



Crawford 2392

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".



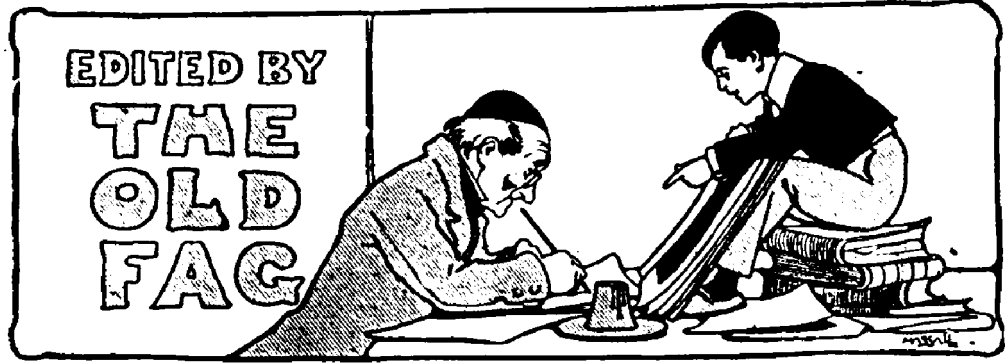
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Philatelic Editor.



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Athletic Editor.



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Cycling and Photographic Editor.



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Natural History Editor

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MR. TOM BROWNE, R.I., TROOPER, 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

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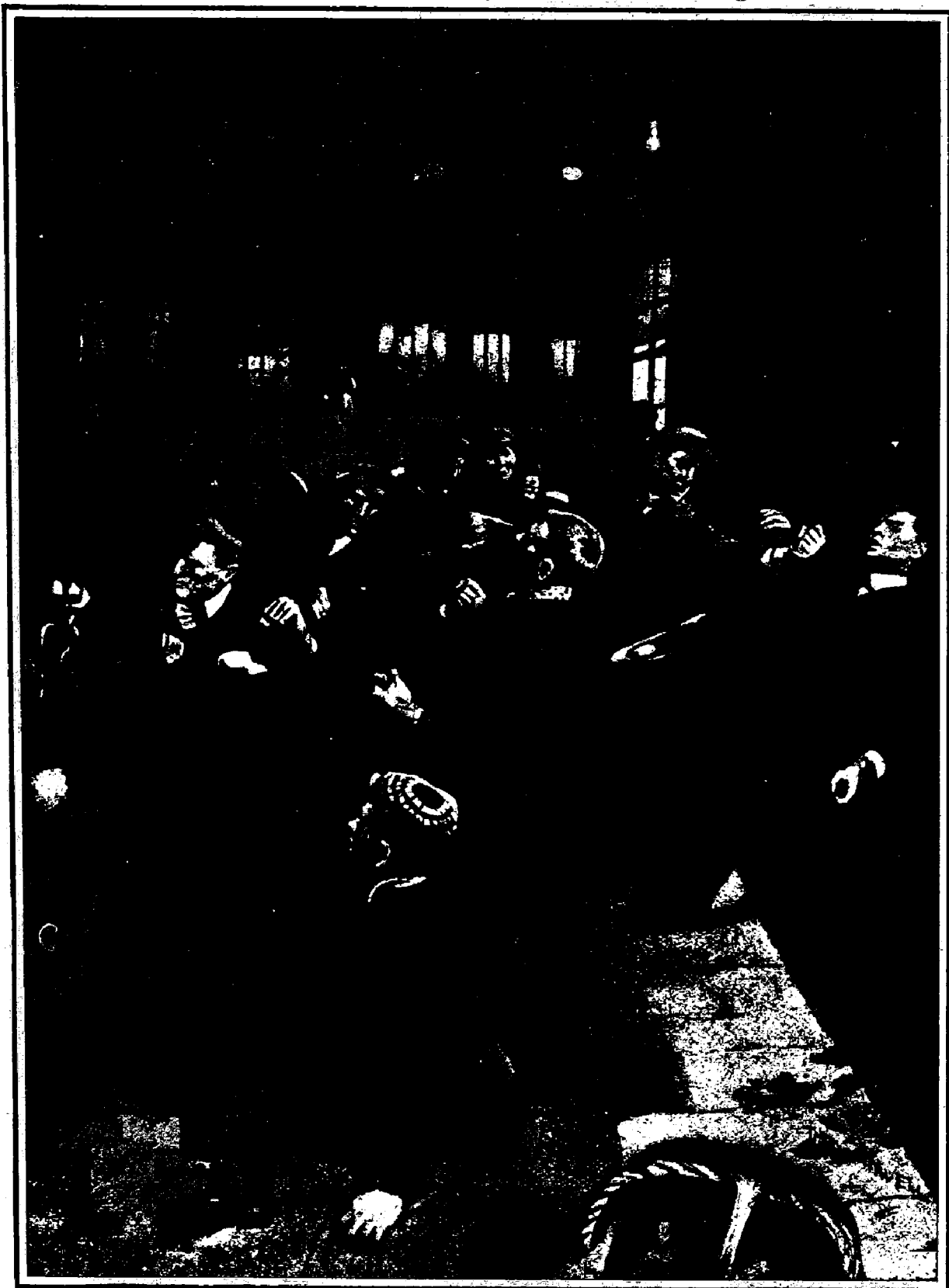
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Tom. B.

[A fanciful sketch by Mr. Tom Browne.]



THE RED-HAIRED ALBERT, PLUNGING THROUGH THE FRAY, SENT BARRY STAGGERING
AGAINST THE WALL.

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No. 79.



Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

CHAPTER I.

EXPERT OPINIONS.

"WITH apologies to gent opposite," said Clowes, "I must say I don't think much of the team."

"Don't apologise to *me*," said Allardyce disgustedly, as he filled the teapot, "I think they're rotten."

"They ought to have got into form by now, too," said Trevor. "It's not as if this was the first game of the term."

"First game!" Allardyce laughed shortly. "Why, we've only got a couple of club matches and the return match with Ripton to end the season. It is about time they got into form, as you say."

Clowes stared pensively into the fire.

"They struck me," he said, "as the sort of team who'd get into form somewhere in the middle of the cricket season."

"That's about it," said Allardyce. "Try those biscuits, Trevor. They're about the only good thing left in the place."

"School isn't what it was?" inquired Trevor, plunging a hand into the tin that stood on the floor beside him.

"No," said Allardyce, "not only in footer but in everything. The place seems absolutely rotten. It's bad enough losing all our matches, or nearly all. Did you hear that Ripton took thirty-seven points off us last term? And we only just managed to beat Greenburgh by a try to nil."

"We got thirty points last year," said Trevor. "Thirty-three and forty-two the year before. Why, we've always simply walked them. It's an understood thing that we smash them. And this year they held us all the time, and it was only a fluke that we scored at all. Their back mis-kicked, and let Barry in."

"Barry struck me as the best of the out-sides to-day," said Clowes. "He's heavier than he was, and faster."

"He's all right," agreed Allardyce. "If only the centres would feed him, we might do something occasionally. But did you ever see such a pair of rotters?"

"The man who was marking me certainly didn't seem particularly brilliant. I don't even know his name. He didn't do anything at footer in my time," said Trevor.

"He's a chap called Attell. He wasn't here with you. He came after the summer holidays. I believe he was sacked from somewhere. He's no good, but there's nobody else. Colours have been simply a gift this year to any one who can do a thing. Only Barry and myself left from last year's team. I never saw such a clearance as there was after the summer term."

"Where are the boys of the Old Brigade?" sighed Clowes.

"I don't know. I wish they were here," said Allardyce.

Trevor and Clowes had come down, after the Easter term had been in progress for a fort-



night, to play for an Oxford A team against the school. The match had resulted in an absurdly easy victory for the visitors by over forty points. Clowes had scored five tries off his own bat, and Trevor, if he had not fed his wing so conscientiously, would probably have scored an equal number. As it was, he had got through twice, and also dropped a goal. The two were now having a late tea with Allardyce in his study. Allardyce had succeeded Trevor as Captain of Football at Wrykyn, and had found the post anything but a sinecure.

For Wrykyn had fallen for the time being on evil days. It was experiencing the reaction which so often takes place in a school in the year following a season of exceptional athletic prosperity. With Trevor as captain of football, both the Ripton matches had been won, and also three out of the four other school matches. In cricket the eleven had had an even finer record, winning all their school matches, and likewise beating the M.C.C. and Old Wrykinians. It was too early to prophesy concerning the fortunes of next term's cricket team, but, if they were going to resemble the fifteen, Wrykyn was doomed to the worst athletic year it had experienced for a decade.

"It's a bit of a come-down after last season, isn't it?" resumed Allardyce, returning to his sorrows. It was a relief to him to discuss his painful case without restraint.

"We were a fine team last year," agreed Clowes, "and especially strong on the left wing. By the way, I see you've moved Barry across."

"Yes. Attell can't pass much, but he passes better from right to left than from left to right; so, Barry being our scoring man, I shifted him across. The chap on the other wing, Stanning, isn't bad at times. Do you remember him? He's in Appleby's. Then Drummond's useful at half."

"Jolly useful," said Trevor. "I thought he would be. I recommended you last year to keep your eye on him."

"Decent chap, Drummond," said Clowes.

"About the only one there is left in the place," observed Allardyce gloomily.

"Our genial host," said Clowes, sawing at the cake, "appears to have that tired feeling. He seems to have lost that *joie de vivre* of his, what?"

"It must be pretty sickening," said Trevor sympathetically. "I'm glad I wasn't captain in a bad year."

"The rummy thing is that the worse they

are, the more side they stick on. You see chaps who wouldn't have been in the third in a good year walking about in first fifteen blazers, and first fifteen scarves, and first fifteen stockings, and sweaters with first fifteen colours round the edges. I wonder they don't tattoo their faces with first fifteen colours."

"It would improve some of them," said Clowes.

Allardyce resumed his melancholy remarks. "But, as I was saying, it's not only that the footer's rotten. That you can't help, I suppose. It's the general beastliness of things that I bar. Rows with the town, for instance. We've been having them on and off ever since you left. And it'll be worse now, because there's an election coming off soon. Are you fellows stopping for the night in the town? If so, I should advise you to look out for yourselves."

"Thanks," said Clowes. "I shouldn't like to see Trevor sandbagged. Nor, indeed, should I—for choice—care to be sandbagged myself. But, as it happens, the good Donaldson is putting us up, so we escape the perils of the town."

"Everybody seems so beastly slack now," continued Allardyce. "It's considered the thing. You're looked on as an awful blood if you say you haven't done a stroke of work for a week. I shouldn't mind that so much if they were some good at anything. But they can't do a thing. The footer's rotten, the gymnasium six is made up of kids an inch high—we shall probably be about ninetieth at the Public Schools' Competition—and there isn't any one who can play racquets for nuts. The only thing that Wrykyn'll do this year is to get the Light Weights at Aldershot. Drummond ought to manage that. He won the Feathers last time. He's nearly a stone heavier now, and awfully good. But he's the only man we shall send up, I expect. Now that O'Hara and Moriarty are both gone, he's the only chap we have who's up to Aldershot form. And nobody else'll take the trouble to practise. They're all too slack."

"In fact," said Clowes, getting up, "as was only to be expected, the school started going to the dogs directly I left. We shall have to be pushing on now, Allardyce. We promised to look in on Seymour before we went to bed. Friend, let us away."

"Good-night," said Allardyce.

"What you want," said Clowes solemnly, "is a liver pill. You are looking on life too gloomily. Take a pill. Let there be no stint. Take two. Then we shall hear your merry



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Mr. Seymour's views on the school resembled those of Allardyce. Wrykyn, in his opinion, was suffering from a reaction.

"It's always the same," he said, "after a very good year. Boys leave, and it's hard to fill their places. I must say I did not expect quite such a clearing out after the summer. We have had bad luck in that way. Maurice, for instance, and Robinson both ought to have had another year at school. It was quite unexpected, their leaving. They would have

made all the difference to the forwards. You must have somebody to lead the pack who has had a little experience of first fifteen matches."

"But even then," said Clowes, "they oughtn't to be so rank as they were this afternoon. They seemed such slackers."

"I'm afraid that's the failing of the school just now," agreed Mr. Seymour. "They don't play themselves out. They don't put just that last ounce into their work which makes all the difference."

Clowes thought of saying that, to judge by appearances, they did not put in even the first ounce; but refrained. However low an opinion a games' master may have—and even express—of his team, he does not like people to agree too cordially with his criticisms.

"Allardyce seems rather sick about it," said Trevor.

"I am sorry for Allardyce. It is always unpleasant to be the only survivor of an exceptionally good team. He can't forget last year's matches, and suffers continual disappointments because the present team does not play up to the same form."

"He was saying something about rows with the town," said Trevor, after a pause.

"Yes, there has certainly been some unpleasantness lately. It is the penalty we pay for being on the outskirts of a town. Four years out of five nothing happens. But in the fifth, when the school has got a little out of hand——"

"Oh, then it really *has* got out of hand?" asked Clowes.

"Between ourselves, yes," admitted Mr. Seymour.

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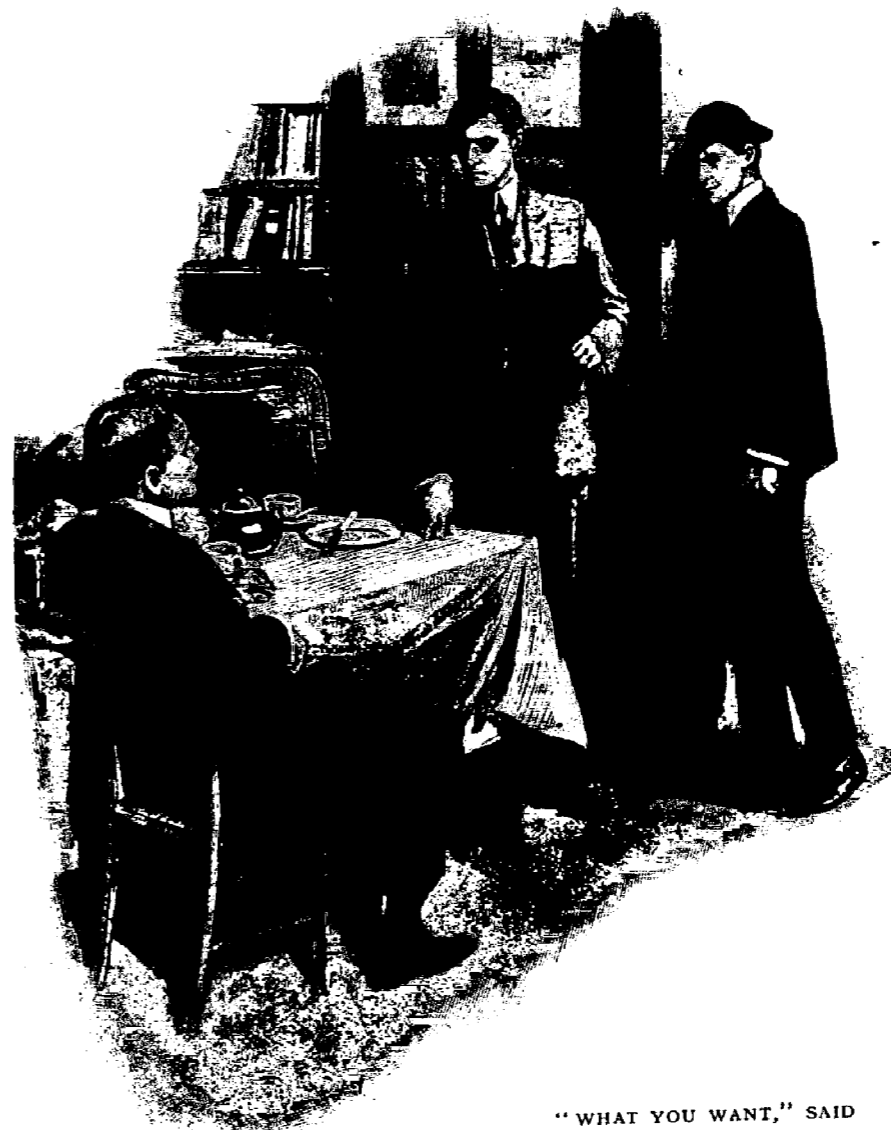
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actual complaints so far. But still—well, trouble—yes. trouble.

"For instance," he said, "a boy in my house, Linton—you remember him?—is moving in society at this moment with a swollen lip and minus a front tooth. Of course, I know nothing about it, but I fancy he got into trouble in the town. That is merely a straw which shows how the wind is blowing, but if you lived on the spot you would see more what I mean. There is trouble in the air. And now that this election is coming on I should not wonder if things came to a head. I can't remember a single election in Wrykyn when there was not disorder in the town. And if the school is going to join in, as it probably will, I shall not be sorry when the holidays come. I know the headmaster is only waiting for an excuse to put the town out of bounds."

"But the kids have always had a few rows on with that school in the High Street—what's its name—St. Something?" said Clowes.

"Jude's," supplied Trevor.

"St. Jude's?" said Mr. Seymour. "Have they? I didn't know that."

"Oh, yes. I don't know how it started, but it's been going on for two or three years now. It's a School House feud really, but Dexter's are mixed up in it somehow. If a School House fag goes down town he runs like an antelope along the High Street, unless he's got one or two friends with him. I saved dozens of kids from destruction when I was at school. The St. Jude's fellows lie in wait, and dash out on them. I used to find School House fags fighting for their lives in back alleys. The enemy fled on my approach. My air of majesty overawed them."

"But a junior school feud matters very little," said Mr. Seymour. "You say it has been going on for three years; and I have never heard of it till now. It is when the bigger fellows get mixed up with the town that we have to interfere. I wish the headmaster would put the place out of bounds entirely until the election is over. Except at election time the town seems to go to sleep."

"That's what we ought to be doing," said Clowes to Trevor. "I think we had better be off now, sir. We promised Mr. Donaldson to be in some time to-night."

"It's later than I thought," said Mr. Seymour. "Good-night, Clowes. How many tries was it that you scored this afternoon? Five? I wish you were still here, to score them for instead of against us. Good-night, Trevor. I was glad to see they tried you for Oxford, though you didn't get your blue.

You'll be in next year all right. Good-night."

The two Old Wrykinians walked along the road towards Donaldson's. It was a fine night, but misty.

"Jove, I'm quite tired," said Clowes. "Hello!"

"What's up?"

They were opposite Appleby's at the moment. Clowes drew him into the shadow of the fence.

"There's a chap breaking out. I saw him shinning down a rope. Let's wait, and see who it is."

A moment later somebody ran softly through the gateway and disappeared down the road that led to the town.

"Who was it?" said Trevor. "I couldn't see."

"I spotted him all right. It was that chap who was marking me to-day. Stanning. Wonder what he's after. Perhaps he's gone to tar the statue, like O'Hara. Rather a sportsman."

"Rather a silly idiot," said Trevor. "I hope he gets caught."

"You always were one of those kind, sympathetic chaps," said Clowes. "Come on, or Donaldson'll be locking us out."

CHAPTER II.

SHEEN AT HOME.

ON the afternoon following the Oxford A match, Sheen, of Seymour's, was sitting over the gas-stove in his study with a Thucydides. He had been staying in that day with a cold. He was always staying in. Every one has his hobby, and that was Sheen's.

Nobody at Wrykyn, even at Seymour's, seemed to know Sheen very well, with the exception of Drummond; and those who troubled to think about the matter at all rather wondered what Drummond saw in him. To the superficial observer the two had nothing in common. Drummond was good at games—he was in the first fifteen and the second eleven, and had won the Feather Weights at Aldershot—and seemed to have no interests outside them. Sheen, on the other hand, played fives for the house, and that was all. He was bad at cricket, and had given up football by special arrangement with Allardyce, on the plea that he wanted all his time for work. He was in for an in-school scholarship, the Gotford. Allardyce, though professing small sympathy with such a degraded ambition, had given him

a special dispensation, and since then Sheen had retired from public life even more than he had done hitherto. The examination for the Gotford was to come off towards the end of the term.

The only other Wrykinians with whom Sheen was known to be friendly were Stanning and Attell, of Appleby's. And here those who troubled to think about it wondered still more, for Sheen, whatever his other demerits, was not of the type of Stanning and Attell. There are certain members of every public-school, just as there are certain members of every college at the universities, who are "marked men." They have never been detected in any glaring breach of the rules, and their manner towards the powers that be is, as a rule, suave, even deferential. Yet it is one of the things which everybody knows that they are in the black books of the authorities, and that sooner or later, in the picturesque phrase of the New Yorker, they will "get it in the neck." To this class Stanning and Attell belonged. It was plain to all that the former was the leading member of the firm. A glance at the latter was enough to show that, whatever ambitions he may have had in the direction of villainy, he had not the brains necessary for really satisfactory evil-doing. As for Stanning, he pursued an even course of life, always rigidly obeying the eleventh commandment, "thou shalt not be found out." This kept him from collisions with the authorities; while a ready tongue and an excellent knowledge of the art of boxing—he was, after Drummond, the best light-weight in the place—secured him at least tolerance at the hand of the school: and, as a matter of fact, though most of those who knew him disliked him, and particularly those who, like Drummond, were what Clowes had called the Old Brigade, he had, nevertheless, a tolerably large following. A first fifteen man, even in a bad year, can generally find boys anxious to be seen about with him.

That Sheen should have been amongst these surprised one or two people, notably Mr. Seymour, who, being games' master, had come a good deal into contact with Stanning, and had not been favourably impressed. The fact was that the keynote of Sheen's character was a fear of giving offence. Within limits this is not a reprehensible trait in a person's character, but Sheen overdid it, and it frequently complicated his affairs. There come times when one has to choose which of two people one shall offend. By acting in one way, we offend A. By acting in the opposite

way, we annoy B. Sheen had found himself faced by this problem when he began to be friendly with Drummond. Their acquaintance, begun over a game of fives, had progressed. Sheen admired Drummond, as the type of what he would have liked to have been, if he could have managed it. And Drummond felt interested in Sheen because nobody knew much about him. He was, in a way, mysterious. Also, he played the piano really well; and Drummond at that time would have courted anybody who could play for his benefit "Mumblin' Mose," and didn't mind obliging with unlimited encores.

So the two struck up an alliance, and as Drummond hated Stanning only a shade less than Stanning hated him, Sheen was under the painful necessity of choosing between them. He chose Drummond. Whereby he undoubtedly did wisely.

Sheen sat with his Thucydides over the gas-stove, and tried to interest himself in the doings of the Athenian expedition at Syracuse. His brain felt heavy and flabby. He realised dimly that this was because he took too little exercise, and he made a resolution to diminish his hours of work per diem by one, and to devote that one to fives. He would mention it to Drummond when he came in. He would probably come in to tea. The board was spread in anticipation of a visit from him. Herbert, the boot-boy, had been despatched to the town earlier in the afternoon, and had returned with certain food-stuffs, which were now stacked in an appetising heap on the table.

Sheen was just making something more or less like sense out of an involved passage of Nikias' speech, in which that eminent general himself seemed to have only a hazy idea of what he was talking about, when the door opened.

He looked up, expecting to see Drummond, but it was Stanning. He felt instantly that "warm shooting" sensation from which David Copperfield suffered in moments of embarrassment. Since the advent of Drummond he had avoided Stanning, and he could not see him without feeling uncomfortable. As they were both in the sixth form, and sat within a couple of yards of one another every day, it will be realised that he was frequently uncomfortable.

"Great Scott!" said Stanning, "swotting?"

Sheen glanced almost guiltily at his Thucydides. Still, it was something of a relief that the other had not opened the conversation with an indictment of Drummond,



"You see," he said apologetically, "I'm in for the Gotford."

"So am I. What's the good of swotting, though? I'm not going to do a stroke."

As Stanning was the only one of his rivals of whom he had any real fear, Sheen might have replied with justice that, if that was the case, the more he swotted, the better. But he said nothing. He looked at the stove, and dog's-eared the Thucydides.

"What a worm you are, always staying in!" said Stanning.

"I caught a cold watching the match yesterday."

"You're as flabby as——" —Stanning looked round for a simile— "as a doughnut. Why don't you take some exercise?"

"I'm going to play fives, I think. I do need some exercise."

"Fives? Why don't you play footer?"

"I haven't time. I want to work."

"What rot. I'm not doing a stroke."

Stanning seemed to derive a spiritual pride from this admission.

"Tell you what, then," said Stanning, "I'll play you to-morrow after-school."

Sheen looked a shade more uncomfortable, but he made an effort, and declined the invitation.

"I shall probably be playing Drummond," he said.

"Oh, all right," said Stanning. "I don't care. Play whom you like."

There was a pause.

"As a matter of fact," resumed Stanning, "what I came here for was to tell you about last night. I got out, and went to Mitchell's. Why didn't you come? Didn't you get my note? I sent a kid with it."

Mitchell was a young gentleman of rich but honest parents who had left the school at Christmas. He was in his father's office, and lived in his father's house on the outskirts of the town. From time to time his father went up to London on matters connected with business, leaving him alone in the house. On these occasions Mitchell the younger would write to Stanning, with whom when at school he had been on friendly terms; and Stanning, breaking out of his house after everybody had gone to bed, would make his way to the Mitchell residence, and spend a pleasant hour or so there. Mitchell senior owned Turkish cigarettes and a billiard table. Stanning appreciated both. There was also a piano, and Stanning had brought Sheen with him one night to play it. The getting-out and the subsequent getting-in had nearly whitened

Sheen's hair, and it was only by a series of miracles that he had escaped detection. Once, he felt, was more than enough; and when a fag from Appleby's had brought him Stanning's note, containing an invitation to a second jaunt of the kind, he had refused to be lured into the business again.

"Yes, I got the note," he said.

"Then why didn't you come? Mitchell was asking where you were."

"It's so beastly risky."

"Risky! Rot."

"We should get sacked if we were caught."

"Well, don't get caught, then."

Sheen registered an internal vow that he would not.

"He wanted us to go again on Monday. Will you come?"

"I—don't think I will, Stanning," said Sheen. "It isn't worth it."

"You mean you funk it. That's what's the matter with you."

"Yes, I do," admitted Sheen.

As a rule—in stories—the person who owns that he is afraid gets unlimited applause and adulation, and feels a glow of conscious merit. But with Sheen it was otherwise. The admission made him, if possible, more uncomfortable than he had been before.

"Mitchell will be sick," said Stanning.

Sheen said nothing.

Stanning changed the subject.

"Well, at any rate," he said, "give us some tea. You seem to have been victualling for a siege."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Sheen, turning a deeper shade of red and experiencing a redoubled attack of the warm shooting, "but the fact is, I'm waiting for Drummond."

Stanning got up, and expressed his candid opinion of Drummond in a few words.

He said more. He described Sheen, too, in unflattering terms.

"Look here," he said, "you may think it jolly fine to drop me just because you've got to know Drummond a bit, but you'll be sick enough that you've done it before you've finished."

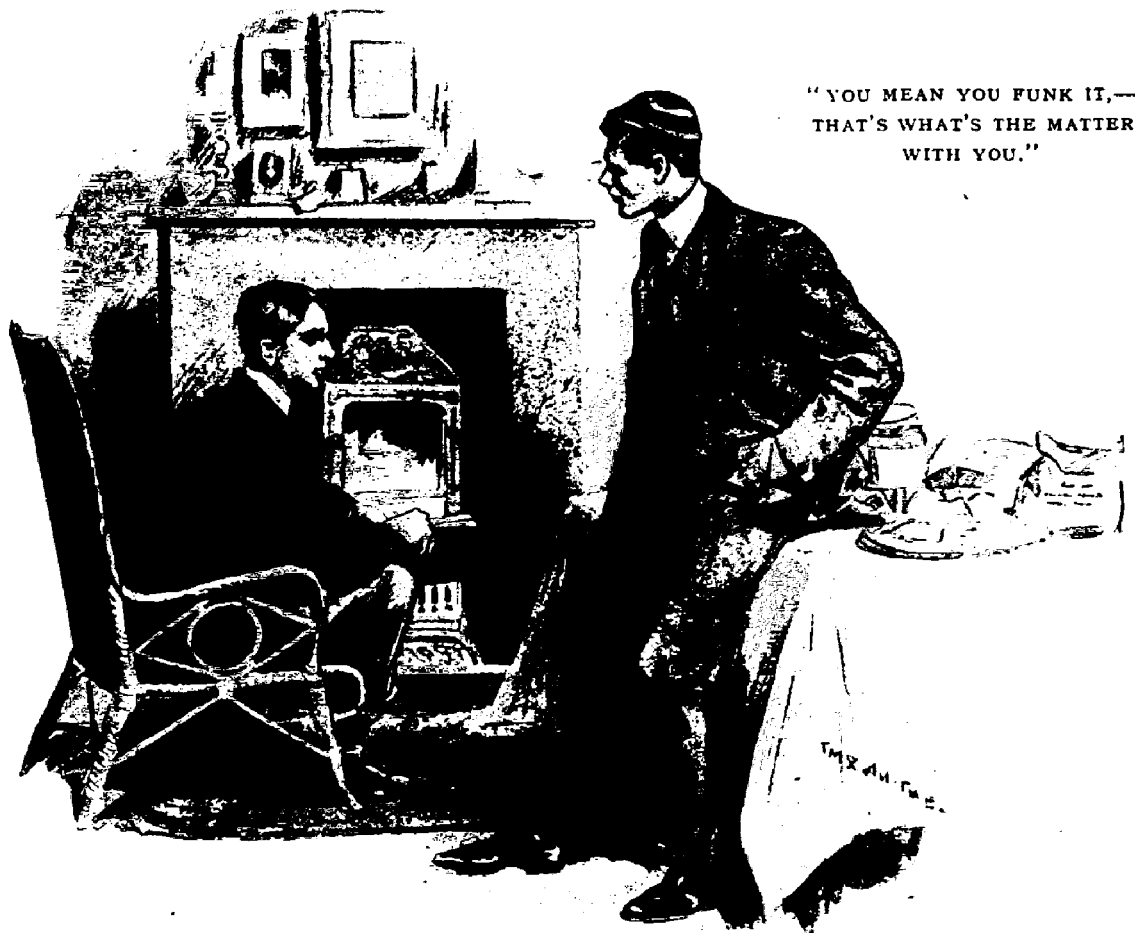
"It isn't that——" began Sheen.

"I don't care what it is. You slink about trying to avoid me all day, and you won't do a thing I ask you to."

"But, you see——"

"Oh, shut up," said Stanning.





"YOU MEAN YOU FUNK IT,—
THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH YOU."

CHAPTER III.

SHEEN RECEIVES VISITORS AND ADVICE.

WHILE Sheen had been interviewing Stanning, in study twelve, further down the passage, Linton and his friend Dunstable, who was in Day's house, were discussing ways and means. Like Stanning, Dunstable had demanded tea, and had been informed that there was none for him.

"Well, you are a bright specimen, aren't you?" said Dunstable, seating himself on the table which should have been groaning under the weight of cake and biscuits. "I should like to know where you expect to go to. You lure me in here, and then have the cheek to tell me you haven't got anything to eat. What have you done with it all?"

"There was half a cake——"

"Bring it on."

"Young Menzies bagged it after the match yesterday. His brother came down with the Oxford A team, and he had to give him tea in his study. Then there were some biscuits——"

"What's the matter with biscuits? *They're* all right. Bring them on. Biscuits forward. Show biscuits."

"Menzies took them as well."

Dunstable eyed him sorrowfully.

"You always were a bit of a maniac," he said, "but I never thought you were quite such a complete gibberer as to let Menzies get away with all your grub. Well, the only thing to do is to touch him for a tea. He owes us one. Come on."

They proceeded down the passage and stopped at the door of study three.

"Hullo," said Menzies, as they entered.

"We've come to tea," said Dunstable. "Cut the satisfying sandwich. Let's see a little more of that hissing urn of yours, Menzies. Bustle about, and be the dashing host."

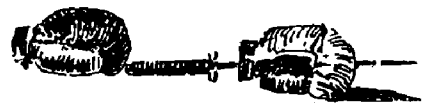
"I wasn't expecting you."

"I can't help your troubles," said Dunstable.

"I've not got anything. I was thinking of coming to you, Linton."

"Where's that cake?"

"Finished. My brother simply walked into it."



"Greed," said Dunstable unkindly, "seems to be the besetting sin of the Menzies. Well, what are you going to do about it? I don't wish to threaten, but I'm a demon when I'm roused. Being done out of my tea is sure to rouse me. And owing to unfortunate accident of being stonily broken, I can't go to the shop. You're responsible for the slump in provisions. Menzies, and you must see us through this. What are you going to do about it?"

"Do either of you chaps know Sheen at all?"

"I don't," said Linton. "Not to speak to."

"You can't expect us to know all your shady friends," said Dunstable. "Why?"

"He's got a tea on this evening. If you knew him well enough, you might borrow something from him. I met Herbert in the dinner-hour carrying in all sorts of things to his study. Still, if you don't know him——"

"Don't let a trifle of that sort stand in the way," said Dunstable. "Which is his study?"

"What are you going to do?"

"Come on, Linton," said Dunstable. "Be a man, and lead the way. Go in as if he'd invited us. Ten to one he'll think he did, if you don't spoil the thing by laughing."

"What, invite ourselves to tea?" asked Linton, beginning to grasp the idea.

"That's it. Sheen's the sort of ass who won't do a thing. Anyhow, it's worth trying. Smith in our house got a tea out of him that way last term. Coming, Menzies?"

"Not much. I hope he kicks you out."

"Come on, then, Linton. If Menzies cares to chuck away a square meal, let him."

Thus, no sooner had the door of Sheen's study closed upon Stanning, than it was opened again to admit Linton and Dunstable.

"Well," said Linton, affably, "here we are."

"Hope we're not late," said Dunstable. "You said somewhere about five. It's just struck. Shall we start?"

He stooped, and took the kettle from the stove.

"Don't you bother," he said to Sheen, who had watched this manœuvre with an air of amazement, "I'll do all the dirty work."

"But——" began Sheen.

"That's all right," said Dunstable soothingly. "I like it."

The intellectual pressure of the affair was too much for Sheen. He could not recollect having invited Linton, with whom he had exchanged only about a dozen words that term, much less Dunstable, whom he merely

knew by sight. Yet here they were, behaving like honoured guests. It was plain that there was a misunderstanding somewhere, but he shrank from grappling with it. He did not want to hurt their feelings. It would be awkward enough if they discovered their mistake for themselves.

So he exerted himself nervously to play the host, and the first twinge of remorse which Linton felt came when Sheen pressed upon him a bag of biscuits which, he knew, could not have cost less than one and sixpence a pound. His heart warmed to one who could do the thing in such style.

Dunstable, apparently, was worried by no scruples. He leaned back easily in his chair, and kept up a bright flow of conversation.

"You're not looking well, Sheen," he said. "You ought to take more exercise. Why don't you come down town with us one of these days and do a bit of canvassing? It's a rag. Linton lost a tooth at it the other day. We're going down on Saturday to do a bit more."

"Oh?" said Sheen politely.

"We shall get one or two more chaps to help next time. It isn't good enough, only us two. We had four great beefy hooligans on to us when Linton got his tooth knocked out. We had to run. There's a regular gang of them going about the town now that the election's on. A red-headed fellow who looks like a butcher seems to boss the show. They call him Albert. He'll have to be slain one of these days for the credit of the school. I should like to get Drummond on to him."

"I was expecting Drummond to tea," said Sheen.

"He's running and passing with the fifteen," said Linton. "He ought to be in soon. Why, here he is. Hullo, Drummond!"

"Hullo!" said the newcomer, looking at his two fellow-visitors as if he were surprised to see them there.

"How were the First?" asked Dunstable.

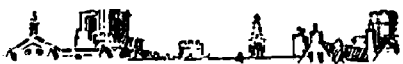
"Oh, rotten. Any tea left?"

Conversation flagged from this point, and shortly afterwards Dunstable and Linton went. "Come and tea with me some time," said Linton.

"Oh, thanks," said Sheen. "Thanks awfully."

"It was rather a shame," said Linton to Dunstable, as they went back to their study, "rushing him like that. I shouldn't wonder if he's quite a good sort, when one gets to know him."

"He must be a rotter to let himself be



rushed. By Jove, I should like to see some one try that game on with me."

In the study they had left, Drummond was engaged in pointing this out to Sheen.

"The First are rank bad," he said. "The outsiders were passing rottenly to-day. We shall have another forty points taken off us when we play Ripton. By the way, I didn't know you were a pal of Linton's."

"I'm not," said Sheen.

"Well, he seemed pretty much at home just now."

"I can't understand it. I'm certain I never asked him to tea. Or Dunstable either. Yet they came in as if I had. I didn't like to hurt their feelings by telling them."

Drummond stared.

"What, they came without being asked! Heavens! man, you must buck up a bit and keep awake, or you'll have an awful time. Of course, those two chaps were simply trying it on. I had an idea it might be that, when I came in. Why did you let them? Why didn't you scrag them?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Sheen uncomfortably.

"But, look here, it's rot. You *must* keep your end up in a place like this, or everybody in the house'll be ragging you. Chaps will, naturally, play the goat if you let them. Has this ever happened before?"

Sheen admitted reluctantly that it had. He was beginning to see things. It is never pleasant to feel that one has been bluffed.

"Once last term," he said, "Smith, a chap in Day's, came to tea like that. I couldn't very well do anything."

"And Dunstable is in Day's. They compared notes. I wonder you haven't had the whole school dropping in on you, lining up in long queues down the passage. Look here, Sheen, you really must pull yourself together. I'm not ragging. You'll have a beastly time if you're so feeble. I hope you won't be sick with me for saying it, but I can't help that. It's all for your own good. And it's really pure slackness that's the cause of it all."

"I hate hurting people's feelings," said Sheen.

"Oh, rot. As if anybody here had any feelings. Besides, it doesn't hurt a chap's feelings being told to get out, when he knows he's got no business in a place."

"Oh, all right," said Sheen shortly.

"Glad you see it," said Drummond. "Well, I'm off. Wonder if there's anybody in that bath."

He reappeared a few moments later. During

his absence Sheen overheard certain shrill protestations which were apparently being uttered in the neighbourhood of the bathroom door.

"There was," he said, putting his head into the study and grinning cheerfully at Sheen. "There was young Renford, who had no earthly business to be there. I've just looked in to point the moral. Suppose you'd have let him bag all the hot water, which ought to have come to his elders and betters, for fear of hurting his feelings; and gone without your bath. I went on my theory that nobody at Wrykyn, least of all a fag, has any feelings. I turfed him out without a touch of remorse. You get much the best results my way. So long."

And the head disappeared; and shortly afterwards there came from across the passage muffled but cheerful sounds of splashing.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

THE borough of Wrykyn had been a little unfortunate—or fortunate, according to the point of view—in the matter of elections. The latter point of view was that of the younger and more irresponsible section of the community, which liked elections because they were exciting. The former was that of the tradespeople, who disliked them because they got their windows broken.

Wrykyn had passed through an election and its attendant festivities in the previous year, when Sir Eustace Briggs, the mayor of the town, had been returned by a comfortable majority. Since then ill-health had caused that gentleman to resign his seat, and the place was once more in a state of unrest. This time the school was deeply interested in the matter. The previous election had not stirred them. They did not care whether Sir Eustace Briggs defeated Mr. Saul Pedder, or whether Mr. Saul Pedder wiped the political floor with Sir Eustace Briggs. Mr. Pedder was an energetic Radical; but owing to the fact that Wrykyn had always returned a Conservative member and did not see its way to a change as yet, his energy had done him very little good. The school had looked on him as a sportsman, and read his speeches in the local paper with amusement: but they were not interested. Now, however, things were changed. The Conservative candidate, Sir William Bruce, was one of themselves—an Old Wrykinian, a governor of the school, a man who

always watched school matches, and the donor of the Bruce Challenge Cup for the school mile. In fine, one of the best. He was also the father of Jack Bruce, a day-boy on the engineering side. The school would have liked to have made a popular hero of Jack Bruce. If he had liked, he could have gone about with quite a suite of retainers. But he was a quiet, self-sufficing youth, and was rarely to be seen in public. The engineering side of a public school has workshops and other weirdnesses which keep it occupied after the ordinary school hours. It was generally understood that Bruce was a good sort of chap, if you knew him, but you had got to know him first; brilliant at his work, and devoted to it; a useful slow bowler; known to be able to drive and repair the family motor-car; one who seldom spoke unless spoken to, but who, when he did speak, generally had something sensible to say. Beyond that, report said little.

As he refused to allow the school to work off its enthusiasm on him, they were obliged to work it off elsewhere. Hence the disturbances which had become frequent between school and town. The inflammatory speeches of Mr. Saul Pedder had caused a swashbuckling spirit to spread among the rowdy element of the town. Gangs of youths, to adopt the police-court term, had developed a habit of parading the streets arm-in-arm, shouting "Good old Pedder!" When these met some person or persons who did not consider Mr. Pedder good and old there was generally what the local police-force described as a "frakkus."

It was in one of these frakkuses that Linton had lost a valuable tooth.

Two days had elapsed since Dunstable and Linton had looked in on Sheen for tea. It was a Saturday afternoon, and roll-call was just over. There was no first fifteen match, only a rather uninteresting house-match, Templar's *versus* Donaldson's, and existence in the school grounds showed signs of becoming tame.

"What a beastly term the Easter term is," said Linton, yawning. "There won't be a thing to do till the house-matches begin properly."

Seymour's had won their first match, as had Day's. They would not be called upon to perform for another week or more.

"Let's get a boat out," suggested Dunstable.

"Such a beastly day."

"Let's have tea at the shop."

"Rather slow. How about going to Cook's?"

"All right. Toss you who pays."

Cook's was a shop in the town to which the school most resorted when in need of refreshment.

"Wonder if we shall meet Albert."

Linton licked the place where his tooth should have been, and said he hoped so.

Sergeant Cook, the six-foot proprietor of the shop, was examining a broken window when they arrived, and muttering to himself.

"Hullo," said Dunstable. "what's this? New idea for ventilation? Golly, massa, who frew dat brick?"

"Done it at ar-parse six last night, he did," said Sergeant Cook, "the red-eaded young scallywag. Ketch 'im—I'll give 'im——"

"Sounds like dear old Albert," said Linton. "Who did it, sergeant?"

"Red-eaded young mongrel. 'Good old Pedder,' he says. 'I'll give you Pedder,' I says. Then bang it comes right on top of the muffins, and when I doubled out after 'im 'e'd gone."

Mrs. Cook appeared and corroborated witness's evidence. Dunstable ordered tea.

"We may meet him on our way home," said Linton. "If we do I'll give him something from you with your love. I owe him a lot for myself."

Mrs. Cook clicked her tongue compassionately at the sight of the obvious void in the speaker's mouth.

"You'll 'ave to 'ave a forlse one, Mr. Linton," said Sergeant Cook with gloomy relish.

The back shop was empty. Dunstable and Linton sat down and began tea. Sergeant Cook came to the door from time to time and dilated further on his grievances.

"Gentlemen from the school they come in 'ere and says ain't it all a joke and exciting and what not. But I says to them, you 'avn't got to live in it, I says. That's what it is. You 'avn't got to live in it, I says. Glad when it's all over, that's what I'll be."

"'Nother jug of hot water, please," said Linton.

The sergeant shouted the order over his shoulder, as if he were addressing a half-company on parade, and returned to his woes.

"You 'avn't got to live in it, I says. That's what it is. It's this everlasting worry and flurry day in and day out, and not knowing what's going to 'appen next, and one man coming in and saying 'Vote for Bruce,' and another 'Vote for Pedder,' and another saying how it's the poor man's loaf he's fighting for—if he'd only *buy* a loaf, now—'ullo, 'ullo, wot's this?"

There was a "confused noise without."



as Shakespeare would put it, and into the shop came clattering Barry and McTodd, of Seymour's, closely followed by Stanning and Attell.

"This is getting a bit too thick," said Barry, collapsing into a chair.

From the outer shop came the voice of Sergeant Cook.

"Let me jest come to you, you red-headed—"

Roars of derision from the road.

"That's Albert," said Linton, jumping up.

"Yes, I heard them call him that," said Barry. "McTodd and I were coming down here to tea, when they started going for us, so we nipped in here hoping to find reinforcements."

"We were just behind you," said Stanning. "I got one of them a beauty. He went down like a shot."

"Albert?" inquired Linton.

"No. A little chap."

"Let's go out and smash them up," suggested Linton excitedly.

Dunstable treated the situation more coolly.

"Wait a bit," he said. "No hurry. Let's finish tea at any rate. You'd better eat as much as you can now, Linton. You may have no teeth left to do it with afterwards," he added cheerfully.

"Let's chuck things at them," said McTodd.

"Don't be an ass," said Barry. "What on earth's the good of that?"

"Well, it would be something," said McTodd vaguely.

"Hit 'em with a muffin," suggested Stanning. "Dash, I barked my knuckles on that man. But I bet he felt it."

"Look here. I'm going out," said Linton. "Come on, Dunstable."

Dunstable continued his meal without hurry.

"What's the excitement?" he said.

"There's plenty of time. Dear old Albert's not the sort of chap to go away when he's got us cornered here. The first principle of warfare is to get a good feed before you start."

"And anyhow," said Barry, "I came here for tea, and I'm going to have it."

Sergeant Cook was recalled from the door, and received the orders.

"They've just gone round the corner," he said, "and that red-headed one 'e says he's goin' to wait if he 'as to wait all night."

"Quite right," said Dunstable approvingly. "Sensible chap, Albert. If you see him, you might tell him we shan't be long, will you?"

A quarter of an hour passed.

"Kerm out," shouted a voice from the street.

Dunstable looked at the others.

"Perhaps we might be moving now," he said, getting up. "Ready?"

"We must keep together," said Barry.

"You goin' out, Mr. Dunstable?" inquired Sergeant Cook.

"Yes. Good-bye. You'll see that we're decently buried, won't you?"

The garrison made its sortie.

It happened that Drummond and Sheen were also among those whom it had struck that afternoon that tea at Cook's would be pleasant; and they came upon the combatants some five minutes after battle had been joined. The town contingent were filling the air with strange cries, Albert's voice being easily heard above the din, while the Wrykinians, as public-school men should, were fighting quietly and without unseemly tumult.

"By Jove," said Drummond. "here's a row on."

Sheen stopped dead, with a queer, sinking feeling within him. He gulped. Drummond did not notice these portents. He was observing the battle.

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation.

"Why, it's some of our chaps! There's a Seymour's cap. Isn't that McTodd? And, great Scott! there's Barry. Come on, man."

Sheen did not move.

"Ought we . . . to get . . . mixed up . . . ?" he began.

Drummond looked at him with open eyes. Sheen babbled on.

"The old man might not like—sixth form, you see—oughtn't we to—?"

There was a yell of triumph from the town army as the red-haired Albert, plunging through the fray, sent Barry staggering against the wall. Sheen caught a glimpse of the lout's grinning face as he turned. He had a cut over one eye. It bled.

"Come on," said Drummond, beginning to run to the scene of action.

Sheen paused for a moment irresolutely. Then he walked rapidly in the opposite direction.

(To be continued.)

Life at Loretto School.

THE LORETTO SCHOOL HOUSE. IN PRE-REFORMATION TIMES IT WAS A FAMOUS HERMITAGE AND PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE. LORD CLIVE AND SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE RESIDED HERE FOR A LONG PERIOD. AN OAK WAS PLANTED BY THE GATE TO MARK THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD.

Photos. by Clarke and Hyde.



THE HEAD MASTER.
MR. H. B. TRISTRAM.



BOYS LEAVING FOR THE REGULATION MORNING WALK BEFORE BREAKFAST. THEY MUST WALK HALF A MILE, WET OR FINE.

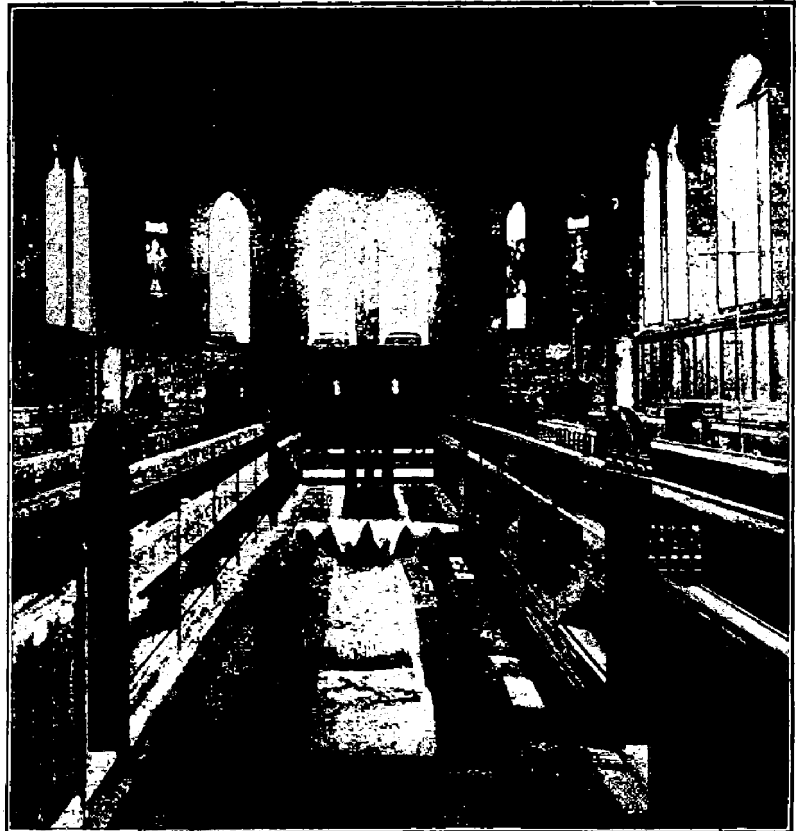


BOYS LEAVING CHAPEL AFTER SERVICE. THE BUILDING STANDS IN ITS OWN GROUNDS AND FRIENDS CAN ATTEND IF THEY WISH.



BOY IN EVERYDAY DRESS.

They are not allowed to wear waistcoats. The costume consists of flannel shirt, knickers, woollen sweater and socks, and coat made the same thickness throughout. They must keep the neck and throat well open to the air.



INTERIOR OF LORETTO CHAPEL, WHICH IS CONSTRUCTED ENTIRELY OF CARVED OAK.



FOOTBALL—AT WHICH LORETTO EXCELS.



BOYS ARE WEIGHED AT THE COMMENCEMENT AND END OF EACH TERM.



THE NOBLE ART FORMS PART OF THE ATHLETIC TRAINING.



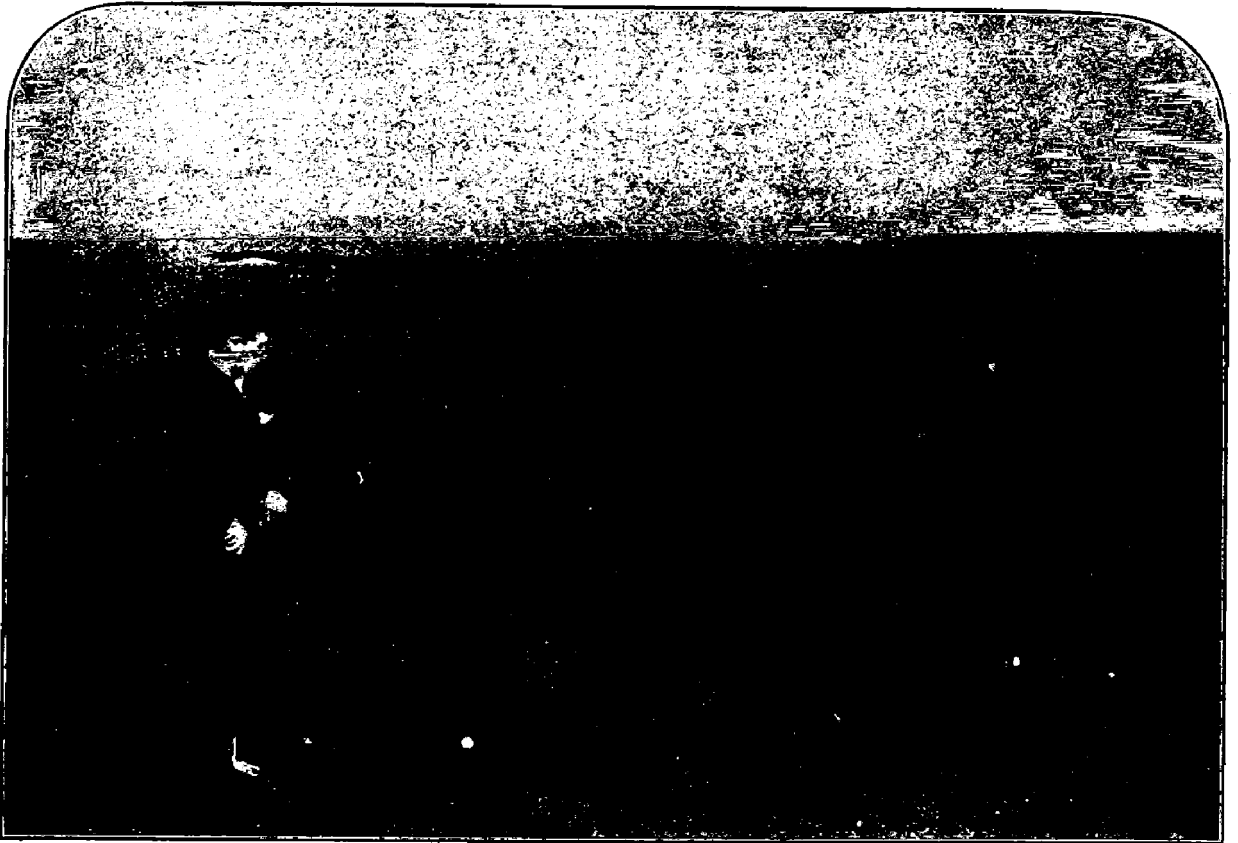
WHEN ENTERING THE SCHOOL EVERY BOY IS MEASURED. The boy in the photo, is 17 years old, has been at the school some time, and stands 6 ft. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. high.



INDIAN CLUB EXERCISE CONTRIBUTES TO THE FINE DEVELOPMENT OF LORETTO BOYS.



SCIENCE CLASS AT WORK.



ON THE GOLF LINKS.



LORETTO "MUSCLE."—TWO BOYS
PICKED AT RANDOM.



CHEMICAL CLASS AT WORK.



RIFLE PRACTICE WITH LEE-METFORD AND MORRIS TUBE. BOYS ARE TRAINED FROM TEN YEARS UPWARDS.



A TYPICAL LORETTO BOY COMPARED WITH—



THE LUNCHEON HOUR.



SERGEANT-MAJOR BEEDON, GYMNASTIC INSTRUCTOR.



BOYS FENCING.

Beneath a Rain of Fire.

By David Ker.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

PO JAR! *pojar!*" (a fire! a fire!)
"Whereabouts is it, brothers?
Does any one know?"
"On the Moika Canal, I fancy
—it looks to me to be in that
direction."

"Come along quick! let us have a look
at it!"

And, shouting thus with all the excitement which a fire never fails to arouse (however common a sight in any Russian town), the eager crowd in which I suddenly found myself caught went hurrying down one of the minor streets of the river-quarter of St. Petersburg, sweeping me along with it.

In St. Petersburg itself, just at this time, that fierce red glare which had so suddenly started out through the gloom of night above the tall house-tops, was a doubly sinister phenomenon.

Only a few years had passed since the whole of the vast Apraxin-Dvor market had been burned to the ground (not wholly by accident, it was whispered), and in this very crowd there were probably not a few persons who had seen the melted gold and silver running in streams over the pavement, on that great day of destruction; and the tremendous fire at the Tootchkoff Wharf—the damage wrought by which was to be reckoned not in thousands, but in millions—was not yet many months old.

Was this new fire, then, which was lighting up the darkness in front of us, merely the burning of a single isolated building? Or was it the first blaze of a conflagration that was to lay half the city in ashes? No one could say.

But all at once, as we came with a rush round the street-corner on the embankment of the Moika itself (the first of the three great canals of St. Petersburg Proper), a murmur of "Liuteranskaya Tserkov" (the Lutheran church) from the front rank of the crowd, told me the entire story at once.

A moment more, and the whole scene lay before me.

The whole upper part of the church was

already in flames, which were twining and wreathing up the tall pointed tower like some vast blood-red snake, gliding to and fro over its surface as if licking the prey ere devouring it. Beneath that infernal splendour, the sluggish waters of the canal seemed a lake of blood; the iron railings along its brink glowed as if red-hot; the windows of the surrounding houses gleamed red as though on fire likewise; the gilded cross that surmounted the doomed church-tower had a deep gory stain; and the up-turned faces of the crowd looked livid and ghastly, like a host of phantoms, while the moon, high overhead, peered through the rolling billows of smoke with a wan and spectral light.

But the flames were not left to work their will unopposed. Already I could see the helmets of the firemen glancing amid the black mass of the crowd; and all at once a jet of water went splashing and hissing against the blazing tower, the stream cutting athwart the flaming back-ground with a narrow black line, like a "bar-sinister" drawn across some gorgeous escutcheon.

In an instant more, a long ladder rose against the side of the church, and three of the firemen (one of whom carried the nozzle of a fire-hose over his arm) hastily mounted it, while a tall man in military uniform, stepping forward into the small space left clear just around the burning building—within a few yards of where I stood—cheered them on with words of simple, hearty encouragement.

There was a mutter in the throng around me of "Nikolai Nikolaievitch!" and, sure enough, at that very moment, up leaped a brighter flame, showing me the handsome face, the stalwart figure, and the trim dragoon moustache of the famous Grand-Duke Nicholas, who, among his other official duties, had charge of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.

Meanwhile the daring climbers set to work to dash in with their axes the window that they had reached; and what with the

long ladder reared against the wall, the hoarse shouts and ceaseless blows of the helmeted figures upon it, the dancing fire and rolling smoke above, the dark mass of shadowy forms below, the roar of the flames, the clang and rumble of the engines, and the confused clamour of the throng, no painter could have wished for a more striking study of the last assault upon the fatal breach of Badajoz.

But I soon had something else to think of; for, as the fire gained more and more upon the tower above us, sparks and hot ashes, and even tolerably large pieces of flaming wood, came hailing down upon us in a shower as thick and heavy as the fiery rain which Dante saw falling on the tormented spirits of his ghastly vision. A child at my side uttered a shrill cry of pain; a burly peasant on my left, hit by a firebrand full upon his flat nose, exploded in an oath as broad and black as the bottom of a frying-pan; and I myself got a burning flake right in my beard, where it fizzled away merrily, with a smell as if a dozen quill pens were being all burned at once.

All of a sudden there came a sharp crash, and a loud jingle of broken glass. The window-frame had given way before the firemen's axes, and the three bold men were seen to vanish into the black void within, as if engulfed by the gaping jaws of some mighty monster.

"*Gospodi pomilui!*" (the Lord have mercy on them) faltered a woman's trembling voice on my right.

In truth, crosses and medals have been won many a time by a far less perilous feat; but the brave fellows had not risked their lives in vain. While the other fire-engine attacked the blazing tower from without, the hose which the three bold climbers had carried up with them sent a constant stream of water against the burning wood-work from within; and the effect was soon apparent.



THE DARING CLIMBERS SET TO WORK WITH THEIR AXES.

The fire began visibly to abate, and it was plain that the body of the building would be saved after all.

But the tower itself was doomed, as we could all see for ourselves. It was by this time one mass of flame, and the fiery rain that it poured down upon us fell thicker and thicker, till the lookers-on, eager as they were to see the thing to an end, were forced to draw back a little.

At that instant I noticed a somewhat similar movement in the other part of the crowd—that which neighboured the great bridge over the canal—as if they too were falling back from the shower of hot ashes; but a second glance showed me that they were

drawing aside to right and left, as though making way for some one to pass.

Who that "some one" might be, I was not left long in doubt; for the tall man who came slowly through the midst of them, in a horseman's cloak and military cap,

It was the Czar in person—Alexander II. of Russia!

A whisper of "*Gosudar! Gosudar!*" (the Emperor! the Emperor!) buzzed from mouth to mouth, and there was a general movement in the throng.



THE TWO MEN SEIZED THE CZAR IN THEIR ARMS.

looked up just as he came out in front of the burning church; and the light of the flames (which had by this time made the whole scene as bright as day) showed me plainly the fine though somewhat worn features, large bright eyes, and heavy greyish-brown moustache of a face which all Russia knew as well as I knew it myself.

Just then I saw the Grand-Duke Nicholas step forward, and to all appearance (for his words were drowned in the roar of the flames and the clang of the fire-engine) remonstrate with his imperial brother upon the risk that he ran, and urge him to retire.

But at that very moment the three gallant firemen emerged unharmed through the window that they had beaten in; and

the Czar, in place of drawing back, advanced right up to the foot of the ladder that they were about to descend, and spoke a few words to them which I failed to catch, but which, no doubt, conveyed to the three nameless heroes the hearty approval that they had so nobly earned.

Just as he did so, I beheld the gilded cross that crowned the church-tower begin to shake; and then the tower itself gave a kind of shiver (like a shrub quivering in the rising wind) and the whole steeple came thundering down in one mighty crash, while the flames leaped up into the very sky with a long, rejoicing roar.

Quick as thought, the two men in attendance upon the Czar (one of whom, as I learned later on, was no other than General

Trepoff, the Chief of Police) seized him in their arms and snatched him out of harm's way. But, prompt as they were, they were only just in time; for they had barely done so when a huge mass of blazing timber fell with a tremendous crash upon the very spot on which the Emperor had just been standing!

Shaking off the hot ashes that covered me, I turned away, having had quite enough excitement for one night; for, great as might be the honour of being killed along with the Czar, it was a distinction of which I was in no way ambitious. But the Emperor himself gained little by his escape, wonderful as it was; for he was saved from the falling tower only to die a far more cruel death a very few years later, beneath the stroke of cowardly and treacherous murder.

HOW SHOT IS MADE.

I WAS showing a friend the few sights there are to be seen in Derby, when I suddenly thought we would try to get up the "Shot Tower." This is a high tower in which shot is made, and it is strictly closed to the public. However, I thought we would have a try at it, and were so fortunate as to obtain a view of the interior.

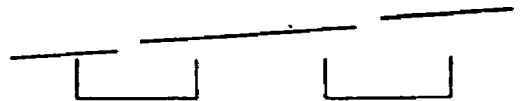
After climbing up hundreds of stairs we reached a room at the top of the tower. Here was a large vat of molten metal consisting of lead and arsenic, and beyond sundry ladles and iron boxes. At first sight this seemed to be all there was in the room. But we were shown a trap door in the floor which covered a shaft running right down the Tower to the ground.

Our guide now explained the use of the iron boxes. On examining them we found that the bottom of each was perforated with small round holes. The size of the holes varied in the different boxes. Each box was about 18-in. square and about 1 ft. deep. The right box having been chosen, it is fixed over the shaft and filled with molten metal from the vat. This, of course, runs through the holes and falls to the bottom of the tower in drops. It is caught in a large tank of cold water, this causing the drops to solidify and form rough shot. These shot are, of course, not all exactly the same size, nor are they all perfectly round.

Now come the processes of drying, separating

into sizes, polishing, and separating the bad ones from the good. When removed from the water the shot is dried on a hot tray and from this is passed into a slowly revolving cylinder made of gauze, the perforations of which get larger as the shot proceeds along. Thus the very small shot drop through first, and the larger ones next, into different boxes, and so on. The shot is now cleaned and polished in a revolving cylinder, and then the bad ones are separated from the good by a very interesting mechanical process.

Three pieces of thick plate glass are arranged on an incline, a space of about 2 in. being left between each, the second piece being slightly lower than the first, and the third lower than the second, like this:



The shot are rolled down this incline. The perfect ones reach the bottom, while the imperfect ones drop down through the spaces left between the glass, not having sufficient velocity to jump the space.

"How simple!" you say.

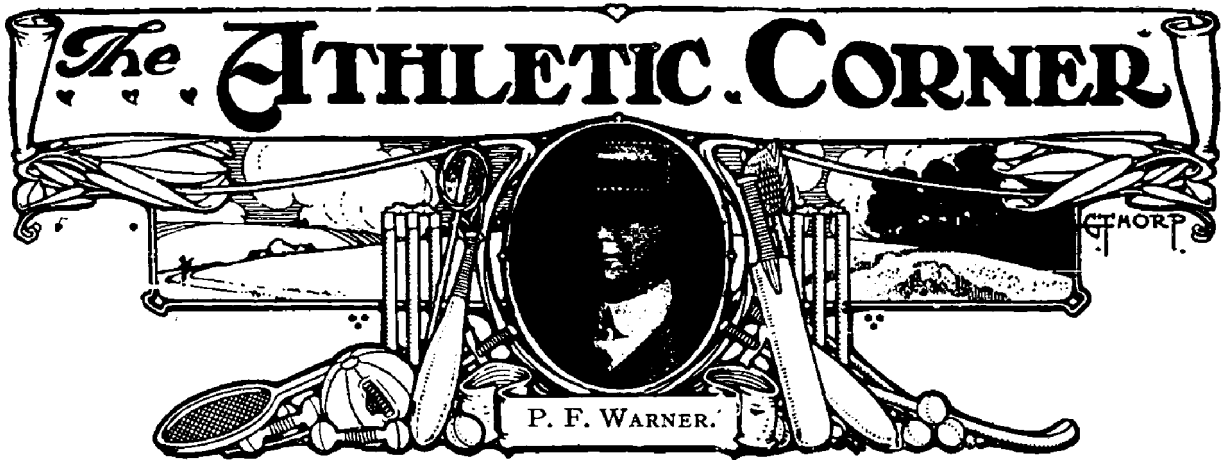
Yes, very simple, but would *you* have thought of it?

WALTER D. GOUDIE.



MR. P. F. WARNER.

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SOME NEW CRICKET CELEBRITIES.

EVERY year we see the rise of new stars in the cricket firmament. Perchance those stars are not altogether new, but have appeared before in a fainter light, hidden away among hundreds of brighter companions, almost unnoticed perhaps, but destined eventually to shine forth with sparkling brilliancy, and to take their places in the history of the game. In this article I propose to say something about the new stars the cricket season just ended has produced.

Neither R. H. Spooner or W. Brearley quite fit in with the word "new," for both of them have been playing for Lancashire for some years. Neither, however, had played for England before this season, and by stretching a point we may, perhaps, be allowed to include them in our gallery of new celebrities. No batsman, with the possible exception of L. C. H. Palaret, ever made his runs more attractively than Spooner, and from his first appearance in county cricket it

was obvious that a really great player had arisen. The terror of the Rugby boys—Spooner once scored 69 and 198 for Marlborough v. Rugby at Lord's—I remember a well-known professional telling me that Spooner was the finest school-boy batsman he had seen since A. G. Steel was at Marlborough. The war in South Africa—where Spooner served for two years—curtailed, but



R. H. SPOONER.

Photo. Newnes.
Vol. XIV.—4.



W. BREARLEY.

Photo. T. G. Foster.



LORD DALMENY.
Photo. T. G. Foster.



N. A. KNOX.
Photo. T. G. Foster.

did not affect his cricket, and during the last three summers he has batted splendidly. So beautifully does he time the ball that to the onlooker he appears to put no "wood" behind his strokes, an impression rapidly altered as one sees the pace at which the ball goes to the ring.

Were he but a fair or even moderate field, his batting by itself would be enough to give Spooner a strong claim to play for England, but his value to a side is greatly increased by the fact that what he does not bring to the stock as a bat he amply makes up for by his perfect fielding; for as a cover point he has, perhaps, but one superior—G. L. Jessop. Moving to the ball with a deceptive appearance of slowness and yet with a catlike activity at the last moment, he returns it like lightning, throwing it in after the manner of Gregory, the Australian.

Influenced probably by the great deeds wrought by Mold in times past, W. Brearley has modelled his action to a very large extent on that bowler's. He can, of course, break back, but his best ball, to my mind, is the one that goes quickly with his arm. He is undoubtedly the best fast bowler in England to-day, and does not rely entirely on the

ball "bumping" to get batsmen out. For—like Richardson and Lockwood and other famous fast bowlers of the past—he keeps a good length, and tries to bowl men out or get them caught off good length balls which kick a bit, rather than to intimidate them by a succession of deliveries which hitch half-way and then fly past the batsman's face, a form of bowling (!) which I consider far from the best type of cricket. Of great physical strength and unbounded energy—two qualities which are not always found together—Brearley is the kind of cricketer who, tactfully managed, is a great factor in an eleven.

Nothing was more remarkable this season than the rise of Surrey, and to the happy position the county found itself in at the end of August, Lord Dalmeny and N. A. Knox contributed a great deal. In some previous seasons Surrey had suffered from the constant variations of captaincy, but happily this unfortunate state of things was remedied at the beginning of May, Lord Dalmeny, after some persuasion, consenting to accept the position of captain until the end of the season. Lord Dalmeny did splendidly, and infused a life and a zest



HOBBS.

Photo. T. G. Foster.



W. S. BIRD.

Photo. T. G. Foster.

into the team which had been singularly lacking. A member of the Eton XI., "who came off at Lord's," Surrey's captain is a very capable batsman of the hard-hitting, vigorous type which the public admire so much, and in addition a sound cover point. If politics do not stand in the way he ought to lead Surrey to the very top of the tree within the next few years.

Though Hayes on occasions gave assistance, Surrey's bowling, until J. N. Crawford came into the team in August, depended almost entirely on Lees and N. A. Knox. Lees worked magnificently, and Knox came out of a trying ordeal almost equally well. I used to play against Knox when he was at school at Dulwich, and he was a good bowler then, and will be a really great one—another Lockwood, whom he resembles in his style. Built on rather fine lines, which none the less hold out promise of great bodily strength, he seems able to go on bowling over after over without losing his pace, while in command of the ball and in accuracy he has scarcely a superior among the fast bowlers of to-day. Knox is barely twenty-one, so I shall be surprised if he is not playing for England when the Australians call here again.

Hobbs is another young player who has come to the front in this—his first season—for Surrey; for originally he played for Cambridgeshire. Tom Hayward is said to have discovered him. A sound and safe batsman, he will no doubt as time goes on gain greater variety in his style. He is wonderfully good on the on-side, and he has done so well already that one may reasonably expect him to do very much better as time goes on.

W. S. Bird and A. P. Day are old Malvernians, Day having left school but a year ago. Bird kept wicket very well indeed for Oxford in the early part of the summer, and in the Middlesex eleven later in the season he made a great impression. In the Middlesex and Surrey match at the Oval he was in superb form, catching four men and stumping one in Surrey's first innings, and displaying ability which would have done credit to a MacGregor, a Pilling, or a Lilley. With an ideal style of taking the ball, he is the best wicket-keeper Oxford have had since H. Martyn was "up," and on his form at the Oval he was in no way inferior to that great "keeper." In the five or six matches in which he represented Middlesex, I don't suppose he missed more than one oppor-



WARREN.

Photo. T. G. Foster.



JAYES.

Photo. T. G. Foster.

tunity of dismissing an opponent. A. P. Day is a brother of S. H. Day, and is going to be a wonderful batsman. In match after match he came off for Kent—and it was his first season—and an innings he played *v.* Yorkshire was spoken of enthusiastically by his opponents. Essentially a forcing player beyond everything else, Day makes most of his runs by hard clean drives on either side of the wicket, and he is also very good in getting the ball away to leg. No batsman in his first season has done so well as Day, and if he is able to play regularly in the future he may go very far.

Derbyshire do not rank as one of the strongest counties, but they have some excellent cricketers, one of the best being Warren, who had the distinction of playing for England *v.* Australia at Leeds. He and Bestwick have done most of Derbyshire's bowling for some seasons now, and the latter but lacks just that little bit of extra pace necessary to make a fast bowler really formidable. Warren has this extra pace and has therefore come before the cricketing public prominently; and he well deserved his fine analysis of 5 wickets for 57 runs at Leeds. With a nice springing action—without the

lengthy and tiring run up to the wicket, characteristic of so many fast bowlers—Warren bowls very fast—especially for a few overs at a time. Very sturdily built, active in the field and a fine thrower, he is useful with the bat as well, and his all-round cricket in his first test match pleased all the critics.

Leicestershire, like Derbyshire, are an eleven who do not perform as well as they ought to, but they are rapidly "coming on," and it would be no surprise to find them making a bid for the championship within the next year or two. Strong in batting—with a variety about them which is interesting—they have lately received a most valuable recruit in Jayes—who can bat, bowl, and field. Jayes is a better bowler, in proportion on a fast wicket than on a slow one—which in a way is a good thing, for there are plenty of men who can get batsmen out when the ground is wet. In the match between Leicestershire and Derbyshire at Leicester he took 9 wickets in Derbyshire's second innings and caught the tenth man off Coe's bowling. A quick field in any position, a very possibly first-class batsman, he is, I should imagine, the best



REEVES.

Photo. T. G. Foster.



CAPTAIN GREIG.

Photo. T. G. Foster.

all-round recruit any county produced this season.

A year or two ago Reeves was an excellent medium paced right-handed bowler, and a very moderate batsman. This year he has improved his batting at the expense of his bowling, and is now a most dangerous player with a wide range of stroke and great confidence. Some of his innings have been remarkable for their almost Trumper-like brilliancy, strokes of the most daring and original kind being attempted and brought off with so much power and certainty as to make one see in him a future great batsman. A want of discretion has now and again brought him disaster at the commencement of what seemed likely to be a big innings, but on the other hand there have been occasions when his hitting has demoralised and crushed the opposing bowling. He did a great deal to win the sensational victory of his county over Middlesex at Lord's, and in the return at Leyton he hit magnificently on a slow wicket.

Captain Greig, next to Captain Wynyard, is the greatest cricketer the British Army has had. Like most soldiers, he is able to play only intermittently, but he is one of

those gifted individuals who seem able to come into first-class cricket without any preliminary practice and make a hundred in each innings—as he did against Worcestershire in June. A great many modern batsmen rather eschew the late cut, but the late cut is Captain Greig's delight. He simply revels in the off theory, and so complete is his mastery over this stroke that no amount of fielders behind the wicket seem able to stop him scoring in this direction. A useful change bowler as well, Captain Greig might easily play for England were he a regular participator in first-class cricket, but he has returned to India, and it may be two or three years before we see him again. I do not think that on all wickets Captain Greig is the equal of Captain Wynyard, who is still a magnificent batsman, but on a hard and true wicket he is probably as good a batsman as there is.

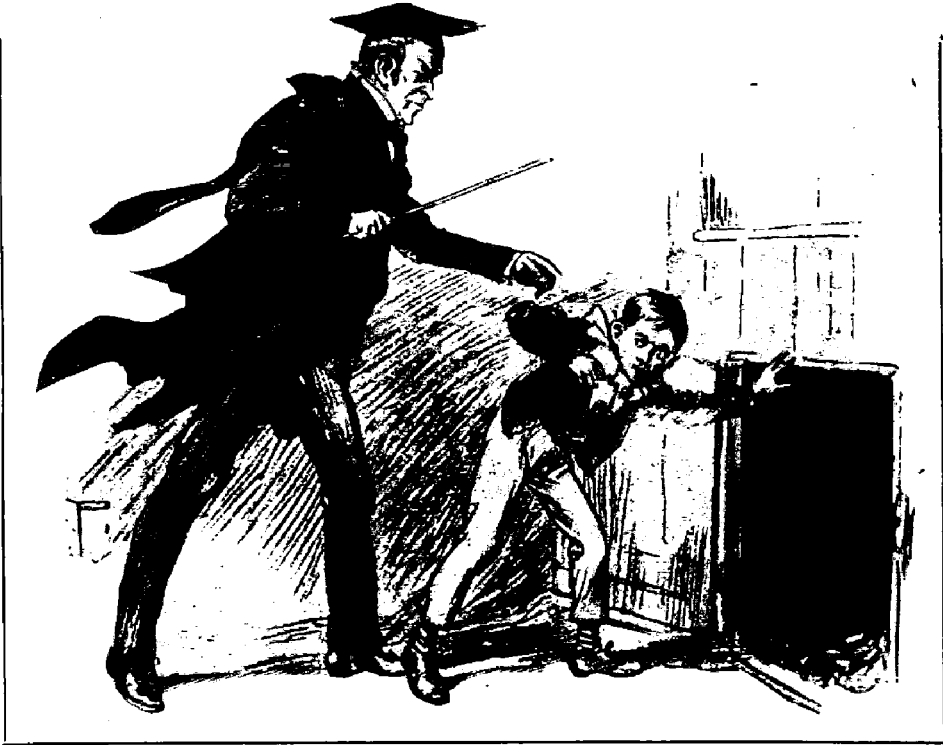
Our eleven new celebrities make up an excellent side, in the following order of going in: R. H. Spooner, Hobbs, Captain Greig, A. P. Day, Reeves, Jayes, Lord Dalmeny, Warren, W. S. Bird, N. A. Knox, and W. Brearley—with Brearley, Knox, Warren, Jayes, Reeves, and Captain Greig to bowl.

A LITTLE SCHOOL-BOY SIXTY YEARS AGO.

By
CLEVEDON KEN.



Sketches by
ALFRED PEARSE.



WOE TO THE SMALL BOY POKED INTO THE JUPITER HOLE.

I NEVER pass down Cannon Street without remembrances of a famous old school of which I was a scholar more than sixty years ago. And then I consider the schools as they are to-day: the infinitely better buildings, the playgrounds and the exercises; and then the teaching, both as to the subjects taught and the skill in teaching them; then the discipline, so much more humane and yet so much more effective. And as it is of no use for me to wish that I could be a boy again, or that things had been better when I was a boy, I thank God on behalf of the boys of 1905 that their lives are so much pleasanter, and their school hours so much better employed, than those of the same sort of boy in 1840.

I went to this school when about eight years old, and the heavy pressure of it caused my removal, to save my life, after two years; so that I cannot relate any experiences of the upper forms. But what I do remember may be of interest to boys of all ages as showing

what one period of school-life was like about sixty years ago.

Our work was very hard, and the whole thing was rough. We had only one half-holiday a week, Saturday. School-hours were from 9 to 12 A.M., and from 2 to 4.30 P.M. (except in winter, when we closed at 4). We had no run out or recess half-way through, as is the practice now. Also we took home a heavy task, called "part," to be got ready for the next morning, under penalty of bodily suffering.

The school was a one-storied building. The upper floor, containing the original hall, was reached by a fine staircase; the lower room was an after-thought and formed by walling in the open space beneath, at the expense of the Cloisters, as the narrow, gloomy, flagged yard where we played, was called. I went to see Newgate Prison once, and the burial ground there vividly reminded me of these Cloisters. The sun never reached them, and the damp never left them. The upper room, where the whole school met for prayers, accommodated

perhaps 250 boys, who were seated on rising tiers or galleries along the sides of the hall, each master's chair and desk standing on the floor by his own Form. I had nothing particular to do with this room, as my Form lived down below in the dull dim low-ceiled room, devoted to Latin in the morning and writing and arithmetic in the afternoon. What a contrast to modern school-rooms! There were no maps, no diagrams, no pictures; bare whitewash, with nothing to break the sameness but the gas-lamps, which were at that time still a wonder to some of us. The Head Master's footman, in a grand plush livery, used to come in with a flat candlestick to light up on dark days; and we small boys used to debate whether the gas took fire from the hot tallow spilt down the long glass chimney, or from contact with the flame. We had no lessons in Natural Science then!

The spaces beneath the galleries of the upper room were, of course, hollow, and could not be reached, except in one place where there was a door, about two feet square, opening into what we called Jupiter's Hole. Woe to the small boy poked in there! There were spiders, mice, cobwebs, soiled paper, rags of dusters, and solid dust; and he could only move on all fours; and when released, his face, pale enough where the skin could be seen, was black and brown with dirt, and his collar and clothes were ruined.

Of the 250 boys the eldest might have been 18 or 19. We always called them "Sir," for they wore tail coats and had cracked their voices, and were big, and kind to us babes. We never could quite understand why they came to school; nor why they did not sit with the masters. The next Form below these wore jackets and "stick-ups." All these—it was rumoured—knew Greek and even Hebrew—which our Scriptural knowledge informed us were languages, like Latin—Euclid, too, and geometry, and trigonometry—which were terms unmeaningly above us. We wondered, as the country people in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* wondered at the schoolmaster—

"That one small head could carry all he knew."

Yet I know now that none of these prodigies were taught anything of the history of their own country, nor any modern geography, nor even (I think) any modern language!

I have called the life hard and rough. Looking back on it, and comparing it with similar schools to-day, I see that there was a great deal of bullying, and a very great deal of worrying and unnecessary torment. In the afternoon, when arithmetic was on, a number

of boys who in the morning were upstairs, came into our room. The reason of this was that "Classics" was everything, and the real Form a boy belonged to was the one in which he learnt his Latin or Greek. Now, he might be very much forwarder in these than in arithmetic; so in the afternoon, he would be, as we might say, degraded into the lower room, and put in a "class," not a Form. This filled up our room, and there were not seats enough for all; so some had to stand in the gangway with their slates resting on the outer edge of the desk, till it pleased the teacher—a monitor for the time being—to make a change. This gave a rare opening to a bully; and, as I was no doubt saucy, I spent many an afternoon standing first on one leg, then on the other, getting crosser and crosser, because wearier and wearier, till it struck 4, and, as the poet says:

"Then the slow dial gave a pause to care."

Punishments, too, were severe. The four classical Masters wore cap and gown, and carried canes. They would as soon have come without shoes as without cap and gown and cane. The cane—and the sort was the thick short-sectioned one, which gives a blunt blow* that lasts longer than the cut of the thin one, which stings but is more quickly forgotten—was always going. Not, of course, in a formal and judicial manner, but like the whip in the hand of an ignorant cabman, teasingly, naggingly; tapping the knuckles, knocking the elbows, poking the chest, just to keep us all alive—oh! It was stupid and cruel, and took the heart out of us.

For real punishment we had benders and handers. The former was for school crimes, falsehood, impudence, bad language, or very bad lesson work. The master bent you over by pressing his left hand on your head, and then with the right laid on the cane right sore and the boy could say:

"And he took me by the collar,
Cruel only to be kind;
And to my exceeding dolour,
Gave me several cuts behind."

Handers hurt. The only time our Head Master spoke to me was one morning when I was inattentive at Latin prayers. He came to our Form master, and then he spoke to me. I remember every word, after sixty-four years. He said, "Hold out your little hand." And I held it out, and took my four handers, and wept till dinner time. It was very brutal, but it was the custom of that time.

But we did learn our Latin, and such



THE ONE LESSON WE ENJOYED WAS PEN-MAKING.

few other things as they taught us, pretty thoroughly.

We had one lesson which we enjoyed, because it gave employment to the hands as well as the eyes. Not drawing, no! We were not taught anything of that sort, but pen-making. We had an old gentleman we called Billy Barlow, an office accountant in the morning, and schoolmaster in the afternoon. He was a kindly, fatherly old man, who caned a good deal less than the other masters, and who felt as the afternoon wore on that it was hopeless to try to keep the school quiet, or to force more work out of us; so then he gave a pen-making lesson.

A dozen of us were placed in semi-circle in front of him, each with a knife—if a boy had not one he was out of the game altogether—and a new goosequill.

Mr. Barlow then made his quill into a pen, and we imitated him as well as we could. The most difficult part was making the split in the nib. Steel pens were prohibited for many years after they came into general use. I don't know why. I think it was because they were new.

Still, I think we were fairly happy. One boy—who, no doubt, became an actor eventually—when times were more than ordinarily bad, from want of pocket money, or extra bullying, or caning, used to repeat with sobs,

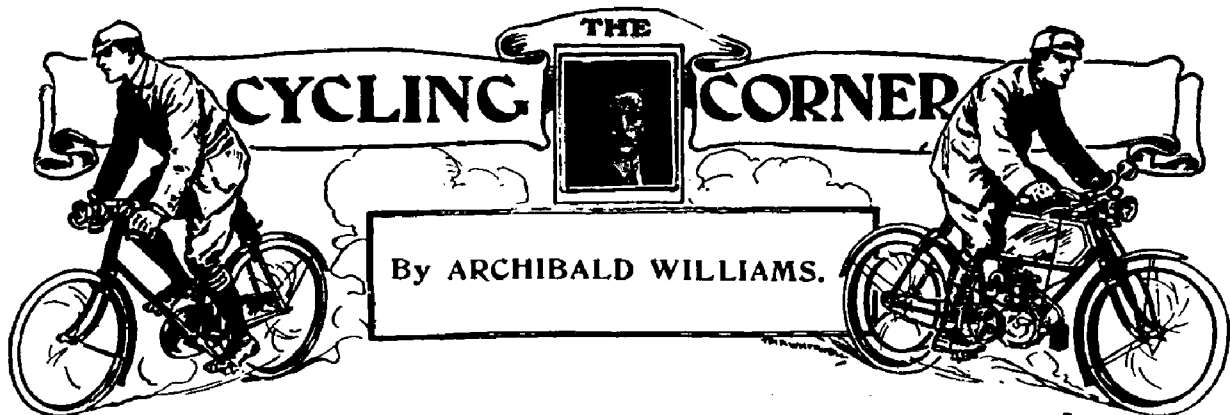
“O that I were but in my
grave,
And all my labours done!”

But we had really a good many consolations. The masters were very unwatchful, and we talked plentifully, and drew wonderful things on our slates. Or one could make a long excursion on the floor under the desks (only half of which were used in the morning), popping up yards away from the point of disappearance, just as the divers do in the Park lakes. True, we had no regular games, and no sports; but we played without rules, and made our pleasures out of our circumstances.

Besides, under the staircase was a sort of sentry box in which sat Mother Butts, who sold over a slab various delicacies and boys'

good-stuffs. For the rich fellow who wore straps, and had gloves, and whose father was an Alderman and gave him fourpenny pieces, there were three-corner puffs, tarts, and jam things, which were dear, for the sugar duty was high in those days. But for us little fellows with only halfpennies—we did not go lower—there were squibs or a licorice root. The former were small tubes made from the scrapings of some horrible sugar barrels, wrapped up in thin paper and looking just like the gunpowder squibs; the latter was a length of fibrous root, sweet and pungent, which went conveniently up one's waistcoat or tunic, and a good nibble of it lasted a long time. It was very favourite tuck on dull, depressing afternoons.

I have many more such recollections. We little boys are now old men; but O boys, boys, boys! My old heart goes out to you when I recall my own early boyhood. You are brighter, cleaner, better fed, better schooled, better dressed, than your grandfathers were. You have a richer life, more things to interest you and so to keep you from mischief. I wonder, are you really better? I think, when you despise nasty sham-tobacco smoking, and go in for games instead of looking at them, and say your prayers, and don't sauce your mothers—I really think you are.



THE CYCLE'S ANATOMY.

AS I sometimes have to refer to the various parts of a cycle in words which may perhaps rather mystify some of my readers, I append a simple sketch of the frame, the handlebars and the parts appertaining to the steering head of an ordinary safety. I suppose that the majority of people who ride horses know how to name the joints and limbs of their steeds; and cyclists also will find it convenient to be able to express in a single word any of the most important parts of their machines. If you send your cycle round to the makers to have a small job done to it, it is much simpler to write "Please examine the head races, and straighten the left back-stay," than "Please examine the balls in the little cups in the front of the machine between the front fork and the handlebars, and straighten the left of the tubes which run from under the saddle down to the back of the frame."

The word "spindle" signifies the steel bar on which a wheel or pedal revolves: "axle" is a synonym with which you may

perhaps be better acquainted. The *lugs* of a cycle are the forgings into which the tubes fit where they meet at the angles. The *crown* is the forging holding the tops of the front fork tubes, though it lies below the *head*, which denotes the front part of the frame.

DISSEMBLING AND ASSEMBLING

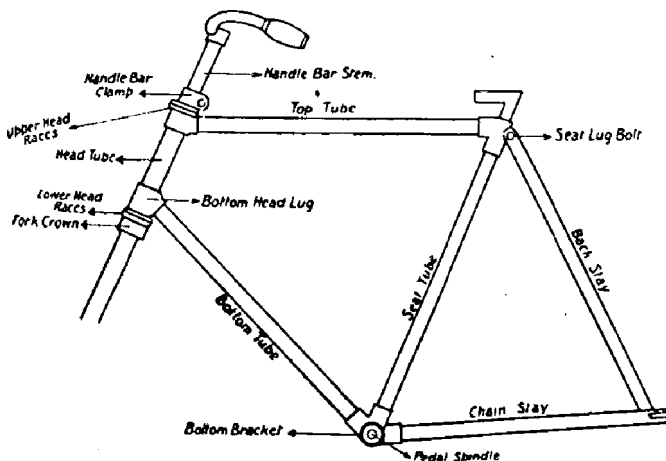
are pithy terms expressing the taking to pieces and putting together again of a machine. Cyclists who thirst for knowledge of the "inwardness" of their mounts often find that, though dissembling is comparatively easy work, the complementary operation is far otherwise.

It is useful, almost necessary, to know how to dissemble the bearings of a machine, but the dismemberment of a free wheel or change-gear mechanism is quite a serious undertaking, unless you have seen the job done before.

A cautious person, or one who has been taught by hard experience, is careful to spread beneath the cycle a cloth of as light a colour as possible, before exploring the recesses of a ball bearing. The balls as they fall out often strike a part of the machine and hop in all directions. Then woe betide the man, woman, or child who has selected an uncovered tract of lawn or a dusty roadside as the scene of the daring deed! A cloth not only probably catches all the balls but keeps them from touching dust and dirt: and, what's more, balls are seen on, and picked off, a cloth very easily.

A GOLDEN RULE

is to collect all loose parts *at once* and put them in a receptacle whence they cannot escape. The same rule also holds good if you are working on a table.



THE PARTS OF A CYCLE FRAME CORRECTLY NAMED.
Vol. XIV.—5.

CLEAN HANDS.

Such things are unknown in connection with the manipulation of small oily bits of metal. If you wear gloves to begin with you will soon take them off; and then! After an hour or so the metallic grease has worked well into the pores of the skin, and even hot water and soft soap will not easily remove it. So here is a useful hint. Before you begin operations, rub your hands with vaseline, lanoline, or some thick oil. This plugs up the pores, and the metal atoms can't get in, so that they come off easily "in the wash"—as does the protecting medium also. Even after a whole morning spent in taking down the gears of a motor-car (the greasiest and dirtiest job imaginable) the charm has worked with me.

FREE WHEELS.

These should be attacked very cautiously. Some makes are extremely hard to re-assemble. I have had several very tough struggles with mine; and can recommend the pastime as excellent discipline for the temper, though not suitable for a person who has got only a spare half-hour to do the entire job in. Very small balls are apt to leap out in startling numbers: or you may be confronted by an array of rollers and tiny springs, which are most difficult to keep in position when you replace the ratchet ring. Vaseline is a valuable ally under such conditions. It is sufficiently sticky to hold the parts *in situ*: and may be left in as a lubricant.

If your free wheel gives trouble, squirt a good dose of paraffin oil through it to remove any dirt that may have blocked the catches. Should it still prove obstinate, take it to the nearest reliable cycle shop, if you are not a pretty expert mechanic.

A NEAT VALVE CAP.

While looking through the advertisement pages of a cycling journal the other day, I stumbled across a patent valve cap—its name the "S.F."—which gets over the annoyance of having to deal with a small chain that loves to jam. The cap is attached to the valve stem by a stirrup and nut; so that it cannot fall off and be lost, yet is easily removed for inflation.

AN EMERGENCY MEND.

If you get a puncture and are *minus* a repair outfit, a temporary mend may be made by bunching up the rubber round the punc-

ture and tying it very tightly with a piece of strong, fine string. I have seen even quite a big burst treated successfully this way.

STEERING LOCKS

are very desirable attachments. They enable you to lean your machine against almost any kind of support, and also keep the front wheel steady when the cycle is turned upside down for cleaning, repairs, &c. The two best types of locks are (1) the positive, which snicks a bolt into a slot and holds the head absolutely rigid; (2) the friction band, which can be tightened to any desired tension by a thumb screw. A variety to be avoided is that which depends on a screw pressing against the steering pillar inside the head. The tip wears down and the device then ceases to act.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Clifton G. Davies.—Thanks for your long and interesting letter. I am only too glad to be of any service to readers. You have got a very good mount. To take your points in order (1) I decidedly prefer levers to screw handles for operating the brakes; (2) gear cases have their disadvantages as well as their advantages. I shouldn't worry about not possessing one; (3) lubricating holes for the head ball races can easily be made through the head tube—about one inch from races—by anybody possessing a drill. The local cycle maker would do the job in two minutes. Have them drilled *behind* the tube, so that any mud, &c., thrown up by the front wheel may not enter; (4) your spanners are evidently the proper set, far more valuable than the complete "useful spanner" ever made; (5) transfer! Hm! Yes! rather aggressive. I'm with you there; (6) Humber book well worth getting; (7) no sir! I think that you are mistaken with regard to the Fagan gears—unless they have been altered since I wrote, with the actual gear in pieces on the table before me. To set your mind at rest let me quote from the booklet issued by the makers: "The high gear being the normal, and the low gear driving *through a compounding or Crypto gearing, giving a reduction of 23 per cent.*" I won't say that the case has not been reversed, but I don't think it likely; (8) I shall be very pleased to make your acquaintance.

Cyclist.—(1) The firm you refer to is, or at any rate was, an agency for supplying several well-known makes, and I believe is specially interested in a "line" of its own. I cannot speak from experience of this last. Though I do not like to belittle a brand that I don't know, I advise a purchaser to stick to the firms with established reputation; or, if he has a cycle made locally, to insist on the parts being the wares of a high grade maker, *e.g.*, "B.S.A." or "Eadie"; (2) nothing will remove rust that has penetrated the nickel and bitten into the steel beneath. "Salarine" is good for keeping unruined surfaces bright.

How Grogram Held the Fort.

By HERBERT COMPTON.

Illustrated by R. Eaton Woodville.



TELL you (said Captain Grogram), the Bombay army never gets fair play. See how we were treated over the affair of Gholamghurry! If I had been a Piffer, instead of a Duck, it would have rained C.B.s and D.S.O.s over me, and

I should be a major-general, enjoying my off- reckonings and 14 St. James's, instead of a poor old battered half-pay captain, loafing in lodgings, dodging the seasons to get them cheap, and dining in a third-class Dieppe restaurant like this!

What's a Piffer and what's a Duck? To think of any one not knowing that! A Piffer, sir, is an animal born to the purple and fine linen, and gazetted into the Punjaub Frontier Force, whereby the loaves and fishes of the service are his for evermore. Once get P.F.F. after your name, and never mind if you're a nincompoop. It is bound to be all P.'s with you—Promotion, Pay, extra Privilege leave, Political appointments, and, peradventure, a Peerage to wind up with! By Jove, they just patter about your ears!

And a Duck—a Bombay Duck—that's what they call people who serve on the Bombay side of India, or belong to the Bombay army. And a Duck gets meted out to him just the opposite sort of treatment to what a Piffer enjoys. Never any fair play for him!

But, thank goodness, I was able to do my duty, and my country some service without being a Piffer, when I defended Gholamghurry, under four cross fires, against odds of fifty to one, and ended by beating the tribesmen with their own weapons.

How was that? Well, I'll tell you. It was in the Afghan War of '79. I was in command of a company of Bombay Tygers—Tygers with a "y" you know; a fine old title they had won on the field of Assaye under the Iron Duke—detached to hold the Fort of Gholamghurry on the line of communication. And one fine

morning we woke up and found ourselves surrounded by the tribesmen, and not a reinforcement within call or reach.

The Fort was a little pill-box of a place with mud walls 10 ft. high. It stood in the centre of a plateau, the defile winding below and the hills beyond. It was a sort of *caravanserai* for convoys passing up and down, and a weak detachment, consisting of a company of infantry, was considered enough to hold it. Being dirty work, of course Bombay troops were detailed for the job. (The Piffers have never forgiven us Assaye!) If any one had dreamt it was going to be the scene of a gallant and brilliant affair, there would have been a battery of artillery, a couple of squadrons of cavalry and a Punjaubi regiment posted there, with Piffers in command, and staff supernumeraries from headquarters at Simla to share the swag and write letters to the Press about it. The regular old game. You know.

The totally inadequate garrison by which it was defended encouraged the tribes to try and rush the Fort. Your Afghan loves nothing better than to overwhelm a weak detachment, cut up a tired rear guard, or wipe out an unsupported outpost. And it was known we guarded a supply of reserve ammunition—an irresistible temptation, of course.

Luckily the usual internal dissensions and inter-tribal vendettas existed among the four tribes concerned. For weeks past they had been quarrelling and fighting over the plunder of some captured convoys, and several blood feuds had been established. The chiefs dared not trust their men to fight side by side for fear of the brutes falling out and cutting each other's throats. But in an operation of such importance as an attack on a British outpost it was necessary for them to combine, and they temporarily adjusted their differences, made *pax*, and (as a matter of internal precaution) decided to act independently.

Thus it came to pass that Gholamghurry was threatened by four distinct armies, one on each face. It was just after sunrise when the enemy

opened fire upon us from a distance of 300 yards. North, south, east, and west, a perfect hail of bullets poured in. I rushed out in my pyjamas, took a rapid review of the scene, and at once ordered my little garrison to lie down.

The gallant fellows flung themselves on their stomachs, like the Tygers they were, and crouched ready to spring. They were animated by the true spirit of Assaye! By the Lord Harry, I shan't forget the quarter of an hour that followed. I spent it standing under cover,

this circumstance presently led to a cessation of the firing. Peering over the ramparts I was rejoiced to observe a great commotion amongst the enemies' ranks, and the men gesticulating like mad and brandishing their arms indignantly. I subsequently learnt *they had been shooting each other*, their ranges being reciprocal! It was a perfectly natural corollary that had been overlooked when they made their absurd quadrilateral dispositions. Well, sir, the attack was suspended, and for the rest of the day we enjoyed the luxury of being



THE GALLANT FELLOWS WERE CROUCHED READY TO SPRING.

and waiting for a favourable opportunity to act. I calculate the enemy discharged five volleys (or, say, 20,000 bullets) per minute, for there were at least a thousand men in each force. Conceive a fire like that concentrated on a pepper-castor of a fort! So thick was the flight of lead that, where the bullets converged and met over our heads, the sky appeared as one sees it through the radiating telegraph wires at the Mansion House, and the whistling, as they cut through the air, and the rattle of the missiles pattering on the walls, sounded, for all the world, like a fife and drum band!

Fortunately the trajectory was faulty, for

unmolested. I employed the interval in encouraging my men and strengthening the defences. As soon as it was dusk I sent out spies, and, when they returned, summoned Baboo Bunsil Lall, the commissariat *ghomasta*, or clerk, to interpret their reports, he being the only man who could speak their beastly language.

He came in, a sickly sunflower colour, and his petticoats tucked up above his knees, for which I reprimanded him. He was a Bengali, and the natives of Bengal combine in an extraordinary degree the failings of being fat and effeminate. His massive, fleshy form

trembled like calves'-foot jelly, and his eyes twinkled and cast nervous glances around.

"Oh, sir, I trepitate!" he chattered in his polysyllabic English. "Please excuse my unfounded pusillanimity!"

"Attention! Eyes front!" I ordered, sternly. The only way to treat these constitutional cowards is to be severe. "Cease this degrading exhibition of unmanly personal weakness, and examine the spies!"

He endeavoured to control himself and began to interpret, stopping every now and then to gulp and groan. The spies brought information that the tribes were engaged in making scaling ladders and would deliver a simultaneous assault, from all four sides, an hour before dawn. I made inquiries about the particular chiefs implicated in this unmannerly attack, and learnt that the four armies, lined up in battle array to overwhelm us, consisted of the following:

On the north, commanding a levy of a thousand *Jutputzais*, was a cut-throat named Akbar Ali, who was actually in the pay of our Political Department. On the west, Mir Mahomed, a proclaimed murderer, with a reward of ten thousand rupees on his head, mustered his brutal clan of *Baital Pachisees*. To the south was a scoundrel called Shumshuddin of the *Chabook Khel*, or "Scourge of the Pass," as they insolently dubbed themselves; and on the east the notorious Zubberdusty Khan, an abandoned ruffian, reputed to periodically take a hip bath in blood, with his fierce *Zubberdusties*. A coalition, by Jupiter, of the most warlike frontier clans, banded together in unprecedented alliance to sweep Gholamghurry and its gallant little garrison out of existence— if they could!

"Oh, master, master," blubbered Bunsil Lall, completely breaking down over this catalogue of calamity, "here is infernal disaster superimposing! What will poor Baboo do? My throat will be slit and my pension grow impotent!" And he literally spread himself out on the floor in a dire funk.

Braver men than Baboo Bunsil Lall might have quailed. There was something more than ordinary danger in this coalition of cut-throats. When ruffians, whose supreme object in life is to kill one another, unite in a common cause to kill another party, it means no quarter with a vengeance.

I kicked the Baboo out of the room and sat down to consider the situation over a quiet cheroot and a wee stimulant. The problem before me was a desperate one. I had only 80 men to oppose 4000 fanatics. Concentration

was impossible. The very nature of the impending assault would compel me to spread out my feeble force, and cover every face of the Fort. For a moment the idea crossed my mind of sallying out and boldly cutting my way through the besiegers, but I reflected that that would involve the abandonment of my post, and I dismissed it at once as unseemly and unsoldierly. I could not retire. I could not, with any prospect of success, defend the circuit of the walls. The question remained—What could I do?

In this terrible dilemma there suddenly occurred to my mind a novel and ingenious expedient, in which I venture to say (without vanity) there was a touch of genius. It filled me with hope and excitement. It was in the nature of a stratagem, and strategy is the inspired essence and art of warfare. Once conceived it took shape in my brain. I summoned Bunsil Lall again.

"Sit down," I said, as he tottered in, "and write, to my dictation, translating into Pushto as you go."

He clutched his pen, and I dictated as follows:

"To AKBAR ALI,

"EXCELLENT FRIEND!—I have received your laudable letter in answer to mine.

"On behalf of the British Government I confirm the terms offered to and accepted by you.

"As arranged, I will fire the signal rocket at midnight.

"Directly it flares you will attack Zubberdusty Khan without an instant's delay.

"Rely implicitly on me to exterminate Shumshuddin.

"These vainglorious vagabonds defeated, we will form a junction and destroy Mir Mahomed.

"The patronage of the Prophet be yours.

"In sincerity,

"VERCINGETORIX GROGRAM,
"Captain, Bo. In."

Baboo Bunsil Lall opened his eyes like a gape-owl as this letter developed under his pen.

"Oh, sir, pardon my gratuitous stupidity, but—" he began, when a grim frown from me silenced him, as I pointed to another sheet of paper, and bade him write again.

I now addressed myself to Zubberdusty Khan. The wording was identical, saving only that I enjoined Zubberdusty Khan to attack Akbar Ali, leaving me to deal with Mir Mahomed.

The composition of this epistle affected Baboo Bunsil Lall extravagantly. He rubbed his eyes, and scratched his nose, and was on the point of speaking when my uplifted hand warned him not to disturb the current of my intricate thoughts. Then I pointed to a fresh sheet of paper and began dictating a third letter.

This time it was Shumshuddin whom I made my correspondent. The tenor was precisely the same as in the other two letters, excepting that I directed him to fall upon Mir Mahomed, myself promising to annihilate Akbar Ali.

Finally I addressed a fourth identical note to Mir Mahomed, who was to engage Shumshuddin, whilst I reserved the task of despatching Zubberdusty Khan.

As he finished writing, a gleam of pensive, if puzzled, intelligence glittered in the eyes of Baboo Bunsil Lall.

"But how can master make them obey?" he asked in perplexity.

"They will obey," I replied with confidence, as I enclosed the letters in four of the biggest official envelopes I could find, attached my seal, and gave them to the Baboo to super-scribe in the native character.

"Did you ever hear tell of the Kilkenny cats, Baboo?" I asked him.

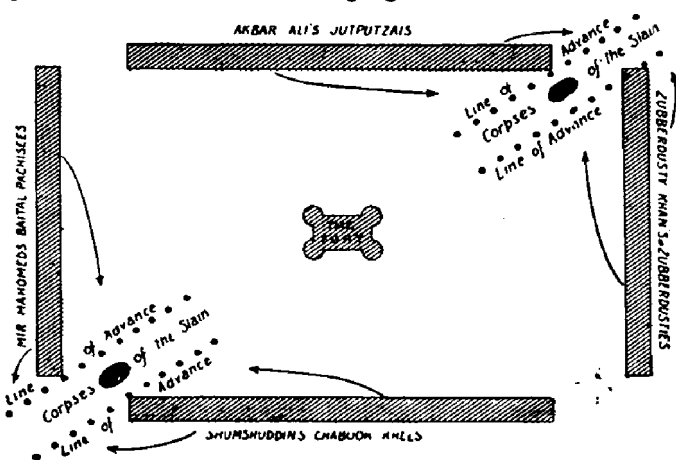
"No, master. What about them?"

"They had a *Bobbery*, and began fighting, and got mixed up, and ended by killing and eating each other until there was not a single cat left."

"Master going to make *Bobbery*?"

"Master going to try."

Next I summoned four of my smartest spies—fellows like a cross between a fox and a ferret—to whom I explained their tasks. My scheme was a complicated one, and to avoid confusion (said Captain Grogram, as he took up a charred match-end and dashed off a rough sketch upon the tablecloth), I will just draw you a plan, illustrating the situation, so that you may intelligently follow the involved operations. Look at this, and mark well the positions of the four besieging armies:



Now observe. To my first spy I entrusted the letter addressed to Akbar Ali, and directed

him to deliver it, *as if by mistake*, to Zubberdusty Khan; whilst to my second spy I handed the letter addressed to Zubberdusty Khan with instructions *to be careful that it fell into the hands of Akbar Ali*.

Thus, each of these two ruffians would be led to believe he had intercepted a treacherous correspondence between the other and myself.

Twig?

Similarly the third and fourth spies, with the letters for Mir Mahomed and Shumshuddin, were ordered to act so that each chief received, by an accident as it were, the communication intended on the face of it for the other.

In this way I arranged to drop the seed of internecine strife into the fruitful soil of Afghan suspicion.

Complete revelation burst like a bombshell on Baboo Bunsil Lall. I heard him splutter under his breath the single word "Gorgiferous!" As for the spies, they shook their heads and said, "*Wah! Wah!*" They were smart fellows and could appreciate the ruse—the more so as I promised them five hundred rupees each if they carried it out to my satisfaction. Thus encouraged, they disappeared in the darkness, whilst I anxiously paced the ramparts till they returned.

They were back a quarter of an hour before midnight. "All's well" was their report. The cunning rascals had improved the opportunity to benefit themselves, and had sold the despatches! Their waistbands were stuffed with the coins paid for their supposed disloyalty to me. With many a chuckle the vagabonds related and mimicked the various phases of rage and indignation exhibited by the four cut-throat chiefs when they read the contents of the letters addressed to their neighbours. Each had made immediate arrangements to deal with the expected attack from the traitor on his flank.

At midnight I fired the signal rocket with my own hand. In an instant a tempest of musketry thundered out at two angles of the Fort. To the north-east Akbar Ali and Zubberdusty Khan flung themselves upon one another with blind, headlong impetuosity. Simultaneously to the south-west Mir Mahomed and Shumshuddin did exactly the same thing! Anything more artistic you never saw in your life than the development of my device to uphold the honour of the Bombay army. By Jupiter, I swear to you that in less than two minutes two awful wars of extermination were in progress opposite the salient angles of my Fort!

The night was pitch dark. Standing to arms on the ramparts, in case of emergency, we strained our eyes to follow the fight, illuminated by the constant flashes of the fire-arms. The air was filled with hoarse cries, the rattle of *jezails*, and the ruffle of war-drums, soon to be merged in the clash of steel and the shrieks of the dying as the combatants closed in deadly struggle.

Hour after hour they fought with reckless pertinacity, inspired by the fiercest passions of tribal revenge. If, perchance, a temporary lull occurred—as when the beggars stopped to draw breath—a few cleverly imitated shouts from my gallant tygers sufficed to stir them up again to start the conflict anew. I tell you, sir, the tribes of Afghanistan are perfect demons in warfare, and when their blood is up nothing will appease their appetite for slaughter. Moreover, a fight in the dark affords peculiar opportunities for keeping it

going, since neither side can see when it is beaten. It was this favourable circumstance that assisted to complete the consummation of my stratagem. I succeeded beyond my most sanguine hopes.

When day dawned to the north-east and south-west the plain was heaped high with corpses. In these few hours of conscientious slaughter the *Jutputzais*, the *Baital Pachisees*, the *Chabook Khels* and the *Zubberdusties* had literally immolated themselves from the earth!

At five o'clock I sallied out at the head of my gallant Bombay Tygers. A few prods with their bayonets sufficed to finish off the job



HOOR AFTER HOOR THEY FOUGHT WITH RECKLESS PERTINACITY.

thoroughly. By six not an Afghan remained alive. Our loss was absolutely *nil*, whilst 4237 of the enemy lay stretched on that fatal field.

Such, sir, was the matchless victory of Gholamghurry—achieved without a single shot being fired by the victors!

Returning to the Fort I wrote my despatches, reporting what had transpired in brief, soldierly language. I announced to the General commanding that I had had the honour to clear the Pass of over 4000 scoundrels who had so long infested it, and highway-manned our convoys. I recommended my Havildar for a *Khan*

Bahadurship, and the entire rank and file for the Order of Merit. Nor did I omit to draw attention to the clerical assistance rendered by Baboo Bunsilal, for whom I solicited the C.I.E.—a thing he deserved.

What was the result? By Jupiter, sir, my blood boils when I think of it! The General (a Piffer, of course!) kept me waiting a fortnight before he replied, and then had the impertinence to “find himself unable to understand how the extraordinary operations reported had been conducted.” In other words, because the feat was marvellous, the jealous and unjust ass did not credit it!

I remonstrated respectfully but firmly, pointing out that whilst I cared and craved nothing for myself, I owed it to the gallant Bombay troops under my command to bring their services under the public eye.

The suggestion fell like a bombshell at headquarters. The Piffers were all up in arms. No one is allowed to distinguish himself on

the frontier except a Piffer, and it was meddling with their monopoly. As I told you, too, they have never forgiven us Assaye.

What did they do? Sir, my eyes moisten when I tell you. (Pass the cognac, please.) The General replied that it would not be conducive to the interests of her Majesty's service to bring before the public eye a feat of arms carried out under the lead of an officer in his pyjamas!

That broke my heart. I decided to send in my papers and resign the service, sick with the injustice I had suffered.

That's why I say that the Bombay army never has fair-play. I challenge any one to adduce a more complete victory than the one I won at Gholamghurry. It was far and away the finest thing, strategic or heroic, in the Afghan War. But because I was a Duck, and in command of Bombay troops, it was burked. But (cried Captain Grogan, winking his eye) if I had been a Piffer—!



Cupid's Euclid.

[Thoughts inspired by the chance vision of a plain figure in an area tenderly inquiring “has Polly gone?”]

WHENE’ER a youth—with feelings which
Defy all Definition,
Enunciates in halting terms
His vital Proposition;
He little knows how hard a Proof
All lovers have before ’em
Across the matrimonial bridge—
The great *Pons Asinorum*.

But oft—alas!—the haughty maid
Curtails his rapt effusion,
And brings his fond Hypotheses
To swift and sure Conclusion;
Declines to grant his Postulates
As soon as she has heard ’em,
And ends the matter promptly by
“*Reductio ad absurdum!*”

The happier lover must discuss—
In asking Pa's permission—
A Point that *has* some Magnitude
And treats of *his* Position;
The family Circles are described,
Then meet each other gaily
(But later on, at certain points,
They “cut each other” daily!)

When on the long and trying Proof
Our hopeful pair must enter,
Perhaps the maid herself becomes
Another circle's centre;
Then Cupid's glorious Theorem
Becomes a Problem sometimes,
But love is put to double proof
By cheerful and by glum times!

Now this is what the pair can prove,
And all can understand ’em—
“That none should miss domestic bliss”—
Quod Erat Demonstrandum.
And they'll confess the little god
Has never failed to send ’em
Affection true to help them through
Quod Erat Faciendum.

ARTHUR STANLEY.



THE STAMPS OF SWEDEN.

LAST month we dealt with the stamps of Norway. This month we will have a look at the stamps of Sweden.

Sweden is the would-be predominant partner in the union which for ninety years has existed between Sweden and Norway, and which is now being peacefully dissolved.

These Scandinavian countries have for so long been the home of peace, and so long outside the circle of European complications, that it is difficult to realise the fact that Sweden once played a very prominent part in European wars, and that she was at the beginning of the nineteenth century ranked as one of the great powers. Indeed, at the time when Gustavus Adolphus, her ablest King, ascended the throne, she found herself at war with no less than three other European powers—Denmark, Russia, and Poland. She concluded a favourable peace with Denmark and Poland, and she forced Russia to yield territory to her. Her victorious troops even invaded Germany and took a leading part in the Thirty Years War.

Unlike democratic Norway, Sweden is monarchical to the finger tips. Her society is hierarchical, her suffrage is restricted to the privileged few, and her legislators form a purely class parliament. She treasures up the traditions of the great part she played in the terrible struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and she faces the present crisis with the knowledge that her destinies have been wisely directed by rulers descended from a race of gallant and honourable soldiers.

Her Philatelic History.

The stamps of Norway bear little evidence of the ninety years' union with Sweden: the stamps of Sweden show no sign whatever of that old, but fretful, relationship.

Vol. XIV.—6.

Her first postage stamps were issued in 1855, when Oscar I. was King. The currency then was the riksdaler, equal to about 1s. 9d. of our money, and divided into 48 skilling banco. Hence, the first stamps were in skilling banco, abbreviated in the catalogues to "sk. bco."

In 1858 the riksdaler was divided into 100 öre, 12½ öre being reckoned as equal to 4 skilling banco. So the second issue of 1858, whilst retaining the old type of design, changed the inscriptions of value to öre.

Finally, in 1878, the riksdaler was changed to the krona, equivalent to about 1s. 1½d. of English money, divided into 100 öre. So that from 1878 to the present time the low values are expressed in öre, and the high values in krona.

The designs of the stamps have undergone changes from time to time, but each type has run through a series with the one exception of the issue of 1872-6, in which the highest value, 1 riksdaler, is slightly varied from the lower values.

The first design was that of the arms of Sweden, which did duty for the issues of 1855 and 1858. A more fanciful, but very unsatisfactory, design did duty for the issues of 1862 and 1866, during the reign of Charles XV. A bold clear figure within a circle in the centre of the stamp had a long life—from 1872 to 1885, when it was superseded by a portrait of King Oscar II. In 1892 a new figure design was introduced for the lowest values.

Watermarks, or rather the equivalent, were first used in the series of 1886. Then, instead of watermarked paper being used as a protection against forgery, a small posthorn in outline was printed in blue on the back of each stamp. But in 1891 the paper on which the stamps were printed was watermarked with an outline representation of the crown of Sweden.

From the collectors' point of view, Sweden is an attractive country. It affords the specialist a happy hunting-ground for scarce unused copies of the first issue, and a never-ending search for shades. For the beginner, or the young collector, who wants as many stamps as he can get at a penny apiece, it is one of the best of all foreign countries to collect in the used condition. With the exception of the first two issues, there are very few stamps of which nice clean used copies may not be had at one penny each. But the collector will need to make a patient search for well-centred copies, for in many issues the centring is very bad.

As the values are expressed in words in the early issues it may be interesting to give the numerals and then Swedish form: 1, En, or Ett; 2, Toa; 3, Tra; 4, Tyra; 5, Fem; 6, Sex; 8, Atta; 9, Nio; 10, Tio; 12, Tolf; 20, Tjugo; 24, Tjugufyra; 30, Tratio; 50, Femtio.

1855.—Design Arms of Sweden, three crowns on a shield. Values expressed in skilling. Inscribed "Severige" (Sweden), and "Frimarke" (postage). Five values, 3, 4, 6, 8, and 24 skilling. The thickness of the paper varies very much in these old stamps, as in most stamps printed in the early days of postal issues, and specialists divide them into thick and thin paper. For the information of my young friends who may come across them I may throw out the hint that some thick-paper copies are worth a great deal more than thin paper. No common 4 skill on thin paper is catalogued at 4*d.*, but on thick paper it is catalogued at 3*s.* 6*d.*, so that a thick-paper copy may be swapped to an advanced collector for a round dozen or two of the common values to the considerable enrichment of a little collection.



Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
3 sk. bco., green	140 0	40 0
4 sk. bco., blue	25 0	0 4
6 sk. bco., grey	80 0	8 0
8 sk. bco., orange	50 0	7 6
24 sk. bco., vermilion	—	25 0

1858.—Six values. Same design, but the values expressed in "öre" instead of "skilling banco." The word "Frimarke" on each side of the stamp was reduced in size to allow of the value, a label at the foot, being made bolder. This issue is most prolific in shades,

Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
5 öre, green	2 6	0 3
9 öre, lilac	10 0	3 6
12 öre, blue	2 6	0 1
24 öre, yellow	7 6	0 2
30 öre, brown	5 0	0 4
50 öre, rose	12 0	0 9

1862.—One value. New design, mainly for local use.



Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
3 öre, brown	1 6	0 2

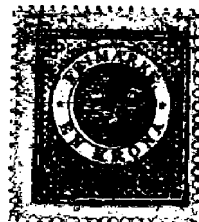
1866.—Two new values of new design. of 17 and 20 öre, to provide for a change in the postal rates. The design is, like the previous one, of a somewhat mediocre type. There are several distinct shades.

Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
17 öre, lilac	10 0	2 0
20 öre, vermilion	6 6	0 2



1872-6.—When King Oscar II. ascended the throne and succeeded his brother, Charles XV., there was a new issue of postage stamps of a strikingly simple and effective design. It consisted of a bold clear figure of value in a circle in the centre of the design. The highest value, with a separate design of three crowns in place of a numeral of value, was the riksdaler of the new currency, printed in two colours, *i.e.*, brown framework with a blue centre. For advanced collectors there are two sets, one perf. 14, and the other perf. 13. Shades exist in great variety. This series includes the great variety of Sweden, *viz.*, a stamp with the numerals 20, but the value in words, "Tretio" (30) instead of "Tjugo" (20).



Perf. 14 or 13.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
3 öre, brown	0 6	0 1
4 öre, grey	0 9	0 1
5 öre, green	1 3	0 1
6 öre, violet	1 6	0 1
12 öre, blue	0 9	0 1
20 öre, vermilion	4 0	0 1
24 öre, yellow	1 6	0 1
30 öre, brown	5 0	0 1
50 öre, rose	6 0	0 1
1 riksd., blue and brown	12 0	0 5

1878.—In this year there was a change in currency in the expression of the high value from riksdaler to krona. The design of the three crowns was used without other modification.

Perf. 13.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
1 krona, blue and brown	8 0	0 1

1885.—In this year the inland rate of postage was reduced from 12 öre to 10 öre. Consequently a 10 öre stamp superseded the 12 öre value no longer needed. For this new value a new and effective design with an excellent profile portrait of King Oscar II. was engraved.



Perf. 13.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
10 öre, rose	2 6	0 1

1886.—Nine values. The 10 öre was of the portrait type of 1885, the 1 krona of the three crowns type of 1885, and all the others of the figure of value in a circle type. On the back of each stamp was printed in blue a small posthorn in outline, evidently intended to act, like a watermark, as a protective against forgery.

Blue posthorn on back.

Perf. 13.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
3 öre, brown	0 2	0 1
4 öre, grey	0 3	0 1
5 öre, green	0 6	0 1
6 öre, lilac	0 4	0 3
10 öre, rose	9 9	0 1
20 öre, vermilion	1 0	0 1
30 öre, brown	1 0	0 1
50 öre, carmine	2 0	0 1
1 krona, blue and brown	1 9	0 1

1889.—When the inland postal rate was reduced from 12 öre to 10 öre, the 10 öre and 20 öre stamps took the place of the 12 öre and 24 öre. The old stock of these values was consequently used up by surcharging both values "10 öre" with a special surcharge, consisting of three crowns within a circle, "10" in each upper angle and "Tio öre" at the foot. This

surcharge was printed in blue, and completely obliterated the original design. It is stated that about 20,000 sheets of the 12 öre and 2000 sheets of the 24 are overs thus used up.



Perf. 13.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
10 öre in blue, on		
12 öre, blue	0 3	0 2
10 öre in blue, on 24		
öre, yellow	0 4	0 6

1891.—The local postage rate having been reduced from 3 öre to 2 öre, a stamp of 2 öre became necessary and was provided temporarily by an issue of the figure in a circle type of 1872-6. Advanced collectors find varieties in the shape of the numerals and in a full stop before the word "frimärke." This misplaced full stop variety is found on every alternate stamp in the fourth and ninth rows of each sheet. The blue posthorn is printed on the back of each stamp.

Blue posthorn on back.

Perf.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
2 öre, orange	0 2	0 2

1891-7.—Seven values. Design, portrait of King Oscar II., as in the issue of 1885, but slightly modified in details; better and more clearly engraved, and printed from steel plates. The paper on which the stamps were printed was watermarked with the Swedish crown.



Wmk. Crown. Perf. 15.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
5 öre, green	0 1	0 1
10 öre, carmine	0 2	0 1
15 öre, chestnut	0 3	0 1
20 öre, blue	0 4	0 1
25 öre, orange	0 5	0 1
30 öre, brown	0 6	0 1
50 öre, slate	0 9	0 1

1892.—New design for low values consisting of a large numeral of value in the centre of an upright oval. Four values, 1, 2, 3, and 4 öre. Each stamp printed in two colours. The paper was watermarked with a crown, as in the last issue, and perforated 13.

Wmk. Crown. Perf. 13.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
1 öre, brown and ultra-marine	0 1	0 1
2 öre, blue and yellow	0 1	0 1
3 öre, brown and orange	0 2	0 1
4 öre, carmine and ultramarine	0 1	0 1



1900.—One value. Design, profile portrait of King Oscar II. Similar to the portrait issue of 1891-7. Printed in two colours, the head in grey and the surrounding framework in carmine. Watermarked with a crown, and perforated 13, as before.



	Wmk. Crown. Perf. 13.		
		Unused.	Used.
		s. d.	s. d.
1 krona, grey and carmine		1 6	0 1

1903.—A new value consequent on the reductions which had taken place in the postal rates. Design, profile portrait, as in the 1891-7 series. Watermarked crown, and perf. 13, as before

Wmk. Crown. Perf. 13.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
8 öre, purple	0 2	0 1

1903.—One value. A five kronor stamp (the highest value issued by Sweden) to commemorate the opening of Post Office Buildings at Stockholm. The design shows a view of the new Post Office. Being a long, rectangular stamp the watermark falls sideways, twice on each stamp. Perf. 13.



	Wmk. Crown. Sideways.		
	Perf. 13.		
		Unused.	Used.
		s. d.	s. d.
5 kr., blue		7 0	4 6

We are indebted to Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., for the loan of picked copies of the various types used to illustrate the foregoing article on the stamps of Sweden.

Notable New Issues.

THERE are signs of activity in the production of new issues. Chili has started her long promised series, but we are in doubt whether this new series of which we chronicle the pioneer stamps this month is to take the place of the one with many designs to be completed locally or whether it is a concession to the American Bank Note Co., which claimed the right under contract to continue printing Chilean Stamps. Probably Chili has found that the contract with the American Bank Note Co. must remain for the present, and that she must wait its expiration before she proceeds with her projected local production.

We are also promised a redrawn issue of the pretty Cuban stamps issued for "the independent republic of Cuba" by America in 1899. The set is to be provided with an interesting puzzle in the shape and secret marks.

France is providing her Colonies in various parts of the world with picture stamps embellished with views of native scenery. We chronicle and illustrate one of these sets this month.

Colonial issues on multiple CA watermark paper are gradually approaching completion.

The promised new series for Denmark makes little progress. We have no addition to chronicle to the anticipated portrait series commenced so many months ago by the issue of the 10 öre and 20 öre values.

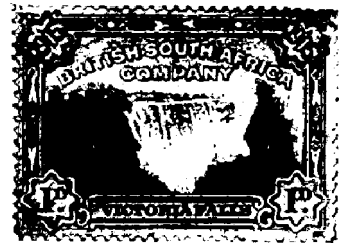
From Australia we hear of a possible issue of design common to all the states of the commonwealth, but for the present over-printed with name for each state.

British South Africa.—I am sorry to record the fact that this hitherto philatelically respectable country has taken to issuing commemorative labels, and that they are of the objectionable type that is allowed to be used concurrently with the ordinary postage stamps.

Here is the official notice which announces and explains the issue:

"THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION'S VISIT TO RHODESIA. OPENING OF THE VICTORIA FALLS BRIDGE ON THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

"In connection with the forthcoming visit of the British Association to Rhodesia, the British South Africa Company have issued a special set of postage stamps, consisting of 1d., 2½d., 5d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s., the design of which represents a magnificent view of the Victoria Falls. This issue will also serve to commemorate the formal opening, during the British Association's visit to the Falls, of the bridge across the Zambesi River, one of the greatest engineering marvels of modern times, and a most important link in the Cape to Cairo Railway."



The stamps are the work of Messrs. Waterlow, and are perf. 14 to 15.

Perf. 14 to 15.

1d., brick red.
2½d., blue.
5d., lake.
1s., green.
2s. 6d., black.
5s., violet.

Chili.—We illustrate the first two stamps received of a very handsome series. We shall

be able to say more about the designs of the other values next month. These stamps are the work of the American Bank Note Co., and are amongst the most pleasing we have seen from that company.



Perf.

3 centavos, brown.
5 centavos, blue.

Denmark.—We have received a new design from this country, which, instead of being of the expected portrait of the King, is of a very quaint pattern, and now we are wondering whether the new series is to be of this latest type or of the portrait design.

Perf. 12½.

4 öre, turquoise blue.



Gambia.—Further values have been received on multiple CA paper, making the list to date as follows:



Wmk. Multiple CA.

Perf. 14.

1d., carmine.
2½d., ultramarine.
3d., magenta and ultramarine.
5d., grey and black.
7½d., green and carmine.
10d., olive-brown and carmine.
1s., violet and green.
2s., dark slate and orange.

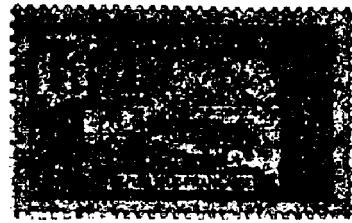
Guadeloupe.—This West Indian Island, one of the principal French Colonies in the Atlantic, has been provided with a full series of large oblong stamps decorated with views of native scenery. The view on the low values represents Basse Terre, the capital of Guadeloupe, with Mount Houlemont in the distance. On the middle values is a view of La Souffrière, and on the high values the shore at Pointe-à-Pitre.



Perf. 14.

1c., black on blue paper.
2c., red-brown on buff paper.
4c., pale brown on blue paper.
5c., green.
10c., carmine.
15c., violet.

20c., red on green.
25c., blue.
30c., black.
40c., red on straw.
50c., grey-green on straw.
75c., carmine on bluish.

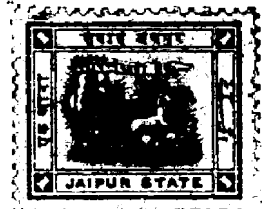


1 fr., black on green.
2 fr., carmine on yellow.
5 fr., blue on orange.

Jaipur.—*Ewen's Weekly* chronicles three new values of the chariot set.

Perf. 12.

½ anna, blue.
1 anna, carmine.
2 annas, dark green.
4 annas, brown.
8 annas, puce.
1 rupee, yellow.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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

EWEN: British South Africa, Victoria Falls issue. Gambia multiples.
STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD.: Chili 3c. and 5c.
WHITFIELD KING, AND CO.: Denmark 4 öre. Guadeloupe set.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. W. G. (Blyth).—The Cape of Good Hope triangular 4d. used is worth from 2s. to 5s., and the 1s. from 18s. to 30s.

F. C. (Preston).—The English embossed 10d. has what are termed die numbers. On the base of the bust you will, by the aid of a glass, find the initials of the engraver, W. Wyon. In die 1 the figures follow these initials, and in dies 2, 3, and 4 the numbers precede the engraver's initials. It is as you say unfortunate that the silk threads have cut your copy, but you can repair it with their stamp hinges. It will, of course, be of much less value than an undamaged specimen. Still, as an ordinary copy is worth 10s., your copy will be worth keeping till you can get a better.

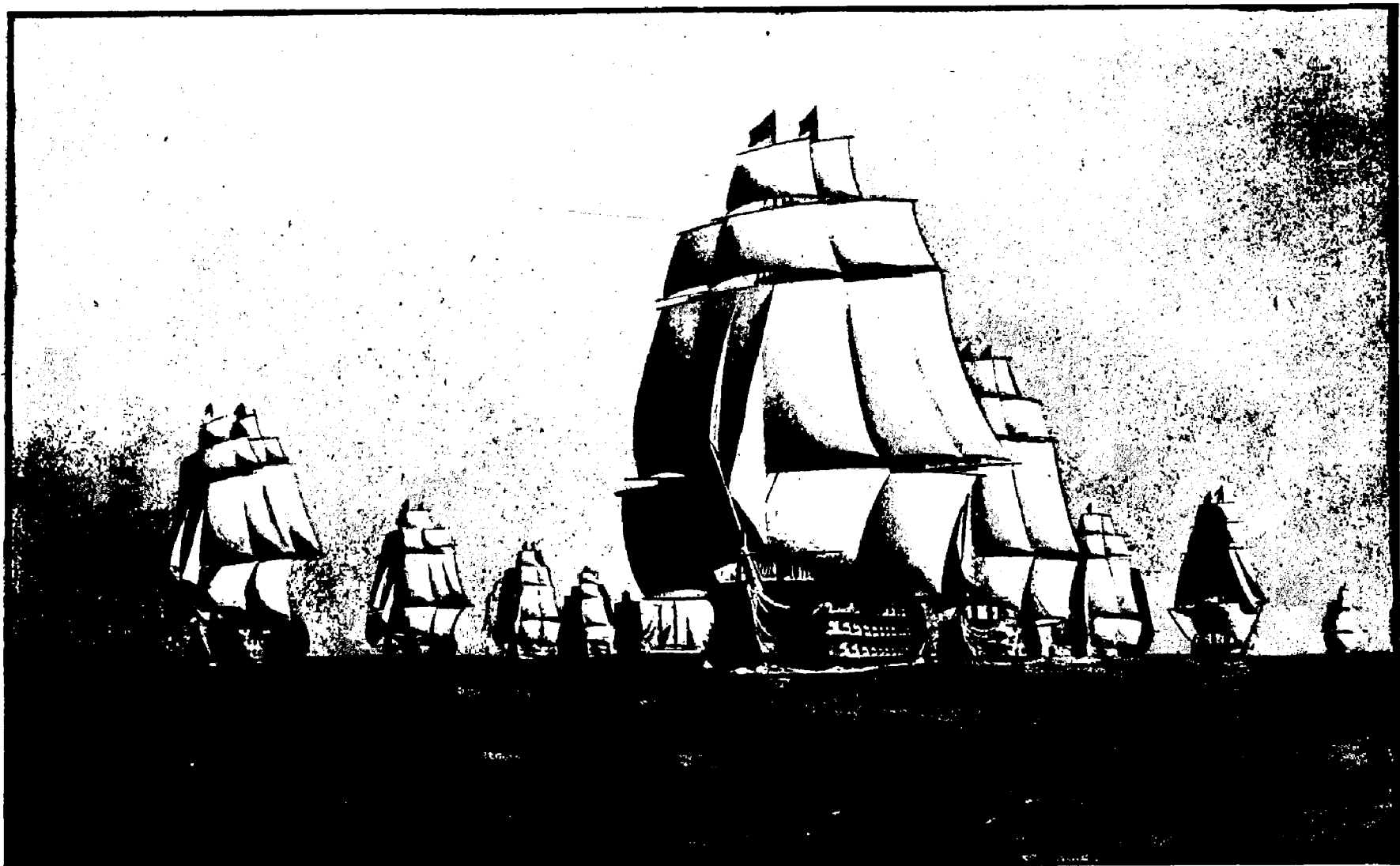
W. C. J. (Muswell Hill).—Yes, Gibbons' Catalogue. Of the countries in which you feel inclined to specialise, I should certainly say don't attempt St. Vincent or St. Lucia. They are far too difficult for any one but an experienced specialist with a large banking account. You will find Gambia or Jamaica better suited to your purpose, with a preference for Gambia.

H. W. A., Jr. (Natal).—The so-called Death's Mask stamps of Serbia are plentiful and common and likely to remain so. In the latest Gibbons' Catalogue just issued they are priced unused as follows:

	s.	d.
5p., green	0	1
10p., rose	0	2
15p., purple	0	4
25p., blue	0	6
50p., brown	0	9

Don't waste your money on such rubbish. Sorry we cannot insert your offer to exchange stamps. The "Old Fag" very wisely excludes such notices, as he believes the principal result would be that his boys would be preyed upon by cheating harpies.

C. D.—You may safely get King's head stamps from any of the regular advertisers in THE CAPTAIN.



Royal Sovereign.

Belleisle.

Mars. Tonnant.

Victory.

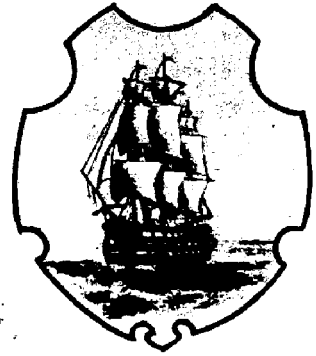
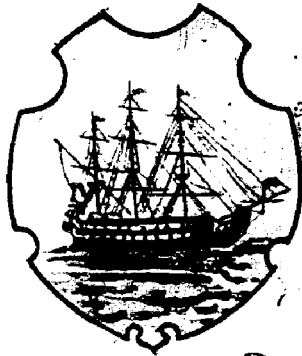
Téméraire.

Conqueror.

Euryalus.

NELSON'S FLEET SAILING INTO ACTION, OCTOBER 21, 1805.

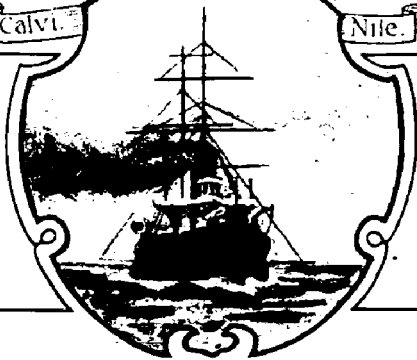
Drawn by A. B. Cull.



Toulon. St. Vincent. Calvi.

Nile. Tenerife. Copenhagen.

England
expects
every man

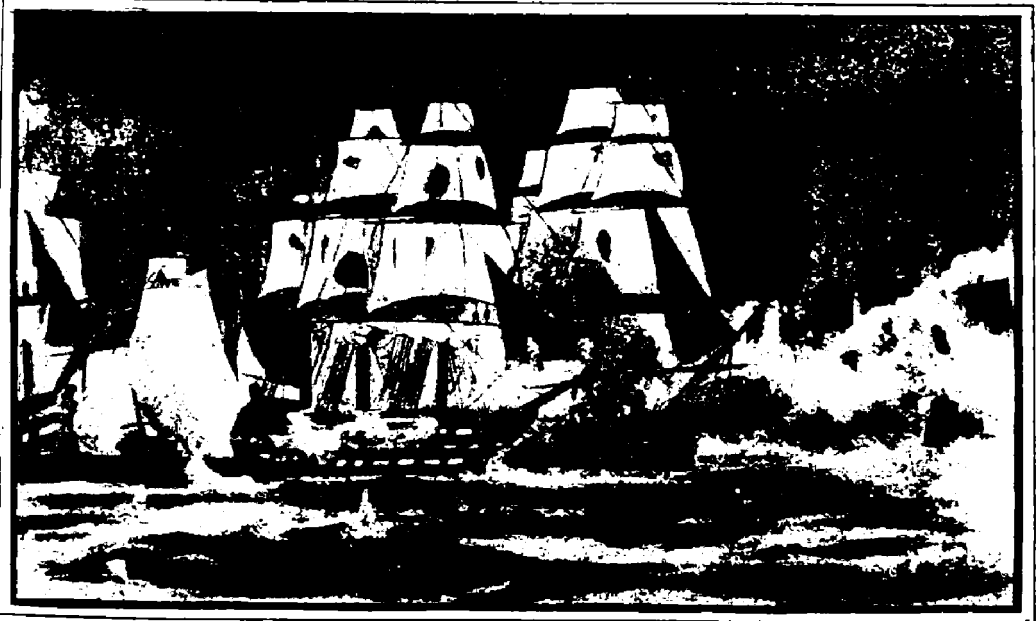


will do
his
duty."

The sacred splendour of thy deathless name,
Shall grace and guard thy country's martial fame:
Far-seen shall blaze the unextinguished ray,
A mighty beacon, lighting glory's way:
With living lustre this proud land adorn,
And shine and save through ages yet unborn.

ULM and

TRAFALGAR.



The Battle of Trafalgar 1805



THE LOUD REPORT OF THE HEAVILY CHARGED GUN WAS FOLLOWED BY A BELLOWING ROAR FROM THE WOUNDED ELEPHANT,

MY FIRST ELEPHANT,

BY F. C. SELOUS.

Illustrated by J. Macfarlane.



In every age of the world's history not only have primitive men been hunters of big game by necessity, dependent, as are the Esquimaux and certain African savages of to-day, entirely upon the flesh and

skins of wild animals for their food and clothing; but they have also not unfrequently been called upon to fight for their lives against the larger carnivora, from the sabre-toothed tigers and giant cave bears of pleistocene times, down to the lions, tigers, leopards, bears, wolves and hyænas of the present day. The best hunters in a savage tribe have always been the strongest, bravest and most cunning individuals in the community, and their prowess has usually enabled them to become richer, to secure more wives, and to leave more descendants than their less skilful fellows. Thus the hunting instinct, the careful cultivation of which was once a necessity to preserve the race, became in the course of long ages so firmly implanted in the nature of man, that the comparatively short time that has elapsed since the first dawn of civilisation has been quite insufficient to eradicate it. Every healthy English boy, though in most cases his early impulses are stifled by circumstances, is a potential big game hunter, and loves to read tales of adventures with large and formidable wild beasts; for such stories play upon feelings in his nature which have been inherited, through a thousand generations, from a long line of savage ancestors, whose frequent task it was to hunt the elk, the reindeer, the wild ox, and even the mighty mammoth for daily food, or with bone-headed spear alone to defend

their wives and children from the fangs and claws of bears and lions larger and fiercer than the existing species of to-day.

In my own nature, by some strange working of the laws of heredity, the instincts of some old pre-historic savage seemed to have survived in such strength that they dominated every other propensity, and "the call of the wild" appealed to me with such irresistible force that at the age of nineteen I set out for the savage heart of Africa, determined to lead the life of a hunter. Within a year from that time I had joined a party of native hunters and entered a new world. Already I had often gazed upon the huge ungainly forms of the great white rhinoceroses, easily distinguishable from their more numerous congeners of the black species by the size of their great misshapen heads and long anterior horns; and had seen besides, almost daily, great herds of rugged-horned buffaloes, troops of tall giraffes stalking majestically amongst the feathery leaved mimosa trees, and graceful antelopes of an almost inconceivable variety of size, colouring, and length and shape of horn. My savage companions were not sportsmen, and recked not of big bags or record heads, and in those early years of my wanderings I was as they were, an elephant hunter pure and simple, never killing any animal as long as we had elephant meat to eat, for fear of disturbing these wildest of wild animals, but when out of food recognising no law protecting females or any special kind of game.

With the exception of meat we had nothing in the shape of provisions but a slender supply of native corn, some of which we roasted and ground between stones as a substitute for coffee. We had no tents or ground sheets, but at night arranged a hedge of thorn bushes within which we lay on a little dry grass, with fires at our feet. As long as no rain fell, it was glorious lying thus beneath

the dark star-lit sky, listening to, and soon lulled to sleep by, the various voices of the wilderness; the deep-toned roar of the lion; the demoniacal howl of the hyæna; the puffing snort of the rhinoceros; or the shrill sharp trumpeting of elephants enjoying a bath. At last one memorable day I looked for the first time upon one of these strange and ponderous creatures, an enormous long-tusked bull. For a couple of days previously we had been travelling through country evidently much frequented by elephants, for the tracks of these huge animals, often following well-beaten paths, crossed and recrossed one another in all directions, whilst uprooted trees, often of considerable size, as well as trees from which branches had been broken or bark peeled in long strips, were to be seen on every side.

