co., of Argyle-street, Regent-street. It is so designed that it may be fixed on to any electric light installation at a moment's notice. Compressed gas has hitherto always been a dangerous element in a magic lantern display, but with this lamp, which gives a light of from 50 to 80 candle power, all risk of explosion is abolished.

Comments on the October Competitions.

No. I.—A large number of "initials which make syllables" were sent in. The winning list in Class III. is as follows:—

1. Sir John Everett Millais = J E M.
2. William Hillier Onslow = W H O.
3. Sir Arthur Scymour Sullivan = A S S.
4. M. A. Noble = M A N.
5. Sir Henry Enfield Roscoe = H E R.
6. Cyril Arthur Pearson = C A P.
7. Alfred George Edwards = A G E.
8. Sir George Otto Trevelyan = G O T.
9. Rev. Joseph Armitage Robinson = J A R.
10. Sir Edward Richard Russell = E R R.
11. George Adolphus Story = G A S.
12. Charles Algernon Whitmore = C A W.

No. II.—A most popular and interesting competition, but, unfortunately, quite a large number in Classes II. and III. were disqualified, owing to their having failed to notice the age limits. The chief subjects chosen for essays were:—The Battles of Hastings, Trafalgar, and Balaclava, and the Death of Sir William Harcourt.

No. III.—A correct list will be found on an advertisement

page. Pictures Nos. 2, 5, and 10 appeared to be the most difficult to name.

No. IV.—The proportion of good photographs to the number submitted was less than usual this month. The successful pictures in each class will be reproduced in an early issue. The competitor's name, address, and class must be written on the back of every photograph, please.

No. V.—The following were among the "Queer Surnames" sent in:—Longbones, Howlings, Twelvetees, Slapcabbage, Lovelace-Ribbons, Chuckerbutty, Uff, Bairnsfather, Toplady, Badman, Camelhorse, Noyes, Sunspot.

No. VI.—This was a most successful competition, and a very large number of thoughtful and scholarly answers were received. It would be well for competitors to realise that even dictionaries are fallible, and that it is, therefore, well to consult more than one in doubtful cases. In quoting a word of another language care should be taken to spell it correctly. The failure to do this caused the disqualification of many otherwise excellent attempts.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

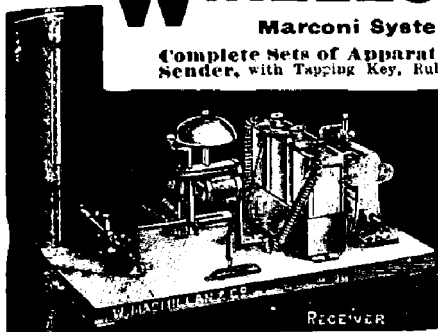
Marconi System.

Interesting, Instructive, Practical, & Useful.

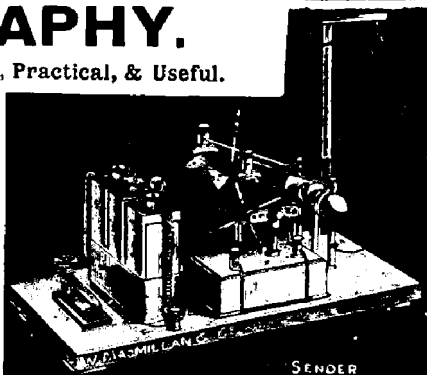
Complete Sets of Apparatus, ready for use, each set consisting of Sender, with Tapping Key, Ruhmkorff Spark Inductor, Air Wire, Condenser, and durable Dry Battery; also Receiver, with Coherer, Relay, Electric Bell, Disconnecter, Air Wire and Dry Battery. All beautifully made and finished, mounted on Polished Wood Bases, packed in strong wood case, and with explicit and interesting description of Wireless Telegraphy and directions for working. Guaranteed to work excellently and give every satisfaction. Set No. 1, complete as above 18/6 Carr. Paid. Set No. 2, large size, with connections for Morse Writing Apparatus. Complete as above, working accurately and faultlessly over a long distance, 60/- Carr. Paid.

DEAR SIRS.—Wireless Apparatus received. Highly delighted. It sends a message further than you advertise it to do.

Yours, C. Marks, Streatley, Berks



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New **THERMOSTATIC Electrical Machines.** Patent **BOAT.**

THE MOST MARVELLOUS OF MODERN INVENTIONS

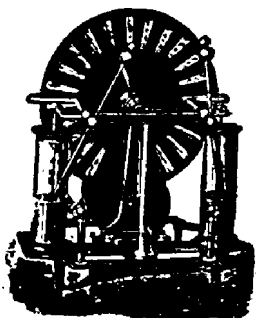
No Dirt
No Smoke.
No Danger.

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:	5s
5 inches long, suitable for basin or bath. Goes for 40 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
15 do. do.	76 8.



REDDING'S IMPROVED WIMBURST MACHINES. Superior Quality, from 7/6. A great variety of experiments for use with these Machines always in Stock.

REDDING'S NEW SCALE MODELS OF STEAM LOCOMOTIVES, correctly coloured in Four Railways, 15/6 each.

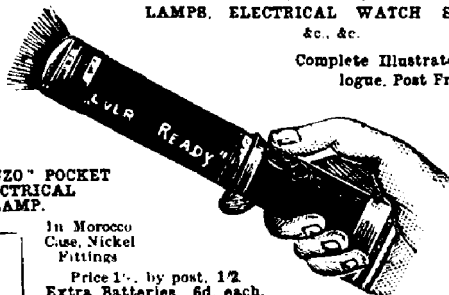


New Scale Models of British Locomotives, beautiful finishes in the correct colours of the four Principal Railways. Every model guaranteed. Tested by steam, all fitted with Slide Valve Cylinders, Exhaust through Funnel, &c. &c. Gauges: (1) 1/12s 6d.; (2) 1/10s.; (3) 1/4 10s.; (4) 1/5 10s. Complete with Tenders.

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TORCHES, HOUSE, POCKET, and TRAVELLING LAMPS, ELECTRICAL WATCH STANDS, &c. &c.

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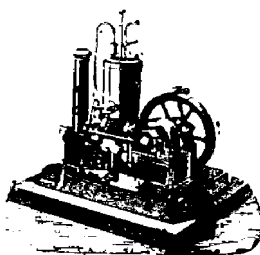
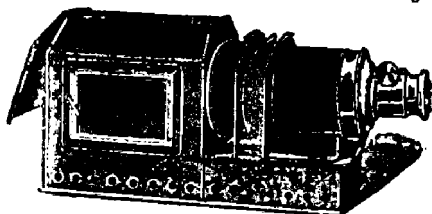
Price 1/-, by post, 1/2. Extra Batteries, 6d. each, by post, 8d.

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A GREAT NOVELTY!

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Do You Wish to obtain a Post in the Public Service at Home or Abroad? Write to-day. Salaries rising to £1,200, £2,000 with Pension. Age limits under 23. Vacancies exist in the Admiralty, London, and Dockyards: WAR OFFICE, ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY, INLAND REVENUE, (Taxes), Home Office (Inspectors of Factories), Royal Courts of Justice (London). INDIA—The Civil Service, India Police, &c. The Foreign Office—Consulships, Interpreters (China), (Japan), (Turkey). The Royal Navy—Cadetships, Paymasters, Engineers.

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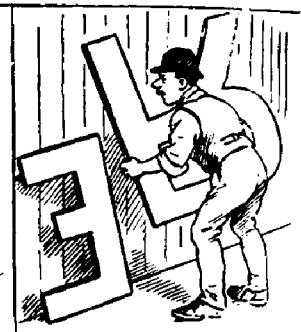
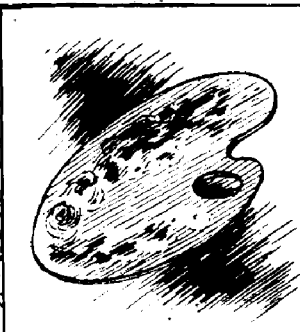
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HIDDEN "FOOTBALLERS" COMPETITION.

See "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS for DECEMBER, page 278.

All these Hidden Names are of Players in the Front Rank.

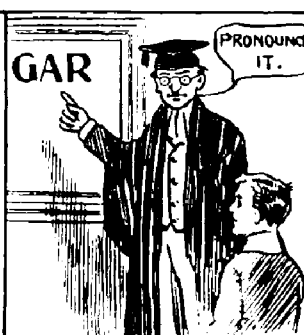
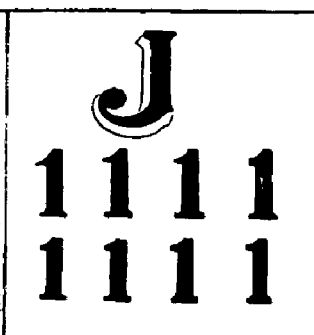
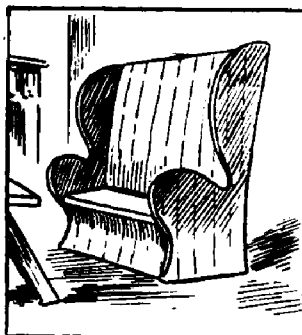


1.—Reader.

2.—.....

3.—.....

4.—.....

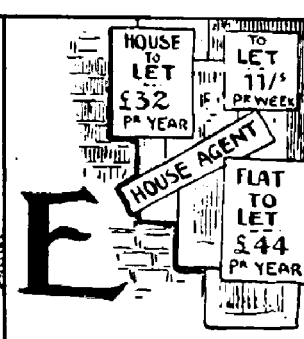


5.—.....

6.—.....

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8.—.....



9.—.....

10.—.....

11.—.....

12.—.....

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APPOINTMENTS

Vide August 1904
Issue of
THE SUNDAY STRAND.

From the documentary evidence we have perused we are able to endorse the words of "THE QUEEN" that

"The stirring promise of KENSINGTON COLLEGE that all qualified Students are ultimately placed in positions seems to be carried out with unfailing regularity."—*Sunday Strand*.

The Directors of Kensington College

BEG to announce that during the last Seventeen Years a Satisfactory Appointment has been found for every qualified Student of their Secretarial Course for the Sons and Daughters of Gentlemen.

Owing to the fact that the number of Candidates at the Service Examinations is always enormously in excess of the appointments to be allotted, only a very small proportion can possibly hope to succeed.

Every year hundreds of hard-working, well-educated, and intelligent young people have to submit, after a lengthened period of supreme struggle, to humiliating failure, through no fault of their own.

It is therefore well, before deciding on studying for a career, to write for particulars of the Secretarial Training Course and of the Special City Course at Kensington College, and to verify the proud claim made by the College, above referred to, of finding a satisfactory appointment for every qualified Candidate.

References are kindly permitted to the Clergy, and to past and present Students.

Correspondence and Testimonials for the last seventeen years may be seen by any *bona fide* enquirer, also Press notices in the "Times," "Girl's Realm," "Queen," "Gentlewoman," "Lady," "Woman," "Bayswater Chronicle," "Oxford Review," etc., etc.

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MOTTO—"Many Countries but One Empire."



THE VEN. W. M. SINCLAIR, D.D.
Photo. Mills.

President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. Vice-Presidents, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

LEAGUE NOTES FOR DECEMBER, 1904.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 1st of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: ADELAIDE BRANCH.—This flourishing branch held its second annual social evening in August last. There was a large attendance of members and members' friends. The Secretary (Mr. V. H. Weiss) presented his annual report, which was adopted. On beginning about two years ago the branch consisted of only nine members; now there are eighty-six names on the roll. Six months after the opening of the Adelaide Branch another was formed at Laura, and this has made even greater progress than the former. Early recognising that proper esprit de corps among the members could not be fostered by mere attendance at formal gatherings, this branch formed a Recreation Club, meetings of which are held weekly, when social intercourse, games, music, and reading are indulged in. A Literary and Debating Society has also been formed, and is proving an additional source of interest and pleasure.

BO'NESS, N.B.—Mr. Frank Robertson, of 1 Rosehill-place, writes:—"In my last letter I asked you for some advice on 'fishing,' if you can recollect. You have quite fully answered my question in a way; but I meant *fishing for B.E.L. members*. I am beginning to interest some of my companions, and get them to

interest themselves in its doings and benefits, however. How I did this was to get out of them their hobby, and then I commenced about the benefits of the League as regards a fellow's pastimes. In the League he could have a cycle club, which would be far better than 'spinning' alone, &c. So, you see, this is the kind of 'fishing' which is my sole hobby at present."

In this way Mr. Robertson has succeeded in "landing" a dozen new members, which brings the club up to sixteen, and he hopes to "weigh in" more presently. His most taking "baits" appear to be "draughts, dominoes, competitions and prizes, air-gun practice, amateur theatricals (after they get some lady associates), debates, wrestling, throwing the hammer, putting the stone, football, cricket, and a set of boxing gloves." I should also add this go-ahead branch possesses a monthly magazine of its own. Should any of our branch secretaries be at a loss in shaping their programmes with a view to an increase of membership in the New Year, I hope they will take a "fly" leaf out of Mr. Robertson's book.

The Boys' Empire League Official Stamp Exchange has now over 70 members.

Packets of the average value of over £15 are going out monthly. The Colonial department is very strong, and many splendid specimens of Colonial and other stamps are appearing in packets.

Rules and full information post free from W. A. Nixon, General Secretary, 7 Oak Road, Sale, Cheshire; T. W. Thornborrow, London Secretary, 125 Dalling Road, Hammersmith, London, W.; and P. Langton, Colonial and Foreign Secretary, Hayes, Uxbridge.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

BOYS! YOUR POCKET MONEY SAVED.

Pocket Money goes very quickly when you are buying appliances for your games. Quaker Oats Consumers' Benefit Plan of advertising enables you to obtain them at far below the prices usually charged.

We have made arrangements with one of the foremost Athletic Outfitters in Great Britain to supply us with their best goods. Our money back guarantee allows you to inspect any article, and to return it if not perfectly satisfactory.

Send for our Catalogue giving Full Particulars.

Quaker Oats Consumers' Benefit Plan will help you save money on hundreds of things you need.

OUR CATALOGUE,

sent Free, contains

Footballs,
Hockey Sticks,
Boxing Gloves,
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Magic Lanterns,
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 Cruets, Vases, Purses,
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 Aneroid Barometers,
 French Briar Pipes,
 Umbrellas, &c., &c.

SEND FOR IT.

All Goods delivered Carriage Paid to Great Britain and Ireland.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED



START NOW

by Cutting out this Coupon, Good until

Dec. 12th

It counts as one White Square when returned with balance of required number cut from front of Quaker Oats packets.

To give you a start towards the required number of White Squares, we will receive this as one when returned with balance of required number.

Cut this out at once; it counts as one

Date

Name

Address

DEPT. C., QUAKER OATS, LTD., 11, FINSBURY SQ., LONDON.

JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD.

117 & 118 CHEAPSIDE, &
1, 2 & 3 MILK ST., LONDON.

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OPEN DECEMBER 1st.
Call and See, or Send
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TOYS, GAMES, NOVELTIES.

MAGIC LANTERNS.

3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 7/6 each.
With Slides Complete.
Packing & Carriage, 3d

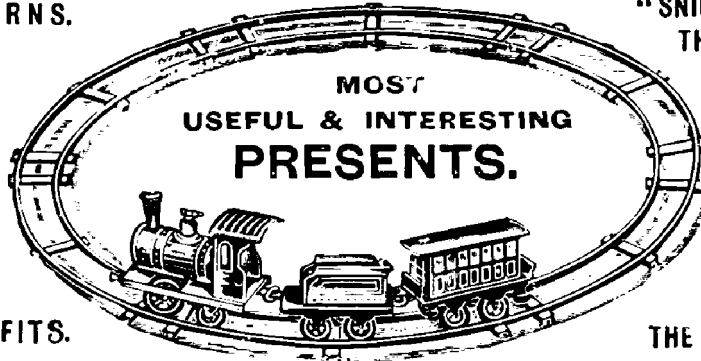
CLOCKWORK MOTOR CARS.

1/7, 2/2, 2/8, 3/4.
Postage 1d. each.

FRETWORK OUTFITS.

1/11 per Set.
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Other prices:
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Toys for Boys of
all Kinds.



MOST
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Stations, 9 1/2 in. long, 10d. Postage 3d.
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"SNICKKICK,"

THE LATEST TABLE FOOTBALL GAME.

MOST REALISTIC.
3/6 each. Postage 1d.

CRICKET GAME.

By A. Weintraud and
Dr. W. G. Grace.
18/9 complete.
With instructions
A SPLENDID GAME OF
SKILL.

THE J.P. SET OF

DRAUGHTS.

1 1/2 in. Real Ebony and
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Mahogany Box.
1/9 per Set. Postage 3d

Dominoes, Cards,
&c.

Christmas Festivities.

A Dish of Bird's Custard
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received with acclamation at
Children's Parties.

Rich and Creamy, yet
will not disagree.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

NO EGGS!
NO RISK!
NO TROUBLE!

Produces Delicious Custard without
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Successful Hostess when catering for
large or small Parties

CALLARD & BOWSER'S



BUTTER - SCOTCH

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"Really wholesome
Confectionery"
Tinned.

MANUFACTORY: LONDON, W.C.

"MATCHLESS"

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Free from Acid
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Produces quickly
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Manufs. THE "MATCHLESS" METAL POLISH CO. LTD. LIVERPOOL.



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HOW TO ARRANGE A STAMP COLLECTION.
BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE CAPTAIN

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FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS"

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG" ATHLETIC EDITOR C.B.FRY.

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XII. No. 70.

JANUARY, 1905.

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The
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It is unrivalled for exquisite
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nourishing and invigorating
properties.

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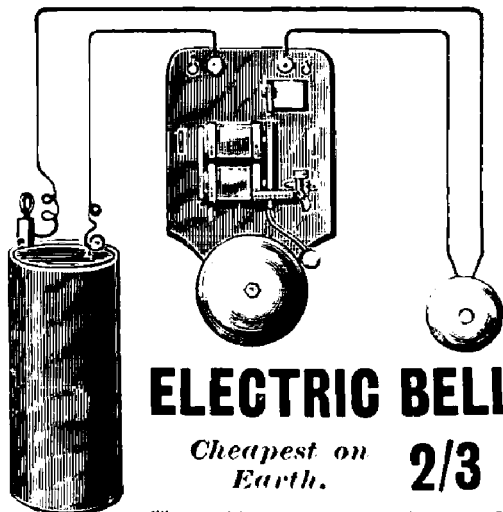
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YOUR BOY CAN FIT IT.