Early one morning my wild companions pointed out to me a huge track in some soft sandy ground, which they said was that of a big bull elephant that had passed either during the previous night or early the same morning, and we had not gone far on the spoor before even I, inexperienced as I was, felt sure that he could not be far in front of us, for all along his tracks quite freshly plucked green leaves were strewn in profusion. Possibly the trained eyes of my companions were fixed almost exclusively on the ground, as they followed the spoor, picking out the fresh tracks from others not quite so recent, whilst mine wandered continually over the thin forest in front of us, expecting every moment to see the huge bulk of the animal we were following. At any rate I was the first to see him, a great grey mass looming up amongst the thin foliaged trees a little to our right front. "Inkubu!"—the Matabele word for elephant—I whispered to the chief of my native companions, at the same time pointing towards the great dark mass amongst the trees. He knew at once what it was, and making a slight hissing sound through his teeth crouched down, an action instantly followed by his men. This headman I may say was not a Matabele, but a Griqua, who could speak Cape Dutch and was dressed in shirt, trousers, shoes and hat. The first thing he now did was to take off his thick mole-skin trousers, and he advised me to do the same, in order to be able to run more easily. I took his advice without hesitation, and was then only dressed in a felt hat, a thin cotton shirt and a pair of light shoes, an excellent costume to run in, which I adopted ever afterwards when hunting

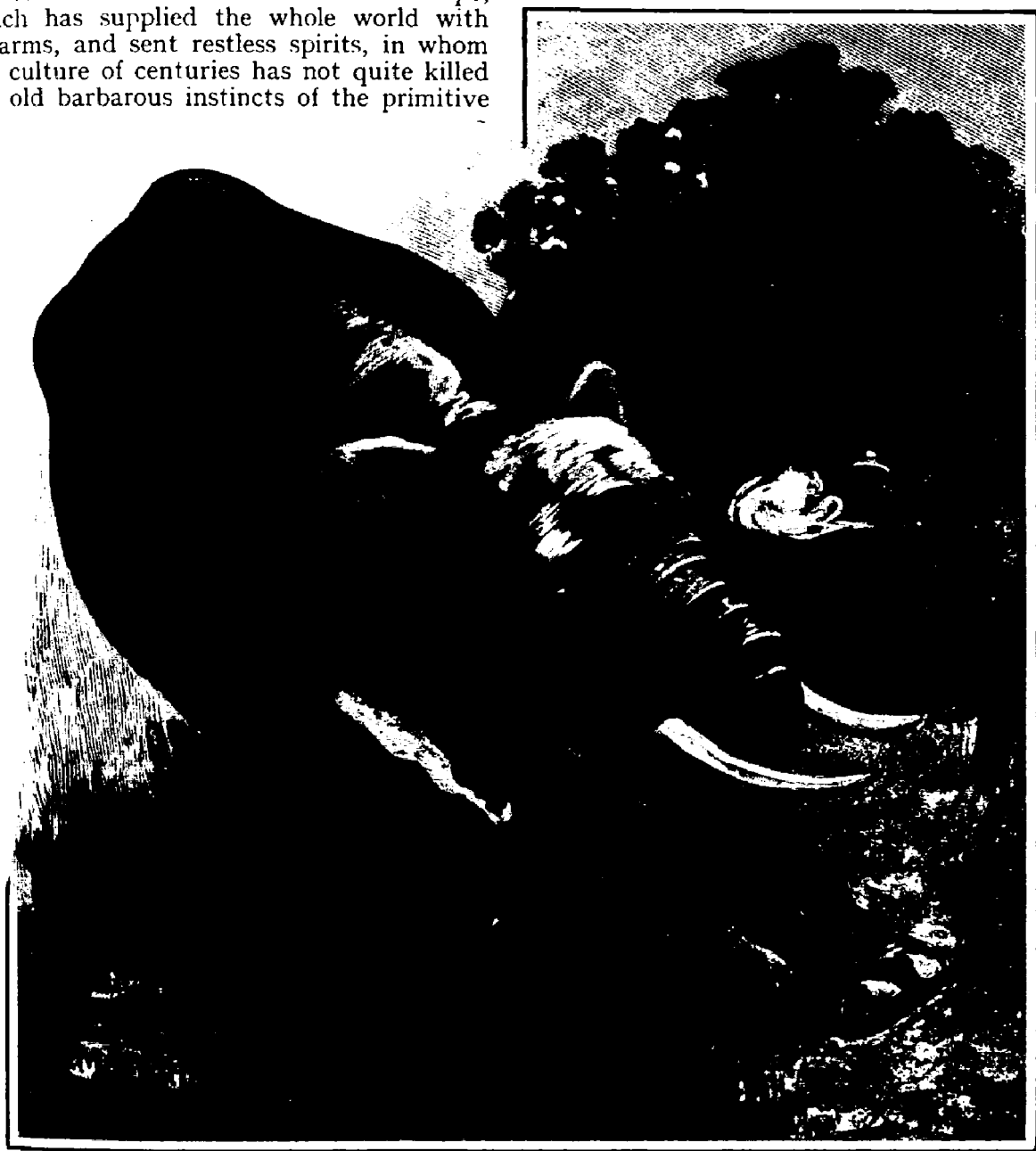
elephants on foot. It is true that one's bare legs get very much burnt by the fierce sun and scratched and torn all over by thorn bushes, but it is much easier to run in a hot country with bare legs than when wearing heavy trousers—and thin trousers are useless, as they would be quickly torn to pieces—and one's blood gets into such splendid condition on the simple food and active open air life of an elephant hunter, that all wounds heal up with astonishing ease and rapidity. All the time we were preparing for the fray, the elephant had never moved and was quite unconscious of the near proximity of danger. When we were ready the Griqua—who had very kindly agreed to let me have the first shot—and I advanced slowly and cautiously towards the still unsuspecting animal, the Kaffirs following behind us.

We had approached to within less than fifty yards of our lordly quarry, when I think he must have heard one or other of us tread on a dry stick, for he suddenly turned towards us, and lifting his head, and at the same time spreading his vast ears, advanced slowly in our direction. "Stand still," whispered the Griqua, and I did so, holding my clumsy old 4-bore muzzle-loading gun at the ready. The huge beast we were confronting came on step by step, until his colossal bulk seemed almost to tower above us. Then he halted and stood quite still, and I remember noting his small fierce-looking eyes and long white shining tusks. I scarcely dared to breathe, and feared that the beating of my heart would betray my whereabouts; but I understood that I was not to fire a frontal shot except in case of a charge, and so stood perfectly still. After gazing steadily at us for some moments, the elephant must, I suppose, have taken our motionless forms for tree stumps, for he slowly turned away, exposing his broadside as he did so. "Now, quick, shoot," whispered my companion in Dutch, and raising my clumsy weapon and getting the coarse ivory foresight somewhere about the great bull's shoulder, I pulled the trigger. The loud report of the heavily charged gun was followed by a bellowing roar from the wounded elephant, as he crashed away through the trees, closely followed by his nimble human assailants. Fearing to lose sight of him I ran at first with an empty gun, but on receiving a second shot from the Griqua, the tormented beast wheeled round, and again spreading his huge ears, came walking towards us with raised trunk,

evidently ready to charge. I now reloaded with all expedition, pouring a handful of powder from the bag at my side down the gaping muzzle of my heavy gun, followed by a round four-ounce bullet. I then fired for the second time, and my victim fell on his knees, and soon after rolled over dead.

For a hundred years at least this grand old bull elephant had wandered, fed and slept in peace and security, a true monarch of the forests in which he had first seen the light, and he might even to-day still be alive but for the civilisation of Western Europe, which has supplied the whole world with firearms, and sent restless spirits, in whom the culture of centuries has not quite killed the old barbarous instincts of the primitive

hunter, into all the waste places of the earth. However, no remorseful reflections damped the great joy I felt at the successful issue of my first elephant hunt, for it was the realisation of my boyish dreams, and now, alone in the African wilderness, with none but naked dark-skinned men for my companions, I felt nothing but supreme happiness and contentment. That night the great tusks, upwards of six feet in length, were laid on the ground close to where we had prepared our sleeping-place near the huge carcass, and no



MY VICTIM FELL ON HIS KNEES, AND ROLLED OVER DEAD.

pre-historic savage, feasting on the daintiest portions of a mammoth, could have enjoyed his meal more than did I the slices of fat elephant's heart, which I cut with my pocket knife from the forked stick on which they had been roasted.

I had now indeed reached a country so profusely stocked with strange archaic forms of life, that it seemed to me that I had not only travelled to another portion of the modern world, but that I was actually living in some long past era of the world's history. For around me spread a vast wilderness, absolutely uninhabited by man, and never trodden except by the foot of some wandering savage; and in this vast silent waste every river pool teemed with the uncouth forms of hippopotami; hideous crocodiles lay basking on every sandbank; whilst rhinoceroses, buffaloes, and all the lesser game were constant features in every landscape; but most wonderful of all were the great herds of elephants now met with almost daily. These we hunted with considerable success, and had we only been armed with any kind of modern rifle, would certainly have added many another goodly tusk to our store of ivory.

It was terribly hard work.

Up at daylight, we usually crossed the fresh tracks of elephants early in the day, and often followed them for many hours under a burning sun before overtaking them. If the wind was favourable a close approach to the sleeping animals as they stood fanning themselves with their great ears was usually followed by one deadly shot; but after that everything depended on one's running powers, and even when in the best of training it was, I think, no mean achievement to keep up with a herd of elephants and to shoot three or four of them, with a muzzle-loading gun, which weighed 15 lb., and which in my first season's elephant hunting I had to carry myself. At this kind of work

my lungs soon got into perfect order, and I could run till my muscles refused any longer to keep me going. I wasn't always running after the elephants, but often was chased in my turn, and had several somewhat narrow escapes from being caught. Sometimes, when I had my gun loaded, I stood my ground and stopped a charging elephant as it came on with ears outspread and uttering short, piercing screams of rage. Such animals looked terrible at first, and, as they bore down every small tree in front of them, seemed irresistible in their mighty strength, but I soon found that if one only kept one's presence of mind, and aimed well enough to hit them either in the head, trunk or chest, they always stopped trumpeting and swerved off as soon as the bullet struck them. Once we had had a very hard day, having walked many hours under a scorching sun before overtaking the elephants we had been following. Before attacking them we drank the last drop of lukewarm water in our calabashes, and then came a successful but terribly exhausting hunt. By this time the sun was down, and we were far from water and terribly thirsty. When at last we reached a small pool in the sandy bed of a dried-up river, we were so exhausted that after slaking our thirst we just threw ourselves down on the sand and slept till daylight. Then we found the tracks of a big lion in the sand quite close to where we had been lying. He had evidently come to the pool to drink, but, finding us lying all round it, and not, presumably, being hungry, had quietly walked away again without disturbing us.

The days I have written of are now long past, but I love to recall them. I cared but little for whatever hardships I endured at the time; now I only remember the joys and triumphs of my wild, free life as an elephant hunter, and still often feel as restless as a caged swallow in autumn.



RODEN GARRETT: SPY,

AN ADVENTURE BEFORE GETTYSBURG

BY W.H. WILLIAMSON.

Illustrated by Lawson Wood.

I.

RODEN GARRETT was a spy working for the Confederate cause in the American Civil War. Some of his adventures were of a most thrilling character, for in his search for information he never hesitated to go amongst his foes; and this audacity frequently led to moments which seemed within measurable distance of his last.

The story of one of his adventures which we are about to relate happened at an interesting period of the Civil War. General Hooker was, at the same time that he menaced Richmond, defending the Federal capital of Washington. General Grant was besieging Vicksburg and, for strategical reasons Lee, the Confederate General, determined to invade Pennsylvania. He wanted news of the disposition of the enemy's forces, and Garrett was sent to gather that news.

Garrett dressed himself in the blue clothes of a Federal, armed himself with a couple of revolvers, and set out, keeping his wits sharp and bright. He reached Emmetsburg without much difficulty: but from there his path had to be trodden with caution, for Federal soldiers were straggling with embarrassing frequency along the roads. Garrett used his eyes and ears well, and a chance speech from a passing waggoner or a negro guided him safely till he got within two miles of Taneytown.

The trees were nodding to the wind and the white road seemed undisturbed by man, when Garrett descried a horse tethered to the wall of a wayside inn. The place was quiet: there were no soldiers in sight—although small bodies of scouts and patrols had been passing near the place that day—so Garrett determined to get near the owner of the horse and take the risks. Just as he reached the door a man came out to water the horse.

"Good luck, sonny," said Garrett, cheerfully: "a drink is what I want, too," and he stepped inside the porch.

"I'll be there in a minute," said the man as he walked towards the horse.

Garrett stopped on the threshold of the house for a brief moment while he quickly

noticed as much of the building as lay before him.

A Federal soldier was sitting on a chair with a tankard in one hand and his hat in the other. The perspiration was standing in beads on his forehead and his hair was much awry.

"Good-day," said Garrett, greeting the man; "you've been travelling fast."

"I guess I haven't bin sleepin' much," replied the Federal.

"Come far?" asked Garrett, carelessly.

"Just a few yards," replied the other man, with an ironical smile which covered his prudence.

"Did you meet any Rebs on the way?" asked Garrett.

"Ther'll be none to meet soon, sonny. We shall put earth on ole Jeff Davis an his government afore 'e's many more grey hairs."

"I guess he'd like to keep his hair," said Garrett, jocularly. "Lee's dancin' about the Blue Ridge like a cat on hot bricks, an' when we get at him I reckon some o' the boys will talk to him."

"Say, what are *you* doin' here, anyhow?" asked the Federal, almost beguiled by Garrett's frank manner.

Garrett got up and looked round as if he must exercise great prudence.

"There's nobody here except the critter outside, and 'e's nearly blind," said the Federal reassuringly.

"Ah!" said Garrett, with a sigh of relief that was quite convincing, and added in a whisper: "despatches."

"B' jiminy! Where's your horse?"

"I had a race with some Secesh near Bartown, and when they gave the mare a bullet I left them its carcase to save my own," replied Garrett.

"They haven't come near me," said the Federal. "And where are you goin'?"

"To Frederick," said Garrett at a venture.

"B' jiminy! That's my station. I reckon you know General Meade has come an' Hooker gone?"

"Yes," replied Garrett, speaking the obvious truth. "Are you carrying despatches, too?"

"I reckon I am. It's like eatin' your meals off the telegraph, this game, eh?"

"It's fast," said Garrett, playing with one of his revolvers, which he had drawn from his case. "But that's a good friend."

The Federal took it.

"Yes. They do back one up, some. I reckon it's like mine," and he pulled out his own for Garrett's admiration.

Garrett took it and examined it with care. "Loaded, of course?" he asked.

"You might as well carry a coffin with you as a revolver that isn't loaded," replied the Federal.

"That's sq," said Garrett. "Well, mine isn't loaded, sonny, so hand over your despatches without any fuss an' you'll keep your eyelids waggin' a little time longer."

The Federal looked extravagantly amazed. The desperate position had been generated with such calm celerity that he was almost stunned. It was as though a brilliant light had suddenly been flashed into his eyes.

"Don't dance on a precipice," said Garrett, desiring the other man not to waste time. "That's wilful."

The revolver was scarcely a couple of yards from the soldier, and thus it is a thing unpleasant to look at. Rage was in the Federal's face. He shook Garrett's revolver for a moment and then dashed it to the ground. He looked at Garrett, not appealingly and not defiantly, but as one beaten who hopes strongly for his turn to come. Garrett was stolid.

The Federal reached for his cap, took out the lining, and threw the despatches on the table. He knew better than to trifle.

"Thanks," said Garrett. "That's more than what they would have said to you at the other end. Turn round and put your hands up."

The man obeyed, and Garrett placed the despatches in his own pocket.

"Don't fool," he said warningly, and he ran his hand quickly to the Federal's side to see if the man had another revolver. He had not. Garrett hesitated what to do. The despatches might be important, but they might not contain the information he had set out to gain. viz., the disposition of the Army of the Potomac.

As he was considering he heard the man outside walking towards the door. He went to meet him.

"You're still on the tight-rope, sonny," he called back advisingly to the man with

his hands up. Then he blocked the doorway, holding the revolver behind him.

"Any more horses about?" he said to the man outside.

"No, the Army's got all the others."

"Bring the nag here, will you? I'll tighten the saddle girth."

The man complied, and the Federal fumed.

When the horse was at the door, Garrett quietly put the man on one side. "Let's try first," he said, and vaulting into the saddle he dug his heels into the horse's flanks and took it at a mad gallop towards Frederick, greatly to the innkeeper's astonishment.

It was a wild and daring move. Garrett reckoned he would be safe in Frederick with the despatches. Also he could seek what information he required and get away before the owner of the horse could catch up with him. He was twenty miles from Frederick.

The horse was a good goer and the ride was exhilarating. Garrett's blood was warmed, and the little bargain he had so successfully negotiated tended to give him a confidence even beyond his normal stock, which was great.

The horse threw up hoofful of earth as it tore along the soft road, and Garrett turned occasionally to see if there were any signs of pursuit, or if one followed even without malice premeditated. There was no one. The road seemed open to the swift and daring.

Garrett pulled his horse up, and the poor beast needed a rest, for its nostrils shot out long wands of breath and it seemed exhausted. It was not the first hard ride it had had that day. The Confederate took out the despatches and read them. They were written on a piece of paper about the size of a man's hand, and were from General Bruford, at Hanover, to the Officer Commanding the Army of the Potomac.

The information contained in the despatches was not of great importance in itself, but the fact that they were despatches gave them the value of a passport, and that was of great service to a sagacious and daring man like Garrett.

The Confederate, being quite satisfied with his booty, rode ahead, and soon came to the outskirts of Frederick, where soldiers met him at every turn. He wore nothing suspicious, and the Federals treated him as one of their own men. He went with a wondrously careful eye. He noted the lumber waggons, the regiments, the order, the disorder, the attitude of the men, the work of the workers, and the conversation of the idlers. He was accosted once, and the man looked suspicious, though



HE DUG HIS HEELS INTO THE HORSE'S FLANKS AND TOOK IT AT A MAD GALLOP.

it may have been Garrett's fancy. At any rate, Garrett thought it best to ask for the Officer Commanding.

The other man stared.

"General Meade?"

"You're not the General, are you?" said Garrett with a laugh, for the soldier was in his shirt-sleeves and smoking.

"No, sonny." He laughed also, but accompanied Garrett to the General's tent, which may have had something of cuteness about it. Garrett played boldly, however. He was ready for emergencies, though the shadow of the rope was always near him in times like these. He had to wait a little before he could deliver his despatches, but when the moment came he rose to the rôle.

The General read them.

"Come again in an hour and you can take a message back," said General Meade.

Garrett was free for an hour with much liberty accorded him. He had gone through a little scene that does not take much time to record, but the heart-strings are taut during the playing, and there is short shrift for the bad actor.

In an hour Garrett meant to collect his information and then be speeding on his way to the Confederate lines. He chatted to the sergeant, who hospitably showed him about, and gleaned much useful information. They wandered to the outskirts of the town, and went into a tavern that seemed as though it were part of a farm, for there were out-buildings near. There were not many people about, for the regiments to that place had not yet arrived.

When the sergeant and Garrett entered the tavern they found four or five men talking loudly, discussing the war from its inception through all its various phases. There was a counter facing the door, and a window, wide open on its hinges, admitted a broad belt of afternoon light.

The sergeant was welcomed, and Garrett also. The conversation was continued, and the Confederate noted the hopes and fears of the men, together with the amount of confidence they placed in their leaders, and finally began to think he had better be going with the good news he had obtained.

But a spy must sometimes wait on others.

The door was opened and a man entered. Garrett recognised the despatch-bearer!

II.

HERE was a most interesting—even exciting—meeting. Garrett threw his head on one side and began to drink from his tankard to hide his features.

The new-comer gave no signs of recognition. Garrett put his pot down and wondered if he were safe—only temporarily, of course. The man was standing by the door, which he shut.

"Hello, boys," he said, and his voice sounded haggard. Garrett slowly and unostentatiously put his hand on his revolver the next moment, for the man deliberately locked the door and pocketed the key.

Garrett sat still and said nothing. But he was latent for opportunities and exceedingly able in emergencies.

The other men were surprised at the irregular course of the intruder.

"Say, is Stonewall Jackson outside?" asked one of them with a laugh.

"I guess he isn't in," laughed another.

"No, boys," said the despatch-bearer. "I don't know much about Stonewall Jackson, but I've got a treat for you. Let me tell you the tale, 'cause I want you to help me."

"Tale, b'jimy! I reckon as how we are makin' tales enough without tellin' 'em," remarked one of the loungers.

"That's true."

"Tarnation! Any shootin'?"

"Some," said the despatch-bearer laconically, and Garrett considered what manner of man he was. He had certainly a motive in locking the door, and recognition of Garrett would supply it. But he was acting a rôle so well that Garrett watched and wondered simultaneously. Had he recognised him and was he playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse? Or why did he behave so oddly? . . . The situation was piquant.

"Fire away," said one of the Federals.

The despatch-bearer drew his breath slowly and long, as though preparing for a magnificent stroke with magnificent satisfaction. There was a slight twinkle in his eye, and his face twitched a little as certain muscles round his mouth and eyes moved in unison with the current of his satisfying thoughts.

Garrett liked neither the twinkle in the eyes nor the twitchings of the man's sardonic face, and prepared for much.

"I've had a durned dirty trick played on me, boys, by a pudden' head Secesh."

"Tarnation!" said another of his hearers.



THE HEAVY POT HIT HIM FULL IN THE FACE.

' This is what I like. This sounds like shootin' some.'

"Go ahead, pal," added a third with eagerness.

"Well, my name is Michael P. Bog. I joined the 92nd New York, an' have served under General Bruford. The other day he asked me to go like a durned eagle to Frederick

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with a message to General Meade. On my way I stopped to give the horse and myself some refreshment, for neither man nor beast can travel this buck-jumpin' country without water. Well, as I sat down drinkin', who should come but this tarnation Reb dressed like a union man, because his own feathers wouldn't suit him about here. He started

playin' about and palaverin' like Halleck or Meade, an' you might 'ave thought he was mighty fine on thisyer war business. He played it low down at last an' laid his paws on my sharp-shooter. Then I was fooled, boys; this durned Reb fooled me an' got my despatches."

He stopped like an orator.

The other men were listening intently now. Garrett was treading the tight-rope of expectancy.

"He got away on my horse," continued the narrator. "But I should know him in a thousand—in a thousand, boys," he repeated with grave deliberation, and Garrett knew he was speaking the truth.

"I reckon I've come up to Frederick quicker than he thought I would, though. I found another horse, an' I'm here . . . an' . . . he's here."

"This is good," said one man, with an appetite. "Well followed, sonny; hev you got 'im?"

"I reckon I'm not far off," said the man.

"Mind he doesn't slip the noose," said another.

"He won't fool me again," said the man in his jubilation. "I reckon I've got the upper hand now. I had a kind o' wish to get my own back in a similar way, an' I guess, boys, we shall see some fun."

He pulled out his sharp-shooter, and a leer spread over his face. This moment in Garrett's life was one that few men can understand in all its thoroughness. The man was in the height of his triumph and danced in his exultation. He tried to avoid catching Garrett's eye, lest there should be a scene before he was quite ready. The other men were fascinated and carried away by the fellow's vehemence and excitement. They, too, knew there was something uncommonly odd about to happen, and they had a look of vast expectancy on their faces. The man shrieked by this time, for his voice had grown to a falsetto as his emotions led him to great heights.

"I've seen 'im, boys, seen 'im." He looked round as though reaping satisfaction. "I've run 'im down, boys, which is best, and now——"

The sentence was not finished. Garrett was no fool and he did not wait for the bullet to be on the road to his heart or the rope round his neck before he acted, if action were possible. The door was locked and the key was in the other man's pocket. But he had one chance. As the man had told the story, Garrett had laid his plan. The window was the possible means of exit, and Garrett used it.

As the man was speaking Garrett hurled his pewter vessel containing liquor straight in his face and, without waiting to see the damage, leapt like a diver through the open window.

It was all done in an instant. The other men were so keenly watching the story-teller that Garrett's action stunned them for a moment. They saw the streak of liquor and heard the heavy pot give its dull thud in the speaker's face. Then the shadow of a man covered the window and disappeared. They had to recover their wits before they could move. They all stared and leapt to their feet. One rushed to the window.

"B'jimini!" he ejaculated, lost in amazement, understanding nothing.

"Snakes!" said another, equally baffled in mind.

During this time Garrett was moving.

The despatch-bearer, with a scar on his forehead and liquor on his clothes, recovered his wits soonest.

"That's the durned Reb! That's him!" he shrieked, quite forgetting he had the key of the door in his pocket, and that in consequence they were all locked in. He rushed to the window, which wasted time, and then he fumbled at the door. The men got out at last—mostly in a heap—and they were all keen to shoot the audacious Southerner.

They strode with great paces round the building, calling to one another like dogs that sniff and cry before a find. The unlucky despatch-bearer was furious, and rushed savagely here and there, seeing no signs of Garrett, and growing more and more angry each succeeding minute. If the pursuers went in one direction Garrett might have gone in another—or peradventure he was hiding. . . . These thoughts filled the Federal with mad fury.

"Run, boys, run," he cried out, and himself ran all over the place.

The other men, incensed at Garrett's escape—since he had accomplished it from the muzzles of their sharp-shooters, so to speak—were also very keen.

A negro drove past, coming from the direction of the camp with a loaded forage waggon.

"Say, have you seen a durned Reb on the road? Come from the camp?"

"Yes, sah. No, ain't seen no durned Reb."

"Tarnation! But he's fixed up like a Fed! Hev you seen a man runnin' some as you came along?"

"No, sah, seen no man runnin'."

The negro drove on and the Federal men ran desperately about in their bewildered search. When the negro had driven a mile

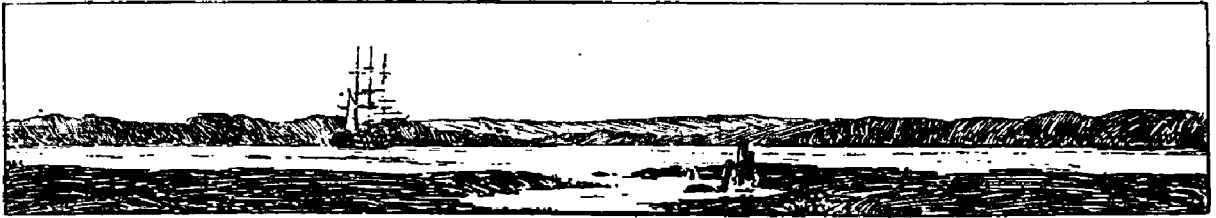
or so from the place a man crawled from under a tarpaulin.

"That was good, uncle," said Garrett, holding up his revolver; "you behaved very well indeed—just as I wished you. This is a good inducement"—he nodded at the sharp-shooter. "Now you can go back to your Dinah feeling happy and whole. Have you any rifles?"

"No, sah."

Garrett searched and found no fire-arms. "Good." He looked round to see which way he should go. "You'd better not say you have seen me at all, uncle, otherwise they may shoot you for not having said so when they asked you just now. So good-bye!"

Then Garrett leapt from the waggon, plunged into the untrodden paths, and made the best of a bee-line for the Confederate outposts, which he reached in safety.



OCTOBER EVENTS.

ABOUT mid-day on October 21, 1805, the Battle of Trafalgar was in steady progress. The

The Death of Nelson.

Victory, Nelson's flagship, was fiercely engaging the *Redoubtable*, when a ball, fired from the mizzen-top of the latter ship, struck the epaulette on Nelson's left shoulder. He fell on his face, on the spot which was covered with his secretary's blood. Captain Hardy, who was a few steps away from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy!" he said. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied, "my backbone is shot through."

Yet, even now, he did not for a moment lose his presence of mind, but observing, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not replaced, he ordered new ones to be rove immediately. Then, that they might not see him wounded, he covered his face with his handkerchief, to hide it from his crew. Had he but concealed his stars from the enemy, England would not have had cause to mourn the battle of Trafalgar.

It was soon perceived that his wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all but Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain that no human care could save him, insisted that the surgeon should attend those to whom he might be useful, "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me. You know I am gone; I know it,"

All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently give him lemonade.

Presently, calling Hardy back, he said, "Kiss me, Hardy." Hardy knelt and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied." Hardy then left him for ever, and, with heart almost bursting, hastened on deck.

Death was now rapidly approaching, and, after giving his private instructions, he repeatedly murmured, "Thank God, I have done my duty." With these words on his lips, the great admiral expired, at thirty minutes past four, exactly three hours and a quarter after he was wounded. The *Redoubtable* struck her colours within twenty minutes of that fatal shot.

CHARLES H. STONHAM.



KING Harold's army was feasting at York, in honour of its victory over the Norse allies

The Battle of Hastings.

of Tostig, Harold's brother, when a horseman arrived bearing the terrible news that William of Normandy had invaded Sussex. The Saxons, twenty thousand strong, at once marched southwards, and reaching Senlac Hill, near Hastings, awaited the battle. William's army was encamped close by. Very different was the spectacle in the two camps that night—the Normans praying, the Saxons drinking.

The sun rose the next morning, October 14, 1066, on the battlefield that, before evening shadows fell, was the burial-ground of Saxon

liberty—and the birth-place of Norman supremacy. At nine o'clock, the Normans, numbering sixty thousand, charged up Senlac, meeting the Saxons with a tremendous shock. But Saxon battle-axes, wielded by sturdy Saxon arms, soon thrust them back. Again they attacked, and again they were repulsed. A cry arose, "The Duke is slain!" but William, whose horse had been killed under him, removing his helmet, and mounting another steed, spurred into the midst of his panic-stricken soldiery, stopping the retreat which threatened to become a rout. William then ordered his knights to make a sham attack and retreat hastily, so that the Saxons, elated at their supposed victory, would pursue their flying enemies, when the Normans could turn and surround their pursuers. This stratagem succeeded only too well, for a great part of the English army was thus destroyed. The Saxons were not again deceived.

At three o'clock the battle was neither lost nor won, and William saw that his followers were hardly getting the better of the fight. So he commanded his archers to shoot high, so that their arrows should strike the faces of the English. Harold, his eye pierced by a falling shaft, expired in awful agony; but the remaining Saxons still fought doggedly on, making a wall of dead around the body of their beloved monarch and his standard, which still floated above its gallant defenders. Twenty Norman knights made a determined dash for the flag, and succeeded in tearing it down. The Saxons, now fighting in small knots, were gradually overcome, and finally vanquished. Thus ended the battle of Hastings; the starting-point of tyranny and oppression, which, after a hundred years, gave place to justice, and the union of Normans and Saxons to make a "free and merrie England."

RICHMOND WILLIAMS.

ON October 23, 1415, a fleet bore Henry V., with 30,000 soldiers, from Southampton to the Seine. He took Har-

The Battle of Agincourt (1415).

fleur, a fortress on the right bank of the river, in five weeks; and then, with an army reduced to one-half its original number by wounds and sickness, he formed the daring resolve of reaching Calais by the same route as that by which the troops of Edward III. had marched to victory. He found the bridges of the Somme broken, and the fords defended by lines of sharp stakes; and a delay of two days followed. On the third day a place near

St. Quentin was found unguarded. Crossing, he moved straight upon Calais, while the Constable of France awaited his approach before the village of Agincourt. It was a dark and rainy night when the weary English saw before them the lights of the French watchfires. One hundred thousand fighting Frenchmen were there. The odds were seven to one. But Créçy was not far distant, and the thought of glory stirred every English heart. The archers led the way next morning. With a cheer they rushed on, bearing, in addition to their usual weapons, long sharp stakes. These they fixed obliquely in front of them, so that a wall of wooden pikes met the French charge; and thus protected against the French cavalry, they poured in their arrows. Then, slinging their bows behind them, they drew their swords and burst with the men-at-arms on to the breaking ranks; and the first, second, and third divisions gave way in succession. Henry fought in the thickest of the battle; and, though mace and sabre were levelled at him oftener than once, he escaped unhurt. The confusion caused by the tactics of the English king, who had sent a body of archers to lie in ambush on the French flank, and another detachment to set fire to the barns of a neighbouring village, completed the rout. The Constable of France, with ten thousand knights and soldiers, fell on that fatal day; the victors lost only sixteen hundred men.

C. F. R. PELLIS.

COLUMBUS discovered America on October 12, 1492. He set sail from Spain in the beginning of August, and, soon after, reached the Canary Islands. He had only three ships, two of

The Discovery of America.

which we should now call large boats, and it was certainly a marvellous undertaking to attempt to cross an unknown ocean in search of an undiscovered continent in such cockle-shells. Instead of telling his men how far they had gone each day, Columbus always subtracted a few leagues from the total, as he was afraid that if they knew how far they were from land they would refuse to go farther, and force him to return.

After leaving the Canaries, the ships were steered in a westerly direction. In about a month they came to a vast bed of seaweed, which the sailors feared to pass, lest the ships should get caught; but, aided by the wind, they passed safely. Soon afterwards, flocks of birds were seen flying towards the south-

west. Columbus decided to follow them, trusting to be guided to land.

The sailors, terrified at not having seen land for so long, mutinied, and were joined by the officers. As land birds were now frequently seen, and as there were several other signs of land being near, Columbus swore to turn back if land were not sighted within three days.

On the night of October 11, a light was seen moving from place to place, and, when the sun rose, an island was seen. The boats were quickly manned, and Columbus was rowed ashore. After returning thanks to God, and taking possession of the island for Spain, Columbus presented the copper-coloured inhabitants, who had thronged to the beach, with beads, toys, and other trifles.

Spending a few days on the island, Columbus again set sail, this time towards the south. He soon came to more islands, among which he cruised about, seeking for gold. Columbus' difficulties now commenced. One of his ships left him for six weeks. His own ship struck on a rock and sank, but, fortunately, the crew were all saved.

Having recovered his second ship, Columbus returned to Spain, after an absence of over seven months, to be rewarded with honours from the king and queen.

GRAHAME C. GUNN.



THE battle of Edgehill began the great civil war of 1642-1649. It was in the lovely valley

The Battle of Edgehill.

called the Vale of the Red Horse, in Warwickshire, that Charles I. and the Earl of Essex faced one another on October 23, 1642. The king was stronger in horse, but Essex had a greater supply of cannon. It seems as if both sides shrank, at first, from plunging their country into all the horrors of internal warfare. There was a long pause; nor was it till two o'clock in the afternoon that the low, sullen boom of the Parliamentary cannon announced that the action had begun. The firing lasted one hour, and then, with a rush, the pikes crossed, and the Roundheads fell back. Fiery Prince Rupert, with his gay cavaliers, went like a rocket through the left wing of the foe opposed to him; but a return charge from the other wing of the Parliamentary men bore all before it, and scattered the royal artillery in every direction, as well as spiking some of the guns. The Roundheads next attacked in front and rear the footmen gathered about the royal standard, who, after a few minutes' resistance,

broke and fled. 'It was about this time that the gallant Earl Lindesay, the nominal commander of the royal troops, who had striven desperately all day against the invincible Roundheads, received a mortal wound. The battle was now practically over, as almost all the royal army was in full flight towards the nearest town. Want of powder prevented Essex from following up this success; so that the fury of the battle gradually died out with the falling of night.

R. J. EVANS.



OCTOBER, 1812, saw the greater part of the French army leave Moscow by the old Kalouga

The Retreat from Moscow.

road; the first step in that retreat, the horrors of which are unique in the annals of war.

It was the turning of that mighty tide of invasion, which, impelled by the French Revolution, and guided by the genius of Napoleon, had engulfed almost all Europe, and approached even unto the confines of Asia; then to ebb, with an inconceivable rapidity and tumult, leaving devastation and death behind it, and its guiding genius to perish miserably upon a surf-bound rock in the midst of the deep.

To many of those present, the rhythmic march of so great a multitude of infantry, of divers nationalities, and in an infinite variety of uniforms, the spectacle of cavalry squadrons swinging past in a whirlwind of dust and sound, and the monotonous rumble of artillery, followed by seemingly interminable files of vehicles, must have suggested something irresistible as fate.

Though laden with the spoils of victory and the loot of a captured capital, this army was but a fraction of the host which had crossed the Niemen three months before. Battles had been won, cities, even "Holy Moscow," taken. But where was the advantageous peace which Napoleon had never before failed to win ere evacuating an enemy's capital?

The star of Napoleon was waning. No more would he dethrone kings in anticipation of the day when he might call himself the Rudolf of Hapsburgh of Europe. Soon he was to find himself surrounded by the ruins of his empire, compelled to strive for life itself with ruthless foes, who, Antæus-like, rose stronger after every reverse, till, disheartened by desertion, and weakened by crushing defeats and profitless victories, he succumbed beneath all Europe in arms.

In this Moscow campaign there is to be

discerned something resembling the hand of God. Napoleon, the destroyer of shams, the avatar of the Revolution, having fulfilled his mission to man, threatened to enslave the peoples of the earth. How terribly he fell in this, the greatest of his enterprises, his transcendent genius, his colossal army, and his glorious past, each contributed to his undoing.

His own words when commencing the campaign are strangely prophetic: "Russia is hurried away by a fatality! Her destinies will be fulfilled." HUGH F. WALKER.

◊

"Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred."

How these two lines, and those connecting them, seem to inspire a feeling of patriotic enthusiasm within us! For the memory of that charge, the scion of everlasting fame throughout the world, will for ever thrill the pulses of every true British subject, and for them form a precious heritage, the glory of which will never fade.

Though the result of a mistake, it can hardly be termed a disastrous one: the devoted heroism and willingness "to do or die" exhibited by our troopers, excited the admiration of both friend and foe, and gave the world a lesson of what determination can achieve, even when death lurks on every side.

When Lord Cardigan, the noble commander

of the Light Brigade, received the misinterpreted order from the ill-fated Captain Nolan, to advance down the valley, who can tell what thoughts filled his mind as he glanced quickly down the splendidly equipped ranks of his followers, who, he knew, were so certain of destruction? But, placing himself at the head of the leading squadron, he ordered them to "advance." Without a murmur of dissent, and united in a common cause, which death would so shortly seal, the gallant six hundred followed their brave leader in that glorious but mad career down the "Valley of Death."

With the air filled with the moaning of bullets and the shriek of shot and shell, and deafened by the infernal din of carnage and strife, the survivors of a battle-maddened band, urging their steeds even to a greater pace, dashed among the Russian gunners, whose battery disputed the end of the valley. Whole regiments of cavalry loomed before them, but, though out-numbered a hundred to one, lancer and hussar fell upon them unflinchingly, until the former had almost melted away.

Then, as the smoke rose up from the valley below, and shot and shell subsided, the expectant and awe-struck armies around beheld, struggling back, still undefeated, though practically annihilated—

"All that was left of them,
Left of Six Hundred."

MAWGAN FREMLIN.



* * "THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR, OCTOBER 1905. * *

		Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted
1. Sun.	Fifteenth after Trinity.	6.39.	17. Tues.	Earl of Selborne <i>b.</i> , 1859.	6.3.
2. Mon.	P. F. Warner, cricketer, <i>b.</i> , 1873.	6.37.	18. Wed.	Peter O'Connor, athlete, <i>b.</i> , 1874.	6.0.
3. Tues.	J. Briggs, cricketer, <i>b.</i> , 1862.	6.34.	19. Thurs.	G. J. V. Weigall, cricketer, <i>b.</i> , 1870.	5.59.
4. Wed.	James Watson, footballer, <i>b.</i> , 1877.	6.32.	20. Fri.	Battle of Navarino, 1827.	5.57.
5. Thurs.	T. P. O'Connor <i>b.</i> , 1848.	6.30.	21. Sat.	R. H. Spooner, cricketer, <i>b.</i> , 1880.	5.55.
6. Fri.	Lord Tennyson <i>d.</i> , 1892.	6.27.	22. Sun.	Eighteenth after Trinity.	5.53.
7. Sat.	O. W. Holmes <i>d.</i> , 1894.	6.24.	23. Mon.	October CAPTAIN published.	5.50.
8. Sun.	Sixteenth after Trinity.	6.22.	24. Tues.	Princess Ena of Battenberg <i>b.</i> , 1889.	5.48.
9. Mon.	C. Wreford Brown, athlete, <i>b.</i> , 1866.	6.19.	25. Wed.	Grant Allen <i>d.</i> , 1899.	5.46.
10. Tues.	A. J. Gould, footballer, <i>b.</i> , 1864.	6.17.	26. Thurs.	William Hogarth <i>d.</i> , 1764.	5.44.
11. Wed.	K. J. Key, cricketer, <i>b.</i> , 1864.	6.16.	27. Fri.	President Theodore Roosevelt <i>b.</i> , 1858.	5.43.
12. Thurs.	John Rutherford, footballer, <i>b.</i> , 1884.	6.14.	28. Sat.	Battle of Merida, 1811.	5.41.
13. Fri.	B. J. T. Bosanquet, cricketer, <i>b.</i> , 1877.	6.11.	29. Sun.	Nineteenth after Trinity.	5.39.
14. Sat.	Lord Hugh Cecil <i>b.</i> , 1869.	6.9.	30. Mon.	H. K. Foster, cricketer, <i>b.</i> , 1873.	5.37.
15. Sun.	Seventeenth after Trinity.	6.7.	31. Tues.	Sir William Butler <i>b.</i> , 1837.	5.35.
16. Mon.	R. F. Doherty, tennis champion, <i>b.</i> , 1874.	6.5.			

THE ADVENTURES OF DICK SELMES.

By BERTRAM MITFORD,

Author of "The Gun-Runner," "The King's Assegai," "The Sign of the Spider," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. BOWRING.

No. 1.—THE TERROR OF THE ADDO.

I.

YOU will look after him, won't you?"

"Certainly. You can rely upon me absolutely."

Thus two men in the, otherwise empty, smoking-room of the Port Elizabeth Club. One was silver-haired, elderly, spare and very refined looking. The other, of medium height, broadly built, and middle-aged, was, in his way, of striking appearance. His strong face, lined and sun-tanned, was half hidden in a full, iron-grey beard, and the keen blue eyes with their straight glance, were of that kind which would be deadly looking at you from behind the sights of a rifle. His hands, rough and hard, were, like his face, burnt almost to a mahogany brown, the result of forty-five years' exposure—man and boy—to the varying climates of the southern section of the African continent. The first speaker was Sir Anson Selmes, Bart., the second was Harley Greenoak, hunter, prospector, native trader, native fighter, stock farmer, transport rider, and other things—all in turn. And as he plays an important part in some strange adventures which are to befall, we have dwelt somewhat at length upon his personal aspect. His character you shall discover for yourself.

"Rely upon you? I'm sure I can," went on Sir Anson, heartily. "And Dick has a boundless capacity for getting into scrapes of one kind or another. There's no vice in him, but he simply can't help it. You'll find him no sinecure, I'm afraid. . . . Why, here he is!"

The subject of their conversation, who burst into the room at that moment, was a tall, fine young fellow of twenty-two, blue-eyed, light-haired—healthy, wholesome, ath-

letic, and looking what he was—an English gentleman.

"Hallo! dad," he cried, "I'm afraid I shall have to take you on board. The last launch is due, you know. So come along."

Greenoak took his leave of Sir Anson there, believing that father and son would prefer being alone together at the last—and a very cordial farewell it was. The old gentleman was returning to England by that afternoon's mail steamer. He and his son had made acquaintance with the up-country man on board ship coming out—and had grown very friendly indeed. His son was out to see something of the country, and the result of this newly grown friendship was that Sir Anson had begged Greenoak to take charge of the young fellow—in short, to take him round a bit—in quite an informal sort of way.

Greenoak, although he had put by something during his varied and roving life, was by no means opulent, and had fully intended, on his return trip to England, to start up-country again at once in some capacity or other. This new line was something of a novelty to him, but it was a very welcome one, for Sir Anson Selmes had arranged it upon the most liberal terms. He had given him an absolutely free hand in the matter of expenses, and the honorarium which he was to receive was generous to a degree.

As Greenoak left the club a hand dropped on his shoulder from behind. But he did not start, his nerves being in far too good training for that. He only stopped and looked round.

"That you, Simcox? How are you?"

"Well, this is a surprise. And what brings you down here?" returned the other.

"Rum thing, isn't it," Greenoak said with a laugh, "that at my time of life I should start out in the bear-leading line? Well, this is a particularly nice young chap, so that the job's likely to turn out 'clovery' all round."

"So?" said Simcox. "Why not bring him out to my place? We could get up a hunt or two, if he's fond of sport."

"He just is. Well then, Simcox, thanks awfully, and we'll come. When?"

"Now. To-morrow morning."

"But we've got no horses."

"I can drive you out: that is, if that young Britisher can do without top-hats and swallow-tail suits. No room in the cart for that sort of thing."

"He'll have to. Why, here he comes. This is an old friend of mine, Dick," he went on, introducing them. "He's got a farm out on the border of the Addo Bush, and we're going out there with him to-morrow to do a little hunting. How's that?"

"That sounds very ripping," answered Dick, brightening up, for he had been a little "down" after his recent farewell.

Simcox laughed good-naturedly, and opined that Greenoak's "bear-leading" would be no very trying job after all.

"He'll do," he pronounced with an approving nod towards the young fellow.

II.

Simcox's farm, Buffels Draai, comprised about as wild a tract of bush country as exists, although not many hours' ride or drive from the busiest of Cape Colony towns. Before Dick Selmes had been in the house two hours he had completely won the hearts of Mrs. Simcox and the two grown-up daughters—nice, plain, homely girls, but blessed with no outward attractions, while Simcox himself pronounced him, when out of hearing, as likable a youngster as he had ever run against. Before he had been in the house two weeks he had shot many bush-bucks, and other unconsidered trifles, and knew his way all about the place. He took a vivid interest in everything, and imbibed veldt-craft with an adaptability which surprised his host and Harley Greenoak. Likewise he had learned what an astonishing number of things he could do without, together with what an astonishing number of things he could do for himself.

Just about that time they were seated out on the stoep one evening, talking over a projected bush-buck hunt, when there arose

a sudden and terrific clamour from the dogs lying around the house. These sprang up, and rushed, barking and growling furiously, towards the nearest bush line.

"*Magtig!*" exclaimed Simcox. "Wonder if those confounded half-tame elephants are going to give us a look round. The dogs are more than ordinarily excited."

"Tame?" said Dick inquiringly, as they stood up to gaze in the direction of the hubbub.

"Well, they're just tame enough to be *schelm* and do a heap of mischief, otherwise they're wild enough. There are buffalo, too, but there's no tameness about *them*. They generally stick away in the thicker thorns on the other side of the bush. Here, let's go over and see what's up."

They got a gun apiece and set forth. The cause of the racket was soon revealed, and it took the form of a badly scared old Hottentot, who had fortunately found a handy tree. The dogs were driven off, and even as they took him to the house he told his story, and a tragical story it was. A buffalo had killed Jan Bruintjes, the boy who brought the mail-bags from the local post office. The narrator and he were walking along the road, when an enormous buffalo bull rushed out of the bush and caught Jan on its horns, flung him into the air, and, when he fell, ripped and gored him again and again. Dead? Well, he was so torn as to be hardly recognisable. He himself had hidden, and then, when the beast had gone, went back to look at his friend. Where did it happen? About half an hour from the house, where the road made a bend towards Krantz Hock. He had come straight to tell Baas Simcox.

"Well, we can't do anything to-night," declared the latter. "First thing in the morning, I'll go round and investigate. I wonder if that's the brute that chevied the Alexandria post cart last year. The driver tooted his horn, but it had the opposite effect intended. The horses bolted and upset the cart against a tree, and the driver was gored to death by the buffalo. In fact, this brute is suspected of having done for half a dozen in all, and it's very likely true. He set up a perfect scare at one time, like an Indian man-eater would."

"They must be a jolly nuisance," said Dick. "If I lived here I'd jolly well thin them down."

"Would you? Fine of £100. They're strictly preserved."

"Well, it's a beastly shame."



THERE IT STOOD, THE TERRIBLE
MANSLAYER.

"So it is," said Harley Greenoak. "But buffalo ranks first among game called dangerous, especially in country like this." And he told a yarn or two to bear out his statement.

One yarn led to another, and it was rather later than usual when they went to bed.

The story he had just heard fired Dick Selmes' imagination to such an extent that when he got to his room he felt it was impossible to go to sleep or even to turn in. He hung out of his open window, and in the sombre shadow of the depths of the moonlit bush, seemed to see the whole horrid tragedy re-enacted. The boom of night-flying beetles, the chirp of the tree-frog, the whistle of plover, now invisible overhead, now lighting on the ground in darting white spots, were all to him as the poetic voices of the weirder night which could contain such tragical possibilities: and it seemed that

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each ghostly sound—whether of mysterious rustling, or the clatter of a stone—heralded the appearance of the terrible beast, pacing forth into the open, its wicked, massive horns still smeared with the unfortunate man's blood. Then an idea struck him—struck him between the eyes, so to speak—for it was a momentous one. What if he——?

He got out his double gun, slipped a Martini cartridge into the rifle breech, a heavy charge of "loepers" into the smooth bore, and two or three spare ones into his

pocket. The window was only his own height from the ground. Out of this he dropped quietly, so as not to rouse the house.

But he reckoned without the dogs. Those faithful animals immediately sprang up, and from all directions came for him open-mouthed. They knew him well enough to quiet their clamour almost immediately, but even then their delighted whining at the prospect of a nocturnal hunt was almost as noisy. But he had to drive them back, even with stones. Then he struck into the darkest shades of the bush, relieved that the clamour had apparently aroused no one.

How glad he felt that he knew his way about fairly well by this time! In the bright moonlight he had no difficulty whatever in finding it. Yet, every stealthy sound set his heart wildly beating, and he carried his gun at full cock. Ah, here was the place.

The white riband of road snaked away in the moonlight—and—here was the spot. Yes, the huge hoof marks were plain, and the signs in the dust of a sudden scuffle: and there were two of the leathern letter bags carried by the unfortunate man lying by the roadside, and then—Dick Selmes, for all his pluck, for all his ambition, and the adventurous excitement that had swayed him, felt quite sick. For, lying there by the roadside, torn, horribly mangled, was the body of the unfortunate victim itself.

But somehow the sight, horrible though it was, roused in him a fierce longing for retribution. If he could but find the slayer! Yet, why not? He had no dogs to give the miscreant warning of his approach, and if it did "wind" him, in its present mood, why, *it* would not be the one of the two the more eager to vanish. He tried hard to follow the spoor: and up to a certain distance succeeded; then it got lost in the shadows of the bush. Even then he would not give up. He had the whole night before him, and—if he should return in the morning triumphant? The very thought acted like a spur.

He moved cautiously, his weapon cocked and ready. And now every sound intensified itself tenfold, and once a bush-buck, undisturbed by his silent advance until he was close upon it, sprang up and bounded away with a rustle that made him think it could be nothing less than the gigantic destroyer itself.

Now he could not be far from the spot, he decided. Yes. Here was Krantz Hoek. There was the row of straight-stemmed

euphorbia, pluming the crescent of the cliff, just as described by the old Hottentot. The bush around was mainly *spekboem* and mimosa, not growing tall, in fact, scarcely higher than his head, and in some places not that. He began to feel conscious of a consuming thirst, but this was dry country and dry weather, so there was no remedy for that. He began to feel something else—to wit, that he had been a fool to come, and somehow all the excitement and anticipation began to evaporate, and the process of evaporation seemed to progress with quite extraordinary rapidity. And then—and then—just as he had fully made up his mind to retrace his steps—if he could—a sudden clink and rattle of stones set him wide on the alert—and—Heavens! what was this?

III.

SEEMING to rise out of the ground, something huge and black came up in the moonlight. There it loomed, the terrible beast, the manslayer, gigantic in its might, and for a moment the spectator stood petrified. This then was what he had come out to find, he in his puniness! The curved horns gleamed viciously, the fierce head with its mail-clad frontlet moved to and fro, the dilated nostrils sniffing the air as though scenting the presence of an enemy.

It was a nerve-trying sight, and the startling suddenness of the apparition rendered it more so. Dick Selmes' nerves were sound and in good training, yet the thought that here he was, alone with this monster, certain death before him if he failed to kill at the first shot, might well have unsteadied him. The great bull was standing turned sideways, and did not seem actually to have seen him. By slowly sinking down behind the bush he might still escape.

But escape was not what he had come out for. He had come out to kill, and that to his own hand. So, aiming carefully where he thought the heart should be, he pressed the trigger.

The effect was startling. There was a snort, and then a series of savage bellowings rent the night. The huge, grisly head was tossed from side to side and the white foam poured from the open mouth. Quickly Dick Selmes slipped another cartridge into the rifle breech, but before he could so much as bring the piece to his shoulder the brute sighted him, and came straight for him.

In a flash Dick realised that there was nothing to aim at but the mail-clad head. He turned and ran, and as he ran, the dictum of Harley Greenoak as to the buffalo claiming first rank among dangerous game, and being held in greater respect than any by old hunters, leapt through his mind. And he in his rawness had come out to tackle this terror single-handed, and at night! The thunder of his huge pursuer shook the ground beneath him, the savage growling bellow of its appalling voice was in his ears, the vision of its mangled victim in his brain. It was upon him. Then he missed his footing and fell—shooting head first into a large ant-bear hole, which yawned suddenly at his feet.

Nothing else on this earth could have saved him. He felt the vibration as that vast bulk thundered past, and wormed himself with a mighty effort still further in, not without fears that those dreadful horns might still contrive to dig their way to him.

Suddenly the din ceased, but what was this? In front of him, in the black darkness, something growled.

It was not the original excavator of the hole, he knew, for the ant-bear, which is not a "bear" at all, but a timid and harmless beast, does not growl.

Well, at any rate, as the destroyer seemed to have retreated, he had better retire as he had come, and leave this most opportune hiding-place to its lawful owner. To that intent he made a move to draw back.

But with even that slight move the growl grew more prolonged, more vicious. And then Dick Selmès realised that the danger

which he had just escaped was as nothing to the ghastly peril he was in now. *He could not withdraw.*

The hole slanted downwards at an angle of forty-five, and even then it had required



THEN HE MISSED HIS FOOTING AND FELL.

all the effort of desperation to squeeze himself in where it narrowed. But to do this from above was one thing, to squeeze himself up again, and that backwards, was another. He could not do it.

The blood, all run to his head, seemed to burst his brain, and the perspiration streamed from every pore, as his most

violent and powerful efforts failed to release him by a single inch. He was imprisoned by where the tunnel narrowed over his legs. If he could have got at his knife he might have done something, but his hands and arms were extended straight out in front of him, nor could he draw them back. He had performed his own funeral.

Who would know where to look for him? Even if he were found, it might not be for days, and by that time it would be too late. He had entombed himself, and a few yards in front of him some savage beast was growling in the pitch darkness, some beast, cowardly it might be in itself, but whose lair he was blocking, and which, realising his utter helplessness, would speedily attack him, and gnaw its way to freedom *through him*. Small wonder that an awful terror should freeze his every faculty.

What the creature might be he had no definite idea. It was not a leopard, or it would have attacked him sooner. It was probably a hyæna or wild dog—both timid of mankind in the open, but anything is formidable when cornered. The growls grew increasingly loud and menacing—they seemed to be drawing nearer, too—and every moment the helpless man expected to feel the snapping fangs tearing at his face and head. Again he made a frantic effort, but utterly without avail. The suffocating atmosphere, together with the rush of blood to his head owing to his position, was fast causing him to lose consciousness. He was in a place of darkness being tormented by some raging demon. Surely this was death!

* * * *

"That's better. Buck up. I thought

you were a 'goner.'" And Harley Greenoak's voice had a ring of concern, as he bent over his charge.

"So did I," answered Dick unsteadily, opening his eyes to the blessed air and light. "How did you get me out?"

"Man, I gripped you by the ankles, and just lugged. It was touch and go then, I can tell you."

"But how did you know where to find me?"

"When I hear a fellow like you get up when he ought to be fast asleep, and—when I see him slope into the bush with a gun, after the yarn we've just heard to-night, it stands to reason he wants looking after. Dick, your dad spoke true when he told me you were fond of getting into holes."

"Well, if I hadn't got into that hole I should have been still more done," laughed Dick. And then he told the other about the buffalo.

"M'yes," said Greenoak, musingly. "You've got a hundred pounds to spare, I take it?"

"A hundred—" Then Dick broke off as a new light struck him. "Why, man, you don't mean to say I've turned over the bull?"

"Dead as a door-nail—and with one Martini bullet, too. He's lying just yonder. There's a hundred pound fine, you know."

A ringing hurrah broke the calm stillness of the night.

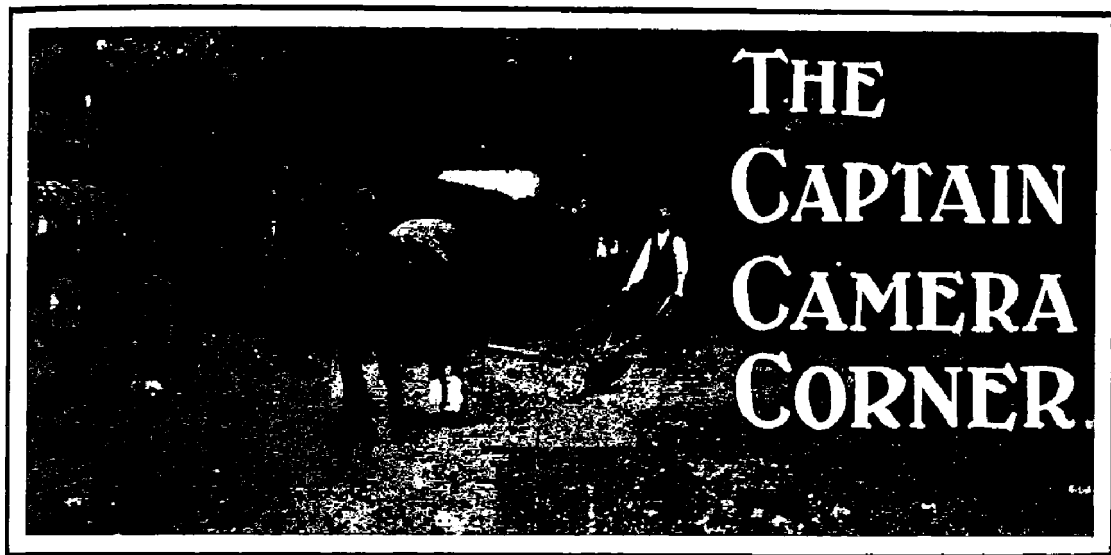
"Then it's worth it," cried Dick. "By the way, there's something in that hole—a wolf or a wild dog."

"Oh," and the other cocked his rifle.

"No," said Dick, with a hand on his arm. "We'll let it off—as it let me off."

Next Month's Adventure—

"THE MYSTERY OF SLAANG KLOOF."



THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.

Photo by]

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

[F. M. Ryalls.

STORING NEGATIVES

THE more negatives you possess, the more important is it that they should be arranged according to some systematic plan, which will enable you to lay your hand on any individual plate or film in a minute or so. It often happens that when once a negative has yielded up its quota of prints it is literally shelved, or consigned to an old plate-box at random, in the company of other negatives with which it has little or no connection. Presently the time comes when that negative is wanted again, and then ensues a search which is so tedious that the unsystematic person begins to feel disgusted.

Now, in the course of my photographings, I have naturally accumulated a good many hundred negatives, and have learned that the value of a series of negatives depends largely on the ease with which any one can be found. Higgedly-piggedly simply *won't do*.

DIFFERENT METHODS OF STORAGE.

There are several methods of storage, each of which has its good points. I am now thinking of plates especially.

The crudest is to use old plate-boxes for each batch of exposures. Thus, if you expend half a dozen plates on the beauties of the garden, consign them to a box labelled "GARDEN, 6." But for goodness' sake don't mix them up with six more of the pet dog. It may seem a rather wicked waste of room to only half fill a box: but if you mean to

escape muddle you must be free with your "empties."

Sometimes only a single negative is made, and a unit certainly is not worth its box. So keep half a dozen "general" boxes, labelled according to the subjects which you deal in most largely. A negative of the village pump could be consigned to "LOCAL"; one of the cow to "ANIMALS"; a single snap of picnickers to "GROUPS"; and so on. If you suddenly find that a plate can't be classified you should start a new box, suitably named.

STRENGTHENING THE BOXES.

Constant use will split the boxes at the corners unless you reinforce them with strips of gummed linen such as is used for mending music. It is advisable to varnish the strips to keep out damp. Effective rubber bands for the boxes can be made by snipping short lengths off an old inner tube that has ended its cycling days.

In addition to naming, you should number your boxes; and you should scratch on the plate at one corner the number of the box to which it belongs. Remember that ease of return is hardly less important than ease of extraction.

ENVELOPES FOR NEGATIVES.

These are undoubtedly advisable, but you cannot use them conveniently with plate-boxes, as they are just too large for the corresponding size of box. For the plate-box

system, as we will call it, small pieces of paper should be put between the plates ; unless you keep the latter very dust-free, and handle them very carefully, in which case the paper can be omitted. The way to take plates out of a box, is to lay the lid on the table and turn the lot on to it. Then lift them one by one for examination. The inner half of the box is held almost upright, and a plate is replaced by putting it in bottom edge first, and letting it fall back gently against the next plate.

THE CONSECUTIVE SYSTEM

is practically that used by professional photographers. Each negative is numbered as made, and the subject is entered in an index with the number opposite. Thus, if a Mr. J. O. Jones had his photo taken, we should find in the book, under J, "Jones, J. O., 10,192."

This system has a great deal to recommend it. It requires a little more time and care than the first mentioned, but is capable of sub-classification : for, apart from the general index, you may have a special subject-index. When adding fresh negatives to the list you should group as many of a subject as possible together ; and be careful to cross off the numbers used on a "score" kept separately, so that when you come to the next batch you may know where to begin numbering.

With this system envelopes become a necessity. The number and subject of the negative is written on its particular envelope.

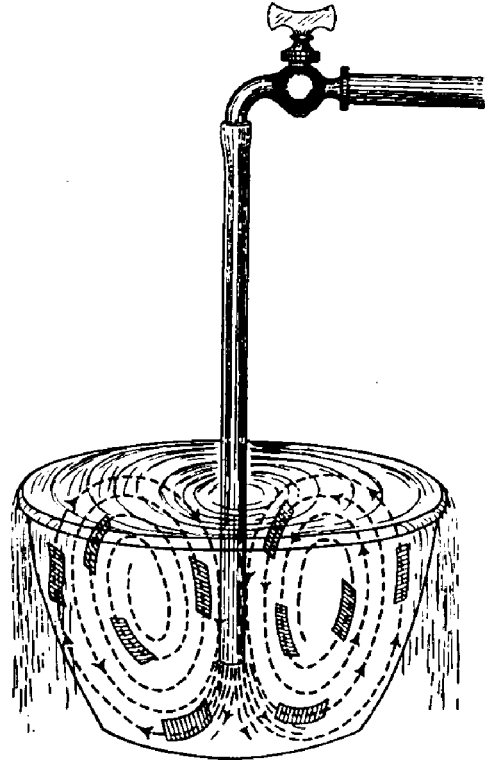
"NEGASYS."

Messrs. Houghton have brought out what may be termed a neat negative file. It consists of a wooden box, in which are fifty envelopes, each having on its face a list of details to be filled in. There is also a card index numbered from 1-50, which serves to give a bird's-eye view of the contents of the box. The tabs of the envelopes stick upwards, instead of folding over, so that the numbers thereon can be found very easily.

If you use a number of "Negasys" boxes it will be necessary to distinguish each by some letter pasted outside ; and to keep an index book covering the lot, as in the case of the "consecutive" system. Of course, every plate should be marked carefully with letter and number. Though entailing a rather heavier initial expense, I think that Messrs. Houghton's files are good in principle.

VARNISHING.

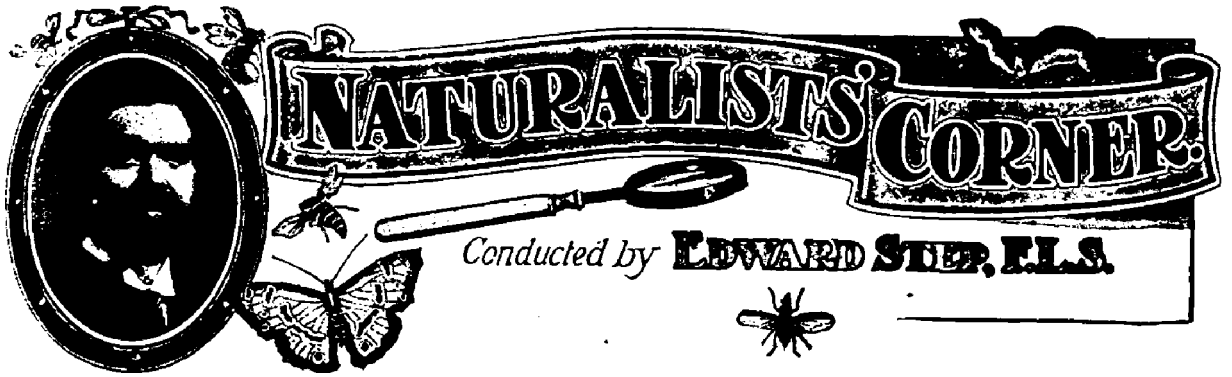
I am sometimes asked "how to varnish." The query is about as easy to answer as "how



If you wash prints in a glazed pan with no outlet at the bottom, lead the water into it perpendicularly at the centre. This will cause a good circulation, and there will be nothing for prints to lodge against.

to plane a board quite flat" ; since practice alone leads to perfection. Here are a few suggestions : First, practise on old and spoiled plates, and get your eye well in before trying your art on valued negatives. Secondly, heat the plate over a spirit-lamp or gas-burner till almost too hot to bear, before pouring on the varnish. Thirdly, work in a room where there are no draughts and dust, or your varnish plate will gather to it much "foreign matter."

Varnishing is a rather messy job, but a valuable negative should always be thus protected from damp or the chemical stains of contact printing. If a varnished negative is scratched the mark will disappear if a second coat of varnish be added. Use two bottles ; one to pour the varnish from, the other to pour the surplus into—through a glass funnel. The plate is held horizontally, film upwards, and flooded with a good pool of varnish, which is spread by tipping the plate so that the corners are depressed in succession. The varnish must not be allowed to run over the edges, which it will follow if the tipping is not too severe. The surplus is poured off at the last corner, and the plate is reheated to make the varnish set evenly all over the surface. Set it on its edge to dry, face towards the wall.



Hard-Sat Eggs.—Syd Homsey (Chesterfield) has some hard-sat eggs, and asks for the name of a chemical that will reduce the contents to powder without injuring the shell. I should think this would be a desirable chemical to know, but I have never heard of it. Caustic soda (*Potassium hydrate*) would reduce the contents to a fluid state, but I cannot say what effect it would have on shell. I should say the only remedy for this case is the usual one of making a rather large hole and extracting the contents bit by bit.

Food for Young Dog.—Kitty Jordan (Dulwich). Try Spratt's Puppy Biscuits. I have no experience of Melox, but I should doubt if the dealer is justified in saying it is always "alive" in hot weather. Send some of it to the makers, and ask them about it; but do not give it to the dog in that condition. It looks like spoiled stock being foisted upon you. I am sorry I cannot give you information about coming dog-shows. You would probably find them announced in the *Kennel News*, or *Bazaar*.

Gold-fish.—“Goldie” (Pontnewynydd). Look up back numbers of this “Corner”: we have dealt with the subject several times.

Moths and Plant.—B. C. E. P. (Highbury) sends me descriptions and rough sketches of two moths whose names he would like to know. The larger one I cannot determine, as the particulars given would fit at least a dozen species. The smaller is one of the Plume-moths, apparently *Pterophorus pterodactylus*. Your plant with fine leaves and minute yellow flowers is the Lady's Bedstraw (*Galium verum*).

Name of Beetle.—“Coleopterist” (Tiverton) writes, “To-day I have found a beetle exactly like a common female Stag-beetle in shape, but smaller,” and proceeds to give me measurements and weight. It would have been better to have sent me a sketch, or best of all the specimen. I should think, however, that it is *Dorcus parallelipipedus* (there's a name for you!)

Calls of Birds, &c.—F. A. T. (Tockington) (1) has been listening to the notes of the birds in the woods and wishes to know what they are. Mr. C. A. Witchell has published a book on *Cries and Call-notes of Wild Birds* (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.), but they require a good deal of study helped by a sight of the bird, for many calls or parts of them are common to several species. Your “sit, sit, sit,” &c., was probably uttered by the Hedge-Sparrow. The other *may* have been the Grasshopper Warbler, a real Grasshopper, or a mouse; (2) I have no knowledge of the field-glass you mention. A local optician would let you test the range of those he has in stock from his shop-door. A single glass is as good as a binocular for the purpose, and would be less costly; (3) look up back numbers for hints on drying plants; but don't use red blotting paper. Old newspapers frequently changed are better.

Eels.—Ernest Baker (Birmingham) has kept a black horsehair in water for three months, expecting it to turn into an eel—but it has not done so yet! He wishes to know how much longer it will take to complete the transformation. Well, Ernest, I fear that if you reach the age of Old Parr or Methuselah, the change won't come in your time. Your chum has been hoaxing you with a very primitive bit of unnatural history. Eels come from eggs deposited by other eels, just as it happens in the case of all other fishes; but until a few years ago nobody had to his knowledge seen a very young eel, so all sorts of queer notions arose as to the way in which they were propagated. The eggs could not be found in the places where eels were most abundant, and so it was said they had no eggs. But the eggs, it now appears, are deposited in the sea, and the newly hatched eel is so little like its parents that for years it was regarded as a distinct kind of marine fish, and given a distinct name—*Leptocephalus*. There is nothing very remarkable about that, for most fishes when they leave the egg differ

vastly from their parents in form, just as a caterpillar differs from its butterfly mamma. *Leptocephalus* is really the larval stage of the marine eel known as the Conger, but seeing that vast numbers of elvers—young eels that



LARVAL STAGE OF CONGER

have attained to a likeness of their parents—leave the sea and ascend the fresh-water rivers and streams, it is reasonable to suppose that the adult eels that descend the rivers to the sea every autumn do so for the purpose of spawning, just as the salmon leaves the sea to spawn in fresh water. Here is a drawing of the larval Conger to show how unlike it is to its well-known parent.

Collecting Insects.—M. R. (Milford) wishes to collect butterflies and moths, and would like to know of a simple book on the subject. If it is how to collect, treatment, &c., you cannot do better than get Knaggs' *Lepidopterist's Guide* (West, Newman and Co., 1s.). If, however, you want figures of the British species, you had better get Colman's *British Butterflies*, 1s., or, with coloured plates, 3s. 6d. (Routledge); or Lucas' *Book of British Butterflies* (L. Upcott Gill, 3s. 6d.).

Bird's Egg.—B. L. Rigden (Canterbury): Your egg is a rather round specimen of the Redbreast's egg, but the peculiar marking at the larger end is a discoloration due to the fact that it has not been blown, and the contents have solidified at that end. Such a specimen is of little use, and it is liable to go mouldy and to burst if exposed to any dampness in the air.

Name of Moth.—J. C. Finlay (Kilwinning): Your moth was a specimen of the Old Lady (*Mania maura*), though it was scarcely recognisable as such when it reached me. Being enclosed in so small a space, it had fluttered most of the scales off its wings. It is a common species in July and August. The caterpillar feeds on fruit-trees.

Orchids.—J. Barnard (Sutton) will find most of the British Orchids described in the second series of my *Wayside and Woodland Blossoms* (F. Warne and Co., 6s.), of which only the first series was issued when he wrote. He will experience no difficulty in getting it now.

Aquarium Aeration.—F. H. (Northwich) asks how he can aerate the water in his 12 x 18 in. aquarium, as he believes his gold-fish need air. He would like a "self-

acting aquarium that would use up the same water all the time it is working." See answer to J. D. Tomblin in last month's CAPTAIN. I have little knowledge of these devices. As a naturalist, I believe in the natural method, which is to grow aquatic weeds which give off oxygen in sufficient quantity to keep the water pure and the fish healthy. You will find this the most efficient and the least troublesome method.

Bird's Eggs.—R. Hitchcock (Kinnitty, King's Co.) asks what is the value of certain eggs of which he sends me a list. I am unable to answer these commercial questions: everything depends on the condition of the specimens. Dealers, such as Watkins and Doncaster, issue lists with prices at which they are prepared to supply good specimens, but no dealer, of course, would be prepared to buy them at the same price. All eggs for collections are now side-blown, and except in the case of very rare species two-holed eggs are of no value. The Sparrow you saw may have been *Passer montanus*, but it is impossible to say on such slight evidence. The description of the egg would quite suit some of the forms of the House Sparrow, whose eggs are very variable: some of them are almost entirely brown.

Fancy Mice, Etc.—In reply to "Mousy" (Royston): (1) I have no knowledge of the gentleman he names, or of his prices; (2) failure, no doubt, due to doe being too young. They should not be paired till at least three or four months old; (3) certain cut flowers—such as the Carnation, for example—are changed in colour by their stalks being put in various liquids, but to "water" a plant with ink as you suggest would in all probability kill it. Those are not the lines on which florists work, but by a careful crossing of different varieties whose good points they wish to unite in the future seedlings. Natural methods must be followed, not chemical short-cuts.

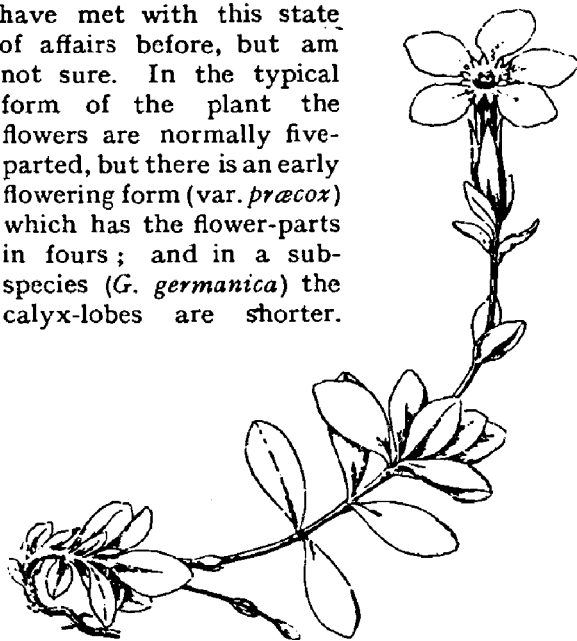
Dogs.—P. A. Hirst (Newark). I am sorry I cannot advise you in the purchase of a dog. The best plan would be to make inquiries among friends who keep dogs, and bespeak a pup. But whether you get it from friend or dealer, no one can honestly guarantee that it shall be proof against distemper. So far as I know, that kind of dog has not yet been invented. Every dog is liable to have distemper, just as a child is liable to have measles—even though it has already had one attack. Many dogs pass through life without having distemper, just as many persons die of old age without having measles; but you cannot with the least confidence predict of either pup or baby that it will

surely escape these common ills. With respect to the best kind of dog to choose, this is quite a matter of individual taste. If there was any "best" kind for all persons, we should not have the great number of breeds kept up. Brown thinks a Mastiff is "the thing"; Jones would scarcely look at anything but an Irish Terrier; Robinson pins his faith to Dachshunds, and Smith declares that a Bulldog is the only animal worth its keep; and so on. Just take a look at the various dogs that trot about your town, and make up your mind which kind you would prefer; then read the advertisements in two or three issues of the *Bazaar*, and you will see if such can be had at your price.

Tortoise.—T. Morgan (Cardiff) asks, what the Tortoise feeds upon? what does it drink? does it want water to bathe in, and may it be left in the open air all night? The Tortoise question has been dealt with many times in this Corner, but I suppose T. Morgan is a new reader and has not seen my replies, or he would have told me whether his tortoise was a Land-tortoise or a Water-tortoise. As already stated in previous replies, the Land-tortoise feeds on juicy plants; the Water-tortoise on insects, fishes, snails, and such-like. All tortoises want water to drink and to bathe in. They can also be left out of doors in a garden, for when the cold weather approaches they bury themselves to be out of reach of frost.

Gentians.—E. W. Soulsby (Newcastle-on-Tyne) sends me dried specimens of a plant which, he says, "is very rare on our northern fells. . . . It is called by the people Blue Jentin." The generally accepted name for it is the Spring Gentian (*Gentiana verna*), and it is one of the most beautiful of our native plants. It is also one of the rarest—a species only seen in gardens in the South. As a wild flower, it occurs only on elevated wet rocks among the limestone ranges of Westmoreland, Durham, and Yorkshire; and in the West of Ireland.—C. St. J. Nevill (Bromyard) also sends me a fresh-gathered Gentian, which reached me in splendid condition, thanks to the careful way in which it was packed in wet cotton-wool. It is the Felwort (*Gentiana amarella*), a widely distributed species. Mr. Nevill calls my attention to the fact that the specimen bears some flowers in which the calyx and corolla are both four-parted, others that are five-parted, and yet others which have the calyx four-parted and the corolla five-parted. I believe that I

have met with this state of affairs before, but am not sure. In the typical form of the plant the flowers are normally five-parted, but there is an early flowering form (var. *præcox*) which has the flower-parts in fours; and in a subspecies (*G. germanica*) the calyx-lobes are shorter.



SPRING GENTIAN.

Now in the specimen sent to me some of the flowers conform to the type, some to the subspecies, and others to the variety; it therefore affords valuable evidence to the correctness of regarding the three forms as belonging to one species, instead of separating them as distinct species, as some authors have done.

Young Raven.—Pat (Brecon) may feed his young Raven on raw meat of all kinds, with bread soaked in milk, snails, worms, &c. Probably, by the time this answer appears the bird will be able to feed itself, and you will then find it will accept all sorts of things that are eatable, including mice, fish, scraps from the table, and fruit and vegetables. The Raven in truth is a general feeder. I never recommend clipping wings or other mutilations of pets. The dealers supply wing-braces which you can put on the bird when you desire to let him out for a run. With this on he cannot fly away, and it does away with the necessity for cutting.

Dog.—G. G. Hore (Montevideo). Your dog is probably suffering from Red Mange, which is usually due to want of exercise in the open air, or to improper feeding. The sores should be washed with boracic acid lotion, and a purgative should be administered, followed by cooling medicine.

COX'S COUGH-DROPS.

A Tale of Greyhouse.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "J. O. Jones," "The Duffer," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. R. SKELTON.

I.

"COME, here, you young beast!"

The scene was a lawn, the exact spot a bit of the lawn protected from the gaze of the house by a wide-spreading cedar-tree. For the speaker was a tactician, and was always careful to take cover before performing an illegal act. Seizing hold of another boy's ear and twisting it round was an illegal act—for bullying was strictly prohibited at Charlton Court Preparatory School—and so Cox got well behind the ancient cedar before he hailed unto him Robert, Earl of Yarningale.

The earl was a stout, well-built boy of thirteen, with hair cropped very short. So was Cox. The resemblance between them, indeed, was most striking. Had it not been for the fact that the earl was quiet and studious, and Cox rowdy and idle, you would not have been able to distinguish between them. But most people at Charlton Court School knew which was Cox and which Yarningale at the first glance. Cox was bound to be untidy; the earl as surely spick and span. Cox was in every brawl, shouting louder than anybody else; Yarningale was meek and retiring—when the big school-room was a scene of riot and uproar, you would find him in one of the class-rooms arranging his stamps. He promised to be the mildest peer that ever did "nothing in particular," in the House of Lords.

"Now then," said Cox, seizing his victim's ear, "what did you mean by coughing when you met me before brekker this morning?"

"I—didn't—cough!" gasped the earl. "Oh! *don't*, Cox."

For, holding Yarningale by the shoulders, Cox had proceeded to ram his knee into the other boy's spine.

"But Cox *will*!" cried Cox, proceeding to "toe" the earl with no little force. "Now, then, why don't you blub? Why—don't—you—blub?" he added, punctuating each word with a kick.

For answer Yarningale wrenched himself free and faced his enemy with flashing eyes.

"You beast!" he cried. "I hate you. You're a cad!"

Now if there was a name Cox couldn't abear being called, it was "cad." For Cox was not well-born, although his father was very rich—our young friend being, indeed, the only son of the world-famous vendor of "Cox's Cough-Drops." Mr. Cox was probably ten times as rich as Lord Yarningale's grandfather, the Duke of Lapworth—whose heir, his own father being dead, Yarningale was—and it is possible that his knowledge of that fact was partly responsible for making Cox as complete a young bounder as ever stepped this earth.

The word "cad" stung him to the quick. He leapt forward, caught Yarningale by the throat, and flung him to the ground, back downwards. Then, placing his knees on Yarningale's arms, he proceeded to pull Yarningale's nose and cram grass and earth into his mouth.

There was no doubt about which was the superior in physical force—whatever might be the difference in their rank—and poor Yarningale, after vainly begging Cox's pardon and imploring him to let him go, could not restrain his tears. He was feeling absolutely helpless, and Cox was without mercy.

"I am a 'cad,' am I?" shouted Cox. "'Cad,' eh?" he repeated, bending Yarningale's head round and thrusting his knuckles into the unfortunate boy's neck. "I'll teach you!"



Do you imagine that it is the act of a gentleman to stuff earth into another boy's mouth and half-throttle him when he is absolutely helpless? You are a downright young brute, Cox. Come here!"

Mr. Hallam, though of tender years, had a firm, determined face. His eyes had a dangerous look in them just now. He had his carrier, full of golf-clubs, with him, and as Cox approached him he selected from the bunch of clubs the most slender of the lot—his putter.

"Bend over," said Mr. Hallam.

Cox assumed a sullen attitude. "Masters are not allowed—" he was beginning, when an imperative gesture from Mr. Hallam closed his mouth. Then he received six of the very best from the handle-end of the putter. He whimpered, of course, at the first blow, but he got his full six, and they all hurt, especially the last one.

"Now you may go," said Mr. Hallam. "Yarningale," he added, his hard tone changing to one of kindness on the instant, "you may come and 'caddie' for me, if you like."

Needless to say, Yarningale did like, and trotted off after his protector with a thankful heart.

"Youngsneak!" muttered Cox, as he watched the two out of sight from behind the cedar-tree, "I'll

pay him out for this, see if I don't!"

He did not go away at once, but sneaked along the lawn and watched subsequent proceedings from the shelter of the shrubbery. Having seen Mr. Hallam off on his round of golf, he retired to his class-room and wrote a letter home telling his father that he had been thrashed by a junior master "who had no right to." But Cox, senior, being well aware of the character of Cox, junior, only chuckled over the letter, and did not show it to Mrs. Cox, else there might have been trouble.

"The young dog probably deserved it,"



"I AM A 'CAD,' AM I?"
SHOUTED COX.

"Indeed?" remarked a quiet voice close at hand. "Get up, Cox."

The young bully, cold with fear, glanced round. There, standing by the cedar, was a master, Mr. Hallam. The very cover which Cox had sought had proved to be his undoing. Had it not been for the cedar he would have observed Mr. Hallam's approach.

"Why were you ill-treating that boy?" asked Mr. Hallam.

"He cheeked me——"

"I didn't!" cried Yarningale, scrambling to his feet. "It's a lie. I never coughed."

The merest vestige of a smile quivered at the corners of Mr. Hallam's mouth. A moment later he was looking stern again.

"Whether he cheeked you or not," said the young master, quietly, "there is no doubt that you were behaving most brutally to him.

said the millionaire to himself; "he'd be less trouble in the holidays if he got a few more whoppings at school. Seems to me we parents don't get our money's worth nowadays. Boys are coddled too much—coddled far too much," he added, wagging his head wisely as he went out to the carriage that was waiting to bear him to his place of business in the City.

"By the way, I suppose you *are* Yarningale?" said Mr. Hallam, with a laugh, as he walked across the lawn with his caddie.

"Yes, sir, I *am* Yarningale," the earl assured him.

"You and Cox are so contoundedly alike, I think you ought to wear distinguishing badges," proceeded Mr. Hallam. "Ah! there is Mr. Skipjack. I'm afraid I've kept him waiting."

Mr. Skipjack was another member of the Charlton Court staff—and a disappointed one, for it had long been his ambition to get a house-mastership at a public school. True, he was the senior assistant master at Charlton Court, one of the best (and most expensive) preparatory schools in England, which yearly distributed a big batch of boys amongst the great public schools, but he felt, nevertheless, that a man of his years and experience ought to be in possession of a more substantial billet. Baulked hopes had soured his temper and made him look older than he really was. In figure he was small and slight; he was sharp-featured, and wore a short, iron-grey beard. This, with his glasses, added to the grimness of his appearance. Mr. Hallam, on the other hand, was only twenty-five, upstanding and handsome, a picture of athletic grace. Perhaps by reason of the dissimilarity that existed between them on every point, Mr. Skipjack and his youthful colleague were good friends—although it must be confessed that Mr. Hallam was the only master at Charlton Court who could "get on" with the senior member of the staff.

Mr. Skipjack imposed more punishments than any other master, being truly prodigal with the lines he gave—and Charlton Court, as one boy, detested him. The boys were generally only too pleased to caddie for the masters when they played golf on the diminutive links which the headmaster had laid out in his grounds—which consisted of three fields, five holes being the maximum number that could be squeezed into this small area by dint of ingenious "crossing"

—but to-day Mr. Skipjack had been quite unable to get a boy to carry his clubs, and was accordingly feeling very cross. Never before had he listened to such a series of transparent excuses.

The first tee was in a remote part of the lawn, near the shrubbery in which Cox was lurking, whence the ball fled over a ha-ha fence, across the first meadow, and landed, if it were driven truly, on the yonder side of the fence enclosing field No. 2. If it took an erratic direction the ball would, as likely as not, fall into the pond which lay at the foot of the first field, away to the left.

Mr. Hallam drove off first. His ball left the little dump of sand Yarningale had erected in a swift, low line, and dropped just beyond the second fence. It was an excellent drive, but Mr. Skipjack was too jealous to admit it.

Yarningale politely tee'd the latter's ball for him.

"A little higher, Cox," said Mr. Skipjack, smiting an innocent daisy on the head by way of practice.

As Yarningale made the tee a little higher, Mr. Hallam smiled. He thought it would be rather a good joke to go on letting his opponent think that Yarningale was Cox, so he said nothing. Mr. Skipjack, having demolished the daisy, planted himself behind his ball and swung his driver backwards and forwards. Then he shaded his eyes with his hand, looked across the field, and "dressed" his ball again with infinite care. Finally he smacked at it with all his might, but only just snicked it, and the ball rolled off a few yards to the right.

Then it was that Yarningale made a great mistake—and one that brought him a lot of subsequent trouble. Though usually so meek and mild, *he laughed*. It was so funny—the ball trickling away in that feeble manner after all Mr. Skipjack's preliminary exercises. He laughed, and, though he pulled himself up at once and looked very apologetic, Mr. Skipjack glared at him. So! Cox thought fit to laugh. Very good. There would come a time! Mr. Skipjack had a long memory and wielded a vicious pencil when the detention book went its round of the masters.

Seizing his brassie, Mr. Skipjack with his next shot got the ball half-way down the first field—though at the expense of the headmaster's turf. Another smack, and the ball plumped into the pond.

"Give you the hole," he said savagely to

Mr. Hallam, whose ball, all this time, was reposing placidly on the edge of the first green.

"Hard luck," said Mr. Hallam. But his colleague only grunted. So Cox had laughed! Very good.

Mr. Skipjack could really play a very decent game of golf, and his next drive was a capital one. The second hole lay in field No. 3, and one had to drive from field No. 2 across a corner of No. 1, two fences and a wide-spreading oak-tree being the only obstacles that might possibly hinder the ball's flight. Mr. Hallam, having the "honour," had driven off first, his ball falling into the tree. Mr. Skipjack's, on the other hand, rose like a bird, cleared the tree, and dropped some twenty yards from the green.

"How's that, young man?" he demanded of his colleague in a triumphant tone.

"First class," said Mr. Hallam, he being the kind of golfer who, knowing his own strength, is always ready to make excuses for his opponent's mis-hits, and invariably generous with his praise when the other man does something good, or rather good.

When the trio reached the tree they found Mr. Hallam's ball lying under a tuft of long, rank grass. Mr. Skipjack surveyed the position with satisfaction. His own ball stood out white and clear within a short creak, or long putter, shot of the hole. He ought to hole out in three.

Mr. Hallam took his mashie out of the carrier and bent himself to his task. He measured the distance, cautiously eyed a low-hanging branch of the oak which threatened danger, made allowance for the slope down towards the green, and then neatly hooked the ball out of its hiding-place. Missing the branch by an inch, the ball flew gently and truly to the slope, dropped there and rolled down on to the green and *into the hole*.



"A LITTLE HIGHER, COX," SAID
MR. SKIPJACK.

"Heavens! what a fluke!" exclaimed Mr. Skipjack, furiously.

"Afraid it was," was Hallam's calm response. "Still, you can still halve."

"I don't have your luck," growled the senior master. It would seem not, for he miscalculated the short iron shot and sent his ball a score of yards past the hole.

"Two up," said Hallam, taking his driver from Yarningale and striding forward to the next tee.

Mr. Skipjack's temper, ever a fragile element, was permanently affected by his opponent's phenomenal success at the second hole. Thereafter he drove wildly, and spent many valuable minutes getting his ball out of bad "lies." Thrice he had to lift his ball and lose a stroke, ending up an inglorious round by breaking his mashie against a stone.

When the senior of the staff met with this

misfortune he glanced swiftly at the supposed Cox. Yarningale, however, suppressed his mirth, and even managed to look sympathetic. But he had laughed at the first tee. Mr. Skipjack could not forget that. Nor did he fail to remember that he was taking the fifth form—of which Cox was an unsatisfactory member—in French later on that afternoon.

So Cox had laughed, had he! Good—no, bad—for Cox!

II.

ONE of Cox's enemies—and he had many—had this very afternoon hit upon a mild and safe form of reprisal. The lockers in the class-rooms were not, as their names might suggest, provided with locks, but with brass catches. It was, therefore, possible for any one boy to pay a call of inspection on any other boy's locker. When Cox, who dashed into the fifth form class-room a few moments after Mr. Skipjack had taken his seat, unfastened the door of his locker with a hasty jerk, his Latin dictionary fell to the floor with a loud thud—this weighty tome having been propped against the door in such a way as to emerge hurriedly directly the door was opened.

"Now, Cox!" exclaimed Mr. Skipjack, irritably.

"It wasn't my fault, sir——"

"Silence, boy!"

"Somebody——"

"Do you hear me? Silence!"

With a face as dark as a thunder-cloud Cox procured his books and repaired to his seat.

"All right, young Legge," he muttered, as he passed a fat boy sitting in the front row, "I'll be even with you for that."

"It wasn't me," declared Legge in a stage whisper.

"Legge and Cox, fifty lines for talking!" snarled Mr. Skipjack. "You may have five minutes to look over your French translation," added the master, addressing the form generally.

Mr. Skipjack was a good linguistic scholar, and kept his languages brushed up by spending most of his vacations on the continent. He spoke French like a native, and not in the inartistic, severely British way of the master who has never studied the language under French skies. But Mr. Skipjack's perfect pronunciation was much harder to follow than, say, Mr.

Hallam's straightforward "ong" and "ang" rendering of the Gallic tongue.

The piece set for the afternoon's lesson was No. 118 in the neat little red French translation book. The piece was entitled: *Description d'une eclipse totale de soleil.*

Cox, of course, hadn't prepared a word of it. Setting himself feverishly to his task now, he mastered the title at a glance. "Description of an eclipse total of sun," he muttered, and hurried on to the first paragraph, which ran: *Imagons un ciel pur, un soleil radieux.*

"Imagine," breathed Cox to himself, "a sky pure, a sun radiant."

Tout à coup le lustre du soleil commence s'affaiblir, the French went on.

Cox turned up his vocabulary at T. What did *tout à coup* mean? Horror! the T. page was torn out.

"I say," he whispered to Stafford, his next-door neighbour, "what's *tout à coup*?"

"Shut up," returned Stafford, moving his lips but not his head, "Skippy's looking."

Cox applied himself to his task again with desperate energy. He was feeling very hot, his hands were clammy, and he was more than ordinarily savage over the trick that had been played him. He wondered who had done it! Ah! young Yarningale—out of revenge. All right. Wait till after!

Now, then, what was *lustre*? Same thing, "*lustre*," of course. *Tout à coup* the *lustre* of the sun commences—— What was this beastly verb, *s'affaiblir*? He searched hastily for *s'affaiblir*. He turned up S. Nowhere there. What silly rotters these dictionary chaps were! Better try A. Here it was: *S'affaiblir*, "to grow weak." So the passage read now: "*Tout à coup* the *lustre* of the sun commences to grow weak."

Cox was eyeing the next sentence in an apprehensive fashion when Mr. Skipjack's voice harshly interrupted his studies.

"Form line up," said the master.

The form—fourteen in all—lined up, book in hand, in front of the first row of desks. Mr. Skipjack ran his eye searchingly down the row of boys.

"Now, Cox," he said, "I will ask you to begin."

"*Description*——" began Cox.

"Yes, yes. We will save you the trouble of translating the title, Cox. A baby could do that. "*Description* of a total eclipse of the sun! Now, then!"

"*Imajong urn see-el purr, urn solale radyou.*" said Cox, reading out the French.

Mr. Skipjack looked as if a dog were biting him, but said nothing.

"Imagine," began Cox, "a sky pure——"

"Next boy," said Mr. Skipjack.

"A pure sky," was the rendering supplied by Cleaver, a good boy of eleven, with a calm, pale face, who was diligent and persevering. That Cox was above Cleaver in class is explainable by the fact that Cox had been in the

class



"IMAGINE," BEGAN COX, "A SKY PURE——"

fifth form for a year, whereas Cleaver had only been promoted this Easter. As he was leaving for Greyhouse, the famous public school, at the end of the present term, Cox should by rights have been in the sixth form, among the boys of his own age, but as he could not attain the required standard of knowledge, he had to remain in a form where all the rest of boys were his juniors. Yarningale was in the sixth, his superior position in the school supplying Cox with still another grievance against him.

As Cleaver went up above him, Cox registered a vindictive vow to screw that innocent youth's arm round after school.

"Go on, Cox," said Mr. Skipjack, in the hard, dry voice that Charlton Court knew so well and hated so heartily.

One would have thought that Cox would have put his adjective in the right place this time. But no.

"A sun radiant," proceeded Cox.

The next boy, whose name was Wilson, clicked his fingers.

"Well, Wilson?"

"A radiant sun," suggested Wilson, eagerly.

"Go up," said Mr. Skipjack.

Cox had now travelled down two places.

One more mistake, and he would find himself at the bottom of the class.

"This is not good, Cox," added Mr. Skipjack. "Still, you may improve. *Tout à coup.*"

Cox hesitated, then grew desperate.

"All a blow," he ventured.

"Next boy!" rasped out Mr. Skipjack.

"All of a sudden," said the next boy, and Cox shuffled down below him.

"You will stay in to-morrow afternoon for two hours, Cox," said Mr. Skipjack, remembering how Cox had laughed at the first tee. "Top boy go on."

Black and bitter were the thoughts of Cox as he stood at

the bottom of the class during the remainder of the forty minutes allotted to the lesson. To be whacked with a golf-club and sentenced to two hours' detention all in the same afternoon was a record even for him. Then there was that fifty lines old Skippy had set him, and yet fifty more imposed by another master during morning school. Just before dinner he had been summoned to the matron's room and lectured severely about the torn state of his clothing. Miss Peel, the matron, had told him that he gave her sewing-maids

more trouble than any other three boys put together, and that if he did not mend his ways she would report him to the head-master. Cox was not a favourite of Miss Peel's, evidently—nor of the sewing-maids'. Wilson, the merry and bright-eyed, might rip his trousers into ribbons, and the matron would soften down her mild reproof with a gift of chocolate, while the sewing-maids, casting sympathetic glances at the lectured one,

So perturbed in spirit was Cox, indeed, that it was a considerable time before he could get to sleep that night through brooding over his wrongs. And, as is frequently the case with more mature persons than Cox, during the wakeful hours of darkness there came to him an inspiration of great daring. It was an idea that filled him with unholy joy, and he fell asleep with a grim smile on his face.



"THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM YOU WEREN'T COX?" INQUIRED COX.

would declare on his departure that he was "a dear little boy." Such, alas! is the feminine idea of justice!

So it was something more than Mr. Hallam's putter that had given Cox cause to smart. Troubles had, in truth, come upon him not in single spies but in battalions. And, looking round, as such natures do, for an object on which to wreak his vengeance, he determined to make Yarningale pay dearly for all this.

When he awoke on Saturday he found the idea still burning brightly in his mind, and it simmered there during the whole of morning school. During the hour that intervened between morning school and dinner, Cox skulked about the playground, gymnasium, and fields awaiting an opportunity of getting a quiet word with Yarningale. At length his chance came; he found himself alone in the gymnasium with Yarningale.

"I say, Yarny, I want to speak to you,"

he said, with that in his tone which implied that if Yarny tried to escape he would get a kick on the shins.

Yarningale, knowing this, and being of a weak, timorous nature, yielded at once to Cox's request for an interview.

"When you were caddie-ing for Hallam yesterday," began Cox, "I heard Skipjack call you 'Cox'."

"Yes, he did," acknowledged Yarny.

"Then why didn't you tell him you weren't Cox?" inquired Cox.

"I didn't think of it. I'm always being called 'Cox,' you see," explained Yarningale, "and I can't always be correcting people."

"Oh, can't you!" blustered Cox. "We'll see about that. Well, what I want to say is this: by letting Skippy think you were Cox, you got me into a row."

Yarningale looked guilty. He remembered now that he had laughed at Mr. Skipjack.

Cox saw that he had made a point, and hastened to follow up his advantage.

"Yes, you laughed when Skippy fozzled his drive, and he got his knife into you—me, that is—and took care to put me on first at French. Of course, I didn't know the rotten stuff, and Skippy gave me two hours this afternoon."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Yarningale.

"What's the good of being sorry?" demanded Cox. "Being sorry won't do me any good, you goat! Look here. Skippy's taking detention this afternoon. Suppose you do that two hours instead of me?"

This was the idea that had come to Cox in the still hours of night. Why, if the resemblance between Yarningale and himself was so striking, couldn't he utilise it to his advantage? Why not?

The earl looked bewildered. The scheme was so preposterous, so daring, it quite made him tremble.

"You *are* a funk!" said Cox, who, whatever his other defects, had never yet given any one cause to level such an accusation at him. "Well, if you're afraid, say so. But if you let me stay in this afternoon you'll be a cad as well as a funk."

Yarningale coloured up. "Of course," he said, "I'll stay in, but—but—suppose—it's found out?"

"It won't be," Cox assured him. "You know what Skippy is. If he keeps a chap from playing cricket he's quite satisfied. He doesn't bother much about what you do, like Hallam does. Besides, you write like me, and if you make yourself look a

bit more untidy," added Cox, as he gave Yarningale's tie a rude jerk, "you'll pass for me anywhere."

"All right," said Yarningale, with pale lips, "I'll do it."

"I should just think you will," said Cox, roughly. "Any other chap would have said he would at once."

Cox had a certain rich vein of cunning in his nature—inherited from his father—which helped him on his way through the world not a little. It showed him now, for instance, how to play on Yarningale's weak disposition, in which there was not a single shred of guile.

"You see, old chap," he continued, in a more friendly tone, "I've been invited to tea at the Lomaxes. They're rather pals with my people. Pattie Lomax is a nice little thing. I'm rather sweet on her, and don't want to miss going there. She'd cry her eyes out if I didn't turn up."

Had he been in a less uneasy frame of mind Yarningale would have smiled. It was common knowledge at Charlton Court that Pattie Lomax hated Cox—she had told Judson, the head boy of the school, that she did. The Lomaxes, be it explained, were a wealthy London family who had taken Charlton Grange, the biggest house in the neighbourhood, for the summer.

"Have you got an *exeat*?" asked Yarningale.

"Rather," said Cox. "Got that on Thursday from the Head."

"Well, what shall I have to do in detention?" inquired the earl.

"Write out French translation, I expect," said Cox. "And mind you don't do it too well, or old Skippy may get suspicious. Make a few blots, too," was a further wily suggestion of Cox's as the two boys left the gymnasium and proceeded to the fifth form class-room, where Cox handed over the necessary books to his school-fellow.

"By the way," said Mr. Skipjack to Mr. Hallam at dinner (which was the master's lunch), "would you mind taking duty for me this afternoon? I've just had a note from the Lomaxes asking me to tennis."

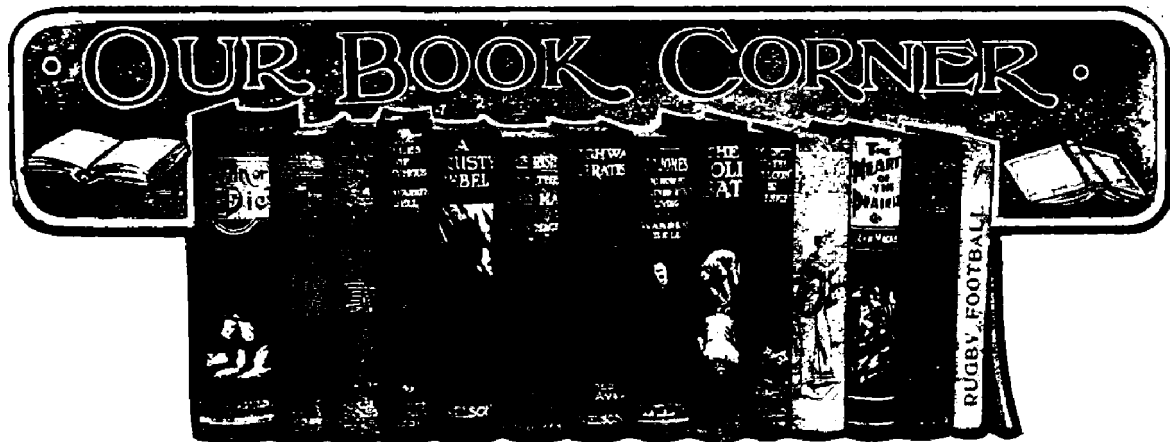
"Certainly," said Mr. Hallam.

"Only one boy is kept in," added Mr. Skipjack, "so there won't be much for you to do."

"Only one—who's that?"

"Cox," said Mr. Skipjack.

(To be continued.)



Great Batsmen: Their Methods at a Glance. By G. W. Beldam and C. B. Fry. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., 21s. net.)—This volume sets out to answer the question, "How do the leading batsmen play?" and it fulfils its purpose right well. Part I. is devoted to "Individualities," and comprises upwards of 280 full-page action-photographs, taken in the one-thousandth part of a second by Mr. Beldam, of thirty of our leading batsmen performing their characteristic strokes. Part II. deals with "Strokes Illustrated," and in an excellent series of nearly 400 photographs shows how different great batsmen make the same sort of stroke. As explained in the prefatory notes, "It is impossible to see the details of a stroke as the batsman plays it in real life, as the eye cannot follow the rapid and complicated movements of arms, hands, and bat. From watching a batsman, a general impression of his methods may be obtained, but no accurate information as to how hands, wrists, and arms co-operate during the action of the stroke. Action-photographs make possible the analysis of the components of a stroke, and to discover with some precision how the feet, legs, body, shoulders, arms, wrist, and fingers work together to make up the whole effect." There are photographs illustrating the beginning, middle, and finish of nearly every stroke, and in order to "fix" these as accurately as possible, the same batsman was required to repeat his stroke time after time. No pains were spared on the part of the photographer to get exactly what he wanted. Indeed, in some cases, the very ball which the batsman is shown in the act of hitting was delivered by Mr. Beldam himself. This was made possible by means of an electric attachment affixed to the camera, which enabled him to release the shutter with his left hand, and to bowl the ball with his right. In the text which accompanies the pictures, Mr. Fry has

succeeded in being pithy and to the point, and has put all he knows into the description of each picture after a careful study of the same. "Great Batsmen" is the happy result of a combination of action-photography with actual experience, and should prove highly instructive to those who are desirous of becoming proficient in the art of batting.

The Model Locomotive. By Henry Greenly. (Percival Marshall and Co., 6s. net.)

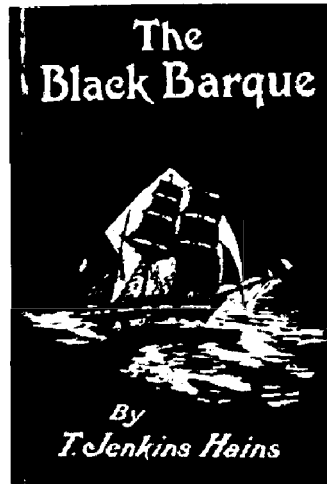


--Really the successful model-maker is born, not made. There are many thousands of CAPTAIN readers who, though they take a lively interest in engineering, could not for their very lives make a model locomotive worthy of the name. Yet nearly every one numbers amongst his acquaintances an enthusiastic maker

of models. By the former class "The Model Locomotive" will be found quite interesting and well worth reading, whilst to those who have made, or aspire to make, a model railway-engine. Mr. Greenly is a guide, philosopher, and friend. And he speaks with the knowledge that comes of experience. Although in no way exhausting the possibilities of miniature locomotive construction, the descriptions of the details and component parts should enable the reader with a bent for model-making to build any type of locomotive model to any desired scale. One valuable truth emphasised in this work is that

the proportions of a successful working model are not obtainable by a mere slavish reduction of the scale of its prototype. Just how success may reasonably be sought is one of the chief aims of this work. Besides working drawings, there are 370 illustrations.

The Black Barque. By Captain T. Jenkins Hains. (Dean and Son, 6s.)—Captain



Hains has succeeded in creating an atmosphere of most invigorating brutality. "The Black Barque" is the *Gentle Hand*, a pirate slaveship, and all connected with her—owners, master, mates, and crew—are ruffians of delightful candour. Some are good, most are bad; but ruffians they all are, every mother's

son of them. And so much twaddle is talked about the sea by writers of "sea-stories" that we confess to finding Captain Hains' realistic blackguards a refreshing contrast to the gilt-edged sailormen of much fiction.

"The Black Barque," however, is a disappointing story. It promises well, but never fulfils expectations. The author has lots of good material, but seems unable to make effective use of it. The skipper of the slaver, for instance, one Captain Howard, a notorious old pirate, is a most engaging villain whose further acquaintance we would willingly make. But we never get more than an occasional glimpse of him. Again, there is Tim, the little, freckled Yankee sailor, who meets his long-lost wife in Nassau. We are just preparing to enjoy his romance (an admirable opportunity for an ingenious plot, by the way) when, hey, presto! Tim vanishes off the scene.

Briefly, Captain Hains has considerable power of characterisation, but no constructive ability. At one point the story lags, at another it races: always it is disjointed. His characters are excellent in their way, but he does not appear to know how to fit them with parts in the play. That the author gets his atmosphere admirably, however, we have already remarked.

It is difficult quite to grasp for whom Captain Hains is writing. His theme is hardly one to catch the fancy of the average tale-reader. If

"The Black Barque" is intended for boys, we are of opinion he should have exercised a little more discretion. There is nothing we like less than squeamishness, but, while enjoying the frank brutality of the author's style, we think it a pity that he did not omit one or two incidents and allusions that are unnecessarily coarse.

Hugh Rendall. By Lionel Portman. (Alston Rivers. 6s.)—In reading the story of Hugh Rendall's years at Larne, we cannot but recall the classic work which tells of the experiences of Tom Brown, but we fail to see that Mr. Portman suffers by the comparison. He has succeeded, as Hughes did in his day, in giving us a public school story which is wholesome, interesting, and really true to life.

The character of Hugh Rendall is well portrayed and we watch his struggle between the two conflicting influences of Lowden and "Smith" with the closest interest. Hugh is not represented as a prig in any sense of the word, but as an ordinary healthy boy of a good type, with the usual boyish love of mischief indeed, but also with an ingrained common sense and steady pluck which keep him straight and help him to win his way.

The author shows in the story how much the tone of a school depends upon the individuality of the headmaster.

Mr. Recce, who ruled the school during Hugh's earlier years, is described as a cold and unsympathetic personage whose waning energies and consequent slackness are reflected only too clearly in the staff and the school; but Mr. Bevan, his successor, a young man full of sympathy, energy, and common sense, makes friends with his sixth form, and through them keeps in touch with the whole school, thereby inaugurating a change by which Larne gradually regains its high estate. Admirably contrasted are the two ladies, Mrs. Rendall and Mrs. Gurney. The former, well-meaning but narrow and tactless, contrives to alienate her son's affections, and to be a hindrance rather than a help; the latter, an ideal schoolmaster's wife, wins the confidence of the boys by real sympathy and tact and wields an unobtrusive power for good in the school which it is difficult to estimate.

The story is so life-like that we are surely justified in assuming that Mr. Portman has drawn largely upon his own personal experience of school and masters, and, if this assumption be correct, we cannot congratulate him on his discretion in giving us such a clue to the identification of Larne as we find in the names of the dormitories. Apart from this, we have nothing but praise for the story.

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(Foreign and Colonial Readers, December 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

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"CAPTAIN" CLUB

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., 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 all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

Nottingham Goose Fair.

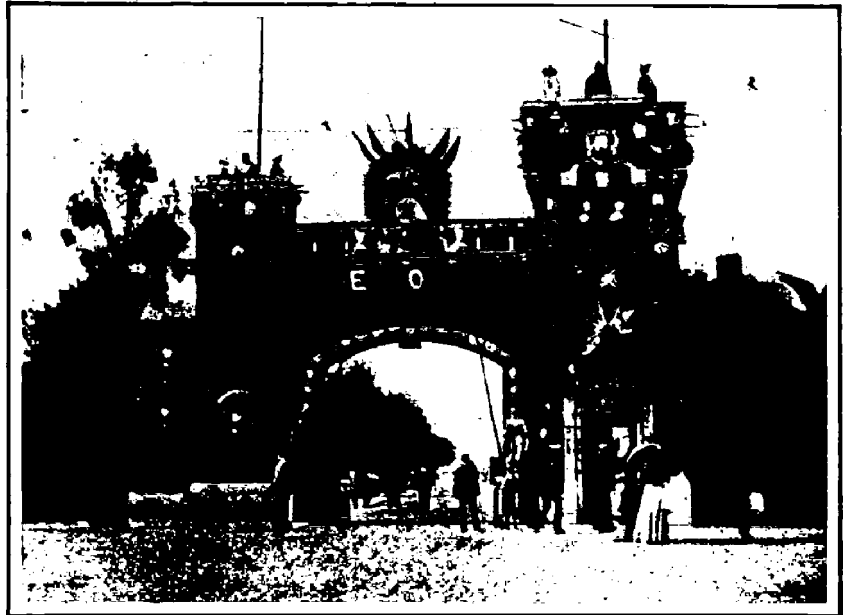
THE Nottingham Goose Fair is held annually in the great market place on the first Thursday in October and the two following days. This Fair, one of the oldest in England, is embodied in a charter granted by King Edward I. in the year 1284, and originally lasted for fifteen days.

The title "Goose" Fair (which is, however, of not more than four hundred years' standing) is doubtless correctly held to have had its origin in the large number of geese annually driven thither in flocks from the outlying stubbles, and the Lincolnshire and Cambridge fens. The Fair was originally a large mart for the sale of geese and other commodities, and it need hardly be said that the general inhabitants did not take any too lively an interest in these proceedings. but later, however, the appearance of the early shows and theatres gave a less serious aspect to the Fair, and, from that time to the present, public interest has in no way abated. The following anecdote will show the popularity the Fair had attained in the early days of the eighteenth century.

In 1704, Marshall Tallard, the Commander of the French forces at Blenheim, was con-

veyed to Nottingham as a prisoner, and here resided for many years.

It is traditionally told of him that shortly after his arrival he wrote to the King of France suggesting the continuance of hostilities, as England was nearly drained of men. Shortly afterward, visiting Goose Fair, he immediately wrote to his monarch, this time counselling him to give up the war forthwith, "as he had seen as many men congregated in one English market place as could conquer the whole of France." So if at that time the Fair was such an attraction, the interest aroused in the present day by the modern cinematograph shows, roundabouts, and menageries can easily be imagined.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE GUN WHARF, PORTSMOUTH, DECORATED WITH OLD WEAPONS AND ARMOUR ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF THE FRENCH FLEET IN AUGUST.

Photo. by Kathleen F Brinsley.

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"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., 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 all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

Nottingham Goose Fair.

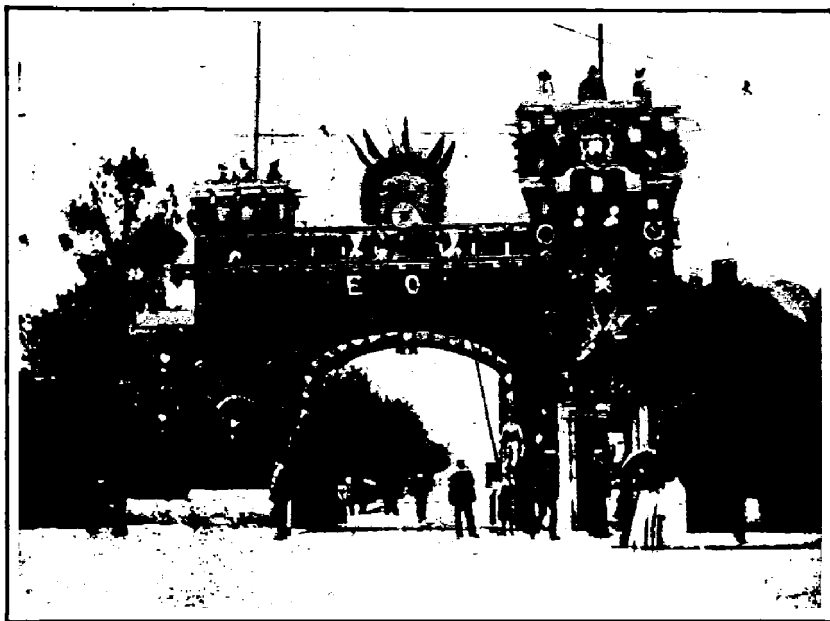
THE Nottingham Goose Fair is held annually in the great market place on the first Thursday in October and the two following days. This Fair, one of the oldest in England, is embodied in a charter granted by King Edward I. in the year 1284, and originally lasted for fifteen days.

The title "Goose" Fair (which is, however, of not more than four hundred years' standing) is doubtless correctly held to have had its origin in the large number of geese annually driven thither in flocks from the outlying stubbles, and the Lincolnshire and Cambridge fens. The Fair was originally a large mart for the sale of geese and other commodities, and it need hardly be said that the general inhabitants did not take any too lively an interest in these proceedings. but later, however, the appearance of the early shows and theatres gave a less serious aspect to the Fair, and, from that time to the present, public interest has in no way abated. The following anecdote will show the popularity the Fair had attained in the early days of the eighteenth century.

In 1704, Marshall Tallard, the Commander of the French forces at Blenheim, was con-

veyed to Nottingham as a prisoner, and here resided for many years.

It is traditionally told of him that shortly after his arrival he wrote to the King of France suggesting the continuance of hostilities, as England was nearly drained of men. Shortly afterward, visiting Goose Fair, he immediately wrote to his monarch, this time counselling him to give up the war forthwith. "as he had seen as many men congregated in one English market place as could conquer the whole of France." So if at that time the Fair was such an attraction, the interest aroused in the present day by the modern cinematograph shows, roundabouts, and menageries can easily be imagined.



"THE MAIN" ENTRANCE TO THE GUN WHARF, PORTSMOUTH, DECORATED WITH OLD WEAPONS AND ARMOUR ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF THE FRENCH FLEET IN AUGUST.

Photo. by Kathleop F Brinsley.

The Fair commences at twelve o'clock noon on the Thursday, the Mayor opening it in his official robes, and from that time until past midnight nothing can be heard save a continual babel of voices, the hoot of the engines, and the bands and steam organs of the various shows.

Although the Fair presents a rather boisterous appearance, the people are, on the whole, good-tempered and patient, and, at the close, are well content with the enjoyment afforded, and look forward to the recurrence of the Fair with as much zest as a school-boy to his next holiday.

GEORGE ALEC. WHITE.

How to Get on.

[Some hints to CAPTAIN readers who contemplate entering on a commercial career.]

IF you are late in the morning, see that you leave punctually at night.

As a topic for conversation with chance acquaintances the weather is played out: chat about your firm's business.

Don't work too hard. You might knock yourself up, and good men are scarce.

Dress is an important question. Plenty of starch, a fancy vest, and a tartan tie are *de rigueur*.

There is no objection to your doing private correspondence during business hours. Always use the office stationery.

Keep a proper sense of your own importance. Having been in the "eleven," remember it is beneath your dignity to do "coolie" work.

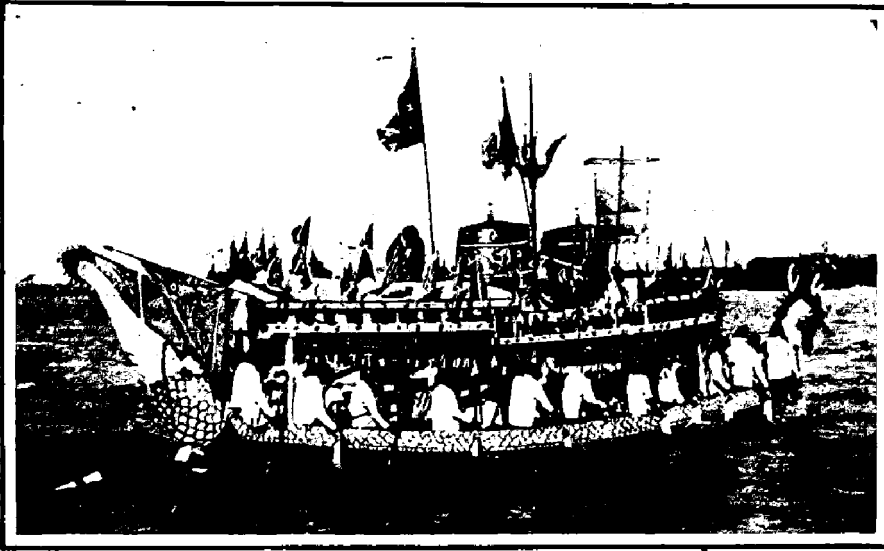
Devote an hour in the morning to reading your newspaper. If its colour is pink, so much the better. The gov'nor will be glad to see you take an interest in Sport.

Practical jokes enliven the routine of business. They are generally played on the cashier, and help to remind him of you when the next list of advances is being made out.

A. S. (jun.)

Challenge Trophies.

THE Haberdashers' Company's Hampstead School has an excellent set of challenge trophies for school competition, as shown in the accompanying photograph. The shields for athletics, football, and cricket are competed for amongst the "Houses." As there are no boarders, the "Houses" are formed by grouping together the



A DRAGON BOAT AT SHANGHAI, DURING THE "DRAGON FESTIVAL," A QUAIN RELIGIOUS CEREMONY OBSERVED EVERY YEAR BY THE CHINESE.



THE "CELESTIAL DRAGON" ABOUT TO SWALLOW THE "SUN," WHICH IS SUPPOSED TO OCCUR ANNUALLY, ACCORDING TO CHINESE IDEAS.

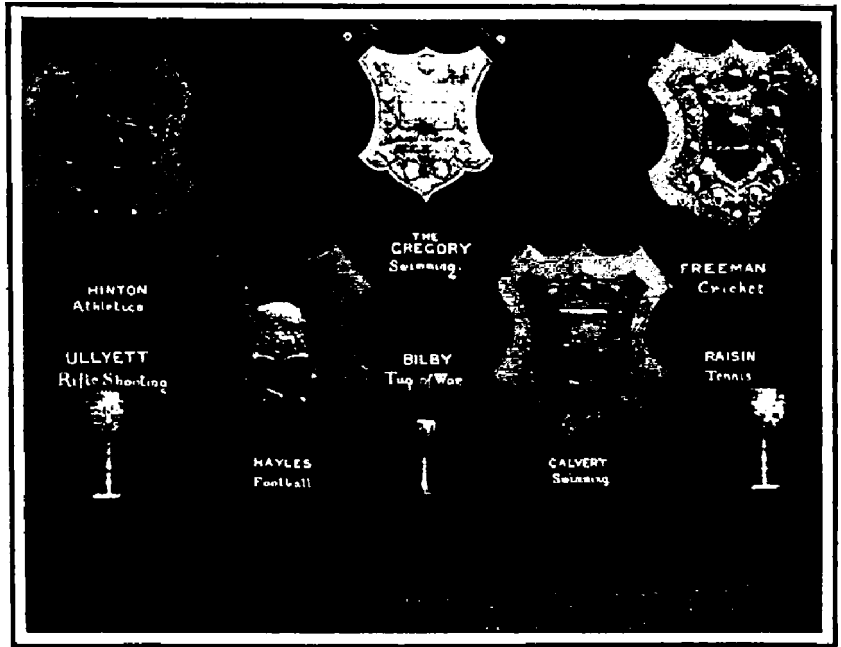
Photos. by H. D. Cranston. Sent by E. J. W. Clements.

boys according to the initial letter of their surname. Thus, A to D comprise the "Crows," E to J the "Eagles," K to R the "Magpies," and S to Z the "Swifts."

The swimming-shields are awarded to the Forms with the best swimming averages, the "Gregory" being first, and the "Calvert" second. The "Bilby Cup" is also an interform trophy, for tug-of-war. The tennis and rifle-shooting cups are for individual competition.

In addition to the above, the Hampstead Haberdashers have held for the last two years the shield presented by the City of London Swimming and Life Saving Association.

G. X. C.



THE HABERDASHERS' COMPANY'S HAMPSTEAD SCHOOL SPORTS TROPHIES.

Photo, by H. W. Barr.

Army Nicknames.

HERE is hardly a regiment in the British army which is not known by some name other than its official one, and the history of many of these is very interesting.

The Life Guards were once known as the "Cheeses," because when the corps was remodelled in 1788 it was said that "it was no longer composed of gentlemen, but of cheesemongers." "Piccadilly Butchers" was another name the Life Guards earned for themselves during the riots of 1810.

"The Cherry Pickers" was the sobriquet given to the 11th Hussars owing to some of its men being captured in a fruit garden while on outpost duty in the Peninsula. Everybody knows the 17th Lancers as "The Death or Glory Boys." Colonel Hole chose as the crest of the regiment a "death's head" and added the words "or Glory" in memory of General Wolfe, with whom he had served in 1759, the date of the raising of the regiment.

"Sand-Bags" and "Coalheavers" are amongst the nicknames applied to the Grenadier Guards, the latter on account of the fact that they once enjoyed the privilege of working in plain clothes for hire in the coal trade.

"Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard" was the name accorded to the Royal Scots Regiment as the result of a dispute between it and the Picardy

Regiment, in 1637, concerning the antiquity of the two corps. The latter are credited with having said that they were on duty the night after the Crucifixion, to which the Scots replied, "Had we been on duty, we should not have slept at our post."

The Spaniards dubbed the Norfolk Regiment "The Holy Boys" by reason of the figure of Britannia on their cross-belts, which was taken to represent the Virgin Mary. The Leicester Regiment is known as the "Bengal Tigers" from its badge, a green tiger, a distinction given to it after the Nepaulese War of 1814.

"The Nanny Goats" is the popular designation of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers by reason of the custom they observed, until about one hundred years ago, of having a goat led at the head of the drum. The Connaught Rangers were called "The Devil's Own" by General Picton, on account of their bravery in the face of the enemy.

The Medical Staff Corps are not inaptly termed the "Linseed Lancers" and "Poultice Whollopers."

W. M. I.

Impressions of Canadian Farming.

SO much has been said and written on the subject of Canadian farming that a few words by one who has experienced the life may be of interest to CAPTAIN

readers. To any one thinking of taking it up for a livelihood, I would say "don't," unless to bridge over the period till he can get employment in his own profession; or in the eventuality of his acquiring a farm of his own, which latter requires capital. I arrived out here in February and engaged with a farmer in Northern Ontario. This part of the province, by the way, is very rugged and picturesque, many of the forests hardly having been touched by the lumberman's axe. For the first month the routine of work was briefly as follows: The farmer and I rose promptly at five o'clock. We went out to the cattle-stable, fed all the live-stock, and milked the dozen or so cows before breakfast. Having appeased our hunger we speedily hitched the horses to the sleigh and drove to the nearest wood. Notwithstanding the keen wintry air, we "peeled" to the vest and were soon at work felling trees and afterwards sawing them, with a double-handed saw, into logs two feet long to serve as fuel during the summer. This work, let me say, is pretty tough to the greenhorn, and he must think nothing of jumping into three feet of snow and sawing away at some tough old maple or cedar. This woodcutting in the winter is absolutely necessary, as the farmer cannot spare the time in the spring or summer from his field work. At six o'clock in the evening we loaded up and drove back to the farmhouse for supper. You only get three meals a day on the farms out here—breakfast, dinner, and supper. After we had partaken of the latter there was the stock to be fed and the lacteal fluid to be extracted from the patient old "cow-bosses." This lasted till nine o'clock, when we retired and snatched eight hours slumber. In short, this extremely strenuous life did not suit the present scribe.

VICTOR MCQUILKIN (Toronto).

The Girl of To-day.

GIRLS of medieval days
Had their share of blame and praise,
But it seems to me—and others say the same—
That the maiden of to-day,
Let her do whate'er she may,
She invariably seems to get the blame.



MILE-END PUPIL TEACHERS. WINNERS OF THE LONDON PUPIL TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TROPHY, 1904-5.

Seat by P. T.

For they try to din it in
That she's getting masculine,
And she's not to be compared with girls of yore;
Who were gentle, shy and coy,
Had not manners like a boy,
Or a voice that had developed to a roar.

She is blamed because her feet
Are not dainty and "petite"
(For she takes size sevens in all her boots and shoes)—

Just because she's got the sense
Not to put up with pretence,
And attempt to squeeze her foot in number two's.

Then this maid, some people say,
Thinks of nothing else but play,
And that needlework should occupy her mind.
But—I don't presume to preach—
She can do a bit of each
And be none the worse for either, you will find.

But the thing she's nagged about
Is the slang—which *will* come out;
And which causes more annoyance than her feet!
But if you give it just a thought,
Don't you think that "ripping sport"
Is a slight improvement on "divinely sweet"?

Now just leave the girls alone,
'Tend to matters of your own,
For your grumbling more or less begins to pall.
And we very well can guess,
So you might as well confess,
That you couldn't do without them after all.

E. M. HASKINS.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

The Nelson Centenary.—On the afternoon of October 21, 1805, at a quarter past one, Admiral Nelson was struck by a bullet during the progress of the battle fought by the British fleet against the combined fleets of France and Spain, off Cape Trafalgar. At 4.30—when the fight had been practically won by the British—Nelson breathed his last. On this account October 21 has ever since been commemorated as “Nelson’s Day,” the lofty Column erected in Trafalgar Square being entwined with laurel, while massive wreaths are piled and hung around its base. This year being the centenary of the great sailor’s death, it is only fitting that we of *THE CAPTAIN* should once more dwell upon the story of Nelson’s career and of the victory which sealed it with unparalleled glory.

Nelson, like many others who have achieved fame, was a member of a large family—a family of eleven. His father was the rector of Burnham Thorpe, a little village in North-West Norfolk, not far from Sandringham. Though the house in which Horatio Nelson was born no longer exists, Burnham Thorpe may fitly be made the object of a healthy pilgrimage by wheel or on foot. In those days men lived a long time, and did not move about as they do in this restless age. The Rev. Edmund Nelson held the living of Burnham Thorpe for forty-six years. There he died, and was buried by his wife’s side, and there his famous son expressed a wish to be buried, too, “unless it should please the King to order otherwise.” And it did please the King, for, as most of my readers will be aware, Nelson was buried with much solemn pomp in the crypt of St. Paul’s

Cathedral, where, too, some seven-and-forty years later, his great contemporary, Wellington, was interred. Mr. Cuthbert Hadden, Nelson’s latest biographer,* relates how, when quite a young boy, Nelson was dared by his young companions to go to Burnham Thorpe burial ground at midnight, and to bring back, in evidence of his having been there, a twig from the yew-tree standing beside the church. Horatio went, and came back with the twig—and this was no mean feat at a time when superstition was rife everywhere—especially in country places—and local gossip peopled churchyards with ghosts. That yew-tree is still in existence. What boy, with true hero-worship in his blood, would not to-day think it well worth while to sally forth at midnight and obtain a clipping from it!

It is quite certain that had Nelson lived nowadays he would never have gained admittance to the Navy. He came of a weakly stock, apparently, and was more or less ailing all his life. Whenever he went to sea he was sick, and his weak health tinged his temperament with a confirmed melancholy. Not content with furnishing him with a poor constitution, Fate dealt him other blows, for he lost an arm and an eye in the service of his country. His arm was lacerated by a grapeshot at Santa Cruz. “Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments,” he said; “I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better.” Possibly in these days of high medical skill that arm would have been saved, but in 1797 a badly wounded member was generally amputated. Without, of course, any anæsthetic, Nelson watched them take the limb off.

* *The Boy’s Life of Nelson*, by J. Cuthbert Hadden. (Partridge and Co. 2s. 6d.)

Not many hours afterwards, Mr. Hadden informs us, he was writing a letter to Lord St. Vincent with his left hand. It will be news to many to hear that some time before he lost his arm Nelson had learnt how to write with his left hand.

An Uncle of the rector's son procured the boy's admission to the Royal Navy. A delicate and puny boy of twelve. "poorly and slenderly fitted out," Nelson went to London with his father on a cold spring morning in 1770. From London he had to proceed alone to Chatham, where, with the assistance of a naval officer who took compassion on the lonely lad wandering about in an aimless fashion, he found his uncle's ship and went aboard. Here he held no particular rank, it being the custom then to allow captains to carry young relations to sea as their "servants." Subsequently Nelson went to the West Indies on a merchant vessel, and later on to the Arctic regions, all this time picking up a knowledge of seamanship which proved invaluable in assisting his progress up the ladder of ambition. When he returned from the ice-bound seas of the North he was a thoroughly sound sailor, and

his uncle used his interest to get him attached to a squadron fitting out for the East Indies. During this trip he was rated as a midshipman, and so became a full-blown naval officer. Thereafter, in spite of his battle with ill-health, he travelled steadily upwards, and was a post-captain by the time he was twenty-one! He saw much service in the tropics, took to himself a wife—a widow lady—in 1787, and soon after "paid off," as the naval term is. This means that for the time the Admiralty had no work for him to do, so, with his wife, he retired to his father's parsonage at Burnham Thorpe, and did not again go afloat till 1793.

This period of idleness is amazing to think of, for Nelson had already proved his worth. "Various reasons," says Mr. Hadden, "have been suggested for Nelson's failure to obtain a ship for five years, but they are all more or less conjectural. It was certainly curious that he was not commissioned in 1790, when almost the whole service was called out on account of some friction with Spain." Nelson was convinced that some prejudice existed against him at the Admiralty, and that the King held an unfavourable opinion of him. It is very possible that this was so, as Nelson was more than a little fond of his own way. The fact remains that this strenuous young officer spent some of the best years of his life—his early thirties—kicking up his heels in a drowsy Norfolk village. His half-pay amounted to £120 a year, and he had a little money of his own. Had his private means enabled him to dispense with his half-pay, there is no doubt that he would have given up the service in disgust. However, he lived on from month to month hoping against hope that his applications for a ship would be successful, and whiled away the long period of waiting with gardening and farming. He even went bird's-nesting, and scaled again the trees that he had climbed as a boy. It is a pity that Mr. Hadden did not see fit to give us more details of Nelson's life at this epoch, for it is difficult to conceive how such a marvel of nervous energy, as Nelson was, managed to exist for five years in a remote village like Burnham Thorpe. No doubt he went to London, and took the air on the coast occasionally, but the parsonage was his headquarters, and, though his father—now old and infirm—was delighted to have



LORD NELSON.

From a pictorial postcard published by Messrs. Gale and Polden, Limited.

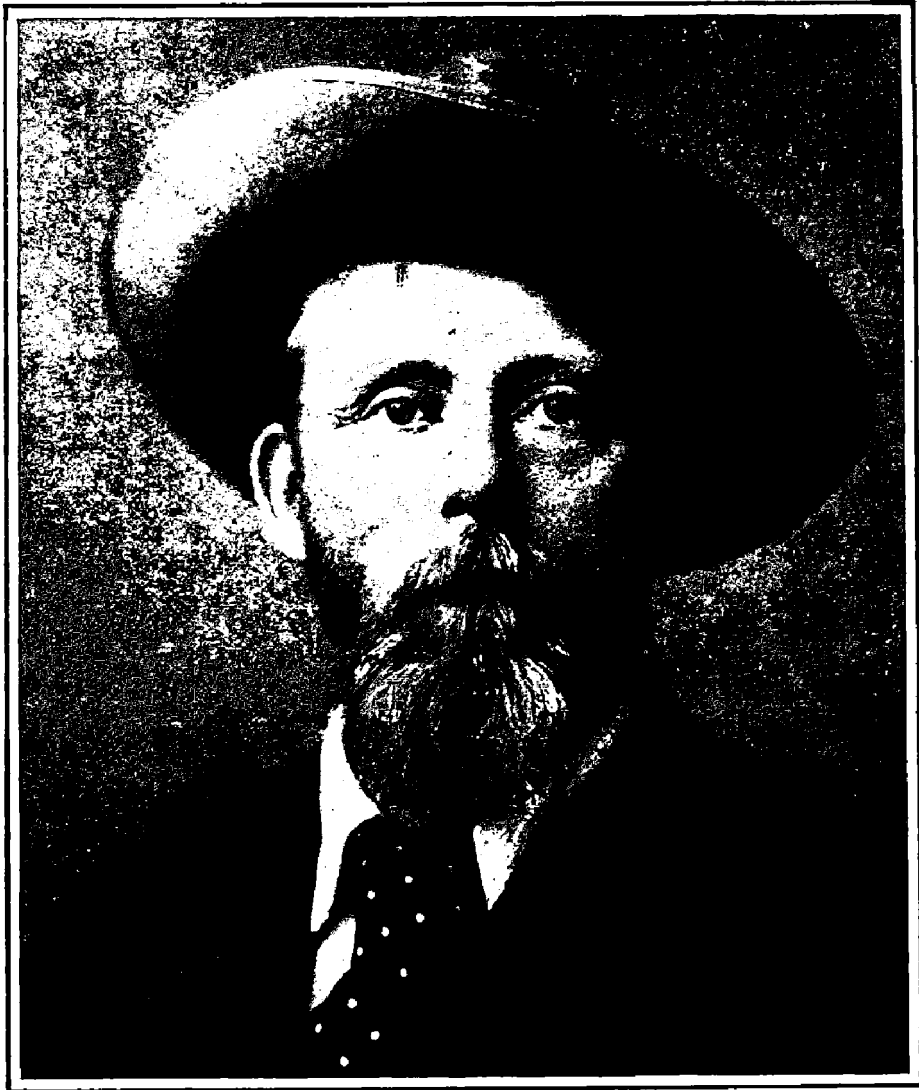
his sailor son at home for a spell, for the old clergyman was very fond of Horatio, Nelson must have capered with joy when, on January 30, 1793, he was appointed to the *Agamemnon*, which ship he subsequently declared to be "the best sixty-four in the service."

I have no space in which to recount at any length how Nelson, after this, went from success to success, and quickly made one of the biggest names in the Navy. Most people are now familiar with the tales of his daring career. It was at the battle of Cape St. Vincent that, in defiance of his admiral's orders, he brought his ship, the *Captain*, into action and engaged seven Spanish ships of the largest size. He himself had the smallest seventy-four in the British fleet, but that fact did not debar him from picking out and attacking the *Santissima Trinidad*, a mighty four-decker of one hundred and thirty-six guns, said to be the largest ship in the world. It was like a terrier assailing a mastiff. Of course, he got the worst of it, but even then, with his ship terribly battered and placed *hors de combat* as regards sailing, he determined to board the *San Nicolas*, which had become entangled with the *Santissima Trinidad*. In Mr. Hadden's excellently compiled biography you will find Nelson's own account of this adventure. Never did a daring move meet with more complete success. Nelson ends his account by relating how, when the Spanish officers surrendered their swords to him, he gave them, as he received them, "to William Fearney, one of my bargemen, who put them, with the greatest *sang froid*, under his arm."

It was on August 1, 1798, that Nelson won the Battle of the Nile, which feat gained him a peerage, large money grants, and numerous foreign decorations. His full title, by the way, was "Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe." After the battle of Copenhagen, in 1801, he was created a viscount, and in 1803 he was appointed to the chief command of the Mediterranean fleet. He only quitted his flagship, the *Victory*, for three hours from May, 1803, to August, 1805—a period spent in the blockade of the French fleet in Toulon and in chasing it to the West Indies and back. Finally came Trafalgar—his crowning triumph—and his death.

Alpha bet.	Figures.	Signification.	Alpha bet.	Figures.	Signification.
D		A Boat is wanted.	Q		Should your ship part her cable, steer the course, & mind the marks I shall point out.
E		Clear haws; if at single anchor, Moor.	R		If you do not immediately tack, you will be on shore.
F		Strike lower yards & top-gallant-masts; if down, strike top-masts.	S		The land bears;—points of the compass to be shewn.
G		From whence come you? when answered, if repeated, Where are you bound.	T		What is your latitude and longitude.
H		Hard up; if repeated, hard a lee.	U		I am well acquainted here.
I		Thank you for your kindness.	V		Can you give me information of the coast; I am a stranger here.
J		I shall tack at A.M. hour to be shewn; if repeated, at P. M. hour to be shewn.	W		I would advise you to anchor.
K		Back your top-sail, or by some means stop your way.	X		The ship cannot stem the tide.
L		An enemy. The point of compass in which seen, to be shewn.	Y		Can you supply me with provisions.
M		We are in want of a pilot.	Z		Breakers in sight to windward; if repeated, they are to leeward; if twice repeated, ahead.
N		On what part of the coast are we? Will you name particular headlands and bays. Any flag on board should be shewn with this.	Important Nos.		
O		There is not water over the bar; if repeated, there is water over the bar.	11		The ship is water logged, and in a sinking state.
P		Can you lend me a boat: if a long boat, to be repeated.	12		Can you supply me with sails.
			13		How does the land bear.

A section of a chart, showing the system of signalling as introduced into the Royal Navy by Lieut. William Pringle Green, on October 3, 1812. Lieut. Green was a midshipman on H.M.S. *Conqueror*, at the battle of Trafalgar, and was promoted for his conspicuous bravery in that renowned action. We are enabled to reproduce the above through the courtesy of his son, Mr. John W. Green, Fleet Paymaster, R.N.



MR. F. C. SELOUS, THE FAMOUS HUNTER, WHO DESCRIBES IN THIS NUMBER
HOW HE SHOT HIS FIRST ELEPHANT.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

In the annals of British history no more fascinating hero than Nelson has ever appeared. What dazzles the mind more than anything else in the story of this greatest of sailors is his wondrous daring and his extraordinary self-confidence. His courage was not the bull-dog pluck of the unimaginative man; he was fully alive to the dangers that lay before him, and yet went on, to do or die. His battle-cry when he boarded the *San Nicolas*, for instance, was "Westminster Abbey or victory!" The tale of his career exemplifies what can be achieved by dauntless courage backed by quick-wittedness. He had his faults, but these we can afford to overlook. It is enough for us that he won Great Britain her queenship of the seas,

a title which she has worthily retained to the present day.