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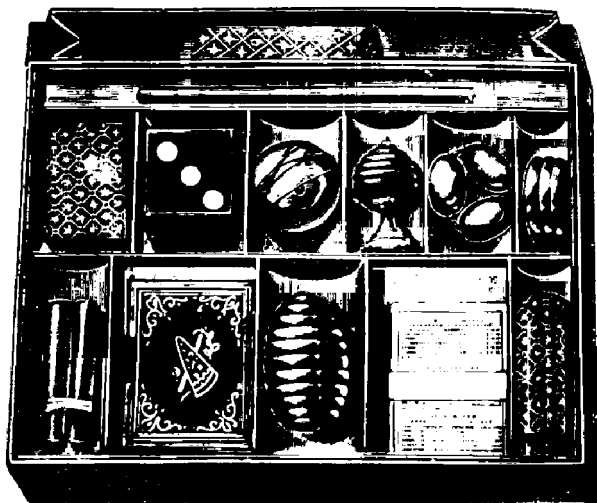
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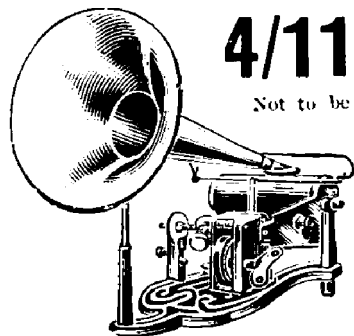
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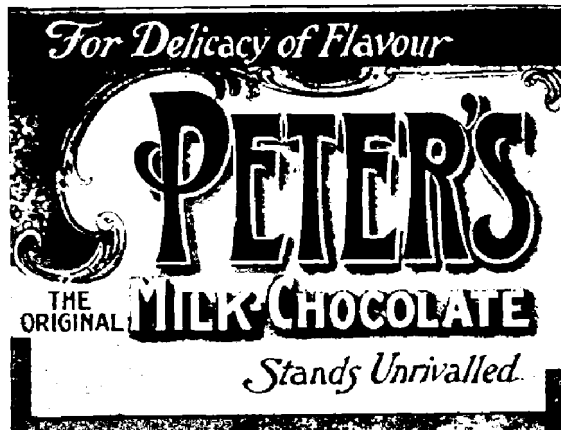
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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

For January

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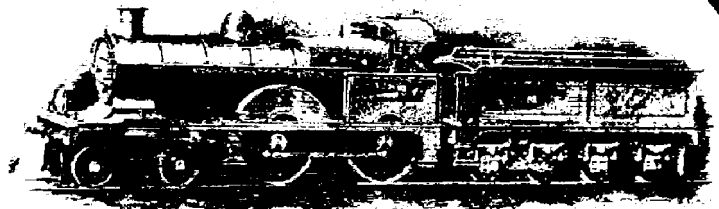
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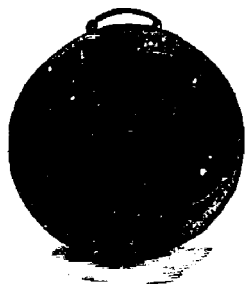
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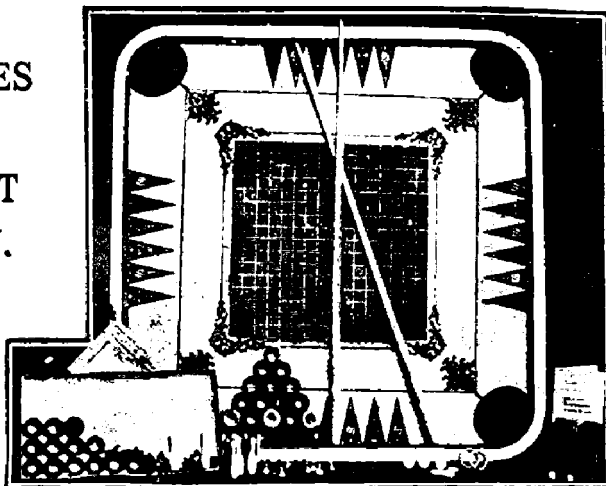
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If you want to win any of these Prizes, see page 376.

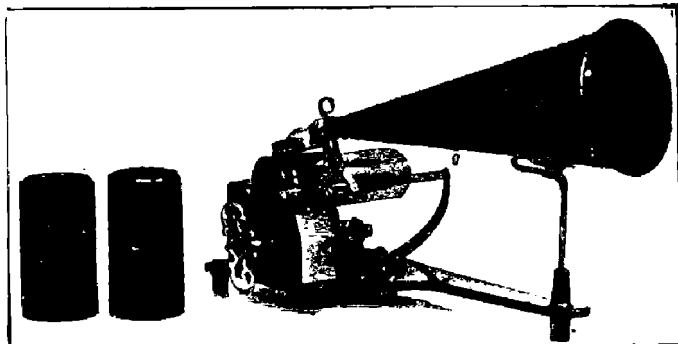


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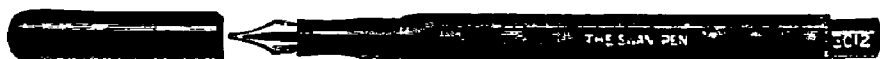
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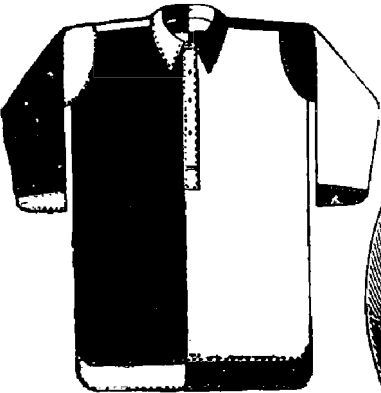
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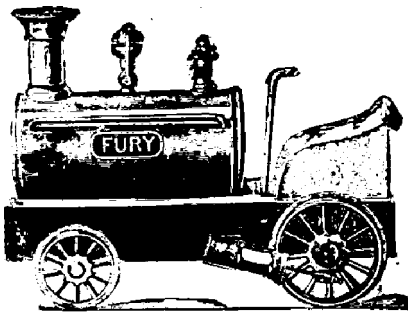
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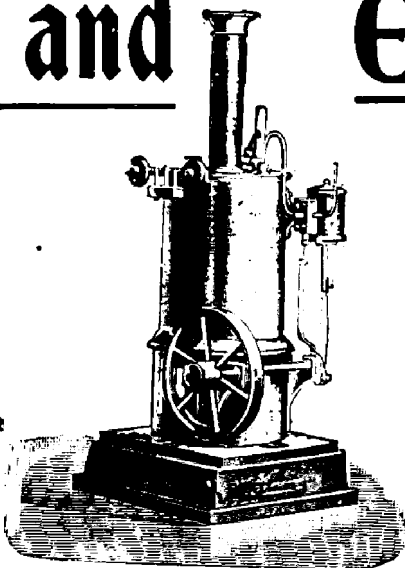
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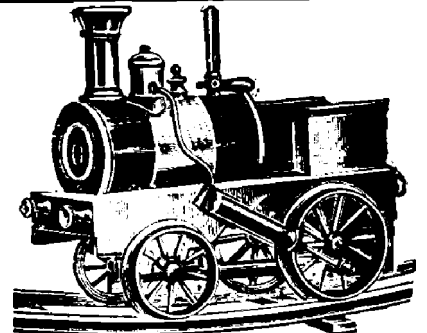


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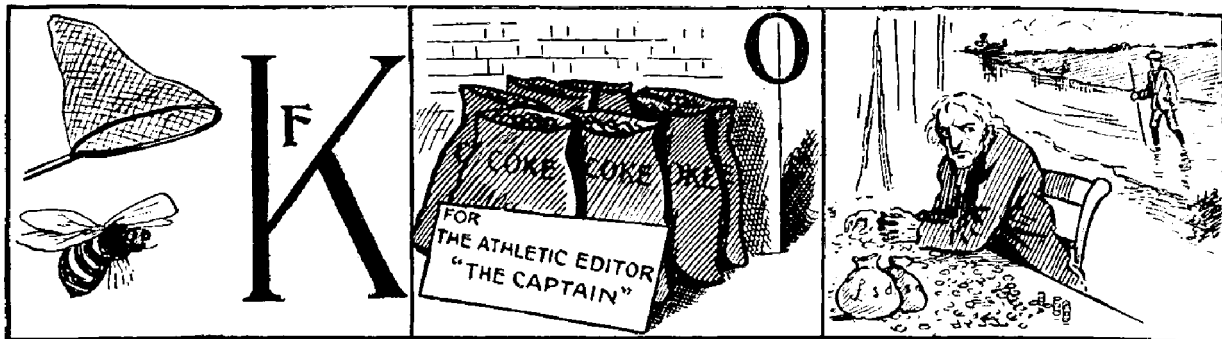
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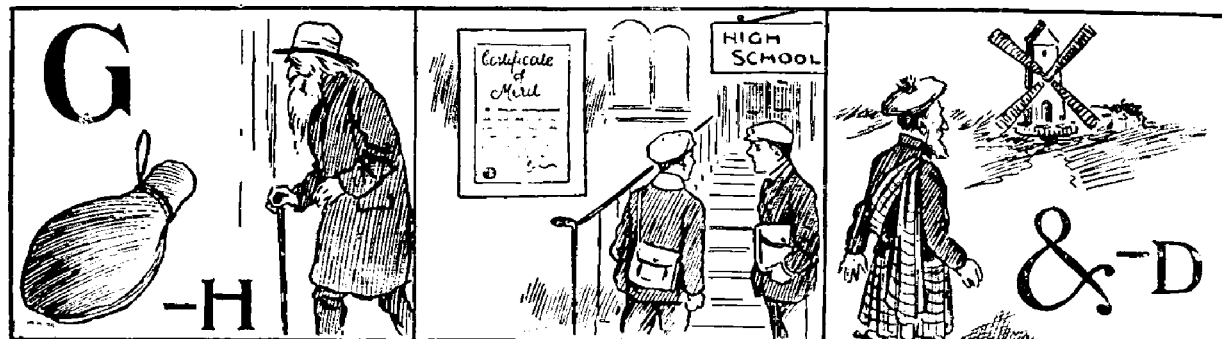
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See "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS for JANUARY, page 376.



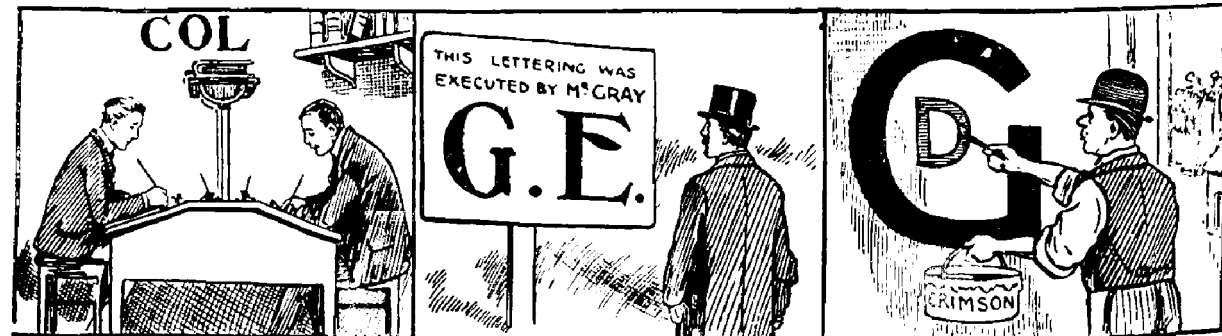
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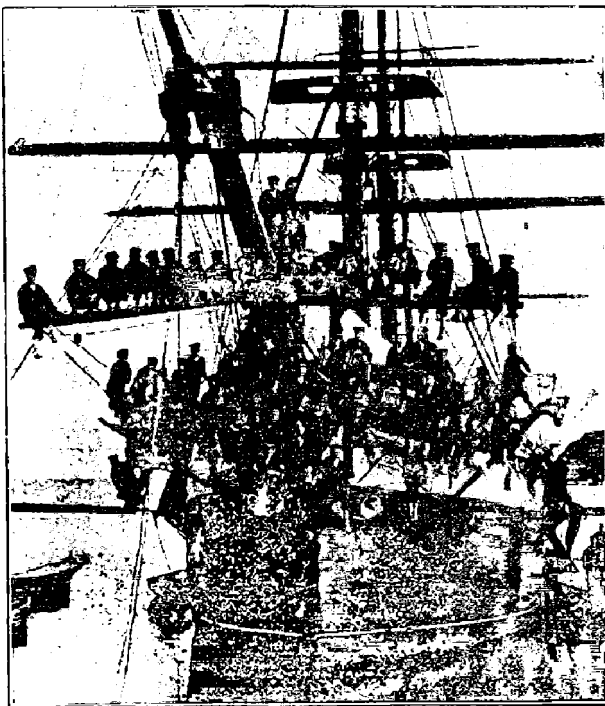
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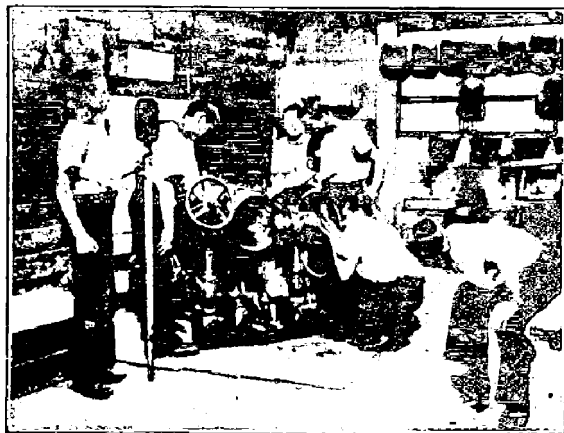
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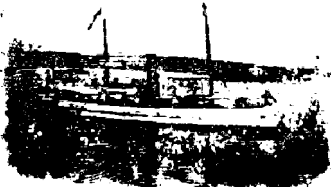
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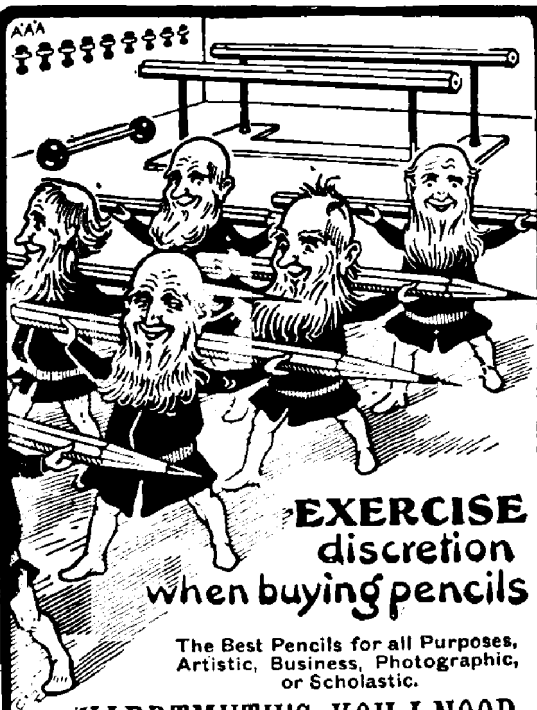


Editor,
The Old Fag.