Scholarship Competition.—For the benefit of new readers I am repeating the particulars of the Scholarship Competition announced last month. The Scholarship is of the value of £25, and is offered for competition among readers of *THE CAPTAIN* by Mr. James Munford, Director of Kensington College, an institution which makes a speciality of training members of both sexes for commercial life, private secretary work, &c. The competition takes the form of a general intelligence paper, and is open to all readers who have not, at the time

of entering, attained the age of twenty-two. Mr. Munford will himself adjudicate on the papers submitted, and wishes it to be known that extra marks will be given for good, clear handwriting, correct grammar and punctuation, and elegance of composition. The winner of this scholarship will be entitled to one year's training at the College and to a satisfactory appointment when qualified. No reply to a question is to exceed 400 words in length. Replies are to be written on ordinary foolscap paper, or paper of the kind used in school examinations, and only one side of the paper is to be used. The replies should be directed to the Editor of THE CAPTAIN in the usual way, the envelopes being marked "Scholarship - Appointment Competition." The competition is open to both sexes. In order to allow time for our Colonial readers to compete, the competition will remain open for three months, viz., until November 18, 1905.

It is an enterprising move on the part of the Director of Kensington College to offer this scholarship for competition, and I have no doubt that there will be a large number of entrants. A further inducement to compete takes the shape of extra prizes offered by THE CAPTAIN—i.e., a Prize of One Guinea for the best paper sent in by a candidate under Eighteen; a Prize of One Guinea for the best paper sent in by a candidate under Sixteen; and a Prize of One Guinea for the best paper sent in by a Colonial candidate. The following are the questions to be answered:

- (1) Do you think too much time is given in our Public Schools to athletics? What is likely to be the result on the welfare of the nation if such be the case?
- (2) What are the principal qualities of heart, mind, and body to which may be attributed the wonderful success of the Japanese? What is the real cause of the Russian defeat?
- (3) What is knowledge? State clearly the use and abuse of books in the acquisition of the same.
- (4) What is geography? Describe geographically any portion of England, large or small, with which you are personally acquainted.
- (5) (a) Give a short historical account of the means by which the English people have secured their exceptional liberties; or (b) give a short account of the reign of Queen Victoria, with special reference to the advance in literature, science, arts, and manufactures.
- (6) What living author may be said to hold out promise of being the most lasting of his generation?
- (7) Comment on the saying, "Experientia docet."
- (8) Divide 14,678,918 by 358.
- (9) Multiply 3.4678 by .056789 correct to three places of decimals.
- (10) A dealer marks his goods so as to allow himself 15 per cent. above the cost price, but gives his customers a reduction of 5 per cent. off the marked prices for ready money. What percentage of profit does he make on a cash sale?

School Sports Results, 1905.—

At the Manchester Grammar School Sports, held on July 4, Mr. J. L. Paton, the High Master, instituted a system of bronze tokens in place of the usual cups and trophies. "If

a boy, or a man," he said, "cannot compete in an event for the sheer honour of winning, he is no use. The boy who cannot be induced to race except for a cup is not wanted. . . . I want to see inculcated that spirit which characterises the interest in cricket, football, and lacrosse." There is something to be said for this innovation, but I hardly think other schools will make a similar change, for, after all, a bronze medal does not loom so large as a silver cup, and certainly cannot occupy such a prominent position on one's sideboard when one's running days are over. Below I append further sports results that have come to hand:

BRADFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—G. C. Whiteley, 5 min. 1½ sec.
 Half-mile.—T. G. P. Northwood, 2 min. 24½ sec.
 Quarter-mile.—F. E. Steinthal, 55½ sec.
 100 Yards.—F. E. Steinthal, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—F. E. Steinthal, 19½ sec.
 High Jump.—T. G. P. Northwood, 4 ft. 11 in.
 Long Jump.—E. T. Gleave, 17 ft. 7 in.
 Cricket Ball.—A. S. Fairbank, 75 yd. 1 ft.
 Weight.—F. E. Steinthal, 30 ft.

CARLISLE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—H. S. Higginson, 5 min. 31 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—H. S. Higginson, 63½ sec.
 100 Yards.—J. Graham, 12 sec.
 High Jump.—G. Bott, 4 ft. 7½ in.
 Long Jump.—W. T. Featherstone, 17 ft. 1 in.
 Cricket Ball.—J. R. Bell, 84 yd. 9 in.

KING EDWARD VII. SCHOOL (LYNN).

One Mile.—A. C. Morton, 5 min. 20 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—A. F. Ritchie, 58 sec.
 220 Yards.—W. C. Morgan, 26 sec.
 100 Yards.—W. C. Morgan, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—F. C. Hunter, 20½ sec.
 High Jump.—W. C. Morgan, 4 ft. 10 in.
 Long Jump.—W. C. Morgan, 18 ft.
 Cricket Ball.—C. E. Turner, 97 yd. 3 in.

LIVERPOOL COLLEGE UPPER SCHOOL.

Mile.—G. F. Rogers, 5 min. 16½ sec.
 Half-mile.—W. H. Weightman, 2 min. 14 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—G. F. Rogers, 55½ sec.
 220 Yards.—G. S. A. Bishop, 25 sec.
 100 Yards.—G. F. Rogers, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—F. B. Chavasse, 20 sec.
 High Jump.—G. F. Rogers, 5 ft. 1 in.
 Long Jump.—F. B. Chavasse, 17 ft. 9 in.
 Cricket Ball.—D. Hobart, 81 yd. 1 ft.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL, OXFORD.

Mile.—Lee, 5 min. 17 sec.
 Half-mile.—Acott, 2 min. 15 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—Pearson, 58½ sec.
 100 Yards.—Jones (ii), 11½ sec.
 High Jump.—Pearson, 4 ft. 11 in.
 Long Jump.—Pearson, 17 ft. 5½ in.
 Cricket Ball.—Dawes, 72 yd.

MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—M. W. Paterson, 5 min. 26 sec.
 Half-mile.—E. Walker, 2 min. 25 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—A. Kirk, 60½ sec.
 220 Yards.—A. Kirk, 26½ sec.
 100 Yards.—A. Kirk, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—V. Hassan, 19½ sec.
 High Jump.—F. Sutton, 5 ft. 1 in.
 Long Jump.—C. M. Howard, 17 ft. 5½ in.
 Cricket Ball.—J. E. Rowbotham, 53 yd.

NEWTON ABBOTT GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—J. Webb, 5 min. 2 sec.
 Half-mile.—J. Webb, 2 min. 20½ sec.
 Quarter-mile.—H. Ingham, 61 sec.
 100 Yards.—J. Webb, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—J. Webb, 18 sec.
 Long Jump.—G. C. Maclaren, 15 ft. 1½ in.
 Cricket Ball.—J. Webb, 80 yd.

NORMANTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—F. M. Dixon, 6 min. 5 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—J. A. Wood, 63 sec.
 220 Yards.—J. A. Wood, 29 sec.
 100 Yards.—E. H. Dixon, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles (100 Yards).—E. H. Dixon, 16½ sec.
 High Jump.—E. H. Dixon, 4 ft. 8 in.
 Long Jump.—E. H. Dixon, 15 ft. 8 in.
 Cricket Ball.—T. L. Lees, 78 yd.

POCKLINGTON SCHOOL.

Quarter-mile.—Dalton (major), 59 sec.
 120 Yards.—Marks, 12½ sec.
 100 Yards.—Dalton (major), 113 sec.
 High Jump.—Dalton (minor), 4 ft. 10½ in.
 Long Jump.—Dalton (minor), 17 ft. 3 in.

KING WILLIAM'S COLLEGE, ISLE OF MAN, SPORTS RECORDS.

Mile.—R. Edwards, 4 min. 48 sec.
 Quarter Mile.—D. Young, 52 sec.
 100 Yards.—L. A. Bruce, 10½ sec.
 Hurdles (120 yards).—F. M. Hobbs (1885), 17 sec.
 High Jump.—C. Gill, 5 ft. 6 in.
 Long Jump.—R. Bruce, 21 ft. 8 in.
 Cricket Ball.—Lamothe (1885), 109 yd. 2 ft.
 Weight.—E Dickson (1893), 33 ft. 10½ in.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"**Sirrom**" sends me his first attempt in poetry. Having read it, I am left with a sort of sorrowful feeling in my heart, for, although "**Sirrom**" is evidently one of THE CAPTAIN'S best well-wishers, and has been inspired to verse-making by the glories of our thirteenth volume, it is palpable that "**Sirrom**" is *not* a poet. Nevertheless, I print his poem. Whatever "**Sirrom**" does hereafter, he will always be able to say that *one of his poems has been published*. And this is the poem:

THE LUCKY THIRTEENTH.

Listen, readers of THE CAPTAIN, boys and old boys
 the world o'er,
 And tell your friends who are not of the treat they
 have in store
 By purchasing the thirteenth vol.

Of the splendid magazine edited by the Old Fag:
 It will cause the hours to brighten and the moments
 ne'er to lag,

When the holiday's forsaken by Old Sol.

There is heaps of sound advice, from the editorial
 pen,

Intended to develop boys into real manly men
 (Though he never really preaches, the Old Fag);
 And many a kind encouragement to readers, high or
 low,

From the optimistic point of his fountain pen doth
 flow—

At times, indeed, he's something of a wag.

[Thank you. O. F.]

For fellows who to sports and games are naturally
 inclined,

There is every month an article, crammed with good
 things, from the mind

Of the man who brought the precious "ashes"
 back.

The gentleman I refer to is the versatile "Plum"
 Warner,

Who is ably following Mr. Fry in the old Athletic
 Corner:

Of explaining shots and strokes, he has the knack.

You say it's stamps, not runs, that you collect?
 Oh, very well;

Then let me recommend you, sir, to Mr. Nankivell:
 His philatelic knowledge is unique.

There's a special den for naturalists, and sensible
 reviews

Of the latest books for boys, which instruct or which
 amuse.

He's rather smart, that literary "beak."

The enthusiastic camera fiend, and the ardent
 cycling man,

Mr. Williams caters for, and unfolds the happy plan
 Of touring with a lens and two-speed gear;

While the splendid lot of authors the Old Fag has
 at command,

Together with the artists, the finest in the land,
 Make THE CAPTAIN, as a mag., without a peer.

There is humorous Mr. Wodehouse, with his healthy
 "men of Wrykyn;"

Far western tales; while some will find the very
 sort they like in

Mr. Ellbar's naval yarns, O.H.M.S.

The serial tale, "John Baywood," is replete with
 incident,

And though with the Hickson system you may
 possibly dissent,

I'm sure you'll like the stories none the less.

"SIRROM."

"**Conjunctions.**"—I fear your letter is too
 vague to answer very satisfactorily. You should
 have quoted examples to show your exact difficulty.
 It is perfectly correct to begin a sentence after a
 full-stop with what is called a governing conjunction,
 such as *when, if, because, &c.*, as, though the sentence
 actually stands first in order, it is really joined in
 sense to the principal sentence which follows, and
 the order might easily be reversed, *e.g.*, "*When* it is
 fine, I will go out." Or "*I will go out, when* it is
 fine." The second order shows the force of the
 conjunction more clearly, but both are absolutely
 correct. Provided that the sentences which the
 conjunction joins are not separated by a full-stop
 it is quite permissible to begin with the conjunction
 if the sense is kept perfectly clear. As I said before,

we must have definite examples properly to appreciate the difficulty.

"Youth."—We have answered "art" queries in several numbers. Look back. Don't make "art" your career unless you possess talents beyond the ordinary. Even then you would find no little difficulty in earning a living.

"Dear Old Fag,"—This is my first long letter to you, but I have read *THE CAPTAIN* since early in 1903. I always take great interest in the answers you give to correspondents, although I sometimes cannot agree with you. In the June number you advised some one to disregard physical culture—dumb-bells, &c. I and many friends have benefited greatly by strictly carrying out Sandow's System, and I do not see how a boy can become really strong and healthy without training of this kind. Any one who, entirely disregarding the necessary development of his muscles and physical bodily training, merely indulges in cricket, football, and other sports, benefits very little by those sports. I was very delicate and frail when I was about ten years of age, and sports did me no good, but I am now strong and fit (thanks to Sandow), and have had no illness of any sort for three years. My height is unusual—I measure 5 ft. 9½ in. (bare-footed), and am only fifteen years old. I grew very rapidly, but am now getting much stronger and broader. Hoping that you are in good health, I am, dear Old Fag, yours very sincerely, 'Mooroolbark' (Melbourne, Australia).—All I can say is that I am very pleased to hear that "Mooroolbark" has benefited so greatly from physical culture. I still, however, adhere to my original statement, *i.e.*, that in my opinion the ordinary outdoor games are the best and healthiest "developers."

Nottinghamshire to Argentina.—In a mild way we endeavour to help readers who write asking for information and enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. We are always glad to give such information as we possess, and we are well rewarded by the grateful epistles we receive in return. Some twelve months ago a Nottinghamshire reader wrote in asking about the chances of railway employment in foreign climes. This is not the sort of information even an O. F. is well up in, so we sent the letter to a good-hearted friend of ours who knows not a little about foreign railways. Our friend told us all he knew concerning railway employment abroad, and the result was that we wrote to our Nottinghamshire reader advising him to turn his attention to South America. Not long ago he wrote to say that he decided to take our advice, and, by way of a beginning, started to learn Spanish. This occupied his spare time during last winter. When he was fairly forward in his study of the tongue, he felt himself qualified to apply for a post on a South American railway. This he did, and, as luck had it, the manager of that railway happened to take a trip to England soon after, and on his arrival here arranged an interview with our correspondent, and subsequently offered him an engagement. The offer was accepted, and our reader sailed from Southampton early in August. Our congratulations and good wishes went with him. The moral is that you must do a thing thoroughly if you want to get on. We advised this young fellow to turn his attention to South America, which is largely Spanish in its people and language, and he promptly set to work to learn Spanish. In this strenuously competitive age it is this type of man which forges ahead: sitting with your

hands in your lap waiting for "something to turn up" isn't any good at all. From Notts to Argentina is a far cry, but we know that among our "constant readers" we shall have no more faithful or constant reader than our friend that we advised, who—lucky chap!—is now wearing a wide-brimmed sun-hat, while we are ordering in tons of coal for the winter!

Swimming at Public Schools.—*"Pauline"* writes: "Swimming and polo are very popular at St. Paul's. Last year we played several matches. We drew against the Oxford University 'A' team in the hundred yards, beat them in the two lengths team race, but lost at polo. We beat Dulwich in swimming and at polo, Charterhouse in swimming and diving, and in the race against Harrow we won by 30 yd. The Old Paulines beat us in swimming by half a yard, and we drew at polo. This is really very good, as the O. P.'s had an Irish Polo International playing for them. Of five matches, we won three, lost one, and drew one."

"S. M. M." writes: "May I point out an objection to Arthur G. Negus' 'Easy Way of Saving a Drowning Person'? I have noticed persons being taught to swim by being pulled quickly across a swimming-bath from the opposite side. As long as the rope was drawn *quickly*, the beginner could keep his head above water, but if he was only being drawn slowly across he began to sink. Applying this to a drowning person, it is obvious that unless the rescuer be an exceptionally strong swimmer, and can swim very fast even when he is towing some one behind him, the drowning person will be drawn along with his head under the water. The average swimmer does not go fast at any time, and when towing some one else would probably move very slowly. The drowning person would doubtless be brought ashore by this means, but in an unconscious condition, and would most probably lose his hold after a minute or so."

E. J. M. (Temple); Mr. B. Beasley, Brampton Park, Huntingdon, undertakes to cure stammering. Write to him for particulars.

Kirriemarian.—I question whether tea-planters ever advertise vacancies, but if they do the journals they would favour would probably be the *Field*, *Daily Telegraph*, and the principal Anglo-Indian papers. The greatest caution must be exercised in selecting a person with whom to become a pupil.

"Southern Cross."—(1) I have received a number of complaints about the Colonial Competitions. One reader says Colonials ought to have as good prizes as British readers, and another, an Australian reader, like yourself, declares that he hasn't time to get his competitions in by the date given. As regards the first complaint, it must be clear to all you Colonial readers that we can't offer for competition among a few hundred colonials prizes similar to those competed for by a vastly greater number of British readers. As to the second complaint, you will observe that I am extending the time limit by a month. (2) Your essay is not original, being inspired by an essay which has already appeared in the *CAPTAIN*. Do try and make up something all out of your own head. That is the only kind of thing that merits attention and reward.

Letters, etc., have also to be acknowledged from: "Faultfinder," P. T. O'Kell, B. Weaver, W. J. Goodbrand.

Results of August Competitions.

No. I.—"Captain' Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF **BFNETPINK NO. 2 "FLASH" CAMERA**: Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis Square, Brighton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: C. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. A. Kerridge, Mary I. Wilson, May MacCowan Hall, G. S. Hunt, Edith M. Nanson, W. S. Jackson, Margaret Hoare.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Percival Dacre, Passaic, St. Flora's Road, Littlehampton, Sussex.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Lottie Tucker, South Cliff, Malvern Wells

HONOURABLE MENTION: Albert Albrow, Victoria T. Down, Gwendolen Okeden, Dorothy Nanson, F. L. Blaikley, Bernard Weaver.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: K. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Thomas Marston, 13 Deuman Drive, Newsham Park, Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. I. Cranfield, Kathleen Palethorpe, Emmeline d'Auvergne, Alan L. Miller, F. D. Cadell, A. D. Skinner, Norah E. Childs, C. M. Miller, W. H. Palethorpe.

No. II.—"Drawing of a Cat or Dog."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF **SANDOW DEVELOPER**: Olive C. Harbutt, The Grange, Bathampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Varley, John B. Hall, A. J. Wydell, Nora Simmonds, Marion Hill.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF **SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS**: Frieda E. Myers, "Parkfield," St. Asaph, North Wales.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Alfred Cooke, Greystone Road, Benketh, nr. Warrington, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Albert E. Burton, Bernard J. Harris, David Westwood, George A. Bell, George W. Tanner, J. Craigie Bone, V. E. McCullagh, L. E. Horton, S. Webster, G. Mackenzie, A. Meeres, John Grier, T. Webb.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF **SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS**: Gladys M. Hynes, 21 Hamilton Road, Ealing, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. A. Scott, Ernest Mould, George Taylor, Sydney Hassell, G. W. Robertson, Frank Farrell, H. F. Walton, P. C. L. Bone, Edith Moncrieff, Charles Bennett, Edgar Hicklev, Tom Cowell, Sidney M. Smith, Edgar Osborne, George Taylor, A. S. Abercomby, James Cape, George Butterfield.

No. III.—"An August Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: W. H. L. Grouou, 10 Shortridge Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Eric Moore Ritchie, 1 Wynnstay Grove, Fallowfield, Manchester; Margaret J. C. Reid, 65 Osborne Place, Aberdeen.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. R. Bird, A. Tapply, P. I. Dacre, G. Austen Taylor, Harold Scholfield, Harold Morris, F. F. Williams, H. B. Higginbottom, J. W. Smith, A. H. Lodge, Benjamin Corbyn, Gertie Bird.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: James McGregor, 47 Palermo Street, Glasgow.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Harry Oliver, 3 Kensington Road, Lytham, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. J. Morris, H. B. Champion, J. J. Sheil, A. J. Turner, Hugh I. L. Vall, Reginald Lamb, A. W. Fox, Evelyn Palethorpe, J. Brimelow, H. Middleton Smith, Alice M. Cox, J. M. Beattie, R. G. White, George Chambers.

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 Greyhound," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the August Competitions.

No. I.—Special mention should be made of the neat and artistic Birthday Books submitted by Constance Greaves, C. T. Down, and Percival Dacre. There are a certain number of competitors who still take no notice of the season in which the months fall, and others whose quotations are much too long.

No. II.—The prize-winning entries in each Class were very well executed drawings from life, the sketches in Class II. being particularly good.

No. III.—The "Essay" Comp. appears to be as popular as ever, and a high standard is maintained, in Class I. especially. The favourite subjects chosen this month were the Battles of Crecy, Blenheim, and the Nile, the Birth of Sir Walter Scott, and the Visit of the French Fleet.

No. IV.—Some very clever photographic studies were submitted in all Classes.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Eyre S. Carter, Manor Farm, Farborough, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harry Lawler, John H. Patrick, Roland M. Young, Eileen D. E. Harland, Harold C. Machon, F. W. Gillatt, David M. Berry.

No. IV.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Harry W. Witcombe, Castlebrook, Holland Road, Maidstone.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Robert M. Williams, (jun.) F. Herbert, the Rev. H. D. Nicholson, M.A., M. J. C. Simpson, George Milne, Constance N. Daly, Charles F. Shaw, R. W. Copeman, Mrs. Herbert Bindley, George H. Durnford.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Bernard Meldrum, "Eversley," Bowdon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ernest Townsend, W. J. Watt, G. S. B. Cushnie, D. Douglas Wilson, H. J. Hutchings, Percy E. Klitz, Edgar Goodman, M. R. Eaton, E. W. Blyth.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Winitfred G. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, co. Down, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. Russell Sadd, T. A. Pimm, Morley Copeman, A. E. Chard, Stanley Broughton, George T. Cargey, Arthur W. Fox, G. F. Stephenson, L. Foster, W. A. Page, T. H. Stern, George F. Bourne.

No. V.—"Fill-ups"

(No age limit.)
WINNERS OF **SIX-SHILLING BOOKS**: Ethel M. Kempson, 27 Bristol Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; James Bland, 6 Windsor Street, Glasgow; L. W. Butler, Vesey House, Sutton Coldfield, nr. Birmingham; Kathleen Palethorpe, Saleby Grange, Alford, Lincs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Maud M. Lyne, W. F. Curtis, L. Caldicoth, W. E. Turner, Edgar A. Peers, Ursula M. Peek, W. A. L. Grouou, S. B. Wood, Rev. H. Percival Harris, William J. Allum, Marian Hewitt, H. D. Ryalls.

No. VI.—"Twelve Best Advertisements."

(No age limit.)
WINNERS OF 5s.: Albert Albrow, 43 Hinton Road, Loughboro' Junction, S.F.; S. J. Buttfield, 30 Kilmorie Road, Forest Hill, S.E.; William Smith, 38 Colchester Terrace, Sunderland; Reginald I. Bucknell, 38 Dunster Gardens, Brondesbury, N.W.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Hildred Baker, W. H. Warren, J. W. Smith, A. M. Cox, T. V. Tupholme, M. B. Leamon, Norah Disney, Maud Maitland, Percy T. Lovejoy, Percy Moynihan, H. Easton, W. Seymour Harvie, C. Clarke.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(July.)

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: H. A. Lindo, Bank of Nova Scotia, Kingston, Jamaica.

HONOURABLE MENTION.—W. J. Perrott (Cape Town), H. Morris, J. G. Ke'shall, S. Westmore James (Trinidad), H. Goodbrand (Natal), M. W. Rosenthal (Transvaal).

No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: H. Morris, Moulton Hall School, Trinidad.

HONOURABLE MENTION.—M. W. Rosenthal.
No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: Sybil E. Hastings, Amraoti Camp, Berar, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION.—B. Smellie (India), L. H. Burket (Canada), Fitzherbert Howell.

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: Fitzherbert Howell, 62 Henry Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

HONOURABLE MENTION.—R. H. Tucker (India), Katie Whitman (Canada), E. J. W. Clements (China).

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: Frank Briery, 13 Stanmore Avenue, Port of Spain, Trinidad.

HONOURABLE MENTION.—G. F. Proctor (Trinidad).

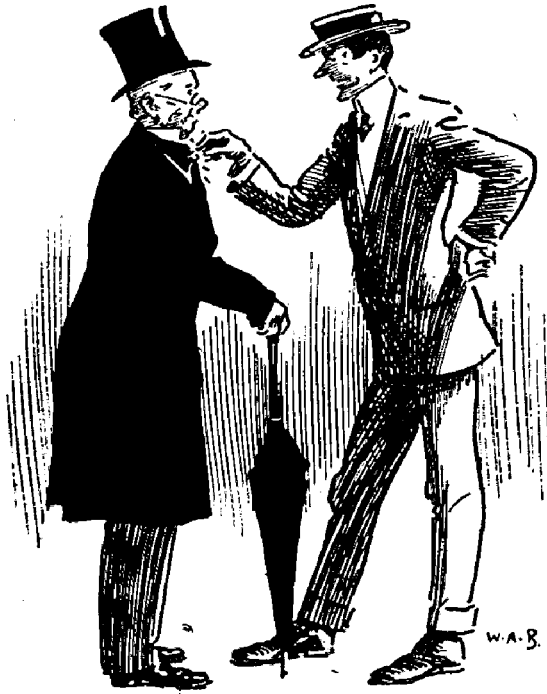
No. V.—A number of interesting selections from all kinds of sources were sent in, and the task of discrimination was no easy one. The prize-winning quotations were taken from "Rodney Stoe," Henry Newbolt's poems, Lubbock's "Use of Life," and "Selections from Charles Kingsley."

No. VI.—The winning list of most popular advertisements, decided by vote, is as follows:

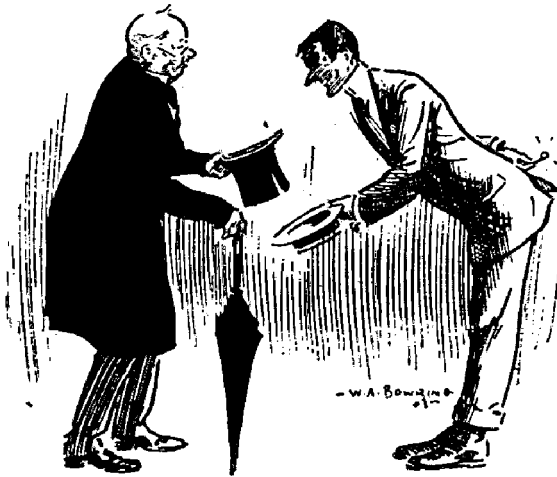
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|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| (1) Nestlé's Milk. | (7) Rowntree's Cocoa. |
| (2) Pears' Soap. | (8) Peter's Milk Chocolate. |
| (3) Oxo. | (9) Black Cat Cigarettes. |
| (4) Bovril. | (10) Sunlight Soap. |
| (5) Reid's Stout. | (11) Hoe's Sauce. |
| (6) Bird's Custard Powder. | (12) Lloyd's News. |

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

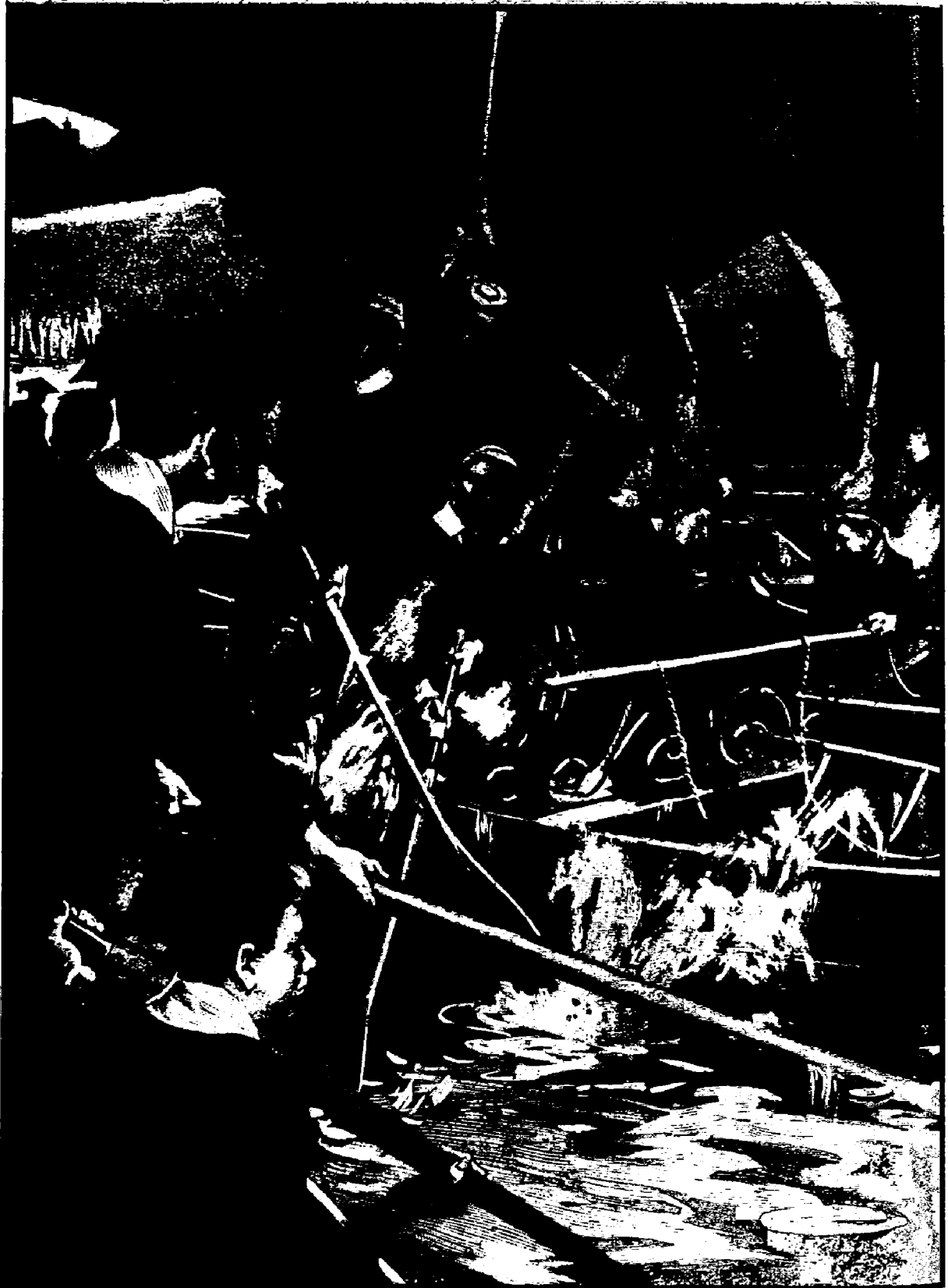
SO KIND!



MR. SNATCHET: "Excuse me, sir—your diamond pin is coming out."



THE UNSUSPECTING OLD FAG'S BROTHER: "Thank you so much; I might have lost it. Good day, sir."



AMID SHRIEKS OF APPROVAL, OARS BEGAN TO STRIKE THE WATER, AND THE WATER
BEGAN TO FLY OVER THE WRYKYN BOATS.

[See page 110.]

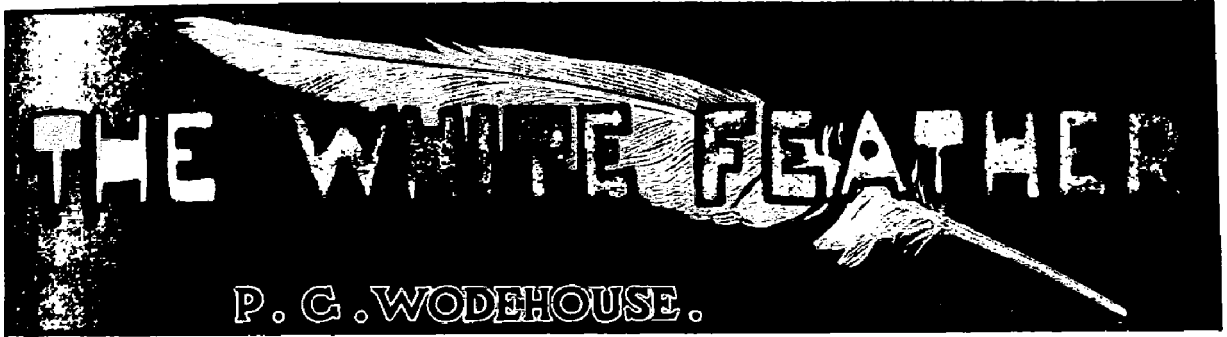
THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIV.

NOVEMBER, 1905

No. 80.



Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SYNOPSIS.

Wrykyn School is experiencing a season of athletic slackness after a year of phenomenal success—much to the disgust of Allardyce, captain of football, who appears to be in command of a team of degenerates. The conduct of the school generally is also unsatisfactory, frequent rows with the "town" taking place over an impending Parliamentary election, in which one of the school governors is a candidate in the Conservative interest. While one of these School and Town fights is in progress in the High Street, Drummond, the best boxer in the school, and Sheen, his friend—both members of the Sixth—come upon the scene, but while Drummond hastens to help the Wrykinians, Sheen turns tail and slinks away.

CHAPTER V.

THE WHITE FEATHER.

IT was not until he had reached his study that Sheen thoroughly realised what he had done. All the way home he had been defending himself eloquently against an imaginary accuser; and he had built up a very sound, thoughtful, and logical series of arguments to show that he was not only not to blame for what he had done, but had acted in a highly statesmanlike and praiseworthy manner. After all, he was in the sixth. Not a prefect, it was true, but, still, practically a prefect. The headmaster disliked unpleasantness between school and town, much more so between the sixth form of the school and the town. Therefore, he had done his duty in refusing to be drawn into a fight with Albert and friends. Besides,

why—should he be expected to join in whenever he saw a couple of fellows fighting? It wasn't reasonable. It was no business of his. Why, it was absurd. He had no quarrel with those fellows. It wasn't cowardice. It was simply that he had kept his head better than Drummond, and seen further into the matter. Besides. . . .

But when he sat down in his chair, this mood changed. There is a vast difference between the view one takes of things when one is walking briskly, and that which comes when one thinks the thing over coldly. As he sat there, the wall of defence which he had built up slipped away brick by brick, and there was the fact staring at him, without covering or disguise.

It was no good arguing against himself. No amount of argument could wipe away the truth. He had been afraid, and had shown it. And he had shown it when, in a sense, he was representing the school, when Wrykyn looked to him to help it keep its end up against the town.

The more he reflected, the more he saw how far-reaching were the consequences of that failure in the hour of need. He had disgraced himself. He had disgraced Seymour's. He had disgraced the school. He was an out-cast.

This mood, the natural reaction from his first glow of almost jaunty self-righteousness, lasted till the lock-up bell rang, when it was succeeded by another. This time he took a



more reasonable view of the affair. It occurred to him that there was a chance that his defection had passed unnoticed. Nothing could make his case seem better in his own eyes, but it might be that the thing would end there. The house might not have lost credit.

An overwhelming curiosity seized him to find out how it had all ended. The ten minutes of grace which followed the ringing of the lock-up bell had passed. Drummond and the rest must be back by now.

He went down the passage to Drummond's study. Somebody was inside. He could hear him.

He knocked at the door.

Drummond was sitting at the table, reading. He looked up, and there was a silence. Sheen's mouth felt dry. He could not think how to begin. He noticed that Drummond's face was unmarked. Looking down, he saw that one of the knuckles of the hand that held the book was swollen and cut.

"Drummond, I——"

Drummond lowered the book.

"Get out," he said. He spoke without heat, calmly, as if he were making some conventional remark by way of starting a conversation.

"I only came to ask——"

"Get out," said Drummond again.

There was another pause. Drummond raised his book and went on reading.

Sheen left the room.

Outside he ran into Linton. Unlike Drummond, Linton bore marks of the encounter. As in the case of the hero of Calverley's poem, one of his speaking eyes was sable. The swelling of his lip was increased. There was a deep red bruise on his forehead. In spite of these injuries, however, he was cheerful. He was whistling when Sheen collided with him.

"Sorry," said Linton, and went on into the study.

"Well," he said, "how are you feeling, Drummond? Lucky beggar, you haven't got a mark. I wish I could duck like you. Well, we have fought the good fight. Exit Albert—sweep him up. You gave him enough to last him for the rest of the term. I couldn't tackle the brute. He's as strong as a horse. My word, it was lucky you happened to come up. Albert was making hay of us. Still, all's well that ends well. We have smitten the Philistines this day. By the way——"

"What's up now?"

"Who was that chap with you when you came up?"

"Which chap?"

"I thought I saw some one."

"You shouldn't eat so much tea. You saw double."

"There wasn't anybody?"

"No," said Drummond.

"Not Sheen?"

"No," said Drummond, irritably. "How many more times do you want me to say it?"

"All right," said Linton, "I only asked. I met him outside."

"Who?"

"Sheen."

"Oh?"

"You might be sociable."

"I know I might. But I want to read."

"Lucky man. Wish I could. I can hardly see. Well, good-bye, then. I'm off."

"Good," grunted Drummond. "You know your way out, don't you?"

Linton went back to his own study.

"It's all very well," he said to himself, "for Drummond to deny it, but I'll swear I saw Sheen with him. So did Dunstable. I'll cut out and ask him about it after prep. If he really was there, and cut off, something ought to be done about it. The chap ought to be kicked. He's a disgrace to the house."

Dunstable, questioned after preparation, refused to commit himself.

"I thought I saw somebody with Drummond," he said, "and I had a sort of idea it was Sheen. Still, I was pretty busy at the time, and wasn't paying much attention to anything except that long, thin bargee with the bowler. I wish those men would hit straight. It's beastly difficult to guard a round-arm swing. My right ear feels like a cauliflower. Does it look rum?"

"Beastly. But what about this? You can't swear to Sheen, then?"

"No. Better give him the benefit of the doubt. What does Drummond say? You ought to ask him."

"I have. He says he was alone."

"Well, that settles it. What an ass you are. If Drummond doesn't know, who does?"

"I believe he's simply hushing it up."

"Well, let us hush it up, too. It's no good bothering about it. We licked them all right."

"But it's such a beastly thing for the house."

"Then why the dickens do you want it to get about? Surely the best thing you can do is to dry up and say nothing about it."

"But something ought to be done."

"What's the good of troubling about a man like Sheen? He never was any good. and this doesn't make him very much worse. Besides, he'll probably be sick enough on his

own account. I know I should, if I'd done it. And, anyway, we don't know that he did do it."

"I'm certain he did. I could swear it was him."

"Anyhow, for goodness' sake let the thing drop."

"All right. But I shall cut him."

"Well, that would be punishment enough for anybody, whatever he'd done. Fancy existence without your bright conversation. It doesn't bear thinking of. You do look a freak with that eye and that lump on your forehead. You ought to wear a mask."

"That ear of yours," said Linton with satisfaction, "will be about three times its ordinary size to-morrow. And it always was too large. Good-night."

On his way back to Seymour's, Mason, of Appleby's, who was standing at his house gate imbibing fresh air preparatory to going to bed, accosted him.

"I say, Linton," he said, "—hullo, you look a wreck, don't you!— I say, what's all this about your house?"

"What about my house?"

"Funking, and all that. Sheen, you know. Stanning has just been telling me."

"Then he saw him, too!" exclaimed Linton, involuntarily.

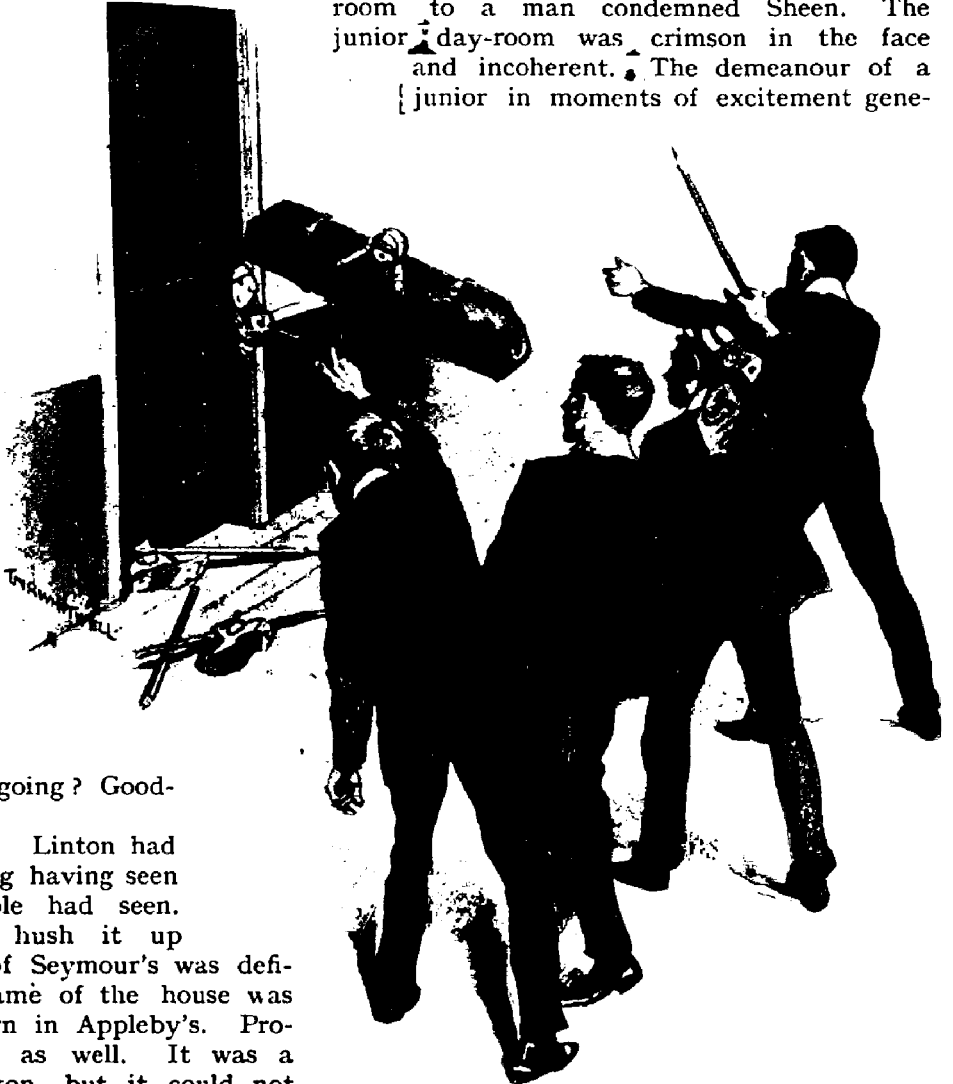
"Oh, it's true, then? Did he really cut off like that? Stanning said he did, but I wouldn't believe him at first. You aren't going? Good-night."

So the thing was out. Linton had not counted on Stanning having seen what he and Dunstable had seen. It was impossible to hush it up now. The scutcheon of Seymour's was definitely blotted. The name of the house was being held up to scorn in Appleby's. Probably everywhere else as well. It was a nuisance, thought Linton, but it could not be helped. After all, it was a judgment on

the house for harbouring such a specimen as Sheen.

In Seymour's there was tumult and an impromptu indignation meeting. Stanning had gone to work scientifically. From the moment that, ducking under the guard of a sturdy town youth, he had caught sight of Sheen retreating from the fray, he had grasped the fact that here, ready-made, was his chance of working off his grudge against him. All he had to do was to spread the news abroad, and the school would do the rest. On his return from the town he had mentioned the facts of the case to one or two of the more garrulous members of his house, and they had passed it on to everybody they met during the interval in the middle of preparation. By the end of preparation half the school knew what had happened.

Seymour's was furious. The senior day-room to a man condemned Sheen. The junior day-room was crimson in the face and incoherent. The demeanour of a junior in moments of excitement gene-



THEY HOVE FOOTBALL-BOOTS AND CRICKET STUMPS AT THE DOOR.



rally lacks that repose which marks the philosopher.

"He ought to be kicked," shrilled Renford.

"We shall get rotted by those kids in Dexter's," moaned Harvey.

"Disgracing the house!" thundered Watson.

"Let's go and chuck things at his door," suggested Renford.

A move was made to the passage in which Sheen's study was situated, and, with divers groans and howls, the junior day-room hove football boots and cricket stumps at the door.

The success of the meeting, however, was entirely neutralised by the fact that in the same passage stood the study of Rigby, the head of the house. Also Rigby was trying at the moment to turn into idiomatic Greek verse the words: "The Days of Peace and Slumberous Calm have fled," and this corroboration of the statement annoyed him to the extent of dashing out of his room and sowing lines among the revellers like some monarch scattering largesse. The junior day-room retired to its lair to inveigh against the brutal ways of those in authority and begin working off the commission it had received.

The howls in the passage were the first official intimation Sheen had received that his shortcomings were public property. The word "Funk!" shouted through his keyhole, had not unnaturally given him an inkling as to the state of affairs.

So Drummond had given him away, he thought. Probably he had told Linton the whole story the moment after he (Sheen) had met the latter at the door of the study. And perhaps he was now telling it to the rest of the house. Of all the mixed sensations from which he suffered as he went to his dormitory that night, one of resentment against Drummond was the keenest.

Sheen was in the fourth dormitory, where the majority of the junior day-room slept. He was in the position of a sort of extra house prefect as far as the dormitory was concerned. It was a large dormitory, and Mr. Seymour had fancied that it might, perhaps, be something of a handful for a single prefect. As a matter of fact, however, Drummond, who was in charge, had shown early in the term that he was more than capable of managing the place single handed. He was popular and determined. The dormitory was orderly partly because it liked him, principally because it had to be.

He had an opportunity of exhibiting his powers of control that night. When Sheen

came in, the room was full. Drummond was in bed, reading his novel. The other ornaments of the dormitory were in various stages of undress.

As Sheen appeared, a sudden hissing broke out from the further corner of the room. Sheen flushed, and walked to his bed. The hissing increased in volume and richness.

"Shut up that noise," said Drummond, without looking up from his book.

The hissing diminished. Only two or three of the more reckless kept it up.

Drummond looked across the room at them.

"Stop that noise, and get into bed," he said quietly.

The hissing ceased. He went on with his book again.

Silence reigned in dormitory four.

CHAPTER VI.

ALBERT REDIVIVUS.

BY murdering in cold blood a large and respected family, and afterwards depositing their bodies in a reservoir, one may gain, we are told, much unpopularity in the neighbourhood of one's crime; while robbing a church will get one cordially disliked, especially by the vicar. But, to be really an outcast, to feel that one has no friend in the world, one must break an important public-school commandment.

Sheen had always been something of a hermit. In his most sociable moments he had never had more than one or two friends; but he had never before known what it meant to be completely isolated. It was like living in a world of ghosts, or, rather, like being a ghost in a living world. That disagreeable experience of being looked through, as if one were invisible, comes to the average person, it may be, half a dozen times in his life. Sheen had to put up with it a hundred times a day. People who were talking to one another stopped when he appeared, and waited until he had passed on before beginning again. Altogether, he was made to feel that he had done for himself, that, as far as the life of the school was concerned, he did not exist.

There had been some talk, particularly in the senior day-room, of more active measures. It was thought that nothing less than a court-martial could meet the case. But the house prefects had been against it. Sheen was in the sixth, and, however monstrous and unspeakable might have been his acts, it would hardly do to treat him as if he were a junior.

And the scheme had been definitely discouraged by Drummond, who had stated, without wrapping the gist of his remarks in elusive phrases, that in the event of a court-martial being held he would interview the president of the same and knock his head off. So Seymour's had fallen back on the punishment which from their earliest beginnings the public schools have meted out to their criminals. They had cut Sheen dead.

In a way Sheen benefited from this ex-communication. Now that he could not even play fives, for want of an opponent, there was nothing left for him to do but work. Fortunately, he had an object. The Gotford would be coming on in a few weeks, and the more work he could do for it, the better. Though Stanning was the only one of his rivals whom he feared, and though *he* was known to be taking very little trouble over the matter, it was best to run as few risks as possible. Stanning was one of those people who produce great results in their work without seeming to do anything for them.

So Sheen shut himself up in his study and ground grimly away at his books; and for exercise went for cross-country walks. It was a monotonous kind of existence. For the space of a week the only Wrykinian who spoke a single word to him was Bruce, the son of the Conservative candidate for Wrykyn: and Bruce's conversation had been limited to two remarks. He had said, "You might play that again, will you?" and, later, "Thanks." He had come into the music room while Sheen was practising one afternoon, and had sat down, without speaking, on a chair by the door. When Sheen had played for the second time the piece which had won his approval, Bruce thanked him and left the room. As the solitary break in the monotony of the week, Sheen remembered the incident rather vividly.

Since the great rout of Albert and his minions outside Cook's, things, as far as the seniors were concerned, had been quiet between school and town. Linton and Dunstable had gone to and from Cook's two days in succession without let or hindrance. It was generally believed that, owing to the unerring way in which he had put his head in front of Drummond's left on that memorable occasion, the scarlet-haired one was at present dry-docked for repairs. The story in the school—it had grown with the days—was that Drummond had laid the enemy out on the pavement with a sickening crash, and that he had still been there at, so to speak, the close of play.

As a matter of fact, Albert was in excellent shape, and only an unfortunate previous engagement had prevented him from ranging the streets near Cook's as before. Sir William Bruce was addressing a meeting in another part of the town, and Albert thought it his duty to be on hand to boo.

In the junior portion of the school the feud with the town was brisk. Mention has been made of a certain St. Jude's, between which seat of learning and the fags of Dexter's and the School House there was a spirited vendetta.

Jackson, of Dexter's, was one of the pillars of the movement. Jackson was

a calm-brow'd lad,

Yet mad, at moments, as a hatter,

and he derived a great deal of pleasure from warring against St. Jude's. It helped him to enjoy his meals. He slept the better for it. After a little turn-up with a Judy he was fuller of that spirit of manly fortitude and forbearance so necessary to those whom Fate brought frequently into contact with Mr. Dexter. The Judies wore mortar-boards, and it was an enjoyable pastime sending these spinning into space during one of the usual *rencontres* in the High Street. From the fact that he and his friends were invariably outnumbered, there was a sporting element in these affairs, though occasionally this inferiority of numbers was the cause of his executing a scientific retreat with the enemy harassing his men up to the very edge of the town. This had happened on the last occasion. There had been casualties. No fewer than six house-caps had fallen into the enemy's hands, and he himself had been tripped up and rolled in a puddle.

• He burned to avenge this disaster

"Coming down to Cook's?" he said to his ally, Painter. It was just a week since the Sheen episode.

"All right," said Painter.

"Suppose we go by the High Street," suggested Jackson, casually.

"Then we'd better get a few more chaps," said Painter.

A few more chaps were collected, and the party, numbering eight, set off for the town. There were present such stalwarts as Borwick and Crowle, both of Dexter's, and Tomlin, of the School House, a useful man to have by you in an emergency. It was Tomlin who, on one occasion, attacked by two terrific champions of St. Jude's in a narrow passage, had vanquished them both and sent their



mortar-boards miles into the empyrean, so that they were never the same mortar-boards again, but wore ever after a bruised and draggled look.

The expedition passed down the High Street without adventure, until by common consent it stopped at the lofty wall which bounded the playground of St. Jude's.

From the other side of the wall came sounds of revelry, shrill squealings and shoutings. The Judies were disporting themselves at one of their weird games. It was known that they played touch-last, and Scandal said that another of their favourite recreations was marbles. The juniors at Wrykyn believed that it was to hide these excesses from the gaze of the public that the playground wall had been made so high. Eye witnesses, who had peeped through the door in the said wall, reported that what the Judies seemed to do mostly was to chase one another about the playground, shrieking at the top of their voices. But, they added, this was probably a mere ruse to divert suspicion. They had almost certainly got the marbles in their pockets all the time.

The expedition stopped, and looked itself in the face.

"How about buzzing something at them?" said Jackson earnestly.

"You can get oranges over the road," said Tomlin in his helpful way.

Jackson vanished into the shop indicated, and re-appeared a few moments later with a brown paper bag.

"It seems a beastly waste," suggested the economical Painter.

"That's all right," said Jackson, "they're all bad. The man thought I was rotting him when I asked if he'd got any bad oranges, but I got them at last. Give us a leg-up, some one."

Willing hands urged him to the top of the wall. He drew out a green orange, and threw it.

There was a sudden silence on the other side of the wall. Then a howl of wrath went up to the heavens. Jackson rapidly emptied his bag.

"Got him!" he exclaimed, as the last orange sped on its way. "Look out, they're coming."

The expedition had begun to move off with



WILLING HANDS URGED HIM TO THE TOP OF THE WALL.

quiet dignity, when from the doorway in the wall there poured forth a stream of mortar-boarded warriors, shrieking defiance. The expedition advanced to meet them.

As usual, the Judies had the advantage in numbers, and, filled to the brim with righteous indignation, they were proceeding to make things uncommonly warm for the invaders—Painter had lost his cap, and Tomlin three waistcoat buttons—when the eye of Jackson, roving up and down the street, was caught by a Seymour's cap. He was about to shout for

assistance when he perceived that the newcomer was Sheen, and refrained. It was no use, he felt, asking Sheen for help.

But just as Sheen arrived and the ranks of the expedition were beginning to give way before the strenuous onslaught of the Judies, the latter, almost with one accord, turned and bolted into their playground again. Looking round, Tomlin, that first of generals, saw the reason, and uttered a warning.

A mutual foe had appeared. From a passage on the left of the road there had debouched on to the field of action Albert himself and two of his band.

The expedition flew without false shame. It is to be doubted whether one of Albert's calibre would have troubled to attack such small game, but it was the firm opinion of the Wrykyn fags and the Judies that he and his men were to be avoided.

The newcomers did not pursue them. They contented themselves with shouting at them. One of the band threw a stone.

Then they caught sight of Sheen.

Albert said, "Oo er!" and advanced at the double. His companions followed him.

Sheen watched them come, and backed against the wall. His heart was thumping furiously. He was in for it now, he felt. He had come down to the town with this very situation in his mind. A wild idea of doing something to restore his self-respect and his credit in the eyes of the house had driven him to the High Street. But now that the crisis had actually arrived he would have given much to have been in his study again.

Albert was quite close now. Sheen could see the marks which had resulted from his interview with Drummond. With all his force Sheen hit out, and experienced a curious thrill as his fist went home. It was a poor blow from a scientific point of view, but Sheen's fives had given him muscle, and it checked Albert. That youth, however, recovered rapidly, and the next few moments passed in a whirl for Sheen. He received a stinging blow on his left ear and another which deprived him of his whole stock of breath, and then he was on the ground, conscious only of a wish to stay there for ever.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. JOE BEVAN.

ALMOST involuntarily he staggered up to receive another blow which sent him down again.

"That'll do," said a voice.

Sheen got up, panting. Between him and

his assailant stood a short, sturdy man in a tweed suit. He was waving Albert back, and Albert appeared to be dissatisfied. He was arguing hotly with the newcomer.

"Now, you go away," said that worthy, mildly, "just you go away."

Albert gave it as his opinion that the speaker would do well not to come interfering in what didn't concern him. What he wanted, asserted Albert, was a thick ear.

"Coming pushing yourself in," added Albert querulously.

"You go away," repeated the stranger. "You go away. I don't want to have trouble with you."

Albert's reply was to hit out with his left hand in the direction of the speaker's face. The stranger, without fuss, touched the back of Albert's wrist gently with the palm of his right hand, and Albert, turning round in a circle, ended the manoeuvre with his back towards his opponent. He faced round again irresolutely. The thing had surprised him.

"You go away," said the other, as if he were making the observation for the first time.

"It's Joe Bevan," said one of Albert's friends, excitedly.

Albert's jaw fell. His freckled face paled.

"You go away," repeated the man in the tweed suit, whose conversation seemed inclined to run in a groove.

This time Albert took the advice. His friends had already taken it.

"Thanks," said Sheen.

"Beware," said Mr. Bevan oracularly, "of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee. Always counter back when you guard. When a man shows you his right like that, always push out your left hand straight. The straight left rules the boxing world. Feeling better, sir?"

"Yes, thanks."

"He got that right in just on the spot. I was watching. When you see a man coming to hit you with his right like that, don't you draw back. Get on top of him. He can't hit you then."

That feeling of utter collapse which is the immediate result of a blow in the parts about the waistcoat was beginning to pass away, and Sheen now felt capable of taking an interest in sublunary matters once more. His ear smarted horribly, and when he put up a hand and felt it the pain was so great that he could barely refrain from uttering a cry. But, however physically battered he might be, he was feeling happier and more satisfied with



BEVAN, WITHOUT FUSS, TOUCHED THE BACK OF HIS WRIST GENTLY WITH THE PALM OF HIS HAND, AND ALBERT TURNED ROUND IN A CIRCLE.

himself than he had felt for years. He had been beaten, but he had fought his best, and not given in. Some portion of his self-respect came back to him as he reviewed the late encounter.

Mr. Bevan regarded him approvingly.

"He was too heavy for you," he said. "He's a good twelve stone, I make it. I should put you at ten stone—say ten stone three. Call it nine stone twelve in condition. But you've got pluck, sir."

Sheen opened his eyes at this surprising statement.

"Some I've met would have laid down after getting that first hit, but you got up again. That's the secret of fighting. Always keep going on. Never give in. You know what Shakespeare says about the one who first cries 'Hold, enough!' Do you read Shakespeare, sir?"

"Yes," said Sheen.

"Ah, now *he* knew his business," said Mr. Bevan enthusiastically. "There was ringcraft, as you may say. *He* wasn't a novice."

Sheen agreed that Shakespeare had written some good things in his time.

"That's what you want to remember. Always keep going on, as the saying is. I was fighting Dick Roberts at the National—an American, he was, from San Francisco. He come at me with his right stretched out, and I think he's going to hit me with it, when blessed if his left don't come out instead, and, my Golly! it nearly knocked a passage through me. Just where that fellow hit you, sir, he hit me. It was just at the end of the round, and I went back to my corner.

Jim Blake was seconding me. 'What's this, Jim?' I says, 'is the man mad, or what?' 'Why,'

he says, 'he's left-handed, that's what's the matter. Get on top of him.' 'Get on top of him?' I says. 'My Golly, I'll get on top of the roof if he's going to hit me another of those.' But I kept on, and got close to him, and he couldn't get in another of them, and he give in after the seventh round."

"What competition was that?" asked Sheen.

Mr. Bevan laughed. "It was a twenty-round contest, sir, for seven-fifty aside and the Light Weight Championship of the World."

Sheen looked at him in astonishment. He had always imagined professional pugilists to be bullet-headed and beetle-browed to a man. He was not prepared for one of Mr. Joe Bevan's description. For all the marks of his profession that he bore on his face, in



the shape of lumps and scars, he might have been a curate. His face looked tough, and his eyes harboured always a curiously alert, questioning expression, as if he were perpetually "sizing up" the person he was addressing. But otherwise he was like other men. He seemed also to have a pretty taste in Literature. This, combined with his strong and capable air, attracted Sheen. Usually he was shy and ill at ease with strangers. Joe Bevan he felt he had known all his life.

"Do you still fight?" he asked.

"No," said Mr. Bevan, "I gave it up. A man finds he's getting on, as the saying is, and it don't do to keep at it too long. I teach and I train, but I don't fight now."

A sudden idea flashed across Sheen's mind. He was still glowing with that pride which those who are accustomed to work with their brains feel when they have gone honestly through some labour of the hands. At that moment he felt himself capable of fighting the world and beating it. The small point, that Albert had knocked him out of time in less than a minute, did not damp him at all. He had started on the right road. He had done something. He had stood up to his man till he could stand no longer. An unlimited vista of action stretched before him. He had tasted the pleasures of the fight, and he wanted more.

Why, he thought, should he not avail himself of Joe Bevan's services to help him put himself right in the eyes of the house? At the end of the term, shortly before the Public Schools' Competitions at Aldershot, inter-house boxing cups were competed for at Wrykyn. It would be a dramatic act of reparation to the house if he could win the light-weight cup for it. His imagination, jumping wide gaps, did not admit the possibility of his not being good enough to win it. In the scene which he conjured up in his mind he was an easy victor. After all, there was the greater part of the term to learn in, and he would have a Champion of the World to teach him.

Mr. Bevan cut in on his reflections as if he had heard them by some process of wireless telegraphy.

"Now, look here, sir," he said, "you should let me give you a few lessons. You're plucky, but you don't know the game as yet. And boxing's a thing every one ought to know. Supposition is, you're crossing a field or going down a street with your sweetheart or your wife——"

Sheen was neither engaged nor married, but he let the point pass.

—"And up comes one of these hooligans, as they call 'em. What are you going to do if he starts his games? Why, nothing, if you can't box. You may be plucky, but you can't beat him. And if you beat him you'll get half murdered yourself. What you want to do is to learn to box, and then what happens? Why, as soon as he sees you shaping, he says to himself, 'Hullo, this chap knows too much for me. I'm off,' and off he runs. Or, supposition is, he comes for you. You don't mind. Not you. You give him one punch in the right place, and then you go off to your tea, leaving him lying there. He won't get up."

"I'd like to learn," said Sheen. "I should be awfully obliged if you'd teach me. I wonder if you could make me any good by the end of the term. The House Competitions come off then."

"That all depends, sir. It comes easier to some than others. If you know how to shoot your left out straight, that's as good as six months' teaching. After that it's all ring-craft. The straight left beats the world."

"Where shall I find you?"

"I'm training a young chap—eight stone seven, and he's got to get down to eight stone four, for a bantam weight match—at an inn up the river here. I daresay you know it, sir. Or any one would tell you where it is. The 'Blue Boar,' it's called. You come there any time you like to name, sir, and you'll find me."

"I should like to come every day," said Sheen. "Would that be too often?"

"Oftener the better, sir. You can't practise too much."

"Then I'll start next week. Thanks very much. By the way, I shall have to go by boat, I suppose. It isn't far, is it? I've not been up the river for some time. The school generally goes down stream."

"It's not what you'd call far," said Bevan. "But it would be easier for you to come by road."

"I haven't a bicycle."

"Wouldn't one of your friends lend you one?" Sheen flushed. It was hardly likely.

"No, I'd better come by boat, I think. I'll turn up on Tuesday at about five. Will that suit you?"

"Yes, sir. That will be a good time. Then I'll say good-bye, sir, for the present."

Sheen went back to his house in a different mood from the one in which he had left it. He did not care now when the other Seymourites looked through him.

In the passage he met Linton, and grinned pleasantly at him.

"What the dickens was that man grinning at?" said Linton to himself. "I must have a smut or something on my face."

But a close inspection in the dormitory looking-glass revealed no blemish on his handsome features.

Sheen had smiled at his thoughts.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NAVAL BATTLE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WHAT a go is life!

Let us examine the case of Jackson, of Dexter's. O'Hara, who had left Dexter's at the end of the summer term, had once complained to Clowes of the manner in which his housemaster treated him, and Clowes had remarked in his melancholy way that it was nothing less than a breach of the law that Dexter should persist in leading a fellow a dog's life without buying a dog licence for him.

That was precisely how Jackson felt on the subject.

Things became definitely unbearable on the day after Sheen's interview with Mr. Joe Bevan.

'Twas morn—to begin at the beginning—and Jackson sprang from his little cot to embark on the labours of the day. Unfortunately, he sprang ten minutes too late and came down to breakfast about the time of the second slice of bread and marmalade. Result, a hundred lines. Proceeding to school, he had again fallen foul of his housemaster—in whose form he was—over a matter of unprepared Livy. As a matter of fact, Jackson had prepared the Livy. Or, rather, he had not absolutely prepared it; but he had meant to. But it was Mr. Templar's preparation, and Mr. Templar was short-sighted. Any one will understand, therefore, that it would have been simply chucking away the gifts of Providence if he had not gone on with the novel which he had been reading up till the last moment before prep-time, and had brought along with him accidentally, as it were. It was a book called *A Spoiler of Men*, by Mr. Richard Marsh, and was thick with crime and desperate deed. It was Hot Stuff. Much better than Livy. . . .

Lunch Score—Two hundred lines.

During lunch he had the misfortune to upset a glass of water. Pure accident, of course, but there it was, don't you know, all over the table.

Mr. Dexter had called him:

(a) clumsy;

(b) a pig;

and had given him

(1) Advice—"You had better be careful, Jackson."

(2) A present—"Two hundred lines, Jackson."

On the match being resumed at two o'clock, with four hundred lines on the score-sheet, he had played a fine, free game during afternoon school, and Mr. Dexter, who objected to fine, free games—or, indeed, any games—during school hours, had increased the total to six hundred, when stumps were drawn for the day.

So on a bright, sunny Saturday afternoon, when he should have been out in the field cheering the house team on to victory against the School House, Jackson sat in the junior day-room at Dexter's copying out Virgil, *Aeneid* Two.

To him, later on in the afternoon, when he had finished half his task, entered Painter, with the news that Dexter's had taken thirty points off the School House just after half-time.

"Mopped them up," said the terse and epigrammatic Painter. "Made rings round them. Haven't you finished yet? Well, chuck it, and come out."

"What's on?" asked Jackson.

"We're going to have a boat race."

"Pile it on."

"We are really. Fact. Some of those School House kids are awfully sick about the match, and challenged us. That chap Tomlin thinks he can row."

"He can't row for nuts," said Jackson. "He doesn't know which end of the oar to shove into the water. I've seen cats that could row better than Tomlin."

"That's what I told him. At least, I said he couldn't row for toffee, so he said all right I bet I can lick you, and I said I betted he couldn't, and he said all right, then, let's try, and then the other chaps wanted to join in, so we made an inter-house thing of it. And I want you to come and stroke us."

Jackson hesitated. Mr. Dexter, setting the lines on Friday, had certainly said that they were to be shown up "to-morrow evening." He had said it very loud and clear. Still, in a case like this. . . . After all, by helping to beat the School House on the river he would be giving Dexter's a leg-up. And what more could the man want?

"Right ho," said Jackson.

Down at the School boat-house the enemy

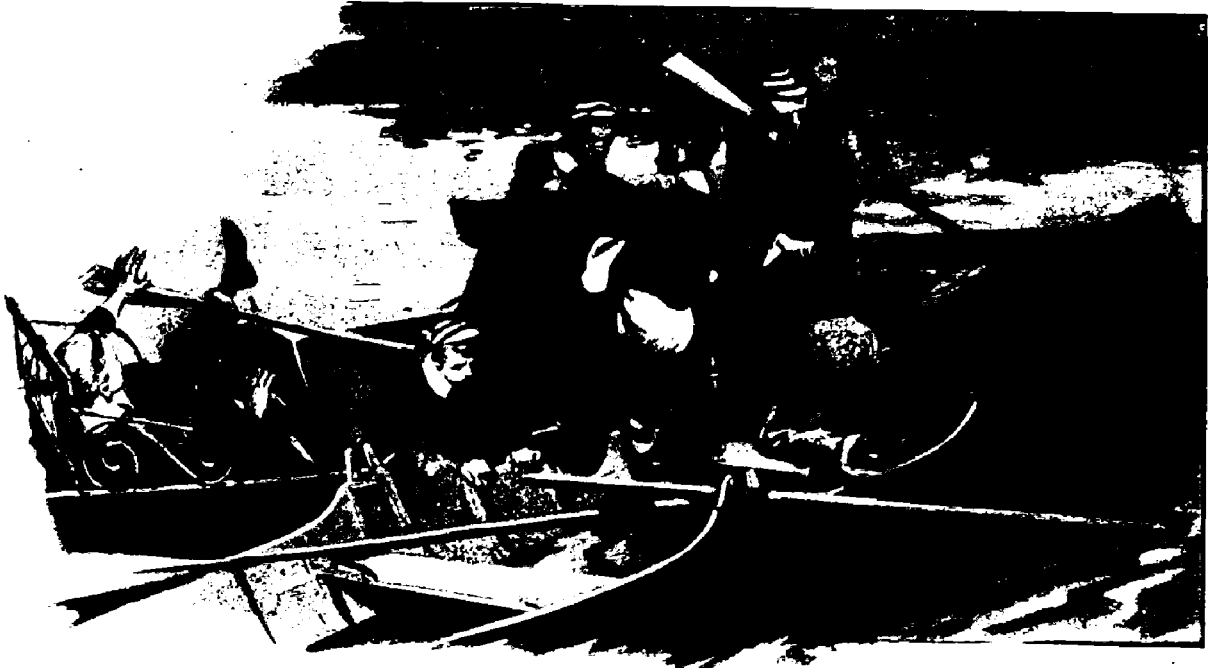
were already afloat when Painter and Jackson arrived.

"Buck up," cried the School House crew.

Dexter's embarked, five strong. There was room for two on each seat. Jackson shared the post of stroke with Painter. Crowle steered.

in the first thirty yards, Dexter's boat crept slowly ahead. By the time the island was reached, it led by a length. Encouraged by success, the leaders redoubled their already energetic efforts. Crowle sat in a shower-bath. He was even moved to speech about it.

"When you've finished," said Crowle.



[THE CREWS ROSE FROM THEIR SEATS AND GRAPPLED WITH ONE ANOTHER.]

"Ready?" asked Tomlin from the other boat.

"Half a sec.," said Jackson. "What's the course?"

"Oh, don't you know *that* yet? Up to the town, round the island just below the bridge, —the island with the croquet ground on it, *you* know—and back again here. Ready?"

"In a jiffy. Look here, Crowle, remember about steering. You pull the right line if you want to go to the right and the other if you want to go to the left."

"All right," said the injured Crowle. "As if I didn't know that."

"Thought I'd mention it. It's your fault. Nobody could tell by looking at you that you knew anything except how to eat. Ready, you chaps?"

"When I say 'Three,'" said Tomlin.

It was a subject of heated discussion between the crews for weeks afterwards whether Dexter's boat did or did not go off at the word "Two." Opinions were divided on the topic. But it was certain that Jackson and his men led from the start. Pulling a good, splashing stroke which had drenched Crowle to the skin

Jackson, intent upon repartee, caught a crab, and the School House drew level again. The two boats passed the island abreast.

Just here occurred one of those unfortunate incidents. Both crews had quickened their stroke until the boats had practically been converted into submarines, and the rival coxswains were observing bitterly to Space that this was jolly well the last time they ever let themselves in for this sort of thing, when round the island there hove in sight a flotilla of boats, directly in the path of the racers.

There were three of them, and not even the spray which played over him like a fountain could prevent Crowle from seeing that they were manned by Judies. Even on the river these outcasts wore their mortar-boards.

"Look out!" shrieked Crowle, pulling hard on his right line. "Stop rowing, you chaps. We shall be into them."

At the same moment the School House oarsmen ceased pulling. The two boats came to a halt a few yards from the enemy.

"What's up?" panted Jackson, crimson from his exertions. "Hullo, it's the Judies!"

Tomlin was parleying with the foe.

"Why the dickens can't you keep out of the way? Spoiling our race. Wait till we get ashore."

But the Judies, it seemed, were not prepared to wait even for that short space of time. A miscreant, larger than the common run of Judy, made a brief, but popular, address to his men.

"Splash them!" he said.

Instantly, amid shrieks of approval, oars began to strike the water, and the water began to fly over the Wrykyn boats, which were now surrounded. The latter were not slow to join battle with the same weapons. Homeric laughter came from the bridge above. The town bridge was a sort of loafers' club, to which the entrance fee was a screw of tobacco and the subscription an occasional remark upon the weather. Here gathered together day by day that section of the populace which resented it when they "asked for employment, and only got work instead." From morn till eve they lounged against the balustrades, surveying nature, and hoping it would be kind enough to give them some excitement that day. An occasional dog-fight found in them an eager audience. No runaway horse ever bored them. A broken-down motor-car was meat and drink to them. They had an appetite for every spectacle.

When, therefore, the water began to fly from boat to boat, kind-hearted men fetched their friends from neighbouring public-houses and craned with them over the parapet, observing the sport and commenting thereon. It was these comments that attracted Mr. Dexter's attention. When, cycling across the bridge, he found the south side of it entirely congested, and heard raucous voices urging certain unseen "little 'uns" now to "go it" and anon to "vote for Pedder," his curiosity was aroused. He dismounted, and pushed his way through the crowd until he got a clear view of what was happening below.

He was just in time to see the most stirring incident of the fight. The biggest of the Judy boats had been propelled by the current nearer and nearer to the Dexter Argo. No sooner was it within distance than Jackson, dropping his oar, grasped the side and pulled it towards him. The two boats crashed together and rocked violently as the crews rose from their seats and grappled with one another. A hurricane of laughter and applause went up from the crowd upon the bridge.

The next moment both boats were bottom upwards and drifting sluggishly down towards the island, while the crews swam like rats for the other boats.

Every Wrykinian had to learn to swim before he was allowed on the river; so that the peril of Jackson and his crew was not extreme; and it was soon speedily evident that swimming was also part of the Judy curriculum, for the shipwrecked ones were soon climbing drippingly on board the surviving ships, where they sat and made puddles and shrieked defiance at their antagonists.

This was accepted by both sides as the end of the fight, and the combatants parted without further hostilities, each fleet believing that the victory was with them.

And Mr. Dexter, mounting his bicycle again, rode home to tell the headmaster.

That evening, after preparation, the headmaster held a reception. Among distinguished visitors were Jackson, Painter, Tomlin, Crowle, and six others.

On the Monday morning the headmaster issued a manifesto to the school after prayers. He had, he said, for some time entertained the idea of placing the town out of bounds. He would do so now. No boy, unless he was a prefect, would be allowed till further notice to cross the town bridge. As regarded the river, for the future boating Wrykinians must confine their attentions to the lower river. Nobody must take a boat up-stream. The school boatman would have strict orders to see that this rule was rigidly enforced. Any breach of these bounds would, he concluded, be punished with the utmost severity.

The headmaster of Wrykyn was not a hasty man. He thought before he put his foot down. But when he did, he put it down heavily.

Sheen heard the ultimatum with dismay. He was a law-abiding person, and here he was, faced with a dilemma that made it necessary for him to choose between breaking school rules of the most important kind or pulling down all the castles he had built in the air before the mortar had had time to harden between the stones of them.

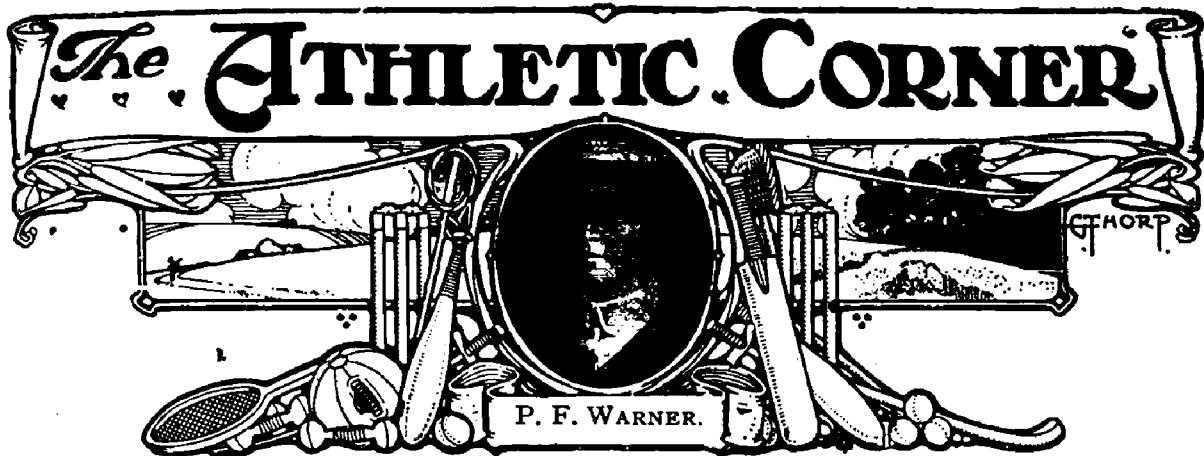
He wished he could talk it over with somebody. But he had nobody with whom he could talk over anything. He must think it out for himself.

He spent the rest of the day thinking it out, and by nightfall he had come to his decision.

Even at the expense of breaking bounds and the risk of being caught at it, he must keep his appointment with Joe Bevan. It would mean going to the town landing-stage for a boat, thereby breaking bounds twice over.

But it would have to be done.

(To be continued.)



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL AT OXFORD.

IT is the general opinion in the outside world that Association Football, however great its popularity may be elsewhere, is nevertheless losing ground at the 'Varsities, and with the popularity of a game there is generally connected the efficiency with which it is played. Whether this belief is reasonable or not it is difficult to say with any accuracy; but, judging by the receipts at the gate of the Iffley Road ground at Oxford within the past four years, the attendance, though always small and showing no signs of increasing, has maintained more or less the same standard. But to say that Association Football is unpopular is not, strictly speaking, true. It would be more correct to say that it is not as popular as it would be if Rugby Football were taken away altogether from Oxford. The facts of the case are these. The Association Football that is played at the 'Varsities is not, and under the circumstances cannot be, the best that can be seen in the land. Every now and then there is an international player on one or other side, but the general standard of efficiency is comparatively low.

'**VARSITY RUGGER IS SUPERIOR TO
'VARSITY SOCCER.**

Now, the Rugby Football played at the 'Varsities, if not the best, is, at any rate, the equal of any that is played in the kingdom, and it stands to reason that when two games are played side by side that game which most nearly approaches perfection should be the most sought after. A man cannot be always watching football matches, nor does he care to, and when he does, he watches, if possible, the best. Go a step lower, to

college football, and the opening statement is palpably untrue. The keenness at Oxford among the colleges to win the Inter-Collegiate Cup, and at Cambridge to win or rise one place in the League, is intense, as the attendance at some of their matches—which is equal to that at Rugby matches—will show. But even, for the sake of argument, say Oxford had an Association side of eleven internationals, I doubt whether the interest would increase very greatly. The answer to the problem lies in the game itself. There is probably nothing more irritating to the ordinary spectator than a bad game of Rugby, one, I mean, where the ball is kept tight in the scrimmage the whole time, and no open work is to be seen, but all agree that when the game is played openly there is nothing finer to watch. But, mind you,

**I DO NOT MEAN TO SAY THAT RUGBY
IS A FINER GAME**

than Association. Association, when properly played, is quite its equal in dash and its superior in science and skill; but as a spectacle it is inferior. Against this point it might be urged, "Yes, but having regard to the thousands who collect every Saturday to watch a league match, how can you say Rugby Football is a finer sight, especially as the attendance at a Rugby match is comparatively small?" In answer to this I say, first, that this is the case only in England. In Wales and Scotland, "Soccer" supporters are not seen in anything like such vast crowds; indeed, in Scotland, considering the population, the crowds are far greater at "Rugger" matches, and the same remark applies to Wales in an even greater degree.



C. WREFORD BROWN.

Old Carthusian; played for Oxford, 1888-89; Captained Corinthian team in South Africa, 1903. One of the finest centre-halves that ever played.
Photo. "C. B. Fry's Magazine."

This is partly due to the fact that Englishmen do not, as a rule, understand Rugby Football—at any rate, that class who go to watch league matches—and partly to the fact that in the league, besides the existence of a skilful exhibition of the game, there is the keen spirit of partisanship between the inhabitants of the different towns which attracts so many. But I have wandered off my track. Let us return to football at Oxford.

THE DIFFICULTY OF CHOOSING THE MEN.

With regard to the work of the Committee in the last few years, there was, and always will be, a great deal of complaint about the sides chosen. It is the same in all games at the 'Varsity. I do not mean the criticism that such and such a man should have been selected before some one else. There is, indeed, plenty of this sort. But this does not matter. Every one knows that the selection must rest with the captain. The complaint is generally that the Committee do not take enough trouble to discover the most useful material to make the selection from, and consequently cannot hope to get the best possible side. I suppose no one, even though he has been at the 'Varsity, unless he has sat on one or other committee,

realises the difficulty of choosing the best side, whether it be at cricket, rowing, or football, or anything else, but, owing to the greater numbers following the three pastimes named, particularly in these. Some of my readers will be captains of private schools, public schools, and some captains at the 'Varsity, and if some one were to ask them, having chosen their side, whether they felt really certain that the side they had chosen was the best that could be got, I think I could anticipate their answer. At any rate, they are to be considered extremely fortunate if they are able to answer in the affirmative. Consider, then, how much greater the difficulty is at Oxford or Cambridge, with more than double the amount of material to pick from.

THE MODUS OPERANDI.

The term begins with trial games, and trial games are run on the following and only practicable lines. The college captains are responsible for sending in to the secretary of the 'Varsity team the names of any seniors or freshmen in their respective colleges whom they can recommend for either of these trial games. Then the responsibility of the 'Varsity secretary begins. He must choose forty-four in all for the four sides from a total of no less than two hundred names which are sent in. But it is obvious that, as he cannot know personally all those whose names have been sent in, he must sometimes make mistakes, and these may turn out to be serious. Last year the authorities at Oxford wisely decided to follow the example of Cambridge in the matter of providing more opportunities for discovering who could play well and who could not. Hitherto there has been at Oxford only one source of keen inter-collegiate football, and this is the Cup; but by following the example of the sister university and introducing the league, the amount of good football played at Oxford has been more than trebled. The 'Varsity eleven is, of course, drawn from the colleges, but the difficulty is to see each college side not merely play but play hard. Otherwise, the labour of the Committee in coming to watch is in vain. By providing more opportunities for keen matches among the colleges, you do not eradicate, though you alleviate, the difficulty, and at any rate the blame which in ordinary circumstances is so fully bestowed on the captain because A, who is worth a place, fails to get one, is, or ought to be, equally shared now between A and the captain. Further,

you do away with the great importance of trial games.

TRIAL GAMES

are very good things as long as they are considered to be no more than weed-killers. Directly they are treated as opportunities on which to pick men for an eleven, they are dangerous, except in so far as they enable one to see whether those who come up with reputations deserve them. It is worth while to mention that, in spite of the fact that last year a genuine attempt was made to get rid of the difficulties in the way of giving every single Association player a fair chance of distinguishing himself, more complaints were heard, and more letters were written to papers, about the hopeless incompetence, injustice, and favouritism of the Committee than there had been for many years. The worst of these complaints, &c., is that they are entirely destructive, and no suggestions for a new system to take the place of the old one are ever put forward. I happened to learn quite inadvertently the name of one of these complaint-makers, and found that he knew as much and no more about football as one goal-post. But let that pass. These miniature Junii crop up in every soil, like weeds. The important point is that through the praiseworthy efforts of last year's Committee, "Soccer" Football at Oxford stands on a footing which cannot fail to satisfy all those who know anything about the game and take the trouble to consider the difficulties with a calm and impartial mind.

THE LEAGUE SYSTEM AT OXFORD.

Oriel have succeeded for many years in winning the inter-collegiate cup with almost unflinching regularity, and shared last year the first place in the league with New College and Hertford. Under the league system many colleges which had little or no reputation in the 'Varsity maintained a very fairly high position in the league, and thereby attracted the attention of the Committee, who found for the first time that the search for players in the smaller colleges must be more minute, if anything, than that in the larger ones, for a moderate player in a large college becomes better known than a good one in a small college. A notable example of this was the discovery of Hunt at Queen's, who turned out to be such a good player. There is one matter in which a "Soccer" captain is to be considered distinctly more for-

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W. J. OAKLEY.

Corinthian; has frequently played full-back for England; played for Oxford, 1892-96.
Photo. "C. B. Fry's Magazine."

fortunate than the captains either of "Rugger" or cricket, and that is the much longer time he has at his disposal to choose his side and the far greater number of matches which he can get played. At cricket there are May and June, and a few days in April, and sometimes July. Rugby has half October, November, and half December, but "Soccer" has the same time as "Rugger" plus half January and half February.

The question often occurs to me as to what form of football is the best to play with a view to training your side for the match at Queen's; that is to say, whether, simply in view of the 'Varsity match, it is better to play amateur or professional teams. I think this is an important point, and one to which enough prominence is not given at the 'Varsity. At Oxford as well as everywhere else, owing to the excess of professional football, the matches played are mostly of this class. And what is the result? It is difficult to say with any accuracy, but, at any rate, it is easy to see what happens. You will not watch a professional team at Oxford for very long without noticing that, as far as the professionals themselves are concerned,

THE GAME IS NOT A VERY SERIOUS ONE.

They are out for a holiday, and they mean to enjoy themselves. And after weeks and weeks

of hard league matches, when the result is of the utmost importance, this is only to be expected. They generally bring down a weakish side composed partly of the regular side and partly of reserves, and on the ground they piffle about with the ball and are continually passing back--that is, if they pass at all; in fact, they go for anywhere except the goal. All their customary dash is missing, and when a goal is scored, it is generally owing, not to a combined effort, but to some individual who, finding himself unmarked, runs the whole way down and scores. Now, however effective or ineffective this method of play is, it is not the style with which one encounters in a 'Varsity match. But, stay! there was an example of this last year. The Cambridge right wing was composed of two of the Farnfields, of Clapton fame, and they adopted the aforesaid tactics of keeping the ball to themselves and passing always to one another, backwards or forwards. The result was a failure. Curwen and Norris, the Oxford left, half and back, completely spoilt their game, and their success in doing so was owing presumably in some slight degree to the amount of practice they had had in this style of play against professionals. But, as I have said, these methods are rare among amateurs.

A feature which is always very notice-



C. B. FRY.

Corinthian; played for Oxford, 1891-95; Athletic Editor of THE CAPTAIN from April 1899 to December 1904.
Photo. "C. B. Fry's Magazine."

able in 'Varsity matches is the lack of good passing among the forwards. In all test games, whether they be 'Varsity matches or international matches at cricket or football, what is known as "nerves" play a very important part, and the art of passing, a very delicate one, when one considers that a perfect pass must be at the right moment, in the right direction, and with the right strength, cannot be attempted with great success by any one who has allowed his nerves to get the better of his muscles. But though nerves in a certain degree account for this

BAD PASSING IN THE 'VARSITY MATCH.

I think we may look with more certainty to professional opponents and lay the charge at their door. Professionals coming down to Oxford, every one has remarked, do not play their ordinary game at forward, and the same applies to their game at half. The hard work of straight tackling is avoided, and they select the easier and more brilliant tactics of intercepting passes. Thus the forward, finding his allies on both sides marked, is left to his own devices and goes for goal. He draws a back on to him and loses the ball that way, or misses a difficult pass. Now, in a 'Varsity match the halves go straight



R. E. FOSTER,

Corinthian and Old Malvernian; can play on either wing, but prefers inside-right; played for Oxford, 1898-99.
Photo. "C. B. Fry's Magazine."

and hard, and the occasions on which a forward has been tackled before he has got rid of the ball in that match are almost innumerable.

The backs are better off. Their duty is to tackle, and they get plenty of this against forwards who never let go of the ball. But amateurs play a very different game. They play for a holiday, it is true, but it is probably their one game in the week, not a rest after previous hard matches in the league championship. Even played at its best, the amateur is very different from the professional style. There are certain sides in the league which play very like amateurs. Aston Villa is the most noticeable. Southampton and Portsmouth play a very similar game.

But the great match of the year for Oxford is against amateurs, and I think it is highly important to get a good training in that style in which you wish to end up finally victorious. Let it be carefully understood that I say nothing against professionalism. It is, as far as I know, above suspicion. But professionals play, rightly or wrongly, a different game. It includes sometimes more than one would think. In some cases it includes avoiding the referee's eye. There is no harm in this; I remember rather a good instance of this which happened at Oxford.

SOME PROFESSIONAL "TRICKS."

In the middle of the game the 'Varsity centre-forward, who was getting dangerously near his opponents' goal, having passed every one except their left back, was suddenly collared round the ankle from behind, and looked down to see the opposing centre half with both arms round his ankle, and the ball once in his possession flying towards the left back. The left back was astounded to find that he was left with such an easy task, and asked the left half how it happened.

"Bill caught 'old of 'is leg," said the left half.

Left Back.—"Bill, did you catch 'old of 'is leg?"

"Yes, ah did."

"Well done, Bill."

Mind you, this collaring was the work of a second, and was not such an easy thing for the referee to notice, as it would at first seem. Another instance of the same kind happened two or three years ago, when Oxford were playing a southern team on their ground. The inside right of Oxford went to the line out, and just as the ball was going to be thrown out he dashed forward, or, rather,

tried to, so that he should be unmarked when the half threw him the ball, a prearranged plan. He found himself curiously held for a second, just long enough to prevent him getting the ball. Not understanding this, he waited for the next throw out, and just before the ball was to be thrown he had a good look at the man who was masking him and found he had got tight hold of the flap of his breeches pocket with first finger and thumb. Quickly catching hold of the professional's wrist, he held it up to him with a not very pleased expression on his face. The culprit merely smiled, and said, "*Ah, you've caught me this time, 'ave you?*"

HOCKEY, THE RIVAL.

'Varsity matches have of late years been very dull to watch. The play may have been somewhat below the average, but it must be remembered that we are still in the memory of the great days when G. O. Smith, Fry, Lodge, Oakley, and hosts of others all played together. These all helped to take the standard far above its normal level, a level which cannot possibly be maintained for any length of time, and which is not likely to be reached again. But even in those days these great players were seldom seen at their best in 'Varsity matches.

They say that the days of Association Football (as a leading game) at the 'Varsity are numbered. I do not believe it. It is far too great a game intrinsically ever to die a natural death in the home of sport. It is quite possible, and I believe that the general interest in it will for a time grow less keen. I say so with bated breath, but one cannot blink the fact that the popularity of hockey, certainly at Oxford, and, I believe, at Cambridge too, is increasing by leaps and bounds. Hockey grounds are cropping up on every hand, and in whatever rooms in college you enter you are certain to find one or two hockey-sticks lying about. It may have outgrown its strength, and there may be a reaction, but it has built up a very strong foundation. Of course, as long as the game keeps within reasonable limits, there is room for both. It may be we shall soon find people taking an interest in some mongrel mixture of Rugby Football and lawn tennis which will put Rugby Football in the shade for the time being.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kin O'Awkward.—Many thanks. I expect Yorkshire find the many matches they play hard work enough without adding another.

N. Stallabross.—Very sorry for not answering before. Certainly it was a point to you. It was a great stroke. Do you often make such?

N. White.—Stockings (below the knee)—knickers, white flannel or blue serge, ending just above the knee, and a jersey. I can answer letters only through THE CAPTAIN.

H. M. F.—Perhaps the turf is worn out. If so you must returf it or top dress it. Have you tried what is called Nottingham Marl? Write to Sec., Notts. C.C., Trent Bridge, Nottingham, for directions how and when to put it on. I expect you do not give your pitch a rest. Leave off playing on it for a week and water it well. Yes—if the fourth test match had ended in a draw the fifth would have been played to a finish.

J. W. Smith.—The umpire was wrong. A bowler may bowl 23 or 24 or even 50 yards behind the wicket if he likes. It is not necessary for the bowler to have one foot between the popping crease and the bowling crease. To bowl a ball from a yard or two behind the wicket is a favourite trick of many great bowlers. In the past Tom Emmett often did it, and Rhodes does it now, to mention only one present-day bowler.

Jam Pudding.—(1) Yes, Mr. Hesketh-Pritchard, who plays for Hants, went to Patagonia in search of the Great Sloth, but did not find it; (2) yes, if the ball was fairly held, which it would be if the fielder was able to throw it into the air; (3) yes, I believe so.

H. M. F.—(1) About five feet; (2) W. Brearley; (3) slow leg break with an occasional fast ball.

Coronia.—(1) The autumn is the best time: September would be just about right; (2) yes. There is *no rule* to prevent his bowling an underhand ball in the middle of an over-hand over. But the better spirit of the game is to warn the batsman.

X. Y. Z.—The centenary of Gentlemen *v.* Players will be next year—the first Gentlemen *v.* Players match having been played in 1806 and not 1805, as I stated some months ago.

P. E.—You are probably a little fat and out of condition. Take your exercise gently at first, gradually increasing it day by day.

Essexian.—The only umpire competent to decide whether a batsman has been caught at the wicket or not is the umpire at the bowler's end. From his decision there is no appeal, as the umpire at square leg cannot possibly judge of a catch at the wicket.

S. Mackenzie.—(1) Ranjitsinhji's Jubilee Book of Cricket, which can be had, I believe, for 6d. in the cheap edition; (2) as if it was French.

Cornishman.—It is not the usual thing for the scorer to correct the mistakes of an umpire, but in the case you mention I see no harm in it, though I have never seen it done on a county ground.

Admirer.—The colours of the last English team in Australia were red, yellow, and dark blue for the tie; a dark blue coat trimmed with red and yellow braiding with St. George and the Dragon on the pocket in white; and a dark blue cap with St. George and the Dragon in white on the front.

P. F. W.

Australian "Wickets."

AUSTRALIA is the Groundman's Paradise. He who has experienced in England the difficulty of preparing from the best of material, and following on much attention during the spring, a wicket which will not only be good, but which will remain so during the course of a match, can have no conception of the excellence of wickets in Australia, an excellence which is obtained after comparatively slight preparation from the most unpromising material. Take Adelaide. If Apted, "the Batsman's friend," were, for example, engaged there, and told that a match between England and Australia would take place in three weeks' time, his first remark, after a preliminary inspection, would probably be "where's the pitch?" He would be told to prepare one as near the middle as possible, and would probably leave for England by the next boat, considering he had been asked to attempt the impossible. Let me explain why this should be.

In England, in the centre of a ground, a portion some thirty yards square is always specially prepared and receives the most careful treatment with roller and mowing machine for months before the commencement of the season. Walk over the Adelaide ground a fortnight or three weeks prior to the time fixed for the first match, and you will not be able to find any portion which will give the impression of being specially prepared or at all suitable for a wicket. The grass is rank and grows unevenly, and it looks as if even fielding would be impossible on such turf. (As a fact, fielding at Adelaide, at the best of times, is a matter of considerable difficulty, and demands a fair amount of courage.) Checkett, the groundman, nothing daunted takes a hose-pipe and saturates a spot about twenty-five yards long by three wide. The roller is then applied, and by the use of these two agents, Apted, if he remained, would be astounded to witness the evolution of a wicket which will be the equal of any in the world. It will last for four or five days without showing appreciable signs of wear, and, if necessary, in about a fortnight's time, a further application of water and roller, and perhaps a little top dressing, will once more render it fit for any match ever played, and the despair of the poor bowler.—From "*How We Recovered the Ashes*," by P. F. WARNER.

POLKINGHORNE

BY CHARLES TURLEY

TRADE MARK
FRANCE

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

had expected me to do so many things for him during the holidays. He never had a chance to do anything nasty for himself, and I came to the conclusion that he was getting spoilt. I also knew that my holidays would get worse and worse unless I reformed him. But how I was to do it I had not an idea. I might as well have tried to remove Mont Blanc by kicking it, as far as I could see.

So I pondered deeply, and when some of the new fellows told me that I was jolly lucky to be Meredith's brother I was not at all sure that they were right. My brother was altogether too much of a good thing for me, for I hate reflected glory at any time. Besides, if I had given myself any airs I should have heard about them as soon as he left, for I was not likely to count much for at least three years, and fellows have jolly good memories for the wrong things.

I had been at Cuppington a month when another new boy turned up. He appeared first of all at tea, and he happened to sit next me. From the very start he did not seem to think that a new boy was different from any one else, and the first remark he made to me was that if Harrison expected anybody to eat stale bread and butter he ought to serve out teeth for them to do it with. I warned him not to talk so loudly, and he asked why he couldn't talk as loudly as he liked.

"This is a funny place," he went on; "you have to use your teeth for all they are worth, but mayn't use your tongue. How long have you been here?"

"A month," I replied.

"And is the bread always as stale as this and the butter as nasty?" he asked.

"Generally."

"Then I shan't stand it. I'm not an ostrich or a pike, and my people pay about eighty pounds a year for my food."

Two or three other fellows heard this conversation, and as soon as tea was over they

WHEN I went to Harrison's house at Cuppington I had a brother there who was not only head of our house but also head of the school. An elder brother may be either an advantage or not at school; if he is a smug you are expected to be like him and are treated accordingly, but if he is a mighty man he is in some ways a very useful possession. I had to put up with a good deal from my brother at home, so it was really only fair that he should be of use to me at school. And although he did not go out of his way to look after me, the name of Meredith was a power in the land of Cuppington when I went there. For my brother not only had brains, but also a good eye and a tremendous pace. The masters were pleased with the brains and the fellows liked the other things, but if the truth must be told I think that no one was as pleased with him as he was with himself. He just ran our house, and even Mr. Harrison did not seem to be as important as he was. The fellows let him do whatever he liked, and if they did anything *he* didn't like he caned them. I thought it was a most one-sided arrangement, but for a whole month I did not dare tell any one so.

All the new fellows were anxious to fag for him, and I stopped wondering why he

bolted off to my brother and told him about it. You could always trust about a dozen fellows to tell him if anything happened; they almost tumbled over each other in their haste to get to him first.

It so happened that during that afternoon my brother had got three tries against some Oxford college, and he was, if possible, more upon his pedestal than ever. He was really funny, if he had only been able to see it, but as long as he did not see how comical he was it was worse than high treason for any one else to smile at him—unless he made a joke. He strode into the room where the small boys worked, and promptly spotted the new fellow.

"Hi, you new chap, come here," he shouted as he sat down on a desk, with a crowd of satellites round him.

But the new chap just looked at him and took no notice.

"Come here," he shouted again.

"Are you talking to me?"

"I should rather think so."

"Well, I have got to write a letter," was the answer, and a gasp went round the room. Several fellows said they had never known such cheek in all their lives, but I began to like this new chap, for I saw that he had the reforming spirit in him and he seemed to be beginning in the right place.

You cannot, however, be a reformer for nothing, and my friend was promptly seized and taken before his judge.

"What's your name?" was, as usual, the first question asked him.

"Polkinghorne, P-o-l-k-i-n-g-h-o-r-n-e," and my brother said that he had never heard of such a name, and asked him where he came from.

"Australia," was the reply.

"Australia? You might as well say Asia or America."

"Except that it wouldn't be true," Polkinghorne answered quite calmly.

"Look here, I don't want any of your cheek," my brother told him.

"I don't know what you mean. If you'll get a map of Australia I'll show you the exact spot I come from. I was born in Cornwall, if that's any use to you."

"Born in Cornwall, and bred in Australia," my brother said, and a lot of idiots tittered.

"The best county and the best country in the world. Have you ever been to either of them?"

No notice was taken of this question, for my brother was at that time unwilling to

admit that he was not as intimate with the whole world as he was with the Cuppington playing fields.

"What's your father?" he asked.

"My father is dead," was the reply, and this time the other fellows shuffled their feet and looked rather ashamed. Sometimes even my brother made a mistake.

"Oh," he said, and before he could think of anything else he wanted to know, Polkinghorne asked him what his name was and where he came from.

The crowd gasped again and stopped feeling uneasy.

"I'll give you a bit of advice," was the answer; "you aren't in Australia or in Cornwall now—"

"I wish I was," Polkinghorne interrupted.

"Well, you aren't, and as long as you are at Cuppington you had better let me see as little of you as possible."

"I should think that would suit me splendidly," Polkinghorne answered, and before the crowd could recover from their astonishment he pushed his way through them and sat down at his desk. I suppose my brother's breath must have been fairly taken away, for he vanished without saying another word, but I knew that no easy time was in store for my reformer. As soon as I could get a chance I waylaid him, and told him that the fellow who had been asking him questions was named Meredith, and that he was my brother.

"Well, you can't help that," he answered, and he expressed exactly what I felt. It seemed almost absurd that I should be ashamed of my brother, but it was the solid and solemn truth.

"I want to be friends with you," I said.

"You seem all right," he replied.

I did not know what to say to that, but I liked the look of him. He was very dark, and his tanned skin gave him the appearance of having lived in the open air all his life. And there was a jolly kind of twinkle in his eyes.

"Does your brother ever go to sleep?" he asked.

I asked him what in the world he meant.

"I only thought he might not like forgetting what a great man he is. Old Harrison jawed to me about him for ten minutes. He ought to wear a crown."

"He's not really a bad sort when you get to know him," I replied, and then I had to laugh, for things seemed to be turning upside down.

"I expect I shall get to know him soon enough. He won't like me much," he replied.

He was quite right in thinking that, for I have to confess that my brother did not think it beneath his dignity to be very horrid to Polkinghorne. If there was anything exceedingly disagreeable to be done, Polkinghorne was always chosen to do it, and when he had settled down and saw that there was no way out of it which was not painful, he did everything he was told to do in a stolid sort of way, quite unlike any one else's. He annoyed some of the bigger fellows most awfully, but in the schoolroom he became quite popular, because he had original ideas and did not hesitate to express them. A lot of fellows said that he was mad, but that always happens at school if you happen to strike out more or less of a new line for yourself, and I knew that he was as sane as anybody in the place. He was only independent, and did not see why he should be compelled to put up with what he thought swindles because everybody else had put up with them for dozens of years.

In a very short time he was not only at war with my brother, but also with Mr. Harrison. Our housemaster was never tired of telling any one who would listen that he had been at Cuppington for forty-two years. He was soaked through and through, Polkinghorne said, with Cuppington tradition; if you squeezed him you would get nothing out of him except mouldy old rules and musty customs. "This place has gone on in forty years and Harrison has stood still," he told me.

"He is one of the institutions of the place," I answered. "Cuppington without Harrison would be like Germany without an Emperor."

"Not a bit of it," he retorted; "you are born an Emperor, so you have got to stick to your throne whether you like it or not, but



"POLKINGHORNE, P-O-L-K-I-N-G-H-O-R-N-E."

no one was ever yet born a housemaster. Harrison leaves everything to your brother, and does not even see that the food is good."

"The food's not so bad. They have worse in several houses," I said.

"That's just like you English," he replied; "if you can find any one who has a worse time than you do, you rub your hands together and persuade yourselves you are having a jolly good one. I am going to talk to Harrison about the food."

I don't think that it ever occurred to Polkinghorne that he was taking a lot upon himself. When things did not please him he said so very plainly and tried to get them altered. So in the opinion of most of the fellows, who had been brought up to accept everything as it was, he was either a good or a bad joke according to the temper they happened to be in. But my brother during that term always thought him a bad joke.

I never really expected that our housemaster would have to listen to a lecture upon

the food he gave us. But I did not know then that Polkinghorne never said that he was going to do anything unless he intended to have an honest shot at it. He sought out Mr. Harrison in his study, and from the accounts I heard of the interview it was a very stormy one. It ended in the reformer being handed over to my brother to be caned, and a few fellows sympathised with Polkinghorne over this and told him that he was a martyr. But this made him furious; he hadn't the slightest wish to be thought a martyr. What he wanted was better food, and he intended to get it.

"I told Harrison the meat was all right, but that the bread was stale and the butter horrid. It costs precious little to buy decent butter, and we have a right to have it."

When he considered that he had a right to a thing he meant to get it or perish in the attempt, and though I don't think much of the way he went to work, it was at least successful and original. One evening I found a pot of white paint in his desk, and when I asked him what he was going to do with it he covered it up quickly and told me to wait and see.

"Don't tell a single fellow anything about it, or the whole game will be up," he said.

After that he was very mysterious for several days, but as we went up to school on the fourth morning we saw *Tradesmen's Entrance* painted on the door leading to Harrison's garden. I knew at once who had done it, and I felt for the first and only time in my life most horribly ashamed of Polkinghorne. I foresaw an enormous row and imagined that he would leave Cuppington as suddenly he had arrived.

I did not catch him alone until the afternoon and then I went for him directly.

"It is a nasty thing to have done, but it will end bad food in the whole place and that's what I wanted," he said.

"You'll get sacked," I told him.

"Only birched," he replied.

"Then you mean to own up?"

"Of course, if Harrison asks. He'll probably know that I did it without even asking."

"It's such a boulderish thing to do, and not even funny," I said.

"It's a boulderish thing to be paid for good food and give us bad butter," he answered. "Harrison wouldn't mind being called a tradesman if he didn't know the butter was enough to make you ill."

"It never has made us ill."

"Because we can't eat it," he replied, and

at that moment he was sent for by our housemaster.

Everybody said that it was a certainty that Polkinghorne would be expelled, but they were wrong. Some allowance, I believe, was made for him because he was an Australian, which sent him into fits of laughter whenever he thought of it.

"Harrison said that I couldn't be expected to know anything about good manners, and I was ass enough to tell him that at any rate I knew all about good butter. That nearly settled me. He thought I wasn't sorry," Polkinghorne told me, but he wouldn't talk about what he had done to any of the other fellows.

He got a tremendous licking, and we got much better butter. If we ought to have been grateful to him we were not, partly, I think, because he was not in the least proud of what he had done. He looked upon it as a matter of right, and there it began and ended.

Towards the end of the term he played in our second house fifteen; he was put in the squash because he was fairly heavy, but he had never played before, and some of the bigger fellows declared that he funk'd. When my brother heard this he watched a match, and said that if he didn't funk he was at any rate quite useless. After this the tale that he funk'd grew until almost everybody believed it. I went to my brother and asked him to deny it, but he only told me to mind my own business. I answered that it was my business and left his study more hurriedly than I went into it. Polkinghorne had a bad time during the rest of the term, but he stood it splendidly; any fellow with half an eye ought to have known that he was not a funk.

We had only been home three days when the Polkinghornes turned up at the house next ours. It was a house which was always being let to different people;—they came there for hunting, and after they had been there once they never came again. It was, I should think, the most uncomfortable house in Wiltshire, and all the windows in it rattled so that you couldn't hear yourself speak.

My brother's indignation when he heard that he was to be haunted by the name of Polkinghorne during his holidays was hugely comical. My father laughed at him and my mother told him not to worry about it, but he thought that he had a grievance, and when he was in that state I kept out of his

way. Though I had talked many times to Polkinghorne about him, we had not improved him a bit; the whole of Cuppington seemed to conspire against our scheme.

At Christmas we had several days frost, and the only decent skating near us was on the Polkinghornes' lake. There my brother absolutely refused

to go, and his temper was more trying than usual. He disliked the sight of my skates most mightily. But when the frost broke and there was a chance of hunting he became more cheerful again. He had made up his mind that young Polkinghorne, at any rate, hadn't got the pluck to ride a wooden horse on a merry-ground, and I left him to enjoy his ignorance. It did not last long, for, when we went to the first meet, Mrs. Polkinghorne and her son were both there, and the latter was on a cob which made me dissatisfied with my pony for the first time in my life. My brother had ridden to hounds since he was about ten, and went well, but on this day he saw some one who went straighter than he did. We had a most magnificent run—too magnificent for me, because I was left

out of all the middle of it; but by knowing the country and by good luck I was in for some of the end. When I joined the hounds again only about six people were anywhere near them and two of these were my brother and Polkinghorne. As I went through a gate they took a hedge and ditch nearly side by side, but at the next fence the cob hit a rail and came down a tremendous cropper. My brother stopped at once and jumped off to see what had happened, and when I got up to them I heard Polkinghorne saying that he was all right, and telling him to go on. My brother believed him and left us, so I had to help Polkinghorne on to his cob again. His face was screwed up with pain, but he insisted on going on. The run, however, was nearly over, for in a wood only a few hundred yards away the fox had gone to ground. We had hardly joined my brother and the others when Polkinghorne fell off his cob with a



THE COB HIT A RAIL AND CAME DOWN A TREMENDOUS CROPPER.

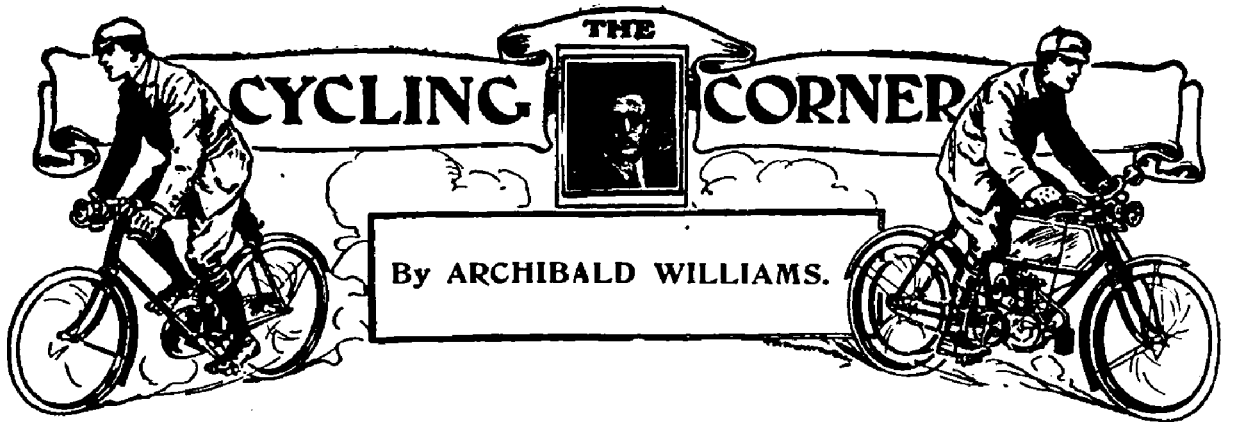
thud. He told me afterwards that everything suddenly went round and the trees seemed to be hitting him in the face. He had been riding with a finger of his left hand broken and a badly sprained wrist.

"The pluckiest youngster I have ever seen. He shall have the next brush," the master declared.

As I rode home with my brother, he suddenly broke a very long silence.

"I was wrong about that chap. I may as well confess that I have been a brute," he said.

"He'll forgive you," I replied, but I believe that very few people could have known how hard it was for my brother to make such a confession as that. He had been wrong and had admitted it. Polkinghorne's second term at Cuppington was very different from his first. And my brother was very different, too.



FINDING THE WAY.

SO large a proportion of one's riding is done on main roads, or on local roads with which one is quite familiar, that, taking things as a whole, it is easy work to find one's way from any one point to any other point. There are occasions, however, when we become painfully aware of our dependence on sign-posts and chance information picked up from passers-by. Given a really good map and a post at every corner, it does not require much intelligence to travel aright from village to village, and from town to town, on roads off the beaten routes. But the rider whose wanderings have taken him into a district where roads are many, sign-posts few, and the population is thin, is often obliged to confess, in the elegant language of the coster comedian, that "E dunno where 'e are." This is especially true of tourists who ride after nightfall.

To a certain extent the "bump of locality," which perhaps only signifies a habit of unconscious observation, will keep a cyclist from going astray. Even our advanced civilisation has not entirely robbed us of the faculty that steers the savage through the wilderness. Yet it is safer for us to trust to an ordered plan, when about to plunge into the unknown.

Assuming that you have decided upon your route, first

STUDY THE MAP VERY CAREFULLY.

Note that B, the place you wish to reach, is, say, N.W. of A, your starting-point; that the town C is due north, and D due west. That is, impress on your mind the position of several towns which will probably appear on the sign-posts. The next thing to do is to write on a bit of card, in due order, the names

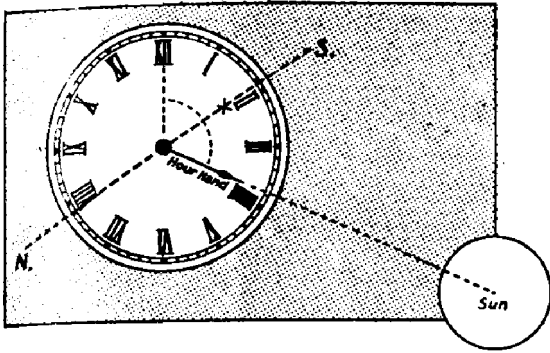
of all the villages and towns you will pass through. You can consult this as you go along, and ask people you meet whether you are right for the next place. If a choice is possible, select persons who will probably give the best information. A rustic's knowledge is often confined to a very small area, and he does not regard roads from the cyclists' point of view. A tradesman is more travelled, and in most cases a cyclist himself: and you may safely trust to the advice of the local cycle-maker to be found in the large village or small town. It often pays to consult such "expert opinion," as the shortest route may be very hilly and loose, and a longer way round decidedly preferable.

Since, however, the greatest difficulties result from not being able to find an informant when you most need one, I recommend you to

CARRY A SMALL POCKET COMPASS,

which, both by night and day, will at forks and cross-roads help to direct you. Failing a magnetic compass, the sun, if it happen to be shining, will, in conjunction with your watch, serve equally well. Point the *hour* hand at the sun, and an imaginary line drawn through the centre of the dial so as to bisect the angle made by the hour hand with a second imaginary line from the centre to the figure XII., will run due north and south. N.B.—*The minute hand is to be entirely disregarded.* Your intelligence will tell you which is north and which is south.

My own experiences of riding after dark in new country at an hour when everybody is in bed, tend to confirm me in the belief that it should be avoided as much as possible, especially at the end of a long day's riding.



AN IMPROMPTU COMPASS.

Hold your watch horizontally so that the hour hand points to the sun. A line bisecting the angle made by the hand with a line drawn by the figure XII to the centre will point due north and south.

PUNCTURES.

With the advent of the hedge-clipping season, the cyclist should not forget to carry the repair outfit which *ought* always to be in the wallet. The men who ply the bill and slash merrily at a summer's growth, are in their way almost as deadly as the bill-men that hacked on Flodden Field: though, thanks to the energy of the C.T.C., their evil doings are much more restricted than formerly. It is a kindness to fellow cyclists to stop and remove any trimmings large enough to block several inches of the road. One cannot be expected to pick up individual thorns; but away with the bough carrying a hundred spikes! I much admire the philanthropy of old gentlemen who, as they take their morning walk abroad, flip thorns and stones aside with their sticks, though they do not cycle themselves.

A USEFUL TIP.

I have to thank a friendly correspondent (Mr. Noel Arton) for the following: "I had the bad luck the other day to sustain a puncture, and I was getting out my outfit to clean the tube when a cycle maker said: 'There is a better way to clean your tyre than that [with sand-paper (?) A.W.]. Wet the place where it wants cleaning, and rub the head of a match on it.' The tyre soon became clean, and, as the cycle maker told me, the brimstone made the solution dry quickly. I thought that other CAPTAIN cyclists would like to know this." I have seen this useful tip in-

-cluded in the directions accompanying repair outfits, but, to be honest, had forgotten it. I find by experiment that a vesta acts much more quickly and thoroughly than a safety match. Of course, any moisture should be wiped off.

GOOD ROADS.

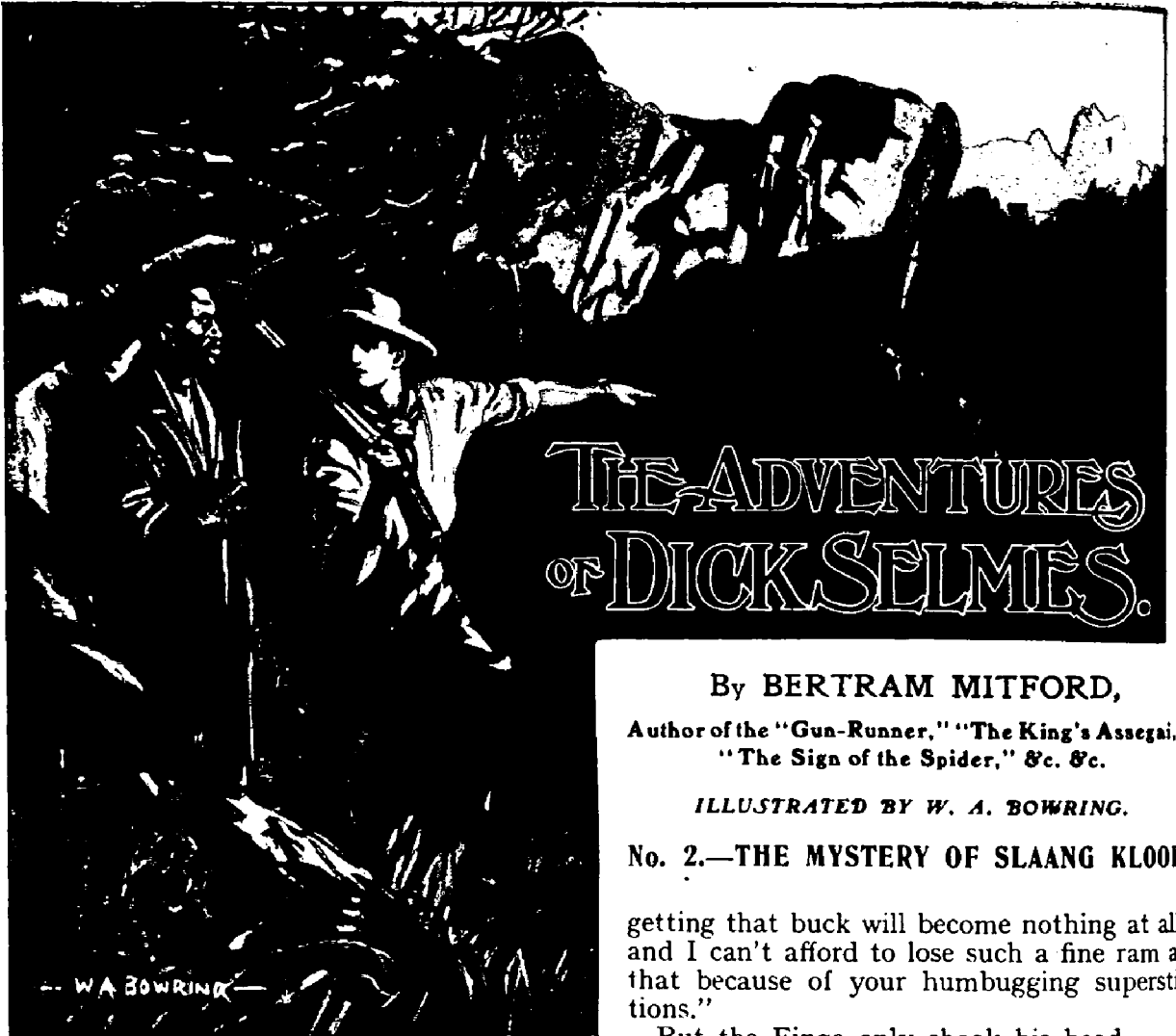
I have had occasion lately to travel twice over the road between Hatfield and Cambridge, and never remember riding over a better surface than that of the Hatfield to Royston stretch. From Royston to the 'Varsity town the road is comparatively bumpy: though in many districts it would pass muster as good. I can strongly recommend the following round: Hatfield; Welwyn; Stevenage; Baldock; Royston; Cambridge; St. Neots; Bedford; Olney; Newport Pagnell; Woburn; Dunstable; St. Albans; Hatfield. *Distance*, about 115 miles. At Cambridge there are many sights to detain you; to wit, the older colleges of the university—viz., Peterhouse, founded 1257; Clare, Pembroke, Caius, Trinity, and Corpus Christi, all of which date from the fourteenth century. The famous "College backs," too, will well repay a visit. At Olney you should visit the poet Cowper's house, and the church; and at St. Albans there is the interesting old cathedral. A nice two-day trip over first-class roads.

Sheet 6 of Bacon's Cycling Road Map covers the route.



OLNEY CHURCH.

The spire is peculiar in that its sides bulge slightly in the centre. Cowper wrote of it: "Tall spire from which the sound of cheerful bells just undulates upon the listening ear."



THE ADVENTURES OF DICK SELMES.

By BERTRAM MITFORD,

Author of the "Gun-Runner," "The King's Assegai,"
"The Sign of the Spider," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. BOWRING.

No. 2.—THE MYSTERY OF SLAANG KLOOF.

getting that buck will become nothing at all, and I can't afford to lose such a fine ram as that because of your humbugging superstitions."

But the Fingo only shook his head.

"I can't do it, *Baas*," he said. "*Oud Baas** would not allow it. He allows nothing living to go into Slaang Kloof."

"But why? In Heaven's name, why?" rejoined Dick, impatiently.

"Because what goes in there living comes out dead," answered the other, seriously.

Dick Selmes stamped his foot and uttered an imprecation. He looked hard at his companion, who seemed most abominably in earnest, otherwise Dick was inclined to suspect that the Fingo was amusing himself at the expense of a newcomer. But, plainly, he could not go against the wishes of his host, and if the latter chose to give way to the absurd superstitions of mere savages, he supposed his weakness must be respected, but it was precious annoying all the same.

The dogs, some half-dozen great rough-haired mongrels, lay panting on the ground.

* The old master.

"**B**UT that is Slaang Kloof, *Baas*."

"I never said it wasn't. But — what if it is Slaang Kloof?"

"We cannot go in, *Baas*." And the speaker's pleasing, good-humoured face took on a dogged, not to say obstinate expression. A little more acquaintance with the country and its natives, and Dick Selmes would have known that when the countenance of one of these took on that expression, why, he might as well whisper words of sweet reasonableness into the long ears of an experienced and jibbing mule.

"Why can't we go in, Kleinbooï?" he said, shortly.

"*Ou!* It is a place of *tagati*—of witchcraft," answered the Fingo.

"Witchcraft? Bosh!" exploded Dick. "Come now, Kleinbooï. Lay those dogs on to the spoor sharp, or my chances of

One or two were restless, and showed a desire to start off upon the yet warm spoor which led into the forbidden place, but a stern mandate from the Fingo promptly checked this, and they lay down again.

These two, the white man and the black, were standing in a wide amphitheatre of bush, walled in by rocky heights, now split asunder in gigantic, castellated crags, or frowning down in straight smooth krantzies, the nesting places of innumerable aasvogels; as the long vertical streaks down their red, iron-stone faces could testify. In front of them, opening out, as it were, through an immense natural portal formed by two jutting spurs of rock, was a lateral valley, covered with dense forest and sloping up to a loftier pile of mountain beyond, the slope ending in a line of broken cliff abounding in holes and caves. This much was visible from where they stood. But not a step nearer would the Fingo advance. Dick Selmes looked wistful.

"It was just there he went in, Kleinbooï," pointing to the slope under one of the jutting rock portals. "I glimpsed him for a minute, just under the krantz on that bare patch. By Jove, it's a pity to lose a fine bush-buck ram, and he was hit hard, too. If only you had been nearer with the dogs!"

"It is time to go home now, *Baas*," said the Fingo, with a glance at the sun, which was now dipping low to the sky line, causing the great rock faces to glow red gold in the slanting beams. The scene was one of wild rugged grandeur and beauty, softened by the cooing of hundreds of doves; the cheery, piping whistle of spreeuws echoing from among the krantzies, and other mellow and varying bird voices in the recesses of the brake.

"Has anybody ever met his death in there, Kleinbooï?" resumed Dick.

"Several, *Baas*."

"What kills them?"

"That is what nobody knows." And the speaker was so obviously unwilling to pursue the subject that Dick said nothing further upon it, but he made up his mind to question Harley Greenoak thereon without loss of time.

When the two came to where they had left their horses, it was evident that the hunt had not been altogether unsuccessful, for behind Dick's saddle was strapped a fine duiker ram, while from that of the Fingo hung several guinea fowl and three or four dikkop. Still Selmes would not altogether feel comforted over the quarry he had lost.

This Kleinbooï was his host's right-hand

man. He was a capital hunter, and was sent out with Dick what time nobody else felt inclined to go, and in this capacity it was an advantage that he was able to speak excellent English. Harley Greenoak was not sorry, for his part; for such was his young charge's "keenness" that he would have dragged him out all day and every day in quest of some form of sport, and half the night, too, very frequently.

That evening, after supper, as they were seated indoors, for the farm was of considerable altitude and the nights were fresh, Dick Selmes was wondering how he should broach the subject to their host. Old Ephraim Hesketh was one of the early settlers of 1820. He was a widower, and lived alone on his vast farm in the wildest recesses of the Rooi Ruggensbergen. He was a tall, lank old man, of the simplest of habits, who went to bed with the sun and got up with the same, chewed biltong when he was hungry and drank calabash milk when he was thirsty, and, owing to his solitary life, was laconic and scanty of speech. This being so, it may be credited that his domestic arrangements were primitive in the extreme; and even adaptable Dick Selmes had felt a trifle blank when he first saw his room, with its battered tin wash-basin, empty-bottle candlestick, bare thatch, and gaping wainscottings, into which latter a remarkably large centipede was at that moment disappearing. In short, Simcox's place, though rough, was a palace compared with Haakdoornfontein, as old Hesketh's place was called.

"Well, young buffalo hunter," said the latter, as they sat down to an exceedingly frugal repast, "and how many of my bush-bucks have you accounted for to-day? We can't provide record buffaloes for you here, you see. You must get back to the Addo or trek right up country for that."

Dick Selmes laughed, then, judging the moment opportune, he launched out into an account of Kleinbooï's point-blank refusal to enter the forbidden kloof.

"He was quite right," said the old man, decisively, and his face seemed to grow serious. "Yes, quite right. In fact, I told him not even to take you near it if possible, but I suppose he didn't know he was doing so in the excitement of the hunt."

Dick Selmes' face lit up with eagerness. If this hardened old settler, who believed in little else, believed in this weird mystery, why, it would be worth hearing about.

"Would you mind—er—spinning the yarn, Mr. Hesketh?" he blurted out eagerly.

"Well, it's a fact that for some years past not a man jack who has gone into that kloof from this end—and you can't get into it from anywhere else—has come out alive," answered the old man. "When searched for and spooed down, they were found quite near the entrance, stone dead."

"What killed them?"

"That's what many of us would like to know. There was a mark, just where the neck joins the shoulder at the back, a tiny mark hardly bigger than a pin point, a mere discoloration, and the bodies wore every appearance of death by snake bite. That's how the place got its name—Slaang—or Snake Kloof."

"By Jove! And what sort of snake was it?" said Dick.

"There was no snake. The most careful search revealed no trace of the spoor of anything of the kind. Besides, a snake bite invariably contains two punctures. This was only one. Another strange thing is that the mark was always the same, and in the same place, where the neck joins the shoulder, and yet another—that the people, when found, had, in each case, fallen when facing the way out of the kloof, as if they'd been running away from something. What? How many have come to grief? Seven in all—one Hottentot and six Kafirs. They had gone in after strayed stock, or to take out a bees' nest or something of the kind. The Hottentot was the only one who was still conscious, and he knew absolutely nothing of what had happened to him or when it had. I nearly pulled him through by treating him for snake bite, but it was too long after, and he kicked the bucket, like the rest. Have I been in since? No. I'm too old."

"But what on earth is your theory of it, Mr. Hesketh?" asked Dick Selmes, who was very much impressed by the story, and the old man's way of telling it. "Is there some kind of tree snake that drops down and swings itself up again after biting them? That would account for lack of spoor, you know."

"Quite right, young buffalo hunter," nodded old Hesketh. "But we've got no snakes that do that. All the tree sorts are harmless. The thing stumps me, but—there it is."

"By Jingo, but I'd like to—" And Dick stopped short. Old Hesketh turned on him a lack-lustre eye.

"To try and solve the mystery yourself?" he supplied. "M'yes. You'd better let it alone, young fellow. Keep your energies for another destroying buffalo, and you may come out of that with a whole skin. Eh, Greenoak?"

The latter, who had been a silent listener, nodded assent. Old Hesketh had—for him—taken an immense fancy to Dick since hearing of his shooting the buffalo bull in the Addo Bush, and that alone and with a single bullet. He was far too plucky a young fellow to be allowed to commit suicide in such an unsatisfactory cause as this, he decided.

"Don't let him cut into any such foolishness, Greenoak," he went on. "Keep your eye on him, Greenoak, keep your eye on him."

And Greenoak promised he would. Then he went to bed, and contrary to his usual custom did not go to sleep immediately, but lay awake thinking. And at the same time precisely the same thing was holding good of Dick Selmes.

Now, in the course of the next two or three days, while the latter seldom missed an opportunity of plying his host with questions regarding Slaang Kloof, Harley Greenoak never opened his mouth on the subject. He seemed to treat it as a mere incident: a strange incident, it was true, but still an incident, and he had come across too many such in the course of a life adventurous beyond most lives to deem one incident, more or less, worth making any fuss about. He seemed, in short, to have dismissed it from his mind.

Consequently, it is strange that, a day or two later, Harley Greenoak might have been seen—were there any one to see him—standing before the entrance of Slaang Kloof—alone.

His strong, bearded, sun-tanned face was set and thoughtful; his gnarled hands were closed round the barrels of a double gun, whose stock was grounded; and, slung round him, was a sort of bundle that bulged. The rifle barrel held a Martini cartridge. The smooth bore a heavy charge of Treble A buckshot.

He stood gazing into the place of fear, as though reading every tree and bush in its sombre forest depths. As a matter of fact, he was there to solve its secret. Old Hesketh, to whom his reputation was known as a clearer-up of many a dark and blood-fraught mystery of the veldt, and who was an old friend of his into the bargain, had sent for

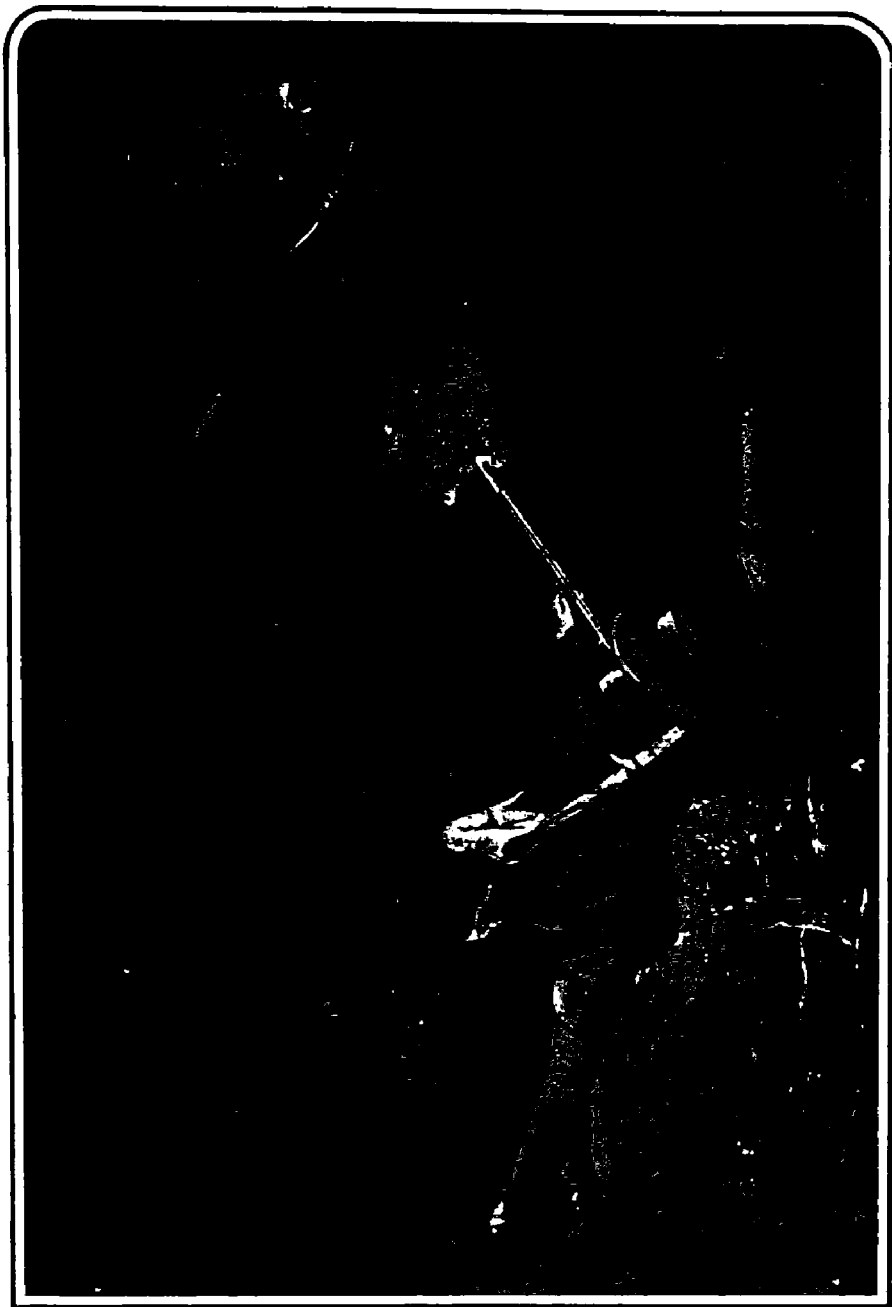
him with that express object, and, as it was an entirely out-of-the-way and new part of the country to show his charge, he had heartily welcomed the idea. But he had no notion whatever of counting his said charge into the adventure with him.

He looked at the two jutting rock spurs as though calculating the distance of one from the other. Then he walked steadily forward until well within the portals of the sinister and fatal valley.

Superficially it differed in no way from any round dozen of the wild bushy kloofs on any other part of the farm. There was the same vegetation, mimosa and other varieties of acacia, spongy spek-boem, and spidery Kafir bean — the geranium and plumbago throwing out a confusion of scarlet and light mauve — here a row of euphorbia, there a patch of yellow-woods, from whose limbs depended a tangle of long, straight monkey ropes. Here all was dim and cool and delightful, the sunshine completely shut off or but faintly networked in patches

on the ground and tree trunks. But it was here that every instinctive faculty of grasp and perception implanted in the up-country man became keenly alert and awake. For, by a course of intuitive calculations, he had located this spot as the one where the fell and fatal terror had overtaken its victims.

The nerve and courage of Harley Greenoak were entirely beyond question, but that did not dull his imagination or render him dead to the fact that in this cool and peaceful forest retreat he walked in very great peril



HE THREW UP HIS GUN AND FIRED.

indeed, or that, if he would escape this hidden death which had overtaken others, awful in its mysterious suddenness, he would have to muster every faculty of quick observation, lightning-like decision of action, and untiring alertness which he possessed.

As he walked, apparently unconcerned, his ears were open to every sound, and, although he knew that it was from above the peril should come, he did not look up, at least, not directly. Then, suddenly, and without apparent reason, he leaped nimbly about a

yard to his left; for his trained ear had caught the faintest possible sound overhead, and, as he did so, there was a soft hiss past his ear. Harley Greenoak had escaped death that time.

Quick as thought he threw up his gun, but in the moment between that action and the roar of the piece he glimpsed the most hideous and revolting object imaginable. The simian face, staring in bestial ferocity, the horn-like ears, the brown misshapen frame and limbs, were more suggestive of some forest fiend than of anything human. When the smoke had cleared away the thing had disappeared.

What did it mean? For the first time Harley Greenoak felt a thrill of superstitious misgiving as unpleasant as it was strange. He to miss, and to miss at that short distance, with a charge of buckshot, too—for he had fired the smooth bore barrel—why, it was incredible! Nothing human could have escaped. Yet this thing had done so. It had not fallen, it had simply disappeared.

He stared upward at the spot. The tall, yellow-wood tree was strong and sound, and showed no sign of hole or cleft that would have held a rat. Ha!

Lying behind a large limb, motionless as the wood itself, blending so completely with its colour as to escape detection, was the object of his search, watching him. But for the glint of the eye, he would have failed to discover it at all. Again his gun roared.

But—too late. With superhuman agility the thing had leapt away, and, springing from branch to branch with the quickness and security of cat and monkey combined, it seemed a hopeless chase to Greenoak, who, as he ran, marking its course by the swaying of the branches, had already reloaded both barrels. Just the fraction of a glimpse, and it was his last chance. Again the reverberation of the report rolled bellowing from cliff to cliff. With it was a shrill, beast-like scream, and something thudded heavily to the earth. Harley Greenoak walked leisurely up to it, and after a moment's examination came away with a smile of grim satisfaction on his face.

It was not to last, though. He had not gone far when a stony glare of horror came into his eyes as they rested on something lying on the ground, the form of a man, the form of Dick Selmes, his charge.

It was lying on its face with arms extended. But as he stood over it the eyes opened

with a dull stupid stare, as that of a person awakened out of a heavy sleep.

"Wake up, Dick. Wake up, man," said Greenoak decidedly, lugging him into a sitting posture. "Here, take a drink of this."

From the bundle that bulged he produced a bottle of brandy.

"Don't want to," said the other sleepily.

"But you must, man. If you don't you're a dead 'un."

This told, and Dick obeyed. The effect of the spirit was marvellous, for, having swallowed enough to have rendered him helpless twice over under ordinary circumstances, it merely invigorated him now. Quick as thought Greenoak had cut away his shirt collar, and, sure enough, there on the neck was the fatal mark, the tiny, discoloured speck. This Greenoak promptly lanced, applying a mixture which he had with him. Then he made his charge get up and walk smartly up and down with him. In which occupation they were found by old Hesketh, who, having heard the shots, faint and far, had saddled up and hurried on in case the investigator should be in need of assistance.

When sufficiently restored, Dick Selmes was able to explain how he came to be there, and this he did somewhat shamefacedly. He had suspected that Greenoak was going to make some such investigation, and resented not being allowed to share in the adventure. Accordingly, he had pretended to go and hunt in a contrary direction, but had soon slipped round, so soon indeed as almost to reach Slaang Kloof first. He had entered the Kloof not far behind Greenoak, and had kept him in view.

"Well, it nearly cost you your life, young fellow," said Hesketh. "Tell you what, you must have learnt something if you could keep Harley Greenoak in sight without his knowing it. What were you shooting at, Greenoak?"

"The mystery of Slaang Kloof is cleared up," answered the latter, laconically.

"I knew you'd do it if any one could. Well, what was it?"

"I'll show you later on. Now then, Dick, take some more stuff, and walk quicker."

Harley Greenoak was not one to be hurried, but when they did return to investigate, he took them straight to where he had fired his first shot under the shade of the yellow-wood trees.

"Why, this is where I first felt queer," said Dick.



“ BUT WHAT IS IT ? ”

“ No doubt,” stooping down and picking up something that looked like a bit of stick about six or eight inches long. “ See that ? ” showing a tiny needle-like point. “ That’s what made you feel queer, and all the others, too. It’s touched with a strong and subtle poison.”

“ By Jove! You don’t say so.”

“ Rather. I’ve got a theory that your clothes helped to save you. You were saying, Hesketh, that the only one of those who came to grief here and recovered consciousness was a Hottentot. Well, he would have had clothes on, and the Kafirs wouldn’t.”

“ Something in that, may be,” answered the old man.

A little further on Greenoak picked up another of the tiny arrows. This one was sticking in the ground.

“ The one I dodged,” he said. “ Come on further.”

He led the way. Suddenly Dick Selmes gave a start.

“ What’s that ? ” he said. “ Ugh ! ”

“ The mystery,” answered Greenoak.

The monkey-like shape lying there looked more hideous and horrible in death, if

possible, than when it skipped along the tree-tops.

“ But what is it ? ”

“ A survivor of the original Bushmen who lived among the holes and caves of these mountains. He adopted this method of setting up a scare in order to have the run of this place unmolested. You see, if he went on the ground he’d leave spoor, and he knew that—hence the tree dodge.”

“ How is it we never found any of these arrows ? ” said old Hesketh.

“ Probably you never thought of looking for them.”

“ No more we did.”

“ You see,” explained Greenoak, “ when you were spinning that yarn about the kloof, it brought back to my mind one similar case I’d known of the kind, and I began to put two and two together. Well, the murdering little beast has only got what he deserved, but it’ll save bother if we keep our mouths shut, all the same.”

“ But how do you know there are no more of ’em, Greenoak ? ” said Dick Selmes.

“ I’m sure there aren’t. This one is as old as Methuselah. He’d be the only one. You can use Slaang Kloof again, Hesketh.”



The Mortal Wound at Trafalgar.

(OCTOBER 21, 1805.)

From the fresco by Daniel Maclise, R.A., in the Palace of Westminster.



Nelson's Birthplace.

HORATIO NELSON was born in the rectory of the little village of Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, on September 29, 1758. His father was the Rev. Edmund Nelson, rector of Burnham Thorpe, and his mother a grand-niece of Sir Robert Walpole, the famous Prime Minister of the reigns of George I. and George II. Here he lived happily, a boy whose chief characteristic was his extreme tenderness of heart, until he lost his mother when he was only nine. Then, through the influence of an uncle, he obtained a berth on board the *Raisonné*, then fitting out at Chatham, and went to sea in 1770.

ADMIRAL LORD
NELSON

Scenes from the
famous Sailor's
Life, as depicted
by great Artists.

"Nelson Wounded at
Teneriffe."

*From the painting by R. Westall, R.A., in
the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.*

NELSON had been sent by Sir John Jervis to take possession of an enormously rich Spanish ship which had put into Santa Cruz for safety. In spite of orders which he had received not to land personally, he was one of the first to go ashore when the fighting began, and was in the act of stepping from the boat when a grape-shot shattered his elbow. On being taken back to his ship, up the side of which he insisted on climbing unaided, the injured limb was at once amputated.





Nelson boarding the "San Nicolas."

From the picture by Sir Wm. Allan, R.A., P.R.S.A., in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.

THE battle off Cape St. Vincent was fought between the English and Spanish fleets on February 14, 1797. At this time Nelson held the rank of Commodore of H.M.S. *Captain*. Notwithstanding the fact that his vessel was the smallest seventy-four in the fleet, he first attacked the giant *Santissima Trinidad* (at that time said to be the largest vessel in the world), and then the *San Nico'as*, which vessel fouled the rigging of the *San Josef*. The foremast of the *Captain* having gone, Nelson, fearing that he might drop astern, ran his vessel into the quarter of the *San Nico'as* and carried her by boarding.



Nelson receiving the Swords of the Spanish Officers on board the "San Josef."