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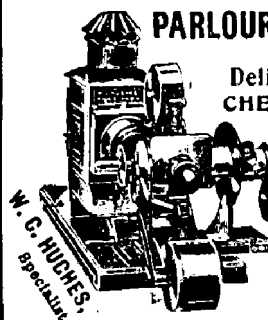
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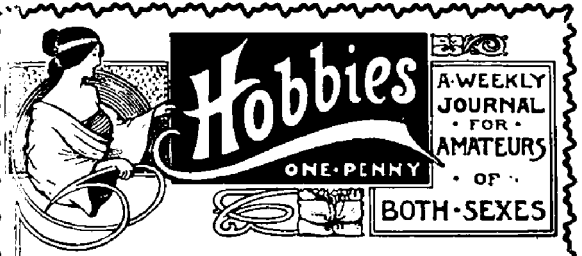


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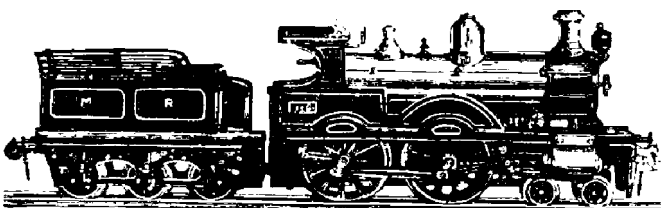
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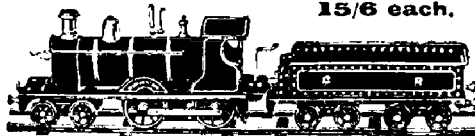
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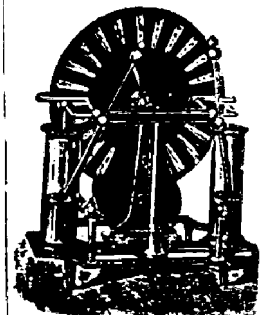
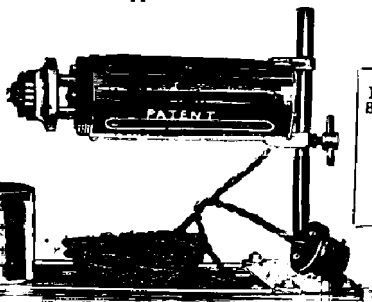


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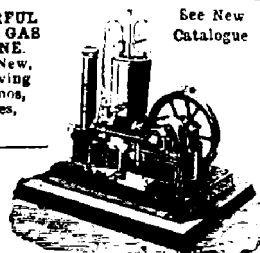
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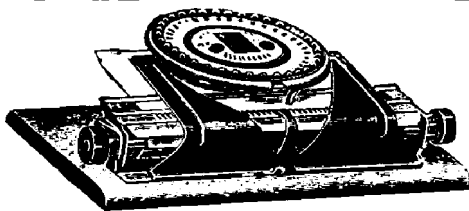
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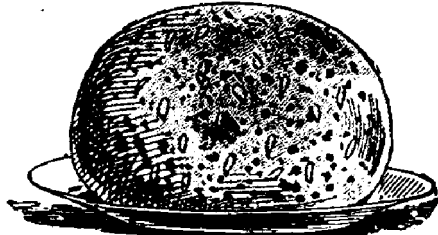
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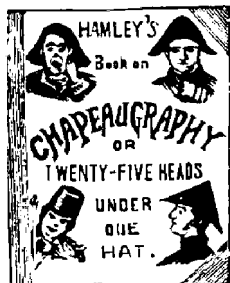
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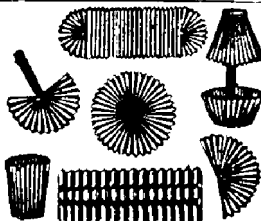
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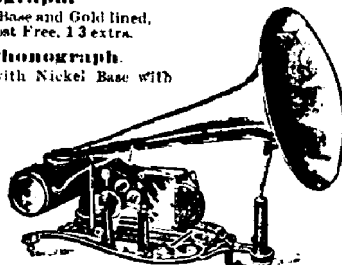
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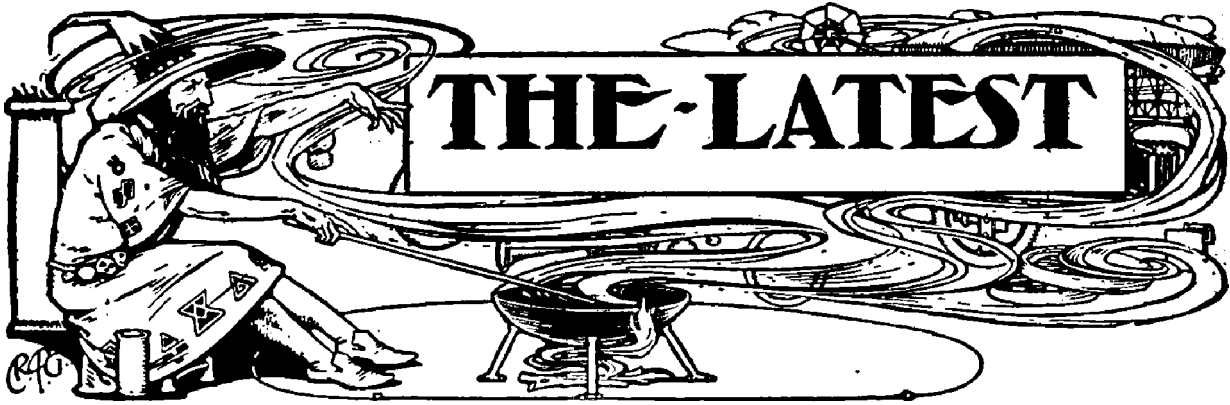


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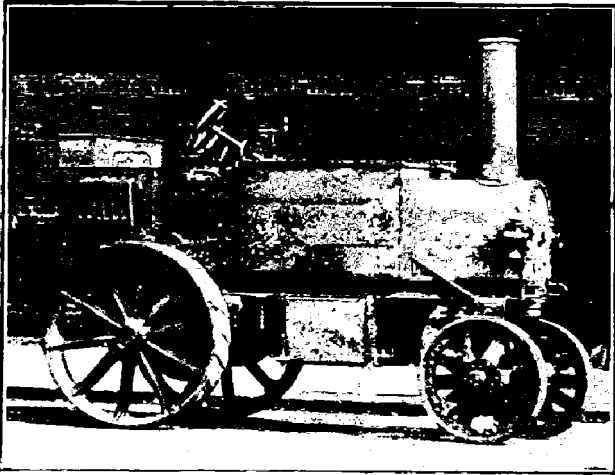
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Messrs. John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., have recently designed something quite new in mechanical tractors. This firm's steam motor wagons have been famous for some years past,



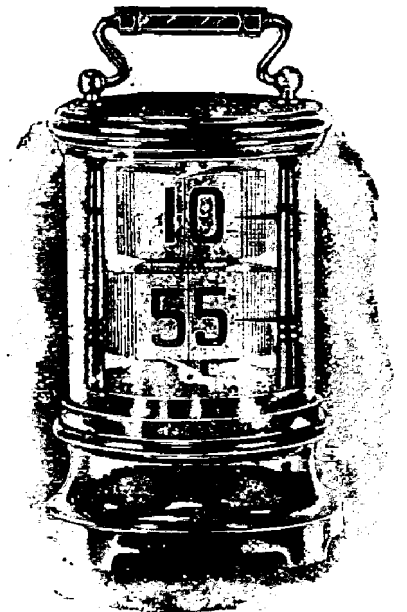
PETROL MOTOR TRACTOR.

but in the machine here illustrated petrol is utilised as the motive power. The engine is of the internal combustion type, having two cylinders of 6in. diameter by 8in. stroke, and giving 25 brake horse-power at normal revolutions. On ordinary hard macadam roads, this engine will draw a gross load of up to 6½ tons, and with this load surmount a gradient of 1 in 8. By the use of "spuds" fitted to the driving wheels the tractor will extricate itself from soft ground with ease. Three normal speeds are provided by changes of gear. These are 1½, 4, and 8 miles an hour, but each may be varied at the discretion of the driver by means of a throttle-valve. Moreover, these speeds may be obtained equally well in the reverse direction as when running chimney foremost. Fuel capacity is provided sufficient for a run of sixty miles, and this may be increased by about fifty miles by carrying an additional tank in the rear locker. The water tank needs re-

filling every thirty miles. The gross weight of the tractor is three tons, and its dimensions are, 12ft. 6in. long, 6ft. 4in. wide, and 10ft. 2in. high.

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The introduction of the "Ever Ready" Chronos Clock may be the beginning of a new era in the clock-making industry. The Chronos clock has no dial and no hands. The time of day is displayed in large black figures on a white background, and can be read more easily than from the old-fashioned clocks at present in use, besides being distinguishable from a much greater distance. These clocks are supplied by Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., of Holborn, London. That illustrated on this page costs 25s., and the prices range up to 50s., according to design and finish. The Chronos clock makes time-telling so simple that one of childhood's puzzles, learning how to tell the time, may thus be rendered very simple. These clocks follow exactly the method long since adopted for railway time-tables.



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"Rollemin."

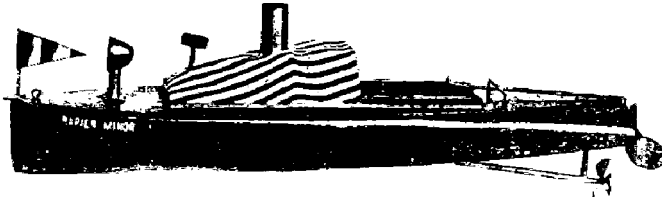
The accompanying sketch gives one a good idea of the nature of the game of "Rollemin." The fact that this game can be played indoors on any small table has at once placed it in great demand, so that the sole makers, Messrs. John Jaques and Son, Ltd., 102 Hatton Garden, London, have been kept very busy of late supplying orders from those desirous of enjoying the new game to the full during the Christmas holidays. The method of play is quite novel, and the inventor has displayed considerable ingenuity in drawing up a short and lucid list of rules. "Rollemin" is distinctly a game of skill.

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"Transporter" bridges are apparently growing in favour with engineers. Several



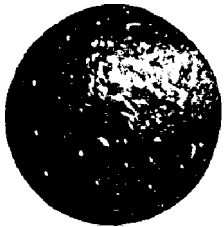
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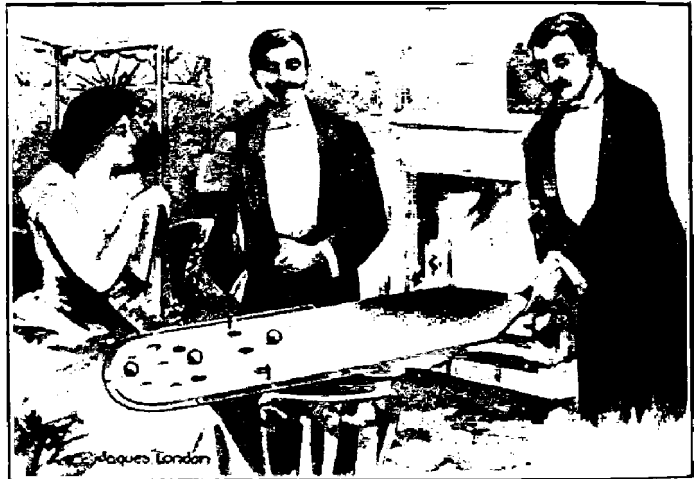
A Hamley Christmas.

Some of Messrs. Hamley Bros.' numerous novelties for those in doubt about selecting their Christmas presents are pictured on this page. For the baby, there is the nest of eight Russian Mannikin Dolls, which all open out of each other in a most ingenious fashion. Then, at varying prices, you may obtain a working model of the motor racing boat, *Napier Minor*. Laughter for the whole family will be caused by the "Christmas Plum Pudding"



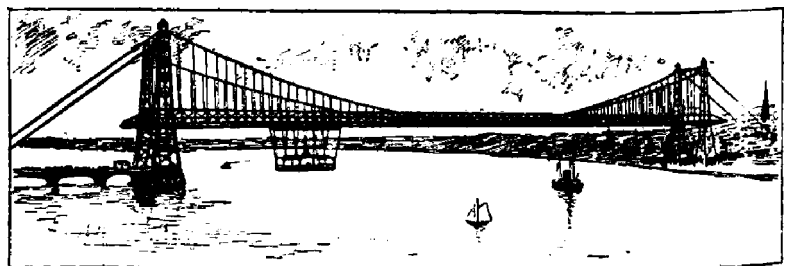
A STRANGE PLUM PUDDING.

illustrated herewith. It is made of gold-beater's skin for inflating with gas. A pudding of this nature should be put on a dish under a cover, and when this is removed up goes the pudding to the ceiling, causing much amusement—and all for two shillings! Amongst other Hamley novelties may be mentioned "surprise telescopes," watches which make loud reports when innocently opened, and the marvellous "Simplex" typewriter—that really writes—and costs only 12s. 6d. Last, but not least, are the shilling boxes of "Surprise Novelties," containing "flying sausages," "blow-out cigars," "howling babies," and many other weird contrivances. One of Messrs. Hamley Bros.' numerous ad-



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of these have been built abroad, and now two are being constructed in England. Our sketch shows one of the latter now in course of erection at Runcorn, over the Manchester Ship Canal and the Mersey. The low level portion consists of a movable platform or "transporter car," which, slung by cables from the bridge above, travels in mid-air from bank to bank.



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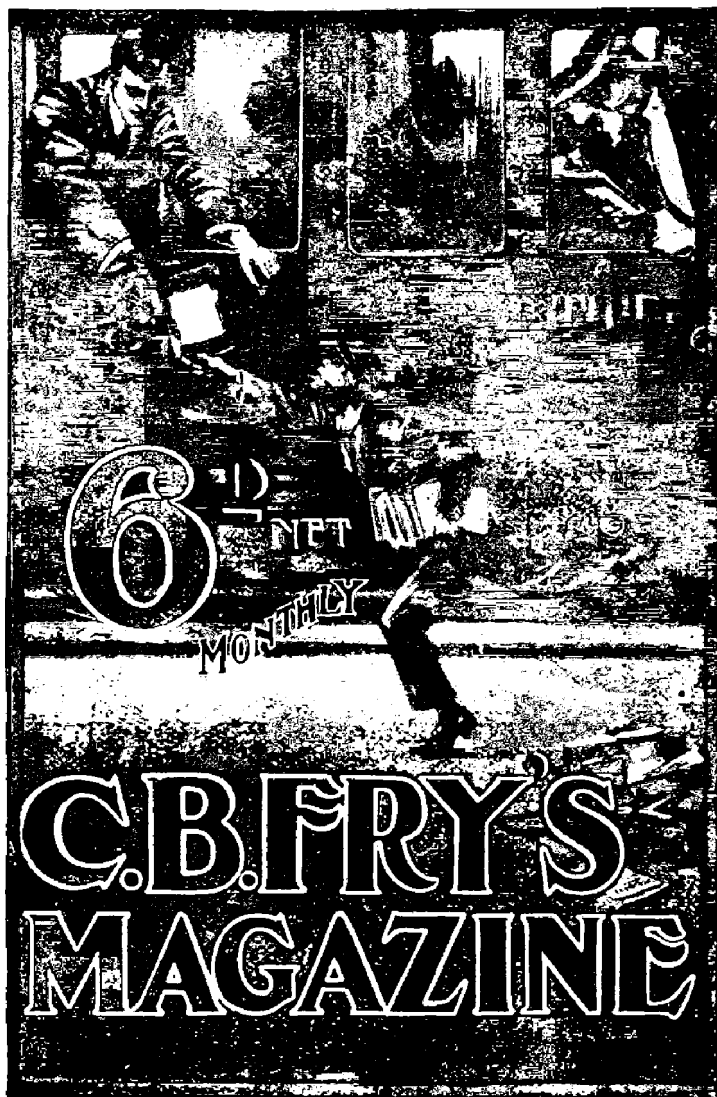
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LEAGUE NOTES FOR JANUARY, 1905.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from readers of THE CAPTAIN in all parts of the Empire on matters affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its members. As it is, he receives regular communications from all our principal Colonies, and has quite recently had interesting letters from CAPTAIN readers living in such widely scattered regions as Buenos Ayres, Malay, and Fiji.

PUTNEY, S.W.—I am pleased to announce that Mr. Geo. Jones, of 9 Festing-road, has succeeded in forming a strong club for Putney. It meets in the Mission Hall every Monday night from 7.30 to 10 o'clock, when games and other indoor sports and recreations are indulged in. The club room is well supplied with papers, magazines, &c., and Mr. Jones and his comrades would be pleased to welcome as many CAPTAIN readers as care to attend, and show them the advantages of belonging to such an organisation.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE.—Mr. George Hunt and his friend, Mr. Walter Emmett, of the Grosvenor-crescent Club, Hyde Park, S.W., are desirous of forming a B.E.L. at Knightsbridge. They propose opening it with an entertainment this month, and would be pleased to hear from any CAPTAIN reader who would like to offer his services on the occasion.

B.E.L. HANDBOOK.—I am pleased to say that the B.E.L. Handbook, which has been thoroughly revised and enlarged, and partly rewritten, is now ready, and available at cost

price, 3d. It contains the latest portraits of the President, the founders, the Archdeacon of London, Sir A. Conan Doyle, and others, besides all information regarding the League.

NEW ZEALAND.—The Committee have selected the beautiful "Empire Story of New Zealand" as the work for the ensuing session. It is published at 1s. 6d., but through the kindness of the publishers we are enabled to forward it to our members post free to any address for 1s. 2d.

ONE THING I LIKE about all our Colonial branches, and this is the enthusiastic manner in which the ladies join with their friends and brothers to make the B.E.L. a success. I wish our British ladies would take more of this splendid interest in them. Or is it that they do, and are only waiting to be asked to join? Although our organisation is styled the "Boys' Empire League," I would here point out that one of its most cherished rules provides that "Parents, Sisters, and other relations of members may become associates of the League on payment of the usual entrance fee." Associate membership cards have been prepared, together with special badges in the form of brooches, &c. I am rather afraid our members have not made this rule sufficiently known hitherto, and so I hasten to apologise for their shortcomings, and to offer their sisters and girl friends a hearty invitation to become Associates of the League.

B.E.L. CAMERA CLUB.—Hon. Sec., Henry J. Verrall, 47 Thornhill-place, Maidstone, Kent, would be glad to hear of any members in Maidstone and district with a view to forming a branch in Maidstone.

J. WICKENS (B.E.L. 4407) would be pleased to hear from members of B.E.L. residing in Reading, Andover, and other towns within the counties of Berks., Hants., and Wilts., for the purpose of organising a club.

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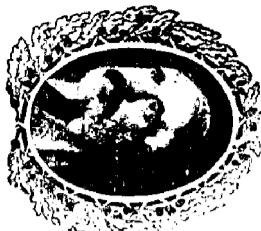
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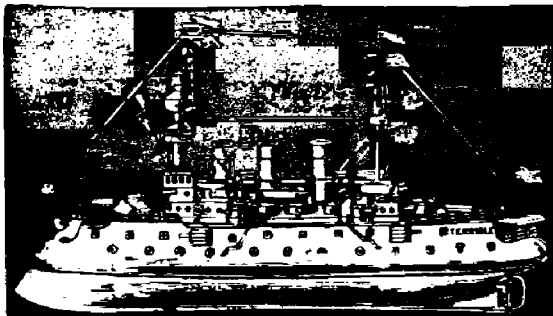
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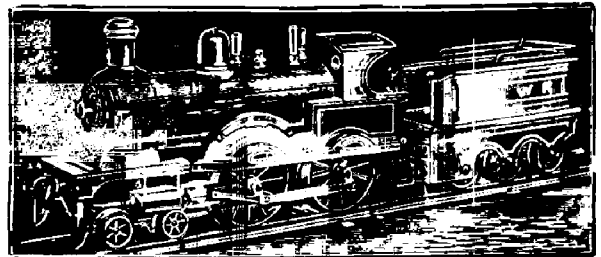
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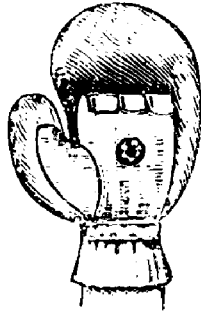
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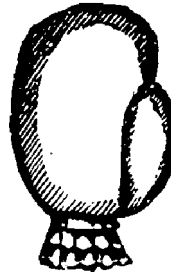
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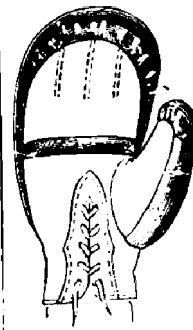
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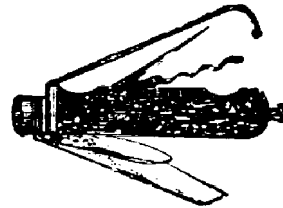


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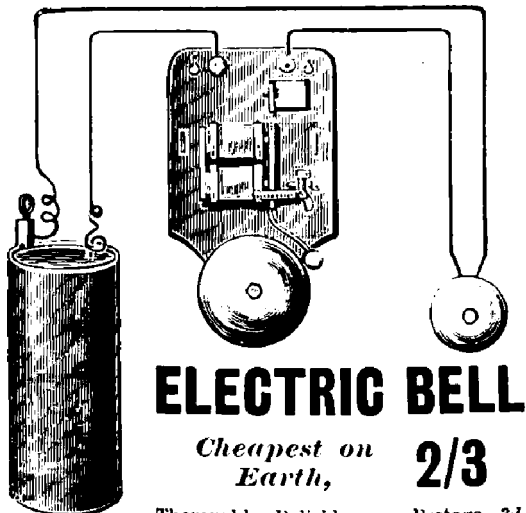
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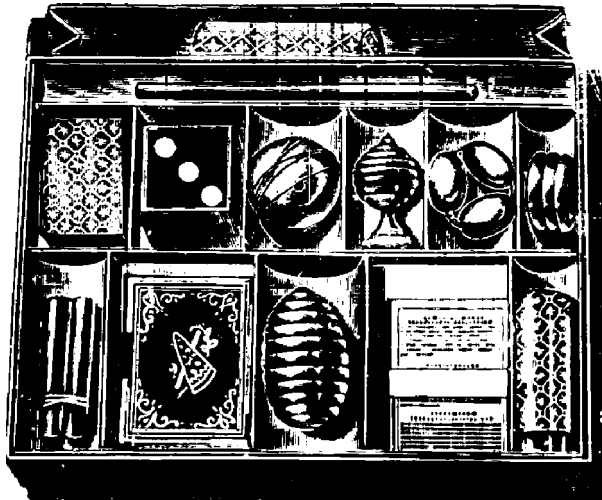
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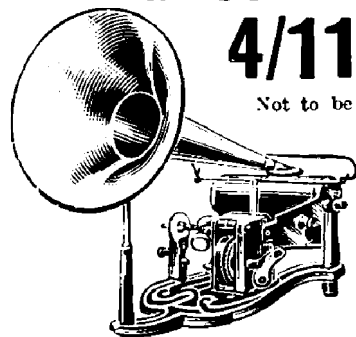
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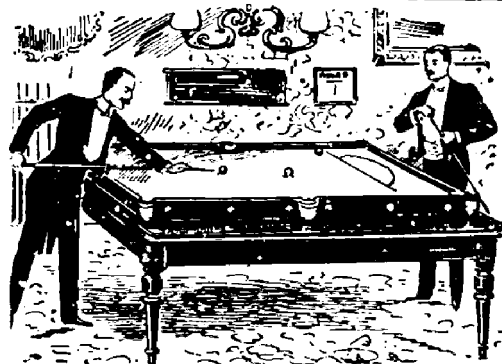
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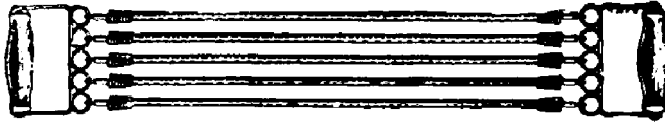
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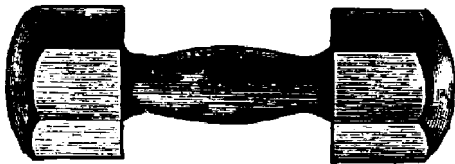
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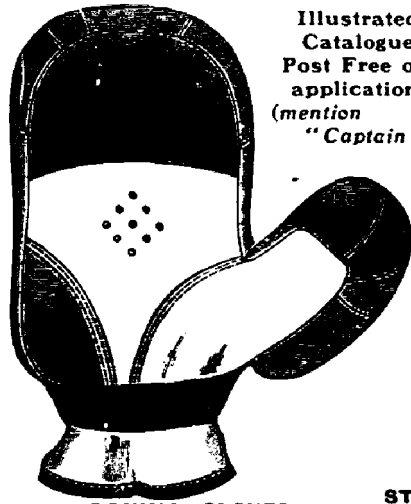
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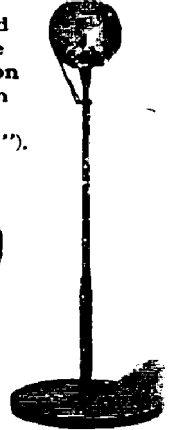
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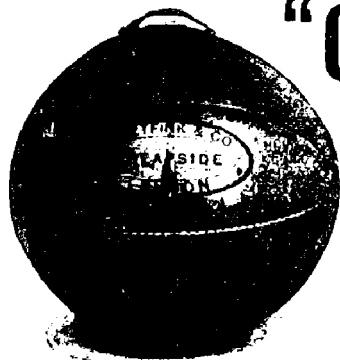
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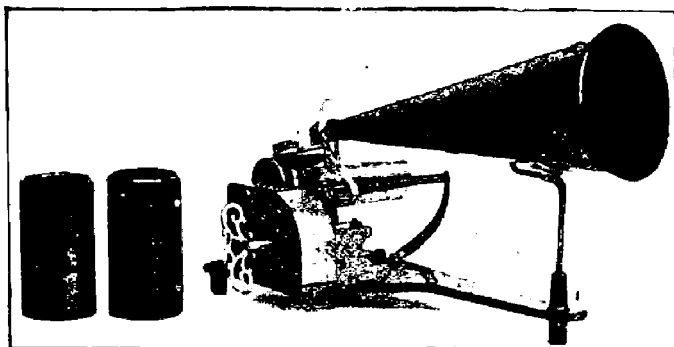
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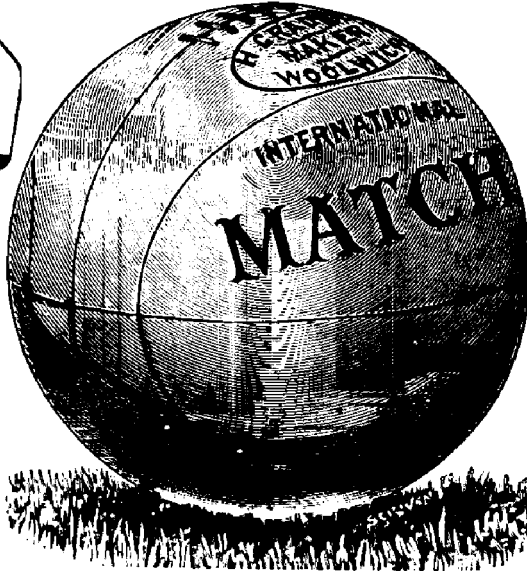
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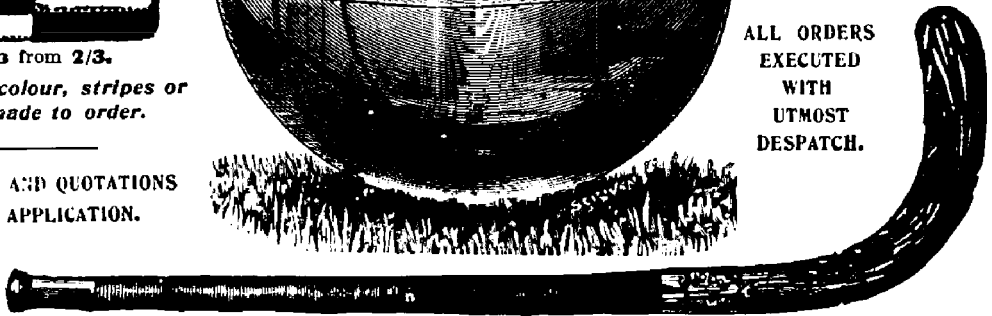
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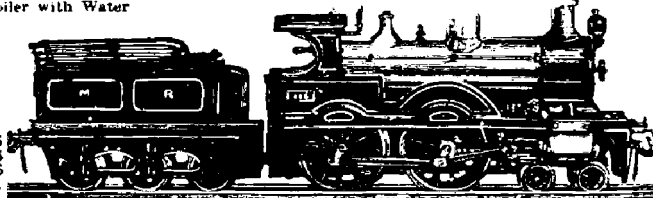
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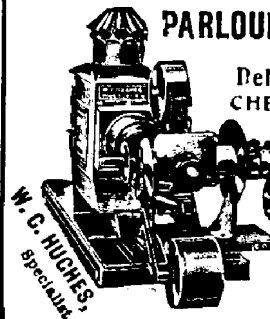
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Editor,
The Old Fag.

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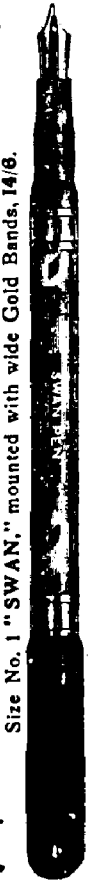
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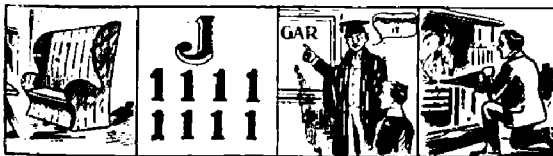
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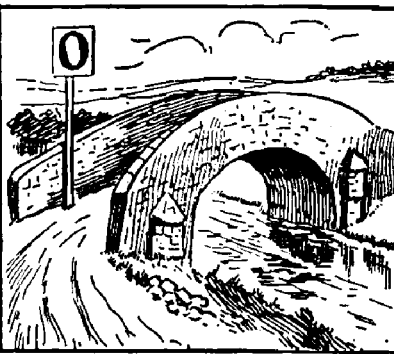
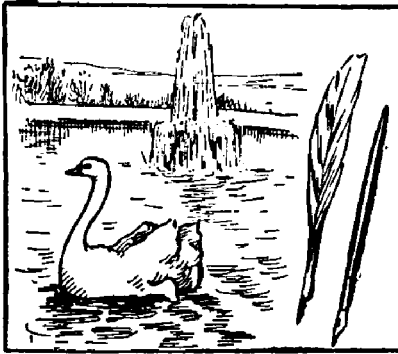
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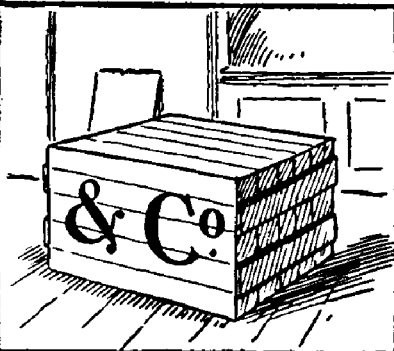
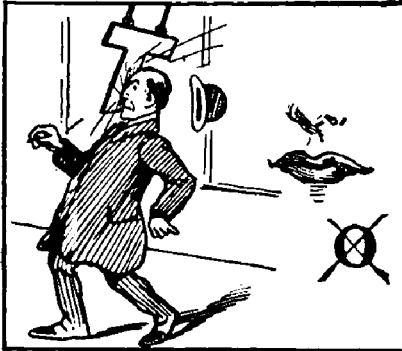
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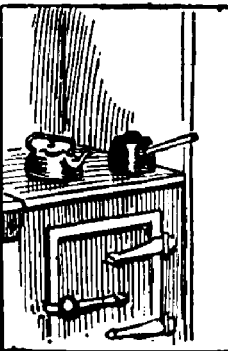
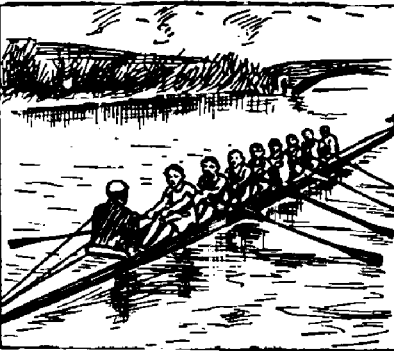
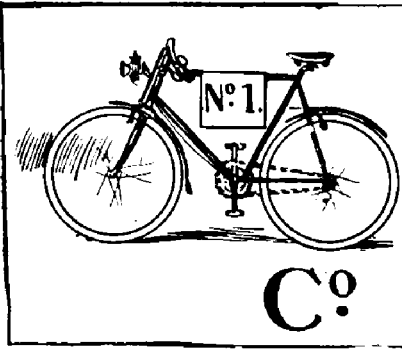
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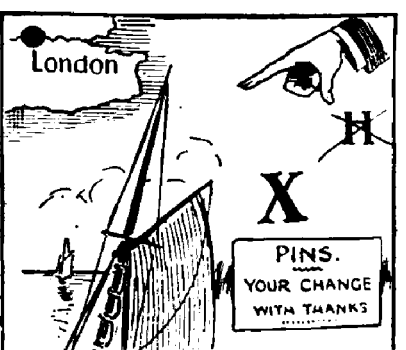
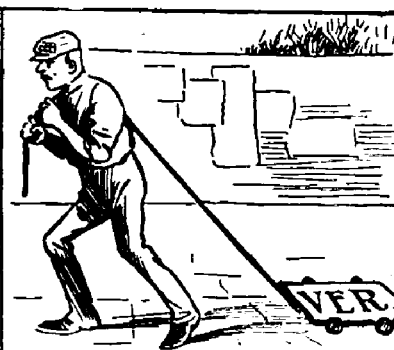
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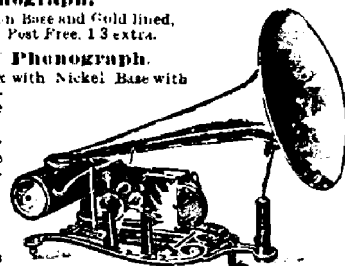
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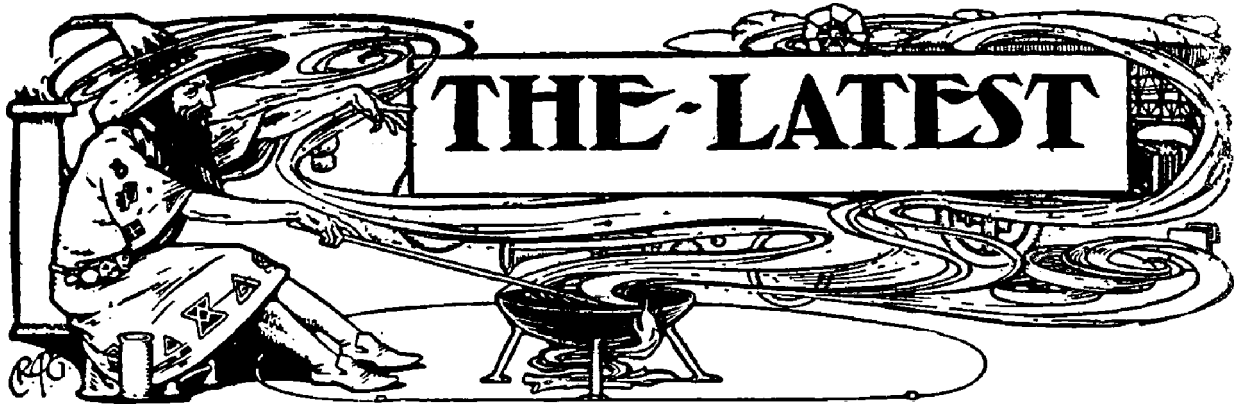
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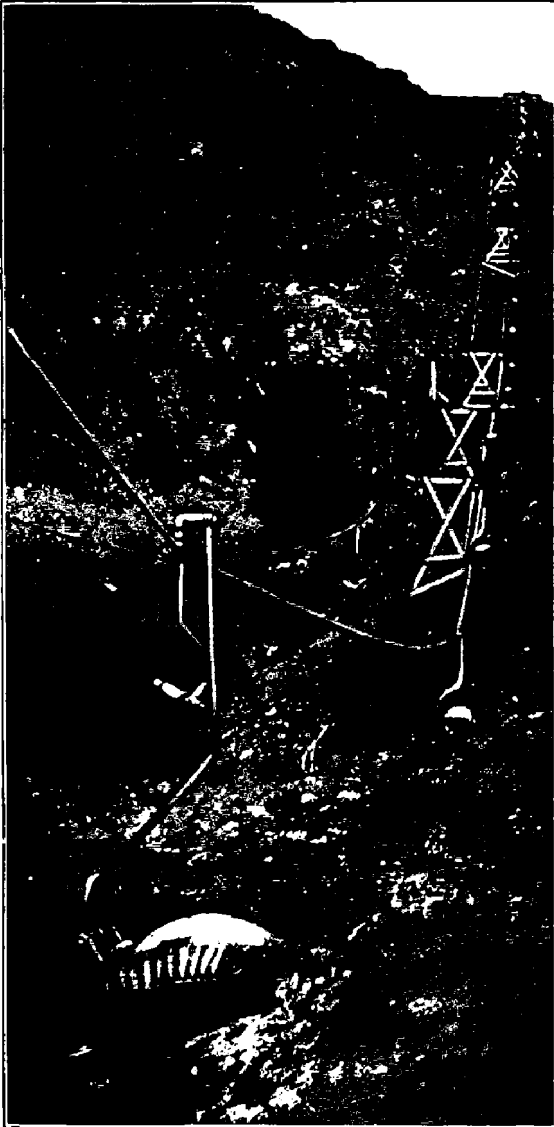
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No. 277, 1662/6 & 2/-; No. 278, 1668/6 & 2/-; No. 279, 1674/6 & 2/-; No. 280, 1680/6 & 2/-; No. 281, 1686/6 & 2/-; No. 282, 1692/6 & 2/-; No. 283, 1698/6 & 2/-; No. 284, 1704/6 & 2/-; No. 285, 1710/6 & 2/-; No. 286, 1716/6 & 2/-; No. 287, 1722/6 & 2/-; No. 288, 1728/6 & 2/-; No. 289, 1734/6 & 2/-; No. 290, 1740/6 & 2/-; No. 291, 1746/6 & 2/-; No. 292, 1752/6 & 2/-; No. 293, 1758/6 & 2/-; No. 294, 1764/6 & 2/-; No. 295, 1770/6 & 2/-; No. 296, 1776/6 & 2/-; No. 297, 1782/6 & 2/-; No. 298, 1788/6 & 2/-; No. 299, 1794/6 & 2/-; No. 300, 1800/6 & 2/-; No. 301, 1806/6 & 2/-; No. 302, 1812/6 & 2/-; No. 303, 1818/6 & 2/-; No. 304, 1824/6 & 2/-; No. 305, 1830/6 & 2/-; No. 306, 1836/6 & 2/-; No. 307, 1842/6 & 2/-; No. 308, 1848/6 & 2/-; No. 309, 1854/6 & 2/-; No. 310, 1860/6 & 2/-; No. 311, 1866/6 & 2/-; No. 312, 1872/6 & 2/-; No. 313, 1878/6 & 2/-; No. 314, 1884/6 & 2/-; No. 315, 1890/6 & 2/-; No. 316, 1896/6 & 2/-; No. 317, 1902/6 & 2/-; No. 318, 1908/6 & 2/-; No. 319, 1914/6 & 2/-; No. 320, 1920/6 & 2/-; No. 321, 1926/6 & 2/-; No. 322, 1932/6 & 2/-; No. 323, 1938/6 & 2/-; No. 324, 1944/6 & 2/-; No. 325, 1950/6 & 2/-; No. 326, 1956/6 & 2/-; No. 327, 1962/6 & 2/-; No. 328, 1968/6 & 2/-; No. 329, 1974/6 & 2/-; No. 330, 1980/6 & 2/-; No. 331, 1986/6 & 2/-; No. 332, 1992/6 & 2/-; No. 333, 1998/6 & 2/-; No. 334, 2004/6 & 2/-; No. 335, 2010/6 & 2/-; No. 336, 2016/6 & 2/-; No. 337, 2022/6 & 2/-; No. 338, 2028/6 & 2/-; No. 339, 2034/6 & 2/-; No. 340, 2040/6 & 2/-; No. 341, 2046/6 & 2/-; No. 342, 2052/6 & 2/-; No. 343, 2058/6 & 2/-; No. 344, 2064/6 & 2/-; No. 345, 2070/6 & 2/-; No. 346, 2076/6 & 2/-; No. 347, 2082/6 & 2/-; No. 348, 2088/6 & 2/-; No. 349, 2094/6 & 2/-; No. 350, 2100/6 & 2/-; No. 351, 2106/6 & 2/-; No. 352, 2112/6 & 2/-; No. 353, 2118/6 & 2/-; No. 354, 2124/6 & 2/-; No. 355, 2130/6 & 2/-; No. 356, 2136/6 & 2/-; No. 357, 2142/6 & 2/-; No. 358, 2148/6 & 2/-; No. 359, 2154/6 & 2/-; No. 360, 2160/6 & 2/-; No. 361, 2166/6 & 2/-; No. 362, 2172/6 & 2/-; No. 363, 2178/6 & 2/-; No. 364, 2184/6 & 2/-; No. 365, 2190/6 & 2/-; No. 366, 2196/6 & 2/-; No. 367, 2202/6 & 2/-; No. 368, 2208/6 & 2/-; No. 369, 2214/6 & 2/-; No. 370, 2220/6 & 2/-; No. 371, 2226/6 & 2/-; No. 372, 2232/6 & 2/-; No. 373, 2238/6 & 2/-; No. 374, 2244/6 & 2/-; No. 375, 2250/6 & 2/-; No. 376, 2256/6 & 2/-; No. 377, 2262/6 & 2/-; No. 378, 2268/6 & 2/-; No. 379, 2274/6 & 2/-; No. 380, 2280/6 & 2/-; No. 381, 2286/6 & 2/-; No. 382, 2292/6 & 2/-; No. 383, 2298/6 & 2/-; No. 384, 2304/6 & 2/-; No. 385, 2310/6 & 2/-; No. 386, 2316/6 & 2/-; No. 387, 2322/6 & 2/-; No. 388, 2328/6 & 2/-; No. 389, 2334/6 & 2/-; No. 390, 2340/6 & 2/-; No. 391, 2346/6 & 2/-; No. 392, 2352/6 & 2/-; No. 393, 2358/6 & 2/-; No. 394, 2364/6 & 2/-; No. 395, 2370/6 & 2/-; No. 396, 2376/6 & 2/-; No. 397, 2382/6 & 2/-; No. 398, 2388/6 & 2/-; No. 399, 2394/6 & 2/-; No. 400, 2400/6 & 2/-; No. 401, 2406/6 & 2/-; No. 402, 2412/6 & 2/-; No. 403, 2418/6 & 2/-; No. 404, 2424/6 & 2/-; No. 405, 2430/6 & 2/-; No. 406, 2436/6 & 2/-; No. 407, 2442/6 & 2/-; No. 408, 2448/6 & 2/-; 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No. 453, 2718/6 & 2/-; No. 454, 2724/6 & 2/-; No. 455, 2730/6 & 2/-; No. 456, 2736/6 & 2/-; No. 457, 2742/6 & 2/-; No. 458, 2748/6 & 2/-; No. 459, 2754/6 & 2/-; No. 460, 2760/6 & 2/-; No. 461, 2766/6 & 2/-; No. 462, 2772/6 & 2/-; No. 463, 2778/6 & 2/-; No. 464, 2784/6 & 2/-; No. 465, 2790/6 & 2/-; No. 466, 2796/6 & 2/-; No. 467, 2802/6 & 2/-; No. 468, 2808/6 & 2/-; No. 469, 2814/6 & 2/-; No. 470, 2820/6 & 2/-; No. 471, 2826/6 & 2/-; No. 472, 2832/6 & 2/-; No. 473, 2838/6 & 2/-; No. 474, 2844/6 & 2/-; No. 475, 2850/6 & 2/-; No. 476, 2856/6 & 2/-; No. 477, 2862/6 & 2/-; No. 478, 2868/6 & 2/-; No. 479, 2874/6 & 2/-; No. 480, 2880/6 & 2/-; No. 481, 2886/6 & 2/-; No. 482, 2892/6 & 2/-; No. 483, 2898/6 & 2/-; No. 484, 2904/6 & 2/-; No. 485, 2910/6 & 2/-; No. 486, 2916/6 & 2/-; No. 487, 2922/6 & 2/-; No. 488, 2928/6 & 2/-; No. 489, 2934/6 & 2/-; No. 490, 2940/6 & 2/-; No. 491, 2946/6 & 2/-; No. 492, 2952/6 & 2/-; No. 493, 2958/6 & 2/-; No. 494, 2964/6 & 2/-; No. 495, 2970/6 & 2/-; No. 496, 2976/6 & 2/-; No. 497, 2982/6 & 2/-; No. 498, 2988/6 & 2/-; No. 499, 2994/6 & 2/-; No. 500, 3000/6 & 2/-; No. 501, 3006/6 & 2/-; No. 502, 3012/6 & 2/-; No. 503, 3018/6 & 2/-; No. 504, 3024/6 & 2/-; No. 505, 3030/6 & 2/-; No. 506, 3036/6 & 2/-; No. 507, 3042/6 & 2/-; No. 508, 3048/6 & 2/-; No. 509, 3054/6 & 2/-; No. 510, 3060/6 & 2/-; No. 511, 3066/6 & 2/-; No. 512, 3072/6 & 2/-; No. 513, 3078/6 & 2/-; No. 514, 3084/6 & 2/-; No. 515, 3090/6 & 2/-; No. 516, 3096/6 & 2/-; No. 517, 3102/6 & 2/-; No. 518, 3108/6 & 2/-; No. 519, 3114/6 & 2/-; No. 520, 3120/6 & 2/-; No. 521, 3126/6 & 2/-; No. 522, 3132/6 & 2/-; No. 523, 3138