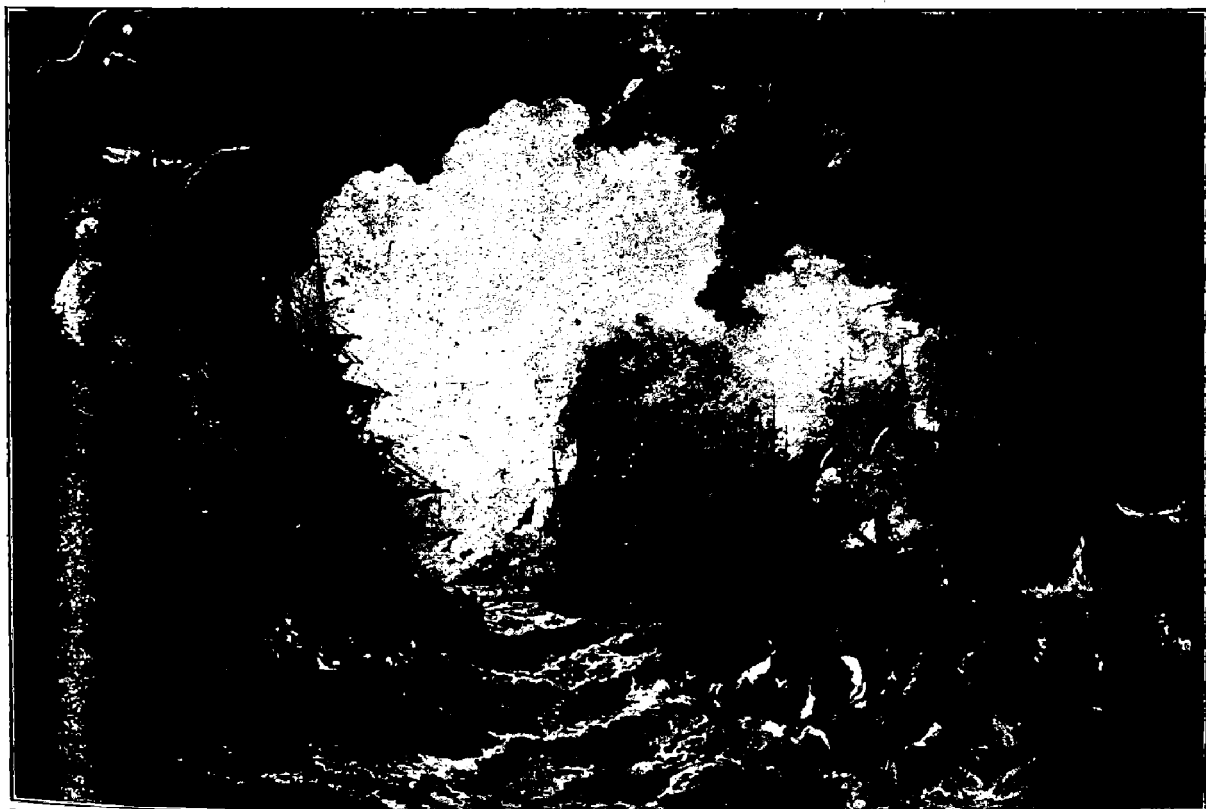
From the painting by T. J. Barker, in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.

IMMEDIATELY on the surrender of the *San Nicolas*, Nelson turned his attention to the *San Josef*. Having boarded this vessel, being offered but little resistance, he formally received the swords of the Spanish officers on the quarter-deck.



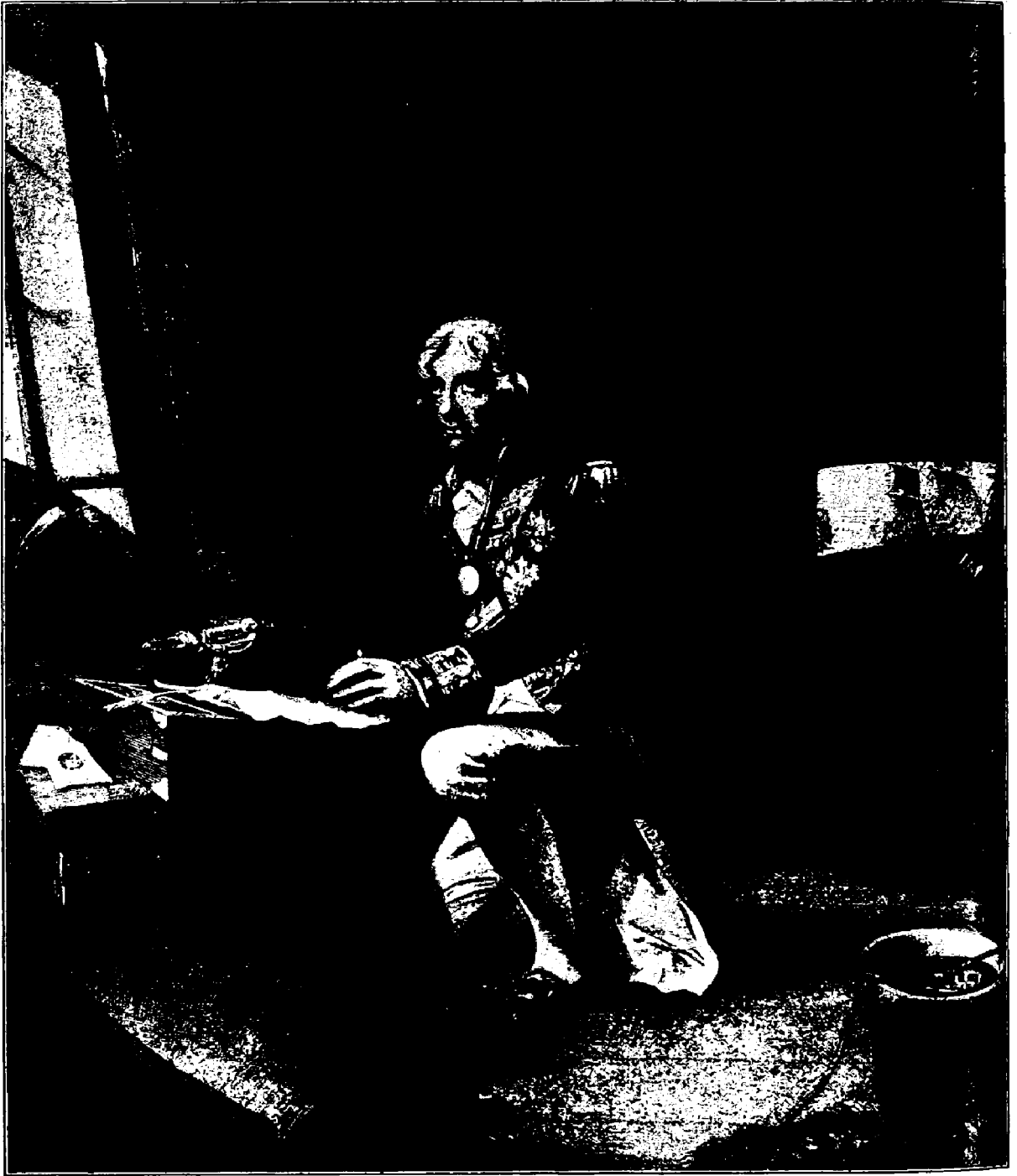
Quarter-deck of the "Vanguard." Nelson witnessing the Destruction of the "Orient."

NELSON had been wounded over the forehead by a shot, which, displacing a large piece of skin which fell over his eye, had placed him in complete darkness. Fearing that he had lost his sight, he retired below. No sooner was he reassured on this point, however, than, with a bandage round his head, he once more went on deck and took command, being in time to witness the destruction of the enemy's flagship.



From the picture by) The Battle of the Nile. Showing the blowing up of the "Orient." (P. de Loutherbourg, R.A.

THE Battle of the Nile was fought between the English and the French fleets at the mouth of the Nile. The battle began at sunset on August 1, 1798, and two hours afterwards the flagship of the French admiral, the *Orient*, was blown up.

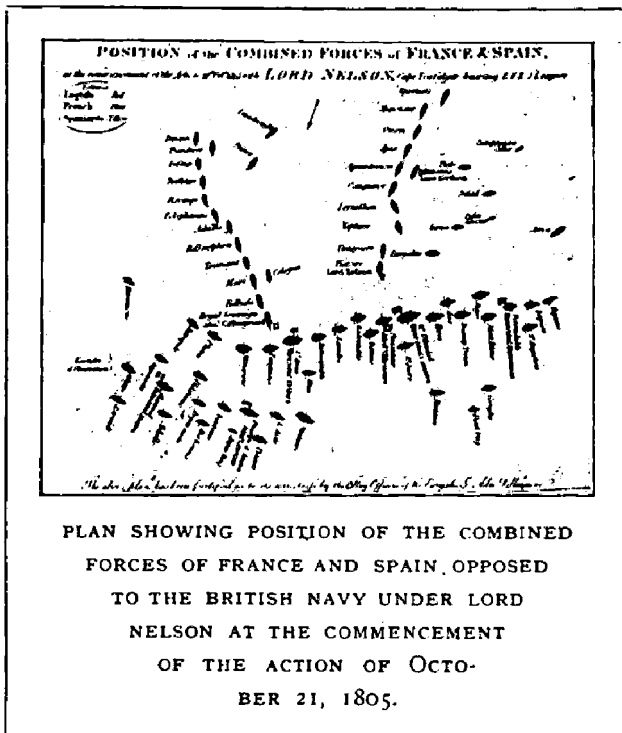


Nelson's Prayer before the Battle of Trafalgar.

"MAY the great God whom I worship, grant to my country and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen."



Sir T. M. Hardy, K.C.B.
FLAG CAPTAIN TO NELSON AT TRAFALGAR.



PLAN SHOWING POSITION OF THE COMBINED FORCES OF FRANCE AND SPAIN, OPPOSED TO THE BRITISH NAVY UNDER LORD NELSON AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE ACTION OF OCTOBER 21, 1805.



From the picture by]

"The Battle of Trafalgar."

[J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

The French fleet having ventured out of Cadiz, where they had gone for shelter, encountered the English fleet off Cape Trafalgar on October 21, 1805, and at noon the fight began. Flying the famous signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," the British within two hours were victorious all along the line. There were 1589 casualties on the British side, among the dead, alas, being Nelson himself.



From the painting by A. W. Davis

"The Death of Nelson."

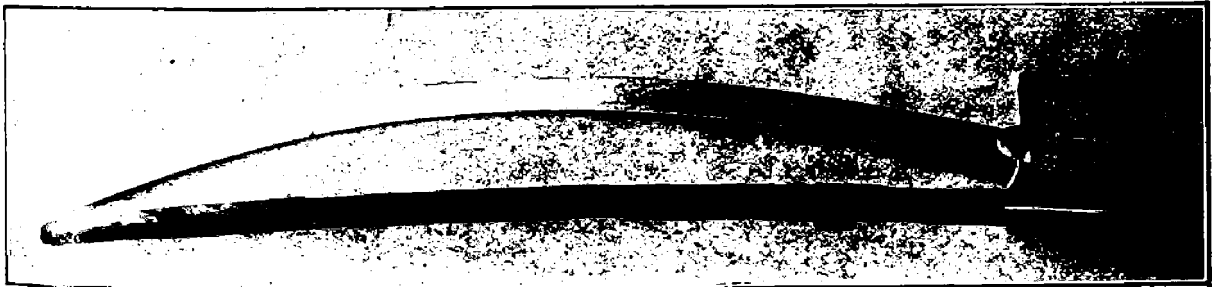
in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.



"Greenwich Pensioners commemorating the Battle of Trafalgar."

From the picture by John Burnet, F.R.S.

NOTWITHSTANDING the death of the great hero, the news of the victory of Trafalgar, which finally broke the power of Napoleon on the sea, was received with great rejoicing by every class of Englishman. By no one was the event discussed with more satisfaction than the naval pensioners at Greenwich Hospital. In this picture are seen the veteran seamen who have quitted active service, but still retain the old and fiery interest in every event connected with British warfare upon the seas.



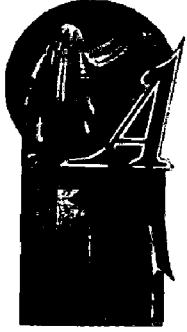
Sword worn by Nelson as a Lieutenant.



Dirk carried by Nelson when a Midshipman.

GONE TO GROUND.

By STUART WISHING. Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.



AT half past-four on a bright Saturday afternoon, Messrs. Walker and Soames, undistinguished members of the third form, might have been observed taking tea in the latter's study. To be pedantically exact, the tea portion of the meal was over. They were lolling comfortably in two hammock chairs, devoting their whole attention to sixpennyworth of chocolate and a couple of vanilla ices. Funds, oddly enough, happened to be plentiful just then; and souls and their bodies were at peace with the world.

"Can't make out, old chap," said Walker, as he helped himself unostentatiously to Rown-tree's best, "why you're so bally mysterious to-day. First of all, you ask me to tea in the manner of a ha'penny novelette—then you hint at a gruesome discovery—and lastly—most wonderful of all—you let me bag the biggest ice without a protest. Is anything up?"

"Heaps," said Soames. "I've got no end of a rag in store."

"Well, let's hear what it is."

"You know you told me how you went to Maskelyne and Devant's last holidays?"

"Yes."

"Ripping good show too, isn't it? I went about the same time. You remember the vanishing lady trick? Well, I was fearfully struck by it, and ever since then I've been sweating to do it myself, and *I've solved the mystery!*"

Walker merely said, "Rot."

"Yes, I have. At least, I know a trick that's just as good. I can show you a simply A1 method of vanishing in here."

"Fire ahead."

"Very well. I'll bet you another ice that if you shut your eyes I'll disappear from sight in ten seconds. All you've got to do—"

"Is to stand out of your way and let you oil through the door. Thanks."

"You unbelieving beast—you're quite off the track. You may lock the door, keep the key, and examine the windows. Notice the bars—excellent Sheffield steel—no space to squeeze through."

"All right," said the sceptic. "Do it, and I'll believe you."

"What you've got to do is to stand by the door without moving, shut your eyes, and stop your ears. Wait ten seconds and then open your eyes. You won't see me. Then shut them again, wait ten seconds more, and I bet you I'll appear."

The wondering Walker protested that you hadn't to shut your eyes at Maskelyne's, and demanded his money back. However, he suffered himself to be led to the spot indicated, and carefully locked the door. Then he shut his eyes, and corked his somewhat obtrusive ears as directed. He counted ten slowly, and then looked up. Soames was nowhere to be seen!

"By Gum!" said Walker philosophically, and trod on his own toe to make sure he was not dreaming. No, it was real enough. He shut his eyes again and waited: on opening them—lo and behold! Soames sat smiling, a trifle dishevelled and dusky of hue, in the hammock chair. Walker repeated his criticism.

"Quite a sound vanishing, eh?" said the illusionist with a triumphant smile.

"How's it *done*?" asked his friend with a touch of natural irritation at his own dense-ness. Really, Soames had no business to be so smart.

"Swear you won't give it away?"

"Rather not."

"Honour bright? You see, it's no fun if everybody knows."

"Honest Injun."

Thereupon the wily Soames pulled aside the wreck of what had once been a hearthrug, and disclosed a trap-door.

"Ah!" said Walker reflectively. "So you popped down there?"

"Yes—and drew the rug back after me. The trap opens downwards, so it's quite easy. It

took me nearly three weeks to make—working hard in my off times.”

“You don't mean to say you sawed up the floor? I thought it was built in there.”

“Why shouldn't I, you ass?”

“Simpson might object—that's all.”

This had never struck Soames: it was quite a novel view of the case. Why should his housemaster discountenance excursions into the realm of practical engineering? Had he not made for him a beautiful trap-door—which he could not possibly take with him when he left school?

“Hang it! He'll never know!” said Soames comfortably. “How could he spot it? *You* never 'did.”

The insinuation that Simpson's brains were on a lower level than Walker's, gratified the latter considerably.

“I daresay not: what's below?”

“The coal-cellar: there's a drop of about seven feet. I get back by standing on a box I found down there. Rather a good wheeze, isn't it?”

“Jolly good. What shall we do with it? Get out at night?”

“I'm afraid we can't do that. There's a door down there, and also the place where they shoot the coal in. But the suspicious brutes keep both locked—even in the daytime.”

“H'm. . . . That's rather a pity . . . but we must make use of it somehow. . . . Tell you what! It would be rather a rag to get some man in a fearful bait—let him chase us—and then disappear before he arrived. Wouldn't he be sick? He'd think he'd got 'em again.”

“Not a bad notion,” mused Soames, licking his lips at the idea. “Who could we draw?”

“Let's see . . . old Bancroft gave me a hundred lines yesterday—but I hardly think he'd be really keen on a hunt. . . . Then there's Sowerby. He might do.”

“Sowerby! Yes—he's a bit of an old ass. Let's go and find him.”



SOAMES PULLED ASIDE THE HEARTH Rug.

was about to be tested, was discovered lying on a grassy bank, reading and watching the cricket. By nature lazy, yet he was as a lion when roused; a stubborn, determined soul—loath to pause when once he had summoned up sufficient energy to move.

“I say, Sowerby, old mule!” It was the voice of Walker. The reader turned a deaf ear to his blandishments.

“Sowerby, you ass!” (This was Soames, singing seconds.)

“Urgh?” said the recumbent form, without looking round.

“Come on the river with us.”

“No. Reading. G'way.”

“Come on, old chap! Ripping day for a row! You shall pull us and we'll steer.”

Sowerby, on whom the policy of pin-pricks

Even this tempting offer did not move the addressee. There was a pause. . . .

"I say, Sowerby!"

No answer.

"Sow—er—by!" (*crescendo.*)

"Sow—er—by! Sow—er—by!! Fat old Sowerby!!!" (*fortissimo.*)

"If you two fools don't clear out I'll give you a jolly good hiding."

"Don't do that, old man! Simmer down, Sowerby! (Good sound that! Try it the other way!) Sower down Simmerby! Simmer down Sowerby! Hi-yi!"

"Oh, do shut up! I want to read."

"Studious beast! I say, old boy," murmured Soames persuasively.

Silence. . . .

"I say! I've made a ripping poem—all about you! Listen, old numskull!

'There once was a fellow called Sowerby,
Who lay in a little grass bowerby—'

Coined a word—like Virgil, see? Can't you suggest another rhyme, Walker? I've dried up."

"I'm not a bally poet. Sowerby is—must be—he reads such a lot."

"Beautiful thought! I say, Sowerby, will you help us with our verses? Beastly stiff copy to-day—we can only find one rhyme."

"Surly brute, isn't he? Never *will* give you any assistance."

"If you don't get out——" began the irate reader.

"Don't get shirty, Sowerby! I say, Walker—have you ever noticed how stout old Sow is getting? Must have put on a stone since last term. Too many visits to the tuck-shop, my boy! You really *must* try to moderate your appetite. . . . *Cave!* The bull's broken loose!"

The maddened victim had sprung to his feet and made for his persecutors, thirsting for their blood. Walker and Soames, more agile, eluded the charge, and settled down to head-long flight. Sowerby—who was by no means as stout as they imputed—ran steadily and well. He was no mean performer at the mile—sprinting was not his strong point—and he determined he would catch one or both before lock-up, and read him or them a much-needed lesson. He would not be disturbed thus with impunity.

The hares gave him a good sporting outing—across the cricket-ground, down to the river, back up the hill—(some hard collar work here)—round by the tuck-shop, back to the field again, and then a circle round the gym. They

kept some fifty yards ahead without effort, and finally—showing an excellent turn of speed, as the reporters say—fled in a bee-line to Soames' study. They got safely to their earth seven seconds ahead of their pursuer, strewing chairs in their rear as they ran. Sowerby, as he entered the long corridor, saw them bolt into the study and heard the door slam. He pulled up, angry, because he thought they had locked the door. Still, this should not save them: he would not let them escape. He would take a chair, if necessary, and sit outside, like a terrier watching a rat-hole, till they chose to come out. *Then*—he chuckled, and prepared for a long siege. He was a patient youth.

As a mere matter of form he shouted threats through the keyhole and tried the door. To his unbounded astonishment it opened with ease. He walked in warily, scenting a trap. Then he sat down on the nearest seat and marvelled intensely at what had happened. The room was empty.

Sowerby wondered if a miracle had taken place by accident. Here was he in Soames' study, through the doorway of which Soames and Walker—if he could trust the hitherto unimpeachable evidence of his eyes—had disappeared but a few seconds ago. There was no possible means of exit: the window was heavily barred—there was only one door—and the means of concealment were inadequate in the extreme. Casting a hasty glance around him, he lifted the table-cloth gingerly, as if expecting Walker or his *confrère* to bite him in the calf. . . . No; beneath the table were a grub-box and a pair of single-sticks—nothing else. . . . It was positively uncanny. For one emotional moment Sowerby imagined that Soames and Walker must have uttered some potent spell of ancient days and been transformed into the single-sticks—saved by some pagan god, even as Daphne was changed into a laurel-tree to escape the pursuer. With this fantastic notion in his brain Sowerby felt quite indignant that his wrath should be haulted in such an unsportsmanlike fashion. Then reason re-asserted herself, and he abused superstition and all its works.

For was there not standing in a corner of the room a tall and capacious cupboard that might easily contain two of the size of his late tormentors? Sowerby breathed again. Here, of course, was the obvious explanation of the disappearance: the *Psychical Research Society* need not be invoked as yet. Smiling gently to himself, he rose from his seat, locked the cupboard door, and sat down again. His should be a lengthy revenge: he would wait till sounds of

distress and prayers for mercy came from the interior: and then—*then* he would think about it. He took a book from the shelf and began to read.

* * * * *

Below, in the darkness, there was self-congratulation and peace. Messrs. Walker and Soames, after recovering from their cross-country chase and hurried descent to the cellar, shook each other by the hand and laughed silently. Here, in very truth, was a tale to unfold—at some distant day, when they were grey-beards and far beyond the reach of Sowerby. Here was a joke of epic character, meet to be inscribed on the walls of their study in letters of gold! How they had pulled old Sowerby's leg! What an ass he had shown himself! What—a dreadful thought struck Walker, and he spoke.

"I say!" he began uneasily.

"Well?"

"How—how are we going to get out?"

"By *Jove*," said Soames, "I never thought of that!"

Odd though it may seem, such was the appalling fact. Both had been too engrossed in the laying of the trap to remember that a means of egress was necessary. And now—it was too late.

"You white-faced lunatic!" said Walker, who was almost too angry to speak. "That is like you—to go and lay a ripping trap like this and forget the one thing needful! You *are* a chump."

"Hang it all!" retorted the indignant inventor; "it was your idea to draw Sow. I never—"

"Of course not. . . . Well, it won't do any good, scrapping. What we've got to do is to find a way of escape."

"Oh, Sowerby will get sick of waiting after a bit," said Soames hopefully. "We shall hear him as he leaves the study, and then we can bob up serenely without any one being the wiser."

"Will he? That's all you know. Old Sow's like a bloodhound when he's really angry. I tell you he'll sit there till prep, rather than leave our tracks. We daren't go while he's there—unless you're anxious for a first-class lamming—and there's not much amusement to be found in a coal-cellar, so far as I can see."

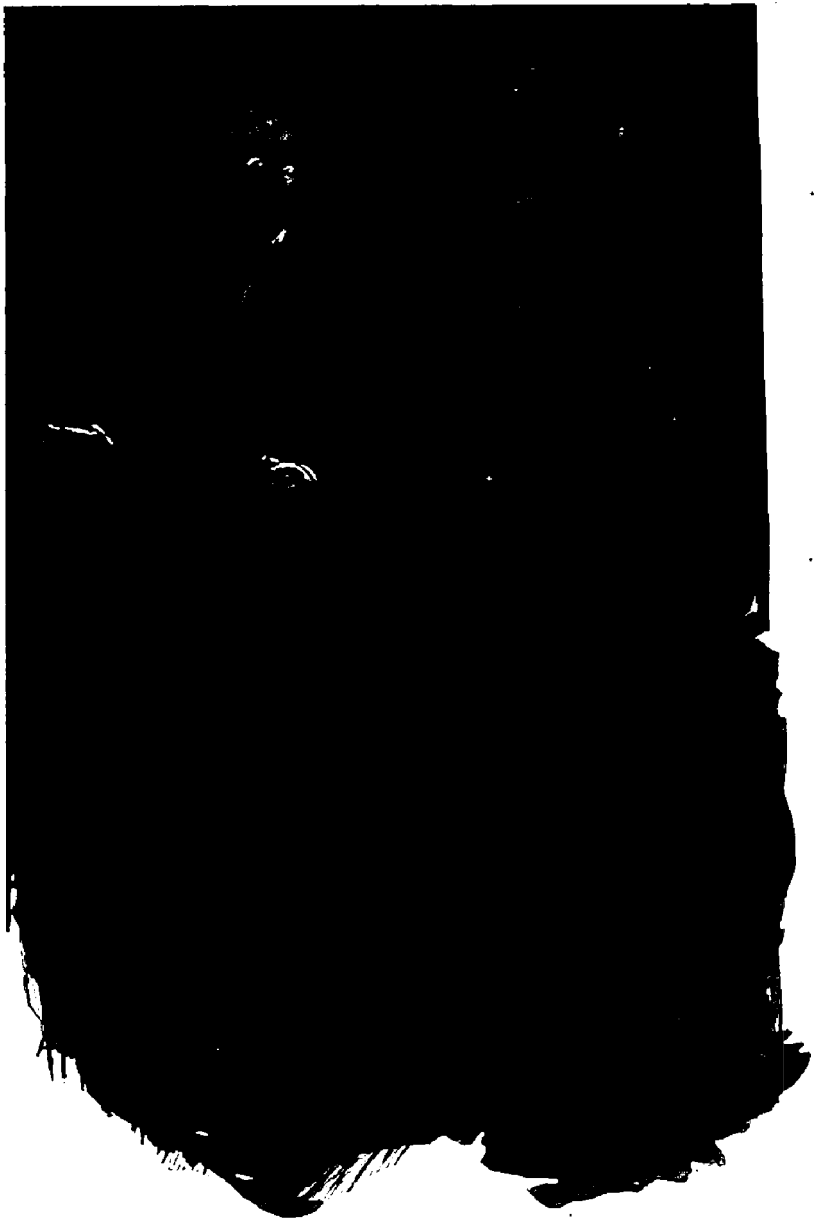
"Let's try the door," murmured his fellow-criminal softly. "They may have left it unlocked to-day."

The hope proved vain. Not only was the door locked, but also the opening through



THE ROOM WAS EMPTY.

which the coal was shot was bolted on the outside. Moodily they sat down, and proceeded to while away the time criticising each other's personal appearance and making farciful predictions concerning each other's probable fate. Each inclined to the pessimistic view; and while Walker stated his firm conviction that Soames would make an undignified exit on the gallows, Soames was equally convinced that Walker would shuffle off this mortal coil in even more degrading circumstances. The fate that he depicted for his friend was the voluntary sale of his body for dissecting purposes before the natural term of his life came to an end. According to Soames, Walker would be so displeased with



"HOW—HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT?"

his own features that he would be only too glad to dispose of himself at any cost. A trial by combat in the gloom of the cellar was only averted by the recollection that thereby a clue to their hiding-place would be given to their gaoler. So they sat on.

* * * * *

At 7.30 Sowerby roused himself with a start: he had been deep in Sherlock Holmes, and had not noticed how the time had flown. Rapt in the exploits of that fascinating hero, tea-time had passed unheeded. No one had entered the study: at times footsteps had sounded in the corridor—the wheels of a stray

cart had creaked outside the window—but other disturbance had there been none. He looked at his watch.

"My aunt!" said Sowerby. "It's time for prep." And then, with a qualm of remorse, he remembered his captives in the cupboard. By this time his anger had completely evaporated: a period of unwonted calm, devoted to reading and undisturbed by boors, together with the thought that Walker and Soames had been imprisoned for a considerable space, had softened Sowerby's heart. He was a good-natured fellow on the whole, and determined to forego the licking in consideration of their sufferings.

"Come out now, you young beggars," he said cheerily. "I won't touch you."

He flung open the door—and received his second severe shock of the afternoon. In the cupboard were the following items: a school blazer, a tin of potted meat, three jam-pots, a hockey stick, a tin of Abernethies, but—still no Walker and no Soames!

Sowerby sat down wearily and wiped his forehead. This was getting beyond him. He began to have doubts about his sanity. Let's see—to-day was Saturday, and twice two made four—and half-term would be here in a week—and—but *where*—WHERE—in the name of every ghost and conjurer that one could think of—was Soames—and where was Walker? Had they eaten each other, after the manner of the

Kilkenny cats? Were they Mahatmas in disguise? The prep. bell rang, and saved his tottering wits: here at least was something concrete and tangible. He must go into prep. now and interview the house-master on the projection of astral bodies later. In all his life he had never tasted or wished to taste alcohol, but now he felt that the one thing he really needed was a strong whiskey-and-soda. He walked into prep., and the first person he saw was Walker, giving a very free translation of the morrow's Cæsar to his boon-companion Soames.

* * * * *

"Lor', Marier," said a burly cartman to his wife that evening, "I never larfed so much in all my natcherel. I was just a-gettin' ready to tip a ton o' coal down the shoot, when a 'ead bobs up and says, 'Arf a mo., cockie!' I thought I'd got 'em again—I did! But it was real flesh an' blood, and in another second a boy whips out. 'I've got a pal

coming,' ses he. 'The dooce you 'ave,' ses I, staring; and sure enough out comes another nipper—black—why, black ain't the word for it! 'Ere's a shillin' to say nothin',' says the first. I took the shillin', o' course—but even if they 'adn't guv me nothin' I wouldn't ha' split for worlds. Larf! well—there!"



JOHN MILTON was born on December 9, 1608, and was destined for the study of Politic Literature. He wrote poetry

The Death of Milton.

at the age of ten, and at twelve he rarely relinquished his studies before midnight. This formed the first source of injury to his eyes. His master was the Rev. Thomas Young, of Essex, who left him because of religious persecutions, and Milton was sent to St. Paul's School, under Alexander Gill, in 1623. In due course he was admitted to Christ's College, Cambridge. He decided to take Holy Orders, but could not subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles. He therefore returned to his home, and led the life of a student.

While at college he wrote all his earlier poems, notably, "The Hymn of the Nativity," which was subsequently to win its author fame. He was an accomplished musician, and amongst his friends numbered Henry Lawes, the great Lutanist.

In 1634 Milton wrote "The Mask of Comus," and the "Arcades"; in 1637, "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso." In 1638 he left England for a great tour of Europe, and in 1641 his "Treatise of Rofc mation" was published. His "Latin and English Poems" saw the light a year later.

Milton first espoused Mary Powell (daughter of a Justice of the Peace), who left him because of the quietness of his home, but they were reunited until she died. Three years later he married Katherine Woodcock, daughter of Captain Woodcock, but she lived only a year. Milton deplored her loss in a "Sonnet." He then set about preparing a "Latin Dictionary," writing a "History of England," and commencing his Epic. The Dictionary remained unfinished, the History dated to the Norman

Conquest only, and the Epic is the immortal "Paradise Lost." In 1671 he published "Sampson Agonistes" and "Paradise Regained."

Milton died on November 15, 1674, and was buried in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London.

EGERTON W. MELVILLE.

In June, 1688 it had been finally settled that the intolerable rule of the Catholic James II. should come to an end. The nation had made up its mind to endure the overbearing and unjust conduct of the king no longer. To

The Landing of William of Orange.

whom, then, could it look for help? Where was the man who would give it back its liberty—the liberty which is considered the birthright of every English man and woman, and which has now become inseparably associated with the name of England? The chosen man was indeed worthy of so great a trust. William, Prince of Orange, was the husband of James II.'s Protestant daughter Mary. He had many admirable qualities, and is undeniably entitled to the foremost place among the sovereigns of England in point of intellectual ability; while his services in delivering the nation from civil tyranny, and religious persecution, justly demand the gratitude of posterity. On November 1, 1688, this great Prince set sail for England with an enormous array of ships. The fleet consisted of 70 men-of-war, 700 transports with 4500 horse, and 11,000 foot, accompanied by many nobles and gentlemen of England and Scotland. It had

been William's original intention to land in Yorkshire, but adverse winds drove him down the Channel, and on November 4, 1688, the fleet dropped anchor in Torbay, Devonshire. Such caution and moderation marked the proceedings of William, that the great event of a change of dynasty was accomplished without bloodshed, and thus closed a period which will ever be viewed with the deepest interest by all who value the blessings of true scriptural religion, as the great English revolution was undoubtedly set on foot to check the crafty attacks of the Romish party upon the Protestant faith—establishing the latter upon a solid and substantial foundation.

The arrival of William of Orange in England must rank, therefore, among the landmarks of the history of our Island, and November 4 must be looked upon as an anniversary of note, for on that day England was delivered from the oppression of a Catholic despot, and restored to her liberties by a great and admirable man.

H. F. ROWE.

ON November 30, 1530, died Wolsey, the great churchman and statesman, who for years had swayed England

The Death of Wolsey.

with an iron rule. Wonderful, indeed, had been the story of his life. He had raised himself, by sheer ability, to numerous posts of honour both in Church and State, till he reached the highest pinnacle of his greatness and became Chancellor of England and arbiter of European affairs. He brought his country to a great position among the European nations; his name was feared at home and abroad. Then, just when his power seemed to be greatest, his will supreme, he fell suddenly, "like a bright exhalation in the evening," and died in despair and disgrace. The reasons for his fall are to be found in the imperious humour of the monarch whom he had placed in a position of absolutism such as no king following him has ever known. As soon as Henry felt the least opposition to his wishes, as soon as his divorce had been forbidden by the Pope, he turned savagely on the minister who had advised him to seek the papal consent. In spite of his great services, Wolsey was accused of high treason and summoned to London.

But his life was well-nigh over—the sense of coming ruin, the knowledge of his beloved master's displeasure, had already broken down his overworked frame. He set out for London, but he never reached it. Among the tears of his servants and the country people, he left

Cawood Castle, never to return. He grew rapidly worse on the journey, and, when he reached Leicester Abbey, he greeted the abbot with the words, "Father. I am come to lay my bones among you." For two days Wolsey lingered on, his last hours harassed by the unfeeling king, who sent to demand from him a sum of money which he had in his possession. Then, on November 30, he passed away, his last words showing that he had grasped the reason of his sad fall: "If I had served God so diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit, this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I had to do him service, only to satisfy his vain pleasure, not regarding my godly duty."

HELEN C. STONE.

THE famous battle of Inkerman, more glorious even than the Charge of the Light Brigade, was fought on a foggy November day, that ever-to-be-remembered "Fifth"

The Battle of Inkerman.

of the year 1854.

In the early hours of the morning the Grenadier Guards discovered that the Russians had approached the English lines—which were lying on a slope somewhat to the north of Sebastopol—and, unseen, had taken the earth-work known as the Two-Gun Battery. Immediately the Guards and Fusiliers, though their forces were vastly inferior to those of the enemy, hurled themselves against the Russian host, cleared the battery and took possession of it. That was not to be the end of the fight, however, for the Russians determined that the fortification should be theirs. Time after time they threw themselves against the British, and no less than eleven times did the Coldstream Guards receive fresh bands of the enemy at the point of the bayonet. Gradually the British forces grew weaker: man after man fell, and the position became well-nigh untenable, for the odds were tremendous—sixty thousand Russians to six thousand English.

Still the fight was continued, and then, at length, when evening had already begun to fall. General Bosquet arrived on the scene, and, at the sight of his troops, courage revived in the weary soldiers. In face of such a reinforcement the Russians were obliged to desist from their attacks, and shortly afterwards were driven from the field with tremendous slaughter. They are said to have lost more men than the

combined French and English forces did, while of the allies about one-fourth were killed. Such was the battle—depending not on the sagacity of any commander or general, but on the individual ability and prowess displayed by the ranks. It was, indeed, a "soldiers'" day, and their heroic courage and resistance on the occasion will ever be held as a memorial of honour to the British nation. The popular feeling of pride in England at the time, was expressed in the following doggerel verse commemorating the victory :

"Remember, remember, the fifth of November,
Sebastopol powder and shot,
When General Liprandi
Charged John, Pat, and Sandy,
And a jolly good licking he got."

ETHEL RAINES.

IN 1854 M. de Lesseps held a consultation with Mahomet Saïd Pasha, then viceroy of Egypt, to consider the propriety of a ship canal, with the result that some years later the Universal Suez Canal Company was established. Many able engineers, representing different nationalities, having surveyed the ground and formed their conclusions, it was generally agreed that the undertaking was possible : and therefore, after all dissension and variation of opinion as to the plan of construction had been finally settled, the stupendous work was commenced in the year 1860.

The Opening of the Suez Canal.

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Company was established. Many able engineers, representing different nationalities, having surveyed the ground and formed their conclusions, it was generally agreed that the undertaking was possible : and therefore, after all dissension and variation of opinion as to the plan of construction had been finally settled, the stupendous work was commenced in the year 1860.

Many difficulties were encountered in the construction of this canal, eighty-eight miles in length, through arid deserts and salt-strewn valleys ; but, owing to the indomitable energy and unflagging application of the leading officers, all obstacles were eventually overcome, and after nine years of labour this gigantic task was completed. In its execution, twenty million pounds had been expended, many thousands of men had been employed, and the power and genius of the greatest brains the world could produce had been engaged. As a result the work was brought to a successful termination, and on November 17, 1869, the greatest engineering work of the age was opened.

The most sanguine expectations of the early promoters of the scheme have been more than realised. Every year shows an enormous increase in the number of vessels using the canal, and a corresponding increase in the toll receipts. Those who invested their money in the Company at its foundation have every

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reason to be satisfied, for the returns they have received have greatly exceeded the expectations of the wildest imagination.

All this is the outcome of the genius of one man, Ferdinand de Lesseps, for, throughout the progress of the work, his was the master-brain, the supreme influence, which guided every move ; and when we hear that on November 17, 1899, exactly thirty years after the opening day, a colossal statue of M. de Lesseps was unveiled at Port Saïd, we feel it was but a due recognition of the undaunted perseverance and infinite genius of the man who was responsible for the brilliantly successful completion of one of the greatest feats of engineering skill the world has ever seen.

WILLIAM KENTISH.

MANY stirring incidents occurred during the Matabele War of 1895, but none I think was more unselfish or heroic

Major Wilson's Last Stand.

than that which marked its close. Majors Forbes and Wilson, with a small

force of mounted men, were in pursuit of Lobengula. The trail was followed to the Shangani River. A slave boy brought in word that the king was just in front. Thereupon Major Wilson, Captains Greenfield and Kirton, the two scouts, and twelve men were ordered to push on along the spoor. Several camps were searched ; when the fifth was reached a number of armed natives appeared, and the Major ordered a retreat. Major Borrow and twenty men got through and joined Wilson. Next day the main force was attacked and had to retire. Heavy firing was heard across the river, and the scouts, accompanied by a trooper, joined the retiring force, the sole survivors of Wilson's party. Wilson had encamped without being attacked. Before daylight Borrow and his men arrived. It was decided to rush the king's camp, and try to secure him. They rode up and called on the king to surrender. The answer was a heavy fire from the front and both sides. Firing steadily, the British retired. Burnham, his mate Ingram, and Trooper Gowling, volunteered to try and get through to Major Forbes. Amidst a hail of bullets, they succeeded in crossing the river. For two hours the little band resisted overwhelming odds. Taking cover behind the dead horses, they aimed at the chiefs. One by one they sank, the wounded loading the rifles. The Matabele charged again and again, only to be driven back by the well-directed fire. At last only one hero was left ;

picking up an armful of rifles, he retreated to an ant-heap. Shot through the hips, he sank to his knees, still loading and firing. At last he too succumbed to his wounds. The Matabele advanced. Only a few of the wounded had strength to use their revolvers. The savages fled, and when they returned not a man was left alive. As the scout, Ingram, remarked. "Some of the best mounts might have got away, but—well, they were not the sort of men to leave their chums. No; I guess they fought it right out there where they stood."

ERNEST WHARRIER-SOULSBY.



ON Tuesday, November 28, 1899, 10,000 of the British forces, under Lord Methuen, met

The Battle of Modder River.

those of the Boers, commanded by Cronje, at Modder River. The advance from Orange River had begun on Wednesday, and on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday the actions of Belmont and Graspan were fought. On Monday morning the advance on the forces besieging Kimberley was resumed. Early on Tuesday morning, as the troops were marching to the ford at Modder River, they walked into a zone of fire from rifles, machine guns and several heavy pieces of artillery. Cronje, with consummate originality and generalship, had entrenched his men on both sides of the river, and in some places, owing to the nature of the ground, had secured three positions from which a triple line of fire could be obtained. His heavy guns were placed on

the further side of the stream, and were provided with a row of reserve positions, so that they could be readily moved when their range was found. The British infantry immediately halted and took what cover they could. The cavalry could do nothing in such a position, and were forced to remain inactive. The two field batteries at once dashed up and opened fire. But these, even with the help of the naval guns, were insufficient to master the fire of the opposing pieces. At this moment another battery came up from the British rear, and, unlimbering, joined in. Thus reinforced, the British guns gradually got the better of their opponents, and soon the heavy guns over the river were either withdrawn or put out of action.

All day this artillery duel proceeded, as the infantry could not advance and would not retire; and, owing to the junction of the river the Scots Guards on the right could not turn the enemy's left flank. But on the British left a fresh development was taking place. On this side there was ample room to extend, and the 9th Brigade spread out and found a point where the enemy's fire was less fierce. Here a number of men succeeded in crossing the river and establishing themselves on the right flank of the Boers. Cronje, finding that his retreat was threatened, and noticing that the British cannonade was growing more furious, decided to withdraw, and on the following morning the British found empty trenches and evacuated positions. The British losses amounted to about 450. Those of the Boers were difficult to estimate, but they could not have been much inferior.

W. G. PALMER.



* * "THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR, NOVEMBER 1905. * *

	Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.		Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1. Wed.	C. P. Foley, cricketer, b., 1868.	5.33.	
2. Thurs.	Victor Trumper, cricketer, b., 1877.	5.31.	
3. Fri.	Mikado of Japan b., 1852	5.29.	
4. Sat.	Sir Charles Tennant b., 1823.	5.27.	
5. Sun.	Twentieth after Trinity.	5.25.	
6. Mon.	E. G. Hayes, cricketer, b., 1876.	5.24.	
7. Tues.	Duke of Montrose b., 1852.	5.23.	
8. Wed.	Lord Rothschild b., 1840.	5.21.	
9. Thurs.	King Edward VII. b., 1841.	5.19.	
10. Fri.	Duke of Fife b., 1849	5.18.	
11. Sat.	King of Italy b., 1860.	5.16.	
12. Sun.	Twenty-first after Trinity.	5.14.	
13. Mon.	Duke of Marlborough b., 1871.	5.13.	
14. Tues.	General Sir Hugh Gough, V.C., b., 1833.	5.12.	
15. Wed.	F. H. Huish, cricketer, b., 1870.	5.10.	
16. Thurs.	Hon Sidney Greville b., 1866.	5.9.	
17. Fri.	Suez Canal opened, 1869.	5.8.	
18. Sat.	Viscount Galway b., 1844.	5.6.	
19. Sun.	Twenty-second after Trinity.	5.5.	
20. Mon.	Sir Wilfrid Laurier b., 1841.	5.4.	
21. Tues.	Hon. F. S. Jackson, cricketer, b., 1870.	5.3.	
22. Wed.	December CAPTAIN published.	5.1.	
23. Thurs.	Captain R. W. Barclay, athlete, b. 1880.	5.0.	
24. Fri.	Sir Richard Tangye b., 1833.	4.59.	
25. Sat.	G. O. Smith, footballer, b. 1872.	4.58.	
26. Sun.	Twenty-third after Trinity.	4.57.	
27. Mon.	R. H. Jones, footballer, b., 1879.	4.56.	
28. Tues.	E. M. Grace, cricketer, b., 1848.	4.55.	
29. Wed.	Sir Francis C. Burnand b., 1836.	4.54.	
30. Thurs.	Robert Abel, cricketer, b., 1859.	4.53.	



Photo. by J. M. Swanson, Aberdeen.

SOME USEFUL HINTS.

A MAKESHIFT focusing screen is easily made by pouring some thin matt-varnish over a disused plate from which the film has been removed.

A correspondent asks me how best to strip the films off old negatives. If they have been soaked in alum, or are very old, the gelatine becomes so hard that its removal is a troublesome process. But a recently used plate, that has not been in the alum bath, can generally be stripped in a few moments by immersing it in almost boiling water, and rubbing off the gelatine with a piece of soft rag. A weak solution of sulphuric acid and water will detach the film as a whole.

A SIMPLE DROPPING BOTTLE.

In the cork cut two V-shaped longitudinal grooves on the sides, at the two ends of a diameter. The grooves should taper to nothing towards the larger end of the cork. One groove lets air in, the other allows liquid to fall out. The speed of the dropping can be regulated by pulling the cork out or pushing it in. Run a wire nail through the cork to indicate the position of the grooves, so that you may know by feel how to hold the bottle.

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER

CORKS

should be attached to their bottles by a small piece of string tied round the neck and threaded through the larger end. This will prevent any "mixture" of corks; and also disasters resulting from standing a bottle on a cork.

THE MEASURE-GLASS,

if perfectly transparent, should have a strip of paper half an inch wide gummed round outside at the top, and varnished over to keep out the wet. The paper will be plainly visible in a subdued light, and you will be less likely to knock the glass over or damage it by hitting it with a dish or bottle.

GLASS FUNNELS

should have bold ribs on the outside of the stem, so that air may have free egress from the bottle while liquid is passing in. There should also be ribs in the inside to prevent vortices, and to keep filter papers away from the sides. If "American cloth" is used to protect shelves on which bottles are stood, it should be laid smooth side downwards, as moisture will cause bottles to adhere to the shiny surface, with disastrous results to others when one is lifted.

PRINTING PAPERS.

A great deal of printing paper is wasted through allowing air to have free access to it. To preserve odd sheets, you should wrap them up carefully in the oiled paper used by the makers in making up the packets, and, if possible, subject them to pressure, which will keep them in perfect contact, and exclude all air. It is a nuisance to be constantly opening a packet during printing operations; and the trouble may be circumvented by investing in a stationery cabinet, with little drawers divided to accommodate ordinary note-paper. As much paper as you think you will require for the day is laid in one division, and the prints, when taken from the frames, in the other. A three-drawer cabinet costs about 4s. These cabinets are also very handy for the storage of loose prints. Each batch, or subject, should be placed in its own envelope, inscribed with particulars.

EXPOSURES.

At this season fast "snaps," unless made with a lens working at a very large aperture, say, $f/5$, will probably be under-exposed. The hand-camerist whose "open" stop is $f/11$ will be wise to work in sunshine only, and during the four brightest hours of the day. Even then he must remember to avoid exposures of less than $\frac{1}{50}$ second. The stand camera, on the other hand, will now have some fine opportunities for making pictures of autumn scenes, showing the trees half-stripped of their leaves, as November often includes a number of windless days. Mist effects are very pleasing; the foreground well defined, but the background veiled and suggestive rather than informative. It is worth while to expend a good many plates on the chance of securing one excellent negative of November scenery.

REDUCTION BY FIXING.

A very "overbaked" print can be reduced considerably by leaving it in the fixing bath for several hours. It loses tone, turning a cold slaty-black colour, but the details become quite distinguishable. My illustration shows two prints, both equally overprinted: the upper has been fixed for five minutes, the lower for twelve hours. You will easily appreciate the effect of the hypo in reducing density.

STOP, THIEF!

I often have letters from photographic dealers, keeping me up-to-date in the latest accessories, but only one of these communications has had any pretence to sensationalism. Messrs. Houghton's write that Mr. William Sykes "burgled" their Hackney works on August 14, and, knowing a good thing when he saw it, made off with the following articles:

(1) A $\frac{1}{4}$ -plate Regular Sanderson Hand Camera, No. 7502, fitted with a Goerz lens having No. 1457 on the mount.

(2) Junior Sanderson Hand Camera, $\frac{1}{4}$ -plate, No. 10,424, fitted with Aldis lens No. 1043 in Unicum Shutter.

(3) $\frac{1}{4}$ -plate Regular Sanderson Camera, No. 10,722, fitted with a B. and L. lens in Unicum Shutter.

Now is your chance to put in a bit of Sherlock Holmesism! If successful, please communicate with Messrs. Houghton's, Ltd., 88 and 89 High Holborn, London, E.C. Quick exposure required!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Bruce."—The "timing" method of development is an excellent one to employ, as it is quite scientific. If you use a developer containing two or



The upper print was fixed for five minutes, the lower for twelve hours. Both were over-printed equally.

more agents, you must strike the average of the factors, making due allowance for the relative proportions of the constituents. Thus, if metol and hydrokinone were present in equal quantities, the factor would be worked out thus:

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Metol} = 30 \\ \text{Hydrokinone} = 5 \end{array}$$

$$\text{therefore factor} = \frac{30 + 5}{2} = 17\frac{1}{2}$$

If you use two parts of metol to three of hydrokinone, you get:

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Metol} = 30 + 30 = 60 \\ \text{Hydrokinone} = 5 + 5 + 5 = 15 \end{array}$$

$$\text{therefore factor} = \frac{75}{5} = 15.$$

I hope this will be quite clear to you. As I do not know the formula of the developer you mention, I cannot give the exact factor; but the makers would, no doubt, supply you with the proportions.

W. L. Palmer.—The best way to remove the film off a spoiled negative is to immerse the plate in boiling water, which soon melts the gelatine away.

"A. B. H." (Nelson).—Many thanks for the prints, which are very nice; especially the one of the bridge over the Maitai. Small general views are not very good for competitions, as their want of size prevents them from being striking. I think that, with so much vegetation and mountain about, you will find a pale yellow irochromatic screen valuable. I will seriously think over your suggestion about competitions.

B. Leader.—The black star-like marks are probably the result of small particles of metal getting into your solutions. Do you use an enamelled iron dish for fixing? I was once troubled by the stars, and traced it to the rusty patches in a dish of this kind in which I fixed my negatives.

Premo.—I agree with you that films are very troublesome in their curliness. Have you tried the "Ensign" films, which are considered to be non-curling? As a matter of fact, they curl a little, but are much less exasperating than any other make I have used. Buy a roll or two and see how you like them.



THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

From an engraving after the celebrated painting by W. Mulready. Photo. Woodbury type.

A PIONEER WOMAN'S PERIL.

BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Author of "Tales of the Far West."



AT a recent "Old Settlers' Reunion" in Iowa, Mrs. Sarah Gibson, wife of a pioneer preacher, told this remarkable story of one incident in her life.

When her husband was a licentiate she had settled with him upon a timber claim in the deep woods on the Wisconsin side, above Hacher's

Ferry. While Mr. Gibson worked at clearing his land he also preached at school-houses on either side of the river. He owned a horse and cart, and the young wife accompanied her husband to his meetings whenever the weather permitted. He was careful never to leave her alone over night, except from necessity.

One day in April, after a hard rain-storm, the young wife had watched her husband cross the river ice. When, at night, he failed to return, and the ominous sounds of a spring "break-up" came to her ears, she was much alarmed for his safety. In the morning she saw a line of moving ice out in mid-current, and her fear grew greater. For hours she paced to and fro upon the bank, straining her eyes vainly across the growing tumult of the river and into the dark woods under the Iowa bluffs.

Her mind became disordered by her fears. In her fancy she saw her husband lying crippled and injured where his horse had slipped and fallen upon the bluff road. She would not think of him as drowned. She was sure he was suffering, and needing her assistance, and she determined to go to him at all hazards.

A half-mile below, just above the mouth of Chippewa Creek, whose roaring torrent now cut her off from all neighbours, there was a string of small islands—four of them

in succession, lying across the river. Ice-gorges sometimes formed in the narrowed channels during a break-up, and she had heard the coulée trapper, "Old Louie," say that he could often cross the river there when it was impassable elsewhere.

Hurriedly but mechanically Sarah Gibson prepared for the journey. She put on warm clothing and filled her pockets with lint and bandages, thread and needles, a bottle of liniment and a pair of shears. This done, thinking only of her husband, she made her way as rapidly as possible among trees and bushes down to the first island channel. Here ice next the mainland was upheaved and broken, yet offered safe passage to the island.

She passed over to the second channel in the same hurried, mechanical fashion. The centre of this channel had broken up, and a great floe was even then grinding through, cracking and pushing up the shore ice at her feet. Absorbed in a single motive, she heeded not the danger, but leaped at once upon a moving ice-cake, crossed it, and ran out upon a heaving, cracking mass beyond.

For a minute she was tossed hither and thither and whirled around and about in dizzy gyrations, yet on she ran, leaping from mass to mass, sure-footed and confident as a wild creature. She reached and crossed the second island, only to find beyond it a cleared channel, where the ice-floes were freely passing. Realising that she could get no farther, she sank upon the wet earth and sat for a long time in a stupor of despair. She gave no thought to her own escape.

Finally, when the necessity of returning forced itself upon her, she recrossed the island, only to find herself a prisoner, held fast by open currents. The shock of this discovery roused her, and she realised, like one awaking from a dream, that she had been to some extent the victim of hallucination.

Now she could understand that her husband might not have come to harm. Any one of a dozen contingencies might have detained him on the Iowa side. He was not one to run away from death or illness or any great need of his neighbours.

Hers was the desperate case, and all her energies must be bent upon self-preservation. She had included no food in her distracted preparations, and she was in danger of starving soon, for she had tasted nothing since the evening before.

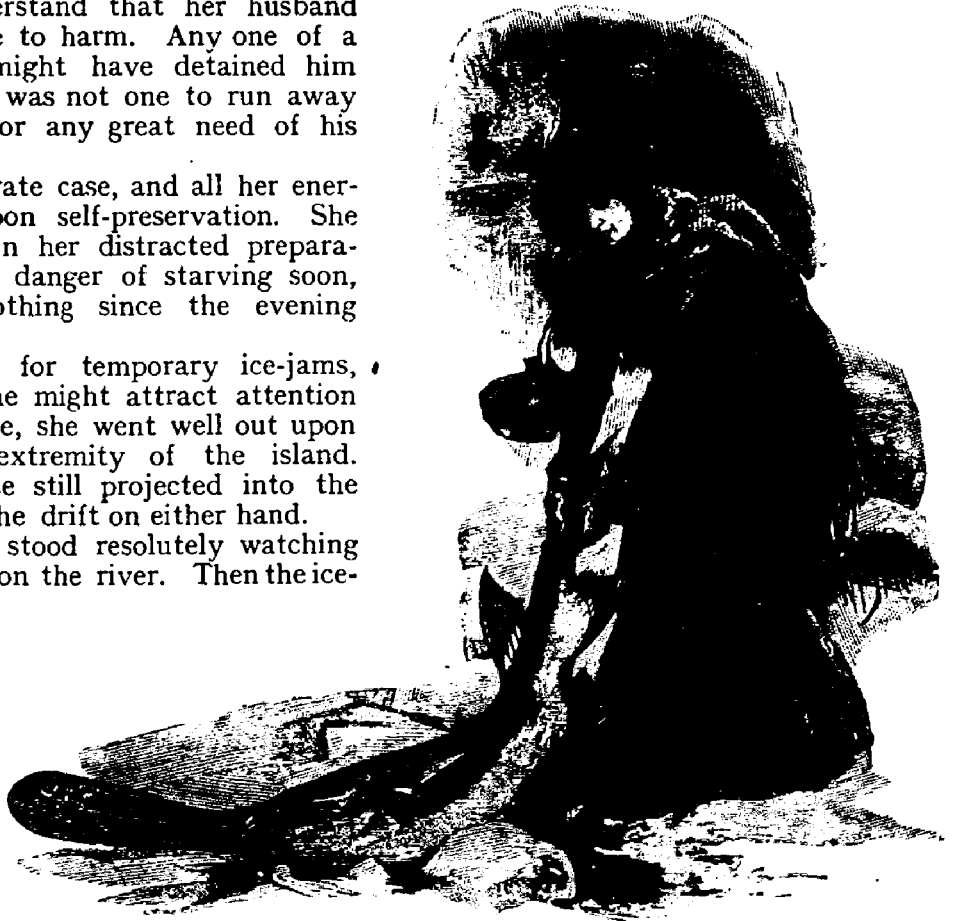
In order to watch for temporary ice-jams, and also to be where she might attract attention from either main shore, she went well out upon a bar at the upper extremity of the island. Here a cape of solid ice still projected into the current, sheering off the drift on either hand.

For a long time she stood resolutely watching the growing tumult upon the river. Then the ice-cape, on the edge of which she stood, was struck by an immense and solid mass, and crushed as the shell of an egg is crushed. Huge cakes were broken off, turned up edgewise and rolled over, raking up mud, shells, and even fish from the river-bottom.

Almost at Mrs. Gibson's feet three great paddle-fish or river sturgeon, which there greatly abounded, were thrown out upon the breaking ice. Two of these easily floundered into the current again; but the third, crushed and feebly flapping, was pushed in-shore.

Regarding this casting up of the fish as providential, Mrs. Gibson seized the creature and dragged it back among the trees. The effort nearly exhausted her strength, and she determined to break her fast as quickly as possible. So she gathered drift stuff and built a fire immediately. When the fish was dead she found her shears effective in skinning and cutting away an edible portion. Its flesh, well roasted, seemed delicious after her fast.

She was warmly dressed, but there was a raw and chilly wind, so she gathered a great heap of drift-wood for her night fire and for a beacon light. She also gathered a heap of leaves for a bed, drying them somewhat by stirring them about in the heat from her fire.



MRS. GIBSON SEIZED THE CREATURE AND DRAGGED IT BACK AMONG THE TREES.

Hardly had night fallen, however, when a new peril robbed her for a time of all thought of sleep. Stealthy, big-headed creatures were prowling among the tree-trunks near at hand—gaunt, hungry catamounts, with the scintillation of the firelight in their eyes. Three of these evil figures shifted about, slouching and squatting within a stone's throw.

Greatly frightened, she shouted and threw sticks at them, and they moved reluctantly a little farther back among the shadows. Then, trembling with fear, she drew what she did not need to save of the paddle-fish out to where the animals had been, and retreated. A moment later the big cats were snarling and scrambling over what must have been a royal feast for them. The fish had weighed not less than fifty pounds.

When the sturgeon's bones were picked, the catamounts slunk away, satisfied with their meal, and the frightened woman saw them no more that night. Nevertheless



THREE OF THEM WERE SLOUCHING AND SQUATTING WITHIN A
STONE'S THROW.

for fear of these creatures, she slept but fitfully, awaking often to put fresh sticks upon her blaze, which alone gave her any sense of security or comfort.

In the morning a yet greater peril was at hand. Swollen by the torrents of recent heavy rains, the flood had risen until its waters were trickling at her feet. In fresh alarm, she made haste to move her fire-wood to a slight mound, some three or four feet above the level of the water, apparently the highest point on the island.

Here a gnarled white oak grew, and around its trunk she piled driftwood until she could easily climb into the lower branches. She again made a fire and cooked the remainder of the fish—enough to last her several days should she be able to hold out against the flood.

While cooking the fish she again saw the evil-eyed catamounts moving among the trees near at hand. Now the creatures seemed uneasy—as much alarmed, in fact, as she was herself. From this she judged that the rise of the river was already above

its average overflow, as otherwise the wild creatures would have sought the mainland while there was ice on which to travel.

The roar of the flood, the crush and grinding of ice were now like the noise of a great hurricane. Inch by inch the water crept up the slopes of the mound. Almost by the force of resolution alone she managed to catch snatches of sleep while there was yet opportunity. It was well for her, indeed, that she could do so.

Before night fell she was compelled to take refuge in the white oak. She secured a perch where three branches forked, and, with her pieces of cooked fish impaled upon twigs, made herself as comfortable as possible.

In the skeleton top of a black oak, near at hand, she soon discovered one of the wild cats. Almost above her head the creature lay along a topmost bough, looking down, with flattened ears and sour visage, upon the tumultuous flood. Peering among the tree-tops, she at last espied its mates in like positions, but she no longer feared them. They were neighbours in distress.

The river had now widened to a swiftly moving lake, with its ice-floes scattered like bergs at sea. There was no longer the booming grind and break of ice; but the roar of the flood among the island trees was awe-inspiring. Her tree was shaken from the ground up as a strong house is shaken by heavy thunder.

With night came clouds, impenetrable darkness and a chill wind. This benumbing night air added to the terrors of her desperate situation. She was often forced to beat her hands and feet against the tree until they were bruised and sore. Otherwise she would have fallen from sheer inability to retain her hold among the branches.

But morning came at last. The flood had

risen to an awful height. It seemed to sweep the river valley from bluff to bluff. The island trees showed only their skeleton tops above the dizzy sweep of waters.

The imprisoned woman could eat nothing that morning. A reaction had set in and she felt herself momentarily growing ill. Chills alternated with fever. At times her mind wandered, and only the mechanical habit of clinging saved her from dropping into the flood.

From a half-stupor succeeding a chill, she was roused by the report of a gun, and, looking out upon the water, as in a dream, she saw a boatman coming towards her. She saw him stoop and haul into his craft the dripping carcass of a catamount, and the next instant he was beneath her

tree, and she was looking into the face of Louie La Point, the coulée trapper.

She was, indeed, but a few feet above his boat, and in some fashion she let herself into it while the trapper plied a steady oar. She remembered, hazily, hearing him recount his morning's adventures in shooting beaver, lynxes, and wild cats; of how he had seen the "critters" high among the trees and so had happened to find her.

He rowed her to a neighbour's across Chippewa Creek. There she was put to bed and knew nothing more for nine days. She was nursed back to life by her husband, who had himself suffered from a severe bilious attack which had prevented his return during those days and nights she had spent upon the island.

HOW I COMMENCED MY BUSINESS LIFE.

By a "Captain Girl."

LAST March I obtained a situation in the office of Mr.—, who is, amongst other things, Solicitor to the Urban District Council, and Superintendent Registrar.

When I interviewed Mr.—, I provided myself with the best "Yöst" and "Remington" typewriting I had executed at the Polytechnic. He appeared satisfied with it, and, after a few pointed questions, he directed me to commence a month's trial on the following Monday.

On the day appointed for me to begin work I had only removed one glove when Mr.— came out of his room and said, "Give Miss—a note-book at once; then she can come in and take a letter."

Of course, I ought to have been frightened, but I positively hadn't time! He dictated slowly, and I found no difficulty in deciphering my notes. However, I had to type the letter (a long one, too!) several times before it was presentable, owing to my nervously striking wrong letters, &c.! It was finished eventually, and signed.

The Deputy Registrar then gave me a Birth-Register to index, and I was busily drawing up the index-sheet when our other solicitor arrived. "Ahem! what are *you* doing?" he inquired. "Can you typewrite?" Upon my answering affirmatively, he handed me an agreement to copy in triplicate, which occupied me till lunch-time.

Subsequently, the Deputy Registrar called me in to take some letters, all of which referred to marriages. He dictated at a gallop, but

frequently asked if I followed all right, therefore I had no trouble.

Next day, the junior solicitor gave me all his letters; he, also, is a rapid speaker, but the quietest and most distinct in the office. He invariably commences a letter with this formula—"Ahem! just write: Dear Sir, I am in receipt of, &c." Unfortunately, he can never recollect what he has dictated, and this always necessitates reading back, and cutting about his letters, never a pleasant operation!

Every letter I type is duplicated by means of a Carbon-Sheet, and the copy is placed with the correspondence in the matter.

Immediately I completed my letters, the principal—I abhor the word "Governor"—gave me several big contracts to alter in red-ink, from a copy he had amended personally. This was a lengthy business, and each copy had to be examined with the original, which involved two people's time.

It falls to my lot to attend the telephone, a difficult and often annoying task, especially when one is "cut off" in the middle of a word!

Speaking of the "'Phone," the other day the Deputy Registrar was endeavouring to obtain a number and was several times informed they were "*engaged*."

"I say, Miss," he said at last, "I wish you would ask them to hurry up and get *married*, as there is another marriage party here waiting for the Registrar, and I cannot get through to tell him!"

Lord Mayor's Day.

THE title of Mayor was introduced into the civic life of England by the Normans in the reign of Henry I. Previous to this he was known as the portreeve, a term which corresponded with the still-used Scottish designation, provost. The first Mayor of London was Henry Fitz-Aylwin, who held office for twenty-four years. His memory is revived by the name of one of the London County Council's steamers. On Aylwin's death, King John granted a charter that the Mayor should be chosen annually, and also that he "must be presented for approval either to the King or his justice." At that day, the king's palace, where the judges also sat, was at Westminster. This led to the formation, in 1215, of a "Procession of Presentation," so that for nearly seven hundred years the Lord Mayor's Show has been a feature of London life.

In 1354, King Edward I. added the title of "Lord" to the office. Thus, Thomas Legge became the first Lord Mayor of London, since whom there have been, including the present Lord Mayor-Elect, no fewer than 526 Chief Magistrates of the Metropolis.

Sir Richard Whittington, whatever doubts may exist concerning the truthfulness of the nursery fable associated with his name, was, nevertheless, four times Lord Mayor of London—in 1397, 1398, 1406, and 1409. Coming to more recent years, the following citizens have each twice been elected to this dignity: Alderman Wood in 1815 and 1816, Sir John Key in 1830 and 1831, Alderman Cubitt in 1861 and 1862, and Alderman Sir R. N. Fowler in 1883 and 1885.

Although any citizen is legally eligible for the office, for several generations past it has been the custom to appoint the senior alderman who has not already "passed the chair." The appointment is made on Michaelmas day, and on November 9 the Lord Mayor-Elect has to attend the Law Courts to be formally "sworn in." This is made the occasion for the popular Show, which is one of the few surviving instances of the gorgeous pageantry which once played so great a part in the life of the Londoner.

There were no shows between 1639 and 1655, when the "Riding," as it was then called, was revived by Sir John Dethick,

and the Restoration, five years later, saw the return of the pageant in its entirety. Allegorical cars have been a prominent feature of the procession since the days of James I. The present coach was built by Cipriani, in 1757, at a cost of over £1000, and a hardly less interesting personality in the Show than the Lord Mayor himself is his portly and gorgeously apparelled coachman, a sketch of whom adorns our cover this month.

Within the City boundaries, during his year of office, the Lord Mayor ranks as an earl, and takes precedence second only to the Sovereign. His salary is £10,000, and he is allowed to reside in the Mansion House. Although a highly prized honour, the Mayoralty of London is also a highly expensive one, for at the end of his year the Lord Mayor generally finds that he is about £5000 out of pocket. At the present time, however, a lord mayor can feel pretty confident about the knighthood—or possibly baronetcy—which generally falls to him during his term of office.

There have been Lord Mayors of London whose names have been handed down to posterity as men who have made their mark either by valour, patriotic action, or enterprising behaviour of other kinds. Such a mayor was William Walworth, who struck down Wat Tyler when that rebellious rustic spoke roughly to the king; another was John Wilkes, scholar, wit, orator, writer, and man of fashion, who suffered for the common weal and came triumphantly through all his trials, to the joy of the London public, whose idol he was.

No one, after the king himself, is so revered by foreigners as the Lord Mayor of London. He has to perform the delicate task of entertaining illustrious guests from foreign lands, and to welcome kings and queens, princes, and representatives of all branches of nobility.

During his term of office, the Lord Mayor is one of the hardest-worked men in London. He is almost constantly employed either in correspondence, jurisdiction, or entertaining. In addition, in the event of a great calamity, involving many sufferers, it is his humane privilege to open that princely subscription list known as the Mansion House Fund.

C. G. P.



THE STAMPS OF MOROCCO.

WE have heard a great deal of late about Morocco, the land of unbridled fanaticism and dangerous unrest, of the purpose of France to insist upon reforms in the peculiar but prevalent methods of Government, of Germany's interference, and of the consequent Moroccan question in European politics.

With the political aspect of the question we need not trouble ourselves in the pages of THE CAPTAIN, but as Morocco is so much in evidence it will be interesting to gather up the threads of its postal history.

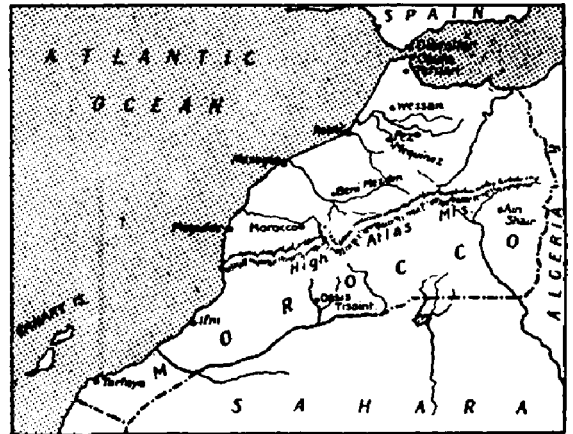
Morocco is nothing more nor less than a latter-day remnant of ancient semi-barbarism. The so-called Empire dates from 1892. Up to that time it had been the prey of various dynasties. As an Empire its character of being the most backward of semi-civilised countries has remained much the same up to the present day. It was at one time a great slavery mart and the happy hunting-ground of Government piracy.

It got into trouble with France in 1844, and was severely punished. In 1859 it was embroiled in a war with Spain, and again with the same power in 1893, when it had to pay an indemnity of four millions for its misdeeds. And now France, because of her neighbouring territory of Algeria, objects to the pestiferous influence of barbaric government, and demands the introduction of reforms.

Morocco is bounded by the Mediterranean on the north, Algeria on the east, the great Desert of Sahara on the south, and the Atlantic on the west and north-west.

It is well provided with Capitals, for there are three; Fez, with a population of 140,000; Morocco, 50,000; and Mequinez, 56,000. Abdul Aziz, the Emperor, perambulates from capital to capital, with a large retinue of officials, servants, camp followers and slaves, levying revenue at will and receiving, it is said, as much as £1,800,000 a year, which he spends just as he

pleases, for he is "the state." One writer tells us that "every office is directly or indirectly purchased, small salaries or none are paid, the holders recouping themselves by plunder and oppression, tempered by the fact that at any moment they may be forced to disgorge to the Sultan, or in default be left to rot in the loathsome Moroccan dungeons, or be beaten or tortured to death."



And yet this land of oppression, corruption, and mis-government possesses all the natural advantages to raise it to prosperity and wealth. In the times of Roman power it was the granary of Europe, and under good government it might once again be restored to that enviable position. Oranges, figs, almonds, and dates are natural products. Cotton and hemp are grown for home consumption, and gold, copper, tin, and iron are said to abound, also coal, petroleum, silver, lead, and rock salt.

The representatives of foreign Powers are located at Tangiers, a port on the Atlantic, many miles from the nearest capital, and more or less out of touch with the Sultan, who with the satellites of his court, spends the summer on tour gathering "backsheesh" from his terrified subjects.

Its Postal History.

Of postal history it may be said to have none, for Morocco issues no postage stamps of its own. Some day, no doubt, the Sultan will awake to the revenue-raising possibilities of the postage stamps of the infidel foreigner.

Meanwhile, the foreigner insists upon handling his own letters, for he knows the oriental is not to be trusted. Consequently, Great Britain, France, Spain, and Germany all have their own post offices in Morocco for the receipt, despatch, and protection of their own mails, and each issues a special series of stamps for the use of its resident subjects.

British Post Offices.

The British post offices in Morocco are under the control of the postal authorities of Gibraltar, who provide supplies of postage stamps for what they term the "Morocco Agencies." Since 1898 the current stamps of Gibraltar have been overprinted with the words: "Morocco Agencies." There have been two issues, one on Queen's heads, and one, not yet complete, on King's head stamps, as follows:

1898. Contemporary stamps of Gibraltar, of the Queen's head type, overprinted with the words "Morocco Agencies," in two lines, values expressed in Spanish currency of centimos and pesetas.

Queen's heads.		Spanish Currency.		Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.		Unused.	Used.
						s. d.	s. d.
5c., green	0 1	0 1
10c. carmine	0 2	0 1
20c., olive green and brown	0 3	0 3
25c., ultramarine	0 3	0 3
40c., orange brown	0 5	0 6
50c., violet	0 6	0 8
1 peseta, bistre and ultramarine	0 10	1 0
2 peseta, black and carmine	1 8	2 0

1903.—When the King's heads came into use they were in their turn overprinted with the words "Morocco Agencies," but as the currency for use in Morocco was required to be in Spanish currency, and the King's head stamps of Gibraltar were in English currency, a separate printing was made in which the Spanish currency replaced the English, and this printing was overprinted for use in the British post offices in Morocco. Only the lower values have yet been issued.

King's heads.		Spanish Currency as before.		Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.		Unused.	Used.
						s. d.	s. d.
5c., grey and green	0 1	0 1
10c., purple on red	0 2	0 2
20c., grey green and carmine	0 3	0 3
25c., lilac and black on blue	0 3	0 2

French Post Offices.

1893.—For post offices attached to the French Consulates stamps of the Peace and Commerce type of France of 1876 were overprinted with Spanish currency in centimos and pesetas.

Peace and Commerce Type Overprinted with Spanish Currency.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
5 centimos, green	0 1	0 1
10 centimos, black on lilac	0 2	0 1
20 centimos, red on green	0 3	0 2
25 centimos, black on rose	0 4	0 1
50 centimos, carmine	0 4	0 8
1 peseta, bronze green	3	1 3
2 pesetas, brown on bluish	2 6	2 6

Spanish Post Offices.

1903.—Spanish stamps for use in Morocco were overprinted with the words "Correo Espanol-Morruecos." Only four values were issued. The stamps used for overprinting were the little ¼ centimos, of 1872-1877, and the 5 centimos, 10 centimos, and 25 centimos on the current stamp with the latest portrait of the young King.

Stamps of Spain Overprinted "Correo Espanol-Morruecos."

	Unused.
	s. d.
¼ centimos, green	0 1
5 centimos, green	0 1
10 centimos, red	0 2
25 centimos, blue	0 4

German Post Offices.

GERMANY overprints her stamps for use in Morocco with the word "Morocco," and the value in Spanish currency. Two sets have been issued, one in 1899, on the Arms type of 1889, and the other in 1900, on the current Head of Germania stamps.

1899.—Stamps of the German Empire of the Arms type of 1889 overprinted diagonally, from left lower corner to right upper corner, with the word "Morocco," and Spanish currency in a second line.

Arms Type of 1889.
Overprinted "Morocco" and Spanish Currency.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
3c. on 3pf., brown	0 2	0 2
5c. on 5pf., green	0 3	0 3
10c. on 10pf., carmine	0 2	0 3
25c. on 20pf., ultramarine	0 4	0 5
30c. on 25pf., orange	0 8	1 0
60c. on 50pf., red brown	0 10	1 3

1900.—Current head of Germania and high value picture stamps of the German Empire overprinted "Morocco" and Spanish currency. The lower values up to 80 pf. were overprinted with the word "Morocco" and Spanish currency in "centimos" horizontally in two lines.

but the mark values were overprinted with the word "Morocco" vertically at each side with the value in Spanish currency between, with the exception of the 3 mark stamp, which was overprinted "3 Pes. 75 cts." on one side, and "Morocco" on the other side, both reading upwards.

Current German Stamps.
Overprinted "Morocco" and Spanish
Currency.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
3c. on 3pf., brown	0 1 ..	0 1
5c. on 5pf., green	0 1 ..	0 1
10c. on 10pf., carmine	0 2 ..	0 1
25c. on 20pf., ultramarine	0 4 ..	0 3
30c. on 25pf., black and orange on yellow	0 5 ..	0 4
35c. on 30pf., black and orange on buff	0 6 ..	0 5
50c. on 40pf., black and carmine	0 8 ..	0 5
60 on 50pf., black and lilac on buff	0 9 ..	0 8
1 p. on 80pf., black and carmine on rose	1 2 ..	0 10
1p. 25c. on 1 mark, carmine	1 4 ..	1 0
2p. 50c. on 2 mark, blue	2 6 ..	2 0
3p. 75c. on 3 mark, violet	3 8 ..	3 0
6p. 25c. on 5 mark, lilac and black	6 3 ..	6 0

Review.

THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF HAYTI.

MESSRS. C. NISSEN AND CO. send me a very neat little handbook to the stamps of Hayti, compiled by Mr. Fred J. Melville.

There was a time when the stamps of Hayti were much sought after, when only one issue, that of the head of Liberty, needed attention, and repaid it in a choice assortment of many shades of each value and interesting varieties of paper, and engraving. But the stamps have suffered, in common with other things Haytian, from epidemics of anarchy and murder.

The head of Liberty was superseded by the smiling face of President Salomon. Mr. Melville tells us that the president was not in favour of having his own portrait on the stamps, and was instrumental in the choice of the head of Liberty design. Others have not given the old fellow quite so much credit for modesty.

However, we may congratulate Mr. Melville upon having produced an interesting, instructive, and clearly written little booklet on the stamps of this negro republic. He wisely passes very lightly over the multitudinous varieties of some of the provisionals listed in American journals, and devotes his space to clearly setting forth what may be termed the legitimate issues.

He modestly tells us that his list must be regarded as an elementary treatise, paving the way for an important scientific work on the history of the postal issues of Hayti. For most of us I imagine Mr. Melville's book will supply all our needs so far as we can be interested in the issues of this restless republic.

The price of Mr. Melville's book is 1s., and the publishers are Messrs. C. Nissen and Co., 77 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Notable New Issues.

THERE are signs of activity in the New Issue direction, and a surprise for most collectors in the announcement that all English Colonials and our own stamps will most probably in future be printed on what is termed chalk paper, which is a paper coated with a preparation of chalk.

This paper serves two purposes. In the first place it is impossible to clean off cancellations from it, for any attempt in that direction will remove portions of the design of the stamp as well as the cancellation, and in the second place the stamps can be printed with better results on the chalk surfaced paper.

But from the stamp collector's point of view this chalk paper is a great nuisance. It renders the collection of used stamps in fine condition very difficult, for the surface is so sensitive to moisture that it is very risky to immerse them in water to soak off the backs.

Specialists make a variety of chalk surfaced paper, but there is no need whatever for the general collector to do so. The pages of THE CAPTAIN are devoted to the needs of the general collector, and we do not, therefore, intend to burden our pages with any chronicling of chalk-paper issues.

Those of our readers who indulge in a little specialism may distinguish the chalk paper from the ordinary by drawing a silver coin over a bit of the surface, preferably on the clean margin. If the paper is chalk surfaced the silver coin will leave a mark like a lead pencil, but if it is ordinary paper the coin will leave no coloured mark. Any mark made lightly with a silver coin on chalk paper may be brushed off quite cleanly with a silk handkerchief.

Abyssinia.—The following interesting note on the stamps of this old-world country is from a German philatelic journal:

"The Ethiopian post was established on 22.8.99, although the stamps had been on sale, both unused and 'postmarked,' for several years previously. In May 1899, the unsurcharged set was withdrawn and a new set with overprint 'Ethiopie' substituted. This in its turn was superseded in April 1902, by a set overprinted 'Bosta,' in Amharic characters, and the latter in April? 1903, by another new set, this time overprinted 'Maleket,' also in Amharic characters. In November 1904, a second printing of a thousand sets of the latter was made, the overprint being slightly smaller.

"On 1.1.05, the stamps were overprinted with European currency. In the first printing, the surcharge was made in various colours, blue, red, violet, grey, black; in the second printing, now in use, the overprint is uniformly in violet. An exception is made with the blue 1 gairsh, which is overprinted in aniline red. Through carelessness many stamps had the overprint inverted.

"At the end of January, and during February and March, the 5c. stamps were exhausted, they were accordingly replaced by the ½ gairsh overprinted 'Ethiopie,' and afterwards by 'Bosta,' plus '05.' In some of the 'Bosta' series the value '05' has a bar

under it. When these were used up the $\frac{1}{2}$ gairsh red was surcharged '5 cm' on each half and cut diagonally for use. When on 30.3.05 the ordinary $\frac{1}{2}$ gairsh with overprint '05' in violet was again exhausted, the post office made 500 each of the 16 gairsh, overprinted 'Ethiopia' and 'Bosta,' into $\frac{1}{2}$ gairsh stamps by surcharging 05."

British Gulana. Two further values, 4c. and 48c., have to be added to the list of stamps on multiple CA paper.



Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

- 1c., grey green.
- 2c., purple and black on red paper.
- 4c., purple and blue.
- 5c., purple and blue on blue paper.
- 12c., purple and violet.
- 24c., purple and green.
- 48c., grey and chocolate.
- 60c., green and carmine.

Chili.—We have received another value of the new series of which we chronicled the first stamp last month. There are to be three designs, one for the low values, one for the middle values and one for the peso. They are to be issued as the old stocks are exhausted. We will, therefore, content ourselves with chronicling



those actually received. We now illustrate the design of the middle values, of which we have received the 20c. brown with portrait of Columbus in black.

Perf. 12.

20c., brown, portrait in black.

Great Britain, Levant.—A surprise has been sprung upon us from Constantinople in the shape of a full set of our current King Edward VII. stamps from $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 1s. overprinted with the word "Levant."



This set is apparently intended to supersede the stamps hitherto provided for use in British post offices in Turkey and the Levant surcharged in Turkish currency.

As every stamp collector knows, Great Britain does not trust the unspeakable Turk with the handling of its mails. Consequently it runs six post offices of its own in Turkey, two at Constantinople, one at Smyrna, one at Bayreuth, one at Salonica, and one at Bagdad.

Anybody can send letters at will by the British post, which, between eight o'clock in the morning and six o'clock in the evening, receives and gives out letters, money orders, parcels, &c. It is the same with the other

foreign post offices in Constantinople, and they are four in number—French, German, Austrian, and Russian.

Stamps of King Edward VII. overprinted Levant.

Wmk. Crown. Perf.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ d., green.
- 1d., scarlet.
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., green and purple.
- 2d., green and scarlet.
- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., ultramarine.
- 3d., brown on yellow.
- 4d., green and brown.
- 5d., purple and ultramarine.
- 6d., purple.
- 1s., green and scarlet.

In addition to the foregoing we have received the 5s. King's Head surcharged "24 piastres," probably supplied before the decision to overprint with the word "Levant."

King Edward VII. stamp, overprinted in Turkish Currency.

Wmk. Crown. Perf.

"24 piastres," in black, on 5s., carmine.

Holland.—A 10 gulden has been added to the high values, of which we append a full list.

Perf. 11.

- 1 gulden, blue-green.
- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ gulden, dull lilac.
- 5 gulden, lake.
- 10 gulden, orange-brown.

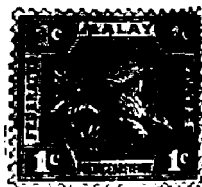


Malay States.—Several values have to be chronicled on the multiple paper.

Wmk. multiple CA.

Perf. 14.

- 1c., green; black centre.
- 3c., brown; black centre.
- 4c., carmine; black centre.
- 5c., red; green centre, yellow paper.
- 10c., claret; black centre.



St. Vincent.—The stamps of this Colony are slowly coming out on the multiple CA paper. Including the 6s. just issued, there are only four values on the new paper.

Wmk. Multiple CA.

Perf. 14.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ d., purple and green.
- 1d., purple and carmine.
- 6d., purple and brown.
- 1s., green and carmine.



Sierra Leone.—The 2d., 3d., 4d., 1s. and 5s. have come to hand on the multiple paper,



Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

- ½d., purple and green.
- 1d., purple and carmine.
- 2d., purple and brown-orange.
- 3d., purple and grey.
- 4d., purple and carmine.
- 1s., green and black.
- 5s., green and carmine.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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

STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD.—British Guiana, multiple, Chili, 20c.; Great Britain, Levant set; Holland, 10g.

WHITFIELD KING AND Co.—St. Vincent, 6d., multiple.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. K. A. (Manchester).—The 240 cent Monte Video of 1857 is catalogued at 10s. unused. It is left unpriced used. The 240 cent of 1859 is priced 20s. unused and 12s. 6d. used. The two stamps are distinguished by the lettering. In the 1857 stamp the words "Monte Video" extend right across the top, but in the 1859 stamp they are much smaller and come into the top label with plenty of clear space on each side. There are many forgeries of these stamps, so be careful that you are not taken in.

G. H. M.—A will stamp is a fiscal which does not come within our ken.

C. F. (Limpsfield).—The Orange River Colony V.R.I. 6d. stops on the line, is Gibbons' No. 108 in the 1905 edition. It is priced both unused and used at 25s. It is a well-known and established variety and belongs to the first series of the V.R.I. surcharges.

F. A. (Gainsborough).—Get one of the standard catalogues, Gibbons', Bright's, or Whitfield King's, and price your stamps by it. That will give you the catalogue value. The selling value would be just what you could get for it, which would depend on condition and scarcity.

F. Y. (London, N.).—Straits Settlements, King's head, CA, 2 dollars, is catalogued at 5s. 3d. unused and 2s. used.

Black and Tan. (Streatham).—I think, perhaps, you will do best to collect according to your fancy at first till you begin to feel your feet, when you will be in a better position to make your choice of a country. It is very difficult for a stranger to make a choice for you. In starting, get the simple catalogue published by Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., Ipswich, price 1s. 3d., 1000 gummed hinges, 6d.,

and a Premier Movable leaf Collecting Album from Bright and Son, Strand, London, price 6d. This will be better for a start than a formal album. Keep the stamps of each country together, and later on you will be able to decide for yourself what album you prefer. If you buy stamps, buy in sets. A good plan would be to start with a packet. Not a bad idea would be to start with a certain group, Australians, for instance, and get a packet of Australians. Write to one or two of the leading dealers for their lists of packets and sets, compare them, and send a trial order.

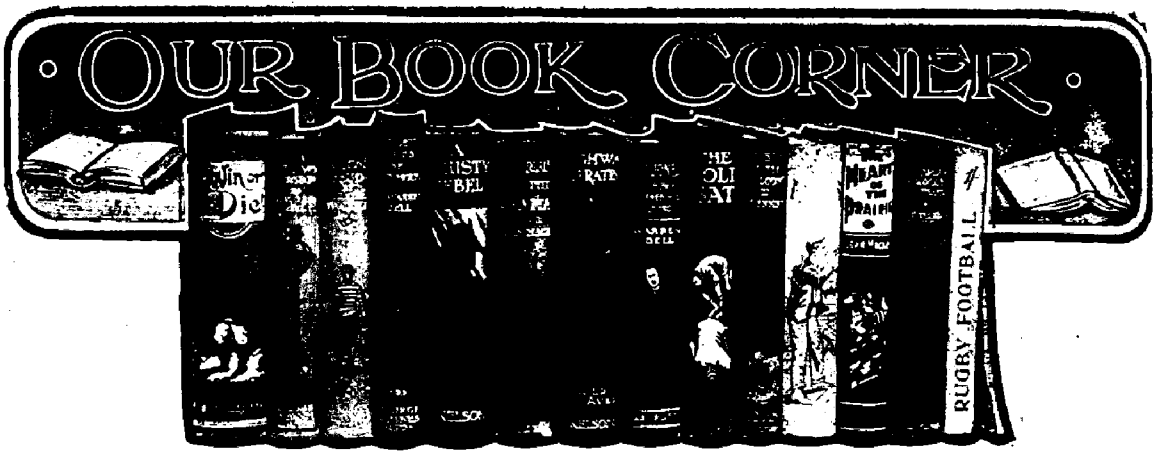
F. W. (Northampton).—If you have no stamps of much value you will not readily sell your collection. Why not put the collection aside in the hope of some day finding yourself with leisure to devote to the hobby? Meanwhile, it will probably improve in value. Some I.R. officials are of considerable value. Here is the full list from the latest Gibbons' catalogue :

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
<i>Issues of 1880-81</i>		
½d., green	5 0 ..	1 0
1d., lilac	1 6 ..	0 1
6d., grey	— ..	1 0
<i>Issues of 1884-85.</i>		
½d., slate	3 0 ..	0 6
2½d., lilac	— ..	25 0
1s., green	— ..	50 0
5s., rose	— ..	100 0
5s., (blued paper)	— ..	—
10s., cobalt	— ..	—
10s., blue	— ..	150 0
£1, marone, wmk. Crowns	— ..	—
£1, " wmk Orbs	— ..	—
<i>Issues of 1887-92.</i>		
½d., vermilion	1 6 ..	1 0
1s., green	— ..	2 6
2½d., purple on blue	— ..	0 5
£1, green	— ..	50 0
<i>1901-0</i>		
½d., blue-green	— ..	0 6
6d., purple on red (14.6.01)	— ..	2 6
1s., green and scarlet	— ..	50 0
<i>1902.</i>		
<i>Stamps of King Edward VII.</i>		
½d., green (4.2.02)	— ..	0 3
1d., scarlet (4.2.02)	4 0 ..	0 2
2½d., ultramarine (19.2.02)	— ..	10 0
1s., green and scarlet (29.1.02)	— ..	25 0
5s., carmine (29.4.02)	— ..	£10
10s., pale ultramarine (29.4.02)	— ..	—
£1, green (29.4.02)	— ..	—

H. S. (Bourne).—The 6d. receipt stamp of 1871 (which is probably your 1880 stamp, as the next issue was not till 1882) is catalogued at 10s. unused, and 8s. 6d. used.

A "Captain" Reader.—The ordinary Orange River Colony 1d., V.R.I. is only catalogued at 2d. There is no 1½d. value over-printed V.R.I.





"Prescott's History of Peru," and "Prescott's History of Mexico." By A. S. Lamprey B.A. (Horace Marshall and Son, 1s. 3d. each). There are few more fascinating books than Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" and "Conquest of Mexico," and they have naturally been included among the books suggested by the Board of Education as suitable for school reading. Mr. A. S. Lamprey, considering with some reason that the original works are somewhat too lengthy for this purpose, has given us a series of judicious selections skilfully welded into a connected story. The selections are excellent examples of Prescott's power of description and rich vocabulary, and Mr. Lamprey is to be heartily congratulated on the result of his efforts. The illustrations are numerous and do much to enhance the attractiveness of the two books.

The Yarn of Old Harbour Town. By W. Clark Russell (Fisher Unwin, 6s.). From Mr. Clark Russell one naturally expects a story of the sea. In this latest "yarn," however, though the principal characters are naval officers—"Captains of the king's *navée*," and the like—and most of the scenes are laid on board ship, it is primarily a love-story that he has to unfold to us. The period is 1805, and Mr. Walter Lawrence is the dashing young son of the retired Admiral Sir William Lawrence.

He has been dismissed from his ship, despite a previously brilliant record, for a serious misdemeanour committed under the influence of liquor, and, having resigned his commission, takes to drink and gambling, and

gets into debt. In order to give him a chance of escaping from this slough of dissipation, Captain Acton, another retired officer, and an old friend of the admiral, offers the disgraced ex-officer the command of one of his merchantmen.

Captain Acton has a lovely daughter, Lucy, as charming a heroine as the heart of novel-reader could desire. She is the *inamorata* of the scapegrace Lawrence, and secretly returns his passion, though she rejects his suit and refuses to admit, even to herself, her regard for a man who has almost forgotten how to be a gentleman. Lawrence, dare-devil always, conceives the bold plan of abducting the fair one in her father's ship, and, selling the latter in Rio Janeiro, by this act of piracy makes enough money to discharge his debts. This done, he proposes to return with his captured bride and seek her father's pardon.

How far he succeeds in this dashing escapade, where he fails, and the spirited part which the fascinating Lucy plays—these things form the "Yarn of Old Harbour Town." The plot is a simple one, and perhaps hardly strong enough to hold the reader enchained throughout the book. But Mr. Clark Russell writes of the sea with a pleasing literary grace, and some of his characterisation is excellent. The bluff old admiral is the best figure in the book, while Lucy always enlists sympathy. The great Lord Nelson, over whom the author indulges in a brave little panegyric, comes into the story also, though the incident in which he appears is obviously interpolated solely for the sake of dragging him in. It has no direct bearing on the plot, but is nevertheless interesting.

Readers who like a story of the sea, and seek only a mild sensation, will find Mr. Clark Russell's latest work a pleasant fireside companion.

Carthusian Memories. By W. Haig Brown, LL.D. (Longmans, Green and Co. 5s.) Many generations of Old Carthusians will welcome this Collection of Verses from the pen of one whom they have learnt to think of with affection and respect. The debt which Charterhouse School owes to Dr. Haig Brown is a great one. For more than thirty years he presided over the destinies of the Old City School with conspicuous success. Both in London and afterwards at Godalming his whole-hearted services and wise counsels were ever devoted to his school and did much to carry it triumphantly through the most critical period of its history.

The verses themselves are those of the sound scholar rather than the poet, but they are always graceful and attractive. We quote a charming set dedicated to the author's wife :

" I ask not if another own
A staterier form, a fairer face,
Content to find in thee alone
The portraiture of every grace.
Thine are the beauties which defy
All change without the help of art,
Thou hast what rubies cannot buy,
The dowry of a faithful heart.
With the fresh auburn of thy hair
Some silver filaments are twined,
These are sweet traces of the care
For others in thy heart enshrined—
As when the earliest maiden glow
Was kindled by my loving gaze,
Such thou art still, and such, I know,
Thou wilt be till the end of days."

The collection contains many excellent Latin versions, but we must content ourselves with quoting one verse from the stirring Christ's Hospital Carmen :

" Sit indies felicio
Vigore domus verno ;
Et floreat, ut floruit,
Honore Sempiterno."

Others besides Old Carthusians owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Haig Brown.

Practical Sea-Fishing.—By P. L. Haslope. (Upcott Gill, 3s. 6d. net.) Herein the whole art of the sea-angler is set forth. The author has had, it seems, a life-long experience of fishing in the waters round our coasts, and with much care and labour he has put together a very useful handbook for the amateur of this splendid pastime. The fresh-water angler is at many disadvantages in this country ; and inland, to obtain opportunities for good sport, the fisherman must almost of necessity be well-to-do. No such drawback attends the sea angler, and though he who has tasted the lust of battle with salmon or trout may sneer, many will agree that the fisherman of the coast enjoys

pleasanter conditions when engaged upon his sport than his brother of the stream.

Even a member of the British Sea Anglers' Society would not find Mr. Haslope's book amiss upon his shelves, for to those practised in the art of sea-fishing it is a useful book of reference, if nothing more. For the beginner, or for the holiday-maker by the seaside who may wish to learn something of the craft of the toiler of the deep, it is admirably designed. Not only does it deal with all kinds of lines, gear, baits, and the like, but such cognate subjects as the management of boats, the use of nets, and elementary knotting and splicing, are also succinctly dealt with. The Chapter on "Sea Fish : Their Habits and Methods of Capture" is interesting to the naturalist as well as to the angler, and is not the least valuable part of the book. The author's own diagrams are excellently clear and explicit.

Old Tales from Rome. By Alice Zimmern. (Fisher Unwin. 5s.)



There is a fascination about the old legends of Rome and Greece that time can never stale, and though the task of retelling them has often been successfully essayed, Miss Alice Zimmern has given us a book which fully justifies its existence and is worthy to take rank with our old friends, "Stories from Vergil," and Charles Kingsley's "Heroes."

The tales are divided into three parts, of which the first deals with the wanderings of Æneas in search of his destined kingdom, as recorded by Vergil. The second part is composed of a series of legends, taken from the earlier books of Livy, dealing first with the foundation of Alba Longa by Julius, the son of Æneas and founder of the great Julian line, then with the foundation of Rome by his descendant Romulus and its early struggles up to the time of the expulsion of the kings. Part three consists of an interesting selection of stories from the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid.

Miss Zimmern writes in simple and straightforward language which has a dignity of its own and is eminently suited to her theme.

While confidently recommending this work to our readers, we cannot refrain from remarking on the extraordinary weight of the volume, due, no doubt, to the unusual thickness of the paper used.

COX'S COUGH-DROPS.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "J. O. Jones," "The Duffer," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. R. SKELTON.

SYNOPSIS.

THIS story turns on the remarkable resemblance between Cox, a boy at Charlton-Court Preparatory School, only son of the millionaire vendor of "Cox's Cough-Drops," and Robert, Earl of Yarningale, heir to the Duke of Lapworth, another boy at the same school. Cox is a bully, and dominates Yarningale by a mixture of brutality, cunning, and superior will-power. Being booked for two hours' detention on a certain Saturday afternoon, Cox prevails on Yarningale to impersonate him at that ordeal, in order that he himself may go to a tennis party at Charlton Grange, a country house that has been rented for a period by some London friends of his named Lomax. Cox is assuming that Mr. Skipjack, the senior assistant master, "who doesn't much bother about what you do, so long as he keeps you from playing cricket," will be taking detention, but at the last moment Mr. Skipjack gets Mr. Hallam, a much more particular master, to take detention, since he, as well as Cox, has been invited to the tennis-party at Charlton Grange.

III.

HERE was tennis at the Vicarage every Saturday, and Mr. Hallam was a regular player there on such occasions, though it was whispered that the Vicarage lawn possessed attractions for him other than the excellent tennis and tea to be had there. However, his sense of good comradeship behoved him to deputise for his colleague when asked to do so.

"Thanks—much obliged," said Mr. Skipjack. "Hope it won't be inconvenient?"

"Not at all," said Hallam, who, like the good gentleman he was, did not allow the disappointment in his heart to appear in his face.

"You don't know the Lomaxes, do you?" asked Mr. Skipjack, helping himself to beetroot.

"No," said Hallam.

"Nice people. Charming girls. You ought to," was the rather indistinct rejoinder,

as Mr. Skipjack made haste to get his lunch over.

Mr. Hallam rose with a smile to carve more liberal helpings of cold beef for the hungry boys sitting at the long tables in the body of the hall. He had heard that there were five Misses Lomax, three of them of a marriageable age, one nearly so, and one quite a youngster. Mr. Hallam had also heard that each Miss Lomax would have a substantial wedding-portion, and some ill-natured person had told him that that would be only fair, since she would not bring her husband anything worth speaking of in looks, breeding, or brains. So Mr. Hallam could not restrain a smile when he heard Mr. Skipjack pronounce so favourably on the Misses Lomax.

Then his thoughts flew to the Vicarage, and to a girl, with a sweet, open, English face, who was looked down on by the Lomaxes because she had to make her dresses last for a long time, and was condemned to pass a very quiet, uneventful existence because her father was poor. Nevertheless, as the young master told himself, she looked a thousand times prettier in her simple cotton dresses than did the Lomaxes in their costly silks. She never "forced" society sayings and doings into her conversation, as the Lomax girls were continually doing, and she was not a bit taken aback if she were found, with her sleeves rolled up, making cakes in the kitchen. For she had always been brought up to regard household duties as her natural portion, and to hold that no kind of honest work is unbecoming to a lady.

As is often the case in such families as the Lomaxes, Mrs. Lomax was a common but very good-hearted woman who rather deplored the worldly and undomestic ways of her daughters. She and the Vicar's wife

were very good friends, in spite of the fact that the girls of the two families palpably belonged to hostile camps.

Mildred Henderson—the young lady I have been speaking of—was not entirely composed of angelic qualities, for Hallam, as he sawed away at the great sirloin before him, recalled with amusement the indignant set of her firm little chin and the contemptuous curl of her lip when she dilated in his hearing on the display and ostentation of the Lomax brigade. She had been asked to this tennis party that Mr. Skipjack was so anxious to attend, but had “got out of it” with one of those feminine excuses that baffle and bewilder the uninventive male mind. Was it possible, Hallam asked himself almost timidly, that the fact that *he* was due at the Vicarage had anything to do with her non-acceptance of the invitation? He hardly dared answer the question. When he thought that it might be so, he was for a moment overwhelmed by a wave of joy. Could it be that she—

“I think that will be enough, sir,” said John, the butler, in a grave tone.

Hallam came out of his trance with a start. His thoughts having been so far away from his task, he had been absent-mindedly piling slice after slice of beef on the plate nearest to him. The helping was almost large enough to satisfy the cravings of a mastiff, let alone a boy.

“Whose plate is that?” he asked rather confusedly.

“Master Cox’s, sir.”

“Has he a good appetite?”

“A *very* good appetite, sir.”

“Oh, well, I daresay he can manage it. You should have stopped me, John. I wasn’t thinking of what I was doing.”

The masters’ little affairs were common knowledge in the servants’ hall, and John rather fancied he knew what Mr. Hallam was thinking of.

Cox was surprised and delighted by the liberality of his second helping. It was rich, juicy beef, not over-cooked, and pleasant to the palate. Cox went to work with a will, and strove manfully to demolish the entire contents of his plate. But he had to give up at last, and John carried the plate away with a grin on his face. Cox accepted his pudding, but did not have much to do with it. The beef was weighing



COX LOOKED THROUGH
THE KEYHOLE.

grievously on him. Though a healthy lad, with a healthy lad’s digestion, he was obliged to admit to himself that he had eaten too much.

After dinner he felt drowsy and disinclined to exert himself. Somebody offered him a piece of “stick-jaw,” but he shrank from it

in disgust. Hang Hallam! What on earth had he wanted to pile his plate up like that for?

Cox felt more like dozing away two hours in detention than playing tennis. He thought of Pattie Lomax, and it didn't seem to him that there was much in her. She was pretty—yes—but not worth fagging about. Suppose he *did* go into detention!

He was in his dormitory, getting his flannels out, when this idea occurred to him. After all, it was a risky business—making Yarningale change places with him. If it were twigged! . . .

"I'll stay in," said Cox, running downstairs. "It'll be safer. Pattie will keep."

But when he arrived at the big school-room the door was shut and detention had begun. He looked through the keyhole. There sat Yarningale, in solitary, sinful grandeur, doing French translation. Cox could not see the master's desk, but presumed Mr. Skipjack was occupying it.

"Well," he said, "it's done now. There's one thing; by keeping *me* in, Skippy is keeping himself in. Serve the old beast right. . . . I'll change and cut out by the lane at the back. . . . Pattie, dear, I'm beginning to think you *are* rather nice, after all!"

Pattie Lomax, decked in a gown of cream-coloured silk, and with her hair straying picturesquely over her shoulders, was sitting on a seat near the tennis-lawn. Neither Pattie nor her sisters played tennis. They preferred to watch it. They occasionally indulged in croquet, because that was a game that could be played in a fashionable frock and hat. But tennis—No! At the present moment a fat gentleman of foreign appearance—down from London for the week-end—and a tall, pale girl were contesting an innocuous set with a tall, pale young man (the young lady's brother) and a stout lady with a high colour. A few of the guests were endeavouring to take an interest in this mild pat-ball, but the majority were promenading the beautiful grounds or imbibing tea on the terrace. Mr. Skipjack, who had just finished a set, was standing near the court chatting to the eldest Miss Lomax.

Every now and again Pattie dug the heel of her dainty French shoe into the turf. It was a sign of impatience. She was wondering why Cox was so late.

This will sound odd when it is remembered that she had told Judson—head boy of the

school—that she *hated* Cox. As a matter of fact—whisper it softly!—Pattie was not entirely indifferent to Cox. Most boys were very polite to her—and bored her. Cox was brusque—almost rough—and in consequence Pattie found him more interesting than the others.

Why was he so late? Pattie dug her heel into the turf again. Such wonderful old turf—turf like velvet, hundreds of years old. Once, very proud and haughty maidens had walked this turf while cavaliers, in their gay plumage, had made courtly speeches to them. In the hall of the Grange yonder there still hung portraits of past baronets of Charlton and their quaintly attired ladies. Such grim stories these old walls could have told you—such stories of love and war and desperate daring! Those were days when men crossed swords in quarrels brought about often by an idle jest; when gallant youths gave up the glory and glow of life in its spring-time rather than have their honour besmirched. Some of these ancient oaks could have related to you tales of the scenes they had witnessed as striplings; could have given you the history of fierce encounters in the grey morn—could have told of the sad, gentle mourners whom a rapier thrust had robbed of all the sunshine there was ever to be in their lives.

Only an occasional sentimental visitor to Charlton Grange pondered on the long-ago associations of the old place. The Lomaxes were essentially creatures of to-day.

"I sha'n't wait much longer," snapped Pattie. "Just like him to be late. Oh, there's that stiff Mr. Skipjack. Of course he's with Mabel. I wonder she can stand him."

Looking past these two, Pattie descried in the distance a familiar figure. Cox at last! Pattie assumed an air of indifference. When he reached her she would be cold-icy, in fact. He wanted snubbing.

Glancing at Mr. Skipjack, Pattie observed that he, too, had sighted the distant figure. He stared hard at the approaching boy for a few moments, and then resumed his saunter. So! Cox had deliberately absented himself from detention in order to come to this tennis party. Very good. He would not make a scene now. Later would do. He would say nothing just now, but. . . . Yes, distinctly a case for the headmaster to deal with. Flagrant insubordination. A flogging, at least.

When it was too late to retreat, Cox himself had distinguished the figure of Mr. Skip-



"WELL, IF YOU'RE NOT COX," SAID PATTIE, "WHO ARE YOU, PLEASE?"

jack. A shiver went down his spine. *Skippy!* And he had thought Skippy was safely in the big school-room, taking detention.

Cox senior had always been a man of great resource, else would he never have made a fortune out of cough-drops. They were good cough-drops, it must be allowed, but they weren't better than any other cough-drops. Why, then, had their proprietor made a million of money out of them? Why, because he had always been alert and up-to-date. His advertisements persuaded you, in the most subtle way, that Cox's Cough-Drops were, of all remedies, the very remedy for your cough. Mr. Cox was a man of enterprise; his son was a boy built after the same pattern.

"Good afternoon," said Cox, taking off his hat to Pattie; "Cox was kept in, so he asked me to come and tell you how it was he couldn't be here."

IV.

PATTIE gazed in astonishment at the boy addressing her. If this wasn't Cox, it must be his brother. But, then, he hadn't a brother. She remembered him telling her so.

"He said I'd better come and speak to you about it first," proceeded Cox, sticking boldly to his hastily-mapped-out programme. "You're Miss Pattie Lomax, aren't you? I've seen you in church."

And with this Cox calmly dumped himself on to the seat Pattie was occupying.

"But—but—Oh, I'm *sure* you're Cox," said Pattie. "You can't be anybody else. That's your racquet. It's got your initials on the handle."

Cox was almost caught, but rose to the occasion. "No. Cox lent me this racquet, as I hadn't one. He said I might be asked to stop and play tennis. Cox is in detention. There's Skippy—Mr. Skipjack, I mean. Ask *him* if you don't believe me."

"I would rather believe anything than ask Mr. Skipjack about it," said Pattie. "He always treats me as if I were five. Don't you hate him?"

"I should rather think I do," said Cox, speaking the truth for the first time that afternoon, and from the bottom of his heart.

"Well, if you're not Cox," said Pattie, regarding her companion keenly, "who *are* you, please?"

"My name is Yarningale," said Cox.

"Lord Yarningale?" asked Pattie, who

had heard that there was a boy so named at Charlton Court School.

"Yes," said Cox, simply. "That's my full name."

Pattie stared at him very hard. "Well, I must say you're awfully like Cox, but much nicer looking."

"Oh, d'you think so?" said Cox.

"Yes; and I hope you're nicer in your ways."

Cox moved uneasily. "He's a curious chap, but he's all right when you know him," was his reassuring reply.

"Is he?" cried Pattie, tossing her head. "Personally, I think that the more you get to know him the less you like him."

("Cat!" said Cox to himself. "I'll pay her out for this.")

Then he added aloud: "He's generally considered to be rather a decent sort."

"Opinions differ," said Pattie, loftily. "But won't you come up to the terrace and let me introduce you to mother, Lord Yarningale?"

"Thanks," said Cox, rather reluctantly. "Don't bother, though, if you don't want to go yourself."

"Well, I don't much want to," acknowledged Pattie, "but mother would like to know you."

"I dare say later would do," said Cox. "You see, Skippy is bound to be knocking about there soon, having tea, and when we chaps come out we like to keep as far away from the masters as possible."

"So I should think," was Pattie's sympathetic rejoinder. "Well, look here, shall we go and have some strawberries—off the beds, you know? I hate eating them off a plate."

"Rather," said Cox.

Pattie jumped up. "Come on, then."

They walked off together in the direction of a high, moss-covered wall, behind which lay the kitchen-garden, where the strawberries flourished in gigantic beds. And now Cox sorely repented having eaten so much beef at dinner. Never had he seen strawberries growing in such luxuriant profusion—enormous, fat strawberries, fit for a king to feast on.

Pattie just nibbled at a strawberry now and then. Girls employed in sweet-shops do not eat many sweets, and it was the same with Pattie and these strawberries. She could always eat as many as she liked, and so she did not care much about them. When, therefore, she came across a particularly fine strawberry, she handed it to Cox. This was

However, he accepted the strawberries and chivalrously swallowed them. Pattie held the common belief that a boy had the stomach of an ostrich and the digestion of a cobra, and she plied Cox with strawberries until he was obliged to admit that he couldn't eat any more.

"Dear me!" she said, with a smile.



"I AM COX!" HE SAID DRAMATICALLY.

a distinct mark of her favour, and Cox did not overlook the fact.

"Seems to me," he thought, "she's beginning to like me—that is, Yarningale. I'm cutting myself out. That's a weird idea. Oh, hang it! She's picked six for me now, and I'm about done."

"Cox always seems able to go on eating all the afternoon. But I am afraid he is rather greedy. I'm glad you're not."

This being a blending of insult and compliment in equal degree, Cox felt that the speech *in toto* amounted to nothing, and so did not feel called upon to make a rejoinder.

They left the strawberry-beds and wandered along a path that was embowered with roses. Here they were screened from all observation, and here, as they rounded a corner, they came plump upon the eldest Miss Lomax and Mr. Skipjack, who were sitting on a rustic wooden bench. Cox raised his hat; Mr. Skipjack scowled at him, and Miss Lomax bowed with some confusion.

The boy and girl hastened on, and made their way back to the lawn. There was a summer-house here, and Pattie, having gained its gloomy interior, sat down and giggled excitedly.

"He was proposing!" she cried. "Didn't you hear him say: '*I mean every word*'? And he was holding her hand."

"Bad look-out for me. He'll have his knife into me worse than ever after this," said Cox.

"Why?" asked Pattie. "I know he doesn't like Cox, because Cox has told me so, but——"

This was the opportunity for confession. Cox seized upon it. He had felt all along that it would be his safest plan to confide in Pattie, but had not been able, until this moment, to screw up his courage to the necessary pitch.

"I *am* Cox!" he said, dramatically.

To his surprise, Pattie did not evince the least astonishment at this statement.

"I knew you were," she said.

"You knew?"

"Yes; by the wart on your right hand. I noticed it when you were picking strawberries."

Cox looked at his right hand and then put it in his pocket. It wasn't very nice being detected by a *wart*! If it had been the colour of his eyes, now——

"I won't tell," said Pattie. "I'll keep it up. I'll say you told me you were Lord Yarningale. That won't be a fib, because you did, you know."

It seemed to Cox that Pattie's ideas of truthfulness were a little elastic. He had also told her he was Cox, hadn't he? Never mind! She had promised to stand by him, that was the great thing.

"You're a brick," he said. "Honour bright you won't split?"

"Honour bright," said Pattie, holding out her hand. "It was awfully wrong of you to pretend you were somebody else, but—awfully daring! I admire daring men."

"Men! Cox felt six feet high, at the least."

"Well, I'll cut now," he said. "I don't

want to run into Skippy again. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye," said Pattie, giving him her hand once more. "You—you'll come again soon?"

"Can't get an *exeat* oftener than once in a month. Will you get your mater to ask me here this day month?"

Pattie nodded. "I'll remember."

Cox stole behind the summer-house. Here he scaled an iron fence and started on his way across the park.

"I always thought girls were rotters till now," he reflected. "Pattie isn't one, I'll swear!"

He looked back. Pattie was standing by the fence, and as he turned round she kissed her hand to him.

"By George!" said Cox. "Young Judson would have turned green if he had seen that."

He waved his hat and walked on majestically, feeling every inch a conqueror. Unfortunately, a moment later he caught his foot in a rabbit-hole and fell full-length on the green sward, a silvery laugh from the direction of the fence adding to his discomfiture. Had it not been for this incident, there is little doubt that his homeward progress would have continued to be a glorious and dignified matter right up to the school premises.

As it was, Cox limped all the way home, for he had twisted his ankle in the rabbit-hole, and it hurt confoundedly. As he went, he cogitated, in between the twinges his ankle gave, on his future mode of procedure. Mr. Skipjack's presence at the Lomaxes' garden-party had upset his calculations. This required thinking out.

Detention lasted from three to five. Dinner was at one-thirty, and there was no reason why detention shouldn't have started at two, or even at two-thirty. But no. By way of quite spoiling the afternoon of the detained, the headmaster had fiendishly—in the opinion of his pupils—decreed that detention should start at three and last till five.

Detention was taken by the master on duty, some other master being detailed to keep an eye on the boys in the cricket-field. When the master on duty came out of detention, he repaired to the cricket-field and relieved his colleague, who went away with a merry heart. Being on duty at Charlton Court meant being on duty with a vengeance.

Now, Cox wondered who was deputising for Mr. Skipjack in detention. He ran over

the list of masters. Who was the most likely? Why, who but that outsider *Hallam*?

It was now something between four and five. Detention would not be over yet, so he must needs go cautiously. Directly detention was over, he would lie in wait for Yarningale and tell him to keep out of the way—sort his stamps in the sixth form class-room, for instance—till tea-time, while he himself, having changed into his ordinary apparel, made his way to the cricket-field—fresh (or, to be correct, the reverse to fresh) from detention—and joined the onlookers. Yarningale's absence from the cricket-field was not likely to have been commented on, as he was no good at games and seldom watched the matches if he could help it.

With this scheme developed in his mind, Cox skulked into the school premises from the back lane, and by stealthy methods gained the big school-room door without being seen by any one. Heavens! the door was open and both birds had flown. He hastened to his class-room, and inspected his locker. Yes, there were his French exercise-book and his translation-book. Consulting the exercise-book, Cox found that Yarningale had done a fair amount of translation and had not done it too well or forgotten to make some blots. The translation was crossed out with a blue pencil and initialled "C. H." So it *was* Hallam who had taken Skippy's detention for him.

Next thing—where was Yarningale? Cox looked into the sixth form class-room. Not there. What was the next most likely place? Ah! the museum. Yarningale was fond of poring over the natural history specimens to be found in that room. Cox repaired to the museum. No; wrong again. In the gym? Hardly. In the field? He would try that.

Cox was about to leave the museum—which opened out of the recreation room—

when the sound of voices in the latter arrested his steps. The voices were those of John, the butler, and Heathcote, a boy with a weak heart who didn't play games and generally spent his half-holidays reading indoors.

"Telegram for Mr. Hallam," said John. "Have you seen him, sir? He was in the big school-room with Master Cox half an hour ago."

("Was he?" said Cox to himself.)

"He changed and went out with his tennis-racquet and Cox went with him," rejoined Heathcote.

"Thank you, sir. Expect he's gone to the Vicarage. I'll walk down with the telegram," replied John, departing.

Cox turned cold and hot. Hallam had cut detention short and taken Yarningale down to the Vicarage with him! The imposture was bound to come out now. Yarningale would be sure to make some mistake and give the whole thing away.

What was to be done?

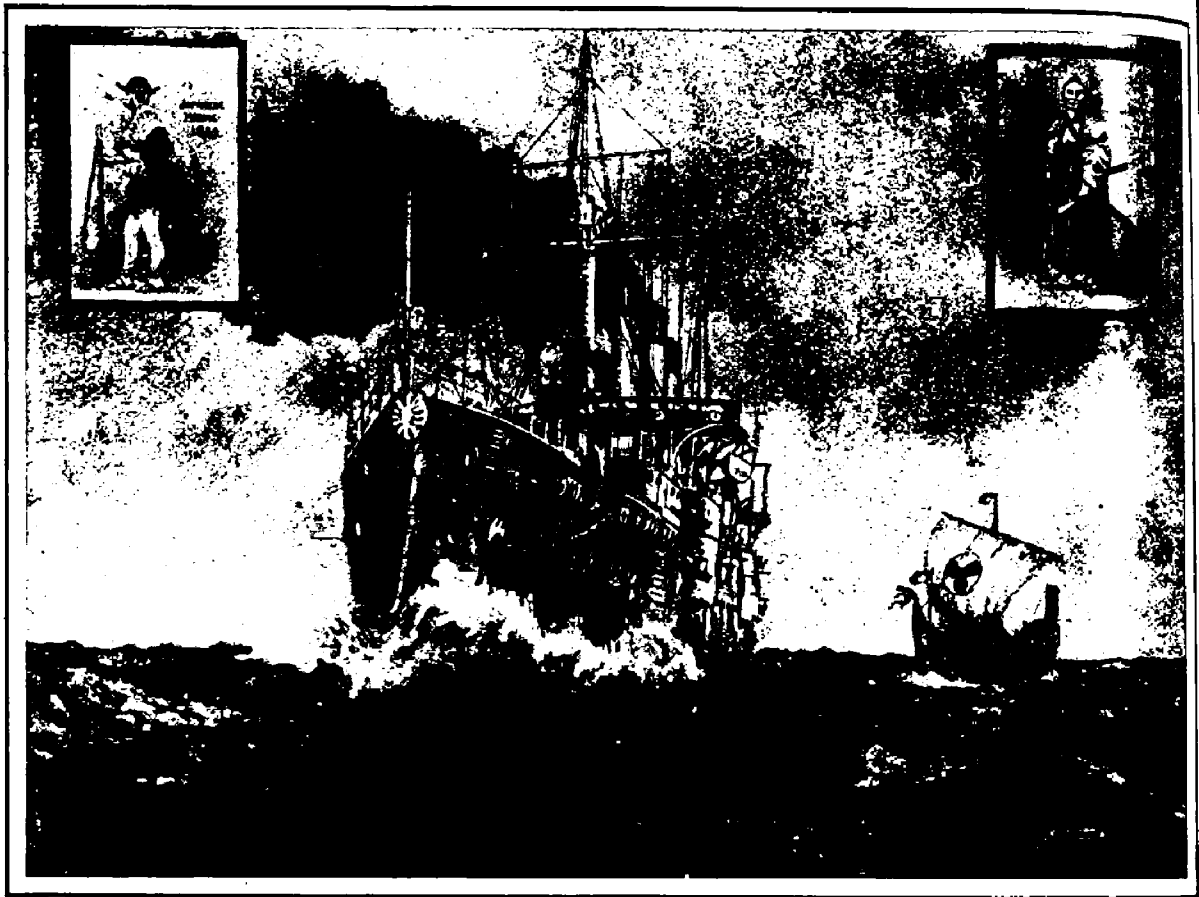
For the second time that day the wily blood of the Cough-Drop King came to his son's aid. It was no mean thing to have invented a cough-drop that was a household word throughout the civilised world—and in parts of the uncivilised, for every missionary included it in his medical outfit—and surely the son of such a man was not likely to be at a loss when an occasion needed swift, definite action!

Cox made up his mind. He would go down to the Vicarage, smuggle himself into the grounds, attract Yarningale's attention, and change places with him. He presumed Yarningale had put on his flannels—their dress would therefore be identical.

It was the only thing to be done, and so Cox slipped out of the museum window, crept into the back lane, and, manfully disregarding the pain his ankle was giving him, set off for the village at a run.

(To be continued.)





H.I.J.M.'S "IWATE" COMPARED WITH A JAPANESE WAR-VESSEL OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

JAPAN'S NAVAL HISTORY.

THE vessels depicted in the above illustration clearly show what tremendous strides the Japanese have made in matters naval during the last forty years. Both are drawn to the same scale. The ironclad is the first-class armoured cruiser *Iwate*, built and engined by Armstrong, Whitworth and Co. She rendered admirable service to Admiral Togo during the siege of Port Arthur, and was damaged during the sea fighting of February 9, 1904. The old-fashioned vessel to the right is a typical specimen of the sort of craft that roamed the waters of the Island Kingdom as late as 1864. These primitive warships were stoutly built of heavy timber, with huge blunt bows rising high out of the water, the deck sloping down amidships where the bulwark was only about 8 ft. above the sea's surface, and rising again to a lofty poop at the stern. Along her broadside would be distributed some two to four pieces of cannon, of a type older than the guns used at Trafalgar. Amidships rose a solitary mast, consisting of stout bamboos lashed securely together, and carrying her great single sail, marked in the

centre with the shamrock-like crest of the Shogun. At bow and stern were hung on stout poles oiled-paper lanterns, which, like the sail, bore the emblem. Her decks would swarm with sailors and *kaiheis*, a sort of marine. The latter was a fearsome person to look upon, with his two keen swords picturesquely stuck in his belt, his brawny brown legs bare, and carrying on his shoulder an obsolete European gun. After the great struggle in Satsuma, vast hordes of these sturdy sailors were thrown out of employment. The majority joined the services, and, under the tuition of Europeans, soon became proficient in modern methods of warfare. Thus it was the first Japanese fleet came into being. Most of the Japanese battleships have been built in this country. Several vessels of the *Iwate* class were added at the end of the war with China; the eventful purchase and journey to the Far East of the *Nisshin* and *Kasuga* are still fresh in our minds; while the latest addition to H.I.J.M.'s Navy, the *Katori*, was launched at Barrow last July by H.R.H. Princess Arisugawa.

G. HORACE DAVIS.

VOLUNTEER CORPS.



Which to Join, and Why.

By A. E. JOHNSON.

THIS is not an essay upon the Theory and Practice of the Art of Volunteering, its few pains and many pleasures. Nor is it an argument either for or against the contention that every able-bodied youth should undergo such training as may render him fit to answer his country's call in time of need. Such matters demand more space than we are able to afford. Our present purpose is merely to offer some advice and suggestions to those readers of *THE CAPTAIN* who may be desirous, having left school, of continuing the military training begun in their school cadet corps, or of presenting themselves for the first time as recruits to the citizen army.

Our hints upon the selection of a corps to join must necessarily be addressed mainly to those whose work brings them to London. In the provinces it is not often that the opportunity to choose is given. As a rule, a boy whose lot is cast in a provincial town or country district will find only one local Volunteer Corps (Artillery, Engineers, or Infantry) to which to offer his services. He has, however, two alternatives before him. He can join as an officer or he may enter the ranks as a humble private. The former course he will certainly be ill-advised to follow unless possessed of fairly ample private means and a considerable degree of leisure. Even in these fortunate circumstances he will not do amiss if he elect to pass through the ranks before taking a commission. In the ranks his better education will speedily bring promotion; and should he, by the time he has gained command of a section, find his enthusiasm unabated, the experience thus gained will be of inestimable value to him in passing through the School of Instruction and undergoing the other

necessary preliminaries of taking a commission. If without either the means or the inclination to incur the expenses and responsibilities of an officer, while yet keen upon the work, he will find (unless an arrant snob) that in the rank of sergeant—not difficult of attainment in a provincial battalion, as we have noted, by dint of keenness and superior education—he is very comfortably situated.

In London, matters are somewhat different. There are some sixty corps in all from which to choose, and the intending recruit has opportunity to consider not only to what arm he would prefer to belong, but also the social advantages offered by each corps, and the manner in which his own particular tastes may best be suited. Presumably he will wish to join one of the "class" corps, as they are commonly and somewhat vulgarly known, *i.e.*, corps in which the members occupy a social position above that usual in the ranks of an ordinary Volunteer Battalion. In this case, however—at least, so far as the best corps are concerned—he should give up all idea of at once entering the commissioned ranks. Amongst the better-known corps, it is a rule that officers *must* first pass through the ranks. Consequently, to become a member it is necessary to join as a private; and in the case of a non-commissioned officer transferring from a provincial battalion, it will be necessary to resign stripes before doing so.

Reckoning the Imperial Yeomanry as part of the Volunteer Force, for the purposes of this article, there are five branches of the service from which the intending volunteer can choose—Infantry, Artillery, Engineers, R.A.M.C., and Yeomanry. In the case of the Infantry, the most popular branch, five

principal Volunteer Rifle Corps at once present themselves for consideration. These are the Artists, London Scottish, Civil Service, Inns of Court, and the London Rifle Brigade. To them should be added the Infantry Division of the Honourable Artillery Company.

Three of these corps offer special attractions to certain classes of recruits. Thus the London Scottish (7th Middlesex), as its name implies, is the battalion which naturally claims the services of young Scotsmen in the Metropolis. The Civil Service (12th Middlesex) is recruited exclusively from civil servants and *employés* of Government offices.

The entrance fee is 10s., and the annual subscription the same. The headquarters at Buckingham Gate are excellent, and the corps possesses numerous social institutions, including a School of Arms, Football, Swimming, and Revolver Clubs, and a Reel Club. The uniform (kilted, of course) is a very smart one of neutral grey with dark blue facings, and very few Volunteer Corps can beat the London Scottish for effectiveness on parade.

Readers who may be fortunate enough to secure berths in the Civil Service need no advice upon the selection of a corps. Considering the admirable medium which the



PIPERS OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH, NEAR BALMORAL, N.B., AUGUST, 1901.—ROUTE MARCH, DEESIDE.

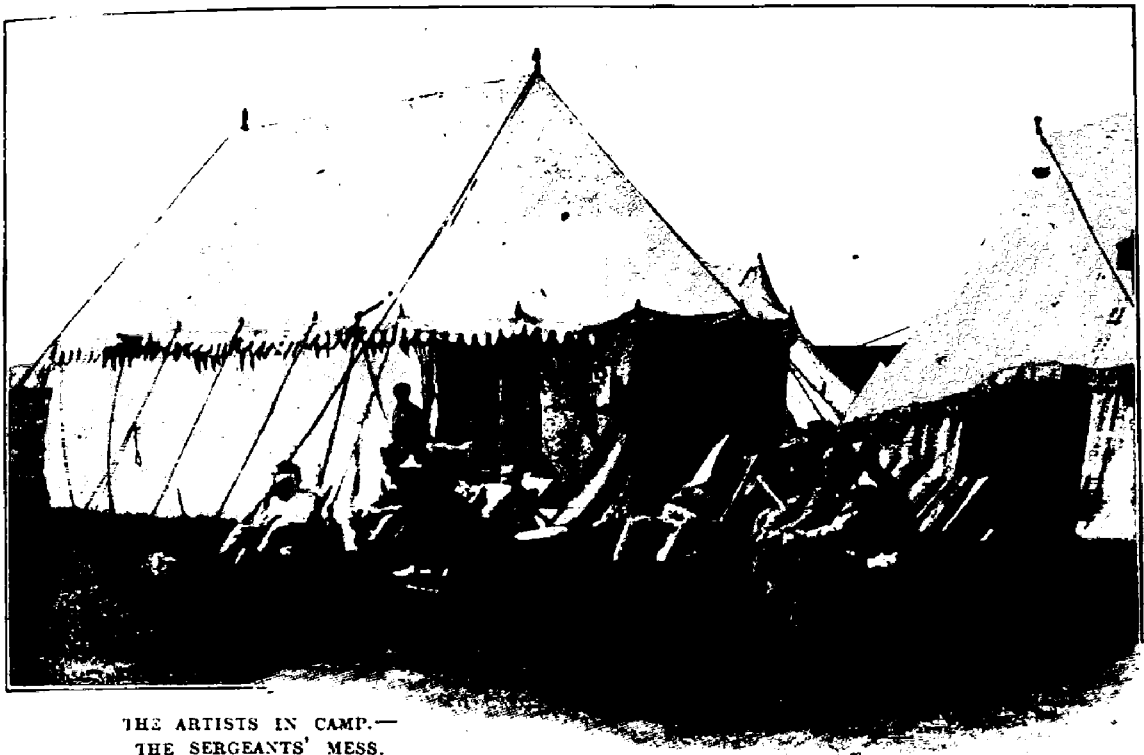
Photo by William J. Johnston, Banchory, N.B.

To the Inns of Court (14th Middlesex) a prime qualification for admission was, until recently, membership of an Inn of Court. This rule has been relaxed, however, and past members of a public school or college are now eligible. But it still remains essentially the corps of the legal profession.

With regard to the London Scottish, an applicant need not be pure Scotch. He must be of Scottish birth, descent, or landed property, the phrase "descent" being taken to mean the possession of at least a Scottish parent or grandparent. The social standing is good, and the corps has an excellent reputation for good fellowship and sound work.

Civil Service R.V. forms for enabling members of the various Government offices to meet socially, it would be foolish for such to contemplate, unless for special reasons, joining elsewhere. The annual expenses are small, and, moreover, the corps bears a first-rate name for efficiency all round. Latterly, too, its School of Arms has been particularly successful. Clerks at the Bank of England form a company to themselves, as do also the officers of the L.C.C. Somerset House furnishes the headquarters. The uniform is light grey, with blue facings.

The Inns of Court R.V. has a long and distinguished record, and has always borne



THE ARTISTS IN CAMP.—
THE SERGEANTS' MESS.

Photo A. E. Johnson.

a good name for discipline and efficiency. It includes a mounted infantry company, about 150 strong, with a Maxim gun, and a cyclist company. The former is particularly good, but entails more expense upon its members. The subscriptions are:—Mounted Infantry, £5 5s.; Cyclists, £2 11s. 6d.; Infantry, £1 11s. 6d. The headquarters are in Lincoln's Inn, and drills are carried out very largely in the Temple Gardens. In the Regimental Mess at Paper Buildings, Temple, members have a great convenience, the establishment being well organised and conducted, and open all days except Sundays. The School of Arms (entrance fee 10s. 6d., subscription £1 1s.) at Stone Buildings is likewise a first-rate institution, thoroughly equipped, and under capable instructors. The social standing of the corps is very good, and for those employed in either branch of the legal profession, it is undoubtedly the best to join. Its ranks are now open, as we have remarked, to all public schoolmen, irrespective of their calling. But those not engaged in legal pursuits, unless already possessing intimate acquaintances among its members, will probably find themselves more at home in a less "specialised" corps.

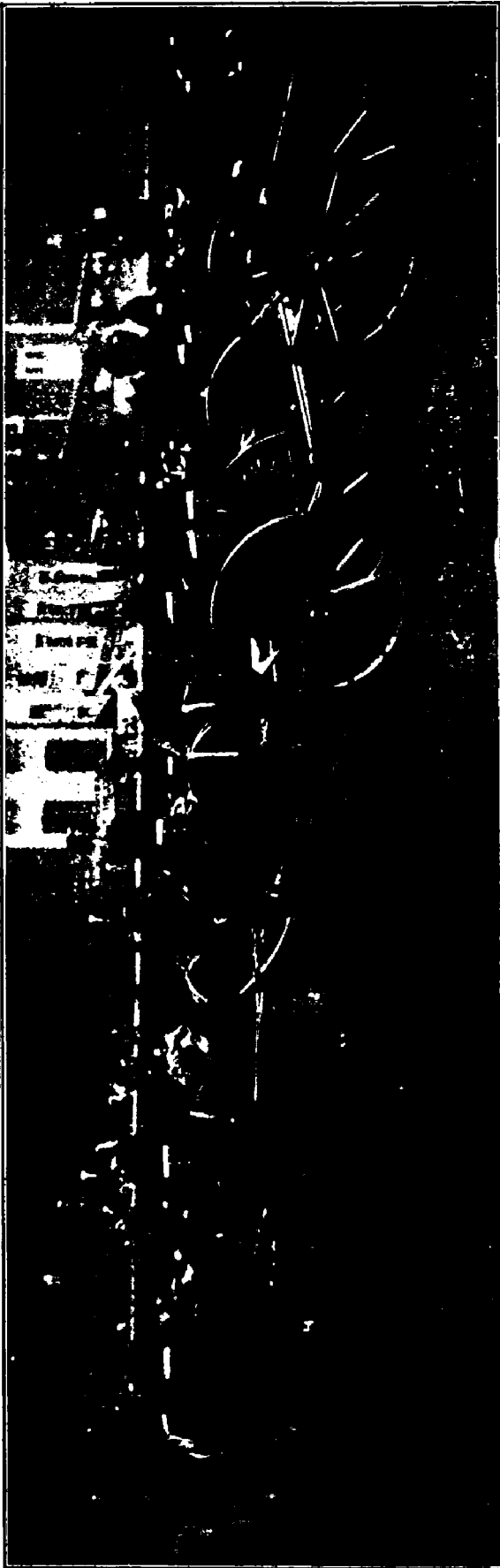
There remain the Artists, the London

Rifle Brigade, and the Infantry Division of the Honourable Artillery Company. Taking these in reverse order, the H.A.C. may be first disposed of. It is primarily a corps for the well-to-do. To those whose expenditure does not have to be regulated with a careful and discriminating hand, it offers many attractions. The history of the Regiment, the oldest military body in the country, is most distinguished. With its Horse Artillery division, for which it is chiefly celebrated, we shall deal presently. Its Infantry



MOUNTING GUARD.—LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE.

From a photo.



[Photo Gregory.]

HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY.—HORSE ARTILLERY.

division is conducted on the lines of an ordinary volunteer battalion. The headquarters are splendid, the social standing is good, and there are many secondary attractions. But the expenses (though officially discountenanced and minimised) are considerably heavier than in the case of an ordinary volunteer corps, and the fact should be borne in mind by the intending recruit. The formal expenses are £2 2s. subscription, and £5 5s. for dress and kit. The uniform is practically that of the Foot Guards; the latter, as it is said, having copied theirs from the H.A.C. The Infantry Division is of good repute for efficiency, but its work is somewhat eclipsed by the more important doings of the Horse Artillery.

The London Rifle Brigade (1st London) is essentially the corps of the City. Its ranks are open to all of decent social position, but every applicant must be proposed by two members. The social advantages are many, and the club rooms at the headquarters in Bunhill Row are open every day for the purposes of refreshment and recreation. A School of Arms is held during the winter, and there are Football, Cricket, Swimming, and Chess Clubs in connection with the regiment. There is also an L.R.B. Masonic Lodge which meets during the winter. The annual subscription is 25s., with no entrance fee. The uniform is black, with black facings; a distinctive feature being the shako with cock's feathers worn in full dress. Young fellows coming up to town for business, employed or finding most of their interests in the City, could scarcely do better than join the L.R.B. The work done is sound and useful from a military point of view, and the corps discharges its social functions in very pleasant fashion.

Lastly we come to the Artists (20th Middlesex), a corps of which the name is perhaps the most familiar to the "man in the street."

Socially it maintains a good standard, and an applicant for admission must be introduced. Its members are drawn from men employed both in the "professions" as well as in "business," and it attracts the bulk of the recruits who, in wishing to join a corps of good repute, are not influenced by any of the special considerations and peculiar inducements presented by other battalions, and referred to above. In the early days of its existence the various companies were assigned to different professions (*e.g.*, Musicians, Architects, Painters, etc.), but at late, with an increasing influx of non-professional members, this distinction to a great

extent has disappeared. It partly survives, however; architects, for example, being numerous in C company, while medical students and London University men preponderate in G. The annual subscription is 25s., and there is no entrance fee. The uniform is the familiar grey, with grey facings, and black and silver braid; while a slouch hat has replaced the old helmet. The physical standard is somewhat higher than is usual, 5ft. 7in. being the minimum height, and members are expected to maintain the fine standard of efficiency for which the corps has always been noted.

Socially, the Artists have a name for good fellowship, and a recruit of the right sort need have no fear of feeling "out of it." The headquarters near King's Cross are comfortable, and the scene of numerous "smokers" and other entertainments. The success of the Swimming Club is well known to all followers of water polo, and in connection with the corps there are several riverside clubs and camps, a regimental regatta being held annually at Staines. The School of Arms, open during the winter, turns out some very good men, and has a long record of successes at the Royal Military Tournament, more especially in sabres and bayonet fighting. At this year's Tournament the Artists' team, after winning (for the third time in succession) the Auxiliaries Bayonet Combats, met and de-

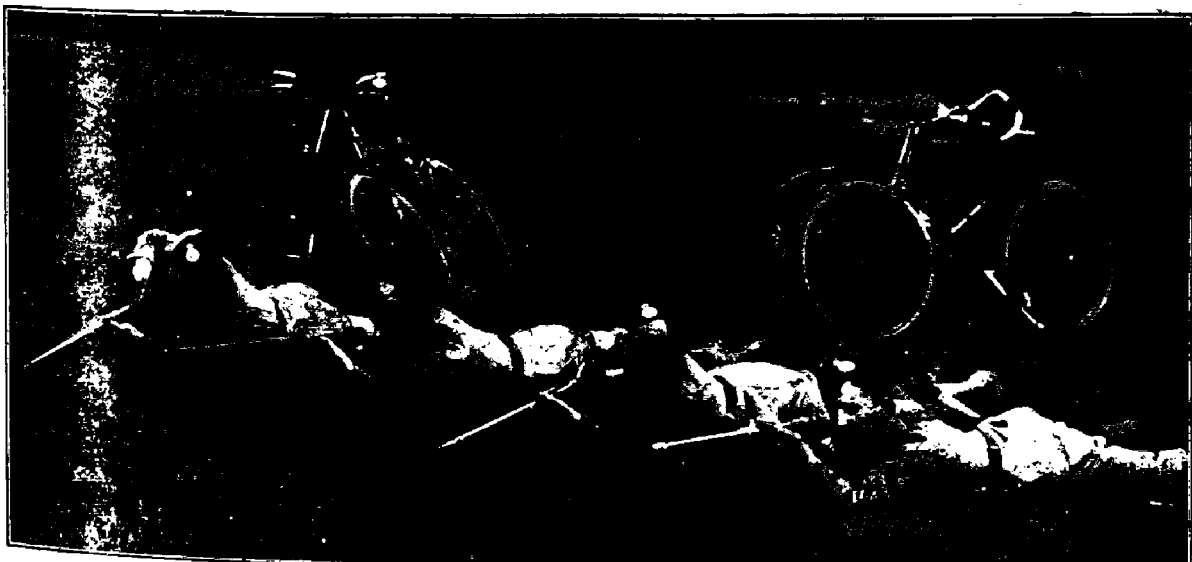


Photo. A. E. Johnson.

ONE BRANCH OF INFANTRY WORK.—THE MACHINE GUN.

feated the 1st Batt. Scots Guards, winners of the Regulars' Bayonet Combats. Offering no special inducement, the Artists' R.V. perhaps present the most *general* attractions to the recruit having no prejudice or bias towards any particular corps.

In the second rank of rifle corps come the Victoria and St. George's, the First Surrey, Queen's Westminsters, Bloomsbury, and Finsbury. Of the two first-named it may be remarked that they are recruited from the middle classes, and that most of the officers (as well as a large proportion of the n.c.o.'s and men) are public school and University men. For men anxious to go in for mounted work, the Victoria and St. George's (1st Middlesex) has an M.I. Company, about 160 strong, in which the standard of height is only 5ft. 4in. The First Surrey (1st V.B. East



THE 26TH MIDDLESEX.—THE CYCLISTS' CORPS.

[Photo Gregory.]

Surrey Regiment) has its headquarters in Camberwell, which fact renders it a convenient corps for those living on the south side of the river. It likewise possesses 3½ acres of ground, which enables it to offer many facilities for lawn tennis, &c., denied to more centrally situated corps. In addition it possesses a Freemason's Lodge and a Royal

districts in the neighbourhood of Westminster. Its chief interest to readers of this article lies in its M.I. Company, 160 strong, which has a reputation for efficiency. The entrance fee is £1, and the annual subscription varies according to rank. For privates it is 5s.

The Bloomsbury Rifles (19th Middlesex) and the Finsbury Rifles (21st Middlesex) are corps of good repute, recruited chiefly from men of superior station and steady character, with small means.

So far we have dealt only with Infantry corps. It should be remembered, however, that a Rifle corps affords many opportunities for taking up special duties, as apart from the ordinary routine of an infantryman's work. Thus in addition to the M.I. Companies of the Victoria and St. George's, Queen's Westminsters, and Inns of Court (the latter with Maxim gun), already referred to, there are machine-gun detachments in the Artists, L.R.B., H.A.C. (Infantry), Queen's Westminsters, and Finsbury Rifles; cyclist companies or sections, ambulance and signalling sections, in all; and transport sections in the L.R.B. and First Surrey Rifles. All of these it is permissible for the recruit, after qualifying as a trained man, to join.

Should there be an inclination to go in for artillery work there is less scope for the choice of a corps. Those who have to consider their pockets will do best by joining the 3rd Middlesex R.G.A. (Vols.). The entrance fee is £2, but there is no subsequent cost. All applicants have to be men of good character, and the general standing of the corps is good. The uniform is blue



PRIVATE OF THE MIDDLESEX YEOMANRY.