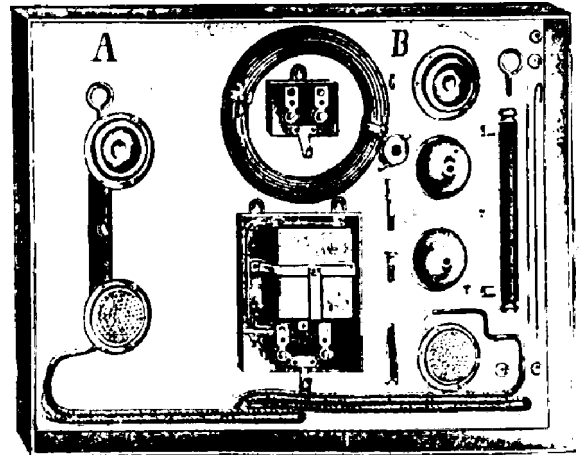
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Europe depends on America for a large portion of its wheat supply, and some ingenious methods are used for conveying the grain from the great storage warehouses to the ships which carry it across the ocean. Of these, the most

serviceable are the bucket tramways which convey hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat every grain season, saving the farmers many miles of haulage over rugged country. The conveyor illustrated on this page is over a mile long, descends 1,700 feet, and is self-propelling. It is situated at Wawawai, Washington, on the Snake River. This unique contrivance is operated solely by gravity. Strung along the endless rope, at distances of 80 feet, are carriers, each capable of holding a sack of wheat. There are 120 of these carriers, so that 64 are constantly descending, loaded, to the lower warehouse, and at the same time hauling up the 64 empty carriers. This aerial tramway can easily convey 200 tons in ten hours, and 75,000 to 85,000 sacks in one season.



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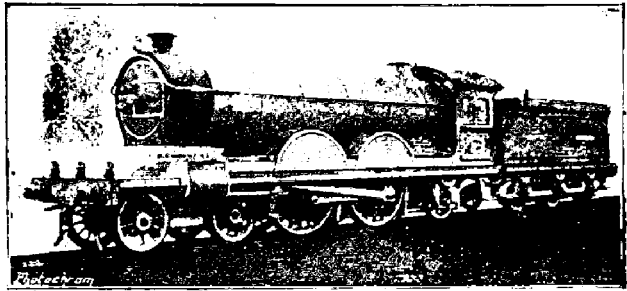
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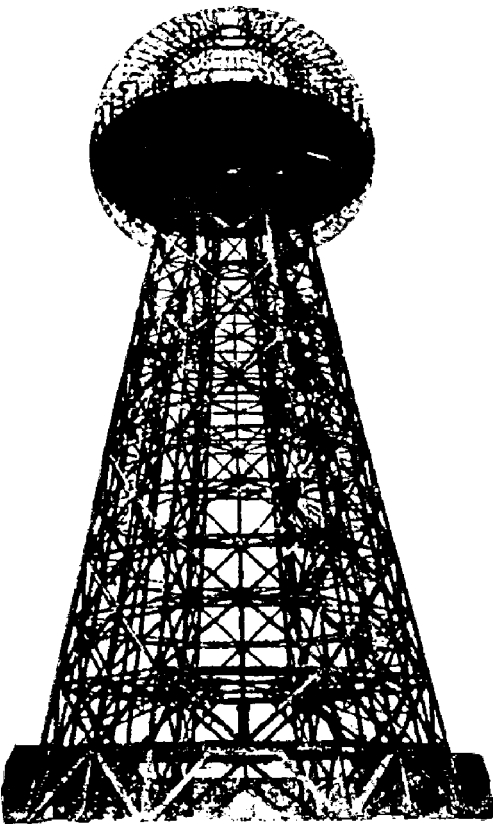
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parts. Full directions and diagrams are enclosed. More elaborate "Combino-phones" may be had from the same makers, price 13s. 6d. and 18s. the set.

The Latest Wireless Telegraphy Tower.

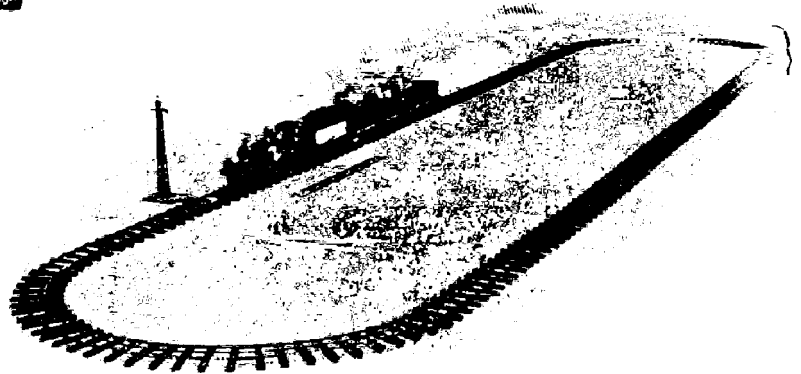
A sketch on this page shows the Tesla central power plant and transmission tower, for the transmission of wireless telegraphy, which are now nearly completed on Long Island, New York. The Tesla system is one of the rivals of Marconi's. The pyramidal tower shown herewith has eight sides and is 185 feet high.



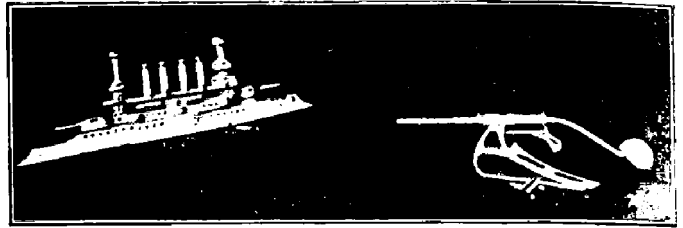
NEW TRANSMISSION TOWER FOR WIRELESS TELEGRAMS.

Railway on a Dinner Table.

We recently illustrated the model engine and train built to convey cigars, &c., round a gentleman's table during dessert. The accompanying photo. shows the whole railway as laid out on the table.



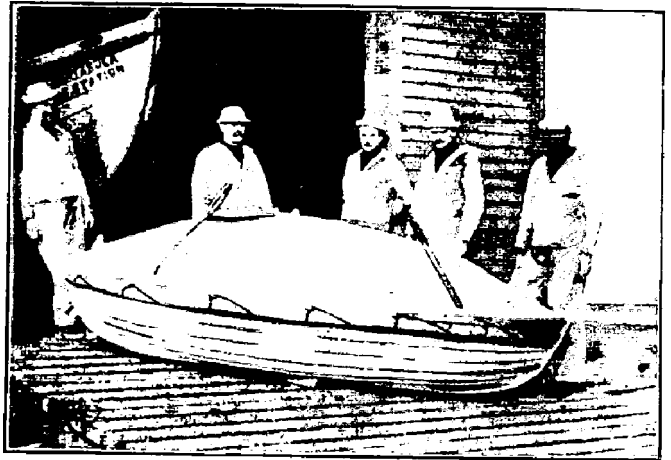
MODEL RAILWAY ON A DINNER TABLE, WORKED BY ELECTRICITY.



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"Torpedoing an Ironclad."

An accompanying photograph shows the clever toy which won the Grand Prize at the last Paris Toy Show. It is something quite new in home targets, and when the torpedo hits the ironclad the result is really startling. If you want to know more about it, write to John Piggott, Ltd., Cheapside, London.

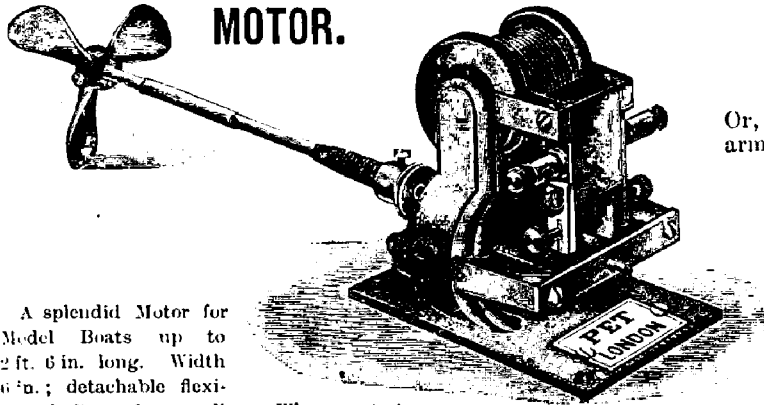


THE NEW TYPE OF LIFEBOAT DESCRIBED BELOW.

The Latest in Lifeboats.

The lifeboat shown in the accompanying picture is made of galvanised iron, and is drawn out to the wreck by a life-line fired from the shore. The boat is ten feet in length and will hold four people. After the persons to be rescued from a shipwrecked vessel are on board, a watertight covering is drawn over the opening and the boat hauled ashore.