Photo Gregory.

Arch Chapter for active and honorary members, and shines not a little socially.

The Queen's Westminsters (13th Middlesex) is another middle class corps, recruited very largely from *employés* of large West-end business houses (several of which furnish their own special companies), and from various

with scarlet facings; the busby being of racoon skin (whence the *sobriquet* "Cat-skins"), with scarlet busby bag and white plume.

If he can afford it, however, the would-be artillery-man should join the H.A.C., of which the Artillery Division is the only auxiliary horse artillery in the kingdom. Upon the social standing of the H.A.C. we have already remarked. The official expenses are kept as low as possible (dress and kit, minimum £8 8s., subscription, £2 2s.), but the other expenditure makes a heavy drain upon purses not too amply filled. The guns are horsed free of charge to the drivers, but the mounted gunners have to provide their own horses, or hire them through the regiment at an annual cost of £5. To a keen man, however, membership of the H.A.C. artillery division is worth the expense it incurs. The splendid work of the C.I.V. Battery in South Africa is sufficient testimony to the efficient way in which the gunners learn their work, and the rival batteries, A. and B., form eminently sociable communities. At the Armoury House, Finsbury, the regiment has a magnificent headquarters, with ample space for the practice of the cricket, football, boxing, fencing, gymnastics, physical drill, riding, and tent-pegging, which, with swimming (indulged in elsewhere), make up the programme of the Athletic Club.

Many who belong to the engineering profession will wish to join a volunteer engineer corps. The best of these is the Electrical Engineers, from which so many men went to the front in South Africa. The organisation of the corps is rather peculiar, the men (drawn from students at technical colleges, working linesmen, and office men from mechanical and electrical firms) being so scattered as to render little drill possible. The chief purpose of the corps is to assist the Submarine Miners of the south coast, and every summer numerous drafts are sent to the various camps at south coast ports to augment the local R.E., and assist in working the search-lights. At the headquarters in Westminster there is a complete search-light plant for training purposes. The cost of membership is practically nil.

Of ordinary engineer corps the best to join is perhaps the East London (Tower Hamlets). The corps is a strong one, reputed efficient, and recruited chiefly from artisans and mechanics. The cost is nominal.

Intending recruits with an inclination for mounted work, who may elect to join the

Imperial Yeomanry rather than an M.I. Company of a volunteer battalion, are *not* advised to join any of the lately-formed London regiments. Such, at least, is our recommendation to those who mean business and do not seek a gaudy uniform of purple and green and scarlet and gold. Join, for preference, the Middlesex or Surrey Yeomanry, with headquarters respectively at Knightsbridge and Clapham Park, both of them old-established regiments, to be classed with the steady provincial county yeomanry, and not with the "rough-riders," "sharpshooters," "dragoons," and other fancifully-named and gorgeously-garbed innovations. The average annual cost in either of these regiments is about £3 to £4.

Medical students may possibly like to don the blue and cherry of the Royal Army Medical Corps Volunteers. In that case they will have the choice between the London Companies, with headquarters near the Gray's Inn Road, and the Woolwich Companies, located at Woolwich. The latter include a Cyclist Ambulance Company, which has the distinction of being the only one in the services. Military ambulance in all its branches, including field-nursing and the care of the sick, is, of course, the work in which members of the R.A.M.C. (Vols.) receive training.

As to the duties which the volunteer is required and trained to perform, these vary with the branch of the service to which he is attached, and into details we have not space to enter. One of the "conditions of efficiency," however, it may be well to mention here: the necessity of attending camp at least once in every two years.

The kind of volunteer who *shirks* camp has no business to be a volunteer at all, and the sooner he clears out the better. In which connection we may remark that there is one duty common to volunteers of every arm: *keenness*. No man ought to join who does not *mean business*. The slack volunteer is a creature worse than useless.

Our object in drawing attention to the various advantages, social and otherwise, offered by the different principal corps, must not be misunderstood. Readers of *THE CAPTAIN*, we feel sure, are not of the stuff to go volunteering for the sake of what they can get out of it. But, granted a genuine intention to do his work, whatever it may be, honestly and to the best of his ability, the recruit is quite entitled to consider how his other tastes may best be suited.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED

"*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

[We must apologise for the lateness of these reviews, for which we could not possibly find space in previous issues.—ED.]

Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine.—With the June number this periodical "comes of age." Twenty-one years is a very creditable record, but if *The Grammar School Magazine* only maintains its present high level of excellence—it seldom soars to brilliant heights, but it never descends to depths of bathos—it should continue hale and hearty until it becomes a centenarian.

In the June number "Camped," descriptive of outdoor life—real outdoor life—in the Highlands is the article that interests us most. The man who has never slept saye under a roof has but a poor idea of what possibilities of joy life holds for him :

And so the night passes, and in the morning up gets the camper with fresh life in his bones, and dashes the last hazy remnants of sleep from him with a plunge in the pool. He lights a fire of broom and larch, and soon his kettle is singing merrily ; then he sits on the edge of his fire-trench amid the smoke that curls to heaven ; around him the mists are slowly clearing from the hills, and, far off, some distant cock proclaims the morn. Perchance his thoughts fly to his friends far away, and he smiles in contentment, and the blood goes singing through his veins.

Boltonian.—We do not recollect having met with this magazine before. The contents call for no special comment, but on the "make-up" we venture to offer a few suggestions. The appearance of the magazine might be greatly improved, we think, by the exercise of a little sub-editorial care. The articles are too cramped, and, being inartistically arranged, do not invite attention. A little more discretion in the choice of type would make a great deal of difference. Occasional contributions and features of special importance would look better in a larger type, the present small fount being reserved for the general information—reports of matches, debating society news, and the like. In its present guise *The Boltonian* can scarcely be said to be "made-up" at all. It is merely slung together.

Cadet (H.M.S. Conway).—A feature of considerable interest is the full-page picture of the scene on the school ship *Conway*, at Liverpool, on a day in June 1866. This is reproduced from *The Illustrated London News* of that date, and depicts the Duke of Edinburgh distributing the year's prizes to the Cadets. On that occasion Cadet H. S. F. Niblett (now Rear-Admiral) was awarded the Queen's Prize on entering the Royal Navy. The picture of the distinguished company assembled on the *Conway*, dressed in the fashions of forty years ago, is peculiarly interesting and instructive.

Two able letters contributed by Mr. Frank T. Bullen, and Captain H. W. Broadbent (Commander of the *Conway*), to the important discussion recently appearing in the *Spectator*, on the subject of a proper training of boys for the Mercantile Marine, are republished in the number before us.

Durban High School Magazine.—The last number to hand is devoted mainly to school news, the Cadet Corps (recently inspected by Earl Roberts) claiming a good deal of attention. We notice, by the way, that the Cadet Corps is divided into *squadrons*. Does this signify that the Corps is a mounted one ?

Elysian (Wm. Ellis School).—It is a long time since a copy of the *Elysian* reached us, and we are glad to find it once more amongst the pile before us. The Summer Term number, however, is not a great one, and we hope to find more sparkle and life in future issues.

Grey College Union Magazine.—This is quite the most interesting magazine that has come before our notice this month. Grey College is situated in Bloemfontein, and is a Boer school. From the editorial of the present number we gather that the magazine appears now after a long period of inactivity, due, in great measure, to the events of recent South African history. Unfortunately, the pleasure which a perusal of the pages before us would have given, is curtailed by the circumstance of the majority of the articles being in Dutch, a language of which we are obliged to confess complete ignorance. The leading article, however, is in English, and recounts the history of "The Grey College during the War." Very interesting reading it makes.

When war was declared on October 11, 1899, the Free State Government resolved to turn the boarding school of the College into a hospital. Of the masters, the Rector, in addition to his scholastic duties (which he continued to discharge) undertook the functions of Censor of Foreign Correspondence ; another master joined the Intelligence Department of the Red Cross ; three more enlisted in the commandos of different districts ; and two others were employed in the Commissariat Department. The remainder, headed by the Rector, continued the work of the school as well as was possible under circumstances of exceptional difficulty. The College was open and attended throughout the war, though the number of its boys were, of course, greatly reduced. Practically the whole of the Upper School was at the front. When Lord Roberts entered Bloemfontein the college was at once "commandeered" as a military hospital, and a good picture is drawn of the altered scene :

The writer of these reminiscences will never forget the strange changes that had so suddenly come after all the scenes so familiar to him. Military tents covering the grounds ; khaki uniforms of doctors and orderlies, and the somewhat gaudy costumes of the nurses, everywhere hurrying over the school yard, where only boys and masters were wont to be seen ; trumpet signals being heard at various times of the day instead of the accustomed school bells ; the big dining-room and all the school-rooms, not to speak of the dormitories, occupied by long rows of sick and wounded ; the small library room in the turret turned into an operation room ; a small building in the garden into a mortuary. Every now and then, especially when some fight had taken place in the neighbourhood, rows of hospital waggons marked with the Red Cross would draw up and the wounded soldiers would be carefully taken out and carried on stretchers into the building ; and, saddest sight of all day after day soldiers would be drawn up in two lines in St. George's or in Douglas Street, between the lines a cannon or one or more waggons, and the bodies of dead soldiers, covered with the Union Jack, would be reverently borne out and placed on the waggons, which would then move on, the comrades of the dead, with their rifles turned down, slowly walking behind to the cemetery on the hill.

This history of the Grey College during the war is to be continued, and we shall look for the next issue of the magazine with interest. Of the other contents of the present number we should like much to give some account : but before a title such as

(for example) "Iets over Zuid-Afrikaansche Spreekwoorden en Zegswijzen," our linguistic courage quails.

Hurst Johnian.—Three numbers await review, and each contains much that is excellent. The results of the year's Public School Athletic Sports, neatly tabulated, make comparisons easy. Uppingham did best, on the whole, none of the performances being bad, while 2 min. 6½ sec. for the Half-Mile, 4 min. 45½ sec. for the Mile, and 18 sec. for the Hurdles were respectively the best times of the year. Other good performances were: In the 100 Yards, Fettes (10½ sec.); in the Quarter-Mile, Charterhouse (53½ sec.) and Leys' School (53½ sec.); in the Hurdles, Oundle (18½ sec.), Epsom (18½ sec.), and Bradfield (18½ sec.); in the High Jump, Fettes (5 ft. 4 in.) and Charterhouse (5 ft. 3 in.); in the Long Jump, Fettes (20 ft. 7½ in.), Dover (20 ft. 4½ in.), and Wellingboro' (20 ft. 2 in.); in Throwing the Cricket Ball, Bradfield (107 yd. 1 ft. 4 in.).

An entertaining article on "Schoolmasters I have Known," contains some capital yarns. Dr. Keate's pun is by way of a chestnut, but is worth repeating. An Etonian who appeared before him for chastisement, wriggled a trifle too violently beneath the cane. "Sir," said the headmaster, "you seem to imagine that at this game I cut and you shuffle." Here is a delightful story of a baited French master:

Our French master was a dear old man who had only one idea of the character of his pupils: "the English boy," he used to say, "he is a sport-man." So he made a point of appealing to this quality. One day, as the usual cloud of paper pellets greeted his entrance into the room, he shouted with inspiration; "I will punish only that boy which doesn't hit me." "Ah, your English boy, he is a sport-man," he repeated, in detailing the story afterwards, "he hurrahed me and said I was jolly good sport-man too."

Jamaica College Magazine.—We are glad to welcome this newcomer among school magazines, and hope to receive the succeeding issues for review. The present number calls for no special comment.

Lily (Magdalen College School).—Very seldom does the *Lily* contain aught but school news of purely local interest. The June number, however, is prefaced with an editorial of some wit. The Editor (as usual) bemoans his lot. The public, he says:

will not have the natural Lily, they must have it painted. And so the Editor, though in his mind's eye he sees an ideal and natural Lily (eight beautiful white pages in a green cover, all blank), sorrowfully takes up the pen and bedews his inky work with remorseful tears.

Ink! Ink in gouts and globules!

Malvernian.—In the last number which we had under review, the Editor definitely promised a cover to the *Malvernian*,—in our humble opinion, a needed alteration. Since then the editorial chair has gained a new occupant, and lo! the *Malvernian* still goes naked.

MacLaren High School Magazine.—No. 2 is to hand—the first printed issue, we note. It contains many contributions of considerable merit and interest, and if the Editor can maintain the same standard the *MacLaren High School Magazine* will do well. We shall look for succeeding issues expectantly.

Middleton College Magazine.—Another "first number," but a rather meagre sixpenny-worth. A good notion is the printing of an article ("The French Lycée: A Comparison") in French. We shall hope to find one in German next month.

Tonbridgian.—The June number is adorned by the *Tonbridgian's* new cover, which is very effective. It represents the original foundation-stone of the School, now over the door of the headmaster's house, which bears the school arms, and the inscription: "THIS SHOLE MADE BI SIR ANDRO IWDE KNIGHT, ANO 1553."

From the correspondence of a former Tonbridgian captain, the following remarkable picture of "footer" in the forties is extracted:

To rightly understand my story you must know that the party kicking down must send the ball through the gate at the bottom of the playground into the field; while the up side must kick the ball against the tree. On this occasion I was kicking down, and with the ball had just reached the gate, defended by C. Willis, Cox, and Carnell, when to my surprise they summoned up courage to oppose me, being three fresh men to one winded; with my left hand I gave Cox a shove which sent him through a hole of the palings into the field, with my right upset Willis, and with one leg gave Monkey a kick the mark of which he'll bear for a month to come. Cat was now prostrate with the ball between his legs, and calling to mind all his conceit, I kicked towards it. In an instant Lolley Tamplin and all the game, Hepton included, were fighting violently over his body. At last, with three vigorous kicks in the ribs, Lolley sent him into the field with the ball between his legs a distance of two yards. I expected that he'd have been half killed, but he was only a little bruised.

Ulula (Manchester Grammar School).—In a report of the proceedings of the Upper School Debating Society we notice that one of the subjects discussed was "That THE CAPTAIN is the best boys' magazine." The result of the debate is not stated. Perhaps it was a foregone conclusion!

Verlucian.—The first number confronts us of the magazine of Lord Weymouth's Grammar School, Warminster. Verlucio, it should be explained, is the ancient name of the town. The contents consist almost entirely of school news, and call for no comment. In wishing the new youngster a prosperous career, we would remind Verlucians that the school magazine is the fit and proper vehicle for the fostering of literary talent. G. K. Chesterton, the brilliant essayist and novelist, first spread his wings in the columns of the *Pauline* (St. Paul's School), while Rudyard Kipling founded and edited his school journal, the *United Services College Magazine*. Fellow pupils of his remember him well as a smallish, bespectacled boy who didn't play games. So now, good Verlucians, you have your chance. There may abide among you a future Chesterton or Kipling. Don't be afraid to bombard the editor with your effusions. If he has any sort of a head on him at all he'll be able to distinguish between what is meritorious and what only fit for mastication by the Weymouth Grammar School equivalent of our own rapacious Hound of the Waster-paper-basketvilles! Above all, let the editor be strong and fear not offending a friend by refusing a poor poem. The quality of his magazine is what concerns him—not the feelings of his friends.

Whitgiftian.—We have not seen the *Whitgiftian* for some time, and the number before us is welcome. "The First Tangerines" is an extremely interesting account of the history of "The Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment)," to a volunteer battalion of which the Whitgift Cadet Corps is attached. The regiment was first raised in 1661, for the defence of Tangier: hence its nickname. We should like to quote many incidents from the narrative, but lack the space.

We notice an admirable illustration in this number of Whitgift's Original School, and the cover of the *Whitgiftian* is one of the most artistic we have seen.

COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Last day for sending in, November 18. (Foreign and Colonial Readers, January 18.)

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.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in THE CAPTAIN.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by November 18.

The Results will be published in January.

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.—**Scholarship-Appointment Competition.**—This competition will remain open until November 18. For particulars see the September and October numbers.

NOTE.—In answering question No. 4, should a competitor never have lived in England, he may describe a place in the country in which he has spent most of his time.

No. 2.—**"British Isles Rugby XV."**—In view of the fact that, up to the time of going to press, the New Zealand Rugby XV have carried everything before them, it looks as if they will give England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, severally, a very hard game. It would, therefore, be interesting if, at the end of their tour, they could arrange to play a XV taken from the whole of the British Isles; a XV composed, that is to say, of the pick of the Internationals representing England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. We believe the majority of our readers who have a proper soul for sport are acquainted with the leading personalities in the Rugby game. If they are not, they ought to be, as far too much attention is paid nowadays to professional "Soccer," and far too little given to Rugby. We want CAPTAIN readers to pick a XV from the whole of the British Isles to meet the New Zealanders, and at the same time to allot the members of the team their places in the field. To the competitor sending in the most correct list, as decided by the votes of the majority, we will present a W. J. Basset-Lowke and Co.'s "Lady of the Lake" Model Locomotive, with tender, coach, brake-van, and rails, value £2 6s. (See prizes page.)

One Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 3.—**"Captain's Birthday Book."**—This time take the month of December (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 December 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: Three H. Gradidge and Son's Footballs, value 10s. 6d., or John Piggott Hockey Sticks. (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. Prize (in each class): Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d., or Post Card Albums, value 5s. each, supplied by the Central Post Card Agency, 90 and 92 Goswell Road, EC. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

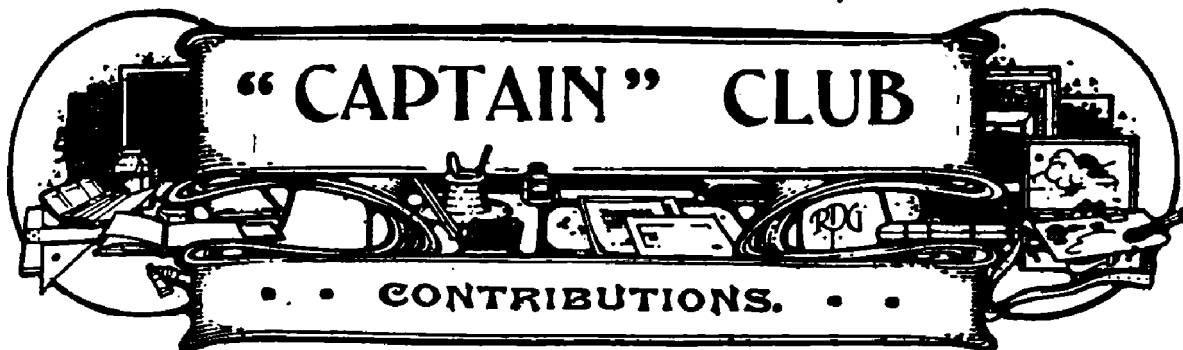
No. 5.—**"November Celebrities."**—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in the month of November. In looking round for a subject for your essay do not be guided merely by the names you find in the well-known almanacs. Do not neglect these publications, but also try to think of a celebrated man or woman who is at present looming large before the public eye, but whose name does not appear in the almanacs. Prizes: Three Benetfink Footballs, value 8s. 6d.; or John Piggott Hockey Sticks. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—**"Consolation Competition."**—This is a competition suggested by a reader ("A. B. C.") to whom I must express my obligations for the idea. It is open only to those competitors who have never yet won a prize or consolation prize. The subject is an essay not exceeding 400 words, on "My Favourite Competition, and Why." Prizes: Three "Hobbies", Ltd. Fretwork Outfits, value 10s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

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 **January 18.** 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 November Competitions."

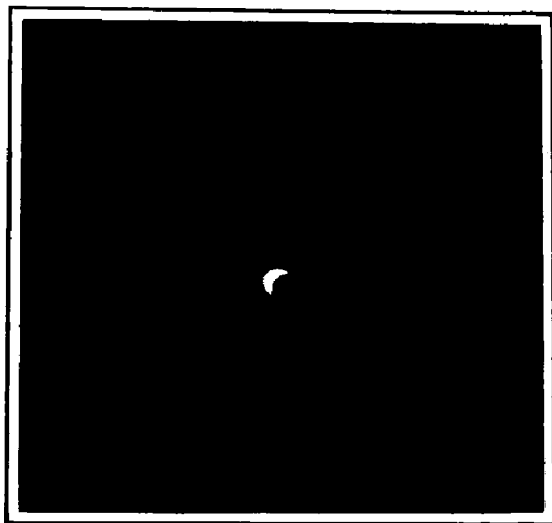


THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

Where the Gunpowder Plot was Planned.

SITUATED in a picturesque part of Northamptonshire, about sixteen miles from the county town and about six from Rugby, lies the pretty little village of Ashby-St-Ledger's. The village in itself is very small, but as long as history survives it will be famous. Secluded amongst tall trees and amidst lovely gardens, in which stand statues of ancient celebrities, is the Manor House. This mansion has gained fame as being the home of the Catesbys, a family that has played no mean part in the making of English history. In the reign of Richard II., John de Catesby, the first of the family to take any interest in the parish, was appointed

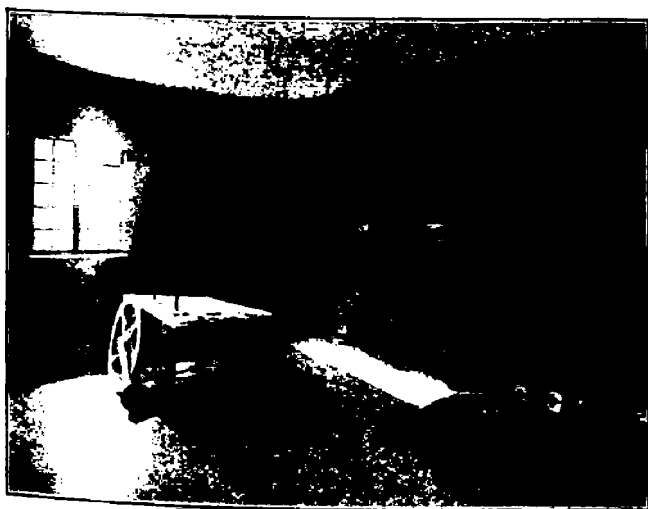


THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN OF AUGUST 30, AS SEEN AT COLWYN BAY.

Photo. by A. T. Cooper.

a commissioner to suppress unlawful assemblies.

At the Battle of Bosworth John Catesby was supporting his royal master when he was taken prisoner, and beheaded three days afterwards at Leicester. Years afterwards, Sir William Catesby got into trouble for harbouring Jesuits. It was Sir William's son, Robert, however, who attained an ever-living reputation for the family. A short distance from the house is a quaint-looking Elizabethan structure, with winding stairs, secret doors and cup-boards, and musty-smelling rooms, whose walls have been allowed to crumble, that has indeed a tale to tell. Seated at a table in the principal room of this building, known as the Plot Room, in the year 1605, might have been seen men whose names are now household words. Robert Catesby, Guido Fawkes, and the other conspirators of the famous Gunpowder Plot, held their meetings here, and it was in the panelled dining-room that



THE ROOM IN WHICH THE GUNPOWDER PLOT WAS HATCHED, 300 YEARS AGO.

Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Catesby and Sons.

they first became aware of the discovery of their plot, and resolved on immediate flight. This room contains various curios in the shape of old swords, guns, powder flasks, &c. At an annual sports meeting held in the adjoining park, visitors are allowed the privilege of visiting this historical building, and many avail themselves of the opportunity.

T. GRANT.

The Round House, Shenley.

THE peculiar structure shown in the accompanying photograph is situated in the main street of the little village of Shenley, Herts, and was at one time used for the incarceration of transgressors of the law, pending the arrival of a safe escort to conduct them to a place of greater security. Over the iron-barred openings, of which there are two, are the inscriptions, "Do well and fear



not, 1810," and "Be sober, be vigilant." It now serves the Hertfordshire County Council in the more peaceable capacity of a tool-house.

F. HODGSON.



THE MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL LACROSSE TEAM, 1905.

Photo. by Ingham and Sons. Sent by "Hugh of the Owl."

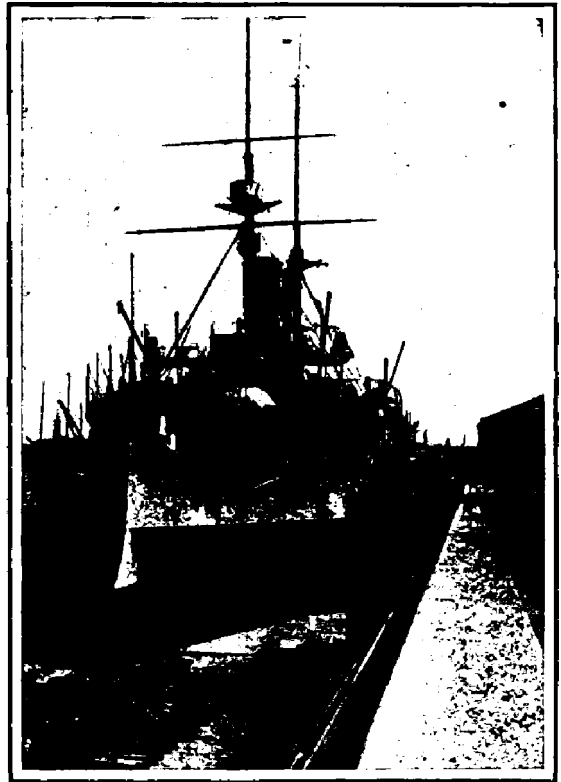
The Scot, His Past in Empire Building.

UP wi' the helm an' gang in tae the middle o't." Such was the remark of a Scotch captain on receiving a, to him, unreadable signal at the battle of Camperdown. And to this day the Scot's great desire is to get into the middle of the fighting. Admiral Cochrane, who afterwards did such wonders for Chili, had that same trick of getting "into the middle o't" when he practically destroyed the French fleet in the Aix Roads. Wellington named Macdonnell, a Highland officer of the Foot Guards, as the bravest man at Waterloo, his defence of Hougoumont at a critical moment saving the British army. Later the Scots were again to the fore—the famous charge of the Scots Greys and the 92nd Highlanders, with their war-cry of "Scotland for ever," being a never-to-be-forgotten incident of that famous battle. But for the prompt reply of a Highlander to a French challenge, Wolfe might never have reached the Heights of Abraham, and the victory achieved there was largely due to the irresistible charge of the Highland regiments. Another famous Scot, General Hector Macdonald, was responsible for the victory of Omdurman. At a critical moment he formed up and moved his troops as if on parade, and by a stroke of genius turned possible defeat into certain victory. The Gordons' charge at

Dargai is still fresh in the memory of the British people; as are also their numerous deeds of valour in the late Boer War. Pride of race and love of country will ever keep the Scot to the fore as an indispensable part of the British army.

JACK L.—.

medicine. After staying for eighteen months in the Scottish capital, Goldsmith went to the Continent—first to Leyden. From Leyden he started on his tour through Europe, and travelled through France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. He was still helped financially by his benevolent uncle. While he was in Italy his



A WOODEN WALL OF NELSON'S DAY COMPARED WITH THE NEW IRONCLAD H.M.S. "HINDUSTAN."

From a contemporary print.

Photo. by George Milne.

Oliver Goldsmith.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH — perhaps the most interesting character in English literature—was born in the village of Pallas, in the county of Longford, Ireland, on November 10, 1728. His father was a clergyman, and it was his desire that his son should follow the same profession. With this intention in view, Oliver entered Trinity College, Dublin, where his expenses were paid by an uncle. He was not a brilliant student, and barely managed to take his B.A. degree. He was rejected by the bishop to whom he applied for ordination. Now that the church was barred to him, he looked out for something else, and succeeded in obtaining a situation as a tutor. This post, however, he did not retain long. Once again he was helped by his uncle, who sent him to Edinburgh to study

uncle died, and his nephew returned to London penniless. Here he made a heroic fight for existence. By turns he was a chemist's assistant, doctor (he had taken his medical degree at Padua), proof-reader and school usher. At length in desperation he—fortunately for the world—entered the arena of literature. In 1761 a great epoch occurred in his life—his introduction to Dr. Johnson. Three years later, by the publication of his poem the "Traveler," he sprang into the first rank of English writers. His fame was greatly increased in a year or so by the "Deserted Village." His only novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," was a great success, as was his comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." There are one or two points about Goldsmith's poetry that are particularly worthy of notice. In the first place, he writes in simple yet magnificent language. His love of nature and his intense patriotism have perhaps their only

equal in Tennyson. He was of an exceedingly kind disposition. No man who had not a tender heart could have written such descriptions of his childhood's home as one finds in the "Deserted Village." And yet this great man, who was loved by all with whom he came in contact, who "touched nothing that he did not adorn" (to quote the translation of a famous phrase in the Latin epitaph Dr. Johnson composed in memory of his friend), died in a Temple garret, overwhelmed with debt. But his writings will live as long as the English language lasts, and their beauty will be but enhanced as time "rolls his ceaseless course."

GILBERT J. WALKER.

Thoroughness in Writing.

I OFTEN wonder whether, in these bustling days of ours, the requisite amount of attention and pain is bestowed on the particular matter, for the time being, under consideration.

Let us take the subject of literature. Now, I do not suppose that there has ever been such a golden age or such splendid opportunities for writers as this present period. Seventy or eighty years back a budding author had to court public notice in such magazines as *The Edinburgh Review*, *The Examiner*, and *The Westminster Review*, which, of course, demanded a very high standard. Witness the early struggles of Carlyle and poor Leigh Hunt—articles, wild and fiery, or full of a strange mysticism incomprehensible to the editors, and essays brimming over with quiet, innocent mirth, were returned to their authors as unfit for publication, or, in other words, not calculated to increase the sales of the magazines.

But what I particularly want you to notice is the unceasing pains these men gave to their work. Over a small and insignificant statistical point in his famous *History*, Lord Macaulay wrote two long letters, and the same author used to make exhaustive visits to places about which he was writing; testing, verifying, and in some cases, refuting all the available data in his possession.

Is this kind of thing done by our modern

writers? I am afraid not; but, mind you, it is partly the fault of the readers. Facts and figures are dry things. They tell their men of letters, "Don't you waste our time and (incidentally) yours by proving that 2 and 2 make 4; just you polish off a breezy dialogue in which a foolish woman and an apology for a man discuss shopping, or motoring, or bridge, or even love, in a West End flat." Thus the demand and thus the supply. Anything will do; seize the passing craze, whatever it be—the Simple Life,



AN EMBRASURE WINDOW, 4 FT. DEEP, IN THE OLD WALREDDON MANOR HOUSE, DEVON,

Left open during the great blizzard in the west of England, March 9, 1891. Next morning it was found with the sill several inches deep in snow, and the walls with volutes of it hanging out about 4 ins. A copy of this photo, was lately used by the secretary of the Royal Meteorological Society to illustrate a paper on storms.

Photographed by the Rev. Henry D. Nicholson, M.A.

food questions, or even the deeper criticism of clergymen and their Bibles. Slam it down, it's all acceptable; nothing matters very much, and what you are writing about least of all. So it goes on.

Now for a moral.

You budding authors of these Readers' Pages, *think* more, *read* more, *re-write* each sentence, scratch it all out and start again. Give us of your best. Write as Macaulay did, with an eye on the future, but, at the same time, not forgetful of the past.

A. H. E. J.

A Match—and a Meal.

An experience of two CAPTAIN readers who attended a Maori football match.

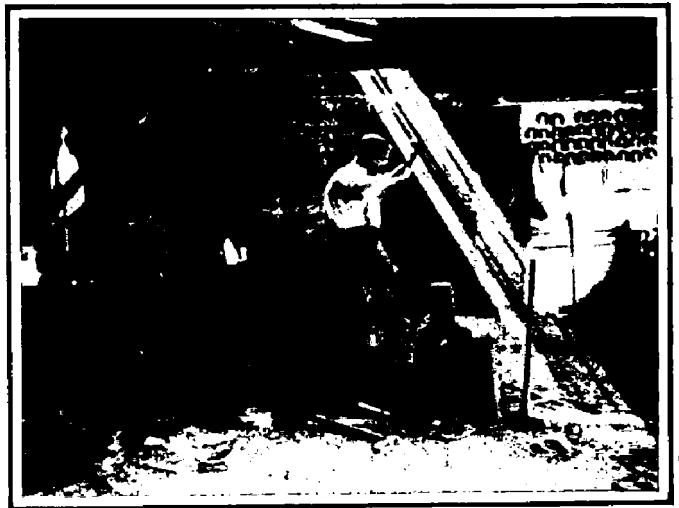
ON our arrival at the ground we found a great crowd gathered, all very excited over the coming game. The footballers evidently did not intend to play on empty stomachs, for a great feast had been spread on the grass. A long flax mat did service for a cloth, and on this were placed big dishes of potatoes, pumpkin, and meat, whilst in the centre stood a great bucket of tea. Before commencing, an old chief stood up and gave a few words of advice to the teams, gesticulating the while. Then the word to "tuck in" was given! Each man made a grab at the viands before him, and the feast commenced in earnest. The eatables were transferred from the dish to the mouth by the fingers, knives and forks being conspicuous by their absence. As for the tea, everybody dipped into the same bucket, and what they could not drink they put back again. I was just beginning to wonder if they expected us to eat of the same fare, when a big fat native came up and explained that as we were "honoured visitors" we were to dine indoors. My chum replied that we *had* dined; but to no purpose. We must eat, or they would be seriously offended. I wondered how on earth I was to gulp down those awful-looking vegetables, the mere sight of which was enough for me. Our escort conducted us into a smoky back room, where we found a table set in proper style with knives, forks, &c. Presently a *wahine* (native woman) entered with a dish of the aforesaid viands, and a big jam tart, and she informed us that we must eat it all. I groaned, but hoped she would leave us to ourselves. When she had filled our plates, much to our relief she departed, and we endeavoured to make a start. I sampled a potato—ugh—such a variety of flavours; but it went down somehow. I thought of home, and wondered if I would ever see home again. Then I tried a piece of pork, but finding my appetite for *that* very poor, I turned my attention to the jam tart. By closing my eyes I managed a fair-sized piece; then my fast-declining appetite entirely forsook me. My mate advised me to buck up and get through, as he was doing, but I had had enough for one day. Fearing the return of the young woman, I smuggled the remaining contents of my plate into my pockets. Soon she came back with

a teapot of tea (thank goodness it wasn't that bucket). Then, heaping up the cups with sugar, she poured out the tea and departed once more. We managed to get the liquid down, and, after thanking our kind friends for the "excellent spread provided," we sallied forth to see the fun. On our way to the field we passed several native men lying stretched out in the sun, to all appearance dead; but our friends explained that they would be all right in the morning, as they had only eaten too much.

The ground set apart for the match was an open paddock provided with the usual goal posts. Natives, clad in garments of every hue, squatted all round the field, laughing and joking. But the teams! Such a strange assortment. The local men were arrayed in white jerseys and a variety of pants; but the visitors had, seemingly, donned anything they could lay their hands on. Some had boots, others had stockings. A few—a very few—had both. One had a yellow jersey, another purple silk pants, a third had no pants at all. The proceedings were enlivened by the weird "music" of a mouth organ, which was evidently the property of the whole tribe, judging by the way it was passed from mouth to mouth.

Practically the same rules were observed as in our good old sport, yet one forgot the thread of the game in watching the queer antics of that gaudy-coloured crew. We remained until half time; then, as the day was well on, we bade good-bye to our friends the Maoris, and commenced our return journey.

PORANGI POTAE (New Zealand).

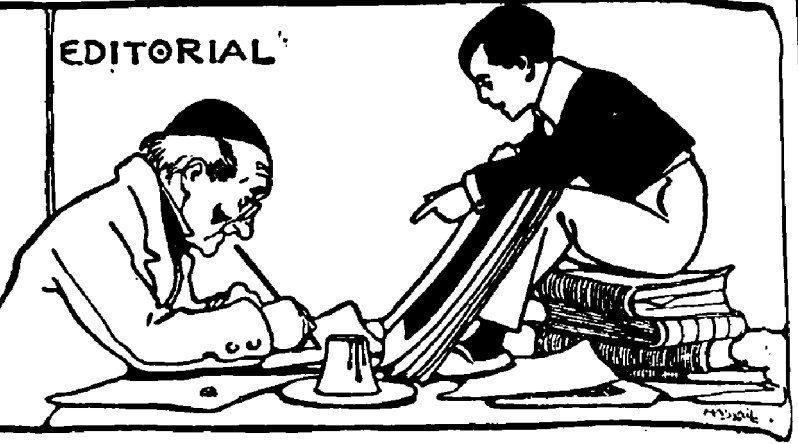


THE FORGE AT DARTFORD, KENT, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WAT TYLER'S.

Photo. by W. Seward Gales.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

J. O. W. L. and several others have sent me letters asking questions the answers to which would not interest the generality of readers. I must therefore ask Messrs. J. O. W. L. and Co. to forward stamped envelopes or post-cards, when they will receive replies in a few days' time. It must be evident to every reader that a magazine is run for the community and not for the individual, and ought not to be cumbered up with replies which are not of interest to the main body of subscribers. Instead of writing and asking me whether I would like this or that photo. or essay, readers should send the photo. or essay in, and enclose a stamped envelope for its return in the event of its proving unsuitable.

I tell you, Jones Minor, we do ferret round for information that will help readers. and I must confess that it is really very pleasant to think how willingly people assist us. All sorts of busy men have, at times, interrupted their work to answer a CAPTAIN query. I think I have already told you of the bright, pleasant-faced young gentleman who looks after our prize department. Well, he also makes expeditions in search of information for readers, and he tells me that he is most cordially received everywhere. The other day a reader wrote asking for advice on insurance. Off went our pleasant-faced young gentleman to one of the first authorities on insurance in London, and received from him just the facts that he required. Another reader desired some information about the Civil Service. Off hurried Pleasant Face to good Mr. Clark, of Chancery Lane, who promptly turned aside from his multifarious duties to make our reader's path smooth for him. And

so on. Pleasant Face gets a lot of exercise that way. Office hours over, P. F. goes to his comfortable home feeling that he has not only performed his duties satisfactorily, but that in performing them he has helped a few fellow "men and brudders" along the difficult road called Life.

As for the letters which we don't have to go out of the office to answer, and to which your venerable servant dictates replies, they are often very peculiar. I remember how, in the early days of *THE CAPTAIN*, a young lady wrote and told me that she was in love, and, being unhappy at home, thought of eloping with a gentleman very much her senior! But, she went on to say, she would abide by my advice in the matter. It would seem that the fatherly counsel I gave her had considerable effect, for not long after she informed me that she had relinquished her elopement idea, and was going to be married in a proper and formal manner—but not to the elderly gentleman—and was going to Paris for her honeymoon. She also stated that she intended to continue taking in *THE CAPTAIN*, and hoped that, although a married woman, she would be allowed to enter for the competitions. I expect she has long ago given up going in for the competitions, for even newly married ladies soon discover that hubby does not like waiting for his chop and tomatoes while wifey is wrestling with a "Hidden Cricketers" competition, and that he enters with little enthusiasm into the possibility of her winning a hockey stick for a "November Event" essay when he is yearning for tea and buttered toast! . . . And then one is requested to decide such momentous issues. "If you think I can write," says Would-Be Author, enclosing a long tale, "I will go on persevering. But I shall abide by your opinion. Say I can't write and I

shall give it up for ever." And then another—a fair reader—inquires: "Do you think I shall ever be a poet? Of course, I know the enclosed sonnet is nonsense, but still—" and I am left to search the nonsense for latent gleams of genius. Oh! it quite makes me burst into song myself, as follows:

DRAWING-ROOM BALLAD.

BY THE OLD FAG.

You ask me to decide, dear,
Whether you'll run away and be a bride
Or whether you'll ever be a poet,
Or have to go on being a music teacher—
You ask me to decide!

You ask me to decide, dear,
Whether your tale's a bad 'un,
Or whether you'll be a second Braddon,
Or, if it comes to that, a second Ellen Thornycroft Fowler—
You ask me to decide.

You ask me to decide, dear,
Whether the little oil painting you send
(On which I had to pay *2d.* extra postage)
Shows signs of your winning fame
And a deathless name—
You ask me to decide.

You ask me to decide, dear,
Whether the comic sketch you enclose
(Palpably copied from one by Mr. Tom Browne)
Holds forth hopes of your drawing for *Punch*
Regularly every week when you're a little older—
You ask me to decide.

You ask me to decide—

At this point a message came up from *C. B. Fry's Magazine* to say that if I did not stop singing the assistant-editor would have an attack of "jumping nerves." As I did not want Mr. Fry's office furniture to suffer, I therefore desisted.

However, funning apart, it's all in the day's work, and we are ready to "venture an opinion"—not "decide"—when the contribution submitted is not too tediously long. You can't expect even an Old Fag to wade through page after page of a lengthy, indifferently tale. A budding author's best plan is to ask a friend who is a good judge of books and writing to give him a straightforward opinion. Also, he should first read a tale by a practised writer, and then his own tale, and note where his technique falls short. Ideas are all very well, but a knowledge of technique must be acquired if a writer wishes to succeed. By technique, of course, I mean the art of setting down dialogue in an easy, natural way; correct composition and punctuation; and that businesslike commencement of and gradual

carrying on of a story which, respectively, grip and hold the reader's attention. Many of the tales I receive would be much better if the first three pages were chopped down to one. The mastering of technique also includes a cultivation of a sense of proportion, and a study of the art of "editing" one's own effusions. Too often, alas! *all* the editing is left to the editor.

"Cricket Poems." By George Francis Wilson. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., *1s. 6d.*) It is not often that a literary gentleman essays the writing of real poetry about cricket. The average cricket poem is generally something of a humorous nature or else a hearty, genial jingle by somebody who has a lot of cricket, but very little poetry, in his blood. Mr. Wilson is, however, a poet, and would appear to be a cricketer as well, for this little volume of his is not only distinguished by tuneful and musicianly phrases, but indicates that the writer knows the game from crease to crease.

Now that the Sun has rent his veil of grey,
And on the greensward plays with flashing chords,
From books and shaded hours let us away,
Let us to Lord's!

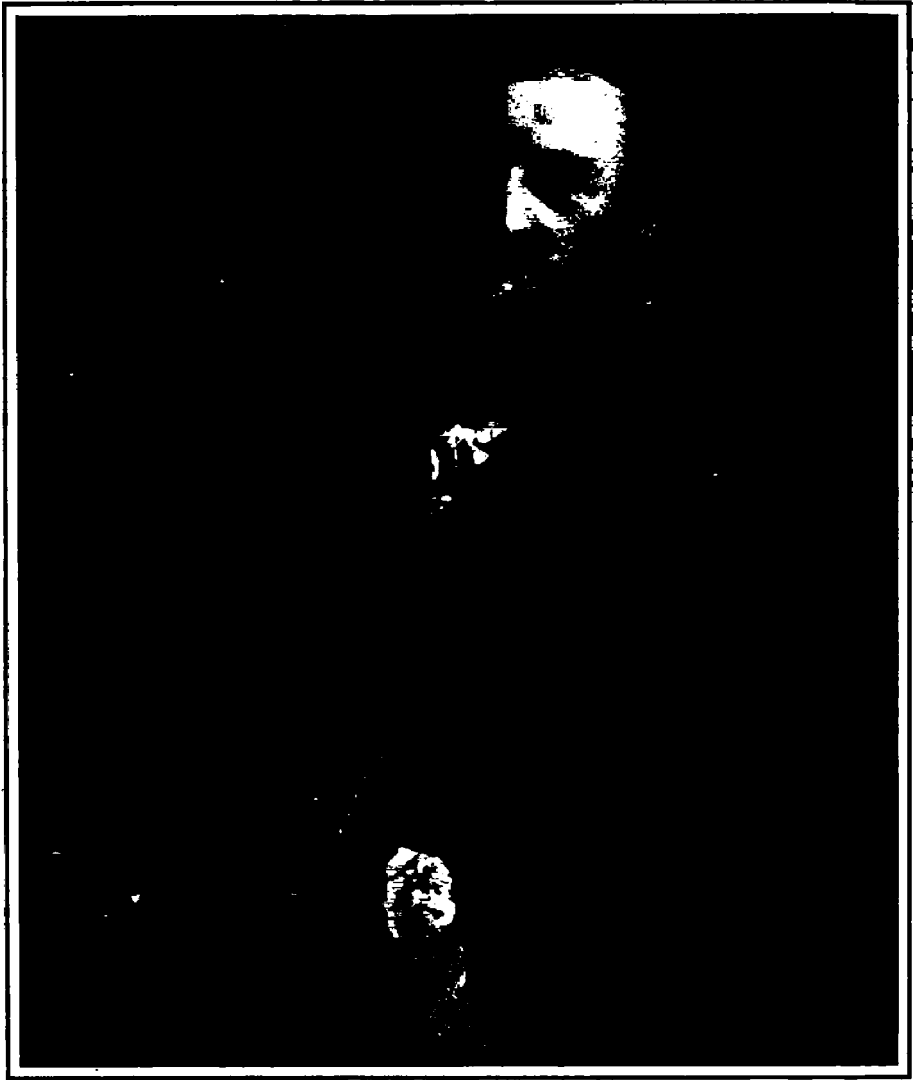
commences his poem, "An Invitation to Lord's." Then he serves us up some triolets, a kind of verse which is only acceptable, to my mind, when touched off by a master. The following will doubtless be hailed by the "precious" school as a very artistic morsel, but it seems to me rather a waste of paper:

I felt a flick below the wrist;
So, grudgingly, I turned about:
Some red bird flitting by, I wist—
I felt a flick below the wrist—
Could Slip have caught it in his fist?
The Umpire raised his hand. No doubt
I felt a flick below the wrist;
So, grudgingly, I turned about.

Fortunately, Mr. Wilson does not trifle with us long in this way, but proceeds with poetry of more solid worth, and, in the style of Fitzgerald's translation of "Omar," sings of "A Century of Fours." By the time he reaches verse XII. our laureate of the sword has got Mr. Bosanquet well into focus:

Who waits on Googlies him shall they oppress:
They are not what they seem nor what you guess;
They are of curly things the curliest,
Inviting least whom they would most possess.

That is distinctly neat, and ought to be inscribed in *THE CAPTAIN* Birthday Book opposite Mr. Bosanquet's natal day. Verse xv. must have been written after a Middlesex



ALDERMAN WALTER VAUGHAN MORGAN, LORD MAYOR-ELECT.

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v. Gloucester match, for does not this read as if suggested by the "Croucher's" mighty whacks?

Nay, Batsmen, think in Sixes : never shun
The Hazard of Perfection. 'Tis but One :
Give it good welcome. Think in Sixes still
So shall you win, since so are all games won,

which is really fine, and inspires us with much respect for Mr. Wilson and his little green book—a book which all lovers of cricket should buy and put on that shelf where repose the volumes that one takes down to while away the half-hour before bed-time. "Think in Sixes," good Captainites—and not only when you are playing cricket, for by so doing you will indeed win in other games besides that which our poet acclaim in such smooth and graceful metre.

Church Lads' Brigade.—In one of our summer numbers we published a short account of the magnificent new headquarters built at Hampstead for the 1st Cadet Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, and recently opened—as depicted in Mr. Alfred Pearse's admirable drawing—by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Amongst the latest contributions of the postman to the mass of letters, papers, and other documents piled upon my table, I find a reminder of that parallel organisation to volunteer cadet battalions, the Church Lads' Brigade. This takes the form of a bundle consisting of the first three numbers of *The Ninth*—the organ of the 9th Battalion of the C.L.B. It is a well-produced little periodical, appearing monthly, and does useful service, I should judge, in

fostering that indispensable *esprit de corps* by linking the various companies of the Battalion together, and keeping each in touch with the doings of the others.

The Chaplain of the Brigade is the Rev. Canon J. Erskine Clarke, Vicar of Battersea, and Hon. Chaplain to the King. He contributes a letter to No. 1 of *The Ninth*, and comments on the disposition of many boys to let religion slide when they go out into the world.

"The reason of this change often is that in the office or workshop they hear Church and parsons scoffed at, and they think it manly to be like the men with whom they spend the week-day."

I suppose that when a boy begins to earn his own living he thinks he is rather too big to go to a Sunday School any longer, and I can quite understand his feelings in the matter. There is no reason, however, why he should drop going to church. The fact that he hears "Church and parsons" scoffed at should induce any boy with real backbone to stick up for "Church and parsons." Let him challenge the scoffers to a common-sense argument on the subject, and let him prove to his listeners—they will all listen—that it is a better thing for young fellows to go to church than to lounge about the streets and fields in small gangs making silly jokes and chaffing poor little servant girls who hurry past with tingling cheeks. Who has not seen this type of Sunday idler—this braving, chuckle-headed hobbledehoy? He is afraid to go to church—although his conscience tells him that he is not spending Sunday as he ought to—because he fears the scorn of his companions. It is not pleasant, I admit, to be laughed at, and it takes a lot of courage to do what is right in the face of ridicule, but I must repeat what I have said before in *THE CAPTAIN*—*i.e.*, that the very boys and men who jeer, in their heart of hearts entertain a great respect for the people they jeer at. Every time a boy—or man—does something he doesn't want to do, but that he knows he ought to do, he adds to his strength and self-respect, and becomes a greater power in the world.

"Cape Flowers." Referring to my remarks on flowers in the June *CAPTAIN*, Ernest L. Aubrey writes (from Sea Point, Cape Town): "I should like you to allow me a little space in your valuable magazine to say a few words on Cape flowers. In the Cape Peninsula, flowers abound the whole

year round, but more especially during the rainy season (June to November). Table Mountain is quite a flower garden during these months, and the gorges are wrapped in splendour when the Arum lilies are in bloom. The Arums are regarded as weeds here, as they grow almost anywhere. Maidenhair ferns grow in profusion on the banks of the Mountain streams, and the lilies intermingling with the ferns are really a magnificent sight. Only those who explore Table Mountain can form any idea of the beauties hidden among its rocks. The frowning precipices, which seem from a distance to be so vast and unbroken, are found on nearer approach to open into tiny glens and valleys adorned with streams and cascades, and clothed with the most beautiful foliage and flowers, amongst which are the superb Table Mountain orchid (*Disa grandiflora*) and the graceful Silver Tree, the former indigenous to the spot and the latter practically confined to the Cape Peninsula. On the summit of the mountain, other species of orchids are to be found, but the Blue orchid (*Disa herschelia*) is the most beautiful, and has a delicate perfume, resembling the smell of pine-tar. Nearly four hundred species of orchids are known as belonging to South Africa. The *Protea*, or Sugar Bush, is found all over Cape Colony, and about one thousand different varieties have been found. The most conspicuous are the *Protea mellifera* and the *Protea grandiflora* (a tree of considerable size). The flowers of the commonest species have horny pink-and-white petals, forming a circle about two inches in diameter. The cup is filled with a peculiar growth, and cluster of petals, resembling a plume of pure white feathers. The *Plumbago* plant, which is grown in hot-houses in England, is used here to form hedges, and when in full bloom looks very beautiful. Heather abounds on the mountain sides, and as many as four hundred varieties have been found in a very small area.

"The *Agapanthus*, cultivated in hot-houses and gardens at home, is very common here, and the deep-blue flower is often found measuring two inches across the top of the petals. On the veldt, *Mesembryanthemums* grow in profusion, and the leaves contain a kind of gum which prevents too rapid evaporation under the hot sun. The natives eat certain kinds of these leaves to allay thirst.

"It would take hours to describe all the South African flowers, and I have only mentioned a few of the commonest. I expect

a good many readers have heard of the 'Table Cloth' which covers Table Mountain, and have wondered what it is. I thought it very uncanny when I first landed here, but the explanation is quite simple. When a south-east wind blows it rises against the sides of the mountain into colder regions; the moisture it bears is condensed into mist and the flat top of the mountain is thus covered with its 'Table Cloth.' Sometimes this mist is driven down the slopes in a perfect Niagara of vapour."

An Old-fashioned Will.—The will of the late Lady Huddleston, widow of Baron Huddleston, of legal celebrity, is not only significant of the benevolence of the deceased, but possesses a quietly romantic touch in its minor bequests which calls to mind the wills one reads of "in novels" of a bygone school—the Wilkie Collins and Anthony Trollope novels, for instance. Her ladyship left the substantial fortune of £86,468. Of this, £10,000 went to the Barristers' Benevolent Association and another £10,000 to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. A thousand pounds was to be spent on the erection of a drinking-fountain at Ascot. Altogether, £34,000 was left to charities, and £16,000 to servants. £5000 goes to the late Baron's Government clerk, and then we come to a list of legacies which calls up a picture of a grand lady spending her declining years amid old and faithful servants—whose loyalty has been duly rewarded, as follows :

To Mlle. Léontine Grisel, her French maid, £3000, her wardrobe and furs, her watch cased in green stone, with small diamonds and rubies and pendants in the same green stone.

To her housekeeper, Mrs. Hunter, £3000 and the selection of a clock.

To her coachman, Isaac Croft, £3000 and the selection of a clock, and all her horses, carriages, dogs, and cats.

To her lodge-keeper, Mrs. Eliza Moore, £1000 and a memento.

To her gardener, Job Savage, £1000 and a memento.

To each other servant one year's wages.

These names look as if they had come straight out of a novel. Mlle. Grisel, Mrs. Hunter, Isaac Croft, Mrs. Eliza Moore, Job Savage—are they not redolent of a type of romance for which we still have much affection? My congratulations to the fortunate recipients of this good lady's bounty!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A.—The proper way to find out whether your stories are any good is to go in for story competitions or send the stories to such papers as you think they might suit, enclosing a stamped envelope for return. If you can afford it, have them typewritten, as this enhances their chance of acceptance. Still, a conscientious Editor will always read a legibly written tale, and as you write clearly enough there is no particular reason why you should spend money on typists unless you can well afford so to do. You might also, as I suggest in my "Editorial," get a well-read friend to give you an opinion on your work. If you want a professional opinion, you ought to consult, and *pay*, a professional writer. It is only fair, as I think you will admit, to pay for a professional criticism, since you are asking for advice whereby you can make money by your pen. If you want to get into the Army or Civil Service, or become a solicitor or barrister, you have to pay for your instruction, so why shouldn't you pay for instruction that is calculated to put you on the right road to earn money by literary work? Mind, I don't say that such criticisms will make you an author, but they will serve to point out your faults and improve your technique. Given technique, you yourself must supply imagination and originality. If you don't possess those attributes, you'll never be an author, though you spend a hundred pounds on professional criticisms, and try until you're grey-haired.

"Hickson's."—"As a public-school man," writes "Old Rossallian," "of five years' standing. I beg to offer an indignant remonstrance against publishing (to coin a word) the insane letters in favour of an institution like Hickson's. The flat-chested, athletic, third-sex creature that Hickson's produces is not popular, and certainly not good-looking. I know several athletic girls, and not one of them is worth a second glance. I think, with regard to this latter point, that those fellows who advocate the athletic girl cannot be human. Personally, I am subject to the charms of pretty women, and ninety-nine out of a hundred public-school fellows prefer a pretty girl, flirt though she may be, or nervous perhaps, to the athletic sloucher who drops the 'g's' at the end of her words, and slaps you in the back, at the same time asking you for a 'fag' and the latest results from Ascot. This, of course, only applies to Ireland, where very few athletic girls exist, and it is possible that all the good-looking athletic women live in England. Nevertheless, it is a notorious fact that there are more good-looking girls in proportion to the population in Ireland than in any other part of the world."

"Would-be Actor-Engineer" would like to be an actor, or, failing that, an electrical engineer. He wants full information about both professions. I have already stated my objections to giving information about the stage. They are not puritanical objections, nor the objections of a prejudiced person, but simply common-sense views on the subject. Briefly, I don't advise a young fellow to go on the stage if he can get any other kind of respectable employment. Most actors will give a "would-be actor" the same advice. It is a hard life, an uncertain life, and to a large extent a demoralising life. For all that, there are certain people who *will* go on the stage because they are hopelessly stage-

struck; let the stage, therefore, be recruited from the ranks of such. As regards electrical engineering, the proper thing to do is to enter a big electrical engineering firm as a pupil. My correspondent will have to pay a premium unless he has friends in this kind of business who will take him without one. He will find the names of a number of big firms—to whom he might apply—in *The Electrical Engineer*, 3d. weekly.

"Milo the Crotoman" sends me a letter in which he points out, at some length and in forcible language, that Scotch public schools are quite as good as English ones. He seems, indeed, to be under the impression that the English public school-boy looks down on his Scotch brother, but I assure him he is greatly mistaken. The English public school-boy has a very great respect for his Scotch contemporary, for he knows what a hard-working, hard-playing chap the latter is. Let "Milo" therefore disabuse his mind of the idea that the Scotch public schools are held in disdain by English boys. It is clear some English boy has been irritating "Milo" with disparaging remarks, hence this letter. Finally, let not "Milo" say that THE CAPTAIN neglects Scotch public schools. In our limited space we give them their just proportion of attention. By the way, a Scotchman once told me that I ought always to use the adjective "Scottish" when speaking of Scotland. Yet "Milo" uses the word "Scotch" all through his letter. Is he right or am I?

Tall Scoring by a Private School.—A Chatham House (Ramsgate) correspondent calls my attention to the run-getting powers of his school eleven, which, during the past season, won seventeen out of twenty-two matches, two being lost, two drawn, and one (*v.* Deal) ending in a tie. The highest aggregate was 436 for three wickets (*v.* Simon Langton, Canterbury), and the next highest 323. Three individual scores of over 200 were made, and three other centuries were put up by individual players. The crack bat appears to be Campbell, who made 221, 205 (not out), 114, and 107. "Unfortunately, neither the South Eastern College nor St. Edmund's would play us," writes the editor of the school magazine. From the above figures, however, I should surmise that Chatham House would have given both of the schools in question a good game. Still, they doubtless know their own business best. My congratulations to Chatham House on their excellent season.

"Wellingtonian," referring to the Hickson question, says that he believes that "the girl most fellows like is the girl who can drive a decent ball at golf, who can play hockey without hitting you in the head, who can cycle, and who can talk fairly interestingly." I congratulate "Wellingtonian" on being so easily catered for, but I can assure him that when, in the dim future, he leads some young lady of this kind to the altar he will find as time goes on that it is also a very advantageous thing if a girl can sew as well as play hockey, and mind a house as well as she can drive a ball at golf. A girl who can play the piano and sing is also not to be despised. These other qualifications, my dear "Wellingtonian," when a man has settled down to the sober business of matrimony, count for far more than efficiency in golf-playing, cycling, and hockey.

"Silkworm," also writing on the Hickson question, mentions incidentally that certain friends

of his (boys and girls) developed during the summer holidays a kind of mania for attending performances of the pierrot class on the beach. In spite of his remonstrances, every evening saw them gathered round the mysterious masked performers by 7.30, and there they would stop until the performance was over. The best thing "Silkworm" can do is to search round for some boy and girl friends who are not such idiots as to devote the whole of every evening to listening to open-air performers, however good the latter may be. People who waste evening after evening over such trivialities are surely not companions worth troubling about.

C. E. S. is a very practical supporter of THE CAPTAIN. He evidently believes that if one likes a magazine, it is one's duty to acquaint other people with its qualities. C. E. S. goes in for exchanging stamps with boys living in the Colonies, and whenever he sends any stamps he always asks his correspondents if they read THE CAPTAIN, and in this way has gained us quite a number of new subscribers. We thank him heartily for his efforts, and recommend his admirable system to other readers.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew.—Those of our readers who may be emigrating to Canada cannot do better than communicate with the secretary of this Brotherhood, which makes a point of calling upon men as they arrive and keeping them in touch with the Church of England, and giving them such information and advice as may be of assistance to them. The Secretary is Mr. F. W. Thomas, 23 Scott Street, Toronto, Canada.

Colonial Competitions Time Limit.—As we have received so many complaints from Australian and New Zealand readers to the effect that the extension of time given hitherto does not enable them to do justice to the competitions, we have decided to extend the time by another month.

W. R. Brown (Wanganui, N.Z.)—I do not think a William IV. farthing is worth anything very much. I have a George III. half-crown, and no one has ever felt disposed to give me more than half a crown for it, in spite of the fact that it has got a hole through it.

Skegness.—In her essay on this popular watering-place "Puella" wishes it to be known that the sentence, "Ask your north of England friends, &c.," should read, "Ask your south of England friends," as, of course, northerners would naturally know where Skegness is.

A. M. O.—If a CAPTAIN Club has been formed at Cheltenham, an announcement to that effect will have appeared in these columns. CAPTAIN Clubs are not intended for girls, except to attend as guests. Girls should form little clubs of their own.

W. Halswell's time for the quarter-mile at the Amateur Athletic Association's Championship Meeting was 50½ sec., and not 15½ sec., as erroneously stated in our August number.

Lex Junior.—I asked the author of "The Case of Macdonald" to send a reply to your letter. This he has done, and if you will forward your address I will let you have his explanation.

Letters have also to be acknowledged from: "Eutropius," J. W. Connell, "An Interested Reader," "Piers Gaveston," "Dreamer" (if you want a criticism you must send a stamped envelope), "Togo," "Hockeyite," "Freshman," "Why Not?" (that's me), "The Long 'Un," R. E. Thomas.

Results of September Competitions.

No. I.—"Scholarship Appointment Competition."
—Result will be announced in the January No.

No. II.—"Captain's Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF "GUINEA KLITO" CAMERA: C. Maud Heddy, 46 Redcliffe Gardens, South Kensington.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Mrs. Forden, The Leaze, Berkeley, Glos.; A. A. Kerridge, 51 St. Mary Street, Chippenham, Wilts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edith M. Nanson, Dora Beddow, Mrs. A. Talbot, Marian Hewitt, R. Lilian Ormiston, Constance Greaves, May MacCowan Hall.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF NO. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: G. W. Bailey, 396 Attercliffe Road, Sheffield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Gladys A. W. von Stralendorf, 12 Lord Street West, Southport, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: May Curell, Marion Pryce, Dorothy Nanson, Bernard Weaver.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF NO. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Robert D. Morrison, Brantwood, Campbell Drive, Bearsden, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Osmond, R. Middleton, Doris Stafford, Kathleen Talbot, James Haddock, Tom Marston, Emmeline d'Auvergne, Jessie Harris, Bernard Hickson.

No. III.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: John T. Roberts, 40 Wingfield Road, Gravesend.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Harry W. Witcombe, Castlebrook, Holland Road, Maidstone.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James T. Child, W. A. Cleworth, David Clark, A. K. Hosick, Lottie Clark, Constance N. Daly, Mrs. Herbert Bindley, R. W. Copeman.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: R. H. Barnes, Burgh Rectory, Aylsham, Norfolk.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: William Richardson, South Church, Bishop Auckland, co. Durham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ernest Townsend, A. F. Simpson, George H. Webber, E. Waddington, G. S. B. Cushnie, Mabel Pauline Gore, A. Mattinson, Edgar J. Barrett, Edgar M. Firth, J. A. Chesterton, J. J. R. H. Oldham, Harold E. H. Cooke.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: T. L. Baylis, The Leasowes, Barnt Green, nr. Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. R. Bourne, D. A. Hilton, Owen W. Callard, Reginald J. Francklyn, George M. Eaton, Leonard Pearce, A. C. Powell, Stanley Broughton, G. F. Stephenson, Harold Hill, L. Mead, Wulstan Martin.

No. IV.—"My Twelve Favourite Characters in 'Captain's Fiction'."

No age limit.
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Muriel Jackson, Bardykes, Blantyre, Lanarkshire.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Maggie Roberts,

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 September Competitions.

No. II.—I was glad to notice this month many new names among the competitors, and while welcoming these new friends I must congratulate them on the excellence of their work.

No. III.—Pleasant holiday pictures composed the majority of entries in each Class.

No. IV.—The winning list, decided by vote, is as follows:

J. O. Jones	"J. O. Jones"
Jim Mortimer	"The Long 'Un"
Stanborough	"At Hickson's"
J. Munro	"The Duffer"
John Baywood	"Adventures of John Baywood"
Sir Billy	"Sir Billy"
Wardour	"Tales of Greyhouse"
Trevor	"The Gold Bat"
Kennedy	"The Head of Kay's"
Drysdale	"Tales of Eliza's"
Acton	"Acton's Feud"
Fenn	"The Head of Kay's"

Older readers, of course, had a distinct advantage in this Comp., several early favourites appearing in the winning list.

No. V.—The essays were not quite so numerous as usual, but the high standard was fully maintained. The favourite "Celebrities" were Dr. Johnson, Lord Nelson, Lord Roberts, General French

97 Lichfield Grove, E. Finchley; G. S. Blake, 3 Stag Lane, Bushurst Hill, Essex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. E. Kay, Ethel C. Williams, C. Foster, A. Smallpiece, Randolph L. Pawlby, Madge Kirsopp, J. J. Simpson, R. Lilian Ormiston, W. F. Curtis, L. A. Carey, H. R. Bishop, E. A. Peers.

No. V.—"September Celebrities."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF GRADIDGE FOOTBALL: William Kentish, Balmain Lodge, Trafalgar Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: George E. Russell, 4 Chandos Road, Causeway, Staines; A. Tapply, Thorndale Wateringbury, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Neville V. Gorton, H. C. Smith, Ethel Carleton Williams, R. H. Ferguson, P. L. Dacre, F. A. Kennett, G. Austen Taylor, Leo Teesdale, Bernard Weaver, Gwen Brookes.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF GRADIDGE FOOTBALL: Arthur W. Woolley, 194 Foster Hill Road, Bedford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Cyril J. Seed, 24 Park View, Halifax.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. G. Coomes, R. E. Thomas, Jas. McGregor, Inez F. Dicksee, H. B. Higginbottom, John Single, Fred C. Wild, Edwin G. Urwin, Edgar A. Peers, Emmeline d'Auvergne, Harold Fox Walton, William Mackay.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Marjorie Noel How, Oakville, Holly Park, Crouch Hill, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Barbash, Henry d'Auvergne.

No. VI.—"Ideal Number Competition."

No age limit.
WINNER OF NEW COLUMBIA GRAPHPHONE: Tommie Thomson, 111 Sinclair Road, West Kensington, London, W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Norris C. Thorpe, "Rathlin," Worsley, nr. Manchester; S. E. Kay, Sunnyhurst, Sutton Valence, Maidstone, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. M. McCrossan, Claude Bonnett, George Scott, A. H. Macklin, May MacCowan Hall, H. G. N. Tucker, J. Valiant, R. H. Crump, John Leigh Turner, Percival Dacre, W. F. Curtis.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(August.)

No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: Lee Matheson, Westville, Nova Scotia, Canada.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Edith E. Erskine (South Africa), C. E. J. Da Costa (Trinidad), Leonard Glass (India).

No. III.—WINNER OF 5s.: Benjamin Smellie, c/o J. Smellie, Esq., Nagpur, India.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank Briery (Trinidad), Leslie H. Burket (Canada).

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: D. G. Crofts, Bell Street, Point, Durban, Natal, South Africa.
HONOURABLE MENTION: J. H. Jones (India), Cecilia Duff (Canada), Allan M. Petry (Canada), Leslie H. Burket, Sybil Hastings (India).

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: Donald T. Middleton, c/o H. E. Murray Esq., Port Mourant Plantation, Berbice, British Guiana.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Edith E. Erskine, Charles Harris Leach (Newfoundland).

Lord Clive, Queen Elizabeth, Michael Faraday, and Mr. W. W. Jacobs.

No. VI.—It will be noticed that the following list, decided by vote, is identical with the one published in the September Editorial, with the exception that a second serial is substituted for the "Naturalists' Corner," which, however, found a good many supporters. We may, therefore, conclude that the Editor's opinion as to the completeness of the August number was quite justified. The adjoining table represents an "Ideal Number" of THE CAPTAIN, according to our readers:

1. Serial story.	11. Stamp Corner.
2. Athletic Corner.	12. Short story.
3. Short story.	13. Article.
4. Article.	14. Short story.
5. Short story.	15. Competitions.
6. Photographic Gallery.	16. Short story.
7. Camera Corner.	17. Captain Club Contributions.
8. Short story.	18. Editorial.
9. Cycling Corner.	19. Answers to Correspondents.
10. Serial story.	20. Results of Competitions.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



CHRISTMAS ROSES.

Christmas roses, pure as snow,
Delicate as hoar-frost rime,
Yet, with golden hearts aglow,
Shining in your virgin prime,
Fair as Charity you show
In the churlish winter time.

Maids were ye in days gone by
To the cloister dedicate,
There to wither, wane, and die ;
But, for pity of your fate,
Into flowers of January
Changéd was your cold estate.

OLIVER GREY.



"TOASTING THE GALLOWS."

From the picture by Fred Pegram.


See "Christmas with the Black and White Artists"

A PRICE ON HIS HEAD.

A TALE OF THE GREAT NORTH ROAD.

By TRAVACE REAY.

Illustrated by Lawson Wood.



all of a piece, it was a stiff-legged, sore-boned, wind-whipped lot that stumbled after him into the genial, holly-decked rooms of the hostelry.

"Rum 'ot, Missus Findlay," bawled Jake. "Lan' sakes, missus, what does you do to deserve such weather! Folks hereabout must be wicked. The nearer I gets North the thinner feels my great-coat. What's road like 'cross the moors?"

"Getting heavy," interrupted the stage-master, coming in from the stables. "I'm putting you in an extra pair, Jake, my lad, to help you over the dips."

"An' I'll see ye has summat comfort- ing in yer bodies to fight the moor winds," added the mistress consolingly. "Why, what's this? a laddie! Come, my bit bairn, an' I'll get ye a dish o' tea wi' a dash o' peppermint in. I'se warrant yer about froze, though ye do look soncy wi' yer rosy cheeks and frosted coat—a little Father Christmas, sure!"

Jake guffawed good-humouredly as his merry eye caught the rosinose deepening on the cheeks of the "bit bairn," a sturdy

lad of sixteen who had boarded the coach in state sixty miles back at Drayton, where the whole of Drayton Grammar School had trooped into the market-place to bid their hero god-speed. For Cyril Lamesley, the school captain, was leaving them for the last time, and, according to the time-honoured custom, not a single student started his own journey until he had paid respect to the departing leader. That was why Jake had laughed; the "bit bairn" had been a man there, and had made a speech, but Jake was merely jocular, having quite forgiven the snowballing meted out to him by the more mischievous of Cyril's adherents, unlike Bob the guard, who could not forget the labour entailed

I.

THE "Lightning" Royal Mail Coach made many difficult, distressing journeys from London to the provinces during the course of its useful career, that of Christmas Eve, 179-, being among the weariest, for after two days of sullen snowstorm came a razor-fanged east wind, the one element punishing the teams, the other the passengers, so that, when the sweat-draggled, foam-flecked four dragged the vehicle to the door of the "Boar's Head" Inn at Little Repton, and Jake, the coachman, dropped from the box, stiff and solid as if he and his ice-hardened coat were

in dislodging a well-aimed snowball from the bell of his horn.

Cyril drank the tea gratefully, however, and then made outside to watch "changing" operations. There, prominent on the post upholding the wooden boar's head, he discovered a nailed-up notice, undecipherable except for the two august initials, "G. R.," which even the snow had loyally hesitated to cover.

"That, young master, is what I calls ridding a nuisance on the cheap," remarked Jake. "They're offering a hundred pounds to anybody who'll be fool enough to do work they shies at."

"A nuisance?" repeated Cyril, puzzled.

"Meaning that that there is a portrait in words of a gentleman—the Chevalier, he's called—who's acquired the inconvenient habit of charging extra fare to the coach passengers."

"A highwayman!" exclaimed the lad excitedly.

"Mebbe he wouldn't like that name. Anyhow, I prefers the Chevalier—he deserves it better." Jake cast a hurried glance round to be certain none overheard. "He ain't a bad sort, that; he's never maimed any of we poor coachies; always gentlemanlike to us, and he'd give a man his purse back if he thought he was too poor to lose it. Why, it's true as I'm able to handle them six bloods there as easily as one old nag that last week he stopped Baines on the 'Arrow,' and cleaned 'em all out, among 'em being a poor farmer's widow who give up the money she'd just got from selling the farm, every penny she had in the world. 'Ow he learned it I don't know, but he tracked that poor woman for miles, and then, at the pistol's point, same as he took it from her, give it back, and more—interest for the loan, he called it. No; he's not half bad; 'sides, it does the world good to have the money shared about. Reckon old 'pleasant party' there has a good stocking full with him. It's only right he should spread it. Lor', now we're in for trouble—he noses the notice."

And Jake moved discreetly to the horses, leaving the situation to his colleague, who had come up at that moment.

"See here, guard, what's this?" querulously snapped the person whom Jake had termed the "pleasant party"—an old gentleman hidden from head to heel in a huge travelling cloak. His face was muffled in an ample scarf, over which his eyes peeped shrewdly sharp; but, though his mouth was covered, his speech seemed to bite a way through the woollen folds.

"That, sir," explained Bob, resignedly, for the old gentleman had pestered him and all

the coach ever since he limped aboard in Fleet Street, "that is the notice offering a hundred pounds for t'e 'Chevalier' highwayman, dead or alive."

"Highwayman!" declared the old fellow, irascibly. "What are the authorities about to allow such scoundrels to remain at large! Where is he met with?"

"On Rigby Moor, sir; we're about to cross it now."

"Then what preparations have been made to protect the lives and property of the passengers?"

"Company has armed the guard, sir," interjected Jake, pointing dramatically to a huge blunderbuss that poked a squat nozzle out of the boot; and, winking at Cyril, he added, "a piece o' ordnance out of the artillery, sir; can range the whole moor, that there weapon." And continued to Cyril alone, "When Bob has the pluck to fire it."

The "pleasant party," ignoring Jake's irony, returned to his victim. "Then, guard, if that villain appears, I hope you'll do your duty. Remember, I am well acquainted with the Superintendent of the Company, so if you don't do your part he shall know of it. If you do well, then I shall perhaps make you another present."

"Orl aboard," yelled Bob, disregarding threat and persuasion alike as he helped the old gentleman into the coach and slammed the door against the continuance of his complaining cajolery.

"Bob, my lad," chuckled Jake, "you've hit a prize. 'Ow much was it he give yer for lifting his luggage?"

"A groat," growled Bob, "and cannot forget the extravagance."

"Lor', lad, ye're 'eaping up wealth. Did yer spend it, or has Mother Findlay collared it toward wiping off yer score?"

"Think ye'd better get them cattle away, and let's be in Rigby with the light," grumbled Bob, as he climbed to his perch behind.

"Right, ostlers, let 'em go! Chuck! chuck!" And the six strained at their collars in unison, moving under Jake's experienced touch of whip and rein as though but a single animal hauled upon the harness. A short gallop; then the lumbering, overladen coach breasted the terrible traverse of Rigby Moor.

II.

WITHOUT exception, the passengers on top turned their backs to the gale like grazing cattle, snuggling in to whatever shelter the

heaped Yuletide baggage afforded, and inwardly assenting to the guard's desire for a speedy passage across that sea of snow. Cyril as eager as any, for highwaymen had no terrors for him, his pockets being empty, Rigby town meant the end of his journeying that day and the exchange of the bleak box of the stage coach for the cosy parlour of his father's friend, Dr. Lawson.

The steady rocking of the carriage and the new-found warmth of a handy hamper lulled him to a half-waking doze, from which he was at length aroused by the noise Jake made in rallying his team. It was then quite dark; Cyril, however, rightly inferred that the coach was charging up the last and heaviest slope on the road, the Bracken Hill, which humped its huge bulk against the heart of the moor. Jake was, to speak professionally, "fanning" them all he knew, which is to say that by whip and voice he was urging out every pound of pressure his horses could put against their collars. Slowly and stubbornly the coach crept up the rise, until, just at the crest, where a clump of larches and firs stood out in a bold and menacing manner, and where the road cut into the hill, creating the steepest stretch of the incline, as if by common consent the whole team staggered to a stop. Jake yelled frantically, and his whip slashed viciously from leaders to limbers, but in the same instant a ringing, commanding voice called out from the bankside: "Easy, coachie, let 'em stay; a breather will do them no hurt. Just lift up your hands that I may see them. And you, guard, drop that bomb-pelter into the snow—quick, now! Ah! that's better! Now come down and introduce me to your passengers. You gentlemen there, no tricks and I'll give none, but if any man show fight my barkers will belt a load of lead into his waist-coat."

"*The Chevalier!*" Cyril heard an affrighted passenger declare, and with boyish curiosity craned his head to catch a glimpse of the notoriety. A smart, soldierly figure was perched on the bank, raven-black against the snow, draped in riding-cloak and cape with wide-awake hat drawn close to his head, and a black mask shielding his face. In either hand he held a cocked pistol, while his head turned ceaselessly as he covered the passengers with his firearms. He was on foot and apparently alone.

At this moment Cyril suffered a curious mishap, which Fatty Green, his persistent rival and successor in the school captaincy, would have bluntly declared to have been occasioned by funk. Whatever the cause, however, Cyril, in

worming about his perch, disturbed the balance of the luggage, with the result that he and his sheltering hamper rolled headlong into the snow. For a moment he lay there, not daring to move, but as luck had it the pertinent resistance of the "pleasant party" claimed all the attention of the highwayman.

"You scoundrel! You cheat-gallows! Rob us, would ye, on the King's highway! I'll have you taken if it cost me a thousand pounds!"

The Chevalier laughed heartily. "Come out, grandfather. Let me see your face. If it's half as cheery as your voice I'm in luck this Yuletide. Come along, now, ladies and gentlemen. Sorry to delay you, seeing that you're already late. He who gives quickly gives well. Just place in the guard's hat anything likely to meet my approval. Then I'll wish you the compliments of the season, with a pledge to drink your healths as soon as duty's done."

Cyril, attracted mostly by the jovial ring of the highwayman's tones, did what Master Green would never have summoned pluck to follow, for he actually crept round the coach to get a nearer view of the doughty dare-devil. The Chevalier had changed his position to supervise the collection of the spoil, and was now standing with his back turned to the boy and his legs astraddle. In truth, it was mischief, not bravery, that prompted Cyril's next act. The attitude of the highwayman being so temptingly similar to that which at school unfailingly invited the treatment of "tipping the coal-box," the unthinking lad became habit-driven, and, lowering his head, butted goat-like between the Chevalier's legs. The trick was never more neatly accomplished. Away sprawled the highwayman, both pistols exploding harmlessly in the air as his fingers instinctively clutched at their triggers for support. In the same instant the lean, scraggy head of the "pleasant party," looking uncannily hawkish, protruded from the coach window, preceded by a double-barrelled horse-pistol.

"Clear away, boy," he screamed, and then a terrific detonation announced the fact that he had let fly a barrel. The Chevalier leaped to his feet with a cry of agony, nursing an arm amid bitter cursings; then, agile as an antelope, bounded up the bankside and disappeared into the plantation. As often happens to those placed in dangerous circumstances, Cyril's mind was moved by an insignificant detail—the fact that the rowel was missing from one of the Chevalier's spurs. Indeed, the jagged swan-neck had jabbed his hand during the tumble.



AWAY SPRAWLED THE HIGHWAYMAN, BOTH PISTOLS EXPLODING HARMLESSLY IN THE AIR.

Bob, by then, had found his lost courage. "Fire, sir, fire," he yelled valiantly.

"Not I," came the cool response. "I'm no shot. I'd miss, or waste upon tree shadows the good powder and ball that I bought out of my own pocket. Indeed, now I think of it, I must have discount on my fare to recompense me that outlay."

"You've winged him, sir, as it is," was Jake's first and almost regretful remark as he pointed to the tell-tale splashes in the snow.

"Maybe, but not finished him; likely he'll return, so get those cattle of yours to work again. And, guard, you lubbering coward, help this little man back to his seat—and give him the gun. George! he's more pluck than the whole of you grown-ups. It was tricky, and funny, too. He! he!" cackled the old fellow gaily. "George! boy, you deserve a present; yes, and I will give it."

He reluctantly plunged his hand into his pocket, returning it immediately when he found he had withdrawn a shilling, but the second attempt brought a sixpenny piece to light, and this he hastily handed to the astonished lad.

III.

ON Christmas morning Dr. Lawson drove with Cyril in the gig ten miles across the snow-mantled fells to the boy's home at Lintz Mill, leaving the Rigby townsmen quite disappointed, for they had hoped to banquet the local hero. However, half an hour before the old table shouldered its weight of good cheer, Cyril alighted from the gig plump into a whirl of arms and lips. The Lamesley family, comprising several sisters, were naturally demonstrative in their welcomes, and to his credit, be it said, the eldest son on these occasions submerged his youthful distaste for kissing.

Mr. Lamesley's welcome was none the less cordial, but his son was quick to note a grave look in his eyes and a touch of sadness in his tones. The reason was soon his, for Mr. Lamesley at the first opportunity took his son alone into the parlour.

"My boy, I'm sorry to sadden your happiness, but I must, for you might ask me a question which to answer in the presence of the others would ruin our family holiday. That question is, my boy, why this should be your last term at Drayton School; the answer—because this must be our last Yuletide at Lintz Mill. I am a ruined man. You're aware that the mill and adjacent land has been our family possession since my grandfather's time, but you never knew that your grandfather was

rashly extravagant." He heavily mortgaged everything. When times were good I could pay the interest with ease, but now, since the wars, farmers hold back the grain for famine prices, and by this, combined with bad seasons, our trade has been ruined. I cannot any longer meet the claims of Mr. Goodall, the mortgagee; consequently, he will seize the property. We must leave our home, to start afresh in the world. We cannot hope for clemency from our creditor. Mr. Goodall is a hard, grasping man, demanding his own to the last farthing."

Cyril was too astounded to interrupt as his father continued: "Cyril, you're man enough to help me. Begin by keeping this secret from the children, and be cheerful, for their holiday must not be spoilt. Come, I have a guest to introduce—a poor wounded gentleman whom I found staggering in the snow last night, his horse having foundered, another victim to your acquaintance, the Chevalier."

Mr. Danvers, who in the meantime had had his wounded arm dressed by Dr. Lawson, proved to be a smart, soldier-like man of a pleasing, confident countenance.

"Ah! this is the young hero who squared my account with the Chevalier? Many, many thanks." And Danvers held out his uninjured hand, which Cyril took silently, wondering why the voice should be familiar while the face was strange.

The announcement of dinner relieved an awkward meeting. Such a dinner! One of the old-fashioned sort, where luxury was nourishment. Mr. Lamesley set the example of cheeriness; no one would have dreamed that a cloud of desolation o'ershadowed him. Following his host's lead, Danvers made merry. Such a fund of story-telling, such anecdotes for the elders (he had both travelled and soldiered), such fairy-stories for the youngsters—a never-ending stock, as fresh at evening as at noon!

Cyril, however, remained silent and thoughtful against his will. At last an overpowering impulse drove him from the room to the kitchen in the rear. Here the household footwear was paraded in a snow-sodden battalion before the yule log embers, and among the serried rank he found that which made his fears facts—a pair of spurred riding-boots, the rowel and part of the swan-neck being missing from one. There could be no further doubt. *The Chevalier was the welcomed guest at Lintz Mill!* Wild thoughts raced through his brain. A price was on the man's head. Would not a hundred pounds help in the mending of his father's fortunes? His duty, too, as a citizen



"AND YET YOU DARE TELL ME THE FACT TO MY FACE?"

seemed to demand that he denounce the delinquent to the authorities.

Mr. Lamesley trained his family well, and in nothing so much as the unwritten laws of hospitality. The man had trustingly accepted the succour proffered him. Would it be an abuse of that sacred virtue to surrender him? Pondering that grave question, the lad returned to the company.

IV.

So well had the younger Lamesleys been entertained that at last, when their mother declared bedtime to have arrived, there was a chorus of doubt, though the candles had blinked in the room many hours since Dr. Lawson used the dying daylight to make safe return across the

moor. But the good lady was decisive, and shortly quietness reigned throughout the household.

"You are no longer a school-boy, Cyril," said his father kindly, "so sit with Mr. Danvers and me."

Mr. Lamesley, however, more from mental than physical weariness, soon pleaded fatigue, leaving his guest to conclude the night with his son.

With them alone, the conversation crumpled completely away, each feeling the grim truth to be known to the other. There was almost a challenging look in Danvers' eyes when he at last commenced a limping narrative of military adventure in which he suffered a miraculous escape while serving with a storming party.

"And yet, sir," remarked Cyril, in a meaning tone that came oddly from one so young, "that surely was not so narrow an escape as the one you had on Bracken Hill last night?"

Danvers' pipe dropped from his mouth, and he pinioned the lad with a look.

"I mean that if the old gentleman had been something of a shot, you and I would not have been chatting here together to-night."

Instantly the man's face changed, assuming an expression so terrible that Cyril's heart quailed, for the honest, good-humoured smile froze to a determined ferocity, the snarl of a beast driven to bay, the outlaw's instinct for liberty.

"By heaven, boy! you're shrewder than I thought. My story has not misled you. And yet you dare tell me the fact to my face. Have you counted the consequences? Such knowledge left loose and unmuzzled may cost me my life. I am a desperate man—but, yet, stay, I like your boyish candour, and for your father's sake I would not inflict a scratch upon his son. He is a gentleman; would God mine had been as he! Boy, I wonder whether you realise the blessing you have in him."

"Then you have a father still?" cried Cyril, interested.

"Aye, though years have passed since I saw him. Cruel as it may seem to say so, he is as much the cause of my present plight as my own folly. Yes; years ago, when I was a raw,

innocent lad, he bought me an ensign's commission—then grudged me the means of living. I fell into debt. He would not aid me. For, being a simple man of business, frugal in living, saving and careful, he was a bitter foe to all extravagance. So, then, I was fool enough to think the cards a way to recovery. One night there was trouble at the tables. Cheating had been done. I swear before heaven I was innocent, but, being friendless, the blame became mine and with it the disgrace. Driven from my regiment I sought refuge as a common soldier in another that had orders for service on the Continent. It was then I met with the experiences that have entertained you, and in passing through them I feel my country was well served. But there came a time when I fell sick and drifted home. Again my father repudiated me. He is a stern, conscientious being, hard and unforgiving. My shame had hurt him, nor would he share it further. I will not weary you with my striving after honesty. I failed, perhaps, because I was not sufficiently persevering. Then, some little while back, when fortune was in her cruellest mood, the temptation came. I took to the Road." The Chevalier laughed bitterly. "As an honest citizen I was worthless, even to my own father. Now—boy, you'd get a hundred golden sovereigns from the sheriff did you tell him what you've told me."

"Sir," replied Cyril, manfully, "you are my father's guest. I may do nothing while you remain so. I would tell him this, but he is sufficiently troubled; so I will spare him the pain of knowing how his hospitality has been abused."

"No, no; wicked as I am I shrink from that. I did intend slipping away quietly this morning, but the temptation to spend at least one Christmas amid a happy family circle—a delight my youth never knew—caused me to linger. Ah! pray God you may never suffer the yearning its sweetness satisfied. I should have gone to-morrow, but now——"

"Give me but your word to leave the countryside, and your secret is safe. I like your face, and, perhaps, all that is said is not truth."

"Young friend, I robbed only the rich; murder is down against me, though I never took life except when a sheriff's officer, more daring than his mates, found my refuge. It was fair fighting even then. And my word is all you ask?" he ended, in wonderment. "Would you take it—an outlaw's?"

"I will."

"Then it is given."

V.

THE Chevalier was in the very act of making his farewells next morning when to his and Cyril's alarm a post-chaise escorted by four mounted sheriff's officers arrived at the Mill. Mr. Lamesley hurried out to learn the cause, nor were his family kept long in suspense, for, with a rude air of proprietorship, Cyril's coach acquaintance, the "pleasant party," came into the house, attended by a couple of the officers.

"Mr. Goodall," gasped Cyril's father, painfully. "could you not trust me to relinquish the property without calling in the law to put me to shame?"

"No, no, Lamesley," came in the short barking tone that Cyril remembered well, "don't blame me yet. True, I come to claim my own. These gentlemen, however, are bound upon another duty altogether. It's your lad they're seeking, the one that travelled on the coach with me. And by George! sir, I grudge you him. If you'd half as much business ability as he has pluck——"

"And you, sir," interrupted Cyril, angrily, "if you had half my father's courtesy, would be a gentleman."

"Tut, tut! saucy, too, eh? quick in the tongue? Well, well! Here ye are, officers; this is the young coxcomb. Question him; his eyes are sharper than mine. He'll maybe tell you better what the miscreant was like."

"It's this way, young master," spoke up the chief of the officers. "We'll be obliged to you for a careful description of the man who attempted to rob the mail."

Cyril burned inwardly, for Danvers' safety made it imperative that he should say that which stabbed his conscience.

"Tall——" he began.

"Rubbish! Scarcely over the medium," retorted old Goodall, testily.

"Tall," repeated the lad, "and fair."

"Dark," came the correction.

"Fair, I said; and this gentleman shot him in the left hand."

"Right."

"Left."

"Drat it, boy, are you stupid? No, tut, tut; maybe 'tis I. My memory's muddled. Yes; it must be as you say."

Fortunately, the officers were too stolid to mark this curious ceasing of old Goodall's contention, but Cyril's quick perception had noted in wonder the look of agonised recognition which o'erspread the old man's face as his shrewd eyes for the first time rested upon the form of the Chevalier lounging in the shadows.



"YOUNG MAN, ASSIST ME TO THE CHAISE."

Thenceforward Goodall agreed implicitly with every detail of Cyril's false description.

It was Mr. Lamesley who unwittingly introduced the quarry to the pursuers. "And this gentleman, too," he said, "may assist you, for he was sorely mishandled by the same rascal."

The Chevalier most ably confirmed Cyril's imaginative account, and then Mr. Goodall seemed anxious to be rid of his retinue.

"There you are, officers, that is as much as we can give you. It's time you did *your* share. Scandalous, I think, so many indolent fellows kept at the public expense being defied by one

man! Away you go; 'pon my word, I'll have something to say to my friend the State Secretary on my return to London."

There was a good deal more of similar scolding to follow, and the men, gulping down the liquor Mrs. Lamesley brought them, were glad to get astride their saddles and canter away over the moor.

"*You!*" snapped Goodall to the Chevalier, as the door closed upon the officers. Then for a time the two conversed in low tones.

Goodall finally addressed Mr. Lamesley. "This man and I," he said, "have met before; in fact, I've known him ever since he began to breathe. As a service to him"—"and to the country," he added under his breath—"I intend carting him to Rigby in the chaise. On my immediate return I shall be obliged if you will have all our papers ready. This mortgage business must be settled to-day, as I'm leaving for London again to-morrow."

Mr. Lamesley bowed his head in silent assent, accepting moodily and

mechanically the fervent thanks of his departing guest, who meekly followed the old gentleman to the chaise. Cyril went with them. The three were then alone. Goodall turned upon Cyril with a queer look.

"Boy," he said, "you're a good liar. You've saved this man's neck, and the honour of my family. Nice contrast! The Guild to hang my head in oils upon the walls of 'Change, and the Law to hang my son on Tyburn Tree."

"Is this really your son, sir?" asked Cyril, though he had already assumed as much.

"Unfortunately," muttered the Chevalier. "For *me*," put in the old man quickly.

"My most expensive investment—more outlay, I must export him now. Bid him good-bye; would he had been half like you!" he ended sadly, and then hid his regrets in a holloa for the post-boy to bring round the chaise.

As the strange pair took their leave, the old wild temptation to earn blood-money came raging upon Cyril. What more easy than to follow the chaise and denounce them? The old man especially deserved no mercy, for it was his declared intention to put the whole Lamesley family to the door. Yet compassion for the son's misfortunes withheld the boy.

Old Goodall returned promptly to the Mill when he had sent his son south by the mid-day mail. He at once called Mr. Lamesley to business, and at his request Cyril was present at the interview. For a while the old fellow merely rummaged among the parchment deeds, handling them lovingly; at length he raised his shrewd, sparkling eyes.

"Sec here, Lamesley, I'm still willing to abate my claim for a consideration. Money you have not got—your property's already mine—but you have an asset left which I covet. For that I'll forego the whole mortgage. Your boy there—make him over to me. Now, my lad, what think you of it? Come with me, save your father, and I'll make you a gentleman."

Mr. Lamesley did not say a word, though his face whitened while he looked hungrily at his son. But the lad never hesitated.

"Mr. Goodall, you would not have me usurp the rights of your own flesh and blood? And if

my father is in trouble, surely duty calls me to remain to his succour."

"Thank God," was all Mr. Lamesley said.

Goodall merely grunted. "As you will," he snapped, turning again to scratch a pen across the documents. "I shall not order you out for the present, Lamesley, though I am disposing of the property. Perhaps the new owner may make a tenancy arrangement. Young man, assist me to the chaise."

When Cyril had got him safely to his seat the old fellow thrust a bunch of parchment into his hands. "Here, boy, you showed mercy to me and mine, so will I to you and yours." And with such strange farewell, he departed.

On the threshold Cyril found his father softening the news to his weeping wife.

"Father," he interrupted, "what are these which Mr. Goodall has given me?"

Mr. Lamesley took the documents and hurriedly scanned them; then he broke into sobbing laughter.

"Father, father, what is wrong?"

"Nothing wrong now, my son; everything right. All Mr. Goodall has done is merely to substitute your name for mine on the title-deeds. So the mill and land are still ours. What can you have done to soften so hard a man?"

But Cyril loyally kept his word, never answering that question until long after the Chevalier had disappeared from the neighbourhood, and then only upon the arrival of a letter bearing a New England post-mark, wherein came the glad news that Goodall junior, lately the Chevalier, was at last prospering in an honest business.

HATS—AND THE MAN.

A SCOTCH hatter made some curious statements as to the varying sizes of hats.

The largest hats are asked for by military men who have served abroad; but the largest hat he ever sold was to the Archbishop of York, who wears an eight and three-quarters size.

The smallest hats sold are in Birmingham. However, the hatter was careful to say that Mr. Chamberlain wears a seven and one-eighth, or a full quarter less than Mr. Gladstone, whose head was the most difficult he ever had to fit.

Edinburgh men invariably require a seven or seven and a quarter; while in Glasgow a six and seven-eighths is usually sufficient.

Scotchmen require longer hats than Englishmen. The longheadedness of the Scot is thus a physical fact. Southampton runs Birmingham close for the smallest heads; and Whitechapel, he says, supplied the worst-shaped heads on earth.—*The Star*.



THE WHITE FEATHER

P. C. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SYNOPSIS.

At a time when Wrykyn School is at war with the "town" over a parliamentary election in which one of the school governors figures as a candidate, Sheen, a member of the Sixth Form, deliberately shows the "white feather" by not going to the aid of a number of "townees" who are hotly engaged with a gang of "townees" headed by one "Albert," a particularly tough antagonist. Sheen is thereafter "cut" by the school in general and by his chum Drummond, the best boxer at Wrykyn, in particular. Subsequently, Sheen, in a desperate attempt to retrieve his character, stands up to the formidable Albert, only to be knocked down for his pains. The pluck he displays, however, attracts the attention of Joe Bevan, an ex-champion pugilist, who consents to give him boxing-lessons at the "Blue Boar," a public-house up the river in the direction which, unfortunately for Sheen, has been placed out of bounds by the headmaster. Nevertheless, Sheen determines to keep his first appointment with Bevan.

CHAPTER IX.

SHEEN BEGINS HIS EDUCATION.

THE "Blue Boar" was a picturesque inn, standing on the bank of the river Severn. It was much frequented in the summer by fishermen, who spent their days in punts and their evenings in the old oak parlour, where a picture in boxing costume of Mr. Joe Bevan, whose brother was the landlord of the inn, gazed austere-ly down on them, as if it disapproved of the lamentable want of truth displayed by the majority of their number. Artists also congregated there to paint the ivy-covered porch. At the back of the house were bedrooms, to which the fishermen would make their way in the small hours of a summer morning, arguing to the last as they stumbled upstairs. One of these bedrooms, larger than the others, had been converted into a gymnasium for the use of mine host's brother. Thither he brought pugilistic aspirants who wished to be trained for various contests, and it was the boast of the "Blue Boar" that it had never turned

out a loser. A reputation of this kind is a valuable asset to an inn, and the boxing world thought highly of it in spite of the fact that it was out of the beaten track. Certainly the luck of the "Blue Boar" had been surprising.

Sheen pulled steadily up stream on the appointed day, and after half an hour's work found himself opposite the little landing-stage at the foot of the inn lawn.

His journey had not been free from adventure. On his way to the town he had almost run into Mr. Templar, and but for the lucky accident of that gentleman's short sight must have been discovered. He had reached the landing-stage in safety, but he had not felt comfortable until he was well out of sight of the town. It was fortunate for him in the present case that he was being left so severely alone by the school. It was an advantage that nobody took the least interest in his goings and comings.

Having moored his boat and proceeded to the inn, he was directed upstairs by the landlord, who was an enlarged and coloured edition of his brother. From the other side of the gymnasium door came an unceasing and mysterious shuffling sound.

He tapped at the door, and went in.

He found himself in a large, airy room, lit by two windows and a broad skylight. The floor was covered with linoleum. But it was the furniture that first attracted his attention. In a further corner of the room was a circular wooden ceiling, supported by four narrow pillars. From the centre of this hung a ball, about the size of an ordinary football. To the left, suspended from a beam, was an enormous leather bolster. On the floor, underneath a table bearing several pairs of boxing-gloves, a skipping-rope, and some wooden dumb-bells, was something that looked like a dozen Association footballs rolled into one. All the rest of the room, a space some few yards square, was bare of furniture. In this space

a small sweater-clad youth, with a head of light hair cropped very short, was darting about and ducking and hitting out with both hands at nothing with such a serious, earnest expression on his face that Sheen could not help smiling. On a chair by one of the windows Mr. Joe Bevan was sitting with a watch in his hand.

As Sheen entered the room the earnest young man made a sudden dash at him. The next moment he seemed to be in a sort of heavy shower of fists. They whizzed past his ear, flashed up from below within an inch of his nose, and tapped him caressingly on the waistcoat. Just as the shower was at its heaviest his assailant darted away again, side-stepped an imaginary blow, ducked another, and came at him once more. None of the blows struck him, but it was with more than a little pleasure that he heard Joe Bevan call "Time!" and saw the active young gentleman sink panting into a seat.

"You and your games, Francis!" said Joe Bevan, reproachfully. "This is a young gentleman from the college come for tuition."

"Gentleman — won't mind—little joke—take it

in spirit which is—meant," said Francis, jerkily.

Sheen hastened to assure him that he had not been offended.

"You take your two minutes, Francis," said Mr. Bevan, "and then have a turn with the ball. Come this way, Mr.—"

"Sheen."

"Come this way, Mr. Sheen, and I'll show you where to put on your things."

Sheen had brought his football clothes with him. He had not put them on for a year.

"That's the lad I was speaking of. Getting on prime, he is. Fit to fight for his life, as the saying is."

"What was he doing when I came in?"

"Oh, he always has three rounds like that every day. It teaches you to get about quick. You try it when you get back, Mr. Sheen. Fancy you're fighting me."

"Are you sure I'm not interrupting you in the middle of your work?" asked Sheen.

"Not at all, sir, not at all. I just have to rub him down and give him his shower bath, and then he's finished for the day."

Having donned his football clothes and returned to the gymnasium, Sheen found Francis seated in a chair, having his left leg vigorously rubbed by Mr. Bevan.

"You fon' of dargs?" inquired Francis affably, looking up as he came in.

Sheen replied that he was, and indeed, was possessed of one. The admission stimulated Francis, whose right leg was now under treatment, to a flood of conversation. He, it appeared, had always been one for dargs. Owned two. Answering to the names of Tim and Tom. Beggars for rats, yes. And plucked 'uns? Well—he would like to see, would Francis, a dog that Tim or Tom would not stand up to. Clever, too. Why, once—

Joe Bevan cut his soliloquy short at this point by leading him off to another room for his shower-bath; but before he went he expressed a desire to talk further with Sheen on the subject of dogs, and, learning that Sheen would be there every day, said he was glad

"YOU FON' OF DARGS?" INQUIRED FRANCIS AFFABLY.



to hear it. He added that for a brother dog-lover he did not mind stretching a point, so that, if ever Sheen wanted a couple of rounds any day, he, Francis, would see that he got them. This offer, it may be mentioned, Sheen accepted with gratitude, and the extra practice he acquired thereby was subsequently of the utmost use to him. Francis, as a boxer, excelled in what is known in pugilistic circles as shiftiness. That is to say, he had a number of ingenious ways of escaping out of tight corners; and these he taught Sheen, much to the latter's profit.

But this was later, when the Wrykinian had passed those preliminary stages on which he was now to embark.

The art of teaching boxing really well is a gift, and it is given to but few. It is largely a matter of personal magnetism, and, above all, sympathy. A man may be a fine boxer himself, up to every move of the game and a champion of champions, but for all that he may not be a good teacher. If he has not the sympathy necessary for the appreciation of the difficulties experienced by the beginner, he cannot produce good results. A boxing instructor needs three qualities, skill, sympathy, and enthusiasm. Joe Bevan had all three, particularly enthusiasm. His heart was in his work, and he carried Sheen with him. "Beautiful, sir, beautiful," he kept saying, as he guarded the blows; and Sheen, though too clever to be wholly deceived by the praise, for he knew perfectly well that his efforts up to the present had been anything but beautiful, was nevertheless encouraged, and put all he knew into his hits. Occasionally Joe Bevan would push out his left glove. Then, if Sheen's guard was in the proper place and the push did not reach its destination, Joe would mutter a word of praise. If Sheen dropped his right hand, so that he failed to stop the blow, Bevan would observe, "Keep that guard up, sir!" with almost a pained intonation, as if he had been disappointed in a friend.

The constant repetition of this maxim gradually drove it into Sheen's head, so that towards the end of the lesson he no longer lowered his right hand when he led with his left; and he felt the gentle pressure of Joe Bevan's glove less frequently. At no stage of a pupil's education did Joe Bevan hit him really hard, and in the first few lessons he could scarcely be said to hit him at all. He merely rested his glove against the pupil's face. On the other hand, he was urgent in imploring the pupil to hit *him* as hard as he could.

"Don't be too kind, sir," he would chant.

"I don't mind being hit. Let me have it. Don't flap. Put it in with some weight behind it." He was also fond of mentioning that extract from Polonius' speech to Laertes, which he had quoted to Sheen on their first meeting.

Sheen finished his first lesson feeling hotter than he had ever felt in his life.

"Hullo, sir, you're out of condition," commented Mr. Bevan. "Have a bit of rest."

Once more Sheen had learnt the lesson of his weakness. He could hardly realise that he had only begun to despise himself in the last fortnight. Before then, he had been, on the whole, satisfied with himself. He was brilliant at work, and would certainly get a scholarship at Oxford or Cambridge when the time came; and he had specialised in work to the exclusion of games. It is bad to specialise in games to the exclusion of work, but of the two courses the latter is probably the less injurious. One gains at least health by it.

But Sheen now understood thoroughly, what he ought to have learned from his study of the Classics, that the happy mean was the thing at which to strive. And for the future he meant to aim at it. He would get the Gotford, if he could, but also would he win the house boxing at his weight.

After he had rested he discovered the use of the big ball beneath the table. It was soft, but solid and heavy. By throwing this—the medicine-ball, as they call it in the profession—at Joe Bevan, and catching it, Sheen made himself very hot again, and did the muscles of his shoulders a great deal of good.

"That'll do for to-day, then, sir," said Joe Bevan. "Have a good rub-down to-night, or you'll find yourself very stiff in the morning."

"Well, do you think I shall be any good?" asked Sheen.

"You'll do fine, sir. But remember what Shakespeare says."

"About vaulting ambition?"

"No, sir, no. I meant what Hamlet says to the players. 'Nor do not saw the air too much, with your hand, thus, but use all gently.' That's what you've got to remember in boxing, sir. Take it easy. Easy and cool does it, and the straight left beats the world."

Sheen paddled quietly back to the town with the stream, pondering over this advice. He felt that he had advanced another step. He was not foolish enough to believe that he knew anything about boxing as yet, but he felt that it would not be long before he did.

CHAPTER X.

SHEEN'S PROGRESS.

SHEEN improved. He took to boxing as he had taken to fives. He found that his fives helped him. He could get about on his feet quickly, and his eye was trained to rapid work.

His second lesson was not encouraging. He found that he had learned just enough to make him stiff and awkward, and no more. But he kept on, and by the end of the first week Joe Bevan declared definitely that he would do, that he had the root of the matter in him, and now required only practice.

"I wish you could see like I can how you're improving," he said at the end of the sixth lesson, as they were resting after five minutes exercise with the medicine-ball. "I get four blows in on some of the gentlemen I teach to one what I get in on you. But it's like riding. When you can trot, you look forward to when you can gallop. And when you can gallop, you can't see yourself getting on any further. But you're improving all the time."

"But I can't gallop yet?" said Sheen.

"Well no, not gallop exactly, but you've only had six lessons. Why, in another six weeks, if you come regular, you won't know yourself. You'll be making some of the young gentlemen at the college wish they had never been born. You'll make babies of them, that's what you'll do."

"I'll bet I couldn't, if I'd learnt with some one else," said Sheen, sincerely. "I don't believe I should have learnt a thing if I'd gone to the school instructor."

"Who is your school instructor, sir?"

"A man named Jenkins. He used to be in the army."

"Well, there, you see, that's what it is. I know old George Jenkins. He used to be a pretty good boxer in his time, but, there! boxing's a thing, like everything else, that moves with the times. We used to go about in iron trucks. Now we go in motor-cars. Just the same with boxing. What you're learning now is the sort of boxing that wins championship fights nowadays. Old George, well, he teaches you how to put your left out, but, my golly, he doesn't know any tricks. He hasn't studied it same as I have. It's the ring-craft that wins battles. Now, sir, if you're ready."

They put on the gloves again. When the round was over, Mr. Bevan had further comments to make.

"You don't hit hard enough, sir," he said. "Don't flap. Let it come straight out with some weight behind it. You want to be earnest in the ring. The other man's going to do his best to hurt you, and you've got to stop him. One good punch is worth twenty taps. You hit him. And when you've hit him, don't you go back; you hit him again. They'll only give you three rounds in any competition you go in for, so you want to do the work you can while you're at it."

As the days went by, Sheen began to imbibe some of Joe Bevan's rugged philosophy of life. He began to understand that the world is a place where every man has to look after himself, and that it is the stronger hand that wins. That sentence from Hamlet which Joe Bevan was so fond of quoting practically summed up the whole duty of man—and boy, too. One should not seek quarrels, but, "being in," one should do one's best to ensure that one's opponent thought twice in future before seeking them. These afternoons at the "Blue Boar" were gradually giving Sheen what he had never before possessed—self-confidence. He was beginning to find that he was capable of something after all, that in an emergency he would be able to keep his end up. The feeling added a zest to all that he did. His work in school improved. He looked on the Gotford no longer as a prize which he would have to struggle to win. He felt that his rivals would have to struggle to win it from him.

After his twelfth lesson, when he had learned the ground work of the art, and had begun to develop a style of his own, like some nervous batsman at cricket who does not show his true form till he has been at the wickets for several overs, the dog-loving Francis gave him a trial. This was a very different affair from his spars with Joe Bevan. Frank Hunt was one of the cleverest boxers at his weight in England, but he had not Joe Bevan's gift of hitting gently. He probably imagined that he was merely tapping, and certainly his blows were not to be compared with those he delivered in the exercise of his professional duties: but nevertheless Sheen had never felt anything so painful before, not even in his passage of arms with Albert. He came out of the encounter with a swollen lip and a feeling that one of his ribs was broken, and he had not had the pleasure of landing a single blow upon his slippery antagonist, who flowed about the room like quicksilver. But he had not flinched, and the statement of Francis, as they shook hands, that he had "done varry well," was as balm. Boxing is one of the few sports



where the loser can feel the same thrill of triumph as the winner. There is no satisfaction equal to that which comes when one has forced oneself to go through an ordeal from which one would have liked to have escaped.

"Capital, sir, capital," said Joe Bevan. "I wanted to see whether you would lay down or not when you began to get a few punches. You did capitally, Mr. Sheen."

"I didn't hit him much," said Sheen with a laugh.

"Never mind, sir, you got hit, which was just as good. Some of the gentlemen I've taught wouldn't have taken half that. They're all right when they're on top and winning, and to see them shape you'd say to yourself, By George, here's a champion. But let 'em get a punch or two, and hullo! says you, what's this? They don't like it. They lay down. But you kept on. There's one thing, though, you want to keep that guard up when you duck. You slip him that way once. Very well. Next time he's waiting for you. He doesn't hit straight. He hooks you, and you don't want many of those."

Sheen enjoyed his surreptitious visits to the "Blue Boar." Twice he escaped being caught in the most sensational way; and once Mr. Spence, who looked after the Wrykyn cricket and gymnasium, and played everything equally well, nearly caused complications by inviting Sheen to play fives with him after school. Fortunately the Gotford afforded an excellent excuse. As the time for the examination drew near, those who had entered for it were accustomed to become hermits to a great extent, and retired after school to work in their studies.

"You mustn't overdo it, Sheen," said Mr. Spence. "You ought to get some exercise."

"Oh, I do, sir," said Sheen. "I still play fives, but I play before breakfast now."

He had had one or two games with Harrington of the School House, who did not care particularly whom he played with so long as his opponent was a useful man. Sheen being one of the few players in the school who were up to his form, Harrington ignored the cloud under which Sheen rested. When they met



THIS WAS A VERY DIFFERENT AFFAIR FROM HIS SPARS WITH JOE BEVAN.

in the world outside the fives-courts Harrington was polite, but made no overtures of friendship. That, it may be mentioned, was the attitude of every one who did not actually cut Sheen. The exception was Jack Bruce, who had constituted himself audience to Sheen, when the latter was practising the piano, on two further occasions. But then Bruce was so silent by nature that for all practical purposes he might just as well have cut Sheen like the others.

"We might have a game before breakfast some time, then," said Mr. Spence.

He had noticed, being a master who did notice things, that Sheen appeared to have few friends, and had made up his mind that he would try and bring him out a little. Of the real facts of the case, he knew, of course, nothing.

"I should like to, sir," said Sheen.

"Next Wednesday?"

"All right, sir."

"I'll be there at seven. If you're before me, you might get the second court, will you?"

The second court from the end nearest the boarding-house was the best of the half-dozen fives-courts at Wrykyn. After school sometimes you would see fags racing across the gravel to appropriate it for their masters. The rule was that whoever first pinned to the door a piece of paper with his name on it was the legal owner of the court—and it was a stirring sight to see a dozen fags fighting to get at the door. But before breakfast the court might be had with less trouble.

Meanwhile, Sheen paid his daily visits to the "Blue Boar," losing flesh and gaining toughness with every lesson. The more he saw of Joe Bevan the more he liked him, and appreciated his strong, simple outlook on life. Shakespeare was a great bond between them. Sheen had always been a student of the Bard, and he and Joe would sit on the little verandah of the inn, looking over the river, until it was time for him to row back to the town, quoting passages at one another. Joe Bevan's knowledge of the plays, especially the tragedies, was wide, and at first inexplicable to Sheen. It was strange to hear him declaiming long speeches from *Macbeth* or *Hamlet* and to think that he was by profession a pugilist. One evening he explained his curious erudition. In his youth, before he took to the ring in earnest, he had travelled with a Shakespearean repertory company. "I never played a star part," he confessed, "but I used to come on in the *Battle of Bosworth* and in *Macbeth's* castle and what not. I've been First Citizen sometimes. I was the carpenter in '*Julius Cæsar*.' That was my biggest part. 'Truly sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.' But somehow the stage—well . . . you know what it is, sir. Leeds one week, Manchester the next, Brighton the week after, and travelling all Sunday. It wasn't quiet enough for me."

The idea of becoming a professional pugilist for the sake of peace and quiet tickled Sheen. "But I've always read Shakespeare ever since then," continued Mr. Bevan, "and I always shall read him."

It was on the next day that Mr. Bevan made a suggestion which drew confidences from Sheen, in his turn.

"What you want now, sir," said he, "is to practise on some one of about your own form, as the saying is. Isn't there some gentleman

friend of yours at the college who would come here with you?"

They were sitting on the verandah when he asked this question. It was growing dusk, and the evening seemed to invite confidences. Sheen, looking out across the river and avoiding his friend's glance, explained just what it was that made it so difficult for him to produce a gentleman friend at that particular time. He could feel Mr. Bevan's eye upon him, but he went through with it till the thing was told—boldly, and with no attempt to smooth over any of the unpleasant points.

"Never you mind, sir," said Mr. Bevan consolingly, as he finished. "We all lose our heads sometimes. I've seen the way you stand up to Francis, and I'll eat—I'll eat the medicine-ball if you're not as plucky as any one. It's simply a question of keeping your head. You wouldn't do a thing like that again, not you. Don't you worry yourself, sir. We're all alike when we get bustled. We don't know what we're doing, and by the time we've put our hands up and got into shape, why, it's all over, and there you are. Don't you worry yourself, sir."

"You're an awfully good sort, Joe," said Sheen gratefully.

CHAPTER XI.

A SMALL INCIDENT.

FAILING a gentleman friend, Mr. Bevan was obliged to do what he could by means of local talent. On Sheen's next visit he was introduced to a burly youth of his own age, very taciturn and apparently ferocious. He, it seemed, was the knife and boot boy at the "Blue Boar." "did a bit" with the gloves, and was willing to spar with Sheen provided Mr. Bevan made it all right with the gov'nor; saw, that is to say, that he did not get into trouble for passing in unprofessional frivolity moments which should have been sacred to knives and boots. These terms having been agreed to, he put on the gloves.

For the first time since he had begun his lessons Sheen experienced an attack of his old shyness and dislike of hurting other people's feelings. He could not resist the thought that he had no grudge against the warden of the knives and boots. He hardly liked to hit him.

The other, however, did not share this prejudice. He rushed at Sheen with such determination that almost the first warning the latter



ATELL WAS PETRIFIED.

had that the contest had begun was the collision of the back of his head with the wall. Out in the middle of the room he did better, and was beginning to hold his own, in spite of a rousing thump on his left eye, when Joe Bevan called "Time!" A second round went off in much the same way. His guard was more often in the right place, and his leads less wild. At the conclusion of the round pressure of business forced his opponent to depart, and Sheen wound up his lesson with a couple of minutes at the punching-ball. On the whole he was pleased with his first spar with some one who was really doing his best and trying to hurt him. With Joe Bevan and Francis there was always the feeling that they were playing down to him. Joe Bevan's gentle taps, in particular, were a little humiliating. But with his late opponent all had been serious.

It had been a real test, and he had come through it very fairly. On the whole he had taken more than he had given—his eye would look curious to-morrow—but already he had thought out a way of foiling the burly youth's rushes. Next time he would really show his true form.

The morrow, on which Sheen expected his eye to look curious, was the day he had promised to play fives with Mr. Spence. He hoped that at the early hour at which they had arranged to play it would not have reached its worst stage; but when he looked in the glass at a quarter to seven, he beheld a small ridge of purple beneath it. It was not large, nor did it interfere with his sight, but it was very visible. Mr. Spence, however, was a sportsman, and had boxed himself in his time, so that there was a chance that nothing would be said.

It was a raw, drizzly morning. There would probably be few fives-players before breakfast, and the capture of the second court should be easy. So it turned out. Nobody was about when Sheen arrived. He pinned his slip of paper to the door, and, after waiting for a short while for Mr. Spence and finding the process chilly, went for a trot round the gymnasium to pass the time.

Mr. Spence had not arrived during his absence, but somebody else had. At the door of the second court, gleaming in first-fifteen blazer, sweater, stockings, and honour-cap, stood Attell.

Sheen looked at Attell, and Attell looked through Sheen.

It was curious, thought Sheen, that Attell should be standing in the very doorway of court two. It seemed to suggest that he claimed some sort of ownership. On the other hand there was his, Sheen's, paper on the. . . His eye happened to light on the cement flooring in front of the court. There was a crumpled ball of paper there.

When he had started for his run, there had been no such ball of paper.

Sheen picked it up and straightened it out. On it was written "R. D. Sheen."

He looked up quickly. In addition to the far-away look, Attell's face now wore a faint

smile, as if he had seen something rather funny on the horizon. But he spake no word.

A curiously calm and contented feeling came upon Sheen. Here was something definite at last. He could do nothing, however much he might resent it, when fellows passed him by as if he did not exist; but when it came to removing his landmark. . . .

"Would your mind shifting a bit?" he said very politely. "I want to pin my paper on the door again. It seems to have fallen down."

Attell's gaze shifted slowly from the horizon and gradually embraced Sheen.

"I've got this court," he said.

"I think not," said Sheen silkily. "I was here at ten to seven, and there was no paper on the door then. So I put mine up. If you'll move a little, I'll put it up again."

"Go and find another court, if you want to play," said Attell, "and if you've got anybody to play with," he added with a sneer. "This is mine."

"I think not," said Sheen.

Attell resumed his inspection of the horizon.

"Attell!" said Sheen.

Attell did not answer.

Sheen pushed him gently out of the way, and tore down the paper from the door.

Their eyes met. Attell, after a moment's pause, came forward, half menacing, half irresolute; and as he came Sheen hit him under the chin in the manner recommended by Mr. Bevan.

"When you upper-cut," Mr. Bevan was wont to say, "don't make it a swing. Just a half-arm jolt's all you want."

It was certainly all Attell wanted. He was more than surprised. He was petrified. The sudden shock of the blow, coming as it did from so unexpected a quarter, deprived him of speech: which was, perhaps, fortunate for him, for what he would have said would hardly have commended itself to Mr. Spence, who came up at this moment.

"Well, Sheen," said Mr. Spence. "here you are. I hope I haven't kept you waiting. What a morning! You've got the court, I hope?"

"Yes, sir," said Sheen.

He wondered if the master had seen the little episode which had taken place immediately before his arrival. Then he remembered that it had happened inside the court. It must have been over by the time Mr. Spence had come upon the scene.

"Are you waiting for somebody, Attell?" asked Mr. Spence. "Stanning? He will be here directly. I passed him on the way."

Attell left the court, and they began their game.

"You've hurt your eye, Sheen," said Mr. Spence, at the end of the first game. "How did that happen?"

"Boxing, sir," said Sheen.

"Oh," replied Mr. Spence, and to Sheen's relief he did not pursue his inquiries.

Attell had wandered out across the gravel to meet Stanning.

"Got that court?" inquired Stanning.

"No."

"You idiot, why on earth didn't you? It's the only court worth playing in. Who's got it?"

"Sheen."

"Sheen!" Stanning stopped dead. "Do you mean to say you let a fool like Sheen take it from you! Why didn't you turn him out?"

"I couldn't," said Attell. "I was just going to when Spence came up. He's playing Sheen this morning. I couldn't very well bag the court when a master wanted it."

"I suppose not," said Stanning. "What did Sheen say when you told him you wanted the court?"

This was getting near a phase of the subject which Attell was not eager to discuss.

"Oh, he didn't say much," he said.

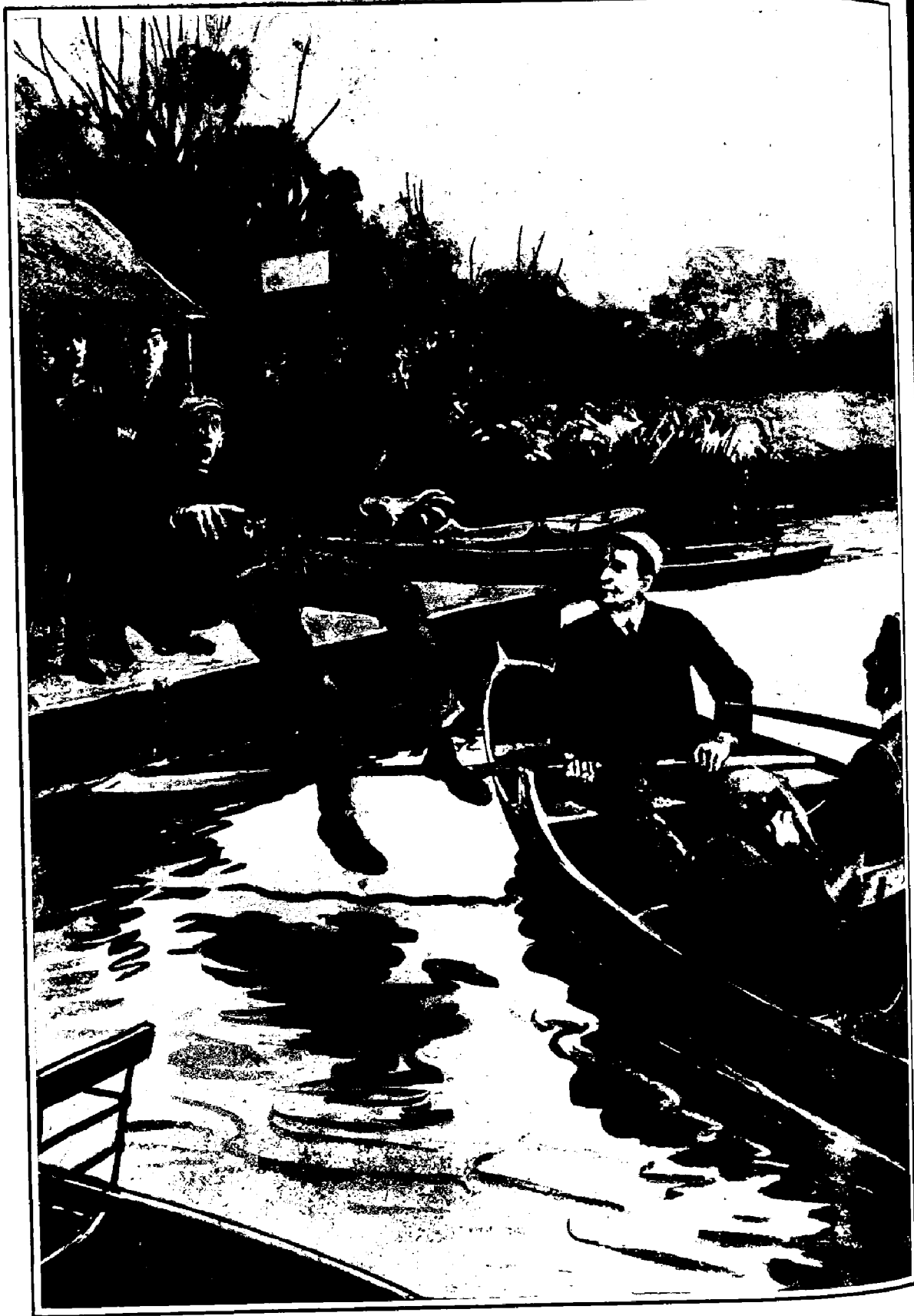
"Did you do anything?" persisted Stanning.

Attell suddenly remembered having noticed that Sheen was wearing a black eye. This was obviously a thing to be turned to account.

"I hit him in the eye," he said. "I'll bet it's coloured by school-time."

And sure enough, when school-time arrived, there was Sheen with his face in the condition described, and Stanning hastened to spread abroad this sequel to the story of Sheen's failings in the town battle. By the end of preparation it had got about the school that Sheen had cheeked Attell, that Attell had hit Sheen, and that Sheen had been afraid to hit him back. At the precise moment when Sheen was in the middle of a warm two-minute round with Francis at the "Blue Boar," an indignation meeting was being held in the senior day-room at Seymour's to discuss this latest disgrace to the house.

"This is getting a bit too thick," was the general opinion. Moreover, it was universally agreed that something ought to be done. The feeling in the house against Sheen had been stirred to a dangerous pitch by this last episode. Seymour's thought more of their reputation than any house in the school. For years past the house had led on the cricket and football field and off it. Sometimes other houses would actually win one of the cups, but, when this happened, Seymour's was always their most



ALBERT, FAILING TO OBTAIN A FOOHOLD ON THE BOAT, FELL BACK.

dangerous rival. Other houses had their ups and downs, were very good one year and very bad the next; but Seymour's had always managed to maintain a steady level of excellence. It always had a man or two in the School eleven and fifteen, generally supplied one of the School Racquets pair for Queen's Club in the Easter vac., and when this did not happen always had one or two of the Gym. Six or Shooting Eight, or a few men who had won scholarships at the 'Varsities. The pride of a house is almost keener than the pride of a school. From the first minute he entered the house a new boy was made to feel that, in coming to Seymour's, he had accepted a responsibility, that his reputation was not his own, but belonged to the house. If he did well, the glory would be Seymour's glory. If he did badly, he would be sinning against the house.

This second story about Sheen, therefore, stirred Seymour's to the extent of giving the house a resemblance to a hornets' nest into which a stone had been hurled. After school that day the house literally hummed. The noise of the two day-rooms talking it over could be heard in the road outside. The only bar that stood between the outraged Seymourites and Sheen was Drummond. As had happened before, Drummond resolutely refused to allow anything in the shape of an active protest, and no argument would draw him from this unreasonable attitude, though why it was that he had taken it up he himself could not have said. Perhaps it was that rooted hatred a boxer instinctively acquires of anything in the shape of unfair play that influenced him. He revolted against the idea of a whole house banding together against one of its members.

So even this fresh provocation did not result in any active interference with Sheen; but it was decided that he must be cut even more thoroughly than before.

And about the time when this was resolved, Sheen was receiving the congratulations of Francis on having positively landed a blow upon him. It was an event which marked an epoch in his career.

CHAPTER XII.

DUNSTABLE AND LINTON GO UP THE RIVER.

HERE are some proud, spirited natures which resent rules and laws on principle as attempts to interfere with the rights of the citizen. As the Duchess in the play said of her son, who had had un-

pleasantness with the authorities at Eton because they had been trying to teach him things, "Silwood is a sweet boy, but he will not stand the bearing-rein." Dunstable was also a sweet boy, but he, too, objected to the bearing-rein. And Linton was a sweet boy, and he had similar prejudices. And this placing of the town out of bounds struck both of them simultaneously as a distinct attempt on the part of the headmaster to apply the bearing-rein.

"It's all very well to put it out of bounds for the kids," said Dunstable firmly, "but when it comes to Us—why, I never heard of such a thing."

Linton gave it as his opinion that such conduct was quite in a class of its own as regarded cool cheek.

"It fairly sneaks," said Linton, with forced calm, "the Garibaldi."

"Kids," proceeded Dunstable judiciously, "are idiots, and can't be expected to behave themselves down town. Put the show out of bounds for them if you like. But We——"

"We!" echoed Linton.

"The fact is," said Dunstable, "it's a beastly nuisance, but we shall have to go down town and up the river just to assert ourselves. We can't have the thin end of the wedge coming and spoiling our liberties. We may as well chuck life altogether if we aren't able to go to the town whenever we like."

"And Albert will be pining away," added Linton.

"Hullo, young gentlemen," said the town boatman, when they presented themselves to him, "what can I do for you?"

"I know it seems strange," said Dunstable, "but we want a boat. We are the Down-trodden British Schoolboys' League for Demanding Liberty and seeing that We Get It. Have you a boat?"

The man said he believed he had a boat. In fact, now that he came to think of it, he rather fancied he had one or two. He proceeded to get one ready, and the two martyrs to the cause stepped in.

Dunstable settled himself in the stern, and collected the rudder-lines.

"Hullo," said Linton, "aren't you going to row?"

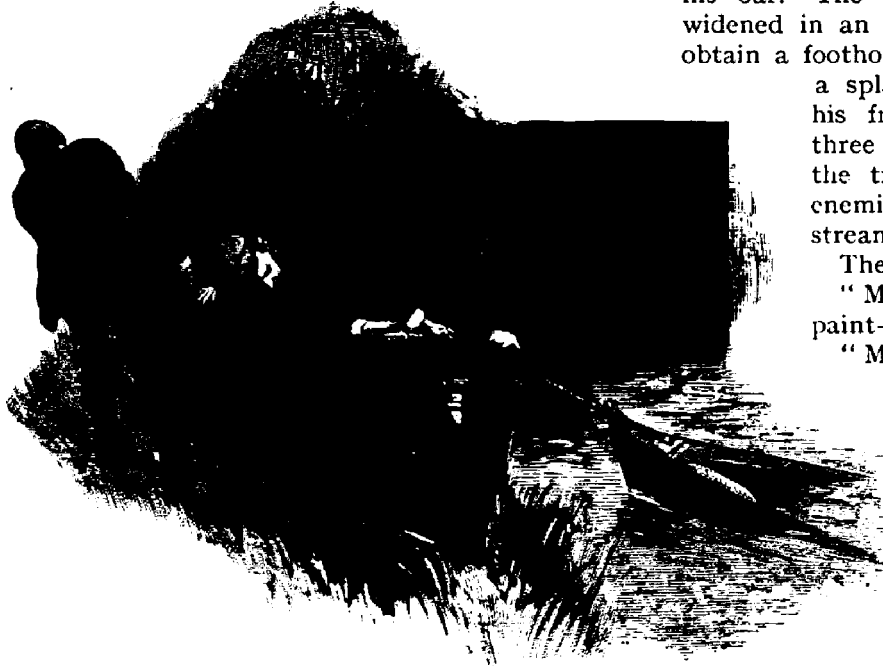
"It may be only my foolish fancy," replied Dunstable, "but I rather think you're going to do that. I'll steer."

"Beastly slacker," said Linton. "Anyhow, how far are we going? I'm not going to pull all night."

"If you row for about half an hour without exerting yourself—and I can trust you not to do that—and then look to your left, you'll see a certain hostelry, if it hasn't moved since I was last there. It's called the 'Blue Boar.' We will have tea there, and then I'll pull gently back, and that will end the programme."

"Except being caught in the town by half the masters," said Linton. "Still, I'm not grumbling. This had to be done. Ready?"

"Not just yet," said Dunstable, looking past Linton and up the landing-stage. "Wait



UP CAME THE NOSE OF THE BOAT.

just one second. Here are some friends of ours."

Linton looked over his shoulder.

"Albert!" he cried.

"And the blighter in the bowler who struck me divers blows in sundry places. Ah, they've sighted us."

"What are you going to do? We can't have another scrap with them."

"Far from it," said Dunstable gently. "Hullo, Albert. And my friend in the moth-eaten bowler! This is well met."

"You come out here," said Albert, pausing on the brink.

"Why?" asked Dunstable.

"You see what you'll get."

"But we don't want to see what we'll get. You've got such a narrow mind, Albert—may I call you Bertie? You seem to think that nobody has any pleasures except vulgar brawls.

We are going to row up the river, and think beautiful thoughts."

Albert was measuring with his eye the distance between the boat and landing-stage. It was not far. A sudden spring. . . .

"If you want a fight, go up to the school and ask for Mr. Drummond. He's the gentleman who sent you to hospital last time. Any time you're passing I'm sure he'd—"

Albert leaped.

But Linton had had him under observation, and, as he sprung, pushed vigorously with his oar. The gap between boat and shore widened in an instant, and Albert, failing to obtain a foothold on the boat, fell back, with a splash that sent a cascade over his friend and the boatman, into three feet of muddy water. By the time he had scrambled out his enemies were moving pensively upstream.

The boatman was annoyed.

"Makin' me wet and spoilin' my paint—what yer mean by it?"

"Me and my friend here we want a boat," said Albert, ignoring the main issue.

"Want a boat! Then you'll not get a boat. Spoil my cushions, too, would you? What next, I wonder! You go to Smith and ask *him* for a boat. Perhaps he ain't so particular about having his cushions—"

"Orl right," said Albert. "Orl right."

Mr. Smith proved more complaisant, and a quarter of an hour after Dunstable and Linton had disappeared, Albert and his friend were on the water. Moist outside, Albert burned within with a desire for Revenge. He meant to follow his men till he found them. It almost seemed as if there would be a repetition of the naval battle which had caused the town to be put out of bounds. Albert was a quick-tempered youth, and he had swallowed fully a pint of Severn water.

Dunstable and Linton sat for some time in the oak parlour of the "Blue Boar." It was late when they went out. As they reached the water's edge Linton uttered a cry of consternation.

"What's up?" asked Dunstable. "I wish you wouldn't do that so suddenly. It gives me a start. Do you feel bad?"

"Great Scott! it's gone."

"The pain?"

"Our boat. I tied it up to this post."

"You can't have done. What's that boat over there? That looks like ours."

"No, it isn't. That was there when we came. I noticed it. I tied ours up here, to this post."

"This is a shade awkward," said Dunstable thoughtfully. "You must have tied it up jolly rottenly. It must have slipped away and gone down stream. This is where we find ourselves in the cart. Right among the rib-stens, by Jove. I feel like that Frenchman in the story, who lost his glasses just as he got to the top of the mountain, and missed the view. Altogether I do not wish I 'ad kom."

"I'm certain I tied it up all right. And—why, look! here's the rope still on the pole, just as I left it."

For the first time Dunstable seemed interested.

"This is getting mysterious. Did we hire a rowing-boat or a submarine? There's something on the end of this rope. Give it a tug, and see. There, didn't you feel it?"

"I do believe," said Linton in an awed voice, "the thing's sunk."

They pulled at the rope together. The waters heaved and broke, and up came the

nose of the boat, to sink back with a splash as they loosened their hold.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth—" said Dunstable, wiping his hands. "If you ask me, I should say an enemy hath done this. A boat doesn't sink of its own accord."

"Albert!" said Linton. "The blackguard must have followed us up and done it while we were at tea."

"That's about it," said Dunstable. "And now—how about getting home?"

"I suppose we'd better walk. We shall be hours late for lock-up."

"You," said Dunstable, "may walk if you are fond of exercise and aren't in a hurry. Personally, I'm going back by river."

"But—"

"That looks a good enough boat over there. Anyhow, we must make it do. One mustn't be particular for once."

"But it belongs—what will the other fellow do?"

"I can't help *his* troubles," said Dunstable mildly, "having enough of my own. Coming?"

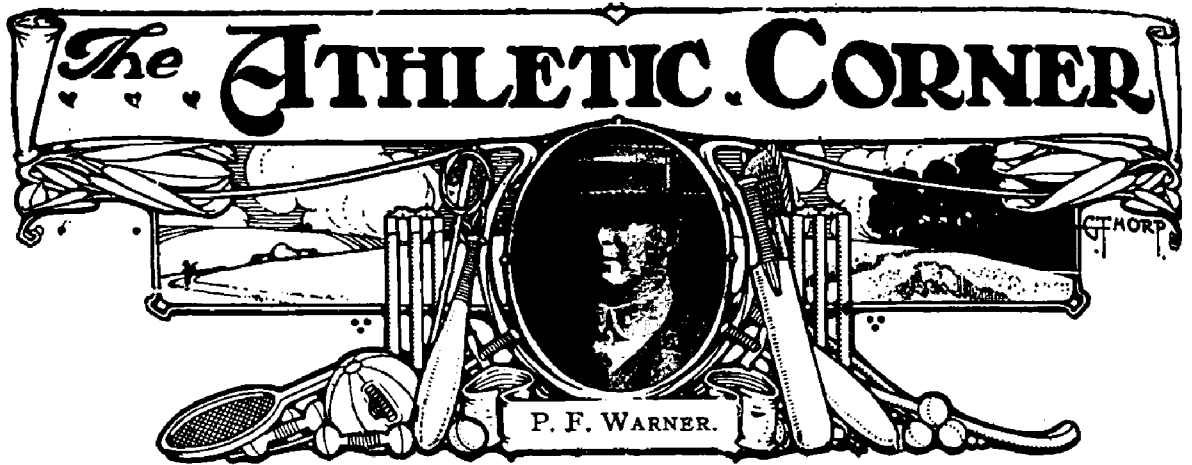
It was about ten minutes later that Sheen, approaching the waterside in quest of his boat, found no boat there. The time was a quarter to six, and lock-up was at six-thirty.

(To be continued.)



BOYS' CLUBS.

AN excellent plan for promoting systematic reading amongst the boys is to organise reading circles in connection with the library. Hold monthly or fortnightly meetings. Take, in turn, the great writers. Tell the story of their lives, and illustrate your talks with photographs or other pictures, or, better still, with lantern slides. This method will be found of great value in getting boys to read the great authors, and just as you will obtain their sympathies through the medium of the recreation-room for greater things, so you may take advantage of the average boy's natural love of fiction, and guide him through the influence of these little meetings to study other subjects. Let history, science, nature, and poetry be well represented on the library shelves. Appeal also to the healthy love which every boy has for hobbies, and let him find in the library all the help he wants in order to specialise. All the best school tales should find a place on the shelves, headed by "Tom Brown," and including without exception all the stories from the pen of the late Talbot Baines Reed, which in their own special sphere are matchless.—From *Problems of a Scottish Provincial Town*, by J. H. WHITEHOUSE.



OUR TEAM FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

THE days have long gone by since England was the only country in which cricket flourished; for the game is played, and played well, too, in every corner of the British Empire. It has been my good fortune to play cricket not only on all the principal grounds in England but also in a good many quarters of the globe—in the West Indies, in the United States, in Canada, in South Africa, in New Zealand, in Australia, and even in Portugal. In the course of seven tours I have covered over 130,000 miles by land and sea, and by the time this article appears in *THE CAPTAIN* I shall have started on my eighth tour, this time as a member of



HOW WE SHALL AMUSE OURSELVES DURING THE VOYAGE.

the Marylebone Club team for South Africa; indeed, Mr. Aflalo has called me "The Odysseus of Cricket."

Hitherto English elevens for South Africa have been engineered by some prominent individual cricketer—Lord Hawke, for example—but that the M.C.C. are the proper body to manage such a tour will be pretty generally conceded. Until they sent out a team to Australia in September 1903, the M.C.C. took no practical interest in these expeditions abroad; and it is a sign of the times that they have awakened to an interest in the game outside England; otherwise their claim to be the leading cricket organisation in the world would seem to be merely local.

In any review of South African cricket the first thing to be remembered is that there is not a grass wicket to be seen from the Cape to the Zambesi, cocoa-nut matting being used everywhere. On the Newlands ground, Cape Town, and also at Port Elizabeth, the matting is stretched on a rough coarse weed, called by courtesy grass—but which is a mere apology for what we call grass in England—and this makes a wicket on which a bowler ought always to be able to make the ball turn. Haigh brought off some great feats on this kind of wicket for Lord Hawke's eleven in the winter of 1898-1899, for he thought nothing of pitching 6 in. outside the off stump and then hitting the leg stump.

Cape Town and Port Elizabeth and, I believe, Durban, are the only cricket grounds in South Africa which can boast of a grass out-field; all the other grounds are innocent of a blade of grass, being nothing, indeed, but a reddish-brown sand—very similar to the sand on the sea-shore—rolled into a flat hard surface. The



J. H. SINCLAIR.

The best all-round cricketer in South Africa.

Photo. T. G. Foster.

matting, which is usually dyed green or peacock blue, is stretched on this sand, being kept in its place by pins at the ends and sides, and this makes a very fast and true wicket, while there is little chance of saving the boundary if the ball gets past a fielder. This sort of wicket favours the batsman when he becomes accustomed to it, for though at first the pace of the ball off the matting is apt to put him off, once he has got his eye in he can make any amount of forcing strokes on both sides of the wicket, for the ball does not often hang on the pitch. But even on this kind of wicket a bowler with plenty of finger-spin, like Blythe or Haigh, ought to be able to make the ball break, and R. O. Schwarz, it is said, often breaks more than the width of the wicket; so that batsmen and bowlers alike have a chance of distinguishing themselves.

The difficulty which frequently besets a captain on turf wickets, as to which roller he shall put on at the commencement of his side's innings, or at the beginning of the day's play, is removed, for no rolling of the matting is necessary. Towards the end of an innings the matting is apt to become a trifle loose, and in this case the last few batsmen have the worst

of the wicket. Winning or losing the toss, of course, makes no difference, and rain, too, has little or no effect on the state of the pitch. I have seen the Wanderers' ground at Johannesburg under water and resembling a lake, and yet play has been in progress three-quarters of an hour after the rain had stopped.

A captain may if he desires—and it is wisest to do so—have the matting stretched tight before his side goes in to bat. In that case the pins are removed from the matting, which is then pulled tight and firmly pinned into the ground. As a rule, however, merely the end pins are removed, the matting given a pull, the pins replaced, and the matting swept, for pieces of grit and sand are apt to collect on the matting. The length of the matting varies—or used to vary—on different grounds, and one often found oneself standing at the wicket with both feet off the matting, at another time with both feet on, and at another with one foot off and the other on the matting; while at Cape Town the pins which kept the matting down were placed just where nine batsmen out of ten put their right leg. The inconvenience of this may well be imagined,



R. O. SCHWARZ.

Used to play for Middlesex. Now one of the best men in his adopted country. Might win a match with his slow bowling in half a dozen overs, and a dashing bat.

Photo. T. G. Foster



L. J. TANCRED.
The crack bat of South Africa.
Photo. T. G. Foster.

and it should be very easy to pass a law making the matting uniform throughout the country. The width of the matting varies between 9 and 10 ft., and the ordinary spikes one uses in England are quite useless and have to be replaced by a flat nail. These matting wickets undoubtedly improve one's batting, for to make runs consistently one must, beyond and above everything else, watch the ball; and I believe that C. B. Fry dates his improvement from an ordinarily good into a great batsman from the tour he made in South Africa with Lord Hawke's first team in the winter of 1895-96.

Speaking generally, cricket on a matting wicket is not such a good game as cricket on turf, but there are many advantages in playing on it, for runs, except at Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, always come fast; the wickets fall comparatively quickly, and there is seldom anything like excessive scoring. The bright, dazzling light is often trying, for, though it is excellent for batting, a high catch takes a lot of judging, though constant practice ought to remedy this.

South African cricket is not at present up to the Australian standard, but the South

African team showed such good all-round form in this country in the summer of 1904 that there is no reason why, in a few years, it should not attain to that standard. Captained by F. Mitchell, the old Cambridge and Yorkshire cricketer, who has made South Africa his home, they had a very good record, for they lost but three matches, and included in their thirteen victories was a splendid win over an England eleven at Lord's. Their strength consisted in the all-round excellence of three of their players—J. H. Sinclair, R. O. Schwarz, and G. C. White; and L. J. Tancred, F. Mitchell, and M. Halhorne were thoroughly good and reliable batsmen. J. J. Kotze showed himself a fine fast bowler who could keep up his great pace—and Kotze is as fast as Cotter—for a considerable time; and his work, combined with that of Sinclair and Schwarz, rendered the South Africans a strong bowling side. All these men, as well as E. A. Halliwell, one of the best wicket-keepers in the world, and W. A. Shalders, are pretty certain to play for South Africa again, though it is said that Mitchell has given up match-cricket; but, as he is constantly practising at the nets on the Wanderers' ground, he may be



J. J. KOTZE.
A great bowler—the Cotter of South Africa.
Photo. T. G. Foster.

induced to represent his adopted country once more.

However good the bowling opposed to them, the South Africans are bound to score freely at Johannesburg, as nine or ten of the test team will be Transvaal men who know their own wicket; indeed, the Transvaal eleven of to-day is, with the notable exception of Kotze, who comes from Cape Town, practically a test eleven; and our matches with the Transvaal, of which there are to be two, I believe, should be as interesting as the test matches.

Nowadays it is not easy to find men who can spare the time for a six months' trip abroad, and though the M.C.C. would doubtless have liked to have had some of the greatest reputations among our amateur cricketers on their side, they have, in spite of many disappointments, succeeded in collecting a very good eleven, as the following names will show. P. F. Warner (capt.), Capt. E. G. Wynyard, F. L. Fane, J. N. Crawford, L. J. Moon, H. D. Leveson-Gower, J. C. Hartley, Denton, Haigh, Board, Lees, Hayes, Blythe, and Relf. Particularly strong in quality and varied in style is the bowling with Blythe, Haigh, Lees, J. N. Crawford, Relf, and Hayes; and the batting cannot be weak when it is probable that Haigh will have to go in No. 9 in the test matches. But it is in bowling that our strength should lie. It is just a question, is it not, whether Rhodes is a better left-hander than Blythe?—some cricketers think the former is, some the latter. Haigh is almost the most difficult bowler in England on a sticky or crumbled wicket, and was immensely successful with Lord Hawke's second team in South Africa; Lees is Surrey's sheet-anchor, and a fine medium to fast right-handed bowler who never tires and who took more wickets than any other bowler in England last summer; Relf was the best all-round man in the Sussex eleven last summer, when he took over a hundred wickets and scored a thousand runs; Hayes bowls leg breaks with a deceptive action; and J. N. Crawford is the best public-school cricketer that has appeared since A. G. Steel was at Marlborough in 1877—and it may be doubted whether even Steel was as good an all-round cricketer then as Crawford is now. So much for the bowling of the side. What about the batting? Here I place special reliance on Denton, Hayes, and Capt. Wynyard. Denton was one of the greatest batsmen in England last season. He scored over two thousand runs, and came off in match after match with wonderful consistency. Then, he has long been famed as the best out-field in the world.

a dead-sure catch, a fine return, and a fast runner. Hayes was only just outside one of the England elevens. A free and dashing hitter, whose guiding principle seems to be to attack the bowler and not to allow the bowler to attack him, he is, too, one of the most efficient slips in England. Capt. Wynyard has won nearly every honour the cricket-field can bestow. He has played for England in England; was invited by A. E. Stoddart to join his Australian team in 1897; has more than once represented the Gentlemen *v.* the Players; is the finest cricketer the Army has turned out; has scored three centuries in succession, and once made



G. C. WHITE.

Who made such a favourable impression when on tour in England.

Photo. T. G. Foster.

268 for Hampshire against Yorkshire. A close watcher of the ball, and therefore a strong defensive player, Capt. Wynyard is also a fine hitter and particularly skilful at forcing balls round on the on-side. F. L. Fane, the Essex captain, with his hard forward play and variety of off-side strokes, ought to be a useful man on the matting. With Lord Hawke's team in New Zealand he did very well, as also in the West Indies, and though he was not consistent in his scoring last season, he made a couple of hundreds for his county, one of them



DENTON.

One of the best batsmen in England last season and a wonderful fielder.

Photo. T. G. Foster.



HAYES.

An admirable all-round cricketer.

Photo. T. G. Foster.

against the Yorkshire bowlers. Of the remaining amateurs, Moon has made a hundred against the Australians, and is a dangerous and attractive bat, though not a good starter; Leveson-Gower was one of the best captains Oxford ever had, and a batsman with a happy knack of rising to the occasion; and Hartley was in the Oxford eleven and a successful bowler for Sussex before he went into the Army and was lost to big cricket.

For a wicket-keeper we have Board, little, if at all, inferior to Lilley, and a good man for a long tour, as his hands last well. He brings off every now and then sensational saves on the leg-side. He is a capital and much-improved batsman. A few years ago he was too fond of the hook stroke; now he plays sound cricket, and made over a thousand runs last season. He is a keen and happy worker, and a good man in an eleven in more ways than one.

Finally, the fielding ought to be good, for there is no lack of slips and long-fielders, the most important positions apart from the wicket-keeper.

Readers of THE CAPTAIN may improve their

knowledge of geography during the winter if they will follow us from place to place in South Africa. Arriving at Cape Town about November 28, we play against the Western Province eleven. Here we shall meet the redoubtable Kotze, but apart from him the Western Province are reported to be rather weak. We are due at Johannesburg for Christmas, and on the way there, a distance of 1000 miles from the Cape, we shall no doubt pitch stumps, probably at Bloemfontein. At Johannesburg we stay some time, the first test match being arranged for the first week in January; and from the Transvaal we pass Standerton, Newcastle, Ladysmith—through all the country in which the hardest fighting took place in the late war—to Maritzburg and Durban. Then to Port Elizabeth and Kimberley, then back to Johannesburg for the second test match, and eventually to Cape Town for the third and final England v. South Africa game. According to present arrangements we are not likely to go to Rhodesia, where Lord Hawke's team had a delightful time, but at Pretoria and Potchefstroom we are to meet elevens representing the Army in South Africa—games

which should be amongst the most interesting and enjoyable of the tour. An expedition to the Zambesi Falls depends on whether the visit to Rhodesia is arranged or not, though if there is time between the matches it may be possible to travel thither from Kimberley.

A comparison between Lord Hawke's eleven and the M.C.C. eleven may be interesting, and help us to forecast in some way the probable result of the tour.

Lord Hawke's XI., 1898-1899.—Lord Hawke, P. F. Warner, F. Mitchell, C. E. M. Wilson, F. W. Milligan, H. R. Bromley-Davenport, A. G. Archer, Haigh, Board, Trott, Cuttell, and Tyldesley.

M.C.C. Team, 1905-1906.—P. F. Warner, Capt. Wynyard, J. N. Crawford, F. L. Fane, H. D. Leveson-Gower, L. J. Moon, J. C. Hartley, Haigh, Board, Blythe, Lees, Denton, Hayes, and Relf.

Lord Hawke had only twelve men—too few for a tour of twenty-five matches, lasting five and a half months. The M.C.C. are wisely sending out fourteen men—this number providing a wide margin against casualties. Lord Hawke's eleven did very well indeed, going through the tour unbeaten, though one of the test matches was a very near thing; but on paper, at all events, the M.C.C. combination is decidedly stronger—stronger in batting and

stronger in bowling. At the same time it must be remembered that the South Africans have made great strides in recent years. Their visits to England in 1901 and 1904, and the short tour of the Australians in South Africa in 1902, did them a tremendous amount of good, and there can be no doubt that they are a difficult side to beat in their own country, as the Australians themselves discovered. Still, touring teams, from constantly playing together, have a way of welding themselves into a stronger and more harmonious whole than one expects to find them—the M.C.C. team in Australia affords a good example—and we ought to make our opponents go the whole way, though, in my opinion, it is just a shade of odds on the South Africans winning two out of the three test matches. As may be imagined, a ball spins much more quickly off a matting wicket than off a grass one, and as R. O. Schwarz and G. C. White are bowlers with a big break—Schwarz from the off, and White from leg—they are almost sure to be difficult to play on the matting. Here South Africa should have something of a pull, but I have a strong impression that most of our bowlers will be suited by the matting wickets, and that the South Africans will find runs by no means easy to get. On the whole, then, it may be said that the two elevens could not be better matched, and I shall be surprised if we do not have some highly exciting cricket.



Sparkes' Christmas Party.



by H. Hervey.

THE hero of this story is not unknown to CAPTAIN readers; he is my old chum, F. S. Sparkes, who has more than once been accorded the honour of figuring in these pages. Turn up your back volumes for 1899-1901, and you will find something about him.

We met again after an interval of several years, during which Sparkes had not moved; he was a railway company man—not like me, subject to governmental pitch-forkings from one end of the peninsula to the other. Anyhow, the latest of these propulsions landed me on familiar ground, and in the course of my first outing I stumbled across my friend at

Jimmancherla, the identical spot where I first made his acquaintance. A transmogrified Jimmancherla, for since I saw it last a new State Railway had junctioned in; the existing buildings, now inadequate, were being substituted by new ones, and the work was approaching completion when I reappeared on the scene. Sparkes, still a bachelor, had just become Chief Traffic Officer, and as I recognised his well-known form near the new station and hastened towards him, I wondered whether he had altered as little inwardly as outwardly.

"Well, old chap," I cried, as we gripped hands, "what brings you to this one-horse hole now that you are your own boss?"

"Come up to inspect progress. How long are you here for?"

"As long as I choose. I'm not tied down to time now. Why?"

"I've a thing or two on, and shall be jolly glad of your help."

The old, old story! When had he *not* something on?

"Tiger?" I questioned pithily.

"No; I'm going to give a dance, and hunt out some cobras."

Dance-giving and cobra-hunting! Were two greater incongruities possible? True, the latter was in keeping with his leanings; as for the other, could anything be less suggestive of the man who hated all conventionalities?

"What do you mean?" I asked, gazing at him.

"Look at that!" was the reply, pushing open a door of the new station house. "I'm giving the hop before they put up the partitions. The women are everlastingly grumbling about the want of wood to caper on, and, though I'm no dancer, I bet you there's not a boarded floor like this anywhere out of Government House."

"Well?"

"Well, now that I'm able to do so, I'm just going to pay off at one fell swoop all my debts of hospitality to people up and down the line by giving a dinner and dance here."

"Hum. And what about the cobra-hunt?"

He pointed to a row of old buildings away across the main-line metals. "Those are the lock-ups and police lines. While the old goods shed was being demolished, they disturbed a heap of cobras. Our drivers and chaps killed some, but many escaped, and have taken possession of the police lines, where they have been seen sneaking about, and as the bobbies will not stay there we have had to put the beggars under canvas," indicating some small tents beyond.

"And has no one gone for the snakes?"

"Bless you—yes! Everything has been tried barring digging them out, which I shall do after the dance. They are as cunning as cats and I have not been able to squash one yet."

"When is the dance?" I inquired, still in a daze.

"Day after to-morrow. The drivers and fellows will jim up the place with flags and stuff while the grub, servants, and all the rest of it come in from the Bulhuri Club."

"And the guests?"

"From Paddakka, Bulhuri, Sandyal, and

Tennigunta. Can't ask folks from too far, as there's no sleeping accommodation for them here yet. I did think of tents, but they wouldn't do in this weather; so the people will just run out by the evening and run home by the morning locals—which happen to fit."

"What about music?"

"The Gliederpupples will supply that."

"Who are the Gliederpupples?"

"Old German engineer chap on the State Railway, and his wife. They come in from Sandyal, bringing their instruments with them. Mrs. G. will thump the piano while he brays on his cornet. But come along to my tents for breakfast. You must put up with me."

We passed those two days talking over old times and perfecting arrangements for the fandango. Matters dovetailed nicely. The four evening and morning locals came in and left within a few minutes of each other, and, as the four night through mails would use the old platform, we would not be disturbed.

My chum's tents were pitched not far from the old station, and as we sat outside after dinner on the second night, the mail from Bombay came in between ten and eleven. When she had gone on we heard voices in altercation on the platform, and presently some one carrying a hand-lamp came towards us.

"Who are you?" demanded Sparkes, as the individual halted and *salaamed*.

"Moses Pillay, your honour, assistant station master. First this is occasion that I am privileged to address your excellence. I have studied up to B.A. standard, but failed for civil service, so——"

"Confound your B.A. standard!" growled Sparkes. "What's that row on the platform, my worthy classic?"

"For that only I am posting haste report to your honour. Sir, there is fierce contumacious European alighted from mail; he has unloaded vast box and one bag of druggut. He is speaking no any language that soul comprehends, sir; therefore, I am thinking that your honour may interpret cryptological jargon. He——"

"Stow your slack—not so much phrasemongering, please! Pity I did not know you before, or you'd not be such a dictionary-spouter. Where's the chap now?"

Moses Pillay, however, was not to be denied: he wished to show off the results of his education "up to B.A. standard," so continued. "On platform, your honour. He is holding all people in bay by unbridled ferocity of mien and threatening of the lumpéd fist-i-cuff. Already he has bestowed asault with foot in

stomach of police sergeant : miserable heathen is suffering grief and pain."

"Not a Briton, by all accounts, eh? Come on, Hervey, we'll go and look."

We found a big, burly, shabbily dressed fellow seated on a large deal-wood case and hugging a carpet bag; the station people—many carrying lamps—had formed a ring round him, but at a respectful distance. The native police sergeant lay groaning on a bench, with the railway apothecary attending on him.

"Hey! Parley Frongsay?" queried Sparkes, mustering all the French he knew.

The stranger shrugged his shoulders.

"You try, Hervey," said my chum.

I did, but only to elicit a repetition of the shrug.

"Look here," exclaimed Sparkes, seizing the man by the arm and—big though he was—jumping him to his feet as if he were a child, "who are you at all?"

The fellow seemed to realise that his question must not be trifled with. "Parlate Italiana, signori?" he inquired civilly enough.

We shook our heads; he scratched his, and then, as if drumming up his stock of English, he said—disjointedly, "Two mansa—Napoli—oon mansa Inglezia speak—come two daysa." following this up by exhibiting a dirty piece of paper on which was scrawled "Tomaso Zanardi, Bulhuri, via Jimmancherla Junction."

"Humph! I see it," observed Sparkes. "One of those image-sellers you occasionally knock against in this country: the box contains his stock of saints and angels. He has come on ahead, and his English-speaking mate is following. So he kicked the police sergeant—did he?"

"Yes, your honour," replied Moses Pillay, who had constituted himself spokesman. "As soon as the guard put him and his luggage down, sir, he showed ticket and cried many times, 'Bulhuri! Bulhuri!' and when we tried by medium of symbol to explain that he must wait for morning local, and that he better go to sleep on bench, he bounced all sides, sir, and abused us—I think—in foreign lingo. We all got afraid, and when police sergeant screwed courage and went near to coerce him, the passenger kicked poor man in stomach."

"Well, to prevent his doing more mischief we'll put him in quod till his pal turns up, and then lug him before the sub-magistrate for assaulting the police. No use speaking to the fellow without an interpreter of some kind. Come along, you," said Sparkes, signing to the Italian, who followed quite docilely, for no doubt he recognised more than his match

in the tall Englishman who had just given him a taste of his muscles. We put him and his traps into the cleanest lock-up; we gave him a *charpoy* or native bed to lie on, and, furnishing him with some eatables and a jug of water obtained from the refreshment-room, left the image merchant under charge of the police.

In the morning we visited Zanardi, when the police corporal reported that he had given no trouble. The refreshment-room people were ordered to feed him regularly, and we awaited the arrival of his companion to go into the case.

The day wore on. The decorations were completed, and finishing touches put to the floor. The good things for dinner and supper, in charge of a posse of club servants, arrived from Bulhuri by the afternoon local, and the sun went down. As the guests would soon be coming in, we two donned our dress clothes—to be ready to receive them for 7.30 dinner.

"The State local is about due," observed Sparkes, glancing at his watch as we paced the new platform. As he spoke, a porter handed him a telegram.

"Who the dickens is this from?" he muttered, moving towards the nearest hanging lamp. He opened the missive, perused it, and then relieved his feelings with a few well-chosen words which were rendered all the more expressive by the grim quietude of his tone.

"What's the row?" I inquired.

"What's the row? Read that!" fumed Sparkes, holding the paper before my eyes.

It was a cry-off from the Gliederpupples, who could not come!

"That's unfortunate!" I exclaimed, genuinely sympathising with the poor chap. "What will you do?"

"Turn it into a Christmas-game party, unless I can unearth something the way of music here. Confound those Gliederpupples! Why didn't they send their piano, at all events, on the chance of some fool being here to bang it? Gapps!"

Gapps was a driver, converted for the nonce into gentlemen's cloak-room attendant. Mrs. Gapps was to control the tea and coffee and light refreshments. Both were in their places.

"Yessir!" said Gapps, doubling up.

"Any pianists here?"

"My wife plays, sir."

"Good! and have you a piano?"

"No, sir; we sold it some months ago. I can play the bones and tambourine, sir," added Gapps, modestly.

"Hang your bones and tambourine!" shouted Sparkes. "Is—there—a—piano—in—the—place?"

"No, sir."

"Of course not! Well, can you muster any musical instrument with some one to play it? Cornet, flute, fiddle, concertina?"

"Pedroza has an accordion, sir, but a mouse damaged it."

"Bless that mouse! Well, no others?"

"Only O'Shamus, who has a musical box, sir, but it is broken," replied Gapps, suppressing an inclination to grin.

"Can you whistle, Gapps?" queried Sparkes, presently.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"How many of you drivers are off duty now?"

"Including the State men, about seven, sir."

"Can any of them whistle?"

"Oh, yes, all of them, sir," answered Gapps confidently.

"Dance music? in tune? together?"

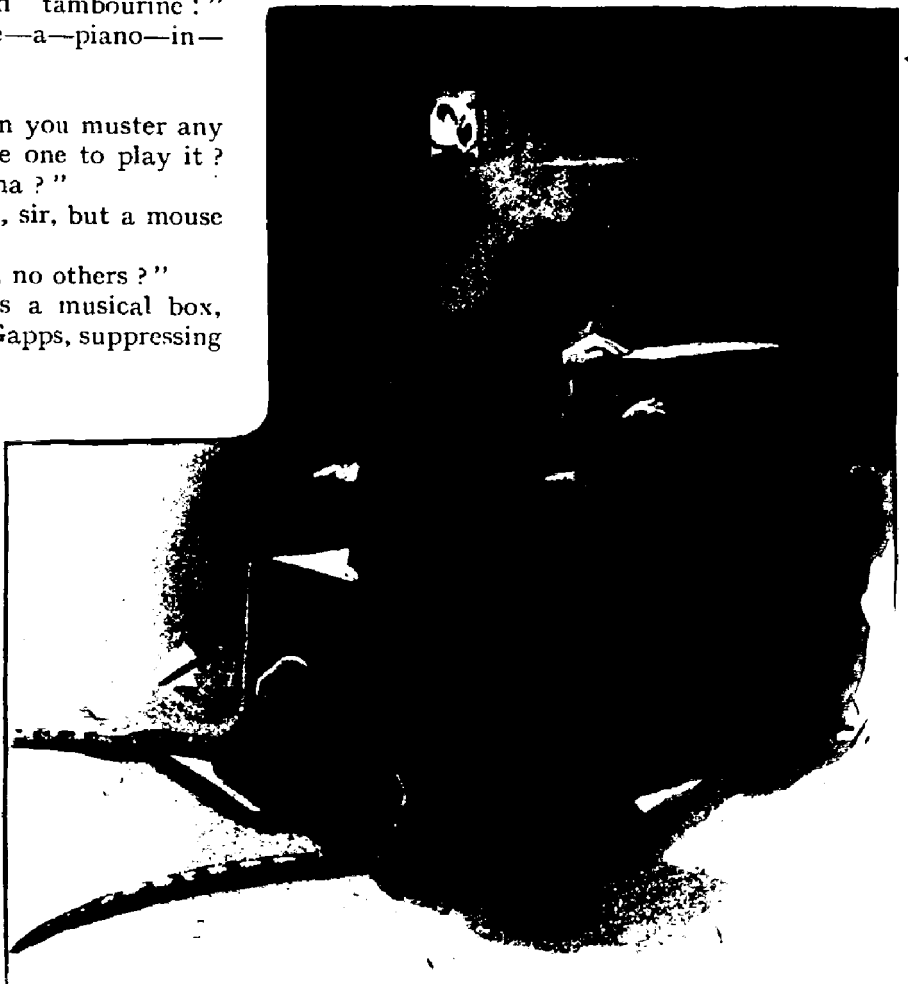
Gapps' jaw dropped. "N-no, sir, I think not; leastaways, we've never tried. I thought you meant engine-whistling, sir."

Sparkes stared at the man, and then, in spite of his vexation, burst out laughing, in which I joined.

"You're a fat-head to think anything of the kind. Come on, Hervey," hooking my arm; "here's the up local. Back me in facing the folks: they'll be wild—I'm afraid."

But the anticipation was worse than the reality. The four trains bringing the guests came up within a short space of each other: Sparkes—aided by me—explained the quandary and apologised profusely for disappointing them; they all took it, very good-naturedly, and agreed to the Christmas games as a happy *pis aller*. We had a cheery dinner, after which the company adjoined to the "ball"-room, and my poor friend looked disconsolately on while several couples dumbshowed a waltz, and pronounced the floor perfection.

"Never mind, Mr. Sparkes," said a lady soothingly, "the floor will do just as well for romping, won't it?" appealing in general.



TWO LARGE COBRAS WERE CLOSE BEHIND THE UNCONSCIOUS ITALIAN!

A chorus of assent, and it was decided to commence with a game of General Post.

We were taking up positions when a man bawled across the room, "I say, Sparkes! you're wanted."

Glancing towards the end doors I observed a group of constables, who, judging from their affrighted looks, had seen a ghost or Holofernes himself. Moses Pillay—bearing a lamp—headed them. I followed my chum to the doors and the guests crowded round.

"Well, you talking-machine, what's the matter now?" inquired Sparkes.

"Your honour," commenced Moses Pillay, on his mettle at this unprecedented opportunity of airing his English, and contemptuously waving his lamp at the covering policemen, "these effete legal limbs have deserted ward, averring that fearful European is indulging in furious bombast within confinement hold,

which has so bereft police of mother wits that they took heel and reported to Mr. Alvarez the station master that European has metamorphosed to ancient Nicholas. Mr. Alvarez has ordered me to bring recreant sops to you, our chief superior on spot."

The "chief superior on spot" eyed Moses Pilly as if he would have liked to eat the fellow, and would, no doubt, have let loose on him even in the presence of the ladies had I not cut in by asking the police in the vernacular to explain.

"The man kept quiet, sir," faltered the trembling corporal, "till after his dinner at eight o'clock, when we heard him moving his box about the room. We deemed this no harm, so did not interfere; but presently, sir, there came such fearful noises that we fled to the station master and told him that we could not guard a demon."

"Describe the noises," I demanded, after translating the above for the behoof of those ignorant of the language.

"Squeaks, groans, bellows, sir, all mixed up together!"

"Let's go and see," suggested Sparkes, whereupon several of us men, taking sticks and hand-lamps, set out for the lock-up. Not a native followed.

"I say, what the thingamy is that?" exclaimed Sparkes, halting as an unusual droning noise fell indistinctly on our ears.

"Your prisoner at his 'furious bombast' chuckled a man.

We hurried on.

"Sounds uncommonly like the Valentine Galop to me," observed one of the party as we again paused and regarded each other inquiringly.

"It's a harmonium or something somewhere," asserted another, after we had again moved forward.

I also recognised the Valentine, and then, when it was succeeded by the Guards' Waltz, the truth flashed upon me.

"Tell you what, Sparkes," I cried exultingly, "he's no more an image merchant than you are. That box contained a reed organ, which the fellow is amusing himself with. He'll provide the dance music, or I'm a Dutchman!"

"If he does, I'll see him through his scrape with the police," replied my chum. "Come on; let's squint through the rear loophole before we trot the beggar and his machine over to the room."

Advancing gingerly, we made for the small barred window at the back of the cell, through which the strains of a polka mazurka were now floating into the night air. The aperture was

about five feet from the ground; we crowded to it, and with difficulty controlled ourselves from laughing aloud. A lantern illumined the apartment; Zanardi was seated, with his profile towards us, on the now empty box, and on the *charpoy* stood a handsomely decorated, brand-new organ, which he was grinding. But our mirth was speedily cut short, for, as our eyes wandered about the cell, we saw the gruesome shapes of two large cobras—laid out straight on the floor—close behind the unconscious Italian! A slight effort on the part of either reptile would enable it to strike the man on almost any portion of his body; but it was quite plain that at that moment the snakes, lured into the room by the droning music, were under its charm! Those of us who knew anything of these infernal serpents realised the terribly dangerous position of the poor foreigner, for directly he discontinued grinding, the spell would cease, the man would make some movement, and in all probability the snakes would sting him: What was to be done?

"Look here," whispered Sparkes, as we shifted aside to consult, "we must get him out of that. Won't do to warn the beggar, for he'd stop grinding; he'd not spot the snakes at once; he'd not twig what we were saying, and the brutes would have their fangs into him to a certainty."

"Aye," said a man, "and the worst of it is he may stop at any moment of his own accord—with the same result."

"I know, and there's not a moment to lose. Two of you come with me; there's no room for more: we'll burst open the door, jump in all together, and spifigate the snakes—see?"

Without more words Sparkes, I, and Barry, an engineer, crept round to the front, and depositing our lamps on the ground prepared to act. The others followed—to help if necessary.

"Kick together when I raise my hand," admonished Sparkes.

The signal came; we kicked; the door gave; in we rushed, and almost before the startled Italian could move his fingers off the organ handle we three had fallen on those serpents and pounded their lives out.

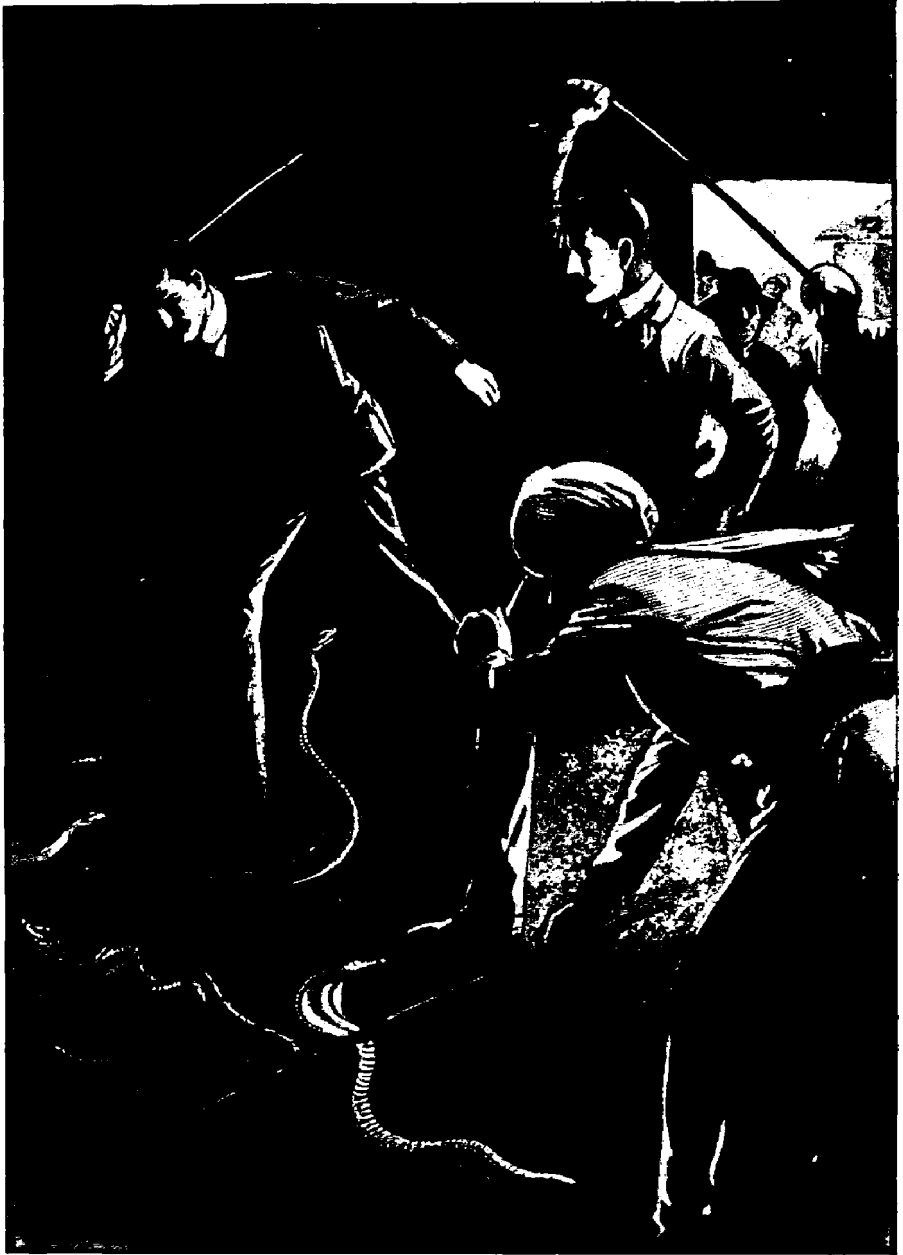
"Now then," panted the delighted Sparkes, slapping the still dumbfounded foreigner on the back, "you've done *your* term! You are just the fellow we want, so come along. Oh, that's all right," added my friend as the organ-man with tears in his eyes addressed us in voluble Italian. Though not comprehending a word, we understood that he was thanking us for saving him from the snakes, for our mode of dealing with those two reptiles must have

convinced him that they were of a highly dangerous species. We all tallied on, lifted the instrument, and returned in triumph to the new station, where, after appeasing the curiosity of the guests, Sparkes installed Zanardi at his machine in a corner of the ball-room, signed to him to grind away, and lo! dancing began forthwith. I have no space to describe that enjoyable night. The organ played only dance music of all kinds; it, indeed, proved a veritable godsend, and my chum's festivity, which had threatened to be a comparative fiasco so far as dancing was concerned, turned out an unqualified success.

Day dawned: like all things, the dance came to an end, and, in due course, we saw the guests off by their respective trains. Zanardi was left to hunker wherever he liked, while we, weary but happy, tumbled into bed, and slept till late.

On awaking in the afternoon we were informed that the police sergeant was better, also that another foreigner had arrived by the up-day train, and was now with Zanardi at the new station. Hurrying over breakfast we went across and found the two together. Zanardi must have told his story, for at our approach the new-comer swept the ground with his sombrero-like hat and said, "Gentlemen, my name ees Guiseppe Potterelli; I am ver soore that thees man deed trouble to you; I hope you weel pardon to heem."

"Of course!" replied Sparkes heartily. "The chap he kicked is all square, so I'll see there is no bother made. Your fellow quite atoned for his rumpus by furnishing the music for our dance."



SIMULTANEOUSLY WE BOUNDED IN AND THE FLOOR BECAME COVERED WITH MUTILATED SERPENTS.

"Ah, sare," resumed Potterelli with feeling. "he has told me the snayk! You gentilmans deed save hees life! I and he do pray Sancta Maria bless you!"

"Never mind that. Tell us what you chaps are doing here."

At this, Potterelli produced some papers from which—coupled with his own explanations—we gathered that the men were taking the organ to the Rajah of Chippuldroog, a small native state near Bulhuri. The Rajah had ordered the instrument of a Neapolitan firm, giving instructions that it should play English dance

tunes, and that two men should accompany the organ to India on a fixed salary under agreement for a year; one--which was Potterelli--to speak English, know all about the mechanism of the machine, and be capable of repairing and tuning it; the other--Zanardi--as an assistant to the former. Potterelli, who had been detained at Bombay, sent on Zanardi with the organ; he following later.

"I've heard of the beggar," observed Sparkes, alluding to the Chippuldroog Rajah. "He is a rich young ass, who has just succeeded his father, and is going in for entertaining Europeans, so he has supplied himself with ready-made dance music by importing this blessed thing."

"Have we permeesion, sare, to go to our way?" now asked Potterelli.

"Hold on till to-morrow. I'll make it worth your while."

"Ver good, sare: weel you gceve anoder danze thees evening?"

"You be shot--no!"

I wondered what was coming.

"Look here, Hervey," said Sparkes, taking me aside, "I want to chaw up those cobras."

"So you did, last night."

"Two; but I'm sure there are lots more of them."

"Most probably: there are holes enough."

"And if we give them another tune-up with the organ they'd come out and become obfuscated, like the two first. Easier than digging them out."

"Suppose so. What are you going to do?"

"Lug this thing back now to the lock-up, get one of these chaps to grind, and we go for the snakes as we did last night."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed angrily. "Do you think after the risk he unconsciously ran that Zanardi would incur it again--with his eyes open, he or the other fellow?"

"I'll ask them."

He put the question, and, as I expected, both men firmly refused to do the needful--for any money.

"Hang it then! I'll wind the machine if you'll nip in and help me to smash the varmints, Hervey."

I gazed at him, stupefied. I knew the man to be plucky to the verge of insanity; I knew him to be pig-headed to a degree; but in this instance he proposed out-heroding Herod. At the same time, I realised that nothing on earth would divert him from the foolhardy venture, and he had made up his mind for this one.

"All right," I said resignedly, for, it being practically an impossibility to prevent him

from embarking on the escapade, the best thing to do was to share it with him. I had been obliged to adopt this course before.

To be brief, we had the organ toted back to that cell, the Italians remaining where they were. We carried stout bamboo sticks, and Sparkes' Mohammedan peon, whom I had enlisted for the enterprise, was similarly armed. Alvarez, Gapps, and others wanted to join, but my chum would have none of them: there would be no space for more than three. We placed the organ in the same position, and all the conditions resembled those of the previous night except that there was no door to break down, and we had day-light. I and the peon were to lurk close by outside within sight of Sparkes, and were to dash in as soon as he ceased winding. All ready, my chum commenced to grind, keeping to one tune over and over again lest he should cause a stoppage by bungling the changing gear. My eyes commanded most of the interior of that room, and I had not been staring into it for long ere I saw snake after snake slowly issuing from holes and crevices at the foot of the walls, and laying themselves straight on the ground! From where I stood I could count five; how many more were hidden from my view I could not tell. I anxiously awaited the cessation of the music: it would take us three all we knew to kill even five lethargised snakes before they recovered their wits. I trembled for my friend: but he sat on--turning the handle, and with such a grin of contentment on his face that I could have shied my stick at him. More snakes crawled out: how many there were altogether I dreaded to think: we must kill every one--though they numbered twenty, for, immediately the music stopped, the brutes would be all alive again. At last the music ceased; up jumped Sparkes with his stick; simultaneously I and the peon bounded in. "Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!" here, "Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!" there and everywhere: the floor became covered with mutilated serpents wriggling and whipping about in their death-throes. We hopped, we jumped, we skipped, we collided; but "Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!" we gave the finishing *coups de grâce*, and not till the last cobra lay motionless did we desist.

"Come, after that I vote we go and have some tea," remarked my friend--cool as a cucumber.

Can a leopard change his spots? Could Sparkes ever be any one but Sparkes? I trow not.

Fearing lest he should take it into his head to repeat the experiment, I quietly gave a hint to Potterelli to clear off without beat of drum by the night mail. He acted on that hint!

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.



Photo. by

"THE QUORN."

C. C. Clutson.

PLATINUM PRINTING.

AS we turn over the pages of the family album it comes home to us that the ordinary silver printing-out process is very far from perfect as judged by the standard of the durability of the photographic image. Portraits dating from the time when men wore baggy trousers and bowler hats of very curly brim, while the ladies did penance in tight skirts, are generally much the worse for keeping; and prints of equal age that have been exposed to daylight are often so faded as to be fit only for the bonfire. The fact is that, unless silver prints are *very carefully* washed, their life must be short; and since washing them properly is a lengthy, and sometimes troublesome, business, there are temptations to scamp it. Even professional work leaves a lot to be desired in this respect.

Now, though for many purposes silver P. O. Paper is excellent, it cannot compare with *platinum* paper in point of permanence of image. Pure platinum is the most unchangeable of metals. For photographic purposes it is combined with other elements which can easily be entirely removed; so that the finished print consists only of pure metal on pure paper. We have here no stubborn salts to deal with such as are formed when a silver image is fixed by hypophosphite of sodium. A platinum print might retain its freshness for

HUNDREDS OF YEARS
if the paper were protected from damp and other injurious influences.
Artistically, again, this medium is superior

to silver P.O.P. The beautiful grey and black tones attainable have a delicate softness which even bromide paper cannot show; and the sepia platinum paper gives a fine range of browns. Really good platinum prints are, indeed, delightful to look upon.

The amateur will, during the darker months especially, appreciate another feature of platinum paper, viz., that it prints much more rapidly than P.O.P.—say, in half the time.

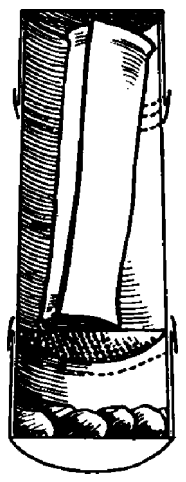
So much for the

ADVANTAGES OF PLATINUM.

To deal quite fairly with the subject I should mention that *unused platinum paper is easily destroyed by damp*, and therefore must be preserved most carefully in special tins, called "calcium tubes," divided by a perforated zinc plate into two compartments; the smaller to hold chloride (*not carbide*) of calcium, which greedily absorbs any moisture present in the tin; the larger, for the storage of paper. A cap fits on each end, and broad rubber bands (lengths cut from an old cycle inner tube act admirably, as I have said before) are kept over the joints to prevent the ingress of air.

During printing also the paper **MUST BE PROTECTED FROM DAMP.**

Not only should frame and negative be dry, but a water-



CALCIUM TUBE FOR PLATINUM PAPER.

proof pad of rubber, celluloid or oiled paper must be placed between the paper and the back of the frame. In short, omit no precaution which may serve to keep the paper dry.

Platinum printing can hardly be recommended to the absolute beginner, since it requires a good deal of judgment; and a preliminary canter with P.O.P. will, therefore, be useful. The image appears as a faint purple on the yellow background of the paper. Details are very faint, until after development. Experience alone will enable you to decide when the print is ready for removal from the frame: not but that such experience can soon be acquired.

Platinum paper is about

TWICE AS EXPENSIVE AS P.O.P.,

size for size. This is a further reason for taking special care of it.

Any one who has done much platinum printing will say that the *pros* outweigh the *cons*. The amateur desirous of keeping a record in album form of his best work should certainly for that purpose abjure P.O.P. in favour of platinum. For prints exposed to daylight it is even more valuable.

THE PROCESS OF PLATINUM PRINTING

differs from the methods used for P.O.P. and bromide papers, though it has features in common with both. It falls into three stages:

- (1) *Printing* (by daylight).
- (2) *Development* of the faint image in a solution of Oxalate of Potassium.
- (3) *Clearing* of the iron salts from the paper in a bath of highly diluted Hydrochloric Acid.

From first to last the making and finishing of a platinum print may, under favourable circumstances, occupy less than an hour. The various operations will be described more fully in next month's issue.

THE OUTFIT FOR PLATINUM WORK.

Its completeness must, of course, depend on the means of the worker. The following is a pretty full list of necessaries for half-plate size. Prices are appended.

Calcium tube, 1s. 6d.

Chloride of Calcium, 3d.

Enamelled iron developing dish (deep), 7½ × 5 inches, 1s. 6d.

Three porcelain dishes (deep), for clearing, 7½ × 5 inches, 3s.

Special thermometer in wood casing for testing heat of solutions, 1s. 6d.

4-oz. dropping bottle for Hydrochloric Acid, 6d.

3 wide-mouthed bottles (40-oz.) for solution, 2s. 6d. Rubber in backing-sheets for printing frame, 1½d. each. Dishes and bottles should be labelled and reserved rigidly for their respective uses.

PLATINUM PAPER

is sold in sealed tins. The best makes are those of the Platinotype Co.; the Ilford Co. ("Platona"), and the Kodak Co. The first-named firm gives, perhaps, the widest choice—smooth or rough; thick or thin; black tones or sepia tones; hot-bath or cold-bath papers. It also sells sensitised muslin, linen, and sateen. I would recommend the beginner to select smooth, black-tone, cold-bath paper, ready-cut to the desired size.

CHEMICALS.

The proper developing salts are sold in packets. A quantity sufficient to make 32 oz. of solution costs about 1s. 3d. For those who prefer to mix their own solutions the following will prove a good formula for grey and black tones:

Oxalate of Potassium, 2 oz.

Phosphate of Potassium, ½ oz.

Water (distilled or filtered rain), 14 oz.

The only other chemicals necessary are pure hydrochloric acid and glycerine.

NOTE.—Correspondents using a *nom de plume* must always give their real names and addresses, since sometimes, owing to want of space, answers can be sent through the post only.

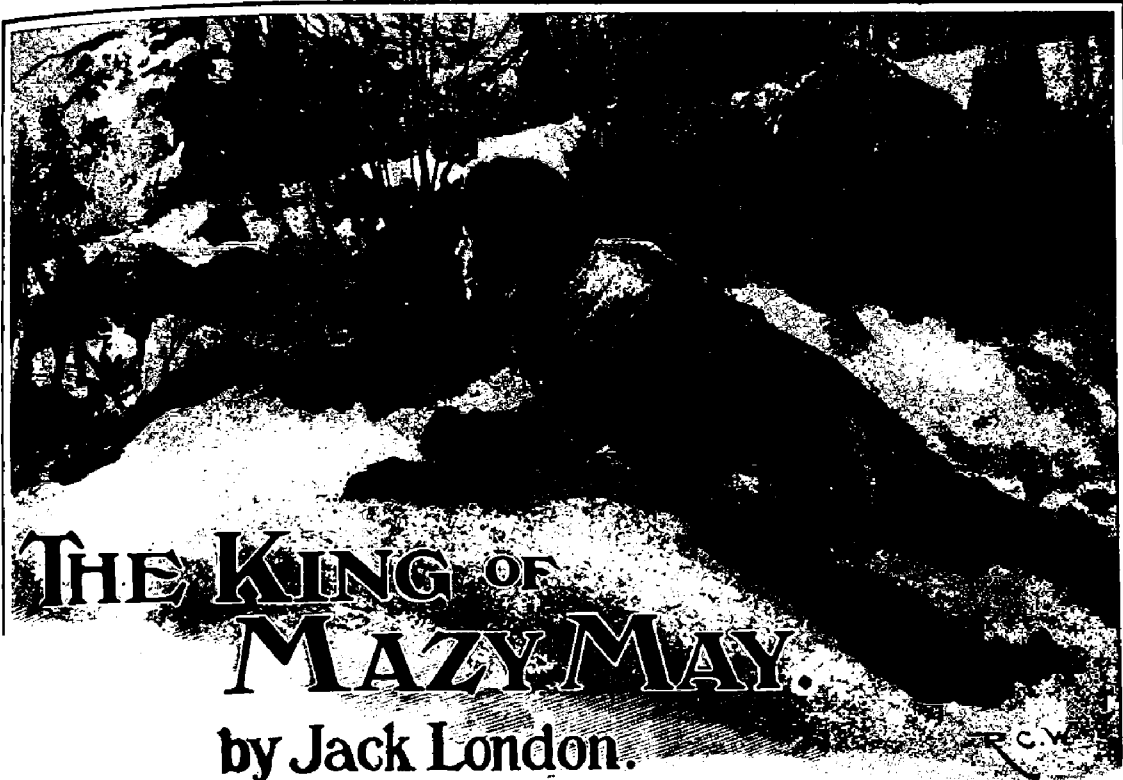
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"**Clubite.**"—Sorry I forgot to answer your query last month. Metol by itself is too rapid, giving a great deal of detail, but no density. It should, therefore, be used in conjunction with a slow agent giving good density. Hydrokinone is usually selected. You will have seen my remarks about Rodinal in our October issue, so I needn't refer to this developer here.

E. Vowles.—It is quite safe to have plenty of light if the light is really non-actinic. With orthochromatic plates, however, you should work with as little light as possible, since they are sensitive to yellow and red to a certain extent. What you want for a dark room is a good supply of light which can be easily controlled, since some plates will bear more illumination than this.

Inquirer.—No! it would be impossible to explain without a lot of verbiage or several diagrams how the iris stop works. Don't bother about it.

Black-and-Tan.—Remove films from camera and pack carefully in oiled paper. Develop with pyro-soda. There is no reason why results should not be satisfactory, though films do not keep so well as plates, and the sooner you tackle them after exposure the better. Photos enclosed are quite good, though underprinted. Exposure seems to have been correct.



A STORY OF THE KLONDIKE GOLDFIELDS.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

[The better to understand this story, the reader is advised, before starting it, to consult the Editorial paragraph on "Claim-Jumping."]

WALT MASTERS is not a very large boy, but there is manliness in his make-up, and he himself, although he does not know a great deal that most boys know, knows much that other boys do not know. He has never seen a train of cars nor an elevator in his life, and for that matter he has never once looked upon a corn-field, a plough, a cow, or even a chicken. He has never had a pair of shoes on his feet, nor gone to a picnic or a party, nor talked to a girl. But he has seen the sun at midnight, watched the ice-jams on one of the mightiest of rivers, and played beneath the northern lights, the one white child in thousands of square miles of frozen wilderness.

Walt has walked all the fourteen years of his life in sun-tanned, moose-hide moccasins, and he can go to the Indian camps and "talk big" with the men, and trade calico and beads with them for their precious furs. He can make bread without baking-powder, yeast, or hops, shoot a moose at three hundred yards, and drive the wild wolf-dogs fifty miles a day on the packed trail.

Last of all, he has a good heart, and is not

afraid of the darkness and loneliness, of man or beast or thing. His father is a good man, strong and brave, and Walt is growing up like him.

Walt was born a thousand miles or so down the Yukon, in a trading-post below the Ramparts. After his mother died, his father and he came on up the river, step by step, from camp to camp, till now they are settled down on the Mazy May Creek in the Klondike country. Last year they and several others had spent much toil and time on the Mazy May, and endured great hardships; the creek, in turn, was just beginning to show up its richness and to reward them for their heavy labour. But with the news of their discoveries, strange men began to come and go through the short days and long nights, and many unjust things they did to the men who had worked so long upon the creek.

Si Hartman had gone away on a moose-hunt, to return and find new stakes driven and his claim jumped. George Lukens and his brother had lost their claims in a like manner, having delayed too long on the way to Dawson to record them. In short, it was the old story, and quite a number of the earnest, industrious prospectors had suffered similar losses.

But Walt Masters' father had recorded his

claim at the start, so Walt had nothing to fear now that his father had gone on a short trip up the White River prospecting for quartz. Walt was well able to stay by himself in the cabin, cook his three meals a day, and look after things. Not only did he look after his father's claim, but he had agreed to keep an eye on the adjoining one of Loren Hall, who had started for Dawson to record it.

Loren Hall was an old man, and he had no dogs, so he had to travel very slowly. After he had been gone some time, word came up the river that he had broken through the ice at Rosebud Creek and frozen his feet so badly that he would not be able to travel for a couple of weeks. Then Walt Masters received the news that old Loren was nearly all right again, and about to move on afoot for Dawson as fast as a weakened man could.

Walt was worried, however; the claim was liable to be jumped at any moment because of this delay, and a fresh stampede had started in on the Mazy May. He did not like the looks of the newcomers, and one day, when five of them came by with crack dog-teams and the lightest of camping outfits, he could see that they were prepared to make speed, and resolved to keep an eye on them. So he locked up the cabin and followed them, being at the same time careful to remain hidden.

He had not watched them long before he was sure that they were professional stampedeers, bent on jumping all the claims in sight. Walt crept along the snow at the rim of the creek and saw them change many stakes, destroy old ones, and set up new ones.

In the afternoon, with Walt always trailing on their heels, they came back down the creek, unharnessed their dogs, and went into camp within two claims of his cabin. When he saw them make preparations to cook, he hurried home to get something to eat himself, and then hurried back. He crept so close that he could hear them talking quite plainly, and by pushing the underbrush aside he could catch occasional glimpses of them. They had finished eating and were smoking round the fire.

"The creek is all right, boys," a large, black-bearded man, evidently the leader, said, "and I think the best thing we can do is to pull out to-night. The dogs can follow the trail; besides, it's going to be moonlight. What say you?"

"But it's going to be beastly cold," objected one of the party. "It's forty below zero now."

"An' sure, can't ye keep warm by jumpin' off the sleds an' runnin' afther the dogs?" cried an Irishman. "An' who wouldn't?"

The creek's as rich as a United States mint. Faith, it's an ilegant chanst to be gettin' a run fer yer money! An' if ye don't run, it's mebbe you'll not get the money at all, at all."

"That's it," said the leader. "If we can get to Dawson and record, we're rich men; and there's no telling who's been sneaking along in our tracks, watching us, and perhaps now off to give the alarm. The thing for us to do is to rest the dogs a bit, and then hit the trail as hard as we can. What do you say?"

Evidently the men had agreed with their leader, for Walt Masters could hear nothing but the rattle of the tin dishes which were being washed. Peering out cautiously, he could see the leader studying a piece of paper. Walt knew what it was at a glance—a list of all the unrecorded claims on Mazy May. Any man could get these lists by applying to the gold commissioner at Dawson.

"Thirty-two," the leader said, lifting his face to the men. "Thirty-two isn't recorded, and this is thirty-three. Come on; let's take a look at it. I saw somebody had been working on it when we came up this morning."

Three of the men went with him, leaving one to remain in camp. Walt crept carefully after them till they came to Loren Hall's shaft. One of the men went down and built a fire on the bottom to thaw out the frozen gravel, while the others built another fire on the dump and melted water in a couple of gold-pans. This they poured into a piece of canvas stretched between two logs, used by Loren Hall in which to wash his gold.

In a short time a couple of buckets of dirt were sent up by the man in the shaft, and Walt could see the others grouped anxiously about their leader as he proceeded to wash it. When this was finished, they stared at the broad streak of black sand and yellow gold grains on the bottom of the pan, and one of them called excitedly for the man who had remained in camp to come. Loren Hall had struck it rich, and his claim was not yet recorded. It was plain that they were going to jump it.

Walt lay in the snow, thinking rapidly. He was only a boy, but in the face of the threatened injustice to old lame Loren Hall he felt that he must do something. He waited and watched, with his mind made up, till he saw the men begin to square up new stakes. Then he crawled away till out of hearing, and broke into a run for the camp of the stampedeers. Walt's father had taken their own dogs with him prospecting, and the boy knew how impossible it was for him to undertake the seventy miles to Dawson without the aid of dogs.

Gaining the camp, he picked out, with an experienced eye, the easiest running sled and started to harness up the stamperers' dogs. There were three teams of six each, and from these he chose ten of the best. Realising how necessary it was to have a good head-dog, he strove to discover a leader amongst them; but he had little time in which to do it, for he could hear the voices of the returning men. By the time the team was in shape and everything ready, the claim-jumpers came into sight in an open place not more than a hundred yards from the trail, which ran down the bed of the creek. They cried out to Walt, but instead of giving heed to them he grabbed up one of their fur sleeping-ropes which lay loosely in the snow, and leaped upon the sled.

"Mush! Hi! Mush on!" he cried to the animals, snapping the keen-lashed whip among them.

The dogs sprang against the yoke-straps, and the sled jerked under way so suddenly as to almost throw him off. Then it curved into the creek, poising perilously on one runner. He was almost breathless with suspense, when it finally righted with a bound and sprang ahead again. The creek bank was high and he could not see the men, although he could hear their cries and knew they were running to cut him off. He did not

dare to think what would happen if they caught him; he just clung to the sled, his heart beating wildly, and watched the snow-rim of the bank above him.

Suddenly, over this snow-rim came the flying body of the Irishman, who had leaped straight for the sled in a desperate attempt to capture it; but he was an instant too late.

Striking on the very rear of it, he was thrown from his feet, backward, into the snow. Yet, with the quickness of a cat, he had clutched the end of the sled with one hand, turned over, and was dragging behind on his breast, swearing at the boy and threatening all kinds of terrible things if he did not stop the dogs; but



OVER THE SNOW-RIM CAME THE FLYING BODY OF THE IRISHMAN.

Walt cracked him sharply across the knuckles with the butt of the dog-whip till he let go.

It was eight miles from Walt's claim to the Yukon—eight very crooked miles, for the creek wound back and forth like a snake, "tying knots in itself," as George Lukens said. And because it was so crooked the dogs could not get up their best speed, while the sled ground

heavily on its side against the curves, now to the right, now to the left.

Travellers who had come up and down the Mazy May on foot, with packs on their backs, had declined to go round all the bends, and instead had made short cuts across the narrow necks of creek bottom. Two of his pursuers had gone back to harness the remaining dogs, but the others took advantage of these short

the dogs stretched out in their long wolf swing, and the stampede, quickly winded, slowed down and waited for their own sled to come up.

Looking over his shoulder, Walt reasoned that they had not given up the chase for good, and that they would soon be after him again. So he wrapped the fur robe about him to shut out the stinging air, and lay flat on the empty sled, encouraging the dogs, as he well knew how.

At last, twisting abruptly between two river islands, he came upon the mighty Yukon sweeping grandly to the north. He could not see from bank to bank, and in the quick-falling twilight it loomed a great white sea of frozen stillness. There was not a sound, save the breathing of the dogs, and the churn of the steel-shod sled.

No snow had fallen for several weeks, and the traffic had packed the main-river trail till it was hard and glassy as glare ice. Over this the sled flew along, and the dogs kept the trail fairly well, although Walt quickly discovered that he had made a mistake in choosing the leader. As they were driven in single file, without reins, he had to guide them by his voice, and it was evident the head-dog had never learned the meaning of "gee" and "haw." He hugged the inside of the curves too closely, often forcing his comrades be-

hind him into the soft snow, while several times he thus capsized the sled.

There was no wind, but the speed at which he travelled created a bitter blast, and with the thermometer down to forty below, this bit through fur and flesh to the very bones. Aware that if he remained constantly upon the sled he would freeze to death, and knowing the practice of Arctic travellers, Walt shortened up one of the lashing-thongs, and whenever he felt chilled, seized hold of it, jumped off,



WALT TURNED FIERCELY UPON THEM WITH HIS WHIP.

cuts, running on foot, and before he knew it they had almost overtaken him.

"Halt!" they cried after him. "Stop, or we'll shoot!"

But Walt only yelled the harder at the dogs, and dashed round the bend with a couple of revolver bullets singing after him. At the next bend they had drawn up closer still, and the bullets struck uncomfortably near to him; but at this point the Mazy May straightened out and ran for half a mile as the crow flies. Here

and ran behind till warmth was restored. Then he would climb on and rest till the process had to be repeated.

Looking back he could see the sled of his pursuers, drawn by eight dogs, rising and falling over the ice hummocks like a boat in a seaway. The Irishman and the black-bearded leader were with it, taking turns in running and riding.

Night fell, and in the blackness of the first hour or so Walt toiled desperately with his dogs. On account of the poor lead-dog, they were continually floundering off the beaten track into the soft snow, and the sled was as often riding on its side or top as it was in the proper way. This work and strain tried his strength sorely. Had he not been in such haste he could have avoided much of it, but he feared the stampeders would creep up in the darkness and overtake him. However, he could occasionally hear them yelling to their dogs, and knew from the sounds that they were coming up very slowly.

When the moon rose he was off Sixty Mile, and Dawson was only fifty miles away. He was almost exhausted, and breathed a sigh of relief as he climbed on the sled again. Looking back, he saw his enemies had crawled up within four hundred yards. At this space they remained, a black speck of motion on the white river-breast. Strive as they would, they could not shorten this distance, and strive as he would he could not increase it.

Walt had now discovered the proper lead-dog, and he knew he could easily run away from them if he could only change the bad leader for the good one. But this was impossible, for a moment's delay, at the speed they were running, would bring the men behind upon him.

When he was off the mouth of Rosebud Creek, just as he was topping a rise, the report of a gun and the ping of a bullet on the ice beside him, told him that they were this time shooting at him with a rifle. And from then on, as he cleared the summit of each ice-jam, he stretched flat on the leaping sled till the rifle-shot from the rear warned him that he was safe till the next ice-jam was reached.

Now it is very hard to lie on a moving sled, jumping and plunging and yawing like a boat before the wind, and to shoot through the deceiving moonlight at an object four hundred yards away on another moving sled performing equally wild antics. So it is not to be wondered at that the black-bearded leader did not hit him.

After several hours of this, during which, perhaps, a score of bullets had struck about him, their ammunition began to give out and their fire slackened. They took greater care.

and only whipped a shot at him at the most favourable opportunities. He was also beginning to leave them behind, the distance slowly increasing to six hundred yards.

Lifting clear on the crest of a great jam off Indian River, Walt Masters met with his first accident. A bullet sang past his ears, and struck the bad lead-dog.

The poor brute plunged in a heap, with the rest of the team on top of him.

Like a flash Walt was by the leader. Cutting the traces with his hunting-knife, he dragged the dying animal to one side and straightened out the team.

He glanced back. The other sled was coming up like an express train. With half the dogs still over their traces, he cried "Mush on!" and leaped upon the sled just as the pursuing team dashed abreast of him.

The Irishman was just preparing to spring for him—they were so sure they had him that they did not shoot—when Walt turned fiercely upon them with his whip.

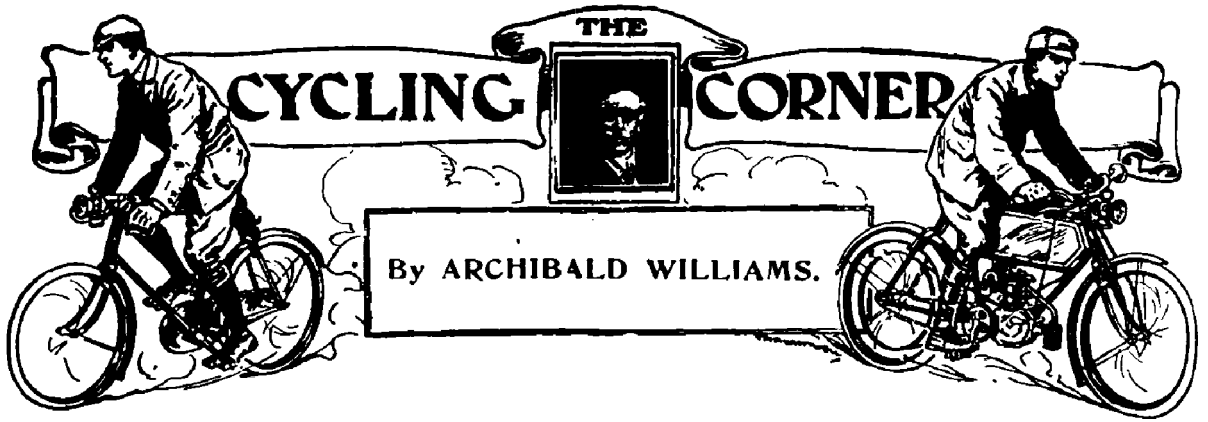
He struck at their faces, and men must save their faces with their hands. So there was no shooting just then. Before they could recover from the hot rain of blows, Walt reached out from his sled, catching their wheel-dog by the fore-legs in midspring, and throwing him heavily. This brought the whole team into a snarl, capsizing the sled and tangling his enemies up beautifully.

Away Walt flew, the runners of his sled fairly screaming as they bounded over the frozen surface. And what had seemed an accident, proved to be a blessing in disguise. The proper lead-dog was now to the fore, and he stretched low to the trail and whined with joy as he jerked his comrades along.

By the time he reached Ainslie's Creek, seventeen miles from Dawson, Walt had left his pursuers, a tiny speck, far behind. At Monte Cristo Island he could no longer see them. And at Swede Creek, just as daylight was silvering the pines, he ran plump into the camp of old Loren Hall.

Almost as quick as it takes to tell it, Loren had his sleeping-furs rolled up, and had joined Walt on the sled. They permitted the dogs to travel more slowly, as there was no sign of the chase in the rear, and just as they pulled up at the gold commissioner's office in Dawson, Walt, who had kept his eyes open to the last, fell asleep.

And because of what Walt Masters did on this night, the men of the Yukon have become very proud of him, and always speak of him now as the King of Mazy May.



LAMPS.

IN this, the darkest month of the year, the subject of lamps is a suitable one to treat. Thanks to the acetylene gas flame, which, on account of its small size, can be set at the focus of a small parabolic reflector, we have a light which utterly eclipses that of the old oil-lamp, and dispels the greatest inconvenience of night-riding, *i.e.*, being uncertain as to what is immediately ahead. The bluish acetylene rays pick out the grass on both sides of the road with astonishing clearness, show stones in relief, and puddles as dark patches, and enable us to see an object further off than the distance required to bring the cycle to rest. All this is effected by a flame of less than half a square inch in area, backed by a proper reflector.

OIL *v.* ACETYLENE.

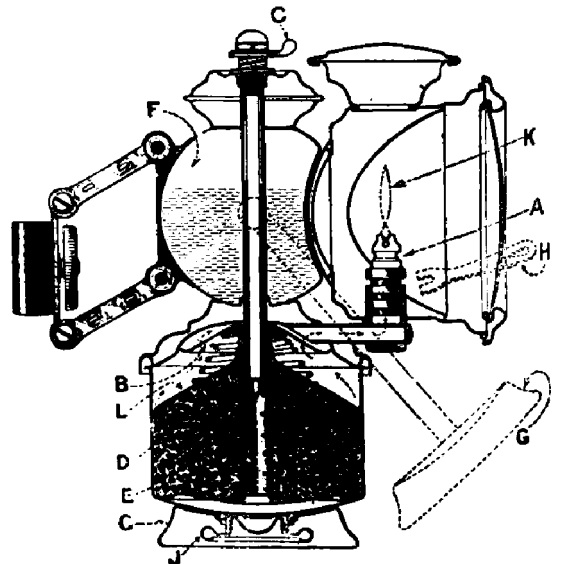
I don't suppose that my readers have any doubts about the superiority of the gas-lamp. In favour of oil-lamps may be urged (1) that they do not require attention so often; (2) that they are lighter; (3) that oil is more easily procurable anywhere than carbide of calcium. The first argument is discounted, however, by the fact that wicks become foul and oil becomes stale. The second need not be taken seriously, as no sensible person minds carrying a few ounces extra if they mean the difference between semi-darkness and proper illumination. The third will be increasingly weakened by the greater prevalence of acetylene lamps.

Under the head of cleanliness acetylene scores heavily. The messiness of an oil-lamp is horrible. With carbide one need scarcely soil one's fingers. Re-charging becomes, with habit, the matter of a minute or so. An old knife kept handy wherewith to remove the spent chemical, an old tooth-brush for cleaning up the wall of the carbide chamber, and a box to throw the rubbish into, is all you want to make the operation simple and speedy. An acetylene

lamp, moreover, may be upset or deliberately laid on its side without causing oily troubles.

AS REGARDS LIGHT-GIVING POWER

the oil-lamp is "nowhere." Quite recently I tested the acetylene lamp I habitually use against an oil-lamp that does duty on a friend's machine. I found by the simple oil-spot-on-a-screen method that my lamp was *one hundred and ten* times more effective than the other; which means that it would show an object ten yards away as easily as the other would show it at one yard! Of course, a new oil-lamp of a first-class pattern would be much more effective proportionately; but no rival of the acetylene.



SECTIONAL DIAGRAM OF AN ACETYLENE LAMP, SHOWING THE WATER CHAMBER F, VALVE C, AND CARBIDE CHAMBER D

The gas passes through the perforated plate B and a felt pad to the burner. The plate L and the spring attached keep the carbide from rattling about in the chamber.

TROUBLES WITH ACETYLENE LAMPS

usually arise from one of four causes:

(1) *A choked water-supply.*—This can be detected if the carbide chamber is removed and the valve turned on. If the drops do not fall regularly, remove the valve spindle, clean the tip, and also pass a fine wire through the seating, scraping the sides very lightly.

(2) *Clogged burner or gas channels.*—If the burner refuses to light, or gives a very feeble flame, and you hear the gas forcing its way through the water-valve and water, you may be sure that the burner or the gas channels need cleaning out. Sometimes only one hole in the burner is choked. The other then shoots out a long pencil of flame which is apt to damage the reflector. When over-hauling your lamp, detach the plate which forms the roof of the carbide holder, clean out all the perforations, and brush the pad which lies between it and the body of the lamp to act as a strainer. This pad should be replaced occasionally, as it becomes saturated with water and carbide. Some lamps have on the gas-pipe leading to the burner a nozzle to which an inflator can be attached to force air through the passages at high pressure. If a clogged burner cannot be cleaned out thus, it must be replaced; wherefore I advise you to carry a spare one always in your wallet.

(3) *Too large a charge of carbide.*—As the chemical unites with water it disintegrates and swells. So that, if the chamber is more than half filled with dry carbide, the air-space becomes contracted, and the flame burns unsteadily. Also, the action of water on the carbide becomes irregular.

(4) A fourth possible trouble—not a frequent one, however,—is a leak in the chamber. This is easily discovered by allowing gas to generate and submerging the lamp in water till the chamber is covered.

ECONOMY IS CONSULTED

by turning off the water some time before you mean to stop: and also by reducing the flame while walking up a hill, when the need for

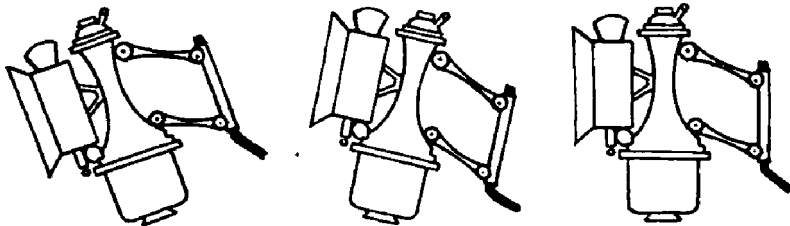
a strong light exists no longer. You will save your burners if you make it a practice to *blow out* the lamp, and *never allow it to burn out*, as a gradually dying flame deposits the products of imperfect combustion round and in the burner holes.

WHAT TO BUY.

There are so many acetylene lamps now on the market that the purchaser has a large choice. I am strongly of the opinion that, in the long run, it pays well to get a somewhat expensive lamp, by a good maker, because it is well made in the first instance, and also the parts can be bought whenever a renewal is necessary. With a cheap article the parts, if procurable, are often so expensive in proportion that the owner prefers to throw the old lamp away and get another. A capital lamp is Lucas's "Acetyphote." It costs 12s. 6d. (I quote Gamage's prices), and is rather heavy (2 lb.), but gives a brilliant light, employs a most efficient method of clamping the socket on the lamp bracket, and has removable reflector and front glass. When the former is burnt, or the latter broken, a new one can be inserted in a few seconds, at the cost of a few pence. After many unsuccessful efforts to keep a fixed reflector *bright* as well as clean, I much appreciate this convenience. Other good lamps are the "Perfecta Nova" (9s. 6d.); and the "Vincent" (7s. 6d.)—the reflector of this is also detachable. Lucas's "Aceta" (4s. 9d.) is good for the money, though, of course, no rival to the "Acetyphote."

LAMP BRACKETS

are often very flimsy affairs. For a heavy lamp a much stouter fitting than is usually sold with a cycle should be got. A very strong bracket—halved, so as to be clipped to the steering pillar with screws—is sold by most dealers for 2s. The edges of the bracket should be rounded with a file, so as not to cut the string of parcels which you may have to hang on it from time to time. It is particularly important that the bracket be perpendicular, or so bent that the lamp rides vertically.



Many cyclists are careless about the position of the lamp on its bracket. Don't let it illuminate the front tyre, or point to the sky. You want the light straight ahead, as well as on the ground a little way in front, so make sure that your lamp rides quite vertically. Inattention to this detail means damage to the reflector, and great loss of efficiency.



AGING PART

STUART WISHING.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

and, as we were carefully drilled, the performance was always of a high-class standard. We depended entirely on ourselves—with one exception. Molly always got a professional actor down from London to take the leading part and generally pull us together a week before the performance. The new arrival, Mr. Wilkinson, was the pro who had just come down to give us the finishing touches.

"Capital little stage," said the newcomer, walking round and examining our arrangements. "I suppose you are very fond of acting, Dr. Mollison?"

"I was in my young days," said Molly, "but that is a long time ago. I used to go in for amateur theatricals a great deal when I was at Cambridge, but of late years I have confined myself merely to superintending the efforts of my colleagues. Mr. Goodhart here is responsible for most of the work now."

"And I'm sure it does you credit," remarked Wilks, as we had already dubbed him in our own minds. "I listened very attentively while you finished that last scene. The boys spoke their lines well, and did not seem at all nervous."

"We have got past that stage by this time, as we have been rehearsing for more than a week. But I don't know what they will feel like on the eventful evening. . . . I suppose you'll be ready to rehearse this afternoon at three?"

"Oh, yes. I know all I've got to say thoroughly. By the way, who is responsible for the book? I thought the words exceedingly clever."

"Mr. Goodhart," broke in Molly with a genial smile. "He is our talented dramatist and manager rolled into one."

"Really? I must congratulate you again. Have you ever tried your hand, Mr. Goodhart, at more ambitious work?"

And then they all started off a long conversation about the rotten words in most of the present-day pantos. Personally, I think all the shows I've ever seen, distinctly good;

"WELL, Mr. Goodhart," said the Head, "how is it going?"

"First-rate," was the reply.

"We've only needed the prompter once to-day. The boys seem to know their lines very well, and have quite lost any trace of self-consciousness they may have shown in the early stages."

"I'm very glad to hear it. But let me introduce to you Mr. Wilkinson—our new recruit and manager."

We had noticed the entry of the Head and a stranger some ten minutes before; but, being in the thick of a rehearsal of *Bluebeard*, had not had time for a close scrutiny. It was the end of the Christmas term, you see, and we were busily preparing for our grand annual pantomime, with which we always wound up the year. Dr. Mollison—or "Molly," as we termed him—was very keen on amateur theatricals, and our present coach, Mr. Goodhart, one of the assistant masters, was equally fond of them. Fellows who took part in the panto were excused first lesson each day for the last fortnight of term, so you may imagine there was great competition for places in the company;

but Goodhart and Wilks agreed they were too abject for words. The Head said much the same as the others, so we kept our opinions to ourselves.

"Well," said Molly, after about ten minutes' jaw. "I must run away now; and I dare say you'll be glad to retire to your quarters. Mr. Wilkinson, for a time. We shall rehearse again this afternoon."

As soon as they had disappeared we plied Goodhart with questions.

"Is he a good man, sir?" we asked. "Have you ever seen him anywhere?"

"No," replied Goodhart. "I don't even know his name; but Dr. Mollison said that he was strongly recommended by the agent, and is a first-class actor. At any rate, I've no doubt that he will be able to give all of us some hints as to what we must do and not do."

"He's taking Bluebeard, isn't he?"

"Of course—that's the chief part, you know, and you must be on your best behaviour before him. Don't forget all the tips I've given you—and above all things don't be nervous. If you do as well as you've done to-day, I shall be more than satisfied."

"We'll do our best, sir," we replied; for Goodhart is a thoroughly decent man and does his utmost to give a good show.

Well, the afternoon came, and our ordeal began. Naturally, we felt a bit shy before Wilks at first, but he soon put us at our ease by showing us a few tricks of make-up in the period before we started. He was a very good sort, and jolly smart at the game, changing himself from an old man to a young one, and from an absolute ruffian to a society swell, in a very few minutes. It was simply wonderful.

"Would you fellows recognise me now?" he asked, after a particularly startling change.

"Rather not," we chorused, and it was perfectly true.

"Come along now," he said. "I've been wasting too much time. Ah! here's your regular manager."

The rehearsal began, and everything went off swimmingly. Wilks, of course, was letter-perfect in his part, and we got through without a mistake for the first time since we started. Goodhart was very pleased.

"That was splendid," said Wilks after Act I. "I don't think there is any need for comment on the way you've trained them. But perhaps I might suggest a little alteration in the grouping. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," said Goodhart. "Do exactly as you think best—remember we're only amateurs."

"You mustn't say that—I've never seen amateurs do better." And Goodhart simply glowed with joy.

"See here—supposing we make Fatima stand here—and the slave *there*—or would you rather they remained as before?"

"It's a great improvement—the whole picture is much more effective," said Goodhart, after retiring to the other end of the room to get a better view.

"Ah! I thought so; and then here—" and he began a lot of changes. He certainly made the whole show a great deal better than it was before; but he did it so tactfully, asking Goodhart if he approved of this or that, half suggesting that *he* had proposed the change, that we didn't think him a bit sidey. He was such a pleasant chap, and didn't push himself forward at all, so that we liked him better than ever; and I heard both Molly and Goodhart say afterwards that they couldn't have chosen a more useful man than Wilks, which only shows how liable we all are to make mistakes.

* * * * *

The great day—or rather evening—arrived. The people were all arranged in the Big School, packed away as tightly as possible; and a host of mothers, fathers, and relations were assembled to watch what the local paper calls "the efforts of our juvenile Thespians." Molly was there in all his glory, imposing and bland in a new dress-suit for the occasion. Mrs. Molly was moving about, seeing to the comfort of her guests and saying roughly three words to each in quick succession. The reporters were sharpening their pencils; Goodhart, who was to act as prompter and generally make himself useful, was whispering a few last words of advice and encouragement; and the rest of us were quaking with funk behind the scenes.

Wilks was as cheery as ever, and did his best to buck us up.

"Don't be so frightened," he said. "There's nothing to be alarmed about. Once you've said a couple of lines you'll be all right. Another good thing—you won't be able to see the audience when the lights are down in front and the stage lights are well on you. It's not at all dreadful."

"I wish it was all over," said the funny man of the piece—Carruthers, who looked anything but funny just then. "I'm in a blue funk."

"There's no need for that: think of something jolly—think of something really humorous—the dinner you're going to eat on Christmas Day, for example—that ought to make you smile."

"That's true," said Carruthers laughing.

"But what I want just now is something extraordinary to happen—something to take my mind off the show."

"H'm," replied Wilks. "I can't promise you that at present, I'm afraid. But I can



"WOULD YOU FELLOWS RECOGNISE ME NOW?"

promise you one thing—you'll be jolly surprised before to-morrow morning."

"How?"

"Oh! That's my secret," he laughed. "I mustn't tell you now, or it would spoil everything. It will do you good to be a little curious, and keep your thoughts off the splendid

success you're going to have in your various parts."

"Do tell us," we begged.

"No—no! Just you wonder what it's going to be. Perhaps I'll stick in a few extra jokes during the evening; perhaps—but wait and see!"

And he made such a comical face that we all burst out laughing and felt ourselves again at once. That was just like the fellow—he could do anything he wanted.

The curtain was rung up, and the Castle of Bluebeard was disclosed. I won't bore you with a long description of the panto, which you have probably seen a good many times. It went very well, and though Carruthers had to be prompted in the very first line, no one noticed it, and he got his stage-legs almost immediately. The rest of us, encouraged by him and more jokes by Wilks, forgot to feel frightened. All the puns and gibes in the play went down very well; the audience seemed to see the point of the thing at once, and applauded us heartily. Wilks looked splendid in the part of Bluebeard, and—as he had promised—introduced some new jokes as he went along. It didn't muddle us in the least, as he always gave us the right cue. Indeed, he looked so happy and jolly, and seemed to be enjoying himself so much, that we fairly bucked along. The curtain went down after Act I. amid a storm of cheering.

"Excellent, Mr. Wilkinson," said Goodhart, looking as pleased as Punch. "This is the best performance we've ever had."

"So glad," answered Wilks. "These boys of yours are simply great—couldn't make a mistake if they tried, I believe. How long interval do we get?"

"Ten minutes; that's quite enough, isn't it?"

"Oh, rather; but I wish you'd send some one round to the front to get me a glass of water—I'm awfully thirsty."

"Certainly," said Goodhart; "here, Moorhouse—you'll do! Just go round through the Arcade to the school house and get Mr. Wilkinson a drink. Nobody will see you if you go that way."

"Thanks very much," said Wilks. "I feel quite fagged. There's no hurry, Moorhouse—you've plenty of time."

Off I ran, glad to be of use to such a jolly chap. I went out by the back door, and round the Big School through the Arcade—as we call the open space surrounded by arches just outside the School House. When I reached this point, I was astonished to see Molly talking to a policeman. I caught a few words as I passed.

"You're sure he's the man?" asked Molly.

"Positive, sir," said the policeman. "We've had very particular instructions from Scotland Yard this morning. There can be no mistake."

"Here, Moorhouse!" said the Head, catching sight of me. "I want you a minute—to ask you a question."

I approached in dire alarm—fearing that the bobby had got hold of a few stories of my childhood. Fortunately, my fears were groundless.

"This man," Molly went on, indicating the bobby, "has just informed me that Mr. Wilkinson is a professional thief—a clever scoundrel who has been wanted for some time."

I gasped.

"What!" I said. "Wilks a thief! Er—I mean——"

"Yes," said Molly gravely. "I'm afraid there is no doubt about it. But I want to be completely satisfied before taking steps, and that is why I have told you this. Have you noticed any particular mark on the man in question?"

I pondered deeply.

"Yes," I replied at last. "When he was making up the other day he showed us a small snake tattooed on his neck. He told us how a Japanese artist had——"

"More likely done in London," broke in the policeman, with a grim smile. "And has he got a bit taken out of his left ear, young gentleman?"

"Rather," I replied, fearfully excited by this time. "He showed us how he filled it up with paste, and how the paint on it made it look perfectly natural."

"You see, sir, there can be no mistake," said the policeman, and poor old Molly shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," he replied despondently. "But you see how distressed I must feel at the occurrence, and how peculiarly unfortunate it is that it should happen on this of all nights of the year. Can nothing be done?"

The bobby coughed discreetly, and shook his head.

"Could you not wait till the performance is over?" urged Molly. "The wretched man can't possibly get away if you wait for him, and the enjoyment of the spectators would not be interfered with."

"I might do that," was the reply. "I'd do anything to oblige you, sir.—short of not doing my duty; and I can't see where the harm is in that."

"Thank you very much," said Molly. "That will be the best way out of the difficulty. You can go now, Moorhouse—that will do."

I departed, brimful of excitement, as you may well imagine. By Jove! This would be something to remember for a long time. What a row there would be when it was known, and Wilks—the cheerful Wilks—was shown up in his true colours! I couldn't help feeling sorry for the poor beast, because he had been so

awfully decent to us ; and I didn't want to see him collared. Still, I couldn't do anything without giving the whole show away and letting the criminal escape. I hoped secretly that he would get off somehow—without my assistance ; but, as matters stood at present, I wouldn't have given much for his chances. Full of wonder, and bursting with importance, I carried the glass of water back and then went to find my own particular chum—Lloyd. I discovered him in the wings.

"I say!" I began, "there's going to be an awful shindy in about two ticks!"

"Why? Have the lights gone wrong, or has Wilks blacked his face? He said he'd do something to—"

"It is Wilks—"

"What! Surely he's not done that! What a screaming joke!"

"There's no joke about this, my son," I said severely. "Look here—you must keep it dark! Wilks is nothing more than a common or garden thief."

"You must be off your head," said Lloyd incredulously.

"I'm speaking the solemn truth. There's a bobby waiting to nab him when the play's over; and he'll be quodded to-night. If you don't believe me—"

"Has the bell gone yet?" asked a voice behind us, making me jump violently. "It seems to me that we've had our full ten minutes and a little over. No? Ah! then I must have been mistaken."

The form of Wilks moved away, and we gazed awe-struck at one another.

"D'you think he heard?" I asked.

"I don't know . . . he came up so beastly quietly that I couldn't say. . . . I shouldn't think he did, or he'd have looked startled, and would probably have given himself away."

"I hope he didn't—but anyhow it's no use worrying."

"Not a bit—and if the bobby is waiting to get him afterwards it won't matter much if he has heard. Rather rough on the poor chap though—I quite like him—don't you?"

"Yes—but he's a thief, all the same."

"Hullo! there goes the bell. We'd better move."

The second act began, and we postponed further discussion till a more convenient season. Luckily for both of us, we hadn't much to do in the way of speaking. Lloyd and myself were Bluebeard's pages, so, of course, our business chiefly consisted in running errands for him and getting in the way generally. All we had to say was "Yes, my lord," or "No,

my lord," or answer to the name of "varlet"—and I can assure you that that was all we were capable of doing just then. I went through the piece in a sort of hazy dream, wondering whether Wilks would shoot himself to avoid capture, or go peacefully and unromantically to gaol.

I looked earnestly at him during the act. As I watched, I couldn't help admiring the man, though I knew he deserved his probable fate. Outwardly he was not a bit changed; and if he had heard my remarks—as we guessed afterwards that he must have—he showed himself to be the coolest person that I've ever seen. He never faltered once in his lines—no prompter was needed for *him*—and the amount of extra gag, jokes, and puns that he introduced into his part was simply extraordinary. I had thought him rattling good in the first act, but he surpassed himself in the second. At last, after a lengthy period as it seemed, the play came to an end. The curtain was rung down, the lights were turned up, and a regular hullabaloo of cheering and clapping was wafted from the audience towards us. Goodhart came on from the wings and congratulated us all on the excellence with which we had played.

"We must respond to the clapping," said he. "Arrange yourselves as prettily as you can. Interior of Castle scene—Jones! hold that scimitar straight—Walker! trail your draperies more gracefully—and Bluebeard—hullo! where's Mr. Wilkinson?"

"He went off as soon as the curtain fell," said one of the fellows, and I held my breath—was he going to escape after all? "I think he was going to change."

"Moorhouse! Run and tell him we're going to take a call, and that it wouldn't be complete without him—hurry up!"

I ran off to where I expected Wilks would be—in the little dressing-room behind the scenes; but there was no sign of him there. I hunted round every likely place—still no Wilks; and while I was looking I heard the curtain go up. So they had evidently not waited for him—perhaps it was just as well! I went out through the stage door, and there I saw the Head on guard.

"Has Mr. Wilkinson come out yet, sir?" I asked.

"No, my boy," he answered. "I am waiting here until the audience has dispersed. The policeman is going onto the stage from the front when it is all over, and will then arrest him."

I was puzzled at my not finding him, but as I knew there was no other way off the stage than the one by which I had just appeared, I concluded that I must have missed him in going

round by the wings. The best thing to do, I decided, was to stay where I was and see the fun out, in case Wilks made a dash for our position.

So we waited there for five minutes—ten, I suppose it must have been; though at the time I thought it was at least half an hour. The audience, I gathered, dawdled out in their usual idiotic way while we waited anxiously outside the stage door.

Suddenly the policeman appeared with a bag in his hand.

"It's all right, sir," he said. "I've just taken his property-bag, so that he won't be able to run away if he wants to."

"Is he on the stage?" asked Molly.

"Yes, sir—he didn't spot me. I'll just put this here bag in a place of safety, and then come back for our gentleman—if you'd be so good as to stay here, sir, to prevent his getting out this way. I'll be back in a minute."

"Certainly, officer," said Molly. "I will wait here until you return;" and the bobby disappeared.

Well, we waited, and continued to wait, but our friend didn't turn up. Just as we were getting rather tired of the game, the bobby arrived again.

"You have been some time, officer," said the Head a bit huffily.

"Beg pardon, sir," was the answer, "but I can't find any trace of him."

"What?" said Molly. "Have you been on the stage?"

"Searched it thoroughly, sir," replied the man; "but it looks as if he'd slipped off somehow."

"He couldn't get off in his Bluebeard's dress—and he had nothing else. You removed all his other clothes, didn't you?"

"I, sir? No—I wish I had."

"But—but I saw you come out of this door with a bag—his bag!"

"Bag, sir! What bag?"

"You *must* remember, my good man! Why—only about ten minutes ago you appeared with his property-bag, and said you were going to deposit it somewhere!"

The policeman struck his knee a mighty blow. "Bilked!" he said in a disgusted tone.



I APPROACHED IN DIRE ALARM.

"You say a policeman came out of this door, sir?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well, I'm the only policeman here to-night, and I've never been through that door yet. Don't you see, sir? The cunning scamp dressed himself up as a constable!"

"The—the scoundrel!" stuttered Molly. "B—but how did he get the costume?"

"I expect he brought it in that bag you saw," said the bobby. "He must have come prepared for anything . . . it's an old trick, sir. But we must try to get on his trail at once."

But they never did get on to his trail. Wilks made his way to the station, boarded the London train, and alighted at some wayside station. Molly had only one reason to be satisfied—Wilks went empty-handed, not being given time to make a clean sweep of the Head's valuables!



The Latest in Picture Postcards and Christmas Cards.

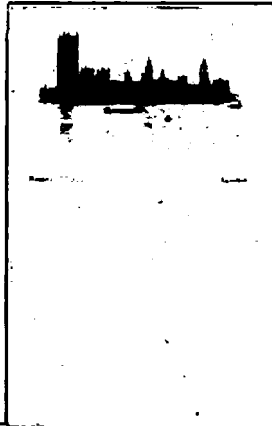
ONE of the most interesting points in the study of picture postcards is to notice the growth of the picture—how, at the time of the first appearance of the species, the picture played quite a timidly subsidiary part. It was just pushed away into a corner, so to speak, and the primary idea of the postcard itself was retained. It was to write on. Mark the gradual growth of arrogance in the picture. Larger and larger it gets until now we have to turn over to the other side of the card to squeeze in a crowded word or two—if we put anything in but a bare initial.

From Messrs. Blum and Degen we have received an album to which they have given the title, "The Growth of the Picture Post-Card Industry," and from a perusal of its contents one quite sees how it is that the postcard, as it stands to-day, has obtained such a hold on the affections of all and sundry. From the small—almost, to a modern idea, crudely done—picture in our first reproduction, the

album leads us by gentle stages on to the little works of art which are submitted to the public eye at the present time. All the space of the card is used, and the methods of reproduction are now so far superior to those in vogue ten years ago that there is simply no comparison between the earlier cards and the modern ones.

That the words "work of art" are in no sense wrongly used when applied to the modern postcard, one has only to point to one series which this firm publishes. This is a set of really beautiful etchings, which are executed in the most finished style of copper-plate work. We show a small reproduction of one of the cards of this series.

One of these fine days the picture postcard will obtain its due recognition as an educational force. Why drudge through geographies and text-books if you wish to learn things about a foreign country, when a visit to the nearest stationers will produce you the very thing you want to



ANCIENT AND MODERN. A COMPARISON.
From cards by Messrs. Blum and Degen.



SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.



TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.



ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

THREE OF THE SERIES OF ETCHINGS.

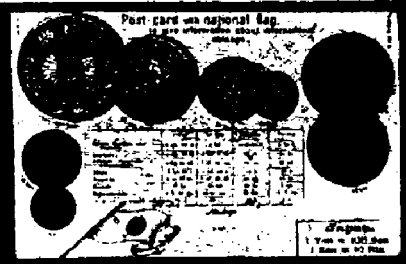
Messrs. Blum and Degen.



ENGLISH COINS AND FLAG.
Messrs. H. and C. Hulbert.



A COMIC CARD.
By Messrs. S. Hildesheimer and Co.

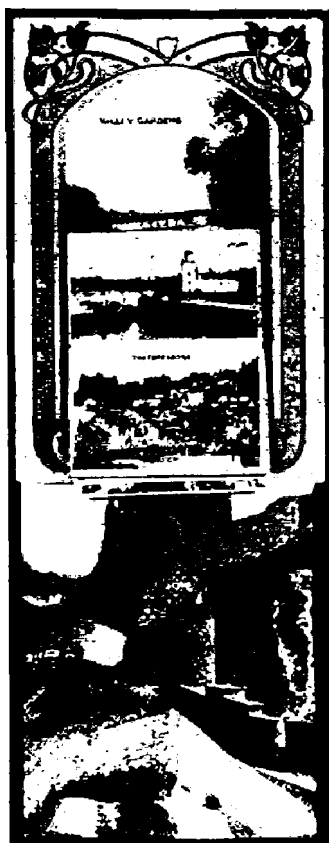


JAPANESE COINS AND FLAG.
Messrs. H. and C. Hulbert.

know about anywhere—from China to Peru, from Van Dieman's Land to Vladivostok. Do you yearn to know the most intimate details in the day's work of a soldier or a sailor, for instance? No need to worry. It's all down on postcards for you if you only care to hunt them up. Ask any question, from the colour of a famous locomotive to the number of the stones in an actor's scarf-pin, and the postcard can answer you. It can even teach you to paint.

Take, for example, a card issued by Messrs. S. Oates and Co. With a design in outline, you are given, on a part of the card which will tear off when done with, quite sufficient excellent water-colour paint to make for the delectation of your friends a very pretty little picture. Not the least part of this Artist's Compendium are the pithy instructions—a complete lesson in painting in twenty words.

A series of cards of much interest—from an educational point of view as well as pictorially—is the West Indian series published by Mr. A. E. Aspinall. These pictures bring us quite into touch with the features of

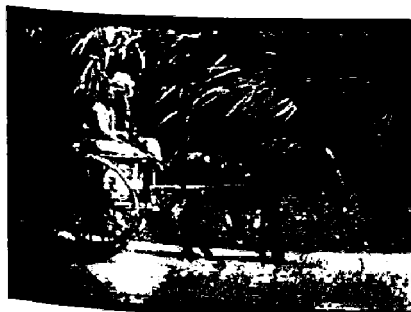


THE MULTIPLE POSTCARD.
The Photochrom Co.

this part of the world, and the quaint affectations of the natives. The picture of the gentleman with the Union Jack which we reproduce is labelled, "In the West Indies—A Newsvendor," although exactly why he carries a flag is not made clear. Is it a badge of his trade "in them parts"? But one anticipates with delight the patriotic display when the custom becomes general in Fleet Street.

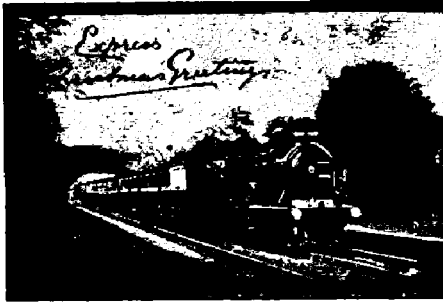
The accompanying reproduction gives some notion of the appearance of the "Multiple Post-Card," published by the Photochrom Company. This is a postcard which, when one "touches the button," becomes several postcards, and is the outcome of a really smart idea.

A selection of cards which we have received from Messrs. Davidson is among the best we have seen for some time. This firm sets itself a really high standard to keep up to, as a glance at the list of its artists, which includes such names as Tom Browne, R.I., J. Hassall, and Dudley Hardy, will testify. In a very seasonable vein are the three cards by Tom Browne of which we give reproductions. The very fine set of "Domestic



THREE OF THE WEST INDIAN SERIES.

By Mr. A. E. Aspinall.



THE HIGHLAND EXPRESS.

THREE FINE CHRISTMAS POSTCARDS.

Pets" cards is from the same firm, and affords proof that the more artistic side of the industry is not neglected by them.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons are well to the fore again this year with a splendidly large and varied selection of Christmas cards, postcards, pictorial calendars, and artistic novelties of all sorts. Such reproductions as we give of the works of this firm can



AN OLD-FASHIONED GREETING.



THE SCOTCH EXPRESS.

By Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co

can be gratified from their enormous range of subjects—and their list of artists includes the names of some of the most famous in the world. At this season of

goodwill, when everybody who has a friend is desirous of exchanging Christmas greetings with him, the Christmas card in some form or other becomes a power in the land, and the task of selection taxes all the critical powers of the ordinary individual. In this predicament one cannot go far wrong in choosing cards at the well-known sign of the Easel and Palette.

Although the Christmas card and the postcard as we know them have been brought to such a pitch of excellence that can hardly, with



A CARD AFTER A PAINTING BY C. REICHART.

By Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co.

convey but an idea of their appearance in all the glory of the dainty colouring for which Tuck's are renowned. It is an axiom that to possess oneself of a Tuck production is to become the owner of one of the best possible. Every taste



A UNIQUE CARD IN COLOUR.

Messrs. C. W. Faulkner and Co.

present methods, be surpassed, there are plenty of good people who prefer a more



THREE EXCELLENT EXAMPLES OF THE TOM BROWNE CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Messrs. Davidson.



DOMESTIC PETS.

Reproduced direct from Oil Paintings by Messrs. Davidson.

personal note in their Christmas greetings than can be supplied by the mere printed card. To such persons the novelties issued by Kodak, Ltd., cannot fail to appeal. The form that they take is that of a high-class Christmas card, minus the usual picture. If the sender of this card be an amateur photographer, he affixes to it a photograph of his own taking—if he does not use a camera he prevails



A SPLENDID CHRISTMAS CARD IN COLOUR.

Messrs. S. Hildesheimer and Co.

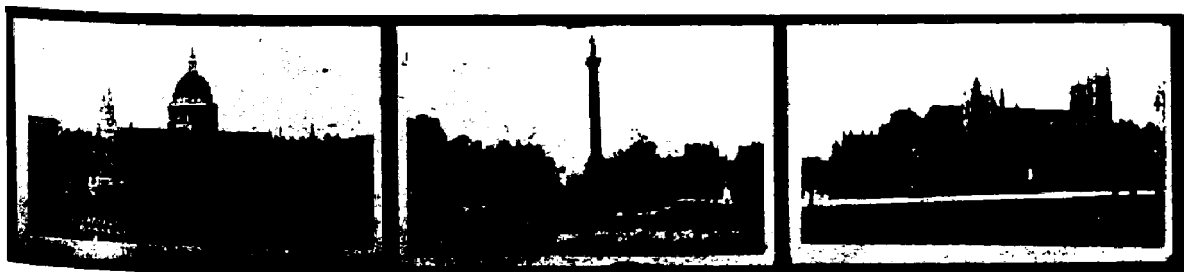


A FINE EXAMPLE FROM MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK'S ART SERIES.

upon a friend who does to affix to it a photograph of himself.

Postcards and Christmas cards have also to be acknowledged from Messrs. C. W. Faulkner and Co., J. Beagles and Co., Walter Dannatt, The Locomotive Publishing Co., Ltd., S. Hildesheimer and Co., Ltd., H. and C. Hulbert,

and The Collector's Publishing Co. These will be dealt with next month.



THREE EXCELLENT LONDON VIEW POSTCARDS.

Messrs. H. Lindley and Co.

THE ADVENTURES OF DICK SELMES.

By BERTRAM MITFORD,

Author of "The Gun-Runner," "The King's Assegai," "The Sign of the Spider," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. BOWRING.

No. 3.—THE TICKING OF A WATCH.



“BANG! Boom!”

Rock and frowning krantz rolled back the reverberations in swooping echo as the first seven-pounder spoke, launching its whistling shrapnel

across the deep, thickly bushed valley of the Tolo River. Hardly had the echoes died away than the second gun spoke.

Simultaneously with its roar, branches and stones were seen to split and fly, on the opposite hill-side some six hundred yards away. Simultaneously, too, a deep-chested ejaculation of wonderment broke from the throats of more than double that number of human beings. But the mere handful of brown-clad, helmeted men stood calm and alert, feeling perhaps a little grim, as they marked the effect of the gun practice upon the ochre-smear'd groups which dotted the hill-side hard by. More and more Kafirs came hurrying up from near and far, eager to witness the fun of what was to them an entirely new experience. For this was no battle, only a demonstration on the part of the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police, whose recently formed battery of artillery was delighted to have a chance of showing the turbulent inhabitants of the Transkei what they might hope to expect in case of—accidents.

With each successful shot—and the new artillery men were making wonderfully good practice—a gasp of admiring amazement ran through the entranced spectators like the breaking of a wave on the shore. These had increased till there could not have been less than a couple of thousand, reddening the slopes like a swarm of ants. They were not armed, except with sticks; and without his kerrie a Kafir rarely moves. The Police Commandant had sent word to all the principal chiefs, inviting them to witness the gun drill, and some had accepted. Besides the artillery, there were three full troops of mounted men.

Tall and bearded, his stature and smart

uniform and shining sword impressing the savages no less than his calm imperturbability of demeanour, the Commandant stood, among three or four Inspectors. Two others made up the group, and these, old friends of ours—Harley Greenoak and his charge, Dick Selmes. A little way from these squatted a knot of chiefs and councillors, eagerly discussing, in a low hum, the effect of every shot. They were all old or elderly men, differing outwardly in no way from the commonest of their people. They wore the same red blanket, and some the massive ivory armlet. But the faces of all were remarkably shrewd and intelligent.

The practice was soon over, and the swarms of red-ochred savages began to melt away; though a goodly proportion remained on the ground to discuss what they had seen. Meanwhile, the Police were mounting for their return march.

With them went Harley Greenoak and Dick Selmes. The bulk of the patrol would return across the Kei to the Colonial side, but A. Troop would remain behind in camp to keep an eye on a particularly unreliable and turbulent chief named Vunisa. The officer in command of this, Inspector Chambers, and Greenoak were old friends, and it was arranged that the latter and his charge should camp with them for awhile.

At that time the Transkei was in a state of simmer, and the same might be said of the tribes inhabiting British Kaffraria. Chiefs were known to be calling in their followers; and this was done by a system that worked with marvellous rapidity. At night mysterious beacons flashed answering messages to each other from this or that lofty hill-top, and it was known that war-dancing on a real scale was going on in this or that disaffected chief's location; and notably in that of Vunisa, situated in the Gudhluca Reserve. This Vunisa was chief over an important section of the Gcaleka tribe.

* * * * *

In front of the officers' mess hut in the A Troop camp, a group of four sat chatting.

"pity we can't find out something more definite, Greenoak," Inspector Chambers was saying. "I believe I'd be justified in arresting Vunisa on my own responsibility."

Harley Greenoak laughed drily.

"Don't you do it, Chambers. You'd stoke up the whole country then and there. Even if you didn't—what price the Government? Too much zeal isn't encouraged in the Police any more than in other departments, I take it."

The Inspector and his sub. laughed ironically.

"Not much," said the latter. "And these gentry are war-dancing every night right bang under our noses. It's genuine, too, for I've seen it before, as you know."

"By Jove! I should like to see a real war-dance," struck in Dick Selmes. "I say, Inspector, couldn't some of us go over some night and have a look in? Why not to-night?"

"Tired of life yet, Selmes?" answered Chambers good-naturedly. "Because if a few of us went to have a look in at it none of us would come back—in their present state of mind. If a lot—why, there'd be no war-dance."

The conversation rolled on, then came dusk—then dinner. Life in the open makes men drowsy, and it was not long before the camp of A. Troop—bar the sentries—was fast asleep.

The night was moonless, but the blue black of the unclouded sky was beautiful with its myriads of golden stars, shining as they only can shine in Southern skies. The loom of the hills was perceptibly defined, notably in one direction where a faint glow brought into relief the V-shaped scarp of converging slopes constituting, as it were, a portal to the country lying beyond. Hence sounds were borne, distant but indescribably weird. But the Police were accustomed to such by this time. There was war-dancing going on in the Gudhluka Reserve.

We said that the camp was fast asleep. Dick Selmes constituted an exception. Lying on his blanket outside one of the huts—he preferred to sleep in the open for the sake of freshness—he was planning out an extraordinarily mad scheme. Why should he not steal out, make his way over to Vunisa's location, and witness the fun. It would be a chance he might never get again. As for the risk, old Chambers was probably exaggerating. Even if he were discovered, they

wouldn't hurt one man all alone. He would just give them tobacco and tell them to go on with the programme; and, acting on this idea, he rose quietly and stole out of the camp.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

Hang it! He had forgotten the confounded sentry.

"Oh, it's all right, old man," he answered genially. "It's only me, and I'm taking a walk. Here, fill your pipe, I'll be back soon," putting a coin into the man's hand.

Trooper Carter was not one of the best men in the Force, and F.A.M. Police pay was none too liberal in those days. The weight of a sovereign felt good.

"All right, sir. Don't be too long, though."

Dick's spirits rose immeasurably as he found himself clear away, with night and the open veldt around him. He was in the pink of hard training, consequently not long did it take to cover the six or seven miles that lay between the Police camp and Vunisa's location.

The Tsolo River rippled murmuring across his way, reflecting the stars. Cautiously he forded it, the water scarcely above his ankles, but his heart in his mouth lest he should make any undue splash or cause a rattle of stones. But the din in front had now become so near and deafening that it would have drowned such fifty times over.

He was through the defile now, which was not so narrow as it looked. In front a great red glow as of numerous fires, and all his pulses were a-tingle with excitement and anticipation at the thunder of stamping feet, the roar of the rhythmical chant. But—how get near enough to see without being seen?

He glanced around, then upward. The steep slopes were not very thickly bushed, but, by advancing carefully and taking advantage of every bit of cover, he might manage to get well above the scene of the rout. Slowly, tediously, he crawled, for the most part on his hands and knees. The fire-light, throwing out a dull glow, reached the hill slopes—what if the white of his face should show up to the keen-eyed savages? And then, as he reached a point whence the whole scene lay revealed before him, Dick Selmes felt that the risk he had undertaken was amply repaid.

Beneath, in an immense open space, several huge fires were burning—their light showing up clusters of round, conical-roofed

huts studded all along the valley. But the broad level was covered with human beings, if so weird and satanic-looking a crew could be defined as human. There must have been considerably over a thousand of them, decided the spectator, allowing for those who were taking part in the performance alone; for on the outside of the actual arena squatted several rows of women, who supplied a not ineffective sort of accompaniment, by a rhythmical clapping of hands, to the war-chant of the warriors. The latter were

up to what seemed to the listener the highest pitch of fierce frenzy. Every head was bent forward, eagerly drinking in every word; and the deep-toned murmurs of assent which greeted some of his periods reminded Dick of those which hailed the successful shooting of the Police artillery, the first time he had seen any large number of savages together.

There was a sudden tightening of the ranks. The orator had ceased. Now arose the rhythmical strophes of the war-song,



THE SAVAGES FLUNG THEMSELVES UPON HIM.

arrayed in trappings of the most fantastic nature: tufts of cow-hair flowing from leg to arm; monkey and leopard skins and wild-cat tails, and bunches of crane feathers sticking up from their heads. All seemed bristling with assegais, but there were no shields.

As Dick Selmes took in all this the chant suddenly ceased, and the entire mass stood in motionless silence. Then one man came forward and harangued them. He was of tall, commanding figure, and the spectator wondered if this was Vunisa, the redoubtable chief, himself. Not long, however, did he talk, but more and more did his speech work

low at first and fierce, then rising till it reached a perfect roar, terror-striking in the degree of ferocity unchained which it expressed, while the stamp of feet, in perfect unison, shook the ground as it were with the rumble of an earthquake. Then the whole mighty mass moved forward in line, and the light of gushing flames gleamed redly on assegai blades as the foremost warriors went through the pantomime of striking down an imaginary foe. Up and down the great open space this was repeated several times, the rear ranks manœuvring so as to change places with the first and get their turn, in a

way that was scarcely perceptible. But—what was this?

For now, behind the surging mass of fantastically arrayed warriors, came a file of women. Each was armed with a tough knobkerrie, and beat on the ground with a vicious whack now and then during the advance. They were finishing off the wounded after a battle.

For upwards of an hour Dick Selmes lay, witnessing this weird but striking and dramatic scene, in a state of mind little short of entrancement. There was a fascination about it that made him long to rush down the hill and shout and stamp with the rest. No wonder they wanted a strong Police camp in the neighbourhood, he thought, if this sort of thing was going on all over Kafirland; and it struck him uneasily, what a mouthful their own particular camp might prove if these and a few more were to hurl themselves upon it while in that state of frenzy. The thought of the camp suggested that it was high time to think of getting back there.

"Well, I've seen something to-night, and no mistake," he said to himself. "My hat! but I'll have the grin over Greenoak and old Chambers to-morrow."

The flame of the fires blazed up higher than ever. As he turned to carry out his intention, he found his way barred, and that by a line of ochre-smeared, brawny savages. He marked the cruel sneer on each broad, dark face, the gleam of uplifted blades, and then realised his utter helplessness. For, fearing to wake Harley Greenoak, who would certainly have prevented his undertaking such a mad trip, he had refrained from going into the hut to fetch his revolver. Now he was totally unarmed.

With quick ejaculations the Kafirs hurried forward, some in crouching attitude, like cats advancing on their prey, others erect, but all with eyes fixed warily upon him, for they expected him to draw a pistol. Then they scattered, spreading out so that some should steal above and behind him.

In that moment Dick Selmes knew what it was to feel that his last hour had come. He had no knowledge of the language, so could not try the effect of parley. So, by way of signifying that he was not there with hostile intent, he extended both hands—open.

The effect was magical. Realising for the first time that he was unarmed, the savages flung themselves upon him. Powerful and in good training as he was, what could he

do against numbers? At the same time a blanket was flung over his head and face, blinding and effectually stifling him in its nauseous folds, and he was borne to the earth and effectually pinioned by many and muscular hands.

* * * * *

Inspector Chambers was an officer of promptitude and decision, and on Harley Greenoak waking him up in the grey of the dawn with the news that Dick Selmes was nowhere in the camp, the sentries of the night before were at once called to account, and the truth came out. The young gentleman was not one of themselves, explained the defaulter, who supposed, therefore, that he was not under the same orders. Ordering the man to be put under arrest, the Inspector gave his directions, and in a surprisingly short space of time nearly the whole troop was mounted and heading at a trot for Vunisa's location.

"That's where we'll find him," pronounced Greenoak, adding grimly, "if we find him at all. He'll have gone to look at that war-dance, sure as eggs. I ought to have known he'd be trying it, and kept my eye on him."

* * * * *

Pummelled, pushed, hustled, his hands and arms secured with innumerable knots of raw hide; half-suffocated, wholly nauseated by the greasy effluvium of the filthy blanket which still enveloped his head and shoulders, Dick Selmes was hurried down the hill by his captors. To his attempts at speech with them, in the hope that even one among them might understand English, the only reply was a savage growl in their own tongue, accompanied by a dig in the back with the butt end of a kerrie. Still, he did his best to keep his faculties of hearing undimmed, and, listening with all his might, it seemed as though the roar of the war-dance, instead of drawing nearer, became less marked. Whither were they taking him? All sorts of frontier stories of the old wars which he had heard came back to his mind; of the unsparing barbarities practised by these savages on any unfortunate white man who should fall into their hands; of soldiers, straggling from a column, cut off in the thick bush and slowly roasted to death with red-hot stones, or spread naked over a nest of black ants; of settlers, surprised by the suddenness of the outbreak, driven back to perish in the flaming ruins of their own homesteads. And now he himself was in the power

of these very fiends! They were dragging him back to put him to some such end, to delight the whole location with the spectacle of his lingering torments. Shuddering with horror at the thought, the unfortunate fellow hardly noticed whither he was being hurried. Then he was suddenly and roughly flung to the ground, his legs tightly tied together at the ankles, by which he was now seized, and unceremoniously dragged through what he guessed to be the door of a hut.

Once within, a light was struck; the homely match of civilisation flaring feebly, but just enough to render more fiend-like still the fell, savage faces and forms decked with their wild war trappings. This the prisoner was able to make out for a moment, for the blanket which covered his head and shoulders was removed. But only for a moment, for an effectual gag was forced into his mouth, and then the suffocating, filthy covering was replaced. Then, after a minute or two of muttered conversation, his captors withdrew.

And now for the unfortunate Dick Selmes followed a night of indescribable horror. To the certainty of being dragged forth at dawn to a death of unimaginable agony was added the torments of the present—the cramping pain of his bonds, the nauseous suffocation of the gag, and the bites of innumerable small pests of no account whatever to the savage, but calculated to drive a highly civilised and utterly helpless white man to the verge of insanity. Rescue! Of that there was no hope. The Police troop might hold its own on the defensive, but, after what he had seen last night, he could not believe it would stand a chance against these fierce warriors fighting on their own ground; besides, he himself would be murdered the first thing. And then he remembered how he by his own act had effectually cut off a'll trace as to his whereabouts. Even Harley Greenoak would fail to fathom the mystery of his disappearance—until too late. Again and again he bitterly cursed his own rashness.

Then, as the remaining hours of the night wore on, merciful Nature came to the relief of the sufferer, in that he sank into a state somewhat between sleep and unconsciousness, which at length took shape in a dream. The Police troop had come to his rescue. He could hear voices—those of Inspector Chambers and Harley Greenoak—mingling with the deeper tones of his savage gaolers. He tried to call out, but could utter no sound. They were withdrawing; still he

was perforce dumb. They had gone away. Ah, the agony of it! He strained at his bonds—nearly suffocated himself with the horrible gag. All of no avail.

* * *

Very different looked Vunisa's location—now silent in slumber—as the Police rode up, to the weird and stirring scene it had presented throughout the best part of the night, but the yelping and barking of innumerable curs soon brought forth some of its denizens. These stood open-mouthed with astonishment at the sight of the carbines and revolvers of Police troopers.

“The chief,” said Harley Greenoak decisively; “Vunisa, the chief. We have a ‘word’ to him.”

Scowling sullenly, the savages began to make the usual excuses. The chief was sick, and so on.

“A lie,” said Greenoak. “Bring him forth at once or we put the torch into every hut in this valley.”

By now all were astir. More than half the revellers had gone home, but there were yet an awkwardly large number left even for nearly a hundred armed and mounted men. For some time a hurried consultation was held; then, just as Greenoak was losing patience, the chief himself appeared.

Vunisa was a tall, powerful man, with rather a heavy and sullen face, but not without dignity even then. He had done nothing wrong, he protested; why, then, should the Government send the *amapolise* into his kraal and threaten to destroy it?

“The young white man who came here last night,” said Harley Greenoak. “Where is he?”

The chief turned to his followers. What was this about a young white man? Did anybody know? The while, Greenoak, who had dismounted, was watching him keenly. No. Nobody knew.

“Then Vunisa will be arrested,” he said. The chief started, ever so slightly. An ominous hubbub arose among his followers, the bulk of whom dived quickly into the huts again. They had gone to arm. The white Inspector Chambers issued his orders. The situation had become tense. What if Vunisa should persist in his disclaimer? There was a moment of dead, boding silence. Harley Greenoak broke it.

“Inspector, kindly send three of your men to search that hut,” pointing to one next to that whence Vunisa had emerged.



THERE CRAWLED FORTH A MAN—HATLESS AND DIRTY.

"If the chief moves he will be shot," he added in the Xosa language.

Amid dead silence the three troopers entered. In a moment, from the interior of the hut, ejaculations were heard; then through the low doorway there crawled forth a man—hatless and dirty with perspiration and smears of red ochre; in short, with a generally dilapidated appearance. And then up stood Dick Selmes, rubbing his eyes.

"Hallo, Greenoak! Hallo, Inspector, how are you? I say, I'm jolly glad you've turned up. I'm more than a bit sick of spending the night tied up in an old reeking Kafir blanket—faugh! and not able to move finger or toe."

"You may thank your lucky stars you'd got a watch on, and that there was just a moment of silence *in which I heard it tick,*" rejoined Harley Greenoak grave y.

"Eh?" puzzled. "That how you found me? Through the ticking of a watch?"

"That—and no other way. It'd be like hunting for a needle, to look for you in this location, even if we hadn't to fight our way out first. Well, your dad was right. You are a record for getting into hornets' nests."

There was no more to be done. Inspector Chambers was not going to take the responsibility of arresting Vunisa simply because this young fool had run his head, as Greenoak had said, into a hornets' nest. So, after reading that potentate a severe lecture, he withdrew his force.

Not until some time afterwards did they learn that the intention of the Kafirs had been to cut the throat of their prisoner and then burn the hut over him so as to destroy all trace. But that came out eventually, for the information of Harley Greenoak.

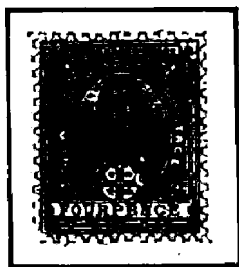


TRAGEDY AND STAMPS.

SOME time ago an American weekly stamp periodical opened an interesting competition on the question, "What stamps bear the portraits of rulers or leaders who met violent deaths?" This produced a list of twenty-six stamps, which we now illustrate, and to which we append the individual biographies.

It will be noted that, with the exception of some half a dozen, they all belong to the continent of America, mostly to the restless revolutionary States of Central and South America.

James Cook, a celebrated English navigator, was the son of a Yorkshire farm labourer. He

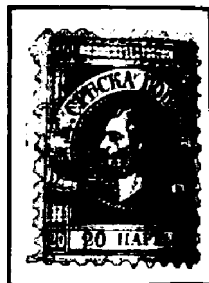


was born at Marton, Yorkshire, in 1728, and was killed in Hawaii in 1779. He entered the navy as an able seaman in 1755. In 1759 he sailed for America and surveyed the channel of the St. Lawrence, and was appointed marine surveyor of the coast of Newfoundland and

Labrador in 1763. In 1768, as lieutenant, he commanded the *Endeavour*, which carried a party of scientists to Tahiti to observe the transit of Venus. During this voyage, which lasted from May 1768 to June 1771, New Zealand was explored and the east coast of Australia. In 1772, after he had been raised to the rank of Commander, he started on a voyage of exploration in the Pacific, and made an attempt to discover the so-called great Southern Continent of New Caledonia. In 1776 he sailed as Captain on his last voyage to discover a passage from the Pacific round the north of America. During his northward voyage the Sandwich Islands were discovered (1777), and, shortly after his return to them, in 1779, he was murdered by the natives in revenge for a flogging administered to one of

them for thieving. His portrait appears on the 4d. of the centennial issue of New South Wales, still current.

Michael Obrenovitch, Prince of Servia, was the son of Milosh Obrenovitch. He was born at Karagojevatz, Servia, in 1825, and was murdered near Belgrave in 1868. Michael succeeded his aged father in 1861. A writer in *Chambers' Encyclopædia* says of his reign: "Under his rule a new era began for harassed Servia: the animosities of faction were smoothed away, the supremacy of the law was successfully vindicated and maintained, the national spirit was encouraged and foreign interference minimised, the national militia was organised, armed, and trained, and the country began to move forward along the path of progress and prosperity. In 1867, Michael procured the departure of the last Turkish garrisons from Servian soil. On June 10, 1868, Prince Michael was assassinated in the park of Topshidere, near Belgrade, by partisans of the rival Kara George faction."



His portrait appears on all values of the 1866 series of Servia.

George Czerny, otherwise Karageorge, otherwise Black George, was the leader of the Servians in their struggles for independence from Turkish dominion. He was born of poor parents in 1766. He joined in the insurrection against the Turks in 1787. Four years later, in revenge for injuries received in a raid on his house, he got together a band of desperadoes and started a relentless guerilla warfare. Others joined him till, in 1804, he was strong

enough to seize the fortress of Schabaz. After this he attacked Belgrade and routed the Turks.



It is said that he was secretly assisted by Russia in the capture of Belgrade in 1806. In 1808 the people elected him to be their governor, as he had been their deliverer from the Turkish yoke, and he was subsequently recognised as Prince of Serbia by the Sultan. When the attention of Russia was diverted to Napoleon's march on Moscow, Turkey once more turned on the Servians, and Czerny had to seek an asylum in Austria. Later on, when the freedom of Serbia had been re-established, Czerny returned; but was treacherously murdered at the instigation of the reigning prince. His portrait appears inside that of King Peter, his descendant, on the coronation series of 1904.

Alexander I., King of Servia. was born in 1876, and was murdered in his palace in 1903.



He ascended the throne of Servia on the abdication of his father, King Milan, in March 1889. When Crown Prince, his mother, Queen Natalie, took him with her into exile after her separation from the king, but he was taken from her at Berlin and sent back to Belgrade.

His marriage in 1900 to Madame Draga Maschin, formerly a lady-in-waiting to his mother, gave great offence to his advisers, and on July 11, 1903, the leaders of a widespread conspiracy, mostly officers and Court officials, broke into the palace and stabbed to death the king and queen, the queen's brother, and several others, and threw their bodies into the courtyard.

The young king's portrait appears on all the Servian stamps from 1890 to 1903.



Humbert I., King of Italy from 1878 till 1900, was born at Turin in 1844, and succeeded his father, Victor Emmanuel II., in 1878. While Prince of Piedmont he commanded a divi-

sion of General Cialdini's army at Custoza in 1866, when the Italians were defeated by the Austrians under the Archduke Albert. Bread riots in 1898 led to repressive measures and considerable popular excitement, and King Humbert was assassinated by an anarchist on July 29, 1900. His portrait figures on most of the postage stamps issued by Italy during his reign.

Alexander Hamilton, a celebrated American statesman, was born in the island of Nevis, West Indies, in 1757, and was killed in a duel in New Jersey in 1804.



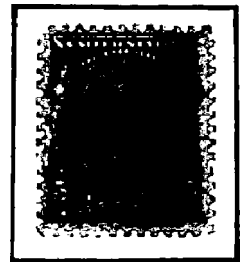
He first attracted attention as a pamphleteer in the political agitation which preceded the Revolution of 1774. He was a member of Washington's staff from 1777 to 1781. After serving in various conventions, he

was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army in 1799, and was mortally wounded by Aaron Burr in a duel at Weehawken, New Jersey.

His portrait figures on the 30 c. of the United States series of 1870-1871.

Abraham Lincoln, one of the world's worthies, died by the hand of the assassin. He

was a native of Kentucky, and was born in 1809. He was descended from a Quaker family of English origin. He graded from farm labourer to salesman, merchant, and surveyor to lawyer. He served first as a private and afterwards as a captain in the war



of 1832, and when, in 1848, he stood as a Republican candidate for the United States Senate, he took a determined stand as an uncompromising opponent of slavery. Consequently, when, in 1861, he was inaugurated as President, the southern slave States forthwith broke out into rebellion. Nevertheless, his popularity increased even under the terrible strain of a great Civil War, and he was re-elected for a second presidential term in 1864. He was occupied with plans for the reconstruction of the South after the defeat of the Confederates when John Wilkes Booth shot and mortally wounded him in Ford's Theatre, Washington, on April 13, 1865. The President died on the following day, leaving the name of Abe Lincoln as a household word for

integrity and strength of purpose to his countrymen. His well-known portrait appears on most of the postal series of the United States. It figures on the 5 c. of the current series.

James Abram Garfield was born in Ohio in 1831, and shot at Washington in 1881. He commenced life as an instructor in Hiram College and remained to become its president. He was elected a member of the Ohio Senate in 1861, and when the great Civil War broke out in 1861 over the slavery question he joined the union army as a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. He defeated

General Humphrey Marshall at the battle of Middle Creek, and was promoted for conspicuous services from one rank to another till he became major-general in 1863. He was elected President of the United States in 1880, but, in the following year, on the morning of July 2, as he was setting off to witness the closing exercises of his old college, Charles Guiteau, a disappointed office-seeker, shot him down from behind. He lay for weeks between life and death, and finally succumbed to his wound on September 19, 1881.

His portrait appears on the 6 c. of the current series, and on stamps of previous issues.

William McKinley was the twenty-fourth President of the United States. He was born at Niles, in Ohio, in 1843, and served in the Civil War, retiring with the rank of major. After having been several times elected to congress he was, in 1891, made Governor of

Ohio. In 1897 he was made President of the United States, and he was re-elected for a second term in 1900, but an anarchist shot him at a public gathering at an exposition in Buffalo on September 6, 1901. He is chiefly known as the author of a Tariff Bill which was designed to cripple the competition of other countries in the markets of the United States.

His portrait appears on the 5 c. of a series of postal labels issued to advertise a local show at St. Louis.



Jean Jaques Dessalines was born at Grand Riviere in 1758, and was killed near Port-au-Prince in 1806.

He was a negro revolutionist of the restless and ill-governed negro republic of Hayti. When a slave he joined an insurrection in 1791, became second in command under Toussaint Louverture, and fought against the mulattos. He was savage and cruel. After his chief had been taken off to France he headed another revolt, and with English aid drove the French out of Hayti in 1803. On January 1, 1804, he was proclaimed Governor-General of Hayti for life, and eighteen months later he was dignified with the title of emperor, as Jean Jaques I. Savage and cruel as a fighter, when he came into power he developed into a despot. A couple of years seems to have been as much as even the people of Hayti could stand of his government, for he had only reigned for that short period when they waylaid him and put an end to his despotism once and for ever. Why, in a jubilee issue of the postage stamps in 1904, such an undesirable character should be chosen as the central figure of a design with maidens holding a laurel wreath above his head, it is hard to understand, save for the reason that he helped to free Hayti from the French and preserve it for the misgovernment of the blacks.

Maximilian (Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph) was the second son of the Austrian Archduke. Francis Charles, and brother of Francis Joseph, the present Emperor of Austria. He was born at Vienna in 1832. The French, after a successful campaign in Mexico, placed that country under an imperial form of government and, in 1864, offered the throne to Maximilian, who accepted it. On reaching Mexico that same year he was deceived by an apparently enthusiastic welcome. With the help of French troops he pursued the Mexican leader, Juarez, over the northern frontier. But he roused the indignation of the people by issuing a proclamation that those taken in arms against the empire would be treated as bandits.



The United States refused to recognise the empire, the neighbourhood of which troubled them, and they ultimately persuaded the French to withdraw their troops. Deserted by the French, and at the mercy of the Mexicans, Maximilian wanted to resign, but in a weak moment he was tempted to remain, and personally led the remnant of his army against the republicans. He was defeated, made prisoner, court-martialled, and shot, as though he were himself but a mere bandit, in May, 1867.

His portrait appears on the Mexican stamps of 1866-1867.

Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla was the first leader of the Mexican War for independence from Spain, was born in Guanajuato in 1753, and was shot at Chihuahua in 1811. When *cure* of the village of Dolores he commenced in September, 1810, to stir up a revolt. With an army of raw recruits he marched on the capital and defeated Trusillo on October 30,

1810, but they were beaten by Calleja, and Hidalgo was compelled to retreat to Guadalarajara. There he is said to have raised his army to 100,000, but was again completely routed by Calleja at the bridge of Calderon. He resigned, and fled to the United States, but was captured, tried, and shot.

His portrait appears on the first stamps issued by Mexico, and on several subsequent issues.

Inca Manco Capac. Prescott, in his "History of the Conquest of Peru," thus tells the life story of the brave Inca Manco Capac, who was massacred by a party of Spaniards:

"The death of Manco Inca, as he was commonly called, is an event not to be silently passed over in Peruvian history; for he was the last of his race that may be said to have been animated

by the heroic spirit of the ancient Incas. Though placed on the throne by Pizarro, far from remaining a mere puppet in his hands, Manco soon showed that his lot was not to be cast with that of his conquerors. With the ancient institutions of his country

lying a wreck around him, he yet struggled bravely, like Guatemozin, the last of the Aztecs, to uphold her tottering fortunes, or to bury his oppressors under her ruins. By the assault on his own capital of Cuzco, in which so large a portion of it was demolished, he gave a check to the arms of Pizarro, and for a season the fate of the conquerors trembled in the balance. Though foiled in the end by the superior science of his adversary, the young barbarian still showed the same unconquerable spirit as before. He withdrew into the fastnesses of his native mountains, whence, sallying forth as occasion offered, he fell on the caravan of the traveller, or on some scattered party of the military; and, in the event of a civil war, was sure to throw his own weight into the weaker scale—thus prolonging the contest of his enemies, and feeding his revenge by the sight of their calamities. Moving lightly from spot to spot he eluded pursuit amidst the wilds of the Cordilleras; and hovering in the neighbourhood of the towns, or lying in ambush on the great thoroughfares of the country, the Inca Manco made his name a terror to Spaniards. Often did they hold out to him terms of accommodation; and every succeeding ruler, down to Blanco Nuñez, bore instructions from the Crown to employ every art to conciliate the formidable warrior. But Manco did not trust the promises of the white man; and he chose rather to maintain his savage independence in the mountains, with the few brave spirits around him, than to live a slave in the land which had once owned the sway of his ancestors."

The brave Inca's portrait appears on the 1 c. and 2 c. of the series of 1896-1900 of Peru.

Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, was the son of a Spanish officer, and was born about 1471. In 1541 he was killed by his own followers at Lima. In 1522 he joined with Diego de Almagro in a scheme of conquest directed against South America, whence rumours had come of a rich empire. In 1529 he returned to Spain, and obtained a concession to conquer and govern Peru. In 1532 he reached Caxamaraca, where the Inca Atahualpa was encamped with a large army. On the next day the Inca was treacherously seized, and his attendants were massacred,



He was promised his liberty if he would fill a room with gold, and he actually did collect, through his officers, gold to the estimated value of three and a half millions sterling. In the end the captive was murdered after a trumped-up charge of conspiracy against the Spaniards. Eventually the Spanish leaders, Pizarro and Almagro, quarrelled as to the division of the territories they had conquered, and eventually Pizarro was attacked in his palace at Lima, and murdered with several of his attendants.

His portrait appears on the 10 c. of the Peruvian series of 1896-1900.

Miguel Grau, a Peruvian naval officer, was born at Piura in 1834, and was killed in action in 1879. In 1871 he was appointed to the command of the turret ship *Huascar*. When the war broke out with Chili he, with the two ironclads, *Huascar* and *Independencia*, kept the whole Chilian navy at bay for several months. The *Huascar* was finally cornered near Antofagasta by the Chilian fleet, and this led to the first action fought between ironclads. The Peruvian ship was finally overpowered after a very plucky fight against odds, but before the surrender a shell struck the conning tower of the *Huascar*, in which were Admiral Grau and his flag-lieutenant, and the projectile, exploding inside the structure, killed both occupants—the admiral being mutilated to such an extent that only his right foot and leg were identified as part of the man who had been the foremost figure in the Peruvian navy.

His portrait appears on the 1 c. of the Peruvian Commemorative issue of 1901.

Mariano Rivera Paz, a Guatemala statesman, was born about 1815, and was assassinated in 1849. He became president of that throat-cutting country in 1838, but was deposed in the following year. He was restored a few months later, and held the post till December 1841.

From May 1842, to December 1844, he was again president, when

he resigned. His tenure of office was full of troubles.

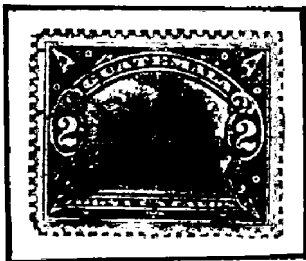
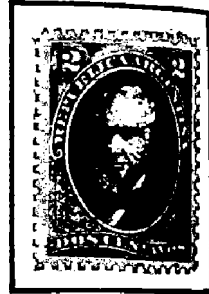
His effigy on horseback, evidently taken from a statue, appears on the 2 c. of the elaborate picture series of 1902.

Francisco Solano Lopez was a Paraguayan soldier and statesman, who plunged his country into a long and disastrous war with Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay, which lasted from 1865 to 1870 and ended in the total defeat of the Paraguayans.

Mr. C. E. Akers in his "History of South America" writes: "Don Francisco Solano Lopez, whose ambition had brought on this drama of blood, was born in 1827, and was, therefore, in the prime of manhood when this crisis occurred. His father, Don Carlos Lopez, was President of Paraguay at his death in March 1857, and the son succeeded him. Lopez had unbounded confidence in his own ability, regarding himself as "the Napoleon of South America." He was surprised in the interior of Paraguay, near the river Aquidaban, by a Brazilian force, and was killed with his eldest son.

His portrait appears on the 2 c. of 1877-1887 of Argentine.

Urquiza (Don Juste José de), President of the Argentine Confederation, was born in Entre-Rios in 1800, and assassinated in his castle of San José in 1870. He was the richest landowner in the State, and one of the most moderate leaders of the Federal Party opposed to the preponderance of Buenos Ayres. Governor of Entre-Rios, 1842, and tired of the tyranny of Rosas, he took sides with Brazil, delivered Monte Video, which was being besieged by Oribe, in 1851, and at Monte Caseros fought Rosas, who exiled himself in 1852. He was elected Provisional Dictator by the Governors of the Provinces; but Buenos Ayres rose and freed itself from his authority. Elected President of the Confederation by the Congress of Santa Fé in 1853, he tried to bring back prosperity, without succeeding, for the maritime duties, which were the principal source



of income, belonged to the Independent Government of Buenos Ayres. The two States went to war; Urquiza conquered General Mitre at Cepada on August 22, 1859, and yielded the Presidency of the United Confederation to Derqui in 1860. Being appointed General-in-Chief, he was defeated at Pavon on September 17, 1861, by Mitre, who had revolted, and he became again Governor of Entre-Rios under the Unitarian Republic, presided over by Mitre, 1862, and Sarmiento, 1868. He was assassinated by one of his aides-de-camp, Juan Pablo Lopez, who had revolted.

His portrait appears on the $\frac{1}{2}$ c., blue, of 1888-1890, and on the $\frac{1}{2}$ c., ultramarine, of 1889-1890, of the Argentine Republic.

Manuel Dorrego, an Argentine statesman, was born at Buenos Ayres in 1787, and was shot there in 1828. In August, 1827, he was elected Governor of Buenos Ayres. His efforts to establish a confederation of the provinces were at first successful, and the war with Brazil was brought to a close in 1828, both countries recognising the independence of Uruguay. The revolt of



Lavalle drove Dorrego from Buenos Ayres. He was defeated in an attempt to recover the city, was captured, and shot without trial.

His portrait appears on the 30 c. of the 1888-1890 series of the Argentine Republic.

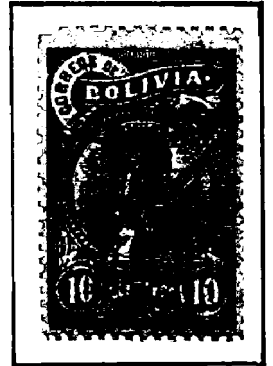
García Rovira Custodia was a New Grenadian patriot. He was born in Cartagena about 1770, and was shot at Bogota in 1816. He was an accomplished scholar, and had been a professor in the college of San Bartolome. In 1810 he joined the patriots in the struggle for independence from Spanish rule, and was given important commands in the army. When the patriots were flying from Morillo, in 1816,



García Rovira was, for a time, Chief of the State, but he was eventually captured by the Spaniards and shot.

His portrait appears on the 2 pesos of the 1903-1904 series of Antioquia.

Bernardo Monteagudo, South American statesman, was born in Tucuman in 1778. He studied in the University of Cordoba, and, after being graduated as Doctor in Law, at Chuquisaca, Peru, he was admitted to the Bar in 1808. He was one of the principal promoters of the first declaration of independence in South America, May 25, 1809, and was arrested by the Spanish authorities and sent to Buenos Ayres. There he



published the *Martir ó Libre*, a newspaper, and prepared the way for the revolution of May 1810. In 1811 he was one of the editors of the *Gaceta* and of *El Independiente* and *El Grito del Sur*, and he was one of the principal instigators of the movement that overthrew the governing junta of Buenos Ayres in 1812. In 1813 he was a member of the constituent assembly, where he recommended many useful reforms. From 1815 till 1817 he travelled in Europe, and in the latter year accompanied San Martin as secretary in the campaign of Chili. He introduced many improvements, and inspired the decree of January 10, which established the Sociedad Patriótica de Lima. He was assassinated in one of the principal streets of Lima in 1825 by a negro.

His portrait appears on the 10 c., violet 1897-1898, of Bolivia.

Antonio José de Sucre, a South American soldier, was born in Cumana, Venezuela, February 3, 1793. He studied mathematics at Caracas, graduated at the college of military engineers in 1810, and in May of that year was sent to Barcelona as Post-Commander. In March, 1814, he joined Bolivar, who appointed him lieutenant-colonel of the Army of the Orient. He de-

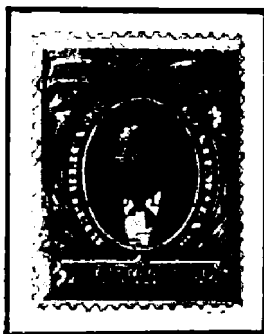


feated the Spaniards at Yaguchi on August 19, 1821, but was routed on September 12 by Guachi. In July, 1824, Sucre and Bolivar marched across the Andes to attack the army of Canterac, and defeated him at Junin on August 6.

After many more battles with the Spaniards he retired into private life, but was sent as deputy for Guayaquil to the Colombian Congress at Bogota, January 20, 1830, which elected him president. He was returning home when he was shot from an ambush in the mountains of Berruescos. He died near Pasto, Colombia, June 4, 1830, and his remains were transported by his family to the church of San Francisco in Quito, where they still rest, although the Government of Bolivia, in 1845, asked permission to transport them to their country.

His portrait appears on the Bolivian 50 c., orange, 1897-1898, and on all the stamps of the 1900 issue.

Justo Rufino Barrios, a statesman of Guatemala, was born at San Marcos about 1834,



and was killed at Chalchuapa, Salvador, in 1886. In 1871 he took a leading part in the overthrow of President Cerna, and from 1873 till his death in 1886 he was President of Guatemala. He is credited with having governed wisely and well, for he secured order, prosperity, and religious freedom,

and promoted the construction of railways and telegraphs. In 1882-1883 he visited the United States and Europe. He drew up a scheme for the confederation of the Central American States, but it led to a war with Salvador, and having invaded that country he was killed in an assault on Chalchuapa on April 2, 1886.

His portrait appears on the 2 c. provisional of 1902 of Guatemala.

Francisco Morazan was a Central American statesman who devoted his life to a scheme for uniting the Central American republics in one strong State. He was born in Honduras in 1792, and was shot at San José, Costa Rica, in 1842. In 1827, as the leader of the Liberal - Federalists, he defeated the Conservatives, and again in 1828 in Salvador, and in 1829 in Guatemala he continued his victories till, in 1830, he realised his dream and was elected President of the



Central American Confederation. He was a wise and liberal governor, and was re-elected in 1834, but the enemies of union were not idle, and when his second term of office expired they refused to hold an election. In the usual revolution which followed he was finally defeated and compelled to take refuge in Peru in 1840. Two years after he entered Costa Rica, once more promoted his scheme for union, and assumed the executive of that State; but another revolution sprang up and deposed him, and in July, 1842, he was captured and shot. His admirers in after years erected a statue to him, and it forms the central portion of the design of the Salvador 1 c. of 1903.

Juan Rafael Mora, a Costa Rica politician, born at San José in 1814, was shot at Puntarenas in 1860. He was vice-president and acting president in 1848, and was elected president in 1849. He had held office for nearly a year when he was deposed and banished. In 1860 he made another attempt to seize the reins of power, but was captured and shot at Puntarenas on September 30, 1860.

His portrait appears on the 2 colones of the 1901 series of Costa Rica.

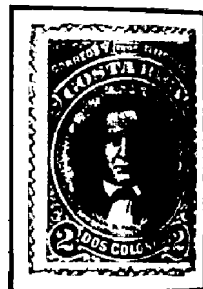
Nasr-ed-Din, or **Nassr-ed-Din**, Shah, of Persia, was born in 1831 and assassinated in 1896. He was the eldest son of the Shah Mohammed, whom he succeeded in 1848. He was at war with England in 1856-1857, but was compelled by Generals Outram and Havelock to restore Herat, which he had seized. In 1872 the Persian frontier was fixed. Though Nasr-ed-Din was assassinated, his second son, Muzaffer-ed-Din, peacefully succeeded to the throne.

Nasr-ed-Din's portrait figures in the gorgeously printed series of Persian stamps of 1882-1884.

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SOLD!



A FOOTBALL STORY BY HARRY TREVOR.

THE outlook was not particularly cheery. To be landed on Christmas Eve in one of the largest Welsh towns, whither I had journeyed with the well-known Aborigines football fifteen, only to find that play was impossible owing to frost, was not a prospect that I could contemplate with any degree of enthusiasm.

It was the more galling inasmuch as I had been looking forward to this tour to give me the practice and exercise of which, owing to an injury contracted a month previously, I was so much in need. The sporting newspapers had for some weeks been informing me that provided I was fit to take the field, my inclusion in the first English International match, as a centre threequarter back, was practically a certainty, and so my eagerness to get into condition at the earliest possible moment will be readily understood. However, it was no good crying over spilt milk. Exercise was my object, and if I couldn't get it one way, I must another. Naturally enough, my thoughts at once turned to our old friend, the "bike." And here a difficulty immediately confronted me. I had no suitable clothes. Now I have never been a great stickler for appearances, so quickly donning my football "shorts," stockings, "sweater," and cap, I started out in search of an iron horse.

Opening the road map lent me by the proprietor of the bicycle shop, my eye almost immediately alighted upon the name Llangolly. Of course! How extremely foolish! Here was I, within five and twenty miles of my native village, seeking an objective for an excursion. Yet there was some excuse for my forgetfulness, seeing that I had left



"LLANGOLLY LITERALLY EXISTS FOR FOOTBALL, SIR."

its sheltering care at the mature age of three months, never, until this day, to return.

I found the low rambling farmhouse so often described to me by my mother,—and being hot and tired I turned into the Sportsman's Arms, a picturesque old commercial hotel in the High Street, for lunch.

"Perhaps you won't mind coming in here, sir," said the landlord, opening the door of the bar parlour; "we have a football lunch in the coffee-room."

"Football?" I said with some surprise. "Why, surely you are not going to try to play to-day?"

"Ah, on account of the frost you mean, sir? Llangolly is without doubt greatly favoured by Providence in this respect, and I trust we are duly appreciative of her favours," he answered with considerable humility. "Thanks to the hills which surround our ground we are practically independent of nature's whims. Not going to play football? Why, sir," he added with a burst of enthusiasm; "Llangolly literally exists for football, and for football only."

"Amateur?" I said innocently.

He fixed his eyes sternly upon me.

"Amateur? Yes, amateur, unquestionably, sir," he replied gravely. "Here in Llangolly we hold that a man who would prostitute the noblest of all games by the acceptance of what is, in our opinion, no more nor less than a bribe, would be guilty of sacrilege."

"I am glad of it," I said.

"I am sure you are, sir. When you entered the door, I said to Mr. Peck," and he nodded in the direction of a gentleman in a Melton overcoat and a particularly low and curly "bowler," "that there was no mistaking a genuine footballer. You may try to avoid recognition, but, believe me, sir, your efforts are futile."

Was it possible that this man had identified me? I could not help feeling a certain amount of pride at the thought.

"And you have a match to-day, I suppose?"

Apparently he took little heed of my question.

"For fourteen years," he went on reflectively, "Llangolly and Pennybroath have struggled in friendly rivalry for what is, in our estimation, the blue ribbon of the football field. Seven times have our adversaries proved successful, while the lads of Llangolly have fought their way to victory upon a similar number of occasions. Last year

fate decided in our favour. This year—who knows?"

"And so you are not unnaturally particularly anxious to win to-day?"

"By no—" He corrected himself quickly. "Of course, sir. The question is surely unnecessary," he added, severely. The slip, though it passed unnoticed at the time, was of no little significance when judged in the light of later events.