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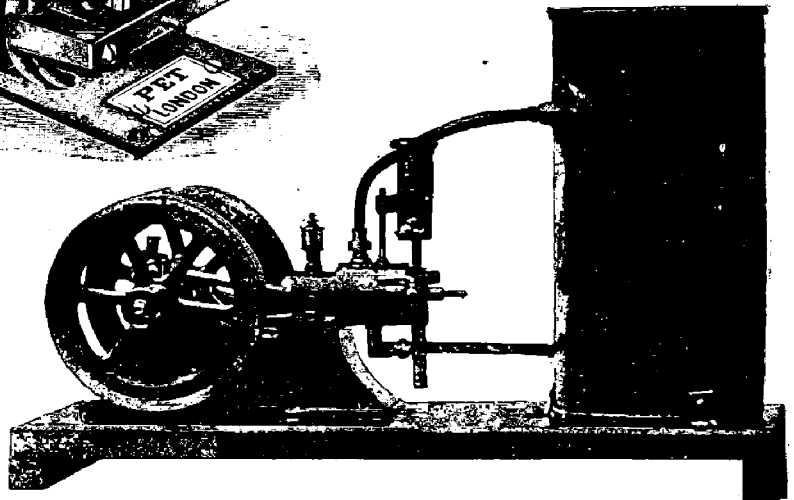
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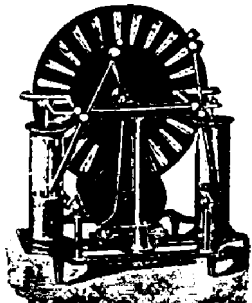
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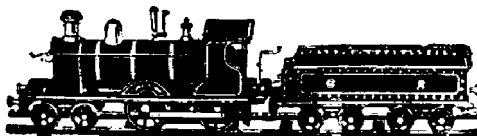
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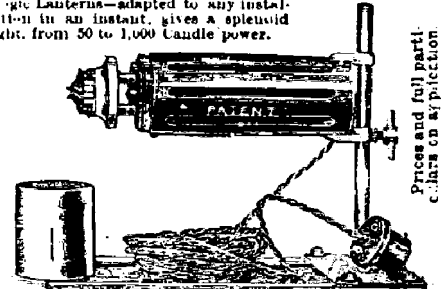
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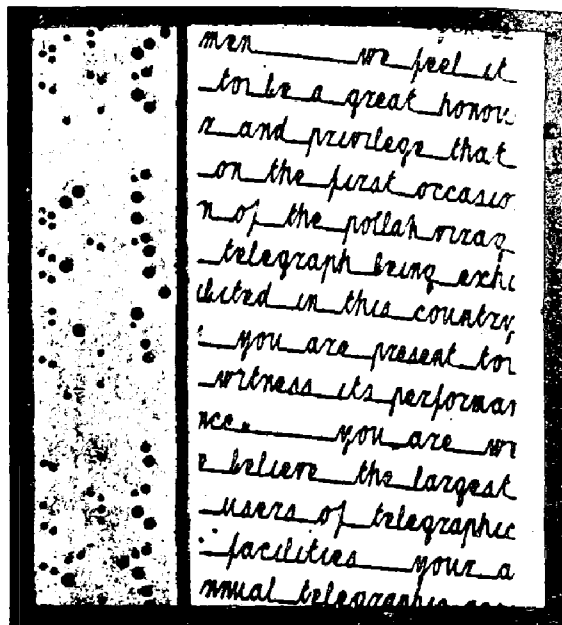
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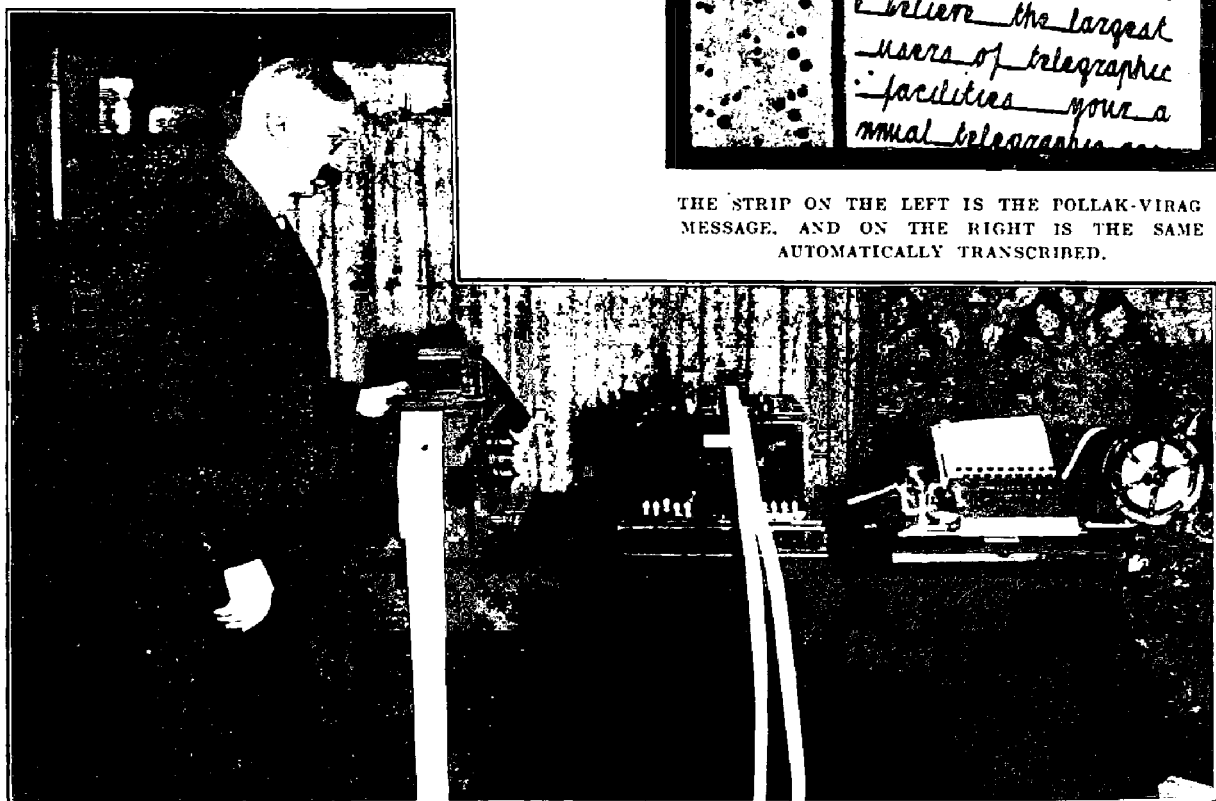
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THE LATEST STAMP EXHIBITION.

A Stamp Exhibition will be held, under the auspices of the Junior Philatelic Association, at Exeter Hall, Strand, London, W.C., on Friday and Saturday, February 3rd and 4th, 1905. Further particulars will be found in the advertisement on page xix of this issue, and any reader of THE CAPTAIN will be admitted on presentation of the coupon included therein.

SPECIAL TO "CAPTAIN" READERS.

THE LONDON STAMP EXHIBITION

In EXETER HALL, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.,
On **FRIDAY & SATURDAY, FEB. 3rd & 4th, 1905.**

Competitive Section. Open to Members and Non-Members.

Gold Medal.—It has been decided to present a Gold Medal to the boy or girl (whose age must not exceed 19), who submits to the Committee the best arranged collection of postage stamps in accordance with the conditions printed below.

Two Silver Medals and a number of other prizes offered by stall holders will be awarded to the competitors next in order of merit. A full list of medals and prizes is printed below.

There is no charge for entry, and the contest will be open to every boy or girl collector whose age does not exceed 19, whether a member of the Junior Philatelic Society or not.

Albums intended for this contest should be sent to the Hon. Secretaries, H. F. Johnson and P. Clare, 11, Trigon Road, Clapham, on or before Wednesday, February 1st. An addressed cover with stamps for return postage and registration must be enclosed for the safe return of the album when examined.

The Medals and Prizes will be awarded for the Collections which display the best skill and knowledge in the arrangement of the stamps. The rarity and value of the stamps, or whether used or unused, or the costliness of Album and mountings, will not be taken into consideration. A small collection neatly and carefully arranged may as readily head the list as a big collection of enormous value.

Only Boys and Girls under 19 will be allowed to compete, and competitors must enclose a letter signed by a parent, or a schoolmaster, clergyman, guardian, or other responsible person, stating that the collection is the entire property of the competitor, and that the competitor's age does not exceed 19 years.

There are no other conditions, and it need not cost you anything to compete, except the small cost of postage. All other costs are being borne by the Exhibition Committee. The successful albums will be displayed in a special case at the Exhibition, where will be made the first announcements of the result of the contest.

The Collections may be General or Specialised.—They may comprise used stamps only or unused only, or both together. Any postage stamps, postal cards, envelopes, or wrappers may be included, but fiscal stamps will not be considered.

The following is the order of the medals and prizes:—

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1.—The Society's Gold Medal. 2.—The Society's Silver Medal. 3.—Another Silver Medal. 4.—A Three-Guinea Cistafille, presented by Messrs. Lawn & Barlow. 5.—A No. 5 Standard Postage Stamp Album (value £2 5s.), presented by Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6.—A Set of Six Volumes of "The Captain," presented by Messrs. George Newnes, Limited. 7.—Thirty shillings' worth of stamps, to be selected from Bright's ABC Catalogue, presented by Messrs. Bright & Son. 8.—A Royal Stamp Album, with a 1d. and 2d. Mulready, presented by Mr. D. Field. 9.—A Packet Collection of 2,000 varieties, presented by Mr. William Brown. |
|--|---|

All Communications respecting this contest must be made to the Honorary Secretaries (The Junior Philatelic Society), H. F. Johnson and P. Clare, 11, Trigon Road, Clapham, London, S.W.

DETACH HERE.

☛ **COMPLIMENTARY TICKET** ☛

THE LONDON STAMP EXHIBITION

Organised by the Junior Philatelic Society, to be held in

EXETER HALL, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.,

Friday & Saturday, Feb. 3rd & 4th.

Please Admit Bearer to the Exhibition any time between 3.30 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. on Friday, and between 11 a.m. and 9.30 p.m. on Saturday.

With the "Old Fag's" Compliments. "THE CAPTAIN," BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, W.C.



F. C. GOULD.
Photo. Neuner.

THE BOYS' EMPIRE LEAGUE

*To Promote and Strengthen a Worthy Imperial Spirit
in British Boys all over the World*



THE VEN. W. M. SINCLAIR, D.D.
Photo. Mills.

MOTTO—"Many Countries but One Empire."

President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. Vice-Presidents, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

LEAGUE NOTES FOR FEBRUARY, 1905.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from readers of THE CAPTAIN in all parts of the Empire on matters affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its members. As it is, he receives regular communications from all our principal Colonies, and has quite recently had interesting letters from CAPTAIN readers living in such widely scattered regions as Buenos Ayres, Malay, Fiji, Falkland Isles, Cape Breton, Calabar, Tasmania, and other outposts of the British Empire.

INTER-COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—My recent paragraph in regard to the above has brought a budget of inquiries from all parts of the United Kingdom, and the writers have been duly placed in communication with members of the B.E.L. in the various Colonies, in accordance with their wishes. The working of this section is very simple when attended to with regularity, but by the time THE CAPTAIN has reached the farthest colony, and CAPTAIN readers have had time to reply, I shall require a number of names of British boys who will be willing to correspond with members abroad.

British correspondents are wanted by Ulric John, 12 Magazine Cut, Freetown, Sierra Leone; G. B. Thompson, The Rectory, Forbes, New South Wales; Geo. Brooker, Junr., 13 Kelvin-grove, Auburn, Australia; and Walter H. Toll, of 37 Benyon-road, Southgate-road, N.; would be glad to hear from a correspondent in Canada.

KIDDERMINSTER.—Fred. Ashcroft and Wm. J. Hammond, hon. secs.—This club is making steady progress, owing, in a great measure, to

the praiseworthy efforts of the joint secretaries and a well-chosen committee. Mr. Barnard, one of the vice-presidents, has presented the branch with an enlarged photo of himself, which is now hanging on the wall of the club room in Worcester-street. In addition, Mr. Barnard has also offered a silver cup to be competed for in the Draughts Tournament. The club is well appointed, and furnished with games and papers. A hearty invitation is extended to all B.E.L. members in the district. Club nights, Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 6.30 to 9.15, at 28 Worcester-street, Kidderminster.

NEWBURY, BERKS.—Mr. John Wickens, F.S.B.C., B.E.L. 4407, 3 Gordon-place, St. Mary's-road, Newbury, Berks, would be pleased to hear from any B.E.L. members residing in the counties of Berks, Hants, and Wilts, for the purpose of organising clubs, and if possible, at intervals, to visit such clubs for lecturing. Apply, stating number of B.E.L. members, particulars of club, and enclosing stamped addressed envelope, to the above.

BROMSGROVE, WORCESTERSHIRE.—I am pleased to hear that Messrs. Giles and Snell, the joint secretaries of this branch, have arranged an excellent programme for the spring session. More members are cordially invited.

B.E.L. HANDBOOK.—I am pleased to say that the B.E.L. Handbook, which has been thoroughly revised and enlarged, and partly rewritten, is now ready, and available at cost price, 2d. It contains the latest portraits of the President, the founders, the Archdeacon of London, Sir A. Conan Doyle, and others, besides all information regarding the League.

NEW ZEALAND.—The Committee have selected the beautiful "Empire Story of New Zealand" by W. Pember Reeves, Esq., Agent-General for New Zealand, as the work for the ensuing session. It is published at 1s. 6d., but through the kindness of the publishers we are enabled to forward it to our members post free to any address for 1s. 2d. HOWARD H. SPICER.

**THIS IS NOT KITCHENER,
But
CARINGTON.**



In the February Number of **Fry's Magazine** you will meet Carington for the first time. He is one of the most remarkable characters ever introduced into a magazine, and his audacious career and thrilling adventures, as set forth by MAJOR PHILIP TREVOR, will completely capture you.

THE CAPTURES OF CARINGTON,
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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 with a steady action that renders it a most acceptable and reliable beverage."

BEWARE of cocoas treated with alkali or other chemicals to give a fictitious appearance of strength

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*Really wholesome
Confectionery*

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METAL
POLISH

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BE LOYAL! DON'T PURCHASE FOREIGN POLISHES.
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MARCH. GREAT RUGBY FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

By P. F. WARNER.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS"

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG" ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F. WARNER.

6d

Vol. XII. No. 72. MARCH, 1905.

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of Flavour, Quality and
Economy in use, enables

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to
COMPLETELY OUTPLAY
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It is unrivalled for exquisite
natural flavour and for
nourishing and invigorating
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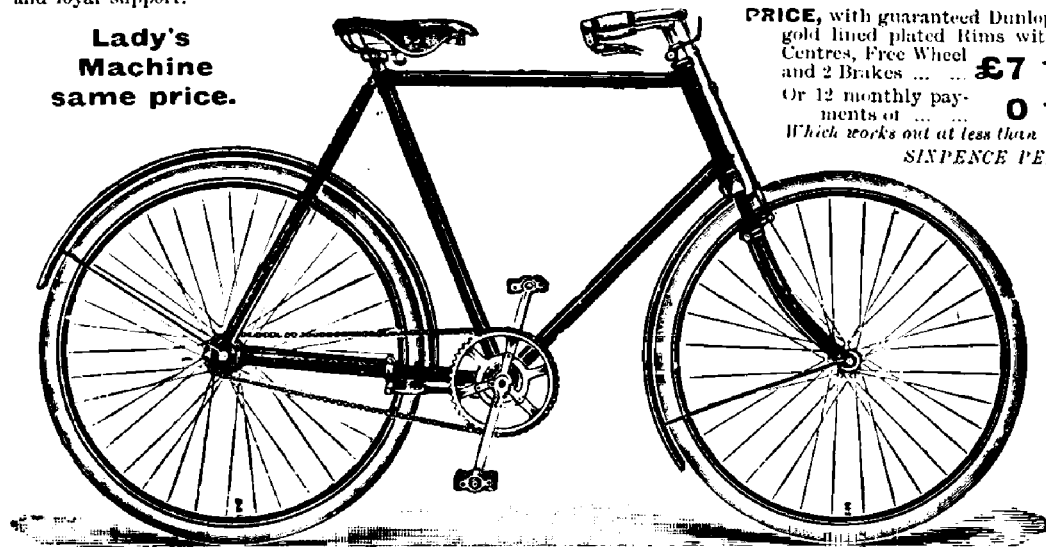


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"Panics" come and "Panics" go.

During our existence as the world's premier sports house we have seen many "panics." Whatever unpleasant effect these eruptions have had upon other houses, they have made little or no difference to us. We have educated the cycle-buying public to the fact that we give better value than any other house, hence their unwavering and loyal support.

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PRICE, with guaranteed Dunlop Tyres, gold lined plated Rims with black Centres, Free Wheel and 2 Brakes ... **£7 15 0**
Or 12 monthly payments of ... **0 14 6**
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SPECIFICATION.

- Frame.**—Best weldless steel tube. D section front forks, with box crown. Oval compression and seat stays. Slotted fork end, allowing front wheel to be easily removed.
- Bearings.**—Hardened ball-bearings to all parts, of Teutonic unbreakable steel.
- Gear.**—68 in., or to order.
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- Chain Wheels.**—Interchangeable.
- Wheels.**—28 by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. (Tyres interchangeable.)
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- Rims.**—Plated, with black centres and edges.
- Handle Bars.**—Upturned. Flat, or dropped with forward lug.
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- Equipment.**—Empire "De Luxe" Saddle, celluloid pump, spring pump clips, tool bag, tools, oil can, and polishing cloth.

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Price, with gold-lined Frame, plated Rims with coloured centres Dunlop or any Tyres, and Fagan two-speed Hub ... **£9 15 0**
Or 12 monthly payments of **0 19 2**
Or with Dursley-Pedersen three-speed gear... **£10 15 0**
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Carriage paid to any Railway Station in England.

READ

Kilburn, N.W.

GENTLEMEN,—Two years ago this month I purchased from you an "Ilixum" Cycle. I have much pleasure in informing you that I have ridden 3,000 miles with same tyres, and for the first 2,000 had only two punctures. The machine runs as well to-day as it did when I first had it. I am thinking of purchasing another (Lady's). Will you please send particulars and the necessary forms for monthly payments.

Wishing you every success,

I am, yours truly, M. S.

It is a noteworthy fact in cycling history that we were the first reliable firm to place upon the market a High Grade Cycle at a moderate price.

The uniformity of excellence and the additions mentioned below place the "ILIXUM" Bicycle far and away beyond any and all competition.

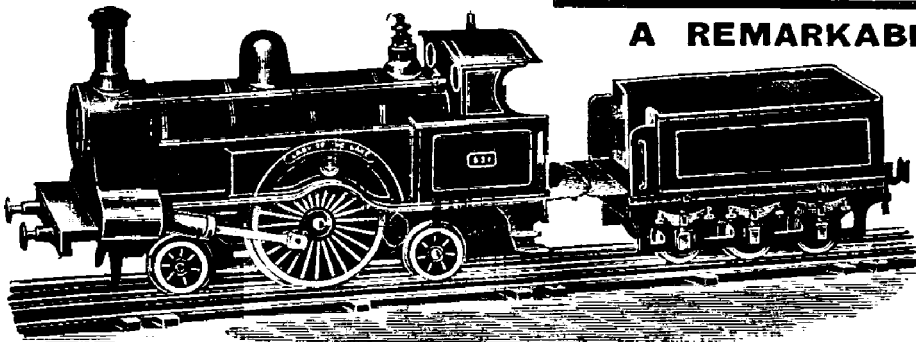
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In order to introduce our Loco. to those interested in Models, we beg to offer for a short time our most popular Loco., the "Lady of the Lake," with a Set of Rails for the small sum of 27.6, ordinary price 37. The "Lady of the Lake" Locomotive is one of the latest on the market, and is fitted with a Brass Boiler, a pair of powerful Oscillating Cylinders, with exhaust into Funnel, and reversing motion worked from Cab, Smoke Box, Whistle, Handrail, Safety Valve, and Dome. The Locomotive is in

every way a faithful representation of Ramsbottom's celebrated Engines, which are now so extensively used on the London and North-Western Railway, in conjunction with the "Black Prince" Class for Express Traffic. The Loco. is splendidly enamelled and lined in correct L. and N.W. Ry. Colours. Length over all 20 in., height 6 in., 1 1/2 in. Gauge. Set of Rails to suit. Price for a very short time only, 27.6. Same Loco. in 2 in. Gauge, with Set of Rails to suit, 34.6

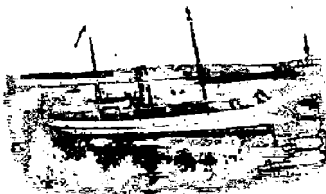
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The Whole Lot ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Send your Name and Address, with two 1d. stamps for postage, &c., and we will send the above **PARCEL**, together with our Catalogue, per return. This is a **Genuine Offer**. Only one lot given away to each applicant. Colonial postage, 2d. extra.