* * * * *

During lunch I found myself thinking of little else but the forthcoming match, and by the time I had finished my cheese I had determined to postpone my return to London until the evening, in order to witness a struggle which was evidently no small event in the daily life of this little Welsh town.

A minute or two before the advertised time of starting, my friend the manager came quickly down the line of spectators who surrounded the field of play.

"I was looking for you," he said, as he hurried towards me. "Would you care for a game? We are one short. There is no time for any one else to change, and you are already dressed. By the laws of our association the referee has the power to annul the fixture should either side fail to be ready at the advertised time."

"But what about my qualification?" I said, taken completely by surprise.

"Oh, that's all right," he replied. "Here, take your coat off, and I will introduce you to our captain, Mr. Peck. Besides, you were born here, you know," he whispered, with a knowing wink.

Any lingering doubts in regard to his knowledge of my identity which I may have previously entertained vanished with this remark, and I was further strengthened and confirmed in this belief when, without a word from me, I was duly installed in the position of the left centre threequarter back.

That we were immeasurably the stronger side was evident from the start. And yet, time after time, when within an ace of scoring, our men made mistakes which for rank idiocy it would be hard to equal.

Personally, I scarcely ever touched the ball, and even upon the few occasions that I did I was as much handicapped by my own side, who invariably managed to get in my way in some unaccountable manner, as by my opponents.

Matters progressed without any tangible advantage accruing to either side, until within five minutes of "no-side," and then a

more than usually fatuous mistake, upon the part of two of our threequarters and back, let our opponents in. Luckily, however, the place kick proved abortive, and we lined up for the kick off, three points behind, with barely five minutes to play.

I admit to feeling not a little piqued at the thought that the side which included a prospective International threequarter back should be beaten by a team of mere villagers, and I resolved to make a mighty effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day. As luck would have it, the return from the kick-off came straight in my direction. Judging from former experiences, I was not surprised when my *compère* made a wild but fortunately unsuccessful effort to acquire the ball for himself. I got it instead, and shot off across the

ground at top speed. In a flash I saw that, with the exception of the opposing back, my pace would carry me by the others; but once again the efforts of my own side proved my undoing, for our right wing threequarters, no doubt with the excellent intention of backing up, overran me, with the result that I was obliged to turn to my left to avoid him. This manœuvre of course brought me once again into the midst of friend and foe alike. Completely surrounded, I steadied myself to drop at goal, as to pass the ball was to invite further blunders. It was a long shot—from close on the halfway line—but the ball rose true over the heads of my opponents. Was it going to drop short, I wondered, as it soared upwards. But at the very moment when my effort appeared doomed to failure, a sudden gust of wind carried the ball forward. Down it came plump upon the cross-bar, and, bounding up again, went to earth some ten yards beyond the posts. The whistle sounded—and Llangolly



"YOU'VE DONE IT! WHAT PRICE MY CHRISTMAS GOOSE?"

had beaten Pennybroath by four points to three.

As I made my way through the cheering crowd, I noticed that my companions did not, for some reason, appear to be equally overjoyed at my success. This, at the time, I attributed to a perhaps not unnatural jealousy on their part, but I confess that I was totally unprepared for the storm of indignation which greeted me upon my appearance in the dressing-room.

"You've done it!" growled my late partner at centre threequarter back.

"What price my new overcoat?" cried another, shaking a grimy fist in my face.

"And my Christmas goose!" yelled a third.

I looked from one to another in amazement. However, at this moment my friend, the secretary and manager, entered the room.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he cried warningly, and the hubbub ceased immediately.

"I must apologise," he said suavely.

"Please forgive an apparent rudeness. It is not intended, I assure you. I came here to condole with you, sir. Dear, dear me! to think that such a magnificent piece of play should after all be of no avail! It is heart-breaking—heart-breaking," he added meditatively.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Why, sir, the captain of the opposing side has been unsportsmanlike enough to object to your participation in the game. He has just pointed out to me an old rule in the laws of our association, a rule which I confess I had totally forgotten for the moment, which makes a birth qualification an absolute necessity."

"Well?"

"Well," he continued apologetically, "I fear the objection is insurmountable."

"What do you mean?" I asked, more puzzled than ever. "You yourself referred to my qualification when you asked me to play."

"Yes, yes, I know," he answered quickly, "but that was all—you know," and again he winked ominously.

Then in a moment the truth flashed upon me. He had never recognised me at all. I had been asked to play for some reason of his own of which I was quite ignorant. The whole thing was obviously a put-up job. I was furious.

"Look here," I cried angrily, "you are jolly well sold. I was born here. My name is Fowler—A. F. Fowler. My father took the Manor House by the bridge for three months in 1880, and I was born in it. If you doubt me, make your own inquiries."

My words produced a positively startling effect. His face became livid with passion.

"Fowler!" he gasped. "Not A. F. Fowler, the English threequarter back?"

"Quite right," I answered nonchalantly. "Put that in your pipe and smoke it," and I slammed the door in his face.

* * * * *

The whole affair remained a mystery to me for some ten days, when I received the following letter:

"DEAR SIR,—Pardon my presumption in writing to thank you for upsetting the pretty little game which the esteemed managers of the Llangolly and Pennybroath football fifteens had arranged at my expense. I am a bookmaker, who occasionally does a little bit in the football line—for the fun of the thing. I laid ten to one against Pennybroath with the manager of that sporting combination. Well, he goes over to Llangolly, and squares matters with the other rogue of a manager, on the heads they win, tails I lose principle. Then you comes along and upsets the blooming apple-cart. Many thanks. I took the liberty to tell them that you disapproved of their behaviour. I also added a few well-chosen words of my own, which it is not necessary to mention.

"Yours truly,

"TOM BUNNON."

"P.S.—They thought you were a 'mug' when they asked you to play. My word! That was a good bit. I ain't stopped laughing yet."

DECEMBER EVENTS.

THE chord of human sadness is deepest touched when the heart is in its happiest, merriest mood.

The Tay Bridge Disaster. There are subtle powers in cold type. Powers which freeze the heart or burst open its sluice-gates; which touch the hidden springs of human emotions, revive the sweet thrills of love or envelop the soul in sadness. So it was that the great living heart of the world throbbed and throbbed with sympathy as it read its morning's paper on December 29, 1879. And the throb reached up to God and was welcomed.

The Great Birthday had but a few days since been celebrated. The great Herald from the

glorious Beyond had been born again in the minds of His people. Thoughts had winged their way through the dark, stony centuries, back to the tiny figure in the manger at Bethlehem. Peace and Love were universal.

And the world read on.

Heaven's "patines of bright gold" had slipped back into the warm Hand of God before the anger of King Storm. The roar of the engine was lost in the roar of the wind. The man-made monster rushed through the thick blackness of the tragedy-laden night, its angry snorts and belching fire likening it unto a roaring hell-fiend dragging its load of souls to their awful destiny.

The mighty Tay Bridge loomed close ahead,

and, with a roar, the train dashed on to it. Scarcely had it reached the centre, however, when the faulty foundations, weakened, no doubt, by the storm, gave way. The bridge tottered, then toppled over, carrying the train and its living freight along with it. . . .

And the world laid down its newspaper and sighed.

WILLIAM AINSLEY.

WE have all heard of the great George Washington. His prowess as a soldier, his tact as a politician, his kindness,

The Death of George Washington.

generosity, bravery, and uprightness are familiar to most of us, but perhaps few know the

simple story of his death.

He died quietly at Mount Vernon, his beautiful home on the Potomac River, on December 14, 1799.

There was no forewarning of the end—no gradual breaking-up in health; he was struck down suddenly with acute laryngitis, and before the nation could realise what had happened, a great man had passed from their midst.

The physicians did their best for him according to the knowledge of their day, but it was of no avail.

Washington saw his end approaching, and quietly set himself to perform the few last duties that remained to him.

Calling his beloved wife to the bedside, he gave his will into her keeping, and then asked his secretary Lear to arrange all his military letters and papers, sort his books, and settle his accounts.

He lay still and patient as the weary hours

dragged by, and every moment his suffering grew more intense. No word of complaint passed his lips, and even in the midst of all his pain he was mindful of those about him, telling his servant who had been standing in attendance on him all day to sit down. To his friend Dr. Craik, he said, "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go.

I believed from my first

attack I should not survive it. My breath cannot last long."

He was being slowly strangled by the closing of his throat, and the doctors were powerless to relieve him. Once they gently tried to raise



GENERAL WASHINGTON.

him up, but he pleaded pathetically, "I pray you take no more trouble about me. Let me go off quietly, I cannot last long."

Still for some hours he lingered, weary and suffering, yet wholly uncomplaining. The daylight waned, and another night settled down upon the anxious watchers, but the end was drawing very near.

About ten o'clock he made a last desperate effort to speak, and gave Lear a few instructions concerning his burial. "I am just going," he said feebly, and he felt his pulse.

A moment later a sudden change overspread his whole countenance, and his hands fell limply at his sides. All was over—the soul of George Washington had crossed the border, and entered into the great unknown Beyond.

FRANCES WHITTINGHAM.

The Battle of Austerlitz.

IN 1805, Napoleon engaged himself to crush the new alliance of Sweden, Russia and Austria.

The French first besieged Ulm and took it without a blow. Then Vienna fell. On November 7, England, which had been neutral, joined the allies, after a fracas with Spain.

The day after the surrender of Ulm came that glorious sea victory, Trafalgar. The news of this defeat spurred Napoleon into action. He quitted Vienna, crossed the Danube into Moravia, and fixed his headquarters at Brunn, about two miles from Austerlitz. This was a risky move, but better than waiting for the attack of the Hungarian and Bohemian armies.

Napoleon's left wing, under Lannes, was at Santon. Soult commanded the right wing, being supported by Davoust, with one division



NAPOLÉON WHEN LIEUT.-COLONEL OF THE FIRST BATTALION OF CORSICA.



NAPOLÉON AT AUSTERLITZ.

of horse and one of foot in order to take advantage of any false move. Bernadotte commanded the centre, the cavalry being with him under Murat. Behind were 20,000 reserves, half of whom were Imperial Guards under Oudenot.

After sending his compliments to the Emperor Alexander, Napoleon withdrew to Austerlitz. December 1 saw the first of a series of mistakes in the Russians moving down from the heights they held.

At one o'clock on the morning of December 2, Napoleon himself reconnoitred the front of his position. The first



MARSHAL JEAN LANNES, DUKE OF MONTEBELLO.

move of Kulisoff, the Russian general, was, as Napoleon had expected, to try and turn the French right. These troops met with unexpected resistance from Davoust at Raygern. This left a deep gap in the Russian line, into which Soult rushed, thus cutting off communications from the Russians' centre and left. The encounter took place on an eminence called the hill of Pratzen. The Russian guards rushed to the

attack and drove off the French; Napoleon ordered Bessières to reinforce Soult, and together they attacked the Russians, who broke and fled.

The French centre made cavalry charges on the Russian centre and routed it. The Russian and German Emperors beheld, from the heights of Austerlitz, the defeat of their left wing and centre. Hitherto the right wing had resisted the onslaughts of Lannes, but Napoleon was now able to concentrate his forces on the one spot. The artillery raked the Russians from the heights, and at length they were forced into a hollow, where some frozen lakes offered the only means of escape. The French broke the ice with a storm of shot and nearly 20,000 Russians died there by drowning or artillery fire.

About 20,000 men and 40 cannon were captured by Napoleon. Such was the battle of Austerlitz, sometimes called the "Battle of Emperors."

The effects of Austerlitz were far-reaching; as a result of the battle, the Treaty of Presburg was signed on December 15; Austria yielded her Venetian territories to Italy, and Tyrol and Vorarlberg to Bavaria.

From Prussia, Bavaria received Anspack and Bareuth. The latter ceded Berg in return, and Prussia acquired Hanover.

WILLIAM HENRY LEA.

IN the fall of Plevna we have an historical event of great interest. Eastern affairs had

The Fall of Plevna.

for many years occupied Parliament, and filled the thoughts of British statesmen. Russia had long had an eye on Constantinople, the most lovely site in Europe for a capital.

The Bulgarians, in 1876, had risen against the cruelty and oppression of their Turkish masters; the Bashi Bazouks (Turkish Irregulars) were sent into Bulgaria, where they slaughtered men, women and children. These "Bulgarian atrocities" excited the indignation of civilised Europe, and the sympathy of the Russians.

The climax was reached when the Russian army invaded Turkey in the spring of 1877. In the war which followed, the Turks fought—especially at Plevna—with the most heroic daring and tenacious valour.

For a while the Russians seemed likely to carry all before them, but they made the great mistake of altogether undervaluing their enemies.

Their preparations were hasty and imperfect. The Turks turned upon them unexpectedly and made a gallant and most desperate resistance. One of their commanders, Osman Pasha, suddenly throwing up defensive works at Plevna, in Bulgaria, a point the Russians had neglected to secure.

maintained himself there, repulsing the Russians many times with great slaughter. For a time success seemed altogether on the side of the Turks, and many people in England were convinced that the Russian enterprise was already an entire failure; that nothing remained for the armies of the Tsar but retreat, disaster, and disgrace.

As the star of fortune shed its beams on either side, public

opinion in England grew feverish and excited, the Tories clamouring for intervention on behalf



ABDUL HAMID II.

of Turkey. The Ministers, however, indicated their determination to remain neutral, and did their best to convince Masuras Pasha that Turkey was abandoned to her fate. Under the directing skill of General Todleben, the great soldier whose splendid defence of Sebastopol had made the one grand military reputation of the Crimean War, the fortunes of the campaign again turned. Osman Pasha, who, from behind his earthworks, had so gallantly blocked the Russian advance, was compelled to give in, and Plevna was surrendered on December 10.

J. M. D. HENDERSON.



AMONG December events which have made an impression on the minds of most of our countrymen, the Battle

The Battle of Magersfontein. certainly claim a place, if not for its recent

occurrence, at any rate for its serving as yet another example of how British soldiers fight an uphill battle.

General Lord Methuen arrived at Magersfontein, a little North of the Modder River, to find the Boers in an exceedingly strongly entrenched position. Having shelled the enemy's position during the greater part of Sunday, December 10, 1899, General Wauchope was sent forward early on Monday morning, after having been exposed all night with his men, the Highland Brigade, to a deluge of rain. They advanced in close order in quarter column, and when at two hundred yards distance the whole of the hill on their flank poured forth a terrible storm of fire and lead, causing pitiful havoc in the ranks of the Highlanders, General Wauchope himself being killed.

The Gordons were sent forward to the help

of their comrades, and enabled the Brigade to hold their position all day. The enemy's position was heavily bombarded, and the Highlanders drew off under cover of night, and on the next day Lord Methuen retired to his old position on Modder River.

The enemy were in great force here, numbering some 12,000 men in strongly entrenched positions, while their whole front was covered with barbed wire entanglements. The Highlanders were again called upon to attack this position. The enemy came into open ground, attempting a flanking movement, but were at once checked by the Artillery and Guards, who made the way clear for the Highland Brigade to advance, and had not a serious blunder been made in ordering them to retire at the critical point of the onslaught, they would undoubtedly have won the day.

The British loss was 833 men killed and wounded, of whom 719 belonged to the Highland Brigade.

On the other hand, the Gordons bayoneted seventy-four of a party of eighty Boers, while the Guards accounted for a picket of forty; much loss

also was sustained in the Boer trenches from bursting lyddite. The British mishap was mainly attributed to the serious delay in covering the open ground before the battle actually began.



GENERAL LORD METHUEN.

WILLIAM M. MARSHALL.

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR, DECEMBER 1905.

		Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1. Fri.	Queen Alexandra b., 1844.	4.52.	16. Sat.	Rev. F. B. Westcott, Headmaster of	
2. Sat.	W. L. Foster, athlete, b., 1871.	4.52.		Sherborne School, b., 1857.	4.50.
3. Sun.	First in Advent.	4.52.	17. Sun.	Third in Advent.	4.50.
4. Mon.	William Gunn, cricketer, b., 1858.	4.52.	18. Mon.	Slavery abolished in U.S.A., 1862.	4.50.
5. Tues.	Sir Frederick Bridge, organist, b., 1844.	4.52.	19. Tues.	C. O. H. Sewell, cricketer, b., 1874.	4.50.
6. Wed.	Rev. B. Pollock, Master of Wellington	4.51.	20. Wed.	Prince George of Wales b., 1902.	4.51.
	College, b., 1863.		21. Thurs.	Nat Gould, sporting novelist, b., 1857.	4.51.
7. Thurs.	General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., b.,	4.50.	22. Fri.	January CAPTAIN published.	4.52.
	1839.		23. Sat.	J. W. Crabtree, footballer, b., 1871.	4.52.
8. Fri.	G. A. Henty b., 1832	44.9	24. Sun.	Fourth in Advent.	4.53.
9. Sat.	Sierra Leone founded, 1786	4.49.	25. Mon.	Christmas Day.	4.53.
10. Sun.	Second in Advent.	4.49.	26. Tues.	Bank Holiday.	4.54.
11. Mon.	F. A. Tarrant, cricketer, b., 1881.	4.49.	27. Wed.	T. H. Crawshaw, footballer, b., 1873.	4.55.
12. Tues.	Alfred Shrubh, athlete, b., 1871.	4.49.	28. Thurs.	Godfrey Shaw, athlete, b., 1865.	4.55.
13. Wed.	Council of Trent, 1545.	4.49.	29. Fri.	Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone b., 1807.	4.56.
14. Thurs.	F. G. J. Ford, cricketer, b., 1866.	4.47.	30. Sat.	Rudyard Kipling b., 1865.	4.57.
15. Fri.	Battle of Colenso, 1897.	4.47.	31. Sun.	First after Christmas.	4.58.



COX'S COUGH-DROPS.

A TALE OF GREYHOUSE.

By **R. S. WARREN BELL,**

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ILLUSTRATED BY T. R. SKELTON.



SYNOPSIS.

THIS story turns on the remarkable resemblance between Cox, a boy at Charlton Court Preparatory School only son of the millionaire vendor of "Cox's Cough-Drops," and Robert, Earl of Yarningale, heir to the Duke of Lapworth, another boy at the same school. Cox is a bully, and dominates Yarningale by a mixture of brutality, cunning, and superior will-power. Being booked for two hours' detention on a certain Saturday afternoon, Cox prevails on

Yarningale to impersonate him at that ordeal, in order that he himself may go to a tennis-party at Charlton Grange, a country house that has been rented for a period by some London friends of his named Lomax. Cox is assuming that Mr. Skipjack, the senior assistant master, "who doesn't much bother about what you do, so long as he keeps you from playing cricket," will be taking detention, but at the last moment Mr. Skipjack gets Mr. Hallam, a much more particular master, to take detention, since he, as well as Cox, has been invited to the tennis-party at Charlton Grange. When Cox, all unconscious of this arrangement, arrives at Charlton Grange, he is filled with consternation on beholding Mr. Skipjack standing near the tennis-lawn. With little hesitation, he makes up his mind what line of policy to adopt, and explains to Pattie Lomax that he is Yarningale, a friend of Cox's, deputed by Cox to come and explain the latter's absence to her. He keeps up this deception for some time, but at length confesses to Pattie that he is Cox, and not Yarningale. Pattie promises to keep his secret, and as soon as he can conveniently manage it Cox slips back to the school, only to learn, to his added dismay, that Mr. Hallam and Yarningale (still masquerading as Cox) have gone down to the Vicarage together. Filled with dread lest Yarningale will make a slip and disclose the fraud, Cox determines to smuggle himself into the Vicarage, grounds, and change places with Yarningale.

V.

WHEN Mr. Hallam walked into the big school-room to take detention, a glance sufficed to show him that Cox was already at his labours. Presuming

that Mr. Skipjack had instructed Cox as to the task he was to perform, Mr. Hallam settled himself at the headmaster's desk with as much comfort as a hard arm-chair would allow, and plunged forthwith into a new novel which had arrived that day from the library the masters subscribed to.

Either the novel was not a very interesting one, or the afternoon was too warm, or Mr. Hallam was not in a mood for reading—but it is a fact that the young master found it a matter of no little difficulty to keep his attention fixed on the book. Three times did he shift his position in that uneasy chair, and three times, on returning to his book, did he take up the thread of the story at the wrong place. Finally, feeling not a little confused, he decided to start again at the very beginning. He did so, and read steadily through the first chapter and half the second. Then he began to gaze at the ceiling, then, absentmindedly, at (the supposed) Cox, and then he resumed his inspection of the ceiling. At length, coming out of his day-dream with a start, Mr. Hallam once more applied himself to his novel. But, having lost his place yet again, he thought he had better begin at the beginning of chapter ii. this time and work rapidly up to the point where he had previously left off. So he recommenced his perusal of the work at the following juncture :

CHAPTER II.

SIR JOHN KEEPS HIS WORD.

ON coming downstairs the next morning Colonel Anstruther found only one of his daughters at the breakfast table. Celia,

in her accustomed place behind the urn, was dispensing coffee to her brothers. No trace of the passion she had evinced on the previous night was now to be seen in her face. She was, perhaps, a trifle paler than was her wont. . . .

Hallam shifted his position for the fourth time and gazed blankly at the page. What word was Sir John going to keep? If it came to that, who *was* Sir John? He didn't recollect reading about a Sir John in the first chapter. Then again, what particular passion had Celia evinced? Evidently, too, there was a third character of which he had failed to take proper note. It said here that the Colonel found only one of his daughters at the breakfast table. There was, then, another. Perhaps there were six others. Perhaps—horrible thought!—twelve. He didn't remember, and read that first chapter again *he would not*. No. He closed the novel and pitched it on to the desk. Then he looked at his watch, then at Cox (detained by proxy), then at his watch again—and sighed.

Most of our readers who are of adult years must have known something of love. As for those who are not of adult years, they have probably, at one time or another, conjugated the verb *amare*. So Mr. Hallam's frame of mind on this summer afternoon will possibly be comprehended by old and young alike when it is stated that the third person singular, present tense, indicative mood, active voice, of the verb *amare* sums up the young master's condition with a brevity that is almost brutal, while the identical part of the same verb in the passive voice, followed by the enclitic "ne" and a note of interrogation, represents precisely what was disturbing his mind with vexatious doubts.

Little matter for surprise, therefore, can accrue from the statement that Mr. Hallam did not remember anything of the first chapter of his novel. His mental condition being such, it is not to be wondered at that the following reflection suggested itself to him: "Was it quite fair of me to lick Cox yesterday when I found him bullying Yarningale? Oughtn't boys to look after themselves? Was I not a little too hasty? Do I not owe Cox a slight *amende*—to put it into French?"

And then another thought occurred to the young master. When he was playing golf with Mr. Skipjack, the latter had addressed Yarningale as Cox, and neither he nor Yarningale had undeceived Mr. Skipjack on the point. Mr. Hallam knew his colleague to be a little vindictive. Was it possible that the

supposed Cox's rash display of merriment, when Mr. Skipjack missed his first drive, had anything to do with the real Cox's condemnation to two hours' detention? It certainly looked like it. If that was indeed so, then Cox was a victim of mistaken identity.

Mr. Hallam looked at his watch again, and his mind flew longingly to the cool Vicarage lawn. The temptation was too great.

"Let me see what you have done, Cox," he said.

Yarningale, trembling with apprehension, approached the desk. To the boy's relief Mr. Hallam hardly glanced at him, and put a blue pencil through the translation he had done without reading a single word of it.

"Now go and get your flannels on, and I'll take you down to the Vicarage with me," said Mr. Hallam.

Yarningale gaped at him in horror. Flannels! Vicarage!

"Run along," added Mr. Hallam, with a wave of his hand.

So Yarningale, having returned Cox's books to their owner's locker, went guiltily to his dormitory and changed into tennis garb, Mr. Hallam, taking the stairs four at a bound, having preceded him to the upper regions.

Fortunately for Yarningale, Mr. Hallam was in a dreamy mood all the way to the Vicarage, and hardly vouchsafed a remark. And when, on arriving at their destination, the young master was received with a sweetly timid smile of welcome by Mildred Henderson, Yarningale, boy though he was, knew that he was safe from detection, for thereafter Mr. Hallam had eyes and ears only for Miss Mildred.

Yarningale was turned over to Joan Henderson, who was of the same age as Pattie Lomax. But whereas Pattie was a vivacious blonde, Joan was a brunette, and a very cool, collected little lady into the bargain. She was a pretty girl, and looked particularly nice just now in her white cotton frock and black sash, Yarningale thought, in his humble way.

"Would you like some tea?" asked Joan.

"Thanks," said Yarningale, awkwardly. He was not accustomed to feminine society, and was, moreover, rather disconcerted by Joan's penetrating gaze. It was her way to look at people thus with those dark eyes of hers, but Yarningale, thanks to his guilty conscience, fancied that she was trying to read the secrets of his heart.

Joan brought him some tea and cake, and



YARNINGALE, TREMBLING WITH APPREHENSION, APPROACHED THE DESK.

Yarningale ate and drank in silence. Joan came to the conclusion that he was a nice-looking but rather dull boy. It seemed to be her fate to entertain dull boys, for Mr. Hallam often brought a boy down with him, and invariably handed him over to Joan to entertain. Joan liked Mr. Hallam, but she wished he would bring some lively, jolly, rather naughty boys down to the Vicarage.

After Yarningale had had tea—which was served on the lawn—Joan took him into the drawing-room and showed him her picture post-card album. Yarningale, always polite, passed the usual comments—"Oh, that's awfully fine!" "How ripping!" and so on *ad nauseam*.

Joan soon got tired of this. Every boy from Charlton Court School used these expressions. Her brother, who was at Whippingham, used them, too. She wondered why

boys did not think out expressions for themselves—why they always said the things other boys said. Being but thirteen, she did not realise that humanity in general—and especially boy humanity—is like a flock of sheep. It is only in exceptional cases that a sheep displays strong individuality and declines to go where the bell-wether goes. And this, when you come to think of it, is just as well, for a flock of sheep composed of strong individualities would be a dreadfully troublesome flock to look after!

Yarningale was still studying the pages of the album when Joan, casting round for something else to talk about, noticed the ribbon on his hat. It was a pretty ribbon, of light blue, yellow, and terra-cotta.

"What jolly colours you have!" said she, taking up the hat.

"Yes, rather decent," agreed Yarningale.

Having inspected the exterior of the hat, Joan, with feminine curiosity, proceeded to take stock of the interior.

"Why, this isn't your hat!" she exclaimed, noticing the name written on the lining.

"Yes, it is," said the visitor, unthinkingly.

"But is your name Yarningale?"

"Yes—that is—no! I—er—borrowed that hat," explained Yarningale, in much confusion.

"What have you done with your own, then?" inquired Joan, calmly.

"I—er—lent it to another chap," replied Yarningale, plunging yet deeper into the quagmire of falsehood.

"I see," said Joan, slowly. His uneasiness did not escape her sharp eyes. And, now she came to think of it, this boy going by the name of Cox *was* remarkably like a boy Mr. Hallam had brought down with him just before Christmas. Joan well remembered the boy, because he was an Earl, and little girls living in quiet country vicarages don't meet Earls every day, not even boy ones.

"I believe you are Lord Yarningale," she said, drawing her bow at a venture.

To her surprise, Yarningale, who, to his credit be it said, was a poor liar, blushed a rosy red and shuffled his feet uncomfortably.

"I—I tell you I borrowed that hat," he said, fear of Cox paramount in his mind.

"Chaps often lend their hats to one another."

But Joan's worst suspicions were aroused. If his story were true, why should he look so uncomfortable?

"Pattie Lomax once told me," she said, fixing her dark eyes on Yarningale, "that Cox was a rough boy with bad manners. Now, *you* are not a bit rough, and you have very nice manners."

This statement did not give Yarningale any pleasure whatever.

"Oh," he said, trying to assume an off-handed tone, "that's how girls talk. Cox—that is, I—"

Joan clapped her hands.

"Caught you there! Now, confess. You are *pretending* to be Cox, aren't you? If you are Cox, show me your name on your handkerchief. You can't have borrowed a handkerchief as well as a hat."

Yarningale was cornered. If he refused, she would suspect him more than ever. It was possible, however, that he had got some other fellow's handkerchief. They were often

mixed up. Hoping against hope that this was so, he drew out his handkerchief. Alas! in the corner were an embroidered coronet and a tell-tale "Y."

"There, that's proof," cried Joan, excitedly. "But do tell me why you are pretending to be Cox. I promise and vow not to say anything."

Seeing that the game was up, Yarningale had nought to do but confide in her.

"Well, you see," he said, "Cox wanted to go up to the Lomaxes'—"

"To see that silly Pattie!" snapped Joan.

"He said something about her," acknowledged Yarningale. "So I stayed in for him, and then Hallam brought me down here."

Joan gazed at Yarningale with a new light in her eyes.

"I like you better now you've told me that," she said. "How generous of you to do that, and how brave!"

Yarningale was silent. He knew it was not so much an act of bravery on his part as of a yielding to *force majeure*. Still, there was no necessity to humble himself in the dust before Joan by telling her that.

"And hasn't Mr. Hallam noticed the difference between you yet?" asked Joan.

"There isn't any difference," replied Yarningale in a joyless tone. The fates had indeed been cruel to make him resemble Cox, of all fellows, in such a striking degree.

"What—are you exactly alike?"

"Exactly," said Yarningale.

"*Exactly?*"

"Well," allowed Yarningale, "there's one way of telling between us—"

"What's that?" interrupted Joan, eagerly.

"Cox has a wart on his right hand," said Yarningale.

"Oh," replied Joan. "Well, that wouldn't be very easily noticed, would it? But how awfully interesting! I wish I were like some other girl and could change places with her whenever I chose without anybody being the wiser."

She stopped speaking suddenly, as the way of many girls is, and looked fixedly at Yarningale. Yes, he had rather nice eyes, and his hair would perhaps be nice if he allowed it to grow a little longer. He was rather stout for a boy of his age, but, after all, big men were nicer than little ones, and one day he would be a big man. So, summing Yarningale up, Joan decided that she liked him, and as little maids, as well as grown-up ones, have their romances, Joan

decided that thereafter Yarningale should be her "favourite boy."

"And now I think we had better go back to the garden," she said. "They'll be wondering what's become of us."

They were sauntering down the lawn at some distance from the tennis-court when Joan was hailed in a sharp croak by an old lady sitting in a sunny nook formed by the projecting study window.

"Grandmamma," said Joan, in a whisper. "I expect she wants to talk to you. She likes to talk to everybody that comes here."

Sure enough, Mrs. Henderson senior, a pompous and aristocratic-looking dame, demanded an introduction to Joan's friend.

"Well, Master Cox," said the old lady, as Joan, with a glance of commiseration in the boy's direction, walked off to join the others, "and how are *you*?"

"Very well, thank you," said Yarningale, deferentially, as he placed himself on the edge of a chair by her side.

"You are at Charlton Court School, are you? A very good school, I am told. I suppose you will be going home for your holidays soon?"

"Not till the end of July," said Yarningale.

"Dear me!" said the ancient one. "Holidays begin later than they did when I was a girl. We used to go home in June. I went to a school in St. John's Wood, kept by the Misses Muffinson. Do you know St. John's Wood, Master Cox?"

"N—no," mumbled Yarningale.

"Hey?" demanded Mrs. Henderson.

"No," said Yarningale, in a louder tone, adding, after a perceptible pause (as he wished to be quite polite), "madam."

"Do you know London at all?" the old lady inquired.

"N—no," said Yarningale. Then, remembering that Cox lived in London, he added hastily: "That is to say, a little."

"Is your home there?" asked the old lady.

"Y—yes," said Yarningale.

"In what part?" was the next question, uttered in a rather severe tone.

Yarningale considered. Cox's father was rich, so he probably lived in the West End.

"Er—near Hyde Park," said Yarningale.

"Bless me, boy, can't you be more definite?" demanded Mrs. Henderson.

"Piccadilly," said poor Yarningale, making a dash at it.

"Indeed!" returned the old lady. "And

what, may I ask, is your father's profession, Master Cox?"

Yarningale very nearly slipped off his chair. He could not tell this aristocratic dame that his (that is to say, Cox's) father made cough-drops.

"Well?"

"My father is a manufacturer," said Yarningale lamely.

"Of what?"

Again there was a pause. The old lady cleared her throat irritably.

"Er—medicine," replied Yarningale, at length.

Mrs. Henderson sniffed. She had imagined that all the boys at Charlton Court belonged at least to county families. She herself was very well-born, and had never in her life associated with people mixed up with trade.

"Indeed!" she said frigidly. "And what kind of medicine does your father manufacture, Master Cox?"

Yarningale hesitated. He did not like to say "cough-drops," and yet he must say something.

"Did you hear my question, Master Cox?" demanded Mrs. Henderson, inexorably.

"He makes medicine for coughs," explained Yarningale, and looked round for an avenue of escape. This dreadful old woman would worm it all out of him in time, he felt sure.

Now, Mrs. Henderson junior was aware of her mother-in-law's peculiarities, and she had guessed that that grand lady was asking the school-boy awkward questions.

"Joan," she said suddenly, "you mustn't neglect your young friend. Take him to see your white rats, my dear."

Before, therefore, the elder Mrs. Henderson could interrogate Yarningale further, Joan rescued the boy from her clutches and led him away to an outhouse that lay not far remote from the tennis-lawn. In the outhouse were two cages, one for Mamma Rat and her young, and the other, standing close beside the first, for Papa Rat, who had been exiled from his family owing to a tendency to cannibalism that he had lately displayed. In other words, he had devoured one of his progeny when Joan arrived just in time to save the rest from his voracious maw.

"Awfully jolly," was Yarningale's stereotyped criticism of the rats.

It cannot be said that the rats *looked* awfully jolly. Papa wore an expression



THERE, CROUCHING BEHIND THE BUSHES, HE ESPIED COX.

which seemed to say that he preferred any company to his own; Mamma Rat gave one the idea that she considered it was absurd to banish her lord because he had breakfasted off a superfluous son; while the young rats appeared to be living in dread lest Mamma herself should turn her teeth upon them as Papa had done on their eldest brother.

"Oh, you bad boy!" cried Joan, apostrophising Papa Rat. "How dare you! Fancy eating one of your own children!"

Papa Rat inferred by the way he nibbled the wire that he would quite fancy eating a few more of his children. Joan turned from him in disgust.

"You poor little darlings—" she was beginning, when a call from the tennis-lawn caused her to quit the outhouse. It appeared that a telegram for Mr. Hallam had been brought down from the school, and that Joan was required to fetch a pencil and telegram-form from the house, in order that Mr. Hallam, who was in the middle of a set, might reply with the least possible amount of delay.

Left to himself, Yarningale was gazing miserably at the rats when the sound of his name, uttered in a hoarse whisper, caused him to start and stare round.

"Yarny—you ass—come outside!"

Yarningale went outside, and there, crouching behind a thick clump of bushes, he espied Cox.

"Come on—down here behind the bushes," continued Cox. "I'm going to change places with you—see?"

Yarningale, though startled, quite saw. He joined Cox in his hiding-place.

"Go straight along and you'll come to a place where you can get over the wall. Then cut back to the school as hard as you can," said Cox.

"Will it be all right?" asked Yarningale, thinking of Mr. Hallam.

"Of course it will be all right. Hurry up, you idiot."

Thus adjured, Yarningale crept away, while Cox stole into the outhouse. Arrived there, he breathed a sigh of relief. He had been lurking about behind the bushes for some time, in imminent fear of detection, and when Joan brought Yarningale into the outhouse he had been on the point of decamping, for he feared the glint of his blazer and the little girl's sharp eyes.

Joan's disappearance had afforded him his chance, however, and, true son of his father, he had taken it.

VI. 1

AND now—what? He waited. No one appeared. Joan Henderson seemed to be a longish time getting that telegram-form. He supposed he had better stay here till she returned, though.

He waited on. Five minutes elapsed and still she had not come. As a matter of fact, Joan, when procuring the telegram-form from her father's study, had spied a passing friend through the window. She had hailed her, the friend had stopped, and Joan, after giving Mr. Hallam a pencil, a telegram-form, and a book to write on, had returned to the front door to gossip with her friend. They were both day-girls at the local "academy for young ladies"—as was Pattie Lomax—and so they had much food for chatter, Pattie Lomax's shortcomings being the principal topic discussed.

Meanwhile, Cox was kicking up his heels in the outhouse. For Pattie Lomax he now entertained a staunch regard, but she was the only girl of his acquaintance for whom he had any respect. While he kicked up his heels he designated Joan Henderson "a little beast"; presently, having pondered on what he had seen of her in church, he went further than this and described her to the rats as a "black-eyed, stuck-up little cat." The rats blinked at him in an unfriendly way, for they instinctively suspected that he was not a fellow to be trusted. Ere many minutes had passed, the young rats and their mother were to receive substantial proof that this suspicion was not an unreasonable one.

All the afternoon Cox had had to hold himself in, and the restraint had told on him. He desired a vent for the wickedness in his blood, and, casting round for something on which to wreak his ill-will, his eye fell on the cluster of small white rats. What was it he had heard Joan Henderson saying? The father rat had eaten one of the young ones, so he had been moved into a cage by himself. Now, then, thought Cox, was that fair? Why shouldn't the old boy eat one of his kids if he wanted to? Naturally, his idea was to thin down his family, so that there wouldn't be so many to bring up. Quite right. Why not let the old boy have his way?

Peeping out of the outhouse to make sure that his movements were not observed, Cox opened the door of Papa Rat's cage, grasped the rodent round its plump body, and quickly transferred it to the cage from which it had

been exiled. The return of the banished gentleman was received by his family with mixed feelings; for, while the young rats seemed anxious to get as far away as possible from him. Mamma Rat was apparently overjoyed by the return of her lord. But, so far, Cox had only executed one half of his scheme. Gripping hold of Mamma Rat, he placed her in the cage from which he had just taken her husband, thus leaving the cannibalistic male to devour as many more of his family as he liked.

He was just fastening up the door of the cage formerly occupied by Papa Rat when Joan came tripping softly into the outhouse.

"What are you doing to my rats?" she exclaimed.

She suspected all boys of being cruel, and fastened a suspicious pair of eyes on Cox's countenance.

"The old man rat got his tail caught in the door, and I was letting it free," was Cox's plausible explanation.

"You're sure you weren't teasing him?"

"Of course I wasn't," said Cox. "Can't you believe me?"

"Well," said Joan, her tone becoming more civil, "I suppose I must apologise for keeping you waiting so long, but the fact was I saw some one I wanted to speak to particularly."

"That's all right," said Cox, off-handedly. "I've been watching these rats. What funny little beggars they are!"

"Yes," said Joan. "Papa Rat doesn't seem to like being put in a cage by himself, does he?" And, indeed, Mamma Rat was gnawing the wire of her cage in a furious and frantic manner, so great was her anxiety to get back and protect her brood from the teeth of their father.

"I suppose *Mamma* won't start about them, will she?" asked Cox, with a sinister smile.

"Oh, no," said Joan. "She is far too fond of them for that."

"Well, they don't seem to be very fond of *her*," said Cox. "Look how they are shrinking away from her."

"I expect they are frightened at *you*," said Joan, severely. "Come along, we'll leave them to themselves now."

Old Mrs. Henderson had not appreciated being deprived of (the supposed) Cox's society in such an abrupt manner, and was determined to continue her conversation with him at the first possible opportunity. Catching sight of the boy as he came walking along the

lawn with Joan, she hailed him in a dictatorial manner that would brook no denial.

"Grandmamma wants to talk to you again, I think," said Joan, in a demurely mischievous manner. "She seems to have taken quite a fancy to you."

"'Again?'" thought Cox. "I wonder what she was talking to me about before. Can't say I like these old parties. They always want to know all about you."

However, as in duty bound, he sat himself down near the old lady.

"You were telling me, Master Cox," she began, "about your father."

"Now for it," said Cox to himself. "Wonder how much young Yarny has been giving away!"

"You were saying he was a—a what?" continued Mrs. Henderson.

"A country gentleman," said Cox.

"I beg your pardon?" replied Mrs. Henderson, putting her hand to her ear.

"I was saying my father was a country gentleman," reiterated Cox.

"And lives?" queried Mrs. Henderson.

"In Berkshire," replied Cox, without hesitation.

"But you also said," snapped the old lady, "if I remember aright, Master Cox, that your father lived in Piccadilly, and manufactured medicine. I believe I understood you to say that."

"My father is a country gentleman, and lives in Berkshire," replied Cox, bluntly. He could see that Yarningale had been putting his foot into it, but saw no reason why he shouldn't try and straighten out matters a little. As a matter of fact, Cox's father *was* a country gentleman, and he *did* (when out of town) live in Berkshire, seeing that some few years since he had bought up a baronial hall situated in that county.

"Do you mean to tell me, Master Cox," continued the old lady, with exasperating pertinacity, "that your father does *not* manufacture medicine for—I think you said—coughs?"

"Well," allowed Cox, "he is the chairman of a company that manufactures that sort of stuff."

"What sort of stuff, Master Cox?"

"Cough-mixture," said Cox. He was determined he would not himself pronounce the odious word "drops" if he could possibly help it. And here, again, he was practically authorised to say that his father's company manufactured cough-mixture, because, like

most successful vendors of a famous patent remedy, Cox senior had added a long list of cognate potions, ointments, and pills to his original stock-in-trade, though, of course, his world-known cough-drop was the principal mainstay and revenue-producer of the business.

Mrs. Henderson's face suddenly relaxed. From Yarningale's account of his supposed sire, she had imagined Mr. Cox to be a well-to-do tradesman, Piccadilly tradesman who resided "over" his shop and actively superintended the operations of his assistants. To be chairman of a *company* which dispensed medicines was a very different thing. Dukes and noble lords condescended to hold such posts.

Considering the matter for a moment, her face lit up with a new idea.

"Now I come to think of it, Master Cox," she said, "I have for many years found great relief in the use of 'Cox's Cough Drops.' Is it possible that your father controls the firm which has produced this exceedingly beneficial article?"

"Yes, he is chairman of it," admitted Cox, reluctantly.

"Dear, dear me!" said Mrs. Henderson. "I have a most troublesome uvula, I will have you know, Master Cox—" she went on.

"(I wish it would choke her," thought Cox, brutally.)

"—I have a most troublesome uvula, and before I commenced the use of your father's invaluable remedy—I mean your father's *company's* remedy—I used to be kept awake half the night by my cough. Dear, dear me! How gratifying to meet the son of the man who has proved such a benefactor to myself and countless other sufferers."

She opened her velvet satchel and therefrom took her purse. From her purse she extracted a shilling, and this she pressed into Cox's hand.

"There, my dear boy, is something for you. A little token of my gratitude. . . . And now, as it is getting damp, I think I had better go in. I wish you good evening, Master Cox."

With which farewell, she moved slowly across the lawn towards the house, leaving Cox in an extremely sore frame of mind.

Everything seemed to have gone wrong since he had accused Yarningale behind that spreading cedar of coughing in an ostentatious manner when they had met before breakfast. And to think that it should all end up by his coming down here and being

catechised by an old geezer like that! This was the worst part of his unpleasant experiences. However, he slipped the shilling into his pocket, for a shilling is a shilling even to a millionaire's son, and glanced round the lawn.

Nobody seemed to be taking any notice of him. Mr. Hallam had apparently disappeared into some other part of the garden with Mildred Henderson. Mrs. Henderson junior was talking to a lady friend who had just come in. Joan, her father, and two young men were playing tennis.

A big black cat came stealing across the lawn. Cox endeavoured to entice it to his side, but the cat did not like the look of him and sheared off at a nervous canter. He couldn't even get hold of a cat to tease!

Cox was thinking that it was pretty slow work paying visits to the Vicarage, and was just wondering whether he might without being observed take a pear off the tea-table, when a loud cry from the direction of the outhouse attracted the attention of every body on the lawn.

"Joan," called a voice—a feminine one—"Joan, come into the outhouse—quickly."

Joan threw down her racquet and ran off. Cox, scenting trouble, sank back in his chair, and proceeded to regard the church tower, which loomed up near by, in an abstracted manner. He heard Joan give a shriek, and then there was a babel of voices.

Presently Mr. Hallam and Mildred Henderson came walking up the lawn.

"Well," said Mrs. Henderson, "what's the matter now?"

"That dreadful Mother Rat was trying to eat one of her young ones," said Mildred indignantly. "It is really appalling. Mr. Hallam kept her off with the end of a stick, and now Joan has put her in the other cage with the Father Rat."

"Joan ought not to keep rats if she doesn't understand how to manage them," said the Vicar severely.

The Vicar, be it explained, disliked pets of all kinds.

Joan came back at that moment, looking flushed and annoyed.

"Joan, I think you had better dispose of those rats," said her father in a sharp tone. "It is evident that you don't know how to feed them, or the old ones would not try to eat the young ones."

Joan stamped her foot.

"[I do understand them," she cried. "The Mother Rat has never tried to do any thing of this kind before."

She looked suspiciously at Cox, who was still gazing abstractedly at the church tower. Ah! had she not caught him closing the door of the Father Rat's cage!

"I believe *you* have played some trick with them," she continued, pointing an accusing finger at the reflective-looking school-boy. "I believe, while

I was away from the outhouse, you put the Father Rat in with the young ones, and the Mother Rat in the Father Rat's cage!"

"I?" inquired Cox, with a look of profound innocence on his face.

"Yes, I believe you did," cried the child, now beside herself with passion. "And as you played that cruel, cruel trick on my rats, I will say what I know about *you*. You are not Cox at all," she went on, her voice rising almost to a shriek; "you are a boy called Lord Yarningale, who is very much like Cox. Yes, I know he is," proceeded she, now at the zenith of her passion, and disregarding her father's sharp rebuke. "I know," she continued, looking at Mr. Hallam, who was observing Cox with some apprehension, "because I saw the name *Yarningale* in his hat when he was in the drawing-room with me. Oh, yes, you look at his hat, and you will see *Yarningale* written there quite plainly."

It was a dramatic moment. Everybody on the lawn was looking at Cox in a reproachful manner. Could it be that this boy had really been representing another? The suspicion became a very real one in Mr. Hallam's mind; the young master knew Cox was capable of many things, but had not thought he would dare to make Yarningale impersonate him in the manner suggested.

"Let me see your hat," said Hallam.

Joan, her cheeks wet with tears, grated her teeth venomously. Now he would be shown up. She was absolutely certain that he had changed the rats—hence her virtuous indignation.

"Certainly, sir," said Cox, coolly handing his hat to the master. Mr. Hallam inspected the lining of the hat.

"No," he said, turning to the little girl, "I am afraid you are mistaken, Joan. This hat is marked *Cox*."

Joan darted forward, examined the interior of the hat, and then retired a few paces looking angry and puzzled. Suddenly her face lit up with a new idea.

"But Cox has a wart on his right hand, and that boy hasn't," she cried. "Lord Yarningale told me so himself. Look at his hand."

"Is that so?" inquired Mr. Hallam of the boy. "Is it true you have a wart on your right hand?"

"Yes," said Cox, scowling at Joan.

"He hasn't," cried Joan. "I've seen his hands. Cox has the wart—not that boy."

"Let me see your hand," said Mr. Hallam, controlling his mirth with a strenuous effort.

Cox put out his grimy paw.

"Yes," said Mr. Hallam, turning gravely to Joan, "this boy *has* a wart on his hand, so he must be Cox. And," he added, "I can assure you he *is* Cox. I know Cox very well."

Joan burst into tears.

"Oh, there is some awful mistake," she cried. "That is *not* Cox. Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

"Joan," said the Vicar, sharply, "go indoors at once. You are behaving in a childish and ridiculous manner. Go up to your room."

"Oh," cried Joan, facing Cox with flashing eyes, "how I *hate* you!"

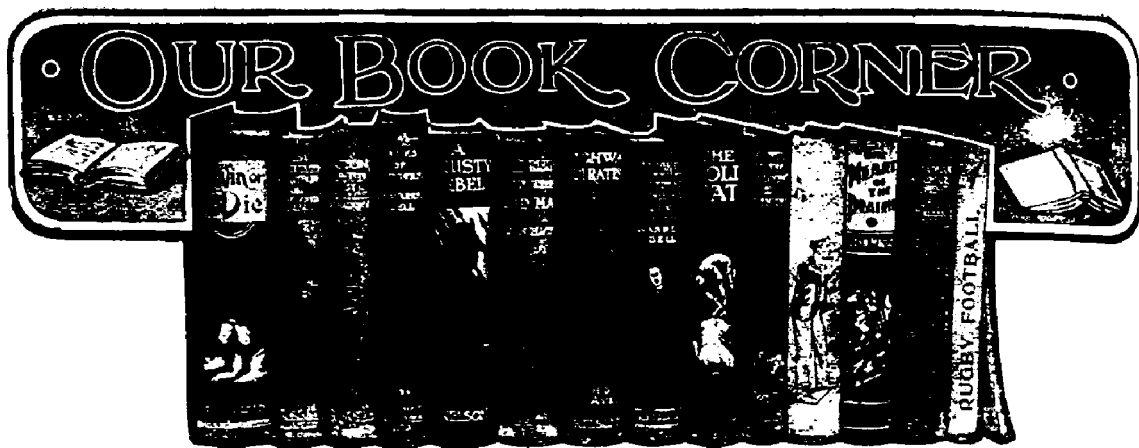
And then, still sobbing, she went indoors.

As for Cox, he, with a smile of serene indifference, resumed his interrupted occupation of drinking in the beauties of the church tower.



JOAN WAS BESIDE HERSELF WITH PASSION.

(To be continued.)



From Fag to Monitor. By Andrew Home. (A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d.) The picture of the Bully thrashing the Hero is alone worth the money. Such brutal fury as illumines the cheerful features of the one: such brilliantly vermilion splashes as streak the night-shirt of the other! Even the attitude of that noble fellow, the Head of the School, may be studied with advantage by any one who contemplates



going for a silver medal at Aldershot. The boy who could box with such anatomical dexterity as that would carry all before him in the ring.

The coloured illustrations, indeed, to this new edition of Mr. Home's book seem to us peculiarly appropriate. Frankly speaking, the story is sheer melodrama — on a

small scale. If one can imagine a drama of school life being staged at the Adelphi in the old days, "From Fag to Monitor" is exactly the sort of stuff that would have been presented. All the proper ingredients are here—the manly Hero, the villainous Bully (with a fondness for playing cards in the local pub), the avenging Head of the School, the amiable Fat Boy, and the oily Sneak. Outside the boy-characters we have the Wicked Lawyer ("made up" in quite the orthodox stage style) and a Drunken Fisherman, who possess a Dark Secret between them.

What more would you? With such *dramatis personæ*, and stage properties that include a smuggler's cave, a bell-buoy, a smack that gets wrecked, and a pistol that goes off when pointed at somebody's head, one can surely

concoct a miniature melodrama that would meet the approval of many a junior pit and gallery?

Mr. Home's story is not an artistic success. In the first place it is scrappy, without a plot worthy of the name; secondly, his characters are mere travesties of boys. They are not natural: they do not live. Nor are his situations good. Apart from the air of improbability with which they are invested by their unskilful introduction or interpolation, they do not grip the reader when he gets to them. In fine, "From Fag to Monitor" is, we think, emphatically a poor book.

This verdict we believe most boys competent to form an opinion would endorse; and the fact that the book sells (as is evident from the publishers' advertisement of previous editions) in large numbers is an illustration of the misguided manner in which worthy uncles and pious aunts select books for their luckless nephews. If munificent relatives would only consult (say) THE CAPTAIN'S "Book Corner" instead of vaguely asking the bookseller for a "boy's book" and purchasing at random, it is possible they might get better value for their money. Mr. Home's story, we notice, bears the alluring (and quite irrelevant) sub-title of "Fighting to the Front." What Maiden Aunt could resist that?

The cover provided by the publishers, on which a cricketer clad in brown trousers is bowling an invisible ball to another with a bat the colour of a Dutch cheese, is a masterpiece—in its way.

Bolts and Bars. By F. C. Vernon Harcourt. (Digby, Long, and Co., 3s. 6d.) In a serious preface of some little length the author comments with severity upon the penal laws of this country, and especially upon the methods of prison discipline current. His contention (which it is well known receives

the support of many who have made a special study of this branch of social reform) is that

the modern system of punishment not only fails as a deterrent from crime, but by its harshness and the almost ineradicable stigma which it leaves, is actually *making* criminals. His plan is for the abolition of "the present cruel and valueless system of prison administration," and it is to this end, he says, that the farrago of

stories and sketches of which "Bolts and Bars" is composed has been published.

If this be really the author's purpose he would have been better advised to deal with the mass of material which he has collected in more suitable form. His book contains merely a number of "yarns," supposedly having actual occurrences for their themes, in which the convict-hero proves himself to have the right stuff within him, and incidentally points to the crushing influences of prison life over which he (out of many thousand potential heroes) has, by some remarkable chance, succeeded in triumphing. But fiction, the author admits, is very considerably interwoven with fact in these stories, and it is difficult to imagine that they will be taken very seriously as evidence. The narrator's style, too, is stagey and inclined to be lurid. For instance:

"The scaly monster, ploughing up the water with its huge dorsal fin, its great green eyes shining with a pale phosphorescent light, and its tremendous jaws opening and shutting with a sound that resembled the clanging of a blacksmith's anvil, came on, &c. &c."

Sharks which swim about with jaws so loosely hung that they flap like a banging door, and similar portents, merely provoke a smile.

Some of Mr. Harcourt's stories, however, are quite readable, and even those who find his gentlemen cracksmen, revengeful Italians (stiletto and all), greasy Jew "fences," murderous warders, and Nihilist assassins a trifle too highly coloured, may be interested in the light he throws upon the dreary lot of the unfortunate who wears the broad arrow.

All Abroad. By B. A. Clarke. (Ward, Lock and Co. 2s. 6d.) Mr. Clarke has achieved a triumph of triviality. His book is supposed to recount the experiences of himself and two other globe-trotters in a hurried trip round the world. It may be imagined that they did not

see much, for all their travels, and Mr. Clarke, to do him justice, refrains from inflicting upon us "impressions" based upon a five minutes' acquaintance. Instead, he devotes his pages to reports of what he said to his friends, what they said to somebody else, and what other people said to the company in general. When it is added that Mr. Clarke, his friends, and most of the persons they met in the course of their travels were all oppressed by a desire of being witty, the exhilarating effect of "All Abroad" upon the reader will become apparent.

The author's aim, we imagine, has been to produce a book of travel on the lines of "The Innocents Abroad." The idea is praiseworthy; but Mr. Clarke is not Mark Twain. He has a considerable measure of wit, certainly, but he is so prodigal of it that, in too many cases, it is woefully thin. That he did not exercise more restraint is the more regrettable since scattered here and there amidst the banalities one comes, now and again, upon shrewd and incisive remarks which proclaim the maker of them by no means the fool that he endeavours to appear.

"All Abroad" strikes us as a wasted effort. Next time Mr. Clarke travels, we should like to see what he can do without such strenuous endeavours to be funny.

The Adventures of Punch. By Ascott R. Hope. (A. and C. Black. 6s.) The names of Punch and Judy conjure up visions of delight to the youthful mind. Indeed, there are few of the older ones among us who are unable to feel a sneaking pleasure in watching the antics of the redoubtable hump-back and his dog Toby.

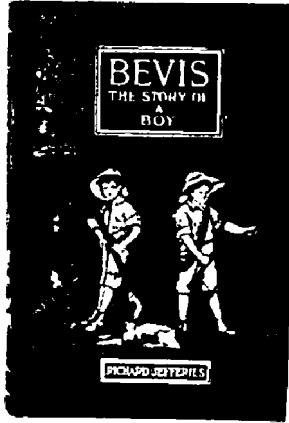
Punchinello, of which Punch is a contraction, was a name given to a hump-backed puppet in Italy, but the pantomime enacted in the Punch and Judy shows of to-day seems to be of comparatively recent origin, and to have reached its present form gradually. In the book before us, Mr. Ascott R. Hope has merely taken the names and prominent characteristics of Punch and his companions and given them to the characters in his story. Apart from these names and the illustrations, the tale might have been called anything rather than "The Adventures of Punch." It is simply a very ordinary fairy



story with nothing of originality to commend it. The best that we can say of it is that it is harmless and will probably be of interest to youthful readers who will be attracted by the name of their old friend.

The illustrations by Mr. S. B. de la Bere are excellent, and give the book an attractiveness which we fear it would not otherwise possess.

Bevis: the Story of a Boy. By Richard Jefferies. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)



Written in the early eighties by the well-known author of "Wood Magic," "Bevis," for various reasons, never attained the popularity that it undoubtedly deserves. It is now republished in a more concise form by the author's only son, Mr. Harold Jefferies.

We are inclined to agree almost entirely with the views which

Mr. E. V. Lucas expresses in his able and interesting introduction.

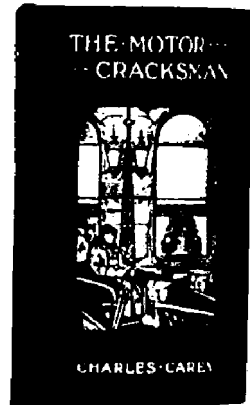
"I know," he says, "no other boys' book by a man of genius which so eliminates direct adult influence as does this. It is a long and eloquent, and, I think, successful argument in favour of leaving boys to themselves and allowing independence and self-reliance to oust. for the time being, school-books and tutors. Throughout the latter half of the story one notes the gradual strengthening of character in the boys, as they attempt more and more, unaided and of their own initiative. The Bevis at the end of the book is a very much finer boy than the Bevis of Chapter VII., although only a few weeks had elapsed. But in those weeks he had done much. As a book for boys 'Bevis,' I think, stands alone in its blend of joy in the open air, sympathetic understanding of boy nature and most admirable writing. It is a book for boys from first to last—for boys of all ages and conditions."

The chief charm of this work lies in the beautifully written descriptions of various phases of country life, which give it, apart from its interest as a tale, an educational value which it is difficult to over-estimate.

It cannot be denied that the story is far too long, but it is none the less hard to point to any special passages which we would willingly lose.

The Motor Cracksman. By Charles Carey. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.) Stories which

introduce motor-cars as part of their working machinery are quite the mode nowadays; and, no doubt, it is the wish to be in accord with the fashion that has prompted the title of this book. On coming to facts, we find that the motor-car really plays a very subordinate part, since the gentlemanly Sikes who figures prominently uses it but seldom. The story is of the detective order—and has a dash of Yankeeism, which is only to be expected with the scenes laid mainly in a New York hotel. Jewels, *i.e.*, rubies and sapphires—we thank the author for keeping off diamonds—are stolen from the safe of a big country house; and then the fun begins. We meet with one or two people whom we should like to kick, and who get their deserts in another fashion; with a young lady who is very well able to look after herself; with an American actress of a less lovable type; and with a very decent Scotchman. It must be placed to the credit of the author that, for many chapters, we are kept from solving the main problems in advance, since he rather cleverly drags a red herring across the trail. However, the ending is satisfactory, and we are left with the moral that some methods of self-advertisement are decidedly risky. The Motor Cracksman himself is quite an original character, and his fortunes will, doubtless, interest readers whose tastes lead them to detective stories in which the ball is kept rolling by plenty of incident. Young people, especially, will probably be ready enough to follow the quest of the stolen jewels through the three hundred odd pages of Mr. Carey's book.



The Romance of the Fountain. By Eugene Lee Hamilton. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.) The Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life, the two great ends of astrological research, were taken very seriously by educated people of the sixteenth century. Mr. Lee Hamilton draws us a picture of a Spanish noble who, in his eagerness to smooth away the wrinkles from his brow by a draught of the fabled Fountain of Eternal Youth, sacrifices wealth and happiness in a mad search for the magic water among the forests of Bimini, "a realm north of Hispaniola." Bound up with the main theme is the secret courtship of his daughter, Rosita, by the son of his bitterest enemy. That the writer

has the gift of imagination is proved by his conception of a huge man-eating plant of the Venus-fly-trap order as the chief deity of the Biminians, who court its favour by the daily offering of a living human victim. He gives us *en passant* an interesting peep at Ferdinand of Castile, the great Spanish monarch whose name is so closely bound up with the discovery of the New World. It is, of course, impossible for fiction to surpass the romantic realities set forth in Prescott's two most famous works, and when the narrative brings us to the contest between the Spaniards, led by Don Louis and the Biminians, the comparisons that suggest themselves are to the disadvantage of this story. The general impression left by a careful perusal of the volume is that Mr. Lee Hamilton has let slip a chance of weaving a fine book out of the refreshingly original ideas which made him take up his pen. The end, when it comes, is tragic, but it comes too soon for us to have established sympathetic relations with Don Louis, Rosita, or her lover, Juan. Still, there are striking passages in the tale, which will repay

perusal by people who have reached years of discretion. The younger members of the family would not, perhaps, appreciate its best points.

A King's Comrade. By E. W. Whistler. (T. Nelson and Sons. 5s.) There are few more pathetic incidents in history than the murder of the noble young



Ethelbert, King of East Anglia, on the eve of his marriage with the daughter of Offa, King of Mercia.

This deed of treachery seems to have been entirely the work of Quendritha, Offa's ambitious and unscrupulous wife, who hoped thereby to gain for her husband the sovereignty of East Anglia, but there can be no doubt that Offa could have prevented it. After its accomplishment, however, the full horror of the murder seems to have burst upon him, and he showed his tardy repentance by building Hereford Cathedral in honour of the martyred king, whose name it still bears.

It is an interesting suggestion that the dislike to weddings in May, which has so long been prevalent in England, has its origin in the fact that May 20 is the date assigned to King Ethelbert's murder.

The hero of the story is a Saxon thane who is captured by Danes, and after many perils and adventures abroad in the service of Charlemagne returns to England, becomes a great friend of Ethelbert, and witnesses his tragic end.

Mr. C. W. Whistler's talent for making events of long past history live again is brought to bear with the usual happy results, and his historical accuracy is a pleasing feature in an interesting and delightful book.

Red Dickon the Outlaw. By Tom Bevan. (T. Nelson and Sons. 2s. 6d.) At the beginning of the reign of Richard I. the lot of the English peasants was a hard one indeed. Before the terrible Black Death, in 1349, the rural population of England was more than sufficient for the tilling of the soil and the household service of the landowner. Freedom had been readily sold to the more industrious serfs, and many had migrated to the towns and become prosperous burghers.



But the passing of the Plague altered all this, and the supply of labour fell short of the demand. The peasants took advantage of the existing conditions to ask unreasonable wages, and the landowner's influence caused the enactment of rigorous laws binding the peasants to the soil, and even bringing back many who had been granted their freedom. Discontent and rebellion were rife, and many fled to the woods and lived a life of outlawry rather than submit. Mr. Bevan, who has chosen this interesting period for his story, has successfully reproduced the spirit of the times. We are

brought face to face with John Bull, Wat Tyler, and other noteworthy rebels. How the hero, Red Dickon, becomes an outlaw and eventually wins the king's favour and regains his position, may be read in Mr. Bevan's story, which is none the less interesting for its historical accuracy.



In Northern Seas. By F. Everett Green. (T. Nelson and Sons. 3s. 6d.) Dra-

cone Leno, a young Venetian, sails with his uncle to Northern Seas in search of adventure. They fall in with Henry Sinclair, a Scotch Earl, and Over-lord of the Orkneys and Shetlands, and help him to regain his territory from his kinsman, Malise Sperre, who has wrongfully seized it. The fight with the usurper ending with his defeat and death is vividly portrayed, but the further adventures of Dracone are in the nature of an anti-climax, and the book might well have ended with the capture of Estlanda.

The story calls for little comment. It lacks originality, and follows the well-worn lines of the ordinary boy's book. It may, however, commend itself to youthful readers.

The Sauciest Boy in the Service. By W. Gordon Stables. (Ward, Lock and Co. 5s.) Whatever else Dr. Gordon Stables may lack, he has certainly imagination. His latest volume possesses plenty of variety, and we note that rather more attention has been paid to the plot than usual. It is a pity, however, that the book has such an irritating title and such an irritating hero. Keppel Drummond *may* have been the "sauciest boy in the service":



he is certainly one of the choicest young prigs we have met in the realms of fiction for some time. There is some excuse for him, however. It would be strange if a boy of fourteen who can move souls by his playing of the piccolo, make eloquent orations about the "glamour of the ocean," and converse

not only in English but in French, Italian, Spanish, Turkish, Arabic, and "several other tongues," were not a *wee* bit—self-confident, shall we say? By the time the story comes to an end Kep has run away to the West Indies, seen red murder and mutiny on a coffin-ship, discovered an island, found a sunken treasure ship, performed at a music-hall, joined the Royal Navy, amputated a Krooman's leg, ruffled it in Zanzibar (learning to speak Swahili incidentally), been mixed up with slavers and cannibals, commanded an Arab dhow, and taken part in the blowing-up of a German cruiser (the period being 1906, and Britain being at war with Germany and Russia). If he was priggishly inclined before the story began, what on earth must he be like when it ends? On the whole

it is, perhaps, as well that we lose sight of the "sauciest boy in the service" when we do.

There is the usual background of titanic Scotsmen, honest sailor-men, noble dogs, bonny lasses, bagpipes, and heroic but obvious sentiments, without which no story by Dr. Gordon Stables is complete. The author's method seems to us to lack the vital quality of *grip*.

Brown: A Story of Waterloo. By Dorothea Moore. (Nisbet and Co. 3s. 6d.) This book is quite good in its way. It is vivid, but the style is so lurid that one hesitates to commend it to boys after they have passed the third form. When you read that "Knightly Hollands rescued perilled maidens and propped falling thrones, scorning imprisonment or death in honour's cause," you may be sure that



the story is not much better than the style. "Brown" is as interesting as most stories are, even to the critical, but will hardly appeal to boys who know what fighting and danger are. Frankly, we cannot recommend "Brown" to any school librarian.

The Vinland Champions. By Otilie A. Liljencrantz. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 5s.) Last year we had the pleasure—and a real pleasure it was—of reviewing "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky," by the same author. The present story, though its characters and scenes are different, may be described as a companion volume. The author's original notion—to transcribe for the purposes of tales of adventure parts of the old Norse sagas—was an excellent one, and it has been excellently carried out. There is atmosphere in these books: the girl Vikings, mighty of limb and elemental in passion, live before us, and we follow their roving fortunes with rapt attention. Moreover, there is a high note, sustained from beginning to end, of dauntless courage, grim endurance, and the lofty spirit of discovery which stirs the pulses and sets the heart beating wildly.

Withal, the story is a story. The adventures of the Vinland Champions, a band of youngsters who are allowed to set up a booth in the camp of Thorfinn Karlsefne—their chasing of the bears and elks, their dealings with the Skræll-

lings, or aboriginals—are no series of disjointed incidents, but a connected narrative, each part of which has its bearing upon the working out of the plot. For our part we should not have found the book tedious were it twice its length; and to those who have the happy power of fireside transportation we wish no better company than Alrek Ingolfsson and his stalwart, yellow-haired band.

A Son of the Sea. By F. T. Bullen. (Nisbet and Co. 6s.) Mr. Bullen writes excellent



sketches of the sea in his rather over-flowery way. His latest book is not in his best manner, but it is instructive, and shows knowledge of the countries described. It is to be feared, however, that most boys will find it dull. It is written in that breezy and bluff manner which is supposed to be characteristic of sailors, but

which does not really represent them. For sailors are very quiet men. The sea subdues them. They do not fear it, but its vastness, its loneliness, and its mysteries infect them with a certain gravity. If we are not mistaken, "A Son of the Sea" will tire most boys.

"Hakluyt's English Voyages." By E. Speight, F.R.G.S. (Horace Marshall and Son, 2s. 6d.) In the years 1598–1600 Richard Hakluyt issued the three bulky volumes from which this book is compiled. Mr. Speight has modernised the spelling, but otherwise has wisely left untouched the quaint phraseology of the old Cosmographer, with the result that he has given us a delightful book, a record of Britons' gallant deeds by land and sea. If, indeed, as some would have us think, true patriotism is waning, we can conceive nothing more likely to revive it than the perusal of such a book as this. The illustrations by Mr. Morton Nance are good and in complete harmony with the book.

Of illustrated books for children we can heartily recommend **Foxy Grandpa Up-to-Date.** By "Bunny." (W. R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.) Grandpa appears to be one of the wildest old gentlemen under the sun. His two small grandsons are constantly trying to play tricks on him, but Grandpa invariably scores off them. It is really a capital book. **Buster Brown,** by R. F. Outcault (W. R. Chambers,

3s. 6d.), is an American book of coloured comic pictures. It is nothing like so good as "Foxy Grandpa," but no doubt our young readers will extract some laughter from it. Ward, Lock and Co.'s **Wonder Book,** price 3s. 6d., is a "treasure." One could not choose a more beautiful or interesting present for a small boy or girl. It is capital value for the money, and is full of charming illustrations, both coloured and plain. **Our Diary.** (Thomas Nelson and Sons, 2s. 6d.) is a book about a holiday at the seaside, very delightfully illustrated by John Hassall. Any small boy or girl who receives this as a Christmas present may consider himself or herself very lucky indeed. **Pig Book** (Dean and Son, 2s.) is a tasteful little album in which to preserve the attempts of one's friends at pig-drawing with their eyes shut, and should be in great demand at Christmas parties.

We have also received copies of the following:

Modern Photography for Amateurs. By J. Eaton Fearn, 1s. net. *Practical Ventriloquism.* By Robert Ganthony, 1s. net. (L. Upcott Gill.)

Cast Away Among the Filipinos. By William Seatter. 1s. 6d. (Gall and Inglis.)

Hercat's Ventriloquist. 1s. (Dean and Son.)

Wayside and Woodland Blossoms. Series II. By Edward Step, F.L.S. Containing 127 coloured plates. 6s. net. *Wild Flowers Month by Month. Vol. II.* By Edward Step, F.L.S. Containing 176 illustrations from photographs. 6s. net. (F. Warne and Co.)

Tom Brown's Schooldays (Hughes), *The Deer-slayer* (Cooper), *Henry Esmond* (Thackeray), *Hypatia* (Kingsley), *The Mill on the Floss* (Eliot), in "Sixpenny Classics" series. (Thomas Nelson and Sons.)

Model Sailing Yachts. How to Build, Rig, and Sail Them. 1s. net. (Percivall Marshall and Co.)

Esmond, Tennyson's Poems, Ivanhoe, Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles, Pilgrim's Progress, in "Illustrated Pocket Novels" series, 1s. net. (Collins.)

The Cat. By Violet Hunt, 6s. *Don Quixote.* Translated by Dominick Daly 6s. *Exiled from Home.* By Andrew Home. 3s. 6d. (A. and C. Black.)

The Adventures of a Blockade-Runner. By William Watson. 3s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

How We Recovered the Ashes. By P. F. Warner. 1s. *The Story of the Reptile Life.* By W. P. Pycraft. 1s. *Canadian Life in Town and Country.* By H. J. Morgan and L. J. Burgess Burpee. 3s. 6d. net.

The Crimson Blind. By M. F. White. 6s. *The Danger Line.* By Lawrence L. Lynch.

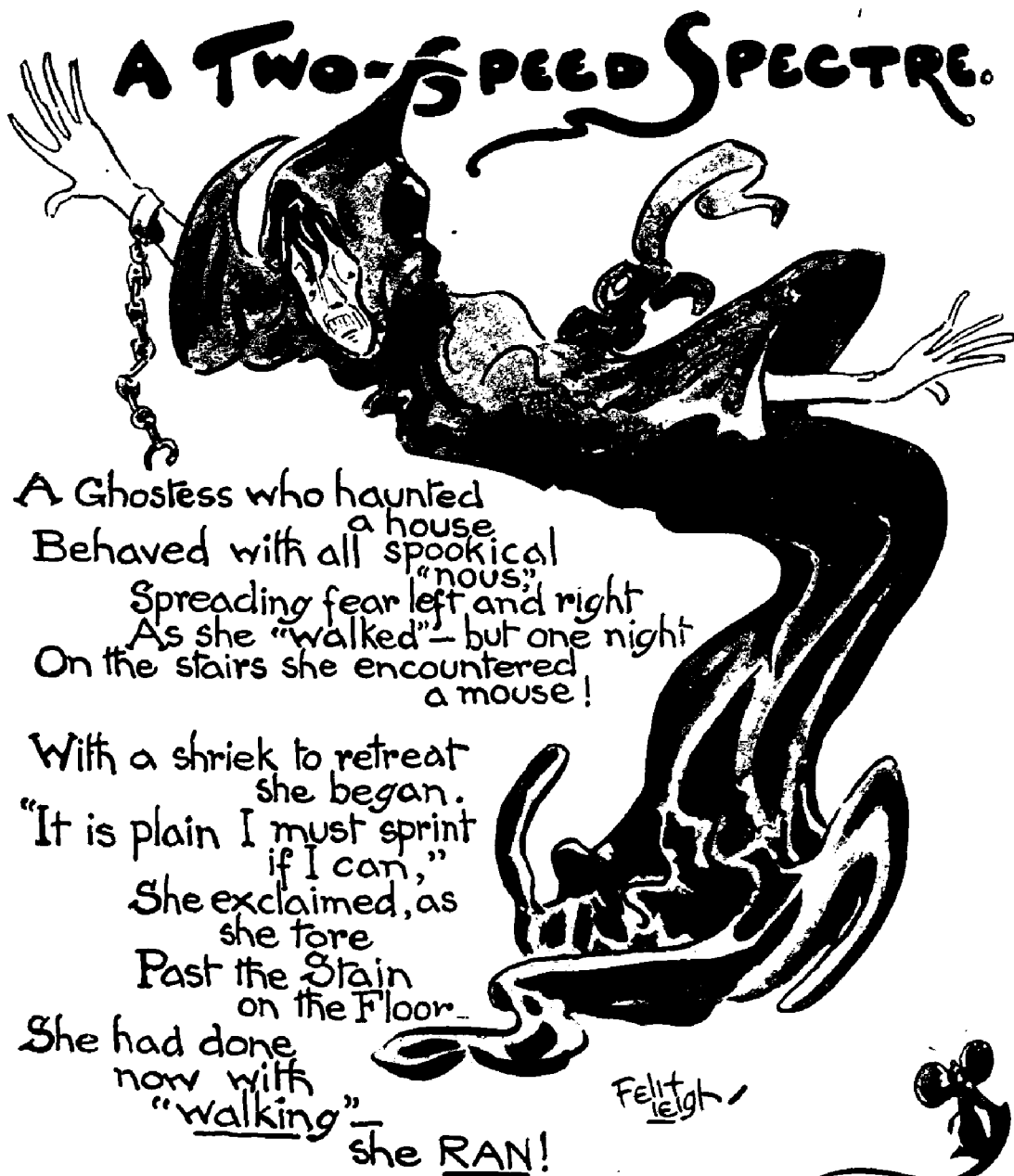
3s. 6d. *A Courier of Fortune.* By Arthur W. Marchmont. 6s. *The Master Mummer.* By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

From Land's End to John O'Groats: A Record Walk. By George H. Allen. 1s. net. (L. N. Fowler and Co.)

A Soldier of Japan. By Captain F. S. Brereton. 5s. *The Adventures of Harry Rochester.* By Herbert Strang. 6s. *The Lion of the North.* By G. A. Henty. 3s. 6d. *The Knight of the Cave.* By W. Lorcan O'Byrne. 2s. 6d. (Blackie and Son Ltd.)

The Romance of Mining. By Archibald Williams. 5s. *Bluebell and the Sleepy King.* By Aubrey Hopwood and Seymour Hicks. 2s. 6d. *Little Miss Robinson Crusoe.* By Mrs. George Corbett. 2s. 6d. *John of Strakbourne.* By R. D. Chetwode. 2s. 6d. *Two Boys in War Time.* By John Finnemore. 2s. 6d. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.)

The Luck of the Fairfaxes. By Katherine Tynan. 6s. *The Temple of Fire.* By Lewis Ramsden. *With Sword and Ship.* By Herbert Hayens. 5s. (William Collins, Sons and Co. Ltd.)



A TWO-SPEED SPECTRE.

A Ghostless who haunted
a house
Behaved with all spookical
"nous"
Spreading fear left and right
As she "walked" — but one night
On the stairs she encountered
a mouse!

With a shriek to retreat
she began.
"It is plain I must sprint
if I can,"
She exclaimed, as
she tore
Past the Stain
on the Floor.
She had done
now with
"walking" —
she RAN!

Feltham

THE SLEEP-WALKER.

By "CANTAB."

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.



"COME along, Wright—rouse up!"

"Er?" yawned a sleepy voice.

"Get up, you lazy little slacker: you're ten minutes late already this morning. Hurry up, now—I'm going along to my bath."

The heavy footsteps died away along the passage, and Master Wright, a youngster of fifteen, began to drag himself painfully from between the blankets. First of all he sat up slothfully, and rubbed his eyes; then he yawned at great length and lay down again. Remembering just in time that he had been called, and that it would be bad policy to doze, he leapt swiftly out of bed. Still yawning, he huddled a dressing-gown over his shivering limbs and left the dormitory, muttering evil wishes for the health of the person who had called him. Then he went downstairs and along the gloomy passage to the studies. Arriving at one which was labelled "Crofton" in large type, he entered and began to rummage in a capacious grub box.

"Of all the beastly rot," he mused, as he unearthed a spirit-lamp and kettle, "this fairly takes the biscuit. If only I was as big as that brute Crofton—ow!"

The match had burned his fingers: he lit another, placed the kettle on the lamp, and began to mix a cup of cocoa. His task over, he sat down to wait till the water should be pleased to boil.

He certainly had some cause for complaint. He was Crofton's fag; and though Wright realised that fagging was an ancient and possibly honourable institution, he felt that it had its limits. Ordinary fagging was a nuisance, of course, but it was part of the general scheme with which only an Anarchist would tamper. And, after all, the cleaning of cups and plates, or the making of tea on a half-holiday, was not very trying to a robust constitution: where he felt the line should be drawn was at getting up at half-past six in winter-time to prepare cocoa for his lord and master. He felt it very strongly as he sat in Crofton's study waiting till the water was hot enough.

Crofton was a monitor, a person of brains and industry, and also an epicure. He was going in for a scholarship in a few months' time, and at present was accustomed to get up early each morning to work. He didn't particularly mind getting up, but he realised how apt one is at getting hungry between

a quarter to seven and half-past eight: also, it was distinctly chilly about that period. A cup of cocoa and some mixed biscuits were very cheery things to meet after a bath several degrees below zero, but it was no end of a nuisance to prepare the banquet—besides, it lost valuable time. What, then, could be better than that Wright should snatch ten minutes from a slothful couch to get his meal ready? The logic, from his point of view, was irresistible: unfortunately, Wright was no logician.

After making the cocoa, the Ganymede retired to bed once more, and slept like a top till the bell rang. He dressed quickly, and at breakfast encountered his chosen friend, Wilkes—to whom he confided, for the twenty-eighth time, his views on compulsory early rising.

“You know, it’s all rot,” he began, before he had finished his first cup of tea; “because Crofton happens to have the right of fagging is no reason why I should have to sweat downstairs at that unearthly hour.”

“Jolly hard luck,” said Wilkes. “Pass the bread, will you? If I were you, I’d go on strike.”

“It’s jolly easy to say that: I’ve thought of striking several times myself, but I don’t see how it’s to be done. It always seemed that most of the striking—if any—would be on Crofton’s side. What I should like to do would be to score off Crofton somehow—and, if possible, choke him off getting up early.”

“Couldn’t you excite his pity?”

“Pity! He doesn’t know the meaning of the word. No—I’m afraid I shall have to go on getting up. But I wish I could make him lose part of his night’s rest, at any rate.”

“That’s the ticket!” said Wilkes. “Make him lose some sleep himself!”

“How?” demanded Wright, irritably. “I can’t make him an apple-pie bed without receiving a first-class lamming.”

“No, but there are other ways,” said Wilkes mysteriously.

“What do you mean?”

“Why not walk in your sleep, for instance?”

“Walk in my sleep! What good would that do?”

“Yes—it’s as simple as anything. Do a little talking in your sleep for a few nights to prepare the way. Then begin to walk. Half the fellows will be too scared to do anything: I saw young Tomlinson walk in

his sleep once, and it was beastly. He breathed hard through his nose, and kept his hands stretched out like this. Then you could stumble over Crofton’s bed—he wouldn’t dare say anything because it’s jolly dangerous to wake a fellow when he’s in that state. You try it, old chap.”

“By Jove!” said Wright breathlessly, “I will. I’m leading a dog’s life as it is: things couldn’t be much worse than they are.”

* * * * *

Following his friend’s advice, Wright prepared the way for future action by talking in his sleep for two nights running. He found it was quite an easy thing to do: the main difficulty lay in restraining his desire for laughter throughout the proceedings. Beginning with incoherent mumbings and moanings, he went on to more definite words and sentences. He only wished he had the pluck to say a few things about Crofton’s early rising, but he felt that it was far too risky and might betray his plans. The other members of the dormitory strongly objected to the noise he made, and on the second night one aggrieved sufferer fed him with a soap pill. Luckily for Wright, he had his wits about him, stowed the pill in his cheek, and awoke with a simulated choke that would have made his fortune on the stage.

On the third night he decided that the time was ripe for his more ambitious schemes. Lights were put out at a quarter to ten, Crofton made his appearance at ten, and soon afterwards the whole dormitory was wrapped in slumber—all save one, the conspirator.

He waited a good twenty minutes, to give every one time to get to sleep. Then he began his talking performance by way of a start. He talked—or rather muttered—for a short space, and was soon rewarded by a grunt from the next bed.

“Wright!” whispered the awakened one angrily.

No answer.

“Wright, you ass!”

Dead silence.

“I say, Chalmers!”

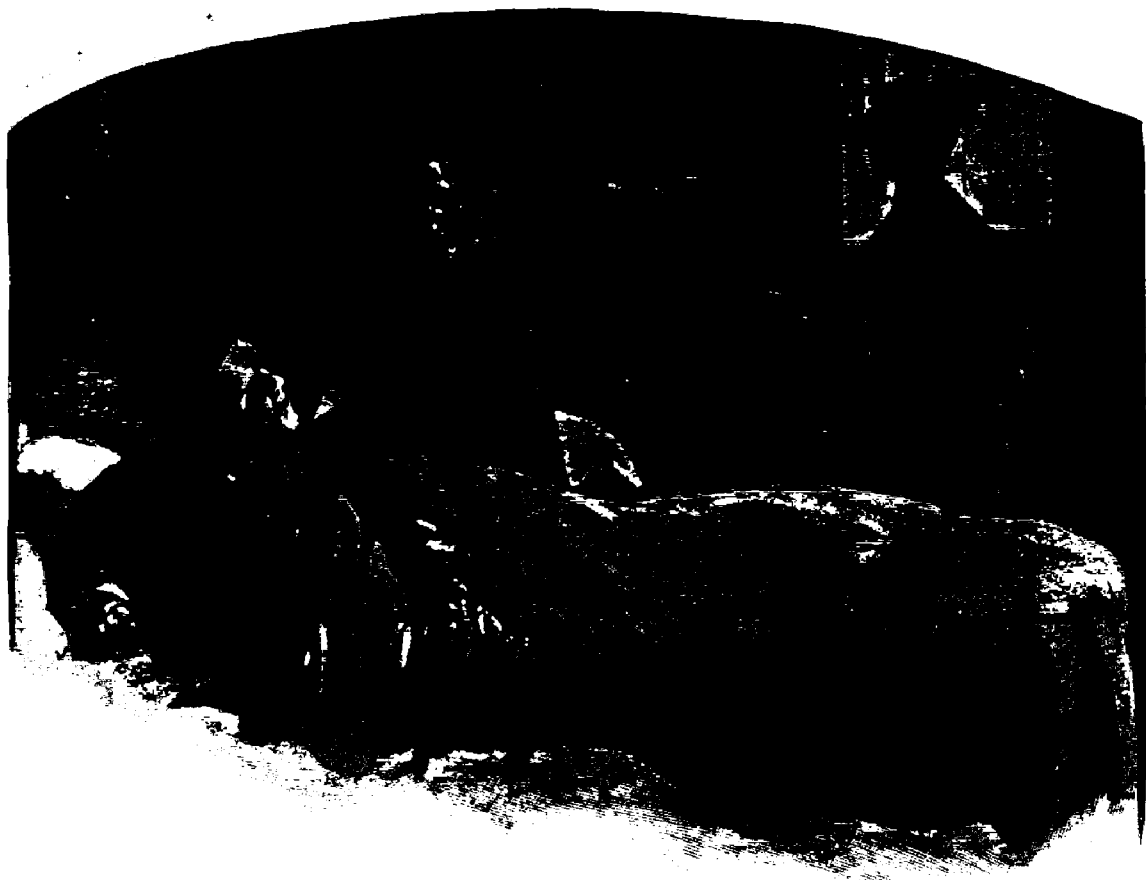
“What’s matter?” whispered another sleepy voice.

“That ass Wright’s talking again.”

“Well, let him talk. Never—mind—”

“But I do mind. Come and help give him another pill.”

The only answer was a snore from Chalmers.



"WRIGHT'S WALKING IN HIS SLEEP, AND I—I THOUGHT I OUGHT TO WAKE YOU."

Suddenly Wright sat up and threw the sheets back, still moaning and grumbling inarticulate things. The owner of the next bed—Horton—cowered down in silence, thinking his threat had been heard. Then Wright got out of bed and began to walk slowly down the room, breathing hard and deep in the approved manner.

"I—I say!" whispered Horton tremulously, "he—he's walking in his sleep, Chalmers!"

Wright laughed inwardly and stood still for a moment: he knew Horton was not famed for bravery.

"Er-r-r—oh-h!" he whimpered: "oh-h-h—cold—cold—I wish—oh-h-h a knife—where's my knife—oh-h-h!"

Horton broke into a perspiration as the sleep-walker pretended to search in his trouser pockets at the foot of the bed.

"Chalmers!" he whispered again in agony. But Chalmers was fast asleep. Horton abused him enviously: if only *he* were asleep too! Then he decided on a plan of action: he took his courage in both hands and crept swiftly across the room to Crofton's

bed. He couldn't bear being alone with a very fair imitation of a ghost.

"I say, Crofton!" he whispered, shaking him by the arm. "Wake up!"

"Um-m?" said Crofton.

"Wake up!"

Crofton obeyed the injunction rather hurriedly; and, imagining in some indefinite way that he was being made the victim of a rag, seized his questioner by the hair.

"Ah-h-h!" said Horton breathlessly, "it's only me."

"What on earth are you doing out of bed?" asked Crofton, who was now wide awake. "Get back at once, and come to me for a tanning to-morrow after breakfast."

"But, please, Crofton, really——"

"Well?"

"Wright's walking in his sleep, and I—I thought I ought to wake you."

"Where is he?"

"Look! over there by the window!"

Crofton sat up and saw the dim figure: it certainly looked a trifle ghostly, and he sympathised a little with Horton's fears.



"A-OW!" YELLED WRIGHT.

you that tanning I promised you just now!"

]"No, I won't, Crofton. Good-night!"

"G'night," grunted the hero, and Wright—with a large portion of the pillow in his mouth—wondered if he might venture on a good night also. He decided regretfully in the negative.

Next morning, when Crofton came down and found his fag making the cocoa as usual, he acquainted him with his performances.

"D'you know you walked in your sleep last night, young fellow?" he asked.

"Did I?" said Wright, who thought a question nearer the truth than a direct denial.

"Yes, you did; and you quite spoilt my beauty-sleep."

"Awfully sorry: did I wake you?"

"You didn't, but that young ass Horton did. He got in a funk—thought you were going to murder him

or something—and besought my help. I had to take you back to bed."

"Thanks awfully, Crofton."

"Have you ever done anything of the sort before?"

"No," said Wright easily, bringing out the biscuits.

"There must be something wrong with you then, I should think. Better see the matron and ask her to give you a dose."

"Oh, I think I'm all right," remarked the cunning fag, "except that I'm so beastly tired in the mornings. Sometimes I fancy I don't get enough sleep."

"Eh?" said Crofton.

"Well—I don't know . . . I've often thought that my getting up at this time made me feel slack during the day . . . I wonder if it has anything to do with my walking . . . Not that I *mind* getting up

"Well, he can't get out of there," he said; "the windows won't open wide enough."

"He might get out through the door."

"And fall downstairs? Yes, he might. Go and lock the door and give me the key."

"Sh-shall I wake him?"

"No—it's a bad plan to startle sleep-walkers, I believe. Just go and lead him quietly back to bed."

"Oh, *please*, Crofton," whined the timorous Horton, "I'd *much* rather not. I wish you'd do it."

"You rotten little funk! Well, go and lock the door, and I'll lead him back."

Grumbling audibly at his task, Crofton got up and led Wright by the arm back to his bedside. "Now, get in!" he said gently; and Wright, almost suffocating with joy, obeyed. "Don't wake me again, young Horton," warned the monitor, "or I'll give

early, of course," he added hastily, "but it struck me it might have something to do with it."

"Oh," said Crofton thoughtfully. "Oh . . . well, the cocoa's made now: you'd better hop back into bed again and not lose any more of that sleep you're so fond of."

"Rather a success, I fancy," said Wilkes, when Wright had given him a full account of his exploits.

"No end of a success. Woke up old Crofton once. I'll have him out twice to-night."

"I say, I shouldn't overdo it, you know. Crofton may twig it."

"Not he! He led me back by the arm like a lamb: quite thought I was fast asleep."

"I wish I was in your dormitory," said Wilkes enviously.

"Never mind, old buck: I'll tell you all about it when it's over."

The end came sooner than Wright expected. He got up that night without any of the preliminary talking, and stumbled slowly down the room between the rows of beds. Half-way down he groaned realistically and began to mutter. No one was awake: even Horton's fears were lulled in sleep. He groaned again, wishing vain-gloriously for an audience—even though it consisted only of a solitary person. Still no response. He made his way to Crofton's bedside and groaned more loudly, and the third groan took effect. Crofton sleepily raised himself on one arm—the other being hidden beneath the clothes—and demanded an explanation. Wright considered that he could not improve on his last performance; so

he muttered, "knife—knife—I must have it—I——"

"You *shall* have it, you young ass!" said Crofton savagely, and his voice—oddly enough—sounded wide-awake. Wright stepped back in alarm—too late! The arm hidden beneath the sheets sprang forth—the hand held a wicked-looking cane! As Wright turned to fly, the cane sang through the air, and—

"A-ow!" yelled Wright, who was only wearing pyjamas.

"You young ass!" repeated Crofton. "I spotted you were shamming by all that jaw of yours in my study this morning. Now I'm going to give you a jolly good tanning."

And undoubtedly he would have put his threat into execution had not the door opened suddenly and admitted Mr. Ashford.

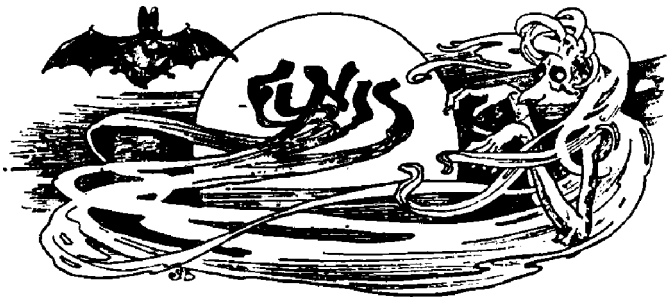
"I thought I heard a noise, Crofton," he began mildly. (He was a mild type of man.) "Is anything the matter?"

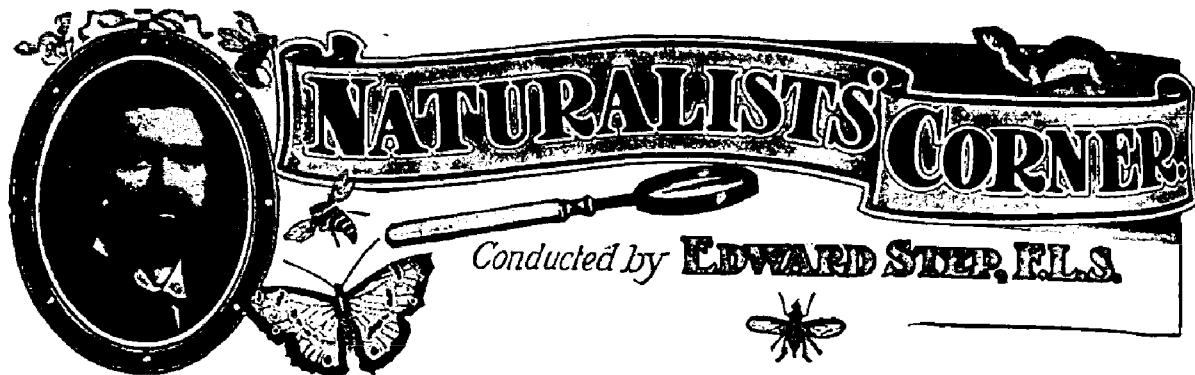
"Er—Wright thinks he has been walking in his sleep, sir—and I've just woke him."

"Walking in your sleep, my boy?" said Mr. Ashford, while Crofton hid the cane. "Dear me! Dear me! Jump back into bed again! It's all right now—all right. Perhaps you'd better see the matron in the morning. Let me know, Crofton, if it happens again."

"I shouldn't think it will happen again, sir," said Crofton guardedly.

And the distressing part of the whole business—from Wright's point of view—is that he has to go on making cocoa. At present he hopes that Crofton will either get his scholarship soon, or leave—leave, for preference.





Conducted by **EDWARD STEEP, F.L.S.**

Fungus and Worm.—S. L. Whitfield (Bedford Park) found, near Horsham (1) a fungus "about as big as a croquet ball, and very much like a puff-ball in external appearance, but when squeezed an outside skin detached itself showing a mass of white transparent jelly covering a centre about as big as a billiard ball." He gives further details, and asks for its name. It is impossible to make a definite statement without actually seeing the specimen, but I should say that it was one of the larger Agarics (probably the Horse-Mushroom) in an unexpanded condition, before the external wrapper had been broken; (2) in addition S. L. W. asks me about a worm-like creature he found among Duckweed in a pond. So far as I can make out from the description, this was one of the freshwater Planarian worms. They are common in stagnant water, especially among Duckweed, and from their gliding movement are often taken for young Leeches, from which, however, they are easily distinguished by the body not being built up of a series of rings, and from the position of the mouth, which is about the middle of the underside. You would have no difficulty in obtaining other specimens from almost any pond, and more closely observing them.

Painted Lady.—E. Waters (Milford) whilst in the Isle of Wight at the end of August caught a butterfly which differs from the typical forms of the Painted Lady in a number of points which he mentions. He says: "I am told by a friend that it is a Scarce Painted Lady. Do you think this is right?" No, I do not. The Scarce Painted Lady (*Vanessa hunteri*) is not a British insect, and though its capture in these islands has been reported, the specimens have proved on examination to be what I have no doubt yours is from the description—a not uncommon variety of the Painted Lady (*V. cardui*).

British Orchids.—"T." (Eton College) wishes to supplement my answer to J. Barnard in the October CAPTAIN, by saying that there is a book entirely devoted to the subject, which gives

an exhaustive account of all the native species. It is Webster's "British Orchids," published by Virtue and Co., at about 5s.

Beetles.—"E. S. T." (Cavendish Square, W.) asks if there is "any means of remedying the loss of brightness and gloss on beetles such as the Dor- and Stag-beetles, which soon become dull." If these are well-cleaned, and polished with an old handkerchief before being placed in the collection, they should not lose their gloss. The dulness is probably due to a slight attack of mould consequent upon the store-boxes or cabinet being placed against an outer wall. Clean them as suggested above, and see that they are stored in a thoroughly dry place.

Canary.—A. C. Dallas (Aberdeen): your Canary appears, as you suspect, to have a cold. Search for a draught near where its cage has been hung, and stop it. Give the bird a little Canarodyne, to be obtained of F. Tibbs, 30 Parkhurst Road, Holloway, or from Spratt's, price 7d.

Egg within Egg.—G. A. W. von Stralendorff (Southport), on opening a boiled egg was surprised to find in its yolk a smaller egg, with perfect shell but no yolk. This phenomenon appears to be not of very rare occurrence, as a number of similar instances have been brought to my notice. Miss Stralendorff also mentions, *à propos* of a recent inquiry in this corner, that she has used Melox for her dogs for some time, with good results, but has never found it in the live condition mentioned by K. Jordan. She agrees with me that the sample complained of must have been stale and improperly stored by the dealer.

Book Queries.—In answer to "Byrdie" (Wandsworth) (1) the *Zoologist* (monthly, 1s.) deals chiefly with the higher animals—including birds. You say "animals and birds," but birds *are* animals; (2) the price of "The Outdoor World," by Furneaux is 6s. (Longmans and Co.)

Tortoises Again.—We have the same queries respecting Tortoises every month, and it appears as though some of our readers never read this corner, although interested in its subject.

Here is D. E. Budge (Kilmalcolm) who has a young Tortoise (and, of course, he omits to mention whether it is a land or water species) and wishes to know (1) when they go to sleep; (2) what intimation do they give of this; (3) where shall he keep his for the winter? (1) just before cold weather sets in: no fixed date; (2) by burying themselves in the earth; (3) fork up a sheltered corner of the garden and give it a chance of burying itself. This answer will also serve for F. Woodford (Northampton).

Pigeons, Rabbits and Cat.—J. Greenlees (Derry): (1) give your pigeons a liberal supply of peas or tares in addition to their other food; also a mixture of gritty sand, old mortar, and salt; (2) the rabbits must have oats, as well as the bran and bread you at present give them. In addition to grass as green-meat give them carrots, sow-thistle, cabbage, dandelion and other juicy green-stuff. (3) beyond saying that your cat has a cough you tell me nothing. How is it possible for me to say what has caused it? Give it milk instead of meat until the cough is better, and in her milk three times a day put *one drop* of aconite. Keep her warm and comfortable.

Fungus.—F. A. S. Clarke (Tockington). Your description of a fungus as "bright red with an orange colour underneath" is not sufficient for me to attempt to name it. Such a meagre description would apply to several species of very different families. Fungi cannot be satisfactorily preserved. If dried they shrivel, and fall a prey to insects. They may be placed in glass jars of preservative fluid, but most houses are too small for storing the hundreds of such jars that would be necessary for a collection. A thin section of the fungus partially dried in the shade may be pressed in the herbarium, and a portion of the skin of the cap and stem may be added. But the best record is a good water-colour drawing, or tinted photograph.

Canary.—In answer to A. W. A. (Southampton), the essence of quassia is for use on the bird, not the cage. It is useful in the case of Red Mite as well as insects.

Silkworms.—P. Langton (Hayes End, S.O.) writes to tell me some of his experiences in Silkworm-keeping. The item that I think will be of most interest to my readers is his statement that in the absence of mulberry-leaves—often difficult to obtain—Silkworms may be reared upon Dandelion, a weed that is common everywhere. Among other things Mr. Langton tells me that occasionally the Silkworm is double-brooded; thus—some of the eggs laid this year have already hatched, instead of remaining dormant till next spring. All of which is

exceedingly interesting. I wonder if any of my readers who have gone in for silk-culture have any similar new experiences to report?

Mushroom Culture.—Martin Slater (Balsam) asks me a number of questions on Mushroom culture, but to answer them fully would take up all my space. Briefly I may say that a house is not requisite: mushrooms may be grown even in winter out of doors, providing the beds are covered with the long litter from the stable manure of which the bed is made and then covered with two inches of earth, and old bast-mats, boards, &c., to keep off frost and excessive moisture. The extent of bed which may be spawned with a single brick is almost unlimited, but the more sparingly it is used the thinner will be the crop. It is usually reckoned that a bushel of the brick-spawn should be used for a hundred square feet of bed. The thicker the crop the sooner will the bed be exhausted, and new beds must be made with fresh manure, which may be spawned with portions of the old bed. There is no necessity to remove the coat of earth when gathering the mushrooms, as these break through, and their stalks may be severed without disturbing the bed. I should advise you to buy May's "Mushroom Culture for Amateurs" (Upcott Gill, 1s.).

Name of Insect.—H. W. (Sutton), whilst rambling on the chalk hills at the end of August.

found a large caterpillar feeding on a Privet-bush. It was more than three inches in length, of a beautiful bright green colour, with seven white and violet diagonal stripes on each side. It had a sort of hard curved tail sticking out from the back at the hinder end. A countryman who saw it in H. W.'s hand, told him it was a "locust." It has since turned into a dark red-brown chrysalis, about two inches long. H. W. knows it is not a locust, but would be glad to know what kind of butterfly or moth he may expect as the next development, and when. In this case, although



PUPA OF PRINCE
HAWK-MOTH.

I have not seen his caterpillar. there is no difficulty in identifying it. The description and food-plant combined are sufficient. It is the Privet Hawk-moth (*Sphinx ligustri*), and the perfect insect, if all goes well with the pupa, will emerge in the early part of next summer. As I have several specimens in the same condition just now, I have had one drawn, so that H. W. may verify the identification by comparison with his insect.

COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Last day for sending in, December 15. (*Foreign and Colonial Readers, February 18.*)

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.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in *THE CAPTAIN*.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:
Competition No. —, Class —, *THE CAPTAIN*,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by December 15.

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.—“**Twelve Best Authors.**”—Send a list, on a postcard, of the twelve best authors in this country, and opposite the name of each author put what you consider to be his or her best book. This is a competition which will only be won by an intelligent reader, as the term “twelve best” does not necessarily mean the “twelve most popular” authors. We think *THE CAPTAIN* public is an intelligent one, and we shall be very interested to see how the voting goes. Confine yourselves entirely to novelists, as we are not in this case asking for essayists, poets, dramatists, or historians. We will deal with them another month. The prize is well worth working for, as it is a Billiard Table, value £8 8s., manufactured by Messrs. Calvert and Co. (See Prizes page.)

No age limit.

No. 2.—“**Picture Postcard Design.**”—Send a sketch, in pen, pencil, or water-colours, of an original design for a picture postcard. Prize: A “Bonheur” Watch, value £2 12s. 6d., manu-

factured by Robt. H. Ingersoll and Bros. (See Prizes page.)

One age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 3.—“**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. Prize (in each class): Photographic Apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—“**December Celebrities.**”—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in the month of December. In looking round for a subject for your essay do not be guided merely by the names you find in the well-known almanacs. Do not neglect these publications, but also try to think of a celebrated man or woman who is at present looming large before the public eye, but whose name does not appear in the almanacs. Prizes: (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—“**Map of Manchuria.**”—Draw a map of Manchuria, putting in the usual features and in addition the sites of the principal battles fought there during the Russo-Japanese War. Prizes: Three of Messrs. George Rowney's Paint-boxes. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—“**Idea for Story.**”—A good many people have ideas for short stories but can't put them into shape. We offer four prizes of 5s. each for the four best “plots” for short stories, which plots must not exceed 400 words in length. Should we eventually commission any *CAPTAIN* writer to write up one of these “plots,” the author of the plot will be paid half-a-guinea.

No Age Limit.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to **February 18.** 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 December Competitions.”

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

. . . CONTRIBUTIONS. . .

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., 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 all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

Christmas Fantasies.

NOW nears the season when the musty spectre bestirs itself, and jangles its rusty chains up the wearisome length of the baronial picture gallery; now do dismal phantoms moan fearsomely in haunted wings, light flames of livid hue in untenanted houses, or re-enact grim tragedies, relics of the past. Now do the poor unfortunates start screaming from their beds, aroused from slumber by the clammy touch of an ice-cold hand on their fevered brow, to see some misty apparition, dagger-stuck and terrible, greyly outlined by the pale beams of the moon.

The only haunted house I have ever known was named "The Hollies." I will not mention the district in which it stands, as I believe the landlord—unlucky wight!—still seeks for a tenant. All the year round strange manifestations took place. One would awake at dead of night and hear soft footsteps stealing pit-a-pat up and down the passages, in and out of rooms. But on Christmas Eve "The Hollies" was a spot to be shunned. Tradition said that a man had hanged himself to the top balustrade, which broke under the strain, precipitating him to the hall below. Certain it was that a dark-stain marred the boards of the stairway, and once a year, at midnight, the curious might hear the sound of rending wood, a blood-chilling scream, and the crash as of a human body striking the stairs.

Have any of you heard, or read of, the sand-walker? If I remember rightly, it lurked by a bed of quicksand, and on days when the sea-fog wrapped the shore in an impenetrable shroud it would emerge, and, by means of spectral

lights, lure bewildered wayfarers to their doom in the shivering sands.

I well remember one gruesome story, which rendered uneasy many of my childhood hours, called "The Hand on the Latch." It told of a phosphorescent skeleton hand that came each night to a man's chamber door, and slowly lifted the latch, while he sat watching in a terror of fascination. Many a time have I lain in bed, my head covered with the clothes, imagin-



OUR ATHLETIC EDITOR, MR. P. F. WARNER, WITH HIS WIFE AND THEIR INFANT DAUGHTER. MRS. WARNER ACCOMPANIED HER HUSBAND TO SOUTH AFRICA ON NOVEMBER 11.

A Kodak snapshot.



THE LETTER "H" TREE AT BUNGAY, SUFFOLK

It consists of two trees joined together by a branch so well grown into each trunk that it is impossible to say to which it belongs.

Photo. by R. W. Copeman.

ing I heard a bony hand toying with the door knob!

Weirder still was the tale of a violin, which was abstracted by its owner after his death. Removed by supernatural power, it was heard some time later, now sending forth joyous volumes of divine melody, now wailing like the sorrowful cry of a human voice over-burdened with woe.

Then there was the Grey Lady, a wraith that haunted a garden, and would appear suddenly at the house windows, mouthing and pointing. Her only good *point* was that she appeared in the daytime, and not at night, when darkness drops a veil of mystery over the earth.

Who has not read "The Last Tenant"? A man and his wife, house-hunting, came upon a residence of ill-omen, desolate and decayed. They are in an upper room, and he idly pulls the bell-cord. There ensues a horrid jangling of a dozen bells, and a moment later they become aware of a shuffling footstep, slowly, surely, ascending from the mouldy and deserted regions below.

"Such stuff as dreams are made of!" May all such legendary lore flourish, for without that fairy called Fancy the world would be a dreary place in this prosaic twentieth century.

PERCIVAL L. DACRE.

A Plea for Ghosts.

TO refuse to believe in ghosts simply because many so-called "Ghost Stories" have turned out to be groundless, is about as logical as to refuse to believe the manifold wonders of chemistry on account of the absurd theories of the alchemist. Most ghost stories in which the traditional clanking chains and winding-sheets figure, have no doubt, been merely the results of superstitious terror, but there are other stories which cannot be so easily disposed of.

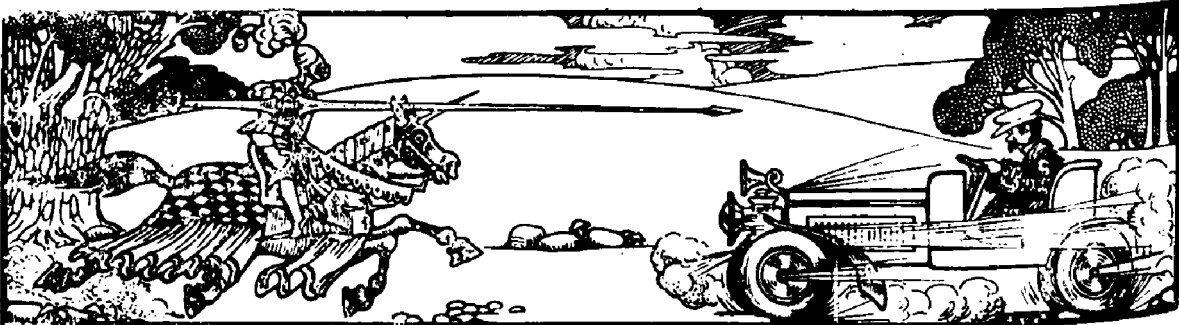
Such, for instance, is the story of the ghostly drummer whose deathly music has time and again been heard in the mansion of a famous Scottish family previous to the death of a member of that family. It is popularly supposed to be the shade of a drummer boy whom a former head of the family had caused to be hurled from the battlements of the castle.

Other ghostly visitants whose appearance is supposed to portend death are "the trumpeter" of Fyvie Castle, and "the White Lady of Hapsburg."

Another remarkable story which has never been explained is that attached to the family of Strathmore. No member of the family has ever been allowed to visit a certain room in the house which is said to be connected with the periodical visitation of that "desirable acquisition," a family ghost, except the head of the house, his son, and the bailiff of the estate.

A shade, said to be that of Queen Elizabeth, has appeared several times at Windsor Castle, and has been seen more than once by members of the royal household.

Probably no ghost story is more extraordinary than that related by the famous Tractarian.



Drawn by]

THE KNIGHT—

Dr. Pusey, who relates that, as he was sitting in his garden one day, a figure, which he took to be that of an intimate friend, appeared to him and told him that he (his visitant) had been in Hell for half an hour because he had loved the praise of men "more than the praise of God." Dr. Pusey learnt afterwards that his friend had died less than an hour before this strange visitation.

Whatever may be the real explanation of these stories, they must, at any rate, convince us that "there are more things in heaven and



"IN A HURRY."

Drawn by "Obo, aged fifteen, in five minutes.

earth than are dreamt of" in our philosophy.

L. J. HODSON.

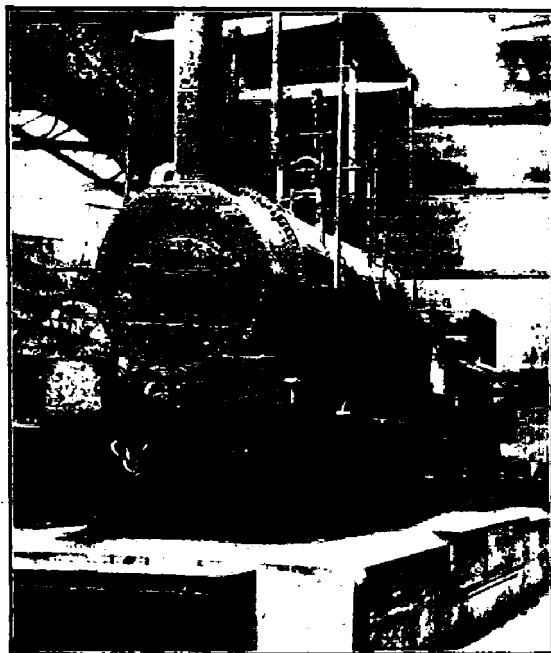
The Nelson Centenary.

THINK not, ye men of peace, your work is nought,
Because 'midst roar of guns ye have not fought.

Peace hath her vict'ries which shall aye be great.
For none shall see in them the rage of hate,
Oh! Duty calls to all "Your place fulfil,
Be brave to *do* or *bear* as God shall will!"
"They also serve who only stand and wait!"
The watchman cries, "Throw open wide the gate
For those who have obeyed their Lord's command."

They that in honour's cause have made their stand
'Gainst all the wiles which every foe can bring.
The song of triumph shall in glory sing.

Plod on thy way thou weary wand'rer here,
Love thyself last, cast off all craven fear;



"PUFFING BILLY," ONE OF THE EARLIEST LOCOMOTIVES, ON EXHIBITION AT TOP BANK STATION, DARLINGTON.

Photo. by A. Mattinson.

He knew no fear, the bravest of the brave ;
And recked not he though he might win a grave.
A lion he when duty showed its need
Of bravest deeds, nor fought he e'er for greed.
Though sin was strong in him, his noble faith
Bore richest fruit in the dark hour of death.
His name will live while Britain holds her sway
And rules the waves. God grant her people may
Enrol their names in glory now on high ;
Like him, be ready if required to die.

ALBERT A. KERRIDGE.

Christmas Customs.

ONE of the prettiest Yuletide customs is kept up by the colliers of Wales. It consists in wheeling from house to house a barrow containing a bed of clay into which lighted candles have been stuck. This is called the "Star of Bethlehem," and while



AND THE MOTOR-CAR.

[T. Allwork Chaplin.

stopping before a house the colliers kneel round it and sing carols. In the villages of Yorkshire a very old custom is kept up by suspending above the porch of the farmsteads and cottages a sheaf of corn for the special use of the birds. A similar custom is that carried out in Norway on Christmas Eve of placing on a pole the last sheaf of the harvest to feed the birds on Christmas morning. This is supposed to ensure success in the coming year. One of the queerest customs imaginable takes place at Paignton, Devonshire, on every fiftieth Christmas Day, and was last observed in 1901. A Christmas pudding large enough to feed all the poor of the town was made. It was, naturally, of tremendous size, weighing over 900 lb. The ingredients included 500 lb. of flour, 120 lb. of raisins, and over a bushel of eggs. A peculiar custom is in vogue at Burghead, a small fishing-town in the North of Scotland. This is the burning of the "Clavie," a large tar barrel filled with rubbish, which is fixed on a pole, lighted, and carried through the streets of the town. The ceremony is brought to a close by the "Clavie" being rolled down a hill, a wild scramble ensuing for the embers, which are regarded as talismans for all sorts of ills.

ALBERT ALBROW.

Some Severe Winters.

THE following facts relating to past winters have been traced back as far as the writer can go, and he hopes they will prove of interest to fellow CAPTAIN readers, now that winter is upon us. In the year 401 the Black Sea was frozen over and, in 763, the Straits of Dardanelles, and the Black Sea again were entirely covered with ice; the snow, in some places, rising 50 ft. high. In 822 the great rivers of Europe—the Elbe, the Danube, &c.,—were frozen so hard as to bear waggons for a month. In 860 the Adriatic was frozen. Year 991 saw everything frozen; the crops totally failed, and famine and disease closed the year. In 1097 the majority of the travellers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1133 the trees split with a fearful noise, by the action of the frost, and bottles burst. In 1239 the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained in that state for a month. In 1316, wheat, which some years before sold in

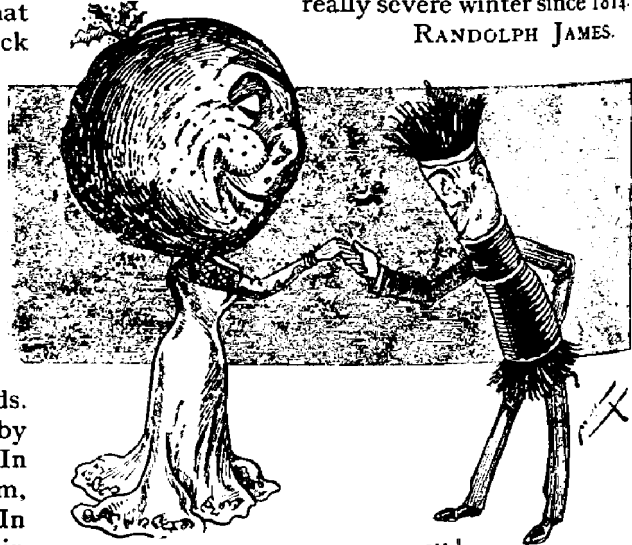


A COOKER AND SPIT RANGE USED IN THE CROMWELL PERIOD, AT ASTON HALL.

The stag and deer skulls were taken from animals kept in the private grounds. Photographed, by permission of Whitworth Wallis, Esq., by John T. Roberts.

England at 6s. per quarter, rose to £2 owing to the failure of crops in Germany. In 1339 the crops failed in Scotland, with the result of a famine which caused many to die. Snow fell continually for forty days without interruption in 1434. In 1683 the ice on the Thames was 11 in. thick, and coaches drove thereon in safety. In 1709 the frost penetrated three yards into the ground. In 1716, fairs were held on the Thames. In 1809, and again in 1813, the winter was excessively cold. Finally, in the year 1814, another large fair was held on the solidly frozen Thames. Having given the dates of the hardest frosts, I leave my readers to find out if we have had a really severe winter since 1814.

RANDOLPH JAMES.



HERE WE ARE AGAIN!



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Christmas is the season of unselfishness. I am not going to deliver a homily on that subject, because you don't want to read it, and I don't want to write it. I will say just this, however: if you don't put your hands into your pockets to help other people at any other time of the year, you must do so at Christmas. It should be impossible for you to settle down to your Christmas junketings without doing something towards giving poorer folks a good time. Think of the distress in the East End, for instance—heaps of houses where little children are hungry, numbers and numbers of homes where, in the bitter December weather, there will be hardly anything at all to eat.

The reason why many thousands of generously inclined people don't do anything for the starving poor is because the facts are seldom brought home to them. They are busy with their own affairs, they have warm clothes and plenty to eat, they bask in front of big fires during the day, and they sleep in warm beds every night. It hardly ever occurs to them to help the many thousands of people who are in need of the bare necessities of life, because they are not reminded of the existence of dire poverty in a sufficiently vivid manner. Could the ordinary, careless, decent-hearted Eton or Harrow or Rugby boy accompany me on a walk through the mean streets of West Ham—to mention only one poverty-stricken district—and see the wan, haggard faces of the women whose husbands have no work to do—men who would work if they could—and view the desolation of the poor homes in those mean streets, that boy would empty his pockets to provide a

few meals for these hopeless ones. It is, I repeat, because well-to-do people don't *realise* what sufferings the unemployed poor have to undergo that they don't give of their plenty to relieve the want that hollows the cheeks of little children, and drives mothers of poor homes well-nigh to distraction. It is so very hard for the mothers, because they have to stay at home and listen to the appeals of their children for food, while the fathers can, at least, go out and tramp round looking for work. "How dreadful about these poor people in West Ham!" says one well-dressed girl to another, as they gaze at the new hats at Harrod's. "Yes, I *am* so sorry for them," says the other girl, and then they pass on to look at more hats. Sorry! What's the good of their saying they are *sorry*! It reminds one of the story of the dear spinster lady who approached a ragged pieman, one bitter cold day, and said: "My poor man, I do so sympathise with you!" "Hang your sympathy!" replied the pieman, "buy a pie!"

There you are, then! Shillings are more useful than soft words. *Cash* is what is wanted—hard cash, and lots of it. I know you chaps don't have any too much pocket-money, but there is not a single reader of this magazine who could not, by hook or by crook, by saving it out of his pocket-money, by selling a few of his foreign stamps, or by asking his father for it, continue to forward me SIXPENCE to send along to Mrs. Will Crooks, the kind-hearted wife of the equally kind-hearted "Labour" M.P. for West Ham. I hope you fellows won't turn a deaf ear to this request. It's so easy to do that. If everybody did that, I wonder what would become of the poor! The vast majority of people don't care two-

pence about the poor, but I don't want CAPTAIN readers to belong to that majority. I have never before asked CAPTAIN readers to do anything of this kind, but it has occurred to me that it would be a good and gracious act on the part of THE CAPTAIN—circulating, as it does, amongst a well-to-do public—to send along a big bag of Christmas Sixpences to provide something for these poor little West Ham children to eat on Christmas Day!

Don't, therefore, rest content with saying that you are so sorry for the poor people in West Ham. Be practical, and—*buy a pie!* Get up concerts, charge 6d. entrance, and send me the sixpences. Hold auctions: ask everybody to give something saleable, and then let the readiest wit of you sell the articles, bids starting at a penny. It's the best fun out. Any auctioneer who wants to sell the autographs of Mr. P. F. Warner, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, Mr. Tom Browne, and your humble servant, can have a small batch on application. I expect every member of the CAPTAIN CLUB to send me sixpence, and I expect every local CAPTAIN CLUB to hold some sort of function of which the object is the garnering in of sixpences. Every girl must keep her brother up to the mark, and levy toll on Pater. All must help—every reader. Then, what a time those West Ham kids will have! So, Sixpences forward, please! Foreign and Colonial readers needn't think they'll be too late. Their sixpences will be as welcome after Christmas as *at* Christmas! We'll call this enterprise "THE OLD FAG'S DINNER FUND," and that legend should appear on all notices of your concerts and auctions, and on all letters addressed to me with regard to the Fund.

This, then, is my particular Christmas request, and I will personally acknowledge every subscription on a particularly jolly picture-card drawn by Mr. John Hassall—a card representing the Old Fag carving a Christmas Pudding and smiling his very best Christmas smile!

Christmas Roses.—The verses on the back of our frontispiece are taken from Oliver Grey's recently published "Preludes and Symphonies," a little book we can heartily recommend to the attention of our readers. It is published by Messrs. Routledge, at 5s.

Claim-jumping.—Readers of "The King of Mazy May" will be considerably enlightened on the ethics of claim-jumping by the following explanation from the pen of Mr. M. H. de Hora, mining engineer, to whom I am much indebted for such a clear setting forth of the facts. In Mr. Jack London's story it is shown how a gang of men endeavour to "jump" a claim from which the rightful owner is absent on a journey to the Gold Commissioner's office to register his property. Had they succeeded in registering the claim before the owner could do so, it would have become *their* property. The story relates how their scheme was effectually frustrated by a mere lad.

"The practice of claim-jumping [says Mr. de Hora] took its rise on the early gold-fields of California and Australia. It really began before the issue, by the Wardens and Commissioners of Goldfields, of Miners' Rights and Claim Licences. Soon after the discovery of gold in California, thousands flocked to that country, attracted by the sensational stories of untold wealth to be had almost for the picking of it up. The result was that numbers of men, influenced by the greed of avarice, took possession of large tracts of land, and endeavoured, although unable to work the whole extent, to frighten off others from participating in what they considered their God-given fortunes. Naturally, this dog-in-the-manger policy was bitterly resented, and large portions of their holdings were forcibly taken possession of by those who were without claims to work. This state of anarchy was promptly ended by the establishment of a rough-and-ready law, which defined the amount of ground to be held by each individual, with the understanding that if he ceased work on it for the space of forty-eight hours, any other person could take possession of it and work it for himself. This unwritten law, created by necessity, was subsequently embodied in the mining ordinances of all countries where the mining of precious metals has taken or is taking place.

"In the State of California, and most of the Western States of North America, the old practice remains almost unchanged. In Australia, however, it is modified by the Labour Laws, which require a certain number of men to be employed upon a given area. Failing this, by denouncement to the warden, the claim becomes immediately "jumpable"—*i.e.*, the property of the man or party denouncing it, provided he or they hold the



D. GALLAHER.

Captain of the New Zealand Rugby Football Team.

Photo. Edwin Kelley.

necessary miner's right or prospecting licence, and, in their turn, fulfil the Labour Laws. Otherwise, a third party can step in, and so on, *ad infinitum*."

Mr. P. F. Warner on Colonial Cricket.—Replying to the toast of "The Visitors" at the Press Club Annual Dinner, held at the Criterion Restaurant on October 28, Mr. P. F. Warner (says the *Sporting Life*), in referring to his forthcoming visit to South Africa, said that the South Africans had not as yet reached the standard of the Australians in the game of cricket, but that they were distinctly knocking at the door, and he thought that before long the South Africans

v. England match at Lord's would attract as much attention as was now given to a Test match. The South Africans gave us some good games over here a couple of years ago, and though the M.C.C. were now sending out to South Africa a very good team, he was not altogether certain that the team, of which the M.C.C. had honoured him by asking him to take charge, would beat the South Africans. Of course, they would do their best, but the result did not greatly matter, and he thought if they lost it might do good to cricket in South Africa. He had already travelled over 150,000 miles playing cricket, and he was convinced that nothing but good could come from these tours. Twenty-seven years

ago the Australians startled English cricket in pretty much the same way that the New Zealanders were now startling English football. No one regretted that surprise of nearly thirty years ago. It had done good to English cricket, and he would not be annoyed if the South Africans were to create another such surprise. He looked to them to take a high place in the game, and the not very remote future might see a triangular duel at Lord's, in which England, the Australians, and the South Africans were engaged. With respect to the forthcoming tour, he expressed the hope that it would help to bring English and Dutch more closely together at the Cape. He spoke of the admirable manner in which cricket was reported in the newspapers, and said that no newspaper nowadays could afford to do without cricket reports. He desired to acknowledge the very charming manner in which the newspapers who had criticised his selection to take charge of the M.C.C. team to Australia had taken back what they had said. With regard to the national game, he was an optimist, and he did not believe there was any foundation for the things which were said about the "professional amateur" who received £500 a year. The game was never in a healthier state, and had never been played in a more sportsmanlike spirit than in the present year of grace.

Football Crowds.—Earlier in the year a correspondent ("J. W. M.") addressed a letter to us regarding the attitude of the "gate" in professional football. As the subject is now topical, I am glad to quote a portion of this letter. "In the great industrial centres like Newcastle [says 'J. W. M.'], the boys and young men are, to a great extent, quite content to watch and to pay players to play football for them, instead of taking part in the manly game themselves. The excitement displayed at such matches is childish in the extreme; and quite un-English; indeed, I believe many of the spectators are under the impression that they themselves are athletes, because they watch a game. Betting on the professional game is increasing by leaps and bounds, and, to some extent, accounts for the excitement and interest displayed. The Football Card (giving odds on present and future games) is very much in evidence. It is sad to think of 'Young England' as a mere spectator, especially of a 'game' depending on paid players, a game bought and sold and bolstered up by double sets of books,

false balance-sheets and secret bonuses to players, and dependent on a gate of mere loafers (as far as games are concerned)"—Lovers of sport will feel much as our correspondent does over this matter. The worst phase of the present professional "Soccer" game is that the "pros" do not hesitate to gain a point by practising a low trick such as no cricket professional would stoop to employ. See what Mr. Warner had to say on that point in his "Corner" last month. Well, let us hope this rage for professional "Soccer" may wear itself out and be succeeded by a wave of zealous amateurism which will cause town to play town, and village village, all for the love of the game, and in a spirit of clean, sportsmanlike rivalry. It is astonishing nowadays how many youths are content to be non-players, and it is disconcerting to think that one cause of this may be that they haven't the necessary physique to play! Certainly, the crowds I have seen at football matches have not impressed me as being composed of the kind of Britisher the country has any reason to feel proud of.

Here is a friendly letter from New Zealand:

ESPLANADE, MOUNT EDEN,
AUCKLAND, N.Z.

August 17, 1905.

DEAR OLD FAG,—One of our prominent statesmen has just returned from a visit to the Old Country, and says that not so much interest is taken in New Zealand as formerly, so I suppose you won't mind hearing our little bits of news. What do you think of this? A few weeks ago a Maori died at Orakei, a place within a mile or two of Auckland, and it was decided to hold a post-mortem examination and inquest on him, so the coroner and doctor both went down. However, when they arrived they found a large crowd of natives waiting for them, wishing to prevent the post-mortem exam. One girl threw herself on the body, wailing piteously, and said, "Cut me, not him." Another remarked, "If you do cut him, you can't make him live again." However, it was agreed at last that the post-mortem examination should take place at the graveside, the inquest being held in a tent close by. When the man was buried, the natives wouldn't allow any Europeans inside the tent, saying it was *tapu*, or sacred. Of course, their wishes were respected. The Maoris have a great reverence for anything *tapued*, and so I supposed they reckoned Europeans would defile their sacred places or things. Once a thing like the inquest I have described has taken place, they are not to be caught again, as only the other day, a Maori died and was buried the same day before the police heard of it.

I was down at Tauranga once, and had several talks with an old Maori chief, who was very distressed because of the gradual changing of the native Maori to a half-European one. Their language has deteriorated, too. In some cases I

have known of children being unable to make themselves understood by old chiefs. I certainly think the European has done the Maori more harm than good.

At last our football team has left for the Motherland, to do battle with England's sons. I guess they will be pretty lucky if they get even a fair percentage of the games, but time will show.

I should like to go home very much, and see old London. Westminster Abbey must be a beautiful place. I should think one could not but feel the greatness of worship to God when amidst such surroundings, and overlooked by those "hallowed dead" who have died for their country and honour.

Have you ever read Abraham Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address"? It is a soul-stirring piece, and no wonder the Americans revere such a man as he was. America is a wonderful country, but I have heard it said that there's too much hurry and scurry there. Men grow old at fifty in business. Now, my boss is seventy-five, and as hale and hearty as ever.

I find your "Cycling Corner" very interesting, as I have a "bike" and can understand and appreciate the advice given. I think it is in very capable hands. One wants a man of experience for articles like that, and Mr. Williams seems to have had plenty of it.

Well, I must say good-bye.

I remain,

One of your many well-wishers,

H. BLAMPED.

I can assure H. B. that we take as much interest in New Zealand over here as ever we did. It seems curious, though, that a game should attract more attention to such an important colony than anything else has done for years. The triumphant tour of the New Zealand Rugby XV. has set everybody talking. In view of the thorough trouncings we have received, H. B.'s remark reads comically—nay, pathetically.

Then and Now.—In the October number we asked our readers to put themselves in the place of a man who had returned to England in the present year after spending twenty-five years in the Australian Bush, and to record what they would imagine to be the changes in our social life, manners, clothing, ways of getting about, &c., by which he would be most struck, and also his comment thereon. I append the winning list, sent by Winifred D. Ereat, and heartily congratulate Miss Ereat on its excellence:

(1) *The Craze for Advertising.*—First and later thoughts: Some of the dodges are decidedly clever and ingenious. How does it pay? Where will it stop? And isn't it becoming rather a nuisance?

(2) *The Independence of Women.*—First thought: What has become of the sweet, modest, clinging, typical English maiden? I miss her. Later thoughts: How much more companionable to man is the average woman nowadays! And what a lot of trouble she saves her men-folk by her independence!

(3) *The Deplorable Overcrowding of Cities as compared with the Depopulation of the Country.*—First and

later thoughts: Bitter experience of city life will prove the best advocate for the "back to the land" movement. At the same time, the present opening-up of the agricultural question will do much to ameliorate the future condition of the "toilers in the field."

(4) *The Ubiquity of Cycles and Motor-cars.*—First thoughts: All motorists and cyclists ought to be squashed! They are a perpetual menace to pedestrians and all other sane-minded folk. Later thoughts: Why are there any pedestrians in this enlightened country? We motorists and cyclists see more of our country, save time, and obtain healthy, exhilarating exercise, whilst pedestrians are but obstacles in our paths.

(5) *The Amount of Time and Money Expended on Entertainments.*—First thoughts: Too much of it. An extravagant age, where pleasure is concerned. Later thoughts: In these days of hard pressure, the brain needs more relaxation than formerly, but the public taste for witnessing sensational feats, performed at the risk of human lives, is deplorable.

(6) *The Great Interest Centred in Sport.*—First and later thoughts: The result must surely be a healthier, hardier race of English men and women, but the mind must not be neglected for the body. The ideal Englishman is he who can both work hard and play hard, each in due proportion to the other. In this respect there rests a great responsibility with the headmasters of our public schools.

(7) *Universal Use of Telephones.*—First thought: Splendid invention! Can get at my tradespeople, doctor, friends, &c., at a moment's notice. Later thoughts: And my undesirable acquaintances can get at me!

(8) *The Modern English Sabbath.*—First and later thoughts: One of the changes which do not favourably impress the returned wanderer. With many people, the "day of rest" is non-existent—a change for the worse, both from a religious and worldly point of view.

(9) *The Power of the British Press, and the Strides Made in Journalism Generally.*—First thoughts: May the Press realise its enormous influence and never wield it save in the best interests of our Empire! Later thoughts: Does the increase in the number of magazines, and their success, mean that less attention is being paid to standard authors and their works? Can the busy world possibly find time to read both?

(10) *The Precocity of the Present-day Child.*—First thoughts: Children are certainly far more intelligent and interesting than formerly. Later thoughts: Parents, remember that "the golden mean" is the golden rule where children are concerned. Beware lest your child adopt the attitude of the young hopeful in the following anecdote:

Father.—"I didn't have such good times in my young days!"

Young Hopeful.—"Then aren't you glad you're living with us now, dad?"

(11) *The Hatless Men and Women.*—First thoughts: Very healthy for men, no doubt, but unwomanly for women. Later thoughts: Changed my mind concerning the hatless woman. Have been "stalking" the stage for three hours behind a *malinfe* hat.

(12) *The Breaking-down of "Our Splendid Isolation."*—First thoughts: Is the Britisher losing his splendid independent spirit—is he growing less self-reliant? Later thoughts: No; his mind has broadened beyond old insular prejudices, and he realises that he is not "the only good in the world."

Led by King Edward the Peacemaker, he sees that John Bull can best serve the world and his country by adopting a policy of defence, not offence—a policy of "Peace with Honour."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Captainite writes: "Some twelve months ago I wrote to you for information about volunteering, with which you very kindly supplied me in full. Please accept my late but sincere thanks. Having selected a corps with an eye to efficiency and economy, I was able to put in an average of three drills per week without any inconvenience, do the gun practices, and eighteen days' camp, and obtain much pleasure and experience in so doing. I now sport a first-class gunnery badge and a bomb stripe. With but one short year—full of incident, however—to look back upon, I am not in a position to advise or talk profoundly on volunteering, but this may be said, that any old Captainite, be he student or shop assistant, bank clerk or mechanic, with a little time and energy to spare, will find a heap of satisfaction in joining a volunteer artillery corps. He can be as nippy in opening a breech as in shooting a goal, and the skill required to lay on a target at 3000 yards is not inferior to that necessary in judging a fast ball on a wet wicket. Regimental camp is a radical change from a private affair up the river. Cook's mate, or "fatigue" for a day, or guard on a dirty night, are not things to yearn after. But they're not bad—the day after. Then, camp lived sanely is a wonderfully expeditious way of getting fit. Therefore, to all readers in which the interest far outweighs the few discomforts, I say, *Volunteer*."

A. V. Smith (Parkfield, Lower Riccarton, Christchurch, New Zealand), who asks me to excuse his bad writing because he has to lie in a plaster cast, sends me two photos. One of them (which I reproduce) shows the Waimungu Geyser in action, and



WAIMUNGU GEYSER, NEW ZEALAND.

Sent by A. V. Smith.

my correspondent tells me that lately several people were killed there through going too close. The other photo.—not distinct enough to print—represents boiling mud-holes in the Tikitiri district. "It is not safe to walk about without a guide, as at any moment you are liable to fall through a thin crust into boiling mud," says Master Smith. Evidently

Tikitiri is not a very inviting neighbourhood to take walks in! I thank A. V. Smith for his letter, and hope he will soon be out of that plaster cast, though, I must say, his writing is a good deal clearer than that of many boys who are whole and sound. A Happy Christmas to you, A. V. S., and many of them!

H. R. F. M. (Harrow) writes: "I notice in your November No. that a correspondent who signs himself 'Old Rossallian' offers an 'indignant remonstrance' regarding letters advocating such an institution as Hickson's. 'Old Rossallian' seems to have had no little experience of the fair sex, but allow me, as an Harrovian of four years' standing, to make answer that, however right he may be in denouncing 'Hickson's' as an institution, he is equally wrong in his criticism of 'athletic girls.' This is the twentieth century, not the eighteenth. Then, I believe, pretty faces were everything at the expense of health and enjoyment; now, all that is changed, and I can assure 'Old Rossallian' from experience that athletic girls are just as amiable, just as fascinating, and every bit as good at flirting as their petted and pampered predecessors. One thing is certain, they grow up better women, and make better wives."

"Teuton" wants to know whether he can get employment in Germany without knowing the language. Well, considering the enormous number of young Germans holding posts in London offices, I should think it must be quite possible for young Englishmen to obtain employment in Berlin. The most useful agency for looking after the interests of young men in foreign countries is the Y.M.C.A., and if "Teuton" became a member of this institution he could get into touch with the Berlin branch and there obtain all the information he requires. I do not know of any trustworthy agency in England which obtains commercial posts for young men in foreign countries. The safest medium, I should say, would be the advertisement columns of the *Times*, which is pretty sure to be taken by the leading business houses in Germany.

A. N. A. R. B. (Dinard).—(1) The best way to obtain a post in a school is to put your name on the books of, and call on, if possible, a good firm of scholastic agents, such as Messrs. Gabbitas and Thring, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. Also, watch the advertisements in the *Guardian* and *Church Times*; (2) who on earth has been putting it into your head that schoolmasters are "looked down on" and are not gentlemen? Schoolmasters, as a class, are among the best gentlemen stepping, and the only kind of schoolmaster who is "looked down on" is he who behaves in a manner that forfeits the respect of those about him; (3) you would not receive a large salary at first. Messrs. Gabbitas and Thring will supply you with figures; (4) the fact of your being a Roman Catholic will not interfere with your getting a good berth, providing you are a fair scholar and a sound disciplinarian.

"An Old Boy," who left school sixty years ago, writes to me about his schooldays in a way which gives one a favourable impression of the scholastic methods in vogue in 1845. Our "old boy" was at the same school for seven and a half years. All (he says) were justly treated, more latitude being given to those who worked well at their studies. Food was always of the best quality and there was no limit to it. "I was a delicate lad," he adds, "but after a strenuous life as a medical man I am able to

do 2000 miles a year on my cycle, which I started at the age of sixty-seven." Finally, my correspondent declares that the boys of to-day have an easier time than the boys of his day. That may be, but I question if the boys of to-day are fed better than the boys of an "old boy's" day. I have heard many grumbles about the food supplied at public schools, the quality appearing to depend on the whim of the house-master, and I think that parents ought to insist on their boys being fed on good, wholesome food, and plenty of it. Giving a growing boy inferior food is a most reprehensible act. Fancy a racehorse-trainer feeding his colts on oats and corn! The school-boy's case is a parallel one, and this food question should be looked into thoroughly.

P. H. C. (Princess Helena College, Ealing) writes to tell me that most of the big girls' schools and colleges play lacrosse. Princess Helena College has a splendid team, "and nearly all our 300 girls are very keen." For my own part, I hope that the girls at Princess Helena College also learn how to cook and knit and make beds; if they don't, the chances are they'll shape very poorly as wives in the sweet by-and-bye. Lacrosse is all very well, but give me the girl who can make *la hot cross-bun*! Perhaps P. H. C. can make buns as well as she can play lacrosse; if so, I take off my weather-beaten beaver hat to her, for she must be one of the all-round girls—equally capable indoors and out of doors—that we men admire so much.

"Firm Supporter," another young lady, sends me some poetry of moderate quality, which, however, displays distinct ability. One of the poems is a parody of "Hiawatha." I wonder when people will leave off parodying "Hiawatha." A great man invents something great, and for scores of years afterwards all sorts of people fall upon it and parody it or imitate it. This is not the way to gain renown. Write something original, "Firm Supporter," and, no doubt, you will soon win your way into the C.C. pages, my dear.

Walter H. Toll is a satisfied boy. He writes to thank me for my "efforts to supply readers with something good," and adds that the variety of THE CAPTAIN'S contents should please even the most fastidious. Friend Walter evidently understands that we do our best to cater for the majority, and that we do not add other "Corners" simply because we have no room for them. The compliments of the season to you, W. H. T. I'm sure you will remember that Christmas is a season which should lead us to endeavour to make other people happy, and think of ourselves as little as possible. You may, for instance, like to send brother-reader A. V. Smith, of New Zealand, a Christmas card. He will appreciate it hugely.

Haileyburian.—It is evident from what you say that the photograph on page 515 in the September issue was wrongly labelled "Cadets of Haileybury College." Our representative who was present at the Hyde Park Review tells us that the difficulty of recognising the different schools was

very great, owing to the abandonment of the old distinctive uniforms, and the almost universal use now of khaki. It is noteworthy that the cadets depicted in the mis-called photograph are wearing the "Hart-Ford" badge, and probably, therefore, are attached (like Haileybury) to a Hertfordshire battalion of the Bedfordshire Regiment.

Enthusiast.—Frankly, your article, "A Call for the Life-Boat," has not got enough in it to make it worthy of publication. What you say on the point has been said very often before. Contributions for the C. C. pages should be as full of facts as a Christmas pudding of plums. Nevertheless, you do not write at all badly.

"Obo's" family tell him he is artistic, and so "Obo" encloses two drawings for criticism. If "Obo" will forward a few more representative specimens of his work, and enclose a stamped envelope for their return, I will send him a few lines of criticism.

The Progressive Camera Club.—A. Reginald, 9 Portobello Road, Notting Hill Gate, W., writes to say that he is concerned in the formation of a club under this title, in the vicinity of Kensington, for the mutual advantage of novices, and would be glad if we would make this fact known in our columns.

"The Great Eastern," Mr. J. B. Davis writes to say, was not the "first successful steamship," as stated in the October CAPTAIN. Several steam vessels made long sea voyages before 1838, notably the *Great Britain*, which successfully accomplished the journey to Australia, then a distance of 16,000 miles. As a boy Mr. Davis went over the *Great Britain* when she was in dock—another quite "old" boy reader, this!