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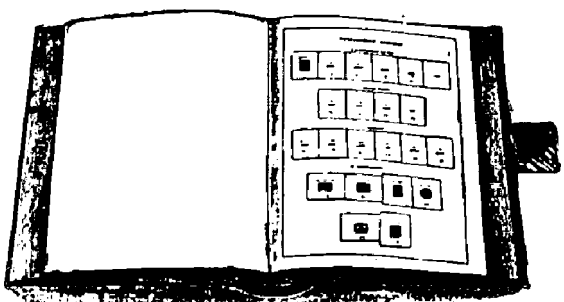
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50 DIFFERENT STAMPS, INCLUDING

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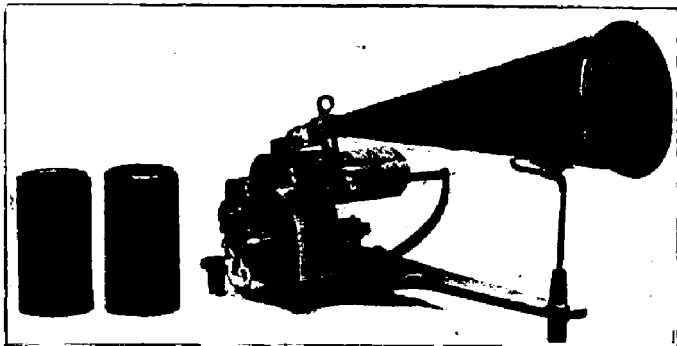
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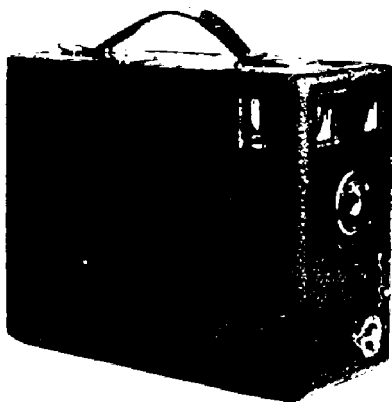
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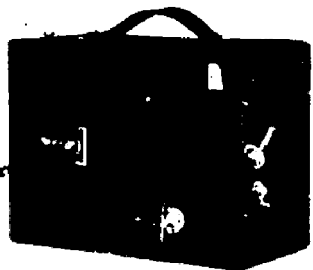
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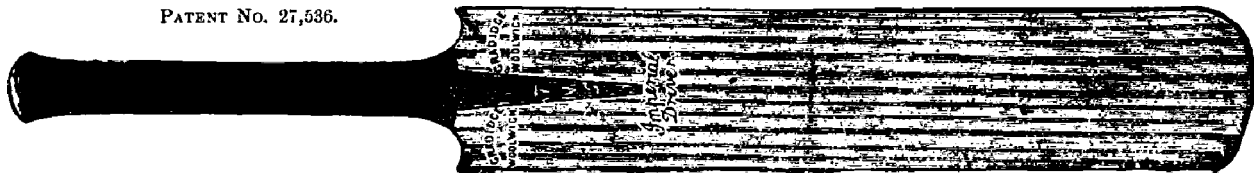
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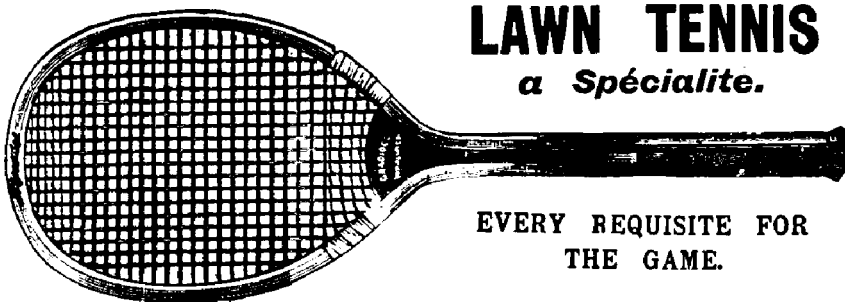
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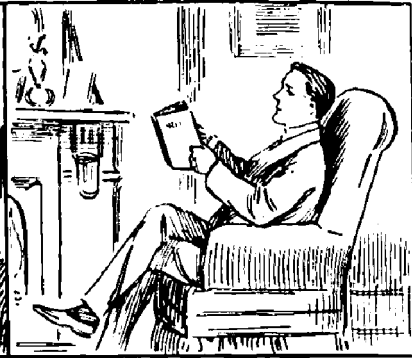
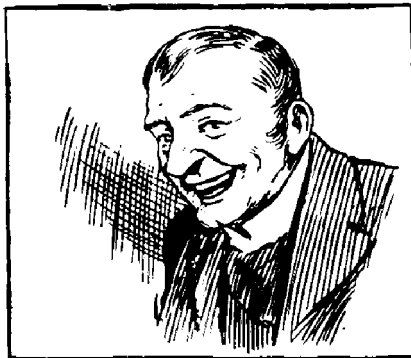
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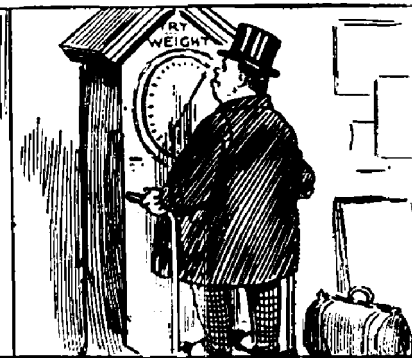
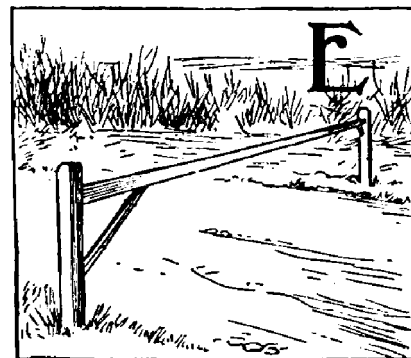


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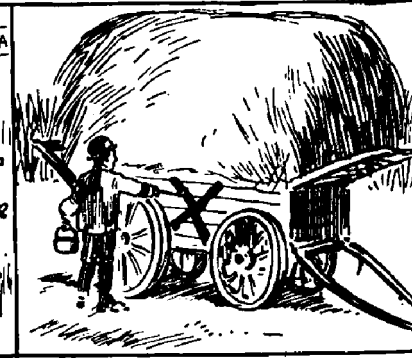
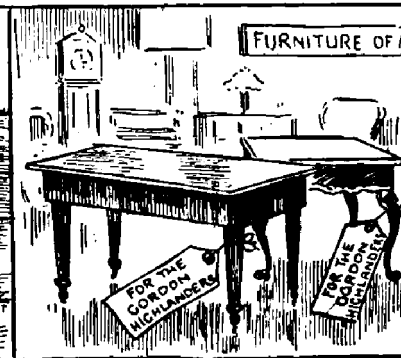
See "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS for MARCH, page 571.



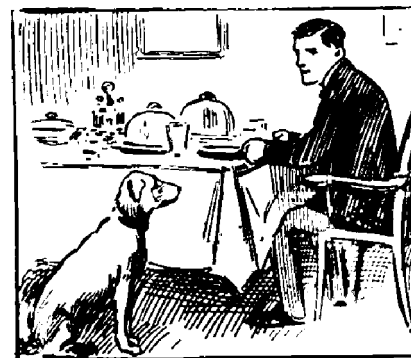
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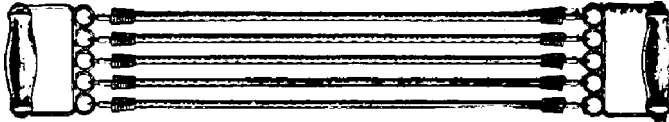
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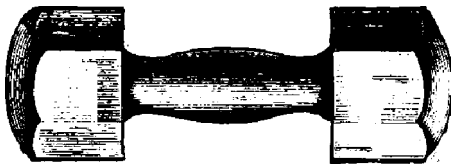
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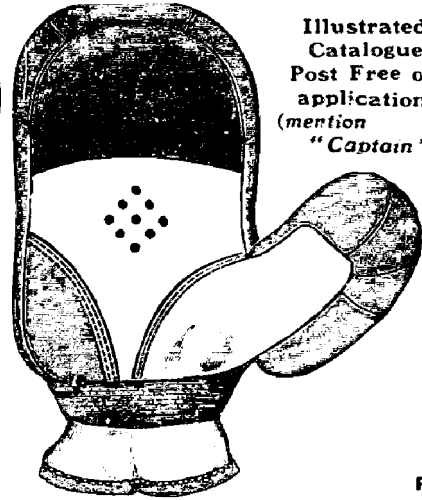
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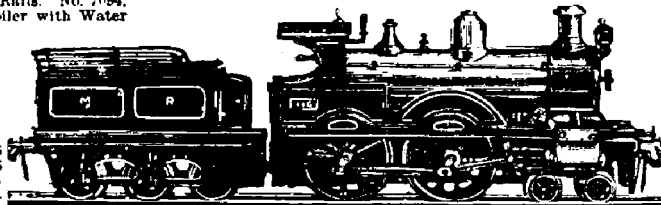
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P.F. Warner,
Athletic Editor.



Editor,
The Old Fag.

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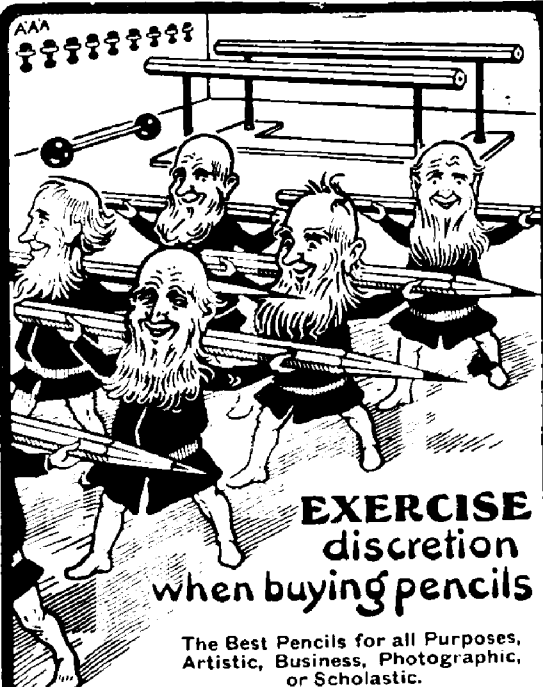
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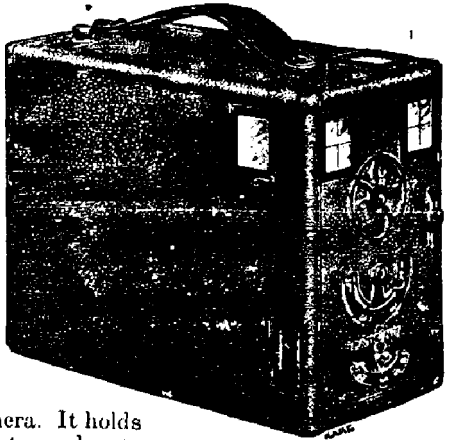
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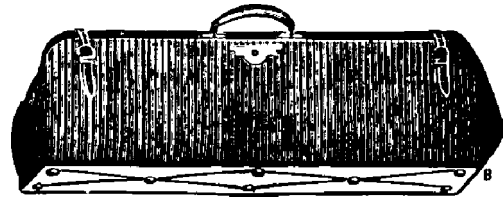


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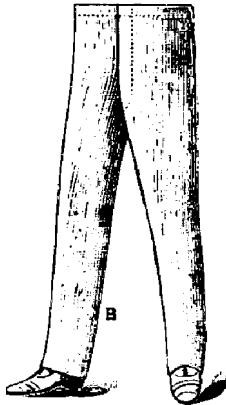
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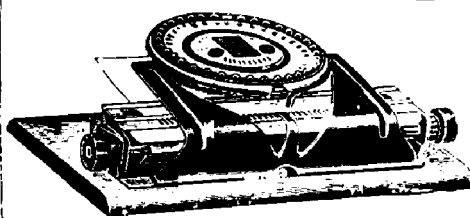


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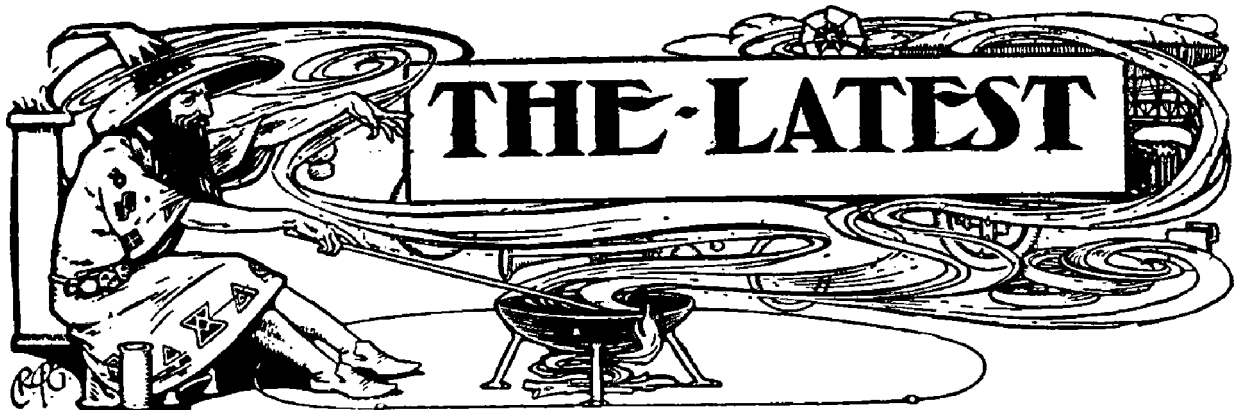
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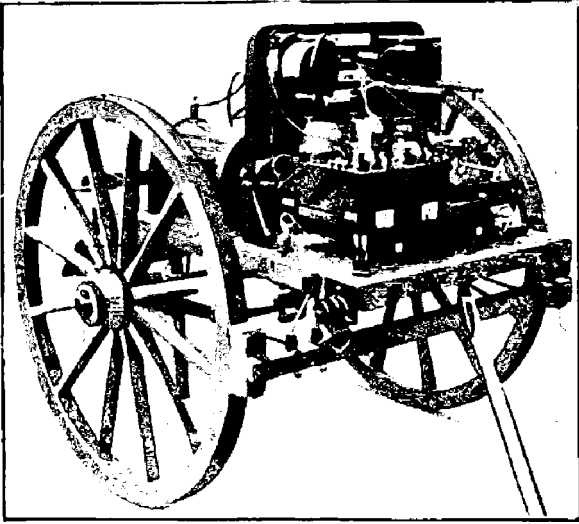
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Wireless Telegraphy in War.

Wireless telegraphy is now being used for military purposes by all the great war powers of the world. The accompanying illustration shows a portable space telegraph station as used in the German Army. Kite balloons support the aërial portion of the receiving and despatching apparatus. Each station comprises



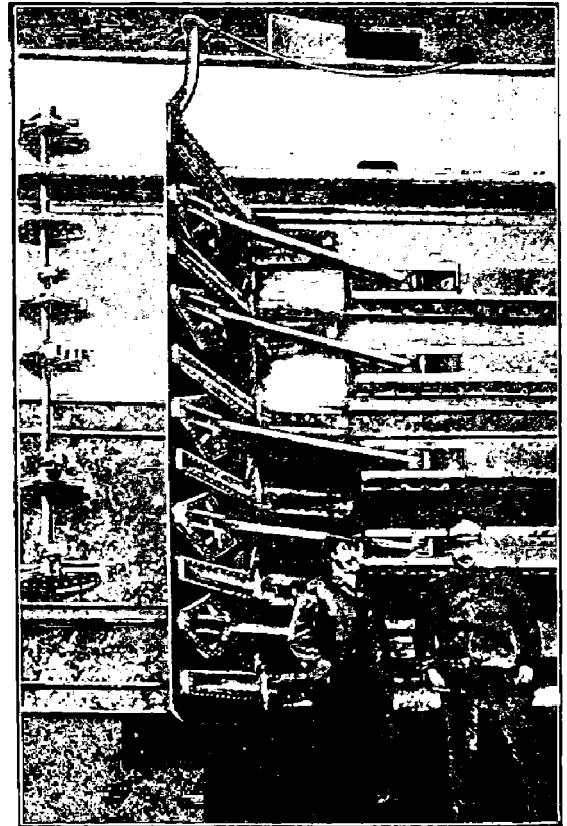
PORTABLE MILITARY SPACE TELEGRAPH.

three two-wheel carts. A "power cart" contains a 4-horse power gasoline motor direct, coupled to an alternating current generator of an effective output of about one kilowatt, and an exciting machine. Gasoline for operating the motor is carried in a reservoir of about eight gallons capacity, and the supply is sufficient for a continuous telegraphic service of about thirty hours. That portion of the sending and receiving apparatus not suspended in the air is carried on another cart. There is an induction coil, a battery of Leyden jars, and a high tension transformer. The various Morse instruments for despatching and receiving messages are at the back of the second cart. When not in use the balloon, gas reservoir, and trenching tools are carried by the third or utensil cart. With this outfit it is possible to keep up safe communication up to four days' marching.