Harry French.—If you buy THE CAPTAIN regularly you may be a member of THE CAPTAIN Club. I may tell you that I am thinking of discontinuing the Club before very long, and starting some League in connection with THE CAPTAIN which will be of some practical use to readers.

Letters, etc., have also to be acknowledged from: P. E. Petter, "Amans Patriae," "A Scotchman," Myriam Elmsley, James H. Drnkwater, Gilbert Bate, E. H. K. Fryer, "Sydney" (sorry; photo. far too faint for reproduction).

Competition Prizes.—I particularly wish to draw your attention to the fact that the prizes offered on our Competitions Page this month are well worth working for. They include an Eight-Guinea Billiard Table, which can be converted into an ordinary dining-table by the removal of the cushions; a "Bonheur" watch, value two and a half guineas; three boxes of the best water-colour paints; photographic apparatus; footballs, and a "Swan" Fountain Pen. There will also, as usual, be consolation prizes for the "runners-up" in each competition.

To all Readers, old & young,
a Happy Christmas!

The Old FAG.

Results of October Competitions.

No. I.—"Scholarship Appointment Competition."

—Result will be announced in the January No.

No. II.—"Captain's Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Muriel Hall, 43 Victoria Road, N., Southsea.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Ursula M. Peck, 8A Randolph Road, Maida Hill, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Constance H. Greaves, Violet A. Tootal, C. T. Down, A. A. Kerridge, Annie E. Johnson, Laura M. Strike, E. M. Nanson, M. MacCowan Hall, M. M. Read.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: G. W. Bailey, 396 Attercliffe Road, Sheffield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Helen C. Sinclair-Smith, Coombe, Coppystone, N. Devon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: V. T. Down, Lottie Tucker, Evelyn Haines, D. Nanson, Eva Freeth, Frances Vidal.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: K. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eric D. Doring, R. M. Stewart, Olive M. Tomkins, T. B. Stewart, M. Zillah Gray, James H. Dible, George E. Lexow, R. Middleton.

No. III.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Charles F. Shaw, 30 Tennyson Street, Nottingham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: R. W. Copeman, Toun View, Wincanton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. W. Witcombe, E. S. Maples, A. R. Mamber, O. C. Lupton, A. J. Court, K. Reeves, J. E. T. S. Hilton, Mayne Reid, the Rev. A. N. Gilmore.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: G. S. B. Cushnie, 182 Grove Street, Liverpool.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: R. H. Barnes, Burgh Rectory, Aylsham, Norfolk.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Bannerman, jun., Ernest Townsend, Bernard Meldrum, V. Griffiths, Lewis E. Whitfield, W. Morley, A. W. Foster, Frederick Cartmel, F. M. Wyatt, E. S. Follen, Alec M. Hamling.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Morley Copeman, Toun View, Wincanton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Robert Gardner, 41 Chorley New Road, Bolton, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: D. T. Thomson, R. W. Reade, Herbert P. Bryant, H. Chesterton, A. W. Payne.

No. IV.—"Drawing of Fruit."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Elizabeth Maude Alsop, Ashdene, Marple, Stockport.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: K. Reeves, 47 Bell Street, Henley-on-Thames.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edith M. Tucker, Sibyl O'Neill, Nona C. Porteous.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Dorothy H. Atkinson, 2 Douro Terrace, Jersey, C.I.]

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Owen Coghlan, Glendale, King's Road, Cheltenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Leslie Collins, Norah Disney, Frances E. Price, T. G. Gillott, Edith H. Stern, C. Charlotte Tucker, Frieda E. Myers, Owen Squires, Clara E. Given, Alfred W. Dobbia, Florence Leader.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: A. Colley, 98 Hampton Road, Forest Gate, E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Harold Mansfield, 21 Park Side, Cambridge.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. F. H. White, G. G. Patterson, Ethel Rowlett, H. D. Morris, Howard J. Attwood, E. H. S. Boden, John Weekes, Muriel Clay, P. Taylor.

No. V.—"Then and Now."

No age limit.

WINNER OF RUSSIAN IRON MAGIC LANTERN: Winifred D. Ereat, Belleville, St. Saviour's, Jersey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. Le Lacheur, "Avranches," Brock Road, St. Peter Port, Guernsey; Alex. Scott, jun., Burnside House, Tillicoultry.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold Scholfield, Percival Dacre, W. F. Curtis, James Bland, F. J. Ward, Archibald J. A. Wilson, Thomas-Bones, Ernest R. Neels, William Tovell, B. Overbury, Alfred M. Parkes, D. H. Champion.

No. VI.—"October Celebrities."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF NO. 1 CYCLE SPEED-INDICATOR: G. B. Hindmarsh, 38 Fentiman Road, Clapham, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. Eustace Petter, Tons Park, Ilfracombe; T. W. Spikin, 4 Solby's Road, Basingstoke.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Claude H. Auld, L. J. Hodson, G. A. Taylor, T. Hahood, D. H. Champion, S. A. Churcher, W. A. Howieson, Emily Milley, H. C. Smith, B. Weaver, S. B. Wood, S. E. Kay.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF NO. 1 CYCLE SPEED-INDICATOR: Harold Jones, Bell Vue, nr. Pontypool, Mon.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Arthur W. Fox, 25 Robert Street, C.-on-M., Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. J. Morris, H. L. Lyall, W. H. Mello, A. P. Bryant, A. Burton, C. H. Burke, G. H. Schofield, G. T. Lawrence, E. T. Rosemount, J. J. Johnson, L. McGregor, A. J. Turner, H. Walton, S. Bourne, E. G. Coomes.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF NO. 1 CYCLE SPEED-INDICATOR: P. A. Reed, 5 Finbury Park Avenue, Hermitage Road, London, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. Learmouth, Marjorie N. How.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(September.)

No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: George G. Proctor, Balgowrie St. Clair, The Avenue, Port of Spain, Trinidad.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Caris, jun. (Cape Colony).

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: Alfred L. Solomon, 133 Upper King Street, Kingston, Jamaica.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eileen Erskine (South Africa), G. Caris, jun.

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: Nicholas Charles Wolters, jun., Observatory House, Observatory Road, Cape Town, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gordon Smith (Grenada), S. W. James (Trinidad), D. T. Middleton (British Guiana).

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 Grephouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the October Competitions.

No. II.—The quotations were again chosen with much discrimination and judgment by the majority of competitors, though there was not quite the usual number of artistic productions. Several senders of otherwise excellent efforts entirely neglected "THE CAPTAIN" when making their selections.

No. III.—The competition was well contested in all Classes.

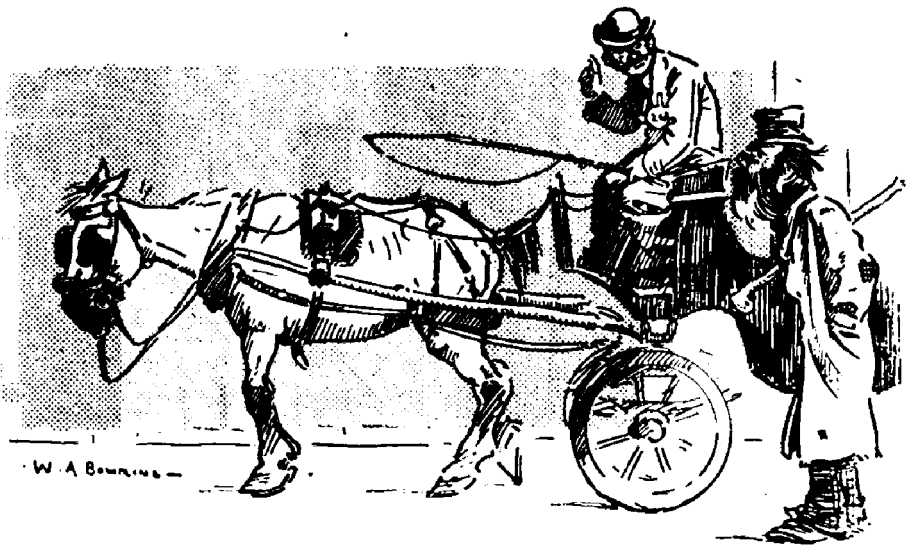
No. IV.—Some very clever sketches were submitted, particularly in Class II.

No. V.—A number of interesting answers were sent in, and most competitors seem to have thoroughly appreciated the changes which

would specially impress a man who had been out of England for twenty-five years. The general opinion appears to be that most changes are for the better, but many note a deterioration in manners and religious observance, and view with some anxiety the excessive devotion to spectacular sport.

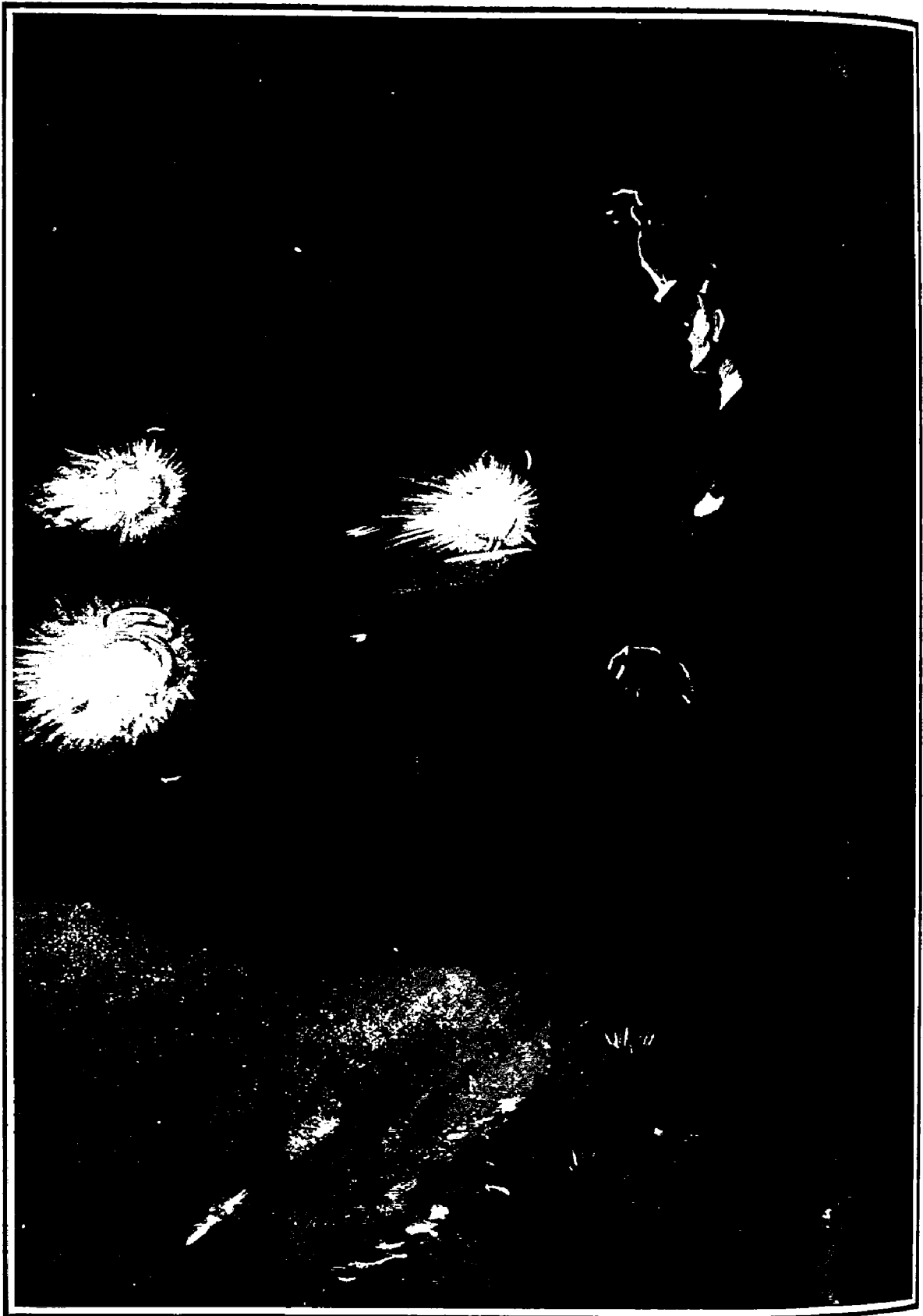
No. VI.—The favourite "October celebrities" chosen for essays were Lord Macaulay, Dr. Nansen, President Roosevelt, Sir William Butler, Lord Hugh Cecil, and Mr. P. F. Warner. The usual high standard was maintained, especially in Class I.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR



JOCULAR JEHU: "Cab, m'Lord?"

WEARY WALKER: "No, thanks; I'm in a hurry."



"BRUCE!" HE CRIED.

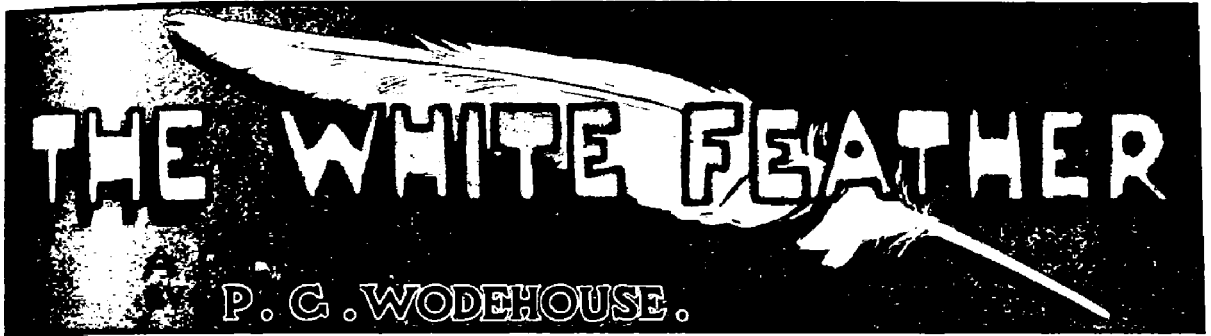
THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIV.

JANUARY, 1906

No. 82.



Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SYNOPSIS.

SHEEN, of the Sixth Form at Wrykyn School, shows the white feather by shirking his part in a row, during election time, with a gang of town boys headed by "Albert"—a particularly offensive young "hooligan." As a result, there is not only coolness between Sheen and his friend Drummond, the school's best boxer, but the former is deliberately cut by all. Later, Sheen meets the redoubtable Albert in the town, when alone. In desperation he stands up to the enemy pluckily, but is promptly "outed," and saved from further damage only by the timely intervention of Joe Bevan, an ex-champion pugilist who has training-quarters at the "Blue Boar" up the river. At Bevan's suggestion Sheen agrees to receive boxing lessons, secretly determining to win the house boxing competition, and so retrieve himself in the eyes of Seymour's. The "Blue Boar" is out of bounds, but Sheen takes the risk of detection and enters upon his course of lessons. Under Bevan's tuition, he not only improves rapidly, but gains self-confidence. In reply to an insult, he hits Attell, another senior, on the jaw; but Attell, by an ingenious lie, spreads the report that the blow came from himself and that Sheen "funked" again. Dunstable and Linton, having made a surreptitious journey up the river to tea at the "Blue Boar," are pursued by Albert and another lad, who sink the Wrykinians' boat. The latter take possession of another boat which is moored to the bank: with the result that Sheen, when starting to return from his customary boxing lesson, three-quarters of an hour before lock-up, finds himself without a boat.

CHAPTER XIII.

DEUS EX MACHINA.

It did not occur to Sheen immediately that his boat had actually gone. The full beauty of the situation was some moments in coming home to him. At first

he merely thought that somebody had moved it to another part of the bank, as the authorities at the inn had done once or twice in the past, to make room for the boats of fresh visitors. Walking along the lawn in search of it, he came upon the stake to which Dunstable's submerged craft was attached. He gave the rope a tentative pull, and was surprised to find that there was a heavy drag on the end of it.

Then suddenly the truth flashed across him. "Heavens!" he cried, "it's sunk."

Joe Bevan, who was with him, lent his aid to the pulling. The lost boat came out of the river like some huge fish, and finally rested on the bank, oozing water and drenching the grass in all directions.

Joe Bevan stooped down, and examined it in the dim light.

"What's happened here, sir," he said, "is that there's a plank gone from the bottom. Smashed clean out, it is. Not started it isn't. Smashed clean out. That's what it is. Some one must have been here and done it."

Sheen looked at the boat, and saw that he was right. A plank in the middle had been splintered. It looked as if somebody had driven some heavy instrument into it. As a matter of fact, Albert had effected the job with the butt-end of an oar.

The damage was not ruinous. A carpenter could put the thing right at no great expense. But it would take time. And meanwhile the minutes were flying, and lock-up was now little more than half an hour away.

"What'll you do, sir?" asked Bevan.



That was just what Sheen was asking himself. What could he do? The road to the school twisted and turned to such an extent that, though the distance from the "Blue Boar" to Seymour's was only a couple of miles as the crow flies, he would have to cover double that distance unless he took a short cut across the fields. And if he took a short cut in the dark he was certain to lose himself. It was a choice of evils. The "Blue Boar" possessed but one horse and trap, and he had seen that driven away to the station in charge of a fisherman's luggage half an hour before.

"I shall have to walk," he said.

"It's a long way. You'll be late, won't you?" said Mr. Bevan.

"It can't be helped. I suppose I shall. I wonder who smashed that boat," he added after a pause.

Passing through the inn on his way to the road, he made inquiries. It appeared that two young gentlemen from the school had been there to tea. They had arrived in a boat and gone away in a boat. Nobody else had come into the inn. Suspicion obviously rested upon them.

"Do you remember anything about them?" asked Sheen.

Further details came out. One of the pair had worn a cap like Sheen's. The other's headgear, minutely described, showed him that its owner was a member of the school second eleven.

Sheen pursued the inquiry. He would be so late in any case that a minute or so more or less would make no material difference; and he was very anxious to find out, if possible, who it was that had placed him in this difficulty. He knew, of course, that he was unpopular in the school, but he had not looked for this sort of thing.

Then somebody suddenly remembered having heard one of the pair address the other by name.

"What name?" asked Sheen.

"His informant was not sure. Would it be Linton?"

"Linton?" said Sheen.

"That was it."

Sheen thanked him and departed, still puzzled. Linton, as he knew him, was not the sort of fellow to do a thing like that. And the other, the second eleven man, must be Dunstable. They were always about together. He did not know much about Dunstable, but he could hardly believe that this sort of thing was his form, either. Well, he would have to think of that later. He must concentrate himself

now on covering the distance to the school in the minimum of time. He looked at his watch. Twenty minutes more. If he hurried, he might not be so very late. He wished that somebody would come by in a cart, and give him a lift.

He stopped and listened. No sound of horse's hoof broke the silence. He walked on again.

Then, faint at first, but growing stronger every instant, there came from some point in the road far behind him a steady, droning sound. He almost shouted with joy. A motor! Even now he might do it.

But could he stop it? Would the motorist pay any attention to him, or would he flash past and leave him in the dust? From the rate at which the drone increased the car seemed to be travelling at a rare speed.

He moved to one side of the road, and waited. He could see the lights now, flying towards him.

Then, as the car hummed past, he recognised its driver, and put all he knew into a shout.

"Bruce!" he cried.

For a moment it seemed as if he had not been heard. The driver paid not the smallest attention, as far as he could see. He looked neither to left nor to right. Then the car slowed down, and, turning, came slowly back to where he stood.

"Hullo," said the driver, "who's that?"

Jack Bruce was alone in the car, muffled to the eyes in an overcoat. It was more by his general appearance than his face that Sheen had recognised him.

"It's me. Sheen. I say Bruce, I wish you'd give me a lift to Seymour's, will you?"

There was never any waste of words about Jack Bruce. Of all the six hundred and thirty-four boys at Wrykyn he was probably the only one whose next remark in such circumstances would not have been a question. Bruce seldom asked questions—never, if they wasted time.

"Hop in," he said.

Sheen consulted his watch again.

"Lock-up's in a quarter of an hour," he said, "but they give us ten minutes' grace. That allows us plenty of time, doesn't it?"

"Do it in seven minutes, if you like."

"Don't hurry," said Sheen. "I've never been in a motor before, and I don't want to cut the experience short. It's awfully good of you to give me a lift."

"That's all right," said Bruce.

"Were you going anywhere? Am I taking you out of your way?"

"No. I was just trying the car. It's a new one. The pater's just got it."

"Do you do much of this?" said Sheen.

"Good bit. I'm going in for the motor business when I leave school."

"So all this is training?"

"That's it."

There was a pause.

"You seemed to be going at a good pace just now," said Sheen.

"About thirty miles an hour. I was on the third speed."

"That's faster than you're allowed to go, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"You've never been caught, have you?"

"Not yet. I want to see how much pace I can get out of her, because it'll prove useful when the election really comes on. Bringing voters to the poll, you know. That's why the pater bought this new car. It's a beauty. His other's only a little runabout."

"Doesn't your father mind your motoring?"

"Likes it," said Jack Bruce.

It seemed to Sheen that it was about time that he volunteered some information about himself, instead of plying his companion with questions. It was pleasant talking to a Wrykinian again; and Jack Bruce had apparently either not heard of the Albert incident or else he was not influenced by it in any way.

"You've got me out of an awful hole. Bruce," he began.

"That's all right. Been out for a walk?"

"I'd been to the 'Blue Boar.'"

"Oh?" said Bruce. He did not seem to wish to know why Sheen had been there.

Sheen proceeded to explain.

"I suppose you've heard all about me," he said uncomfortably. "About the town, you know. That fight. Not joining in."

"Heard something about it," said Bruce.

"I went down town again after that," said Sheen, "and met the same fellows who were fighting Linton and the others. They came for me, and I was getting awfully mauled when Joe Bevan turned up."

"Oh, is Joe back again?"

"Do you know him?" asked Sheen in surprise.

"Oh yes. I used to go to the 'Blue Boar' to learn boxing from him all last summer holidays."

"Did you really? Why, that's what I'm doing now."

"Good man," said Bruce.

"Isn't he a splendid teacher!"

"Ripping."

"But I didn't know you boxed, Bruce. You never went in for any of the School competitions."

"I'm rather a rotten weight. Ten six. Too heavy for the light-weights and not heavy enough for the middles. Besides, the competitions here are really inter-house. They don't want day-boys going in for them. Are you going to box for Seymour's?"

"That's what I want to do. You see, it would be rather a score, wouldn't it? After what's happened, you know."

"I suppose it would."

"I should like to do something. It's not very pleasant," he added, with a forced laugh, "being considered a disgrace to the house, and cut by every one."

"Suppose not."

"The difficulty is Drummond. You see, we are both the same weight, and he's much better than I am. I'm hoping that he'll go in for the middles and let me take the light-weights. There's nobody he couldn't beat in the middles, though he would be giving away a stone."

"Have you asked him?"

"Not yet. I want to keep it dark that I'm learning to box, just at present."

"Spring it on them suddenly?"

"Yes. Of course, I can't let it get about that I go to Joe Bevan, because I have to break bounds every time I do it."

"The upper river's out of bounds now for boarders, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Jack Bruce sat in silence for a while, his gaze concentrated on the road in front of him.

"Why go by river at all?" he said at last.

"If you like, I'll run you to the 'Blue Boar' in the motor every day."

"Oh, I say, that's awfully decent of you," said Sheen.

"I should like to see old Joe again. I think I'll come and spar, too. If you're learning, what you want more than anything is somebody about your own size to box with."

"That's just what Joe was saying. Will you really? I should be awfully glad if you would. Boxing with Joe is all right, but you feel all the time he's fooling with you. I should like to try how I got on with somebody else."

"You'd better meet me here, then, as soon after school as you can."

As he spoke, the car stopped.

"Where are we?" asked Sheen.

"Just at the corner of the road behind the houses"



"YOUR BOAT!" SAID LINTON.

"Oh, I know. Hullo, there goes the lock-up bell. I shall do it comfortably."

He jumped down.

"I say, Bruce," he said, "I really am most awfully obliged for the lift. Something went wrong with my boat, and I couldn't get back in it. I should have been frightfully in the cart if you hadn't come by."

"That's all right," said Jack Bruce. "I say, Sheen!"

"Hullo?"

"Are you going to practise in the music-room after morning school to-morrow?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I think I'll turn up."

"I wish you would."

"What's that thing that goes like this? I forget most of it."

He whistled a few bars.

"That's a thing of Grieg's," said Sheen.

"You might play it to-morrow," said Bruce.

"Rather. Of course I will."

"Thanks," said Jack Bruce. "Good-night."

He turned the car, and vanished down the road. From the sound Sheen judged that he was once more travelling at a higher rate of speed than the local police would have approved.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SKIRMISH.

UPON consideration Sheen determined to see Linton about that small matter of the boat without delay. After prayers that night he went to his study.

"Can I speak to you for a minute, Linton?" he said.

Linton was surprised. He disapproved of this intrusion. When a fellow is being cut by the house, he ought, by all the laws of school etiquette, to behave as such, and not speak till he is spoken to.

"What do you want?" asked Linton.

"I shan't keep you long. Do you think you

could put away that book for a minute, and listen?"

Linton hesitated, then shut the book.

"Hurry up, then," he said.

"I was going to," said Sheen. "I simply came in to tell you that I know perfectly well who sunk my boat this afternoon."

He felt at once that he had now got Linton's undivided attention.

"Your boat!" said Linton. "You don't mean to say that was yours! What on earth were you doing at the place?"

"I don't think that's any business of yours, is it, Linton?"

"How did you get back?"

"I don't think that's any business of yours, either. I daresay you're disappointed, but I did manage to get back. In time for lock-up, too."



"But I don't understand. Do you mean to say that that was your boat we took?"

"Sunk," corrected Sheen.

"Don't be a fool, Sheen. What the dickens should we want to sink your boat for? What happened was this. Albert—you remember Albert?—followed us up to the inn, and smashed our boat while we were having tea. When we got out and found it sunk, we bagged the only other one we could see. We hadn't a notion it was yours. We thought it belonged to some fisherman chap."

"Then you didn't sink my boat?"

"Of course we didn't. What do you take us for?"

"Sorry," said Sheen. "I thought it was a queer thing for you to have done. I'm glad it wasn't you. Good-night."

"But look here," said Linton, "don't go. It must have landed you in a frightful hole, didn't it?"

"A little. But it doesn't matter. Good-night."

"But half a second, Sheen——"

Sheen had disappeared.

Linton sat on till the lights were turned off, ruminating. He had a very tender conscience where other members of the school were concerned, though it was tougher as regarded masters; and he was full of remorse at the thought of how nearly he had got Sheen into trouble by borrowing his boat that afternoon. It seemed to him that it was his duty to make it up to him in some way.

It was characteristic of Linton that the episode did not, in any way, alter his attitude towards Sheen. Another boy in a similar position might have become effusively friendly. Linton looked on the affair in a calm, judicial spirit. He had done Sheen a bad turn, but that was no reason why he should fling himself on his neck and swear eternal friendship. His demeanour on the occasions when they came in contact with each other remained the same. He did not speak to him, and he did not seem to see him. But all the while he was remembering that somehow or other he must do him a good turn of some sort, by way of levelling things up again. When that good turn had been done, he might dismiss him from his thoughts altogether.

Sheen, for his part, made no attempt to trade on the matter of the boat. He seemed as little anxious to be friendly with Linton as Linton was to be friendly with him. For this Linton was grateful, and continued to keep his eyes open in the hope of finding some opportunity of squaring up matters between them.

His chance was not long in coming. The feeling in the house against Sheen, caused by the story of his encounter with Attell, had not diminished. Stanning had fostered it in various little ways. It was not difficult. When a house of the standing in the school which Seymour's possessed exhibits a weak spot, the rest of the school do not require a great deal of encouragement to go on prodding that weak spot. In short, the school rotted Seymour's about Sheen, and Seymour's raged impotently. Fags of other houses expended much crude satire on Seymour's fags, and even the seniors of the house came in for their share of the baiting. Most of the houses at Wrykyn were jealous of Seymour's, and this struck them as an admirable opportunity of getting something of their own back.

One afternoon, not long after Sheen's conversation with Linton, Stanning came into Seymour's senior day-room and sat down on the table. The senior day-room objected to members of other houses coming and sitting on their table as if they had bought that rickety piece of furniture; but Stanning's reputation as a bruiser kept their resentment within bounds.

"Hullo, you chaps," said Stanning.

The members of the senior day-room made no reply, but continued, as Mr. Kipling has it, to persecute their vocations. Most of them were brewing. They went on brewing with the earnest concentration of *chefs*.

"You're a cheery lot," said Stanning. "But I don't wonder you've got the hump. I should be a bit sick if we'd got a skunk like that in our house. Heard the latest?"

Some lunatic said, "No. What?" thereby delivering the day-room bound into the hands of the enemy.

"Sheen's apologised to Attell."

There was a sensation in the senior day-room, as Stanning had expected. He knew his men. He was perfectly aware that any story which centred round Sheen's cowardice would be believed by them, so he had not troubled to invent a lie which it would be difficult to disprove. He knew that in the present state of feeling in the house Sheen would not be given a hearing.

"No!" shouted the senior day-room.

This was the last straw. The fellow seemed to go out of his way to lower the prestige of the house.

"Fact," said Stanning. "I thought you knew."

He continued to sit on the table, swinging his legs, while the full horror of his story sunk into the senior day-room mind.

"I wonder you don't do something about it. Why don't you touch him 'up? He's not a perfect."

But they were not prepared to go to that length. The senior day-room had a great respect both for Drummond's word and his skill with his hands. He had said he would slay any one who touched Sheen, and they were of opinion that he would do it.

"He isn't in," said one of the brewers, looking up from his toasting-fork. "His study door was open when I passed."

"I say, why not rag his study?" suggested another thickly, through a mouthful of toast.

Stanning smiled.

"Good idea," he said.

It struck him that some small upheaval of Sheen's study furniture, coupled with the burning of one or two books, might check to some extent that student's work for the Gotford. And if Sheen could be stopped working for the Gotford, he, Stanning, would romp home. In the matter of brilliance there was no comparison between them. It was Sheen's painful habit of work which made him dangerous.

Linton had been listening to this conversation in silence. He had come to the senior day-room to borrow a book. He now slipped out, and made his way to Drummond's study.

Drummond was in. Linton proceeded to business.

"I say, Drummond."

"Hullo?"

"That man Stanning has come in. He's getting the senior day-room to rag Sheen's study."

"What?"

Linton repeated his statement.

"Does the man think he owns the house?" said Drummond. "Where is he?"

"Coming up now. I hear them. What are you going to do? Stop them?"

"What do you think? Of course I am. I'm not going to have any of Appleby's crew coming into Seymour's and ragging studies."

"This ought to be worth seeing," said Linton. "Look on me as 'Charles, his friend.' I'll help if you want me, but it's your scene."

Drummond opened his door just as Stanning and his myrmidons were passing it.

"Hullo, Stanning," he said.

Stanning turned. The punitive expedition stopped.

"Do you want anything?" inquired Drummond politely.

The members of the senior day-room who were with Stanning rallied round, silent and

interested. This dramatic situation appealed to them. They had a passion for rows and this looked distinctly promising.

There was a pause. Stanning looked carefully at Drummond. Drummond looked carefully at Stanning.

"I was going to see Sheen," said Stanning at length.

"He isn't in."

"Oh."

Another pause.

"Was it anything special?" inquired Drummond pleasantly.

The expedition edged a little forward.

"No. Oh, no. Nothing special," said Stanning.

The expedition looked disappointed.

"Any message I can give him?" asked Drummond.

"No, thanks," said Stanning.

"Sure?"

"Quite, thanks."

"I don't think it's worth while your waiting. He may not be in for some time."

"No, perhaps not. Thanks. So long."

"So long."

Stanning turned on his heel, and walked away down the passage. Drummond went back into his study, and shut the door.

The expedition, deprived of its commander-in-chief, paused irresolutely outside. Then it followed its leader's example.

There was peace in the passage.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ROUT AT RIPTON.

ON the Saturday following this episode the first fifteen travelled to Ripton to play the return match with that school on its own ground. Of the two Ripton matches the one played at Wrykyn was always the big event of the football year; but the other came next in importance, and the telegram which was despatched to the school shop at the close of the game was always awaited with anxiety. This year Wrykyn looked forward to the return match with a certain amount of apathy, due partly to the fact that the school was in a slack, unpatriotic state, and partly to the hammering the team had received in the previous term, when the Ripton centre three-quarters had run through and scored with monotonous regularity. "We're bound to get sat on," was the general verdict of the school.

Allardyce, while thoroughly agreeing with

this opinion, did his best to conceal the fact from the rest of the team. He had certainly done his duty by them. Every day for the past fortnight the forwards and outsides had turned out to run and pass, and on the Saturdays there had been matches with Corpus, Oxford, and the Cambridge Old Wrykinians. In both games the school had been beaten. In fact, it seemed as if they could only perform really well when they had no opponents. To see the three-quarters racing down the field (at practice) and scoring innumerable (imaginary) tries, one was apt to be misled into considering them a fine quartette. But when there was a match, all the beautiful dash and precision of the passing faded away, and the last thing they did was to run straight. Barry was the only one of the four who played the game properly.

But, as regarded condition, there was nothing wrong with the team. Even Trevor could not have mad them train harder; and Allardyce in his more sanguine moments had a shadowy hope that the Ripton score might, with care, be kept in the teens.

Barry had bought a *Sportsman* at the station, and he unfolded it as the train began to move. Searching the left-hand column of the middle page, as we all do when we buy the *Sportsman* on Saturday—to see how our names look in print, and what sort of a team the enemy has got—he made a remarkable discovery. At the same moment Drummond, on the other side of the carriage, did the same.

"I say," he said, "they must have had a big clear-out at Ripton. Have you seen the team they've got out to-day?"

"I was just looking at it," said Barry.

"What's up with it?" inquired Allardyce.

"Let's have a look."

"They've only got about half their proper

team. They've got a different back—Grey isn't playing."

"Both their centres are, though," said Drummond.

"More fun for us, Drum., old chap," said Attell. "I'm going home again. Stop the train."

Drummond said nothing. He hated Attell most when he tried to be facetious.



"I WAS GOING TO SEE SHEEN," SAID STANNING.

"Dunn isn't playing, nor is Waite," said Barry, "so they haven't got either of their proper halves. I say, we might have a chance of doing something to-day."

"Of course we shall," said Allardyce. "You've only got to buck up and we've got them on toast."

The atmosphere in the carriage became charged with optimism. It seemed a simple thing to defeat a side which was practically a Ripton "A" team. The centre three-

The first scrum was formed on the Wrykyn twenty-five line.

The Ripton forwards got the ball, and heeled with their usual neatness. The Ripton half who was taking the scrum gathered it cleanly, and passed to his colleague. He was a sturdy youth with a dark, rather forbidding, face, in which the acute observer might have read signs of the savage. He was of the breed which is vaguely described at public schools as "nigger," a term covering every variety of

Ripton at Christmas. It was a nuisance his being still at school. Drummond was not afraid of him—he would have fought a champion of the world if the school had expected him to—but he could not help remembering that it was only by the very narrowest margin, and after a terrific three rounds, that he had beaten him in the Feathers the year before. It would be too awful for words if the decision were to be reversed in the coming competition.

But he was not allowed much leisure for pondering on the future. The present was too full of incident and excitement. The withdrawal of the four invalids and the departure of Dunn had not reduced the Ripton team to that wreck of its former self which the Wrykyn fifteen had looked for. On the contrary, their play seemed, if anything, a shade better than it had been in the former match. There was all the old aggressiveness, and Peteiro and his partner, so far from being timid novices and losing their heads, eclipsed the



THEY FELL TOGETHER, AND THE BALL BOUNDED FORWARD.

shade from ebony to light lemon. As a matter of fact he was a half-caste, sent home to England to be educated. Drummond recognised him as he dived forward to tackle him. The last place where they had met had been the roped ring at Aldershot. It was his opponent in the final bout of the Feathers.

He reached him as he swerved, and they fell together. The ball bounded forward.

"Hullo, Peteiro," he said. "Thought you'd left."

The other grinned recognition.

"Hullo, Drummond."

"Going up to Aldershot this year?"

"Yes. Light weight."

"So am I"

The scrum had formed by now, and further conversation was impossible. Drummond looked a little thoughtful as he put the ball in. He had been told that Peteiro was leaving

exhibition given at Wrykyn by Waite and Dunn. Play had only been in progress six minutes when Keith, taking a pass on the twenty-five line, slipped past Attell, ran round the back, and scored between the posts. Three minutes later the other Ripton centre scored. At the end of twenty minutes the Wrykyn line had been crossed five times, and each of the tries had been converted.

"Can't you fellows get that ball in the scrum?" demanded Allardyce plaintively, as the team began for the fifth time the old familiar walk to the half-way line. "Pack tight, and get the first shove."

The result of this address was to increase the Ripton lead by four points. In his anxiety to get the ball one of the Wrykyn forwards started heeling before it was in, and the referee promptly gave a free kick to Ripton for "foot up." As this event took place



within easy reach of the Wrykyn goal, and immediately in front of the same, Keith had no difficulty in bringing off the penalty.

By half-time the crowd in the road, hoarse with laughter, had exhausted all their adjectives and were repeating themselves. The Ripton score was six goals, a penalty goal, and two tries to *nil*, and the Wrykyn team was a demoralised rabble.

The fact that the rate of scoring slackened somewhat after the interval may be attributed to the disinclination of the Riptonians to exert themselves unduly. They ceased playing in the stern and scientific spirit in which they had started; and, instead of adhering to an orthodox game, began to enjoy themselves. The forwards no longer heeled like a machine. They broke through ambitiously, and tried to score on their own account. When the outsides got as far as the back, they did not pass. They tried to drop goals. In this way only twenty-two points were scored after half-time. Allardyce and Drummond battled on nobly, but with their pack hopelessly outclassed it was impossible for them to do anything of material use. Barry, on the wing, tackled his man whenever the latter got the ball, but, as a rule, the centres did not pass, but attacked by themselves. At last, by way of a fitting conclusion to the rout, the Ripton back, catching a high punt, ran instead of kicking, and, to the huge delight of the town contingent, scored. With this incident the visiting team drained the last dregs of the bitter cup. Humiliation could go no further. Almost immediately afterwards the referee blew his whistle for "No side."

"Three cheers for Wrykyn," said Keith. To the fifteen victims it sounded ironical.

CHAPTER XVI.

DRUMMOND GOES INTO RETIREMENT.

THE return journey of a school team after a crushing defeat in a foreign match is never a very exhilarating business.

Those members of the side who have not yet received their colours are wondering which of them is to be sacrificed to popular indignation and "chucked": the rest, who have managed to get their caps, are feeling that even now two-thirds of the school will be saying that they are not worth a place in the third fifteen; while the captain, brooding apart, is becoming soured at the thought that Posterity will forget what little good he may have done, and remember only that it was in his year that the school got so many points

taken off them by so-and-so. Conversation does not ripple and sparkle during these home-comings. The Wrykyn team made the journey in almost unbroken silence. They were all stiff and sore, and their feelings were such as to unfit them for talking to people.

The school took the thing very philosophically—a bad sign. When a school is in a healthy, normal condition it should be stirred up by a bad defeat by another school like a disturbed wasps' nest. Wrykyn made one or two remarks about people who could not play footer for toffee, and then let the thing drop.

Sheen was too busy with his work and his boxing to have much leisure for mourning over this latest example of the present inefficiency of the school. The examination for the Gotford was to come off in two days, and the inter-house boxing was fixed for the following Wednesday. In five days, therefore, he would get his chance of retrieving his lost place in the school. He was certain that he could, at any rate, make a very good show against any one in the school, even Drummond. Joe Bevan was delighted with his progress, and quoted Shakespeare volubly in his admiration. Jack Bruce and Francis added their tribute, and the knife and boot boy paid him the neatest compliment of all by refusing point-blank to have any more dealings with him whatsoever. His professional duties, explained the knife and boot boy, did not include being punched in the heye by blokes, and he did not intend to be put upon.

"You'll do all right," said Jack Bruce, as they were motoring home, "if they'll let you go in for it at all. But how do you know they will? Have they chosen the men yet?"

"Not yet. They don't do it till the day before. But there won't be any difficulty about that. Drummond will let me have a shot if he thinks I'm good enough."

"Oh, you're good enough," said Bruce.

And when, on the Monday evening, Francis, on receipt of no fewer than four blows in a single round—a record, shook him by the hand and said that if ever he happened to want a leetle darg that was a perfect bag of tricks and had got a pedigree, mind you, he, Francis, would be proud to supply that animal, Sheen felt that the moment had come to approach Drummond on the subject of the house boxing. It would be a little awkward at first, and conversation would probably run somewhat stiffly; but all would be well when once he had explained himself.

But things had been happening in his absence

which complicated the situation. Allardyce was having tea with Drummond, who had been stopping in with a sore throat. He had come principally to make arrangements for the match between his house and Seymour's in the semi-final round of the competition.

"You're looking bad," he said, taking a seat.

"I'm feeling bad," said Drummond. For the past few days he had been very much out of sorts. He put it down to a chill caught after the Ripton match. He had never mustered up sufficient courage to sponge himself with cold water after soaking in a hot bath, and he occasionally suffered for it.

"What's up?" inquired Allardyce.

"Oh, I don't know. Sort of beastly feeling. Sore throat. Nothing much. Only it makes you feel rather rotten."

Allardyce looked interested.

"I say," he said, "it looks as if—I wonder. I hope you haven't."

"What?"

"Mumps. It sounds jolly like it."

"Mumps! Of course I've not. Why should I?"

Allardyce produced a letter from his pocket. "I got this from Keith, the Ripton captain, this morning. You know they've had a lot of the thing [there. Oh, didn't you? That was why they had such a bad team out."

"Bad team!" murmured Drummond.

"Well, I mean not their best team. They had four of their men down with mumps. Here's what Keith says. Listen. Bit about hoping we got back all right, and so on, first. Then he says—here it is 'Another of our fellows has got the mumps. One of the forwards; rather a long man who was good out of touch. He developed it a couple of days after the match. It's lucky that all our card games are over. We beat John's, Oxford, last Wednesday, and that finished the card. But it'll rather rot up the House matches. We should have walked the cup, but there's no knowing what will happen now. I hope none of your lot caught the mumps from Browning during the game. It's quite likely, of course. Browning ought not to have been playing,



SHEEN REASONED WITH THE SPORTIVE YOUTH.

but I had no notion that there was anything wrong with him. He never said he felt bad.' You've got it, Drummond. That's what's the matter with you."

"Oh, rot," said Drummond. "It's only a chill."

But the school doctor, who had looked in at the house to dose a small Seymourite who had indulged too heartily in the pleasures of the table, had other views, and before lock-up Drummond was hurried off to the infirmary.

Sheen went to Drummond's study after preparation had begun, and was surprised to find him out. Not being on speaking terms with a single member of the house, he was always out-of-date as regarded items of school news. As a rule he had to wait until Jack Bruce told him before learning of any occurrence of interest. He had no notion that mumps was the cause of Drummond's absence, and he sat and waited patiently for him in his study till the bell rang for prayers. The only possible explanation that occurred to him was that Drummond was in somebody



else's study, and he could not put this theory to the test by going and looking. It was only when Drummond did not put in an appearance at prayers that Sheen began to suspect that something might have happened.

It was maddening not being able to make inquiries. He had almost decided to go and ask Linton, and risk whatever might be the consequences of such a step, when he remembered that the matron must know. He went to her, and was told that Drummond was in the infirmary.

He could not help seeing that this made his position a great deal more difficult. In ten minutes he could have explained matters to Drummond, if he had found him in his study. But it would be a more difficult task to put the thing clearly in a letter.

Meanwhile, it was bed-time, and he soon found his hands too full with his dormitory to enable him to think out the phrasing of that letter. The dormitory, which was recruited entirely from the junior day-room, had heard of Drummond's departure with rejoicings. They liked Drummond, but he was a good deal too fond of the iron hand for their tastes. A night with Sheen in charge should prove a welcome change.

A deafening uproar was going on when Sheen arrived, and as he came into the room somebody turned the gas out. He found some matches on the chest of drawers, and lit it again just in time to see a sportive youth tearing the clothes off his bed and piling them on the floor. A month before he would not have known how to grapple with such a situation, but his evenings with Joe Bevan had given him the habit of making up his mind and acting rapidly. Drummond was wont to keep a swagger-stick by his bedside for the better observance of law and order. Sheen

possessed himself of this swagger-stick, and reasoned with the sportive youth. The rest of the dormitory looked on in interested silence. It was a critical moment, and on his handling of it depended Sheen's victory or defeat. If he did not keep his head he was lost. A dormitory is merciless to a prefect whose weakness they have discovered.

Sheen kept his head. In a quiet, pleasant voice, fingering the swagger-stick, as he spoke, in an absent manner, he requested his young friend to re-make the bed—rapidly and completely. For the space of five minutes no sound broke the silence except the rustle of sheets and blankets. At the end of that period the bed looked as good as new.

"Thanks," said Sheen gratefully. "That's very kind of you."

He turned to the rest of the dormitory.

"Don't let me detain you," he said politely. "Get into bed as soon as you like."

The dormitory got into bed sooner than they liked. For some reason the colossal rag they had planned had fizzled out. They were thoughtful as they crept between the sheets. Could these things be?

After much deliberation Sheen sent his letter to Drummond on the following day. It was not a long letter, but it was carefully worded. It explained that he had taken up boxing of late, and ended with a request that he might be allowed to act as Drummond's understudy in the House competitions.

It was late that evening when the infirmary attendant came over with the answer.

Like the original letter, the answer was brief.

"Dear Sheen," wrote Drummond, "thanks for the offer. I am afraid I can't accept it. We must have the best man. Linton is going to box for the House in the light weights."

(To be continued.)

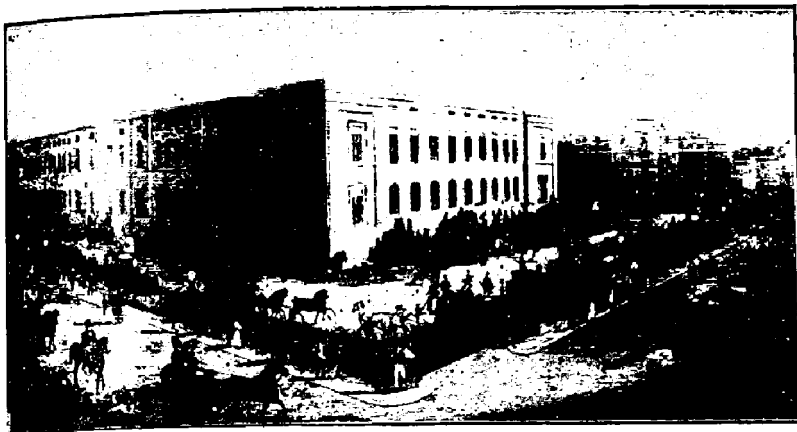
JANUARY EVENTS.

OF interest to everybody, whether stamp collector or not, is the introduction of the penny postage system into England.

The Penny Post.

For some considerable time before this event there had been in this country a recognised method for the transmission of letters, which was known as "franking"; but this being open to

much abuse, it was generally admitted that there was considerable room for improvement. Letter postage was a very much dearer thing in those days, a letter costing from ninepence to a shilling to send. There were no railroads then, and the only means of carriage were very slow mail coaches. Letters were three or four days old before they reached their destination; and, in many cases, they never reached their destination at all.



THE NEW POST OFFICE, ST. MARTIN-LE-GRAND, BUILT 1825-29, SHOWING THE MAIL COACHES PREPARING TO START.

From a drawing by Lollard in 1832.

From all these things Mr. Rowland Hill, the son of a Birmingham schoolmaster, in 1837, conceived the idea that if the price of letter carrying were greatly reduced, and the amount for transmission prepaid, many more letters would be sent. This would provide the means for improved carriage, and, besides being a great boon to the poor, would in time increase instead of diminish the Government revenue.

For some time Post Office officials and the ministers laughed at the scheme, but, in 1839 the Second Parliament of Queen Victoria agreed to it, and allowed it to appear as part of the Budget. It was not until 1840, however, that the new system came into complete force, and the price of letters of a certain weight was reduced to a uniform rate of a penny; the amount (as before stated) to be prepaid. All letters that had been paid for were stamped with a similar design, and from this the little pieces of paper which were affixed to the envelopes came to be called "stamps."

England, therefore, has the credit of inventing and bringing into use the postage stamp.

CHARLES BURROWS.

SPION KOP looms dark and forbidding on this night of January 23, 1900. Below its frowning shadow eager men march

Spion Kop. softly, swiftly—to capture from the Boers the

position so valuable to them. Thorneycroft's Horse and the Lancashire lads strain their eyes to pierce the gloom.

"Wie gaat da?" They hold their breath.

"Waterloo!" the British countersign. Then the magnificent full-throated chorus of the Lancashire men! The Boers fly from the line of steel, and Spion Kop is carried.

In the gloom that overhangs the plateau the engineers toil unceasingly. Mightily do they labour to secure the position, but the mist rolls away, and—there is no shelter.

Their number lessens every minute, but what matters it? Those left still hang together, and before the hill shall be in possession of the Boers there will be fewer still.

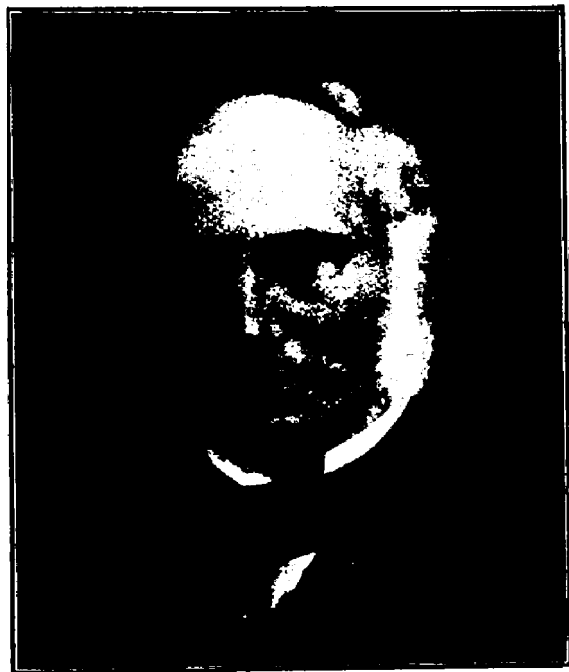
Woodgate hit, and the pent-up men cry and gabble inarticulately in their futile rage against the invisible enemy. Ever nearer the circle of flame—louder the roar of the guns!

Little bands of men leap up amid the awful shower, and charge desperately—rush on the hidden marksmen with those death-dealing rifles. They fall, but the rest pay trebly for their loss.

The indomitable Thorneycroft works heroically. But even he, at last, recognises the impossibility of his task, and orders retreat.

Silent and grim is that procession. A weary, sadly depleted force stumbles back. Silence reigns on corpse-strewn Spion Kop.

LEONARD ARTHUR PAVEY.



SIR ROWLAND HILL, FOUNDER OF THE PENNY POST.

From the painting by G. Winter, in the National Portrait Gallery. Photo: Rischgitz.

Soon after the Battle of Vimiera, in 1808, Sir Moore was appointed to the command of 20,000 men, who were to help the Spaniards drive the French from the north of Spain. On

The Battle of Corunna.

November 11 he crossed the frontier into Leon, and advanced by Ciudad Rodrigo to Salamanca.

Meanwhile, Napoleon had entered Spain at the head of some troops, and, having replaced his brother at Madrid, on December 4 started to seek Sir John Moore. The latter had discovered that there was no Spanish force on which he could rely for support, and he therefore determined to retreat; but he received some false intelligence from Mr. Frere, formerly our minister at Madrid, and he advanced instead, purposing to strike a blow, before Napoleon could come up, at Soult, who was on the banks of the Carion with 18,000 men.

But Soult had withdrawn, and Moore, afraid of being surrounded, commenced a hasty retreat, with Napoleon close at his heels. On January 1, 1809, the latter was at Astorga with 70,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 200 guns, and from this place he could perceive the British rear. But he was now called away by news from Austria, and left the pursuit to Soult. The weather was bad, the roads the same, and provisions scanty; and the British had often to face about and repulse the enemy.

At last, on January 13, Moore reached Corunna, but the transport-ships did not arrive until the following day. Soult had possession of the hills round the town, and it was necessary to fight a battle to cover the embarkation.

This took place on the 16th. Moore had about 15,000 infantry, and Soult about 20,000—the ground not being suitable for cavalry. In defending the village of Elvina, which the enemy were attacking, Sir John Moore was struck in the chest by a cannon-ball, and mortally wounded. He was carried to Corunna in a blanket, stopping now and again to watch the progress of the battle. The French were repulsed, but Moore determined to hasten the embarkation.

He died that evening, and was buried on the ramparts "with his martial cloak around him." The embarkation, being covered by some line-of-battle ships, was completed safely by January 18.

PERCY W. SADLER.

MORE than six years of civil war had passed, and twice the King had been decisively beaten.

Trial and Execution of King Charles I.

1648 was drawing to its close when Parliament re-opened the negotiations with Charles which are known as the "Treaty of Newport." But Cromwell and the Council of Officers, though they had come to respect the *man*, hated the *king*, with his ideas of "Prerogative," and would hear of no further parleys. So they presented the Grand Army Remonstrance, demanding the dissolution of Parliament, and the punishment of "the capital and grand author" of all the troubles of the country. Parliament gave little heed to this Remonstrance, with the result that the army seized the king's person, and suspended one hundred and fifty-three Presbyterian Members of Parliament; this last operation being known as "Pride's Purge."

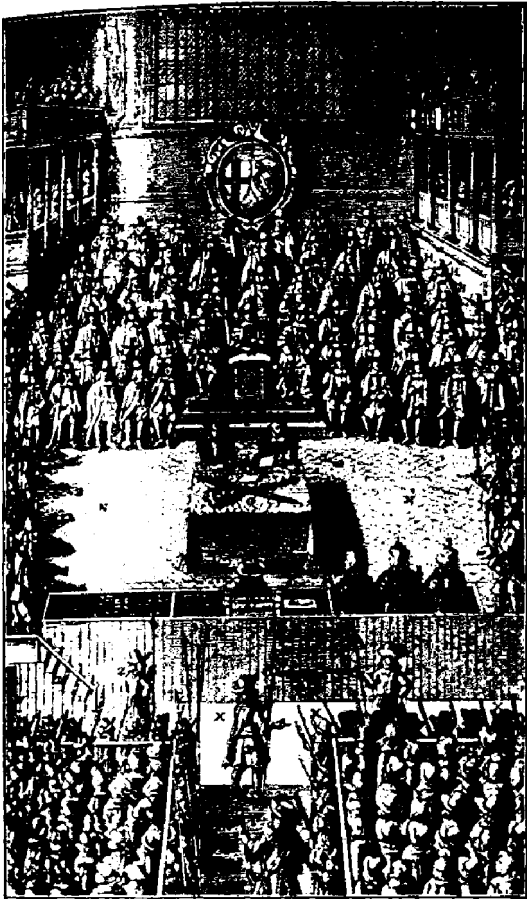
The remaining members (nicknamed "the Rump," for they were the sitting part of Parliament) voted for the trial of the king, and on January 20, 1649, Charles was arraigned before a specially constituted High Court of Justice as a "tyrant, murderer, public and implacable enemy of the Commonwealth of England."

What verdict was to be expected from men absolutely under the thumb of the armed minority, which had then constituted itself the



THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

From a painting.



TRIAL OF CHARLES I. IN WESTMINSTER HALL, 1649.

From an old print.
Photo. Rischgitz.

governing body of the realm? After a sitting of seven days, the king was sentenced to death, only half his judges being present.

On the 30th of the same month (for the "justice" of the Rump was summary in its dealings) Charles I. was led out to die in front of his own palace at Whitehall. None but soldiers could approach the scaffold, and the speech which the king had evidently prepared for the people was delivered only to Juxon and Tomlinson, who accompanied him to the block. Constant to the last in his support of "Prerogative," the address of Charles was to prove that he was in the right, and that subjects ought to have no part whatever in government. His last words before the fatal blow were: "I have on my side a just cause, and a merciful God."

As he had faced man, so he faced death; in manly and dignified fashion, and without fear. Even his political opponents were moved to admiration, and one Andrew Marvell,

Member of Parliament for Hull, wrote thus of his execution:

"He nothing common did nor mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."

BENJAMIN CORBYN.

OCCURRING as it did in the early stages of the New Year, the capitulation last year of Port

The Death of General Gordon.

Arthur possesses a peculiar interest for us when we remember that it is just twenty years since the British public were

following with an even keener and more anxious interest the events of another siege, similar—as all sieges are—in suffering and hardship, but more intensely tragic in its *dénouement*. Gordon, the gallant defender of Khartoum, was not spared to receive the plaudits of his fellow men, but fell a victim to the fanatical hordes of the Mahdi.

The greatest epoch of a great career dawned when Gordon entered the service of the Khedive of Egypt, and was appointed Governor of the Soudan. Here the task of making order was herculean, but the resolute nature of the man carried him through, and on resigning his post in 1880 he had won the love of friend and the respect of foe.

In 1882, affairs in Egypt again became critical. The religious revolt of the Mahdi assumed alarming dimensions, and threw the Egyptian Government into a state of panic. One man, and one only, could quell the rising. That man was Gordon. On his arrival, he was again appointed Governor of the Soudan, setting out immediately for Khartoum. "I come without soldiers to redress the wrongs of the Soudan," was his brief and characteristic proclamation on entering the city that was in the end to prove his death-trap.



THE STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON NOW IN KHARTOUM.

Unfortunately, Gordon and the British Government could not agree as to the best means of withdrawing the garrisons, and matters were protracted until the Mahdi and his followers, marching north, laid siege to Khartoum. For 317 days Gordon maintained the defence, daily expecting the relief force which was advancing up the Nile. His efforts were ineffectual, and on January 26, 1885, the town fell. Gordon was killed, dying, as he would have wished, at the post of duty.

WALTER L. DUALEY.

THE last act of the great tragedy which held the eyes of all the world has been

The Fall of Port Arthur.

[An Essay written shortly after the event.]

played, and the curtain has been rung down before the audience of nations. Whatever

the interest of those who looked, morning after morning, for news from Port Arthur, they now stand in silent sympathy before a display of heroism and endurance that has few equals in all the grim legends of battle. In such a siege there is none of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

For General Stoessel every Briton who loves a gallant gentleman, whether he be friend or foe, must feel a respectful pity. When we remember the thousands of sick, the wrecked hospitals, the lack of antiseptics and anæsthetics—those merciful discoveries that have abolished the more indescribable horrors of the battlefield—the shortness of the food-supply, the ever-falling shells loaded with the most powerful explosives, the dreaded night attacks that racked the nerves without intermission—when we remember these things, the words of



A SCENE AT THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR.

From the painting by a Japanese artist.

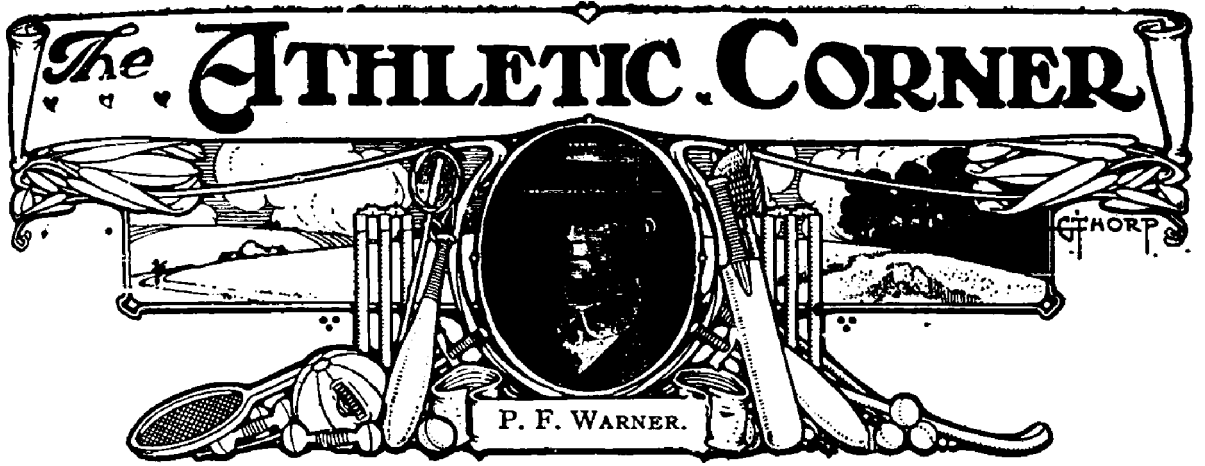
the *Novy Krai* cannot be held to have been exaggerated. "It is past the power of human genius to describe Port Arthur's sufferings as they really are," said that garrison newspaper. Yet through these scenes passed General Stoessel, cheering the faint-hearted, sparing himself not at all, ever keeping a face of courage to the foe. In the streets of Tokyo as in those of London, the marvellous heroism of the Russian General is fully recognised and generously applauded.

Of Nogi and his men, what can be said? They met science with the boldest ingenuity; they made the impregnable defenceless by a super-human courage; they showed themselves without peers among the trained and disciplined armies of the world. We, their allies, salute them.

T. OLIVER.

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR, JANUARY 1906.

	Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.		Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1. Mon.	New Year's Day.	5.0.	
2. Tues.	W. M. Bradley, cricketer, b. 1875.	5.1.	
3. Wed.	George Manville Fenn, b. 1831.	5.3.	
4. Thurs.	The Rev. W. T. A. Barber, D.D., Headmaster of Leys School, Cambridge, b. 1858.	5.4.	
5. Fri.	Edward the Confessor, d. 1066.	5.5.	
6. Sat.	The Rev. A. W. Upcott, Headmaster of Christ's Hospital, b. 1857.	5.6.	
7. Sun.	First after Epiphany.	5.7.	
8. Mon.	Lord Dalmeny, cricketer, b. 1882.	5.8.	
9. Tues.	C. J. Kortright, cricketer, b. 1871.	5.9.	
10. Wed.	Metropolitan Railway opened, 1863.	5.11.	
11. Thurs.	H. and W. Baddeley, tennis champions, b. 1872.	5.12.	
12. Fri.	H. H. Hilton, golf champion, b. 1869.	5.13.	
13. Sat.	Prince Arthur of Connaught, b. 1883.	5.15.	
14. Sun.	Second after Epiphany.	5.16.	
15. Mon.	Princess Gustavus of Sweden, b. 1882.	5.18.	
16. Tues.	A. L. Francis, Headmaster of Blundell's School, b. 1848.	5.19.	
17. Wed.	F. H. B. Champain, cricketer, b. 1877.	5.21.	
18. Thurs.	Right Hon. Sir Edmund Barton, b. 1849.	5.23.	
19. Fri.	James Watt, engineer, b. 1736.	5.25.	
20. Sat.	J. Ruskin, d. 1900.	5.26.	
21. Sun.	Third after Epiphany.	5.28.	
22. Mon.	February CAPTAIN published.	5.30.	
23. Tues.	William Pitt, d. 1806.	5.31.	
24. Wed.	Charles James Fox, b. 1749.	5.33.	
25. Thurs.	W. Storer, cricketer, b. 1868.	5.34.	
26. Fri.	Bishop of London, b. 1858.	5.35.	
27. Sat.	German Emperor, b. 1859.	5.38.	
28. Sun.	Fourth after Epiphany.	5.41.	
29. Mon.	The Victoria Cross instituted, 1856.	5.41.	
30. Tues.	V. T. Hill, cricketer, b. 1871.	5.43.	
31. Wed.	Guy Fawkes executed, 1606.	5.45.	



SOME CHRISTMASSES I HAVE SPENT.

CHRISTMAS is really the same all the world over, for though the climate may differ, and instead of English snow, or London fog and mud, we may have sunshine and warmth, and plum puddings—for the plum pudding is traditional Christmas fare—followed by strawberries and cream, it is just the same merry season of good cheer and happiness, be it spent in London or Buluwayo, Switzerland or the West Indies.

Trinidad is the largest after Jamaica of the British West Indian Islands, and the hottest. It was once, it is supposed, a part of South America. We took it from the Spaniards in 1797, and since then it has remained English. It is the most flourishing of all the islands and destined to do even better in the future. Here I spent my first and many subsequent Christmases.

Even in those early days I was devoted to cricket; and Christmas morning, like most other mornings, found me practising in my nightshirt to the bowling of a black boy,

who did all sorts of odd jobs about the house, on a marble paved gallery which provided a fast and very true wicket. Close in upon the on side were the glass windows of a room, and even now I am ashamed to recall the number of panes shattered by my on drive! Many were the times that my black bowler and I took to our heels followed by an angry nurse, who prophesied that I should come to a bad end. But years afterwards when I went back to the West Indies my "nanny" had so far forgiven me as to embrace me publicly on the steps of the hotel, and to shower all sorts of devoted blessings on my head.

The black people in Trinidad always dress themselves up in the height of fashion for church on Christmas Day, and the bright head-dress of the women is really strikingly pretty. Feet, unaccustomed to any covering, are for the occasion encased in a brand new pair of

boots, and I have heard the following whispered conversation in Church between mother and son: *Son*: "Me boots hurt me." *Mother*: "Take 'em off den." And presently Nathaniel would be observed taking off his boots: to put them hurriedly on again, however, at the end of the service.

One Christmas I spent on a voyage to Guiria on the Venezuelan coast in a schooner, the *Letitia Thornborn*. Our party consisted of ten, additional to the company being Joshua Jones, the Commodore's boy; Boobool, steward; San Domingo,



FOLLOWED BY AN ANGRY NURSE.

the cook ; Captain Taylor, a Yankee mate, and two seamen. After setting sail, the provisions were stored and handed over to the care of Boobool, who frustrated during the night an attempt at theft on the part of one of the seamen.

The *Letitia Thorborn* was not dignified by anything in the way of a cabin—indeed, in such a hot climate a cabin is scarcely wanted—and we slept on deck or in hammocks. On approaching Guiria we saluted the port. The Venezuelans evidently thought that a revolutionary party had arrived, but, recovering from their first fright, Custom House officers came on board, and confidence having been restored



THE PILOT WAS ABLY DEFENDED BY MY BROTHER.

by means of generous hospitality, they gave us "pratique."

Later, General Penalosa paid us an official visit and invited us to dine with him. On the return home the pilot took us up a wrong creek, and was therefore brought up before a drum head court martial. Ably defended by my brother, who pleaded *non compos mentis*, he was eventually pardoned, but his terror was almost pitiable to behold. To him the matter was a very serious one, and no joke.

Venezuela at one time suffered greatly from locusts, and Trinidad being but thirty-five miles from Venezuela, the government of the island were very much on the *qui vive*. On one occasion during the Christmas holidays, an expedition was organised to destroy the locusts. The latter were located on the grounds of a cocoa estate near the sea shore. Large numbers of locusts had laid their eggs in exposed positions, and as soon as these had been hatched by the heat of the sun, the young crops began to suffer

destruction. A locust lays an egg containing seventy-two smaller eggs, so it can be imagined how difficult the pests are to exterminate when once they have obtained a hold.

Hundreds of cases of petroleum were brought, together with yards of hose and several garden pumps, and the maize and other green crops, which were covered with young locusts, were then set on fire. The black men of the party could not be trusted to play the hoses of petroleum, for their excitement was so great that there was a danger of their falling into the fire. The white men, therefore, had to do the spraying of the petroleum—cruel work under a tropical sun with the heat of the flames in one's face.

This was the first day's work. Next morning an enormous number of locusts were found lying on the ruins of the works of an old sugar estate. Two rings were formed, an outer and an inner, each of which was made of dried grass and leaves and saturated with petroleum. The trees growing in and about the walls of the old boiler house were then sprayed with oil. One hundred and twenty cases containing ten gallons each were used ; so the "spraying" was pretty thorough. The whole thing was then set on fire, and millions of locusts perished in the flames. The smell of the burnt locusts for many days afterwards was most objectionable.

One thing only now remained to be done and that was to fork the ground where the locusts had lain. Temper lime was then sprinkled over the ground, which was afterwards soaked with salt water. The result was that the eggs of the insects were all boiled, for when water is thrown upon temper lime a tremendous heat is caused. Thus ended the famous locust hunt, an expedition which is still talked of in Trinidad.

The Christmas of 1898 I spent at Cape Town, where I was playing cricket with Lord Hawke. We all went to the cathedral, and I remember the Archbishop afterwards telling Lord Hawke that our coming to church in a body had done more good than any number of sermons. It was the fashion then, we were told, among the youth of Cape Town to shirk going to church, but when they heard that we had gone both on Christmas Day and New Year's Day it occurred to them that after all it might be the right thing to do likewise.

It was very hot at Christmas time that season at the Cape. But one day the wind shifted to the south-east, the temperature dropped considerably, and a terrific dust storm came on. Every window and chink in the

hotel was barred up, but the dust came through and everything was soon covered with it. The force of the wind was so great that the driver of a cab, a Malay, had his fez blown right over the parade ground, over the railway station, and into the sea.

We had arrived at Cape Town by the *Scot* on December 20, and on Christmas Eve began the first match of the tour against XIII of the Western Province. This we eventually won, after a most exciting finish, by twenty-five runs. Lord Hawke's XI made 141 and 140, our opponents 149 and 107. Haigh bowled magnificently at a critical moment in the second innings, and took five wickets for fourteen runs. On Boxing Day there was a crowd of between seven and eight thousand people, and the smart dresses of the ladies gave the affair the look of an Eton v. Harrow match at Lord's. South African hospitality is proverbial all the world over, and though servants at the Cape regard Christmas as their own special time for holiday-making, we did not suffer on that account.

A day or two before the Christmas of 1902, I left Auckland (New Zealand), where I was playing cricket with Lord Hawke's team, for Rotorua, in the Hot Lakes District. A railway journey of between six and seven hours brought us to Rotorua. As we drew near to the station the country round appeared to be on fire. Columns of steam were rising from the boiling springs, and there was a strong smell of sulphur. On the morning after our arrival we started off in a brake. After driving through a forest, we came to Lake Tikitapu, which is said to contain only one living thing and that a dragon. Some years back three Maoris disappeared mysteriously, and the people of the countryside firmly believe that they ventured too near Tikitapu after dark, and were eaten by the dragon.

Driving on, our guide Warbeck, who was one of five brothers who visited England with the Maori football team in the winter of 1888-89, stopped on the way to show us the spot where,

at the time of the volcanic disturbances which destroyed in June 1886 the famous Pink and White Terraces, an old man was buried for five days. At the end of that time he was found alive, it seems only to die, however, three weeks after from over-eating. Later we came to Rotomahana, the boiling lake. For the first few minutes as we walked along the margin the water appeared quite cold, but it gradually became warmer as we neared the far corner of the lake, until it boiled and bubbled and hissed, and great

clouds of steam arose on all sides. The curious thing is that the water boils only in one corner, the rest of the lake being quite cold. Leaving this Inferno we made our way to a cooler landing-stage, and then up a steep mountain to the Waimangu (Black Water) Geyser, where subsequently our guide lost his life. From our standpoint we gazed down into a huge boiling pool, the water all in a ferment and traversed by what looked like dark streams of oil.

On Christmas Day itself we were shown over the Sanatorium at Rotorua. Hundreds of people come here every year, for the hot springs possess undoubted healing virtues, and the New Zealand Government are full of hope that Rotorua and the district round may yet become the Baden of the South Seas. At Whakarewarewa we saw the geyser soaped. It is a well-known fact that two or three bars

of ordinary washing soap will make any moderate-sized geyser go off. On another day we went across Lake Rotorua to Hamurana, where we were shown a wonderful spring of the clearest colour. The water forces its way up so fast that pennies, threepenny pieces, and even shillings float about just below the surface. We saw, too, Tikiteri, with its "Inferno" and "Devil's Punch Bowl" and "Satan's Glory," great pools of boiling mud, groaning and heaving as if thousands of imprisoned demons were shrieking to be let loose, a place so appalling that a Scotchman is said to have exclaimed on seeing it, "By —, I shall never swear again!"

Whence came the Maoris? The latest



AT WHAKAREWAREWA WE SAW THE GEYSER SOAPED.



THEY CAME UP BATHED IN PERSPIRATION.

theory is that several thousand years ago the Maori race dwelt on the plains and foot-hills of the Himalayas, with their borders on the Persian gulf. After the Aryan invasion they migrated to New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, the New Hebrides and Fiji, subsequently passing to Samoa, Tahiti, and Raratonga. From some of these islands came the ancestors of the New Zealand Maoris. The notched sticks kept by the Tohungas indicate that from twenty to thirty generations have passed since their Columbus showed the way to New Zealand; but the whole matter is one of conjecture. The Maori is no longer what he was, and though at one time there was every reason to fear that the race was dying out, there has been a new movement among them under the fostering care of the New Zealand Government. They are great orators and have a deep love for poetry, while their voices are delightfully soft and fascinating. Maggie, the guide who showed us over Whakarewarewa, was a very charming lady with the manners of the *ancien régime* and a great fluency of expression.

Of all the Christmases I have spent, this one, so brimful of new impressions and ideas, I am the least likely to forget.

The Christmas of 1903 I spent partly in Melbourne, partly in the train, and partly in Bendigo. We were feeling very pleased with ourselves, as we had but recently won the first Test Match. There was a merry Christmas dinner in the middle of the day at the Menzies Hotel, and every member of the M.C.C. team was present, of course. At this time of year Melbourne, generally cool and pleasant, becomes oppressive, and on Christmas Day the ther-

момeter registered 100° in the shade. The railway journey to Bendigo, a hundred miles away, where we were to play cricket next day, took us four hours and a half, and the match itself was one of the least interesting of the tour. We had all heard of the New Rush, as Bendigo was called fifty years ago, and several of us went down the chief gold-mine of the district, the Great Northern. I had had a previous experience of the inside of a South African mine, so I stayed in bed, well remembering that a knowledge of gold-mining is more pleasantly, if not more thoroughly, obtained above ground than in the bowels of the wet and dripping earth. The inexperienced

members of our party, after lying flat on their backs, clothed in rags in a dirty truck, came up an hour or two later bathed in perspiration and thoroughly tired out, having seen nothing more than a drill at work. Perchance a few may have been fired with the hope, as Board was in Johannesburg, of picking



FOR HOURS THE RAIN POURED DOWN IN TORRENTS.

(This is our Tame Artist's idea of the Bendigo match. As a matter of fact, Mr. Warner and his merrie men did not budge from the pavilion till the rain stopped.—O.F.)

up a valuable nugget or two off the sides of the walls!

The match against the local XVIII was remarkable only for a tremendous thunderstorm. For hours the rain poured down in torrents, and the streets soon became roaring streams. Drought is the worst enemy of Australians, but when I was there we had plenty of rain, which was very welcome, as it came after a prolonged drought. In some parts of Northern Queensland children seven years old had never seen rain. It was laughingly said of me that I brought rain in my train—indeed, I was called Rainy Jim, and one well-known Melbourne man remarked that it would be worth Australia's while to pay me a million or two to come out every year. I said that I should not mind doing so provided I could bring Rhodes with me!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L Muir-Smith.—Many thanks for the postal order for one shilling for the Lilley Testimonial Fund. I have sent it to the Secretary of the Fund.

Timepiece.—Tarrant did not play for Middlesex during the whole of last season, as he was not qualified to do so until June 10. His first appearance for Middlesex was against Somerset in the Whit Monday match at Lord's, when he made between 30 and 40 runs, and took several wickets. As regards the question which arose at lawn tennis, I should say that the point counts to the striker. If a player is successful enough to put such an abnormal spin on the ball that when it bounces in his opponent's court it bounds back over the net, I think he ought to be allowed every credit for such a phenomenal stroke, but I cannot imagine that its occurrence would be anything but extremely rare. It is difficult to lay down any hard and fast rules as to the management of a boys' cricket club unless one is acquainted with the circumstances and surroundings attaching to such a club, but the arrangements for matches are easy enough; you have only to follow the rules of cricket. As regards practice, I should suggest that no boy be allowed to bat or bowl for more than twenty minutes at a time. And do not forget to practise fielding. It is a branch of the game too often neglected, though when practised systematically and conscientiously is just as much fun as batting or bowling.

Cricket-Speler.—Yes; Vogler, who is an excellent all-round cricketer, is qualifying for Middlesex, and will be able to play in May 1907. His engagement at Port Elizabeth will not affect his qualification, as I understand he is only in South Africa for three or four months during the present winter, and that he has taken up his domicile in England. No; J. H. Sinclair did not play in the Gentlemen v. Players' match in 1901. He played for England v. Yorkshire at Lord's in September of that year. So far as I remember, he made only 1, being clean bowled by George Hirst, but he took three wickets for about 90 runs. You will have noticed that in my article last month I criticised the form of several members of the South African team which came to England in 1904.

Xodus.—The answer to your question was given in the February number of *THE CAPTAIN*.

Jack.—"The History of Yorkshire Cricket," and "The Cricket of Abel, Hirst, and Shrewsbury," give, in my opinion, the best accounts of the life and cricket performances of George Hirst.

G. C. Learmond.—Thank you very much indeed for sending me a copy of the newspaper. Glad to see Trinidad is doing so well. I hope cricket will continue to flourish in the West Indies. I hear from the members of Lord Brackley's team that it has improved enormously of recent years. Perhaps another West Indian team will invade us soon.

M. Edwards.—Your friend is quite wrong when he says that it is impossible to be out l.b.w. to a left-arm, round the wicket bowler. I have been given out l.b.w. scores of times in such cases, and, what is more, have been most fairly out. Of course, it is almost impossible to be leg-before to a left-arm, round the wicket bowler when the ball comes across with the bowler's arm, as such a ball, if it pitches on the middle and leg stumps, is practically certain to miss the wicket. Still, it is just possible to be out to a ball of this description if it pitches on the off stump, for in that case it is conceivable that the ball might hit the leg stump. But as a general rule it is almost impossible to be out l.b.w. when the ball comes with the arm. On the other hand, some of the clearest cases of leg before to a left-hand bowler are when the ball pitches on the middle and leg stumps, and breaks back. People are very apt to think that they are never out l.b.w. With an increase of one's knowledge of cricket there is a disposition to draw diagrams, &c., telling the flight of a ball. L.b.w. is a very unsatisfactory way of getting out. Eight times out of ten the decision is absolutely correct, but it cannot always be so, as any one who plays cricket must recollect that there are occasions when the ball pitches in the block-hole and yet for some unaccountable reason misses the wicket. This may be said to be one of the exceptions which proves the rule. The idea that you cannot be out to a left-hand bowler round the wicket is just as much a fallacy as the old theory that one cannot be out l.b.w. to a right handed bowler round the wicket.

J. A. Jesse.—I regret I was not able to answer your letter personally, as I was away from London at the time. Also, as a general rule I never reply to correspondence except through the columns of this magazine. When a no-ball is not scored off, a run is added to the extras, but not placed against the bowler's analysis. When a no-ball is scored off, the runs are credited to the batsman. The no-ball is not counted as well, nor is it included in the over. Thus, if a batsman hits the sixth and last ball of an over for 4, the umpire having called "No-ball," the striker gets his four runs, the no-ball is not included in the extras, and another ball is necessary to complete the over. The rules of cricket are open to a clearer rendering, and I understand that some revision of them making clearer certain difficult points is proposed.

South Africa.—The first English team to visit South Africa was Major Wharton's in the winter of 1888-89. In those days the railway had not reached Johannesburg. The second team was W. W. Read's in 1891-92; the third Lord Hawke's, 1895-96; the fourth also Lord Hawke's, 1898-99. The present M.C.C. combination is therefore the fifth. J. H. Sinclair is, I fancy, the best all-round cricketer in South Africa at the present time.

THE FUGITIVE.

BY TREVACE
REAY.



I.

"MY FAITH! this is a smoked shame," declared Ensign Aigburth, as he gloomily beheld his beloved colours rapidly lose their brilliant hue under a greyish-white powder that drifted densely from the scorched roadway.

"You can shake the colours free after they've passed," placidly returned his companion, Captain Lornan, a veteran who had lately been gazetted adjutant to the newly arrived regiment of Hussars.

"All very well, but can you shake the men?" retorted the lad indignantly. "Look down the lines—it makes a man's heart grieve. One would think this was a regiment of mounted millers!

And look at those jackanapes of Dragons—delighted at our discomfiture, simply because we're spick and span, and they're ragged as pedlars. George! I'd like to turn our lads loose on 'em."

"Keep cool. Bantling," laughed the other, "a little dust's neither here nor there. And I wouldn't advise you to tackle our neighbours. They're accustomed to face other clouds than those of dust—some of lead, and some of steel." Captain Lornan's eyes glinted as he thought of the glorious victories still fresh in his experience, and the hopes of greater still to come.

For the first stage of Lord Wellington's great march from the Agueda to the Pyrenees had been completed. The centre, under his personal command, had reached the banks of

the Douro, between the towns of Toro and Zamora, and was drawn up for review, under the blazing rays of the Spanish sun, one day late in May 1813, prior to its junction with the left and right wings. Thence it was to continue an irresistible advance which was to sweep the French invaders through the mountains, as a broom sweeps rain-puddles from the pavement.

But the fiery little ensign was not consoled. His caustic criticisms of Pack's Portuguese division, as it swung bravely down the sloping road from Salamanca, would have drawn many a knife from its sheath had they reached the ears of those hot-blooded soldados.

Now the cause of Ensign Aigburth's discontent was that the arriving reinforcements disturbed more of the surface of the road than seemed consistent with good marching, to his mind, and his regiment, being on the extreme flank, touching the road, received the discomfort in full. This was the more trying to them, as, having only served since the winter previous, and never in the field, their handsome uniforms were still natty with newness, and would have gained them the credit of the smartest set on parade, but for the coming of the Portuguese.

Ensign Aigburth, being both small and pugnacious, well merited his pet-name of "Bantling." In the few short months he had served with the field force, his swordsmanship had become famous, for he never lost an opportunity to cross blades with exponents of the art. And though fencing was sore neglected in the British army of that period, it did not detract from the lad's achievements that he should not, up to this moment, have met his master. There was a tragic significance in this same proficiency. To his colleagues the reason was well-known—a story that in those times was not unique. He had had a father who, though admirable in his family circle, had been quarrelsome in his cups, a state he was fonder of than wisdom allowed. Not even the participants had been able to say how the fatal quarrel arose, but its outcome was a fight with swords under the trees of Hyde Park, and its effect a home left fatherless. The miscreant who made such misfortune, one Richard Montspiel, had fled the country. He had gone to Spain, report said: for the truth of which his victim's son hoped earnestly, training his sword arm against the reckoning which, he felt, could not be far distant when his regiment received orders for the Peninsula.

The stolid-natured Lornan watched his spirited companion grow angrier and angrier. He would have attempted cool counsel again,

but to his surprise, he saw the lad's face blanch whiter than his pipe-clayed belting, and his staring eyes focus upon a picturesque figure, clad in flowing cloak, who rode on the flank of the approaching Portuguese. When directly opposite them the man turned a frank, handsome countenance their way. "He's no Portugalete." Lornan at once remarked, but his words were overborne by an outburst from Aigburth: "Heavens! Lornan, see that man? Look—Dick Montspiel, I'll swear on oath! Let me face the reptile!"

"Hold, sir! keep your place in the ranks;" and the Captain laid a firm hand on the ensign's bridle, as the charger was answering the spur. "Stay, you young fool! Here comes the commander-in-chief! Your affair can wait. "Sirs, whose soldiers are ye?" he called in Portuguese to the passing ranks.

"Cardona's Carabineers," came back the sonorous response.

"There," said Lornan, "seek him among them to-night. Brace up now. Steady!"

II.

THE officers of Cardona's Carabineers, among them hidalgos from the oldest families of Portugal, counted it good fortune that, on joining the British camp, they could seize an aged, half-ruined barn to serve as mess. At night, within its gloomy confines, the guitar tinkled, ballads lilted, and the smoke-wreaths of innumerable cigarren rambled among the rafters. At the farther end a log-fire had been built; around it were gathered the gentler spirits, the quietest of whom was Don Ingles, a veteran volunteer, renowned and respected among them. He sat sad and silent, holding a battered, blunted cavalry sabre with which he stirred the crackling logs from time to time.

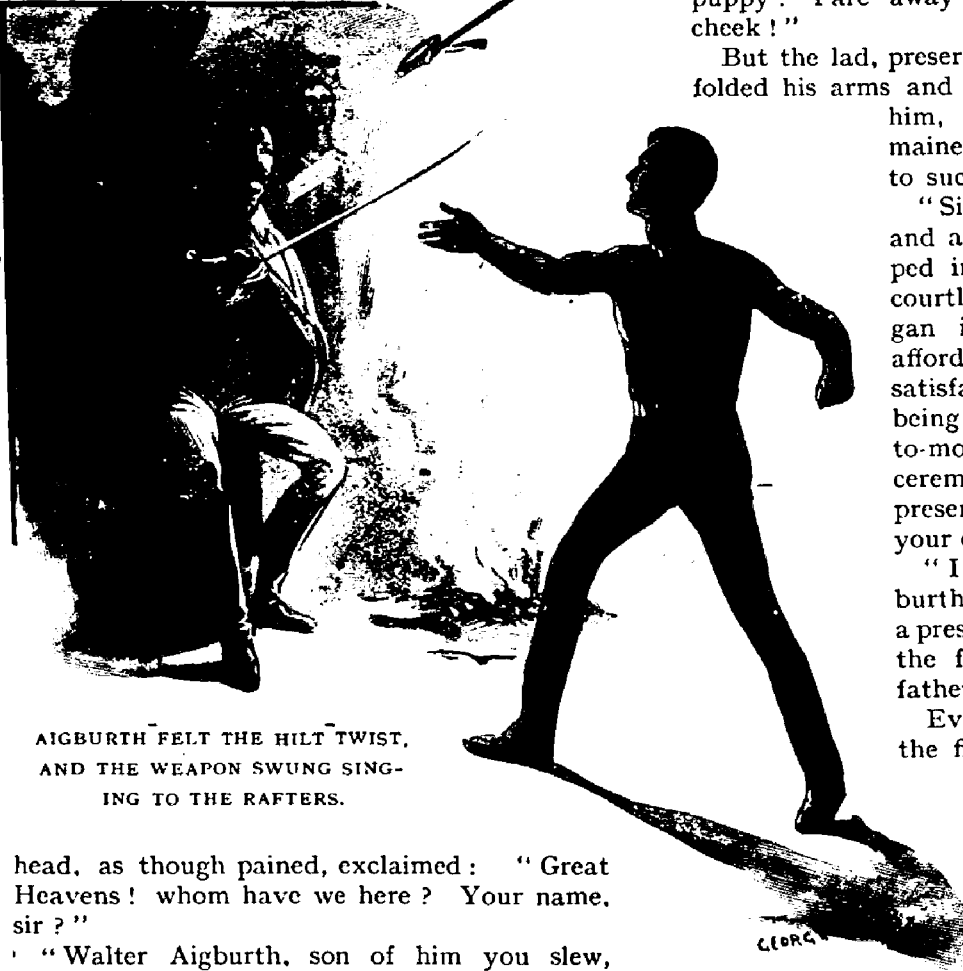
"My very good friend is cheerless to-night," remarked a neighbour kindly.

"Yes, your honour, my heart is moved by the vision of a face that looked out at me from the ranks of my countrymen to-day, and seemed like one——"

Then, abrupt, peremptory blows on the barn door stayed his story. A subordinate officer answered the summons, a moment later striding up the barn, followed by a brace of British Hussars.

"Don Ingles, sir; visitors for you."

He turned his fine-looking, bearded countenance towards them. The foremost Hussar stood well forward in the fire-light, facing him defiantly. Don Ingles gazed wonderingly upon him, and, passing his hand across his fore-



AIGBURTH FELT THE HILT TWIST,
AND THE WEAPON SWUNG SING-
ING TO THE RAFTERS.

head, as though pained, exclaimed: "Great Heavens! whom have we here? Your name, sir?"

"Walter Aigburth, son of him you slew, Richard Montspiel. I am come to avenge him. You shall have the choice,—fight me, or be delivered up to justice."

Montspiel, who did not deny his identity, rapidly recovered his self-control, and smiled, but not unkindly. "Boy, you ask two impossibilities. I will not have the blood of another Aigburth laid to my charge, and in this country no tribunal would arraign me."

"I will seek the one at least," the lad declared hotly. "You still have some miserable semblance of honour, I suppose; then, before these your comrades, defend it." And, as he uttered the last words, Aigburth flung his leathern glove into the other's face.

Immediately, like a cannon's report following the flame, a threatening murmur rumbled through the room, for their English comrade was popular with the Carabineers, who also prided themselves upon a precise observance of honour. All crowded to the corner around the disputants. Advice poured pro-

fusely out in Portuguese. "Ingles, shear his spurs. Coxcomb!" "You, sir, a master of the sword, to be confronted by a puppy! Pare away part of his beardless cheek!"

But the lad, preserving a confident mien, folded his arms and glanced proudly about him, while his friend remained near his elbow, ready to succour or support.

"Silencio!" roared a voice, and a grizzled veteran stepped into their midst with a courtly air. "Señor," he began in English, "you will afford my honoured friend satisfaction? We soldiers, being here to-day and gone to-morrow, must hurry our ceremonies. Your second is present. I will do service for your opponent."

"I agree," answered Aigburth coldly. "In so large a presence I shall surely have the fair play he denied my father."

Even in the red glare of the fire-light they could see

Montspiel's ruddy countenance assume a deeper hue. He made a gesture of disapproval, and, at the same time, beckoned

the Portuguese officer to his side. A low, hurried conversation passed between them; then the Portuguese returned to the Englishman who accompanied Aigburth, and, drawing him aside, said seriously: "Señor, my principal is loth to cross blade with yours. Is there, then, no honourable means of settling this affair, an apology or explanation?"

"Sir," replied Aigburth's companion, "no apology, no explanation, could mend the harm that man has done my friend. Nor would I dare suggest it. Ensign Aigburth has a will stiff and unbending as this scabbard."

"So be it," remarked the Portuguese, bowing profoundly; "and your friend, can he know whom he challenges? Does he manage well the sword?"

"None better in the whole division, sir."

"Though one at least outside it," retorted the other, smiling grimly.

This delay fretted Aigburth, who, stripped to

his shirt, was standing ready with bared blade. So to Montspiel he said sharply: "Sir, my patience has a limit; come, take your guard."

Montspiel never stirred from his seat on an empty wine butt; his cloak was still around his shoulders, his hand grasping the heavy, edgeless sabre. "I will not come," he quietly replied; "this quarrel is not of my seeking. Not a step will I come to find it."

Aigburth stood perplexed; then, observing that the Portuguese were openly smiling at his dilemma, he flushed, and advanced with the cry: "Take a weapon in defence before I spit you like the reptile you are."

"I am sufficiently armed," replied Montspiel, swaying the sabre lightly.

In a moment he was vigorously attacked. Aigburth's fame as a fencer had not been cheaply won, but no sooner had his keen, sinuous sword kissed the other unbending blade, than he knew he was trying his strength with a master. Montspiel had a wrist strong and flexible as springs of steel; his eyes were set upon the lad's, reading there the intention of every stroke and feint.

Smiling, at intervals, he interrupted the sibilant kisses of the weapons. "Fault, boy." "Tut, poor stroke." "No, no, it should have been the point," all the while by a mere flick of the wrist meeting the fiercest onslaughts with consummate ease. "Oh, shocking," he cried at length. Aigburth felt the hilt twist in his hand, and his wrist cricked painfully. Then his hold broke, the weapon swung singing to the rafters, to fall clattering to the floor.

"Wipe the moisture from your palm, boy. Try again; discard that ugly lunge—it uncovers your whole body." And still Montspiel sat calmly upon the wine butt, as though it were only a fencing-lesson he were giving the lad.

Some one from among the semicircle of spectators handed Aigburth his weapon, and rather ashamedly he recommenced, scarce to touch the other blade, it seemed, when his own was despatched again upon an undignified flight.

"Tut, tut, boy, are you tired?" Not a note of scorn was in Montspiel's voice; with reproach rather he spoke.

Again they restored the blade to the younger swordsman. His face was now drawn, grave and pale, his pride refusing to own what every witness knew as well as himself, that victory could not by any possible chance be his. They maintained a wondering silence around the pair who fought—fought a strange fight in which one combatant, in spite of shifting, uncertain light from faggot and torch, could yet remain seated, and with careless confidence

meet the determined effort of the opponent who sought nothing short of his life, and with appalling generosity afforded him every assistance in his attempts.

For the third time Aigburth attacked, this time with every faculty, muscle, and sinew tense with the energy of despair. Not a whisper, not a sound could be heard save the whistling and singing of resilient steel. This last effort of Aigburth was his finest. Montspiel appeared to find his guard menaced. Rising from his seat he braced himself, seemingly summoning his whole strength to ward off the furious strokes which brought the fire from the stiff, solid weapon he wielded. Then, as if taking an advantage of a sudden lull in the attack, the great clumsy sabre circulated at surprising speed, catching the lighter blade in its transit. A snap, a twang as of music, and Aigburth had the shame of seeing his favourite sword snap off short by the hilt.

The silence was rudely destroyed; *vivas* rang through the building; congratulations compassed him, but Montspiel showed no sign of elation. Advancing to where his defeated opponent stood with shamed face and body trembling visibly from excitement and annoyance, he said calmly: "Boy, such is the fair play I offer my enemies. That your father fell by my hand I do not deny. His life or mine; twice I disarmed him, twice he renewed the fight. Alas! he was no cooler in the head than you, his son. He attacked wildly in the third bout, the grass was dewey and dangerous, his foot slipped, and the point I intended for his shoulder passed through his heart."

Then, with flashing eye and drawn frame, Montspiel continued: "The man who told you I took unfair advantage lied! If he were here I'd carve liar on his craven heart. But I do not ask you to accept my word. Seek, if ever you can, Major Traynor of the Line; he will tell the story straight."

Then, turning to Aigburth's comrade, and speaking sternly for the first time, he growled: "Take the lad back to his quarters."

III.

THE officers of Aigburth's regiment had been allotted to the little church of San Mateo. Strange sorts of service they conducted therein, too; and, doubtless, the good Padre afterwards repeated many lengthy orisons to atone for the sacrilege of the heretics. However, that sin lay light on the consciences of the gallant Hussars, who remembered the little church only as the snug, driest shelter they ever

experienced in the whole of their campaign. Certainly, it must be said, they offered no insult to the sacred building greater than giving their careless, healthy natures free scope and utterance.

While Aigburth tramped his sorrowful retreat, his comrades formed groups in the nave debating his exploit, for the secret had been badly kept. Such was the boy's reputation as a swordsman that the sporting spirits asked in vain for wagers against his chances of success.

When, at last, the principal and his second appeared, loud shouts of welcome reverberated under the vaulted roof.

"Hurrah, Bantling! Cock o' the walk again?"

"Well, fire-eater, how did he take his toasting?"

The shouting stilled suddenly to silence when the lad came near enough for the swinging lanterns to light his dolorous countenance. "George! what now?" gasped one, unable to restrain his surprise. For answer Aigburth held up the bladeless hilt, and hung his head.

"Mr. Aigburth! Ensign Aigburth! Where is he? Oh! there. Follow me, sir; you're wanted urgently at headquarters."

It was the stentorian voice of their Colonel that thus dispelled the awkwardness of the incident. He beckoned his subordinate from the doorway, and then stalked into the night, the lad following him with doleful step, convinced that the evil news of his escapade had travelled to dreaded ears, and that he was to be paraded for reprimand, if not disgrace.

There was no waiting at the house where the Commander-in-Chief had his abode. The Colonel and the Ensign passed the sentry unchallenged; a staff officer met them at the entrance. "His Lordship is waiting," he explained, and immediately returned to announce them.

Aigburth's pulses raced as he crossed the threshold. At a table lit by candles sat an officer; another stood respectfully at his shoulder, scrutinising a large map spread out before them. At their entrance, the seated man lifted a stern, grave countenance, whose aggressive-shaped hook-nose, inflexible lips and chin, and fearless eyes, have since to English minds been synonymous with patriotic devotion to duty.

"Ah! this is the lad, then?" he remarked in deep sonorous tone. "Um! looks light enough in body; shouldn't wear any horse. How's he mounted?"

"On the fastest beast in the whole brigade, my lord."

"Fast! um! that's all very well, but I'm not asking for a racer. Can it stay?"

"To the death, my lord."

"May need to." Lord Wellington turned his eyes inquiringly toward his secretary, Colonel Derringer.

"Well enough favoured, my lord."

"But, Derringer, my opinion still holds; a serious task for such a stripling."

"My lord, youth and courage may succeed where prudence and experience would fail. He's admirably adapted to shake off the fastest patrol. The road is unmistakable. Whom else might we send? Our last native messengers cost us dear, my lord. No; I say give me British blood astride British blood, and they'll come through on top wherever you send 'em."

"You're a man of great faith, Derringer," smiled his superior, "and this recommendation is like to try it."

Lord Wellington then turned his attention to the young Ensign standing shyly before him.

"Well, my boy, the King and myself have a special duty for you to perform. Much depends upon your success—Colonel Derringer's judgment for one thing," he added with a dry smile at his secretary. "Step here a moment; take a long look at this map to fix it in your memory. See, this is the direction you are to take; you may use any of the several roads as discretion directs, but you must get through the *Tras os Montes* with these instructions for General Sir Thomas Graham, who is coming up the farther side with his division. You have been selected owing to your skill and lightness as a rider; let me see you act up to that reputation. Heed this—on no account allow yourself to be captured or these despatches to fall into the enemy's hands. Report to me on your return, that I may not forget your abilities—if successful. Now go; better start before the dawn breaks."

"You're the luckiest lad in Christendom," said his Colonel, pressing the Ensign's hand warmly as they strode toward the stable-lines with the precious missive nestling cosily in the lining of Aigburth's tunic.

IV.

ON the morning following the fight in the barn, Dick Montspiel, with the dust of night-travel still soiling his clothes, sat on horseback before the ruined *Posada del Monte*, once the highest inn of the *Tras os Montes*, scanning the prospect gradually unfolding as the newly risen sun gathered up the mist curtains like a diligent housewife her counterpanes.



"ON NO ACCOUNT ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE CAPTURED, OR THESE DESPATCHES TO FALL INTO THE ENEMY'S HANDS."

Montspiel was in sad humour, and the war-stricken scenery deepened his depression. For in that territory both Spanish insurrectionary partidas and French punitive corps had been equally aggressive, and the land wore weals scored by the whip of subjection. In the valleys villages were silent and unpeopled; churches stood defiled and defaced; the mills sulked mutely motionless; and the roofless cottages were shunned by both man and beast. Though the sights were not new to the fugitive, they yet drew forth many a sigh.

But not for reflection had he posted himself in that position. There were scouring squadrons of French cavalry to fear, scouting skirmishers from the army of occupation stretched across the North of Spain, and he looked eagerly for brass-helmeted Dragoons, white-cloaked

Hussars, or breast-plated Chasseurs. But none could he count in his careful scrutiny.

Suddenly, a swift-moving object crossing the skyline of the adjacent ridge attracted his attention. He quickly located it—a scurrying black dot on the white beaten track, to be followed shortly by a succession of similar figures. Montspiel's sight was trained to distance. "French in chase," he soliloquised, "of what, I cannot—! But I can—a British Hussar! Going well, too; well mounted, and so are the Frenchies. Now I read them; light blue jackets—that's the 10th, a well-horsed regiment, and those fellows mounted on the fastest. He'll have to travel, but he's coming the right way. Two swords against eight reduces the odds fifty per cent."

Eagerly he watched the flying figures, each in an eddy of dust, come steadily nearer, and jubilantly marked the English horse increase a good lead yard by yard, until finally, fully a mile in front as it breasted the slope on whose summit

he himself stood, the gallant beast's stride shortened, and Montspiel could see that it was limping badly. Still the rider urged it on, and then, as he came in sight of the man on the hill, the Hussar flashed a sabre in the sunlight showing that he was prepared to cut his way past.

Montspiel held up his hand peacefully. "Tend your charger's foot, sir. Quick! I'll stand by!" he shouted, immediately adding in alarm, "Great Heavens! boy, are not even these wilds to be my asylum against your audacity?"

"You—Montspiel!" was the equally astonished rejoinder.

The elder man calmed first. "This is no time for private quarrels, while a common danger threatens. Come inside the posada; may be they'll ride past."



THE NEAR CAVALRY-MAN MET HIS STROKE WITH EASE, BUT HIS CHARGER STUMBLER WHEN THE CHEST OF AIGBURTH'S MOUNT CAUGHT ITS SHOULDER.

Under cover of the fire-scarred walls they examined the horse's hurt, and removed the mischief-making pebble that had lodged between shoe and hoof. "There's trouble here," said Montspiel as he felt about the fetlock; "I'm afraid the family tenacity has brought you to grief, though it is exactly what your father would have done—follow me to the death. I am fated, it seems, never to shake off the shadow of his death, even though a fugitive in a foreign land. I left the camp secretly last night in the vain hope that I might never see you again, but—well, see here, our friends coming up the hill offer a solution to the difficulty. Your little mare is bound to founder, so let us toss who takes the sound mount, and who becomes game or guest to the gentlemen in chase."

"You are mistaken, sir," Aigburth coldly responded. "I am not seeking you. I'll find you later when I'm free. I'm under orders now."

"A thousand pardons," returned Montspiel in a relieved tone. "Under orders? That is to say, carrying them, I suppose, to General Graham, eh? I've heard he's at the other side of the mountains."

There was no time for Aigburth to answer before Montspiel, who had been reconnoitring from the doorway, exclaimed: "Here they come! Our best plan is to let them pass; then, to try a sudden charge in their rear. Have your weapon free."

Amid a thundering of hoofs, a jangling of accoutrements, with horses snorting and sweating, the Frenchmen dashed up. The foremost would have plunged past, but the grizzled sergeant-in-charge bellowed curses and commands together. The troopers reined in.

"Now is our chance. Pick your man," and before the astonished lad could make a move to prevent him Montspiel had leaped on to the back of the lame horse and dashed out with a yell upon the astounded enemy. Aigburth followed, choosing to pass the leading file on their left. The near cavalry-man met his stroke with ease, but his charger stumbled when the chest of Aigburth's mount caught its shoulder and thrust it in the way of the fellow. The lad was like to have escaped them had not a third opponent come up from behind, and the momentary pause to parry that attack gave the offside man time to throw his beast broadside across the path. In that *mêlée* Aigburth would have fared ill had not Montspiel ridden to his side through the other five, and over two—smitten two, in fact. The Frenchman was helpless before the master swordsman; his feeble

guard was slashed aside and a back upper cut sent him groaning from the saddle. "Forward!" Montspiel roared at Aigburth, at the same instant striking the horse the lad rode. To give the lad his due, he would have wheeled about to the succour of the other, but the specific instructions he had to get the despatches through at all costs deterred him. Sorrowing, he kept on his way, in his mind a picture burning luminously, which he had seen in a hasty glance back as the horse raced away—the man he had sworn to slay fighting single-handed against his foes.

* * * *

In the moonlight of the succeeding evening a strong patrol rode their mounts mercilessly over the mountain roads from General Graham's camp in the direction of the *Tras os Montes*. Ensign Aigburth, seated on a fresh charger, led the way tirelessly, and the troopers behind him cursed his haste, for both they and their beasts had done a good day's march.

They had reached the base of the sloping track, and were passing a patch of ilex oaks, when the squadron leader called out suddenly, "Halt! whom have we here?" His keen eye had discovered figures seeking the shadow of the trees. At the sound of his voice, a cloaked man stepped into the roadway, leading a dead-lame horse. Aigburth had pulled up impatiently, but in an instant he was out of the saddle, running forward with outstretched hands, and exclaiming, "It is he! it is he! and unharmed! Did you elude them?"

Montspiel, for so it was, answered laconically: "No; though two of them did me." Then from under his cloak he produced a bunch of red-stained busby brushes, "Sword four, pistol two—six; simpler than I thought."

"And you got me safely through! How can I thank you?"

Montspiel did not take the proffered grasp, but he answered the question straight away: "By returning me my horse and allowing me twelve hours start. You will meet Major Traynor, however; he is with Graham's force."

"I shall not seek him. It is unnecessary now, for I have the word of a man whom I have seen proven. And I must refuse part of your request. Come, let you and I forget the past. You were in part the cause of my mother suffering one loss, but wholly that of saving her another."

Montspiel caught his breath as he took the lad's hand in a fervent grasp. "Boy, God has at last given me the moment I dared not pray for. Am I at length to know the peace fugitives are denied?"



THE STAMPS OF FINLAND.

THE Land of Waters," as it is called, because of its numberless lakes and marshes, has, of late years, commanded much of the world's attention and sympathy. It has the great misfortune to be a Grand Duchy of the deplorable despotism known as the Russian Empire.

For 600 years it formed part of Sweden, then in 1721 Peter the Great sliced off a large portion. His successor, the Empress Elizabeth, made further encroachments, and, in 1809, the Emperor Alexander I. annexed the whole principality,

assuring to the people, however, the comparative freedom of their ancient constitution. That promise was respected till 1899, when those rights were ruthlessly confiscated, and the so-called Russification of Finland reduced the people to a condition little better than that of serfdom. But now, in 1906, Finland is once more promised its freedom: all repressive laws passed since 1899 are to be abolished, and it is to have its own free parliament again.

The country is one vast tableland made up of lakes, marshes, and forests. The lakes are interlaced with canals. The forests cover no less than three-fifths of the land. One striking peculiarity of Finland is that the surface is said to be steadily rising. Scientific observers tell us that it has risen over three feet in a hundred years.

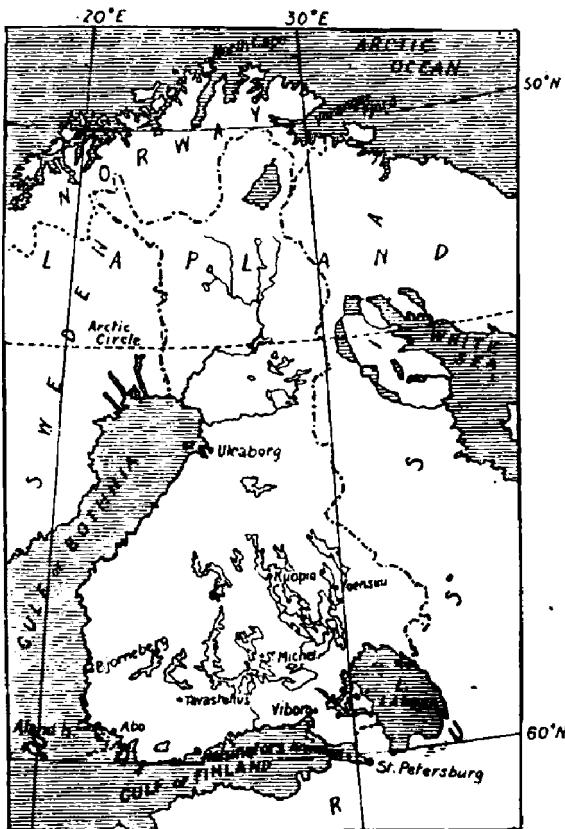
The country is very thinly populated, much more so than even European Russia, which can count 53 persons to the square mile, whilst Finland has only 20.

Its chief towns are Helsingfors the capital, with a population of 97,000; Abo, 40,000; Tammerfors, 37,800; Viborg, 33,000; and Uleaborg, 17,000. The total population, which at the date of the annexation was under 1,000,000, rose to 1,636,915 in 1850, and to 2,744,952 in 1901.

Its Philatelic History.

The postage stamps of Finland are quaint, pretty, and full of historic interest. Until the iron heel was applied in 1899, Finland had sole control of its postal arrangements, and its first issue antedates that of Russia by some two or three years.

The currency of the first issue was reckoned in Russian kopeks and roubles, but the design bore the arms of Finland. No question, however, was raised till 1875, when the Finland Government removed the Russian inscriptions



MAP OF FINLAND.

at the sides and inserted in their place the word "Finland" on the left and "Suomi," the Finnish name meaning the "land of the marshes," on the right. This was too much for the authorities at St. Petersburg, and by their orders the following issue of 1889 was inscribed with the name and value in Russian. In 1891 there was further Russian interference in the shape of an order that all letters addressed to Russia should be franked with Russian stamps, to the designs of which little circles were added in various places to mark their origin. In 1900 these distinctive markings were abandoned and an order issued that the ordinary stamps of Russia should be used. In the following year the Arms of Finland were removed from the designs in favour of the Arms of Russia on stamps required for correspondence within the Grand Duchy, but the value was expressed in Finnish as well as Russian.

The early stamps are, in the matter of experiments in perforation, real philatelic curiosities, for the first perforation was done by zig-zag rouletting, which resulted in large and deep tooth-like edges all round each stamp. This inconvenient style of perforation was gradually modified till in 1875 the stamps were perforated by the ordinary perforation machines.

The language question has long been a sore point between the Finnish people and the Russian authorities, and this sore point finds expression in the changes made in the representation of the currency on the postage stamps. At first, as already mentioned, the values were expressed in Russian *kopecs*; then in the second issue, in 1866, this was altered to the Finnish *pennia*, abbreviated to "pen"; and finally there is the compromise in the series of 1867-70 of the values given in the Finnish, Russian, and Swedish languages.

1856.—Two values. Design, the arms of Finland enclosed in an oblong oval ring, with value on the left in Finnish characters, and on the right in Russian. The following official confidential circular, dated February 28, 1856, announcing the issue, was sent to the various postmasters, the secret marks referred to being introduced, it is said, in a panic of dread lest the stamps should be extensively forged.

"The Imperial senate having under the date of the 12th of the current month of February, given permission for what are termed 'franking stamps,' to be employed as an experiment, during this year and the next, upon correspondence sent by post, not only within Finland, but also addressed to Russia and abroad, and that these stamps of two kinds—*red*, of the value of 10 *kopecs*; and *blue*, of 5 *kopecs*—should be

printed from the same die as that employed for the stamped envelopes previously issued, the Imperial Senate has decided:

"(1) 'That, partly as a means of identification, and partly also for the detection of any forgeries of the dies of the said stamps, they shall be provided with a secret mark, consisting in the insertion in the bell of each of the two post-horns placed beneath the arms, of a little point, engraved so that after the printing it remains uncoloured; this is notified confidentially to the postmasters.

"(2) 'That the stamps in question are to be issued to the public either singly or in complete boxes containing 100 copies.'"

The stamps were issued imperforate.

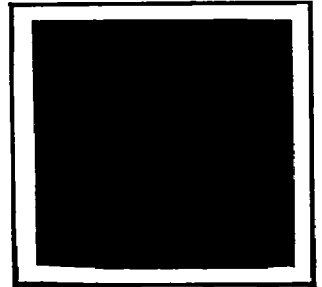
Imperforate.

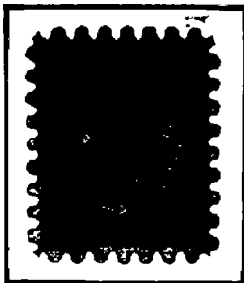
	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
5 <i>kopecs</i> , blue	—	—	60	0
10 <i>kopecs</i> , red	70	0	10	0

1860.—The experimental issue having satisfied the authorities of the desirability of continuing the use of postage stamps, the following official circular, dated January 5, 1857, was sent out:

"His Imperial Majesty having, under date of February 12 of last year, graciously ordained that the stamps called 'postage' or 'franking' should be employed, together with the stamped envelopes, during the above mentioned and the present year, for the transmission of correspondence by post, not only in the interior of Finland, but also to Russia and abroad, the Imperial Senate of Finland has thought fit, for the present, to permit the use of the postage or franking stamps in question should be continued until further orders, after the termination of the period decided upon as above, in the manner prescribed for the transmission of correspondence, which is notified by the present circular to the postmasters, in accordance with the memorandum lodged on May 12 last by the Honourable Secretarial of the Chancellery."

Accordingly, in the year of 1860 what was officially termed "a more convenient form of stamp" was introduced. The central portion of the design was made up, as before, of the arms of Finland, surmounted by the Imperial Crown, with inscription of value in labels at the top and bottom. The stamps were of the



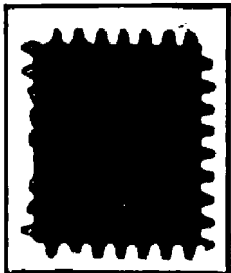


then usual small rectangular shape, were printed on tinted paper, and were separated by a zigzag method of rouletting which left long tooth-like edges all round each stamp. There were two values, of 5 and 10 kopecs, as before.

Rouletted.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
5 kopecs, blue on bluish paper	25 0	6 0
10 kopecs, red on pale-rose paper	7 6	0 6

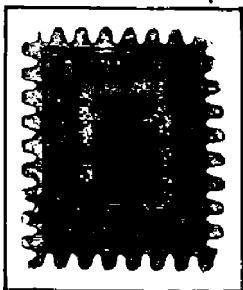
1866.—Two values, similar design, but the currency altered from Russian kopecs to Finnish pennia. In the top label of the design is "PEN," the abbreviation of *penni*, in Swedish, or *pennia* in Finnish, and in the lower label of the framework is the value in Russian characters. The stamps were printed on tinted paper and rouletted as before.



Rouletted.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
5 pen, brown on grey	4 0	4 0
10 pen, black on buff	10 0	5 0

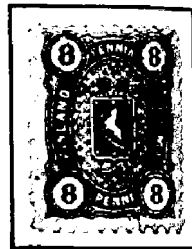
1867-70.—Six values, all but the one mark of the same design as the previous issue. The 1 mark stamp was of special design. The central portion was the same, but the frame enclosing the arms was filled in with inscriptions of the value in Russian, Finnish, and Swedish; in Russian, reading "odna marka," on the left; in Finnish, reading "YKSI MARKKA" on the right; and in Swedish, "en mark" on the top and at the bottom. The stamps were printed on coloured papers and were rouletted as before.



Rouletted.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
5 pen, brown on lilac	20 0	—
8 pen, black on green	6 0	2 0
10 pen, black on yellow	30 0	7 6
20 pen, blue on blue	10 0	2 0
40 pen, rose on pale-rose	7 6	2 0
1 mark, brown on white	—	30 0

1875-82.—Seven values. New design. The arms of Finland in reduced size in the centre in an oval, enclosed in an exterior oval band broken at the four corners with large circles for the figures of value. On this exterior oval band are inscriptions; on the top "Pennia," the value in Finnish; at the foot "penni," in Swedish; on the left is the name in Swedish, "Finland," and on the right the equivalent in Finnish, "Suomi." The stamps were machine perforated in the ordinary way. The plates of this issue were engraved at Copenhagen, and the engravers, as a sample of the quality of the work, printed a supply of the 32 pen and despatched plates and stamps to Helsingfors, where the other values and further supplies were printed. The Copenhagen print of the 32 pen is much prized by specialists and is easily distinguished, apart from the superior printing, by being perforated 14 by 13½, the locally printed stamps being perf. 11.



Perf. 11.

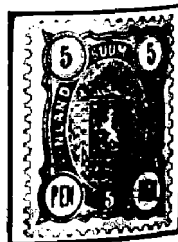
	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
2 pen, grey	0 6	0 6
5 pen, yellow	2 0	0 3
8 pen, green	5 0	2 6
10 pen, brown	12 0	0 6
20 pen, blue	6 0	0 1
25 pen, lake	10 0	0 2
32 pen, rose	10 0	0 6
1 mark, lilac	50 0	1 0

1883.—Seven values. Design as in previous issue, but the colours changed, and fresh values added. The 5 pen changed from yellow to green, the 10 pen from brown to rose, the 20 pen from blue to yellow, the 25 pen from carmine to blue, the 1 mark from lilac to grey and rose, and new values of 5 marks and 10 marks.

Perf. 12½.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
5 pen, green	1 0	0 1
10 pen, rose	2 0	0 2
20 pen, yellow	2 6	0 1
25 pen, blue	1 6	0 1
1 mark, grey and rose	4 0	0 4
5 mark, green and rose	20 0	20 0
10 mark, brown and rose	25 0	20 0

1889-90.—Eight values. Design as in previous issue, but modified. The exterior oval band bears the word "Finland" on the left as before, "Suomi" on the top instead of "Pennia," and the Russian equivalent for "Finland" on the right, the

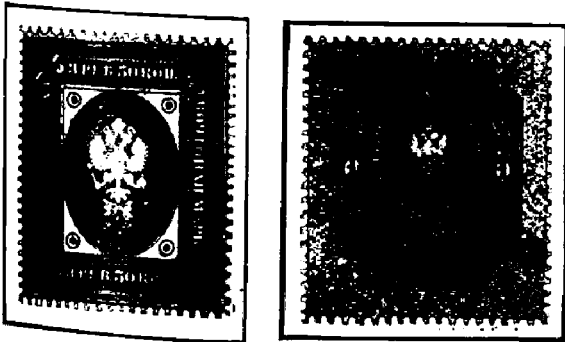
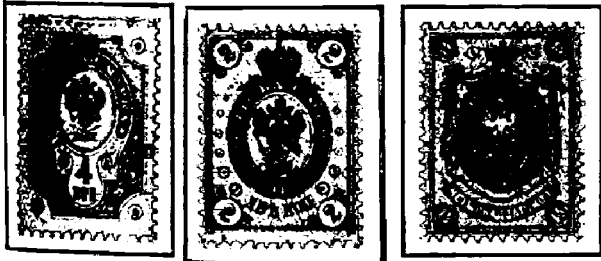


figures of value as before in large circles in the top corners, but in the lower corner circles "Pen" in the left circle and the equivalent in Russian in the right-hand circle. with the figures of value in a label between the lower circles. Perforated.

Perf. 12½.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
2 pen, grey	0 2	0 1
5 pen, green	0 3	0 1
10 pen, rose	0 6	0 1
20 pen, yellow	0 9	0 1
25 pen, blue	1 3	0 2
1 mark, grey and rose	3 0	0 3
5 marks, green and rose	10 0	6 0
10 marks, brown and rose	15 0	7 6

1891.—With the view of suppressing the ordinary postage stamps of Finland and advancing the Russification of the Grand Duchy, the Russian authorities decreed the use of Russian postage stamps on all correspondence between Finland and Russia. The Russian stamps provided in accordance with this decree had little distinguishing circles added to the designs. In the 1, 2, and 3 and 7 kop. they are found in graded sizes on each side of the oval; in the 4, 10, 20, and 50 kop. and 1 rouble they will be found in all four corners; in the 14 and 35 kop. they are placed on each side of the Imperial crown, and in the 3½ and 7 roubles, they are seen in the four corners formed by the oval.

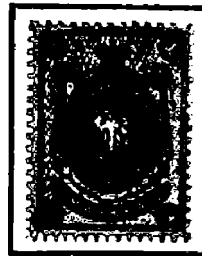


Perf. various.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
1 kop., yellow	0 1	0 1
2 kop., green	0 2	0 2
3 kop., rose	0 3	0 2
4 kop., rose	0 3	0 3

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
7 kop., indigo	0 6	0 2
10 kop., indigo	0 9	0 4
14 kop., carmine and blue	1 0	0 6
20 kop., carmine and blue	1 6	0 6
35 kop., green and purple	2 6	2 0
50 kop., green and purple	2 6	2 0
1 r., orange and brown	5 0	2 0
3½ r., grey and black	20 0	10 0
7 r., yellow and black	50 0	—

1901.—Early in this year stamps in the types of the current stamps of Russia, but with values expressed in Russian and Finnish, finally superseded stamps with the arms of Finland. Six values were issued. The 2 pen, 5 pen and 20 pen are of one type, and the 10 pen, and 1 mark and 10 marks of separate designs.



Perf. 13½.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
2 pen, yellow	0 1	0 1
5 pen, green	0 1	0 1
10 pen, carmine	0 2	0 1
20 pen, blue	0 4	0 1
1 mark, grey and mauve	—	0 2
10 mark, grey and black	10 6	7 6

These illustrations are from picked copies kindly lent us by Messrs. Stanley Gibbons and Co.



GOOD CUSTOMERS ARE SCARCE.
From the picture by P. W. Burton.

CHRISTMAS with the Black and White Artist.

BY
A. B. COOPER.



"BLIND MAN'S BUFF."
Drawn by Randolph Caldicott.

WHO invented the modern Christmas? Some people say it was Charles Dickens, because he wrote "A Christmas Carol" and "The Chimes," and because the modern spirit of philanthropy owes its inception to him as much as to any one. Some say it was the Prince Consort who invented Christmas, because he introduced the Christmas tree from Germany, one of the few German imports for which we show a proper sentiment of thankfulness. Of course, we all know that Christmas was invented—it isn't real. Once in a decade the weather forces us to believe that the poets who have gone into raptures over the manifold charms of the month of May were not all gibbering idiots, and once in twenty years, perhaps, Christmas lives up to its apocryphal character. The trees lace their frost-be-spangled branches against a sky of cerulean hue, the ice on the ponds rings like a bell, and even the "waits," in the shape of the village brass band, commit musical murder on the lawn. Sometimes, indeed, but even more seldom, the snow has been known to fall upon Christmas Eve, and the first Christmas card one has received has been the bewitching peep through the bedroom curtains "at the wide world whelmed in white."

But there was a man who came later than Dickens or the Prince Consort, who had a hand, and a big hand—if one may say so—in the making of the modern Christmas. If the snow

tarries, the Christmas numbers do not; they fall in thicker showers every year, and the man who made them real Christmas numbers, and not merely magazines issued on the approach of Christmas, was Randolph Caldicott, that most delightful, humorous artist who, in the early days of the *Graphic* set all the world chuckling over his delightful sketches. Funnily enough, too, he helped to make the modern Christmas by imagining the old-fashioned Christmas and carving the new out of the old. He absolutely ignored the fact that the railway train had any existence at all. His only modes of locomotion are the coach and the cob, and his only sports are hunting out of doors and hunting indoors—the quarry, in the latter case, being invariably a slipper, or the pretty girl whom the "blind man" will persist in catching. If there never was a Christmas like the one Randolph Caldicott depicts with his inimitable pencil, and if such a Christmas never did nor ever will exist, at least we owe a debt of gratitude to this kindly artist for the wonderful way in which he drops us into the middle of a sort of delightful Christmas fairyland, in which everybody is dancing or laughing or kissing under the mistletoe, or sitting in unimaginably cosy corners, or getting stuck, wheel-deep, in a snowdrift—a much more delightful thing in a picture than in reality—or sitting round a well-spread table while the cook brings in an impossibly large plum-pudding.



AN ENCOUNTER WITH "A GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD."

From the drawing by Ernest Prater.

Yes, geniality is his tone. Yet his life was not an easy nor, perhaps, a happy one. Born at Chester in 1846, he was a bank clerk at Whitchurch, in Shropshire, for six years, and it was not until 1872 that he came to London to attempt to make a livelihood as an artist. In 1874 he illustrated Washington Irving's "Old Christmas," and a little later the same author's "Bracebridge Hall." No one noticed them for ever so long, yet they eventually made his fame. Seldom have pictures so fully realised the author's spirit and intention. It was this success, doubtless, which gave Caldicott his cue, and Christmas remained his theme to the end. The rural beauties of Cheshire and Shropshire—their old halls and farns, their meets, markets, fairs, and village sports, dwelt in his memory and were reproduced for the delight of the world. Everything he did, he did delightfully, and now he has a niche all to himself.

The days of the Gentleman of the Road are over, but only the advent of steam and electricity gave them their final *coup de grâce*. With means of communication enormously facilitated by the railway and the telegraph wire, law once and for all got the better of licence, and the Duvals, the Jerry Abershaws and the Turpins found their occupation gone. Yet long prior to the invention of the locomotive, highwaymen upon English roads had grown scarce, and the game scarcely worth the candle. There was a Scot of the name of Macadam, who largely assisted in their extermination. It was he who made the first great improvement in the surface of our highways by evenly



THE RIVAL WAITS.

From the picture by A. Forestier.

distributing broken stones, and these macadamised roads gave such an impetus to travel by coach that the highways became much more frequented, and the occurrence of break-downs was so rare that the highwayman's best opportunity was gone.

The days of good Queen Anne were lively times for the belated traveller. Happy the travelling party who got over Bagshot or Howslow Heaths without encountering a horseman with a loaded blunderbuss. Mr.



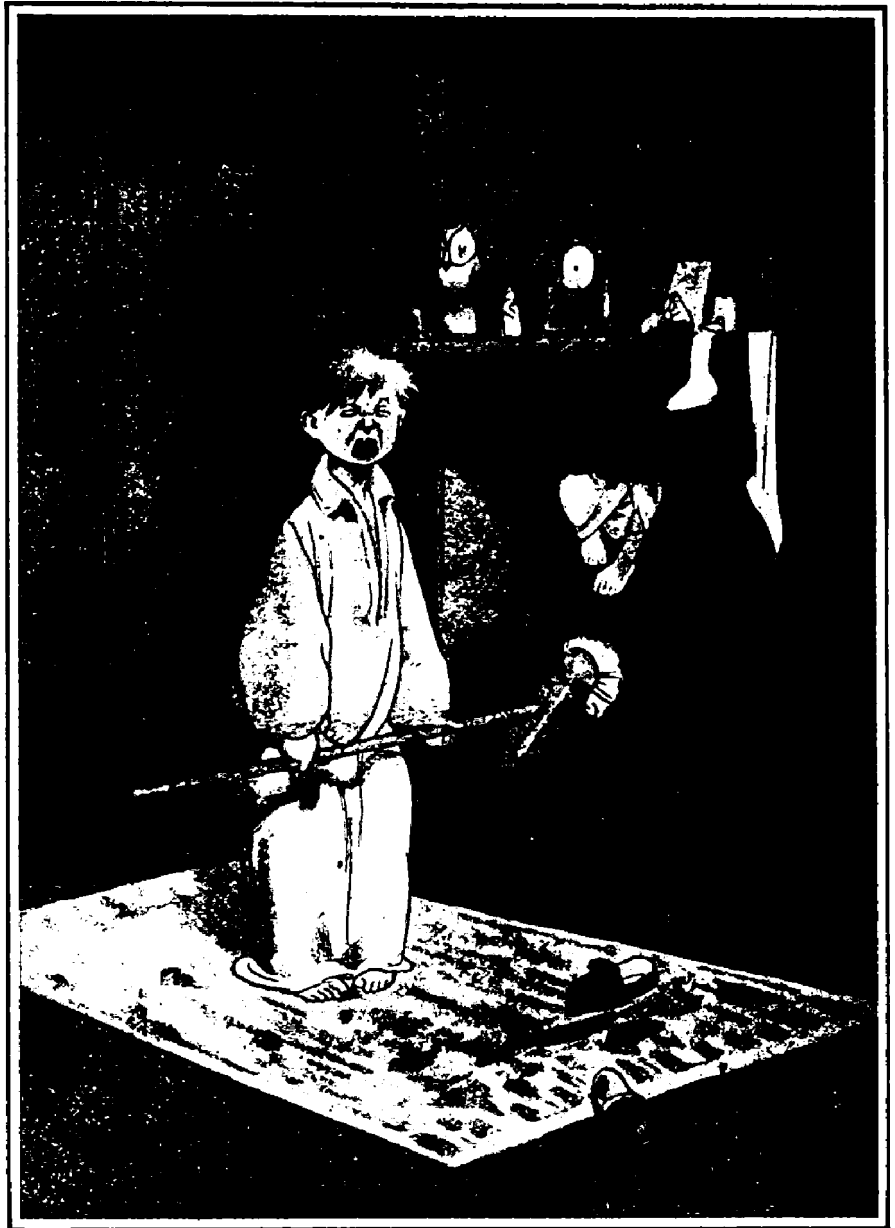
HOW THE CHRISTMAS TREE WAS INVENTED.

From the picture by Lawson Wood.

Ernest Prater gives us here a true picture of those times. It is drawn on the road between Egham and Bagshot. Out from the pine-trees' shade comes a mounted highwayman who, as the practice was, shoots one of the leaders. The poor beast falls down in his traces and the heavy family coach comes to a standstill upon the moon-lit road. At the sound of the shot the young gallant within drops down the window and fires at a venture at the shadowy form without. By the greatest good luck his bullet finds its billet and the masked robber, with a grunt and a gasp, slides out of his saddle. For good or ill his days are ended. His horse, trained to a nicety, stands still and looks almost as if he grieved for his ill-starred master.

Taking the coach-lamp in hand, the dandy goes to see what damage he has done, for he may only have winged his enemy, and, at this Christmas season, thoughts of mercy are not wholly absent from his mind. The post-boys, and the two trembling ladies—evidently going to a ball at some great country house—await his report with nervous apprehension.

Fred W. Burton is very much at home with ancient hostelries, Elizabethan mansions, and wrinkled old men—they are his speciality. In his picture *Good Customers are Scarce*, he is at his best. Quite apart from the humour of the scene, the picture is particularly well balanced, and the white-washed door-post upon which appears the legend: "John Bung sells good beere" might fittingly bear the inscription: "Look upon this picture and upon that." To the right, the bowing landlord in his bob wig, with his old dame lurking in the background,



"MOTHER! NURSE! HELP! BABY HAS GOT STUCK IN THE CHIMNEY LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS, AND IS MAKING HIMSELF PERFECTLY MISERABLE."

From the picture by John Hassall.

ready to put in a word if necessary, is doing all that extreme politeness can do to persuade the lace-beruffled horseman, scratching his chin dubiously, to remain for the night. At this roadside inn, with its mean accommodation, the aristocracy are rare visitants, but John Bung ought to have remembered that several little birds in the hand are worth much more than one big one in the bush, for, while host and hostess are both engaged at the front of the house, the birds left alone in the tap-room are flying out of the window. And what



AN INTERRUPTED CHRISTMAS TRIP ON THE JAMES RIVER.

From the drawing by Percy F. S. Spence

strange birds they are! They are evidently a band of strolling professional "Waits," who, having found the coppers of the charitable all too few, have, nevertheless, yielded to the calls of the inner man and dropped into "Ye Fishes Head" for bite and sup. Fortune, who had hitherto given them the cold shoulder, smiles on them at last—at least, from their point of view—for, just as they are beginning to dread the reckoning, the stylish stranger at the door affects a diversion; the enemy, in the shape of the host and hostess, concentrate all their attention upon the left flank, and thus enable the

occupants of the bar parlour to effect a strategic retreat through the window. Notice how anxious the old sinner with the fiddle is; the man with the drum has an air of happy gaiety worthy of a better cause, while "bass viol," who is already well round the corner, is probably muttering to himself a proverb which ends with the words "the devil take the hindmost." The "hindmost," however, although he is not yet out of the window, looks the most unconcerned of the crew. Think of the dismay of the worthy landlord and his wife when, having possibly failed to persuade their new guest to enter their portal, they return to find the door of the cage open and the musical quartet flown!

Mr. A. Forestier is an extremely prolific artist, and it is many years since he was not widely represented in the Christmas Numbers. His conscientious care as to detail and finish is very marked. Indeed, one cannot help thinking often that his pictures are much better, both in subject and treatment, than many highly finished paintings to be seen upon the walls of the Royal

Academy. But the picture which we have chosen to represent him in this article is selected chiefly for its humour. It is entitled *The Rival Waits*. What a battle royal! There is not much music left, evidently, in the banjo, and what little bit there is will be knocked out of it when it descends upon the head of the prostrate player of the ophicleide. Notice what a splendid knuckle-duster the cornet makes, while the trombone player has hit upon the best dodge of all, for, shooting out the long slide, he has brought the end into violent contact with "the nose of the player of

the clarinet" (as the French primer would have it).

Mr. Lawson Wood is an artist who has made great strides of late years. Let readers of THE CAPTAIN turn over the pages of recent numbers and "spot" his work. He can turn his hand to any subject, but he works the pre-historic idea with great humour, almost equalling E. T. Reed, of *Punch* fame—although, unlike him, he seldom turns his sketches to political account. The very notion of an Ichthyosaurus, a Mastodon, or a Flying Lizard coming suddenly upon your Christmas picnic is in itself suggestive of nightmare, and, therefore, peculiarly Christmassy.

John Hassall is frankly humorous. Hanging in his delightful studio, and almost covering one of its walls, is a huge oil-painting of some historical event, the nature of which I forget. It represents his early yearnings for the stately fame of the Academician; but posters, and humorous pages in the *Sketch*, *Taller*, et *hoc genus rerum*, claimed him for their own. And is he not already immortal? Did he not draw for the first number of THE CAPTAIN the speaking likeness of the one and only Old Fag? None other is genuine—the same Old Fag year in, year out—immutably genial, irrepressibly humorous, eternally young.

Hassall is not only original in his subjects, but novel in his methods. It is literally possible that he obtained that flat, grey effect in the drawing by which he is represented in this series by rubbing it face downwards on the floor, or by performing a step dance upon it. Any method by which the right effect can be produced he considers legitimate, and who can say that he is wrong?

In the early days of New England the fierce red-Indians of the back-woods were a very terrible danger. Earlier still, in the days when Virginia was first settled they were dominant indeed, and they swarmed on the banks of the James, Pamunkey and Rappahannock. It is to this period that Mr. F. S. Spence's picture belongs. The Virginian and his daughter are going by river, for there was

no other mode of travelling, to one of the up-country farms to spend Christmas. Suddenly a band of Redskins appears and pursues them. The settlers paddle for dear life, but the Indians gain upon them, and an arrow, just missing the girl's shoulder, plunges into the snow-covered bank. Let us hope that the gallant girl and her grim-visaged father reach the friendly shelter of the farm.

Nothing pleases Mr. Tom Browne better than a trip to Holland, and the quaint costumes and caricature-like visages of many of the country-folk seem specially to suit his genius. How admirably he has caught the expressions of these two cronies, and what infinite satisfaction they seem to be sucking through their huge cigars. But the lady looks grim. She does not approve of levity. She is on business bent, and takes even her pleasures sadly. Yet she is a good wife. Note how beautifully she has patched her husband's trousers. These two are wishing each other A Happy New Year. It is a seasonable greeting. Pass it on.



A SEASONABLE GREETING.

From the drawing by Tom Browne, R.I.

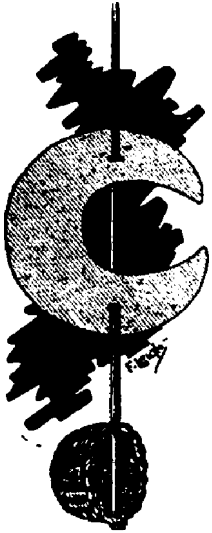
THE ADVENTURES OF DICK SELMES.

By BERTRAM MITFORD,

Author of "The Gun-Runner," "The King's Assegai," "The Sign of the Spider," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. BOWRING.

No. 4.—THE EXPRESS RIDERS.



ORPORAL SANDGATE and Trooper Stokes rode forth from the Police camp on express duty.

They were entrusted with very important despatches indeed. These were to the effect that, owing to the accidental explosion of an ammunition waggon, the large force of Frontier Armed and Mounted Police in camp at the Kangala might find itself, at any

moment, alarmingly short of that essential article; and contained urgent injunctions to the authorities in charge of the border post—where an ample supply was stored—to send on a sufficiency of the same, under escort, without a moment's delay.

The two men had been specially selected for this duty. Sandgate was a young Englishman of good family, who, like many a superfluous or younger son at that time, had emigrated as a recruit for the frontier corps, beginning at the bottom. He was a fine, sportsmanlike, athletic fellow who could ride anything and anywhere, and had soon made his step up the ladder of promotion. The other man, Stokes, was a wiry, hard-bitten Colonial, no longer quite young, who had been some years in the Police, but had twice lost the rank of corporal owing to an inconvenient hankering after the bottle. When away from its temptations, as in the present case, he was one of the most useful men in the Force. Each, we have said, had been specially picked for this duty; Sandgate for his pluck and dash, and the reputation for readiness of resource which he had managed to set up, Stokes for his knowledge of veldt-craft.

The two express-riders started from the

Kangala Camp at moon-rise, which took place early in the evening. It was calculated that, by riding all night, they should reach their objective, Fort Isiwa, not much later than the following mid-day. They could, by no means, cover the distance in anything like a straight line, nor was there, in many places, the vestige of a track. This was where Stokes' veldt-craft was to come in: but even so, their route skirted the turbulent Gudhluca Reserve. The swarming inhabitants of the latter were just then in a particularly dangerous state of simmering unrest, and would as likely as not make short work of a couple of members of a body whom they loved not at all, given an opportunity. Once beyond this danger belt, however, there would be little or no risk, for the country was sparsely populated further on, and its inhabitants less disaffected. So the programme before these two was to push on as best they were able, so as to get over the more risky portion of their ride under cover of night.

This being the case, it might have seemed a little strange that, having arrived at a point about five miles from camp, where the far from distinct waggon track forked into two, they should have reined in their horses, and sat listening.

"Tell you what, Sandgate," muttered Stokes, cramming a quid of tobacco into his mouth—under the circumstances, for obvious reasons, the pipe must be foregone with stern self-denial—"Tell you what. It's no good our waiting. He won't come. He's thought better of it. Greenoak's likely turned up again and stopped it."

Both men sat for a couple of minutes longer, their feet kicked loose from their stirrups. Then, as they were on the point of resuming their way, a sound caught their ears—the tread of a horse,

from the direction in which they had just come.

"Hallo, you fellows! About given me up, I suppose?" said Dick Selmes in a low, excited tone, as he rode up.

"We were just going to," answered Stokes, who was inclined to be short of speech and a bit sour towards so obvious a specimen of the gilded youth as this one. "And, I say, if you could keep that confounded brute of yours from jingling that swagger bit, why it'd be just as well. We don't want to be heard all over the Gudhluca Reserve."

"He'll be all right directly, soon as he's let off a little more steam," said Sandgate good-humouredly, with a glance of approval at Dick's spirited and well-groomed mount, which, in sheer enjoyment of the fresh freedom of the veldt, was tossing his head and blowing clouds of vapour upon the cool night air.

That Dick Selmes had been able to join the two express riders had involved some plotting; for, from the moment he had heard of their errand, incidentally through Inspector Chambers, to whose troop they belonged, he had firmly made up his mind that join them he would. But, on putting this to the Inspector, that worthy had promptly vetoed the whole business—subsequently compromising, however, by suggesting that the matter be submitted to the Commandant.

The latter, however, a fine old frontiersman born and bred, took a different view. He was a reserved, undemonstrative man, but had taken a liking to this dare-devil youngster by reason of his pluck and adaptability.

"I don't really see why he shouldn't go if he's keen on it, Chambers," he said. "The experience will do the young chap no harm, and he seems able to take care of himself. Greenoak keeps him too much in leading strings. Oh, *that*—" as the Inspector, with a dry laugh, recalled a certain adventure in Vunisa's location which would have cost our friend his life but for the shrewdness and promptitude of Harley Greenoak. "Well, yes. But, on the whole, Sandgate and Stokes are thoroughly reliable men, and will keep him in order. Of course, I need know nothing about it officially, nor need you; but if he should find his chance of slipping away after them, why, after all, he's only our guest here, and can come and go as he chooses," concluded the Commandant, with a twinkle in his eyes.

Harley Greenoak was away upon a critical and delicate mission which he had undertaken as a personal favour to the Commandant. As things were at present, he argued, his charge could come to no harm, at any rate for a day or two, by which time he himself would be back. All of which accounted for the comparative facility where-with Dick had slipped away—a facility which struck our two express riders as strange.

Something of a friendship had grown up between Dick Selmes and Corporal Sandgate. They were of the same age, had the same tastes, and, hailing from adjacent neighbourhoods in the Old Country, had acquaintances in common. On such they chatted in subdued tones, as they held on their way rapidly through the calm beauty of the African night. So far, the said way was easy, as under the unerring guidance of Trooper Stokes they crossed each rolling upland, mimosa-dotted and grassy. Here and there, far away, the mysterious dimness was relieved by the red glow of a grass fire. Or could it be the weird signal of plotting savages? Soon, however, the ground became more rugged. They forded a small river, rippling deep down in a thickly bushed valley, and the steeds drank gratefully of its cool, if slightly brackish, water. Then on again.

"We must swing back again here," said Stokes, as they drew rein on top of a ridge to loosen the girths and give the horses a quarter of an hour's rest and feed. "There are kraals in front of us. I can smell 'em