A Brake for Ships.

Trains have brakes, and why not ships? This was a problem that until recently caused much thought to marine engineers. To stop a boat by reversing the engines and propellers takes much time, and, in the case of big ships, a considerable distance is traversed before the retarding influence begins to take effect. The ship's brake, illustrated on this page, consists of a

strong steel plate, which, by the aid of powerful hydraulic machinery, opens out from the side of the hull until it is quite at right angles to the vessel. With a number of these brakes on each side of the hull below the water line, the effect is felt immediately on their being opened. The brakes are all controlled from the captain's bridge, the movement of a single lever putting them all in action. A trial was recently made on the St. Lawrence River, near Montreal, with a vessel fitted with only two of these brakes. After maintaining for some time a speed of 11 knots an hour, steam was shut off, and the brakes on each side were opened. The vessel came to a stop within a distance equal to her own length. The brakes were then closed, and

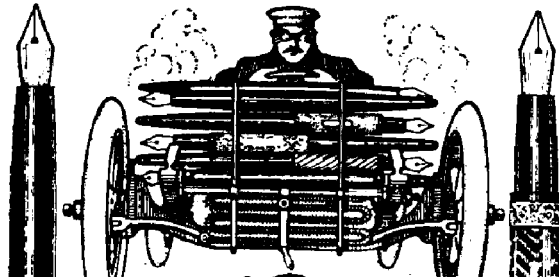


SHIP'S BRAKE OPENED.

the vessel steamed ahead until a speed of 11 knots was again attained. This time the engines were reversed and the brakes opened, with the result that all headway ceased in 50 feet, a distance representing about half the vessel's length.

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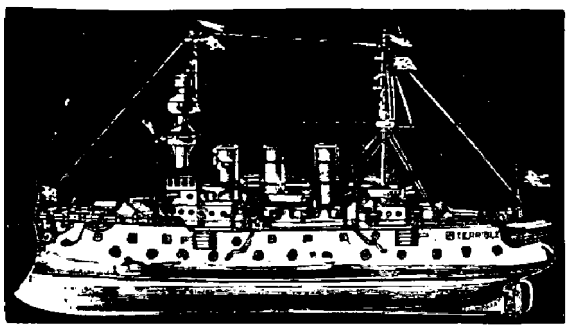
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Battleships, beautifully finished and enamelled, complete with Life Boats, Guns, and all fittings. Boiler and Twin-screw Engine, length 3 ft. Price 65s. Carriage paid. Gunboats, complete with Engines and Boiler, 24 ft. long, 35 6; 25 ft., 25 6; 20 ft., 20 s. Carriage paid. Division Boats, over 2 ft. long, complete with Engine and Boiler, 13 6. Carriage paid. Torpedo Boats, with Engine and Boiler, 15 ft. long, 7 6; 22 ft., 10 6. Carriage paid. Submarines, 14 ft. long, 7 6; 19 ft., 13 6; 27 ft., 35 6. Carriage paid. Sail on and under the water at high speed.

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Have you thought how foolish it is to ride a heavy bicycle? It means pushing about pounds of useless metal, and the only reason for it is that the makers can use inferior materials.

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IS THE LIGHTEST BICYCLE ON THE MARKET,

which fact is in itself a guarantee of the most perfect quality. This is the result of scientific methods of manufacture, which secure absolute accuracy and reliability in every detail without adding to the cost of the bicycle.

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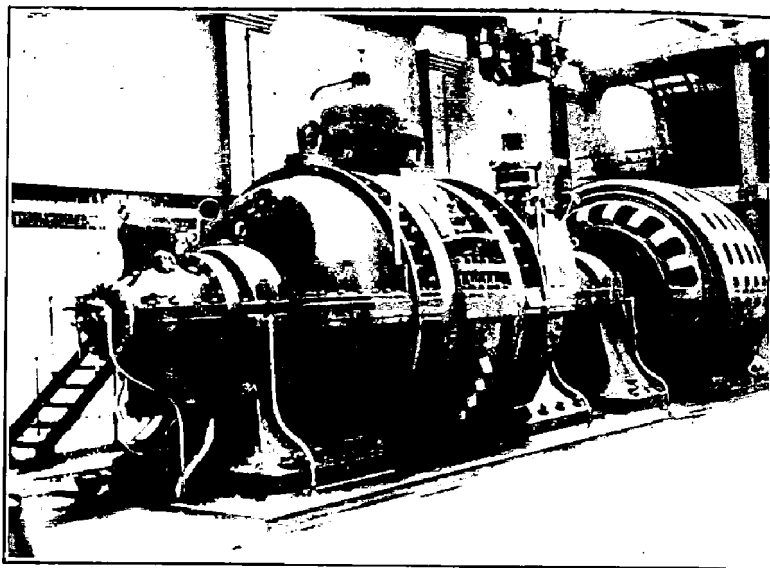
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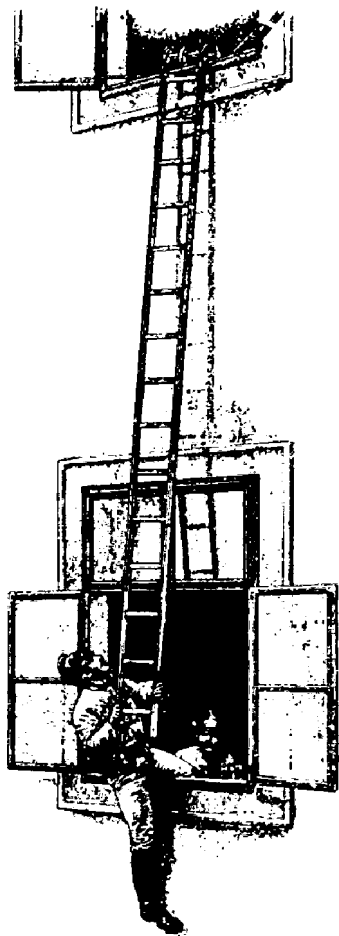
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Turbo-Generating Plant.

Already electric trains are running daily on portions of the Metropolitan Railway system, and their number will soon be increased. The power station for working these electric trains is situated at Neasden, in the north-west of London. Our illustration shows one unit of the turbo-generating plant in use at Neasden Works. Each unit is of 5,000 h.p.



5,000 HORSE-POWER TURBO-GENERATOR AT THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY'S NEW POWER STATION.



A HOOKED LADDER, AS USED BY AUSTRIAN FIRE BRIGADES.

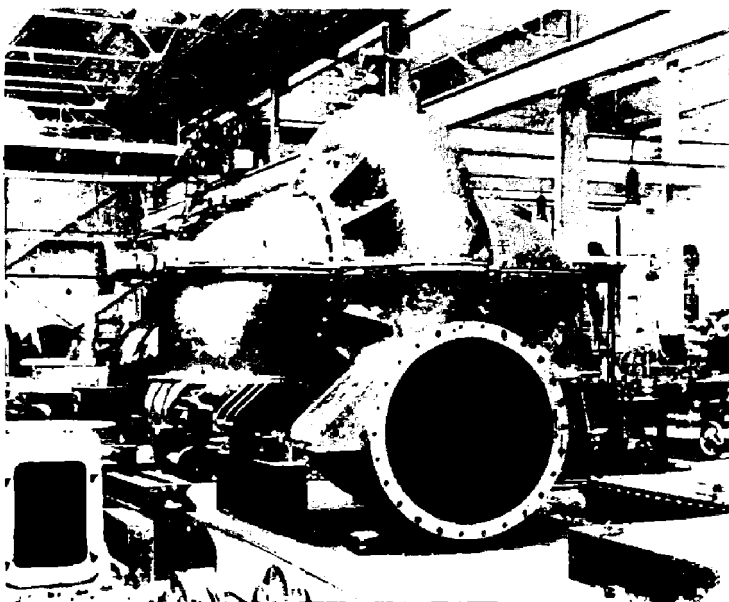
Fire Brigades in Vienna.

Vienna is justly proud of its fire brigades. Their costumes, as pictured in the accompanying sketch, differ not very much from those used by fire brigades in England. Lately, fire brigades throughout Austria have widely adopted the use of a new form of hooked ladder. As may be gathered from our sketch, it is useful to firemen in helping them to mount burning

houses; for, placed through a window, the hooked portion holds the ladder firmly in position.

A Giant Pump.

The photograph below shows part of a large pumping plant constructed by Messrs. W. H. Allen, Son, and Co., Ltd., for the New South Dock of the Cardiff Railway at Cardiff. The whole plant consists of three triple-expansion steam engines, and condensers of 900 indicated horse-power each, direct coupled to three large centrifugal pumps, each capable of delivering 100,000 gallons per minute, when running at a speed of 105 revolutions per minute. The photograph shows one complete pump, taken when in the makers' shops at Bedford.



A GIANT PUMP FOR CARDIFF, CAPABLE OF DELIVERING 100,000 GALLONS OF WATER PER MINUTE.



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Among the many fine features in the March Number of "C. B. FRY'S MAGAZINE" is the Third Article in the widely-discussed series of "GOLF FAULTS ILLUSTRATED," written by J. H. TAYLOR, three times Open Champion.



F. C. GOULD.
Photo. Neumes.

THE BOYS' EMPIRE LEAGUE

To Promote and Strengthen a Worthy Imperial Spirit
in British Boys all over the World

MOTTO—"Many Countries but One Empire."



THE VEN. W. M. SINCLAIR, D.D.
Photo. Mills.

President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. Vice-Presidents, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate-hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from CAPTAIN readers in all parts of the Empire on matters of general interest, and particularly on those affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its branches. As it is, he receives regular communications from old and esteemed correspondents in every part of the world, but mainly these are only of personal interest. What he would like would be such as he could reproduce in these columns, and thus "round up," as it were, his month's correspondence in such a way as to make it acceptably readable and eagerly looked forward to by all B.E.L. members throughout the Empire.

I have received letters from the following, all of whom I heartily welcome as Colonial Correspondents of the League:—

- J. E. Nichols, 81 Soldiers-street, Freetown, Sierra Leone.
- B. O. A. Kalango, Training Institute, Calabar.
- Alfred Flinn, 599 Dewey-avenue, Merriam Park, St. Paul, Minnesota.
- James Randall, New Aberdeen, Cape Breton, N.S.
- Eric P. Montizambert, Port Hope, Ont., Canada.
- L. M. Bolton, P.O. Box 36, Richmond, Natal.
- H. P. Ashdown, The Outlook, Weenen, Natal.
- Athol R. G. Paterson, Main Street, Humansdorp, Cape Colony.
- Steve Bennett, Jr., 199 Swan-street, Richmond, Melbourne, Vict.
- Douglas H. L. Hawkins, P.O., North Melbourne, Vict.
- W. Young, Laverock, College-street West, Palmerston North, N.Z.
- J. H. Chapman, H.M. Customs, Westfort, N.Z.
- Percy H. Williams, 42 Pulteney-street, Adelaide.

PUTNEY, S.W.—I am glad to be able to report that this new club is fully bearing out the

promise with which it started a short time ago. The success or non-success of a branch depends in the main on its hon. secretary and his coadjutors. In this respect, Putney, and several other new branches, are fortunate. The club meets in the Mission Hall every Monday night from 7.30 to 10 o'clock, when games, &c., are indulged in. The clubroom is well supplied with papers and magazines. Mr. Jones (the hon. secretary) and his comrades would be pleased to welcome as many CAPTAIN readers and others as care to attend, and explain to them the advantages of being members of the B.E.L.

The following members would be glad to hear from CAPTAIN readers and others with a view to forming branches of the B.E.L. in

- Dumfries, N.B.—George Robertson, 86 English-street.
- Rugby.—G. W. Batchelor, Lawford-road.
- Altrincham.—P. Davenport, Mayfield, Westwood-avenue, Timperley.
- Hampton Hill, Middlesex.—E. J. Surman, 36 High-street.
- Rotherham.—John E. Hunt, 50 Albany-street.
- Kilburn, N.W.—A. C. Baxter, 161 Harvist-road.
- Lewisham, S.E.—G. Rock Widlake, 7 Albion-road, or G. H. Lennox Robertson, 59 Granville Park.
- Thornaby-on-Tees.—G. M. B. Tait, 32 Mandale-road.
- Southport.—T. D. Bass, Glenthorpe, 68 Hampton-road.
- Birmingham.—C. C. Goldsmid, Melbourne House, Edward-road.

To all of these I offer my best wishes for success, and I promise them every assistance that is in my power. One great difficulty I find in the formation of branches is the obtaining of a suitable room in which to hold meetings. As the circumstances vary in every district I cannot give advice that will suit every case, but in many instances the management of the local coffee-house has been only too pleased to place a room at the disposal of the club at least once a week.

HOWARD H. SPICER.



**A
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AIR-GUN.**

For Volunteers, Rifle, and School Clubs, &c. The most reliable and accurate air-gun ever put on the market. Not only more accurate, but shoots stronger than any other. Suitable for small Game. Used in the Principal Air-Gun Clubs all over the country. Correctly sighted and beautifully finished. **21s., 25s., and 35s.**

**The New
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Air Rifle.**

ASK YOUR DEALER
to show you one, or send for Illustrated List to the Sole Proprietors
MARTIN PULVERMANN & CO.,
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The
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should be your constant companion and will prove your best friend. It is always ready for use, and with it, writing becomes a pleasure.

Made in Three Sizes at
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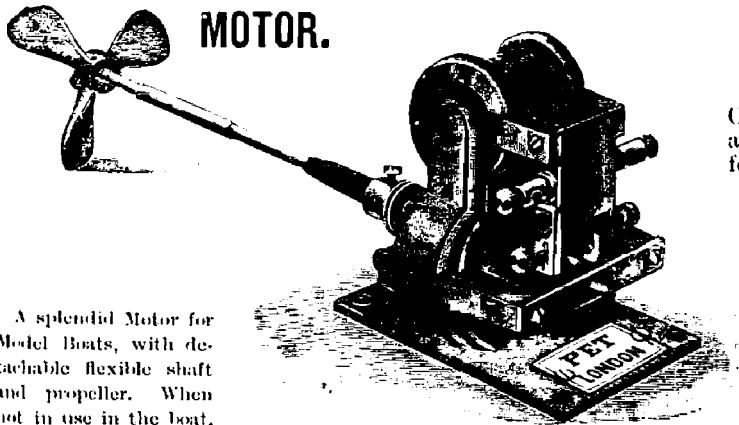
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A splendid Motor for Model Boats, with detachable flexible shaft and propeller. When not in use in the boat, it can be used as an ordinary motor. It is self-starting and powerful. Will run a boat 30 inches long, 9/-

Larger sizes at 13/6 and 21/-

Ditto, Suitable for Boat 5 ft. long, 30/-

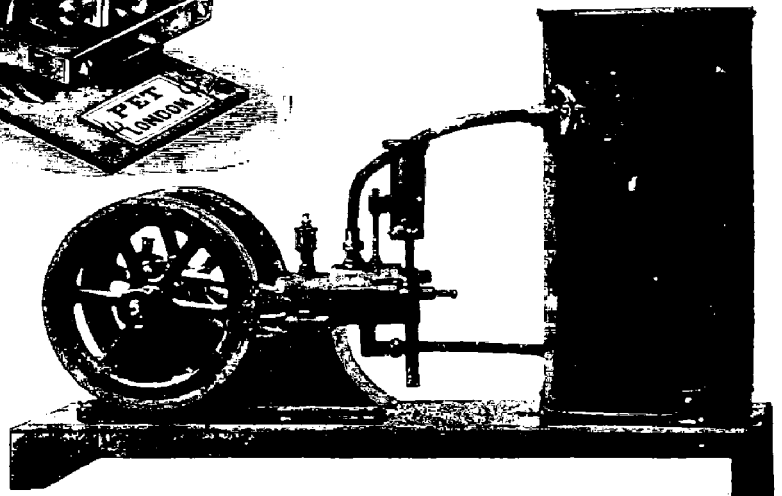
Either of above motors runs well with Two Small Batteries, or an Accumulator.

THE "LITTLE GIANT" GAS
ENGINE, $\frac{1}{6}$ H.P.

Price complete for Gas, £13 10 0

Or, fitted with a Dynamo, 8 cog drum armature, giving 10 volts 6 amperes, suitable for charging small accumulators, or for running a small Electric Light installation.

Complete £18 15 0



The above can be obtained from all Electrical Houses, or of the Sole Makers:

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NEW ILLUSTRATED ELECTRICAL LIST ON RECEIPT OF TWO STAMPS.

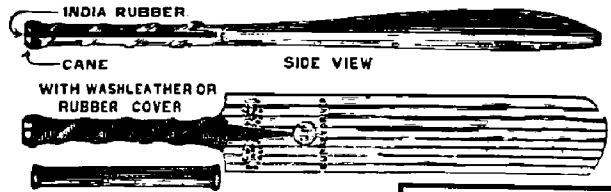
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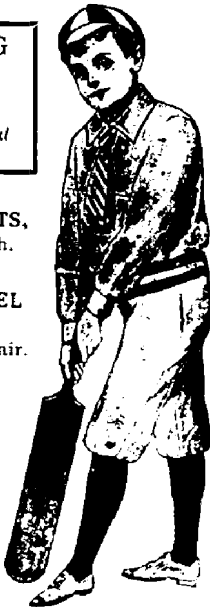
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BELTS, 6/1d. each.

SHOES, 4/11 per pair.

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Each. Men's Full Size 15/9 Specially Selected Blades, Double Spring Handles 18/9 Youths No. 6 12/9 New Blades for above, 10/- each.

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EVERYTHING FOR CYCLING.

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YOUTHS' ALL CANE HANDLE BATS.

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THE "MARVEL." Treble Seam, Practice, 2/- each. THE "PARK." Treble Seam, Match, 3/3 each. SUPERIOR MATCH, Warranted, 4/6 each. Our World-famed "BOUNDARY" 5/3 each. Six for 30/-

Composition Balls, 4 1/2 oz., 8d. each. Postage 3d.

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FULL-SIZE, POLISHED, BRASS TOPS, 3/- set. Post 5d.

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BEWARE of cocoas treated with alkali or other chemicals to give a fictitious appearance of strength.

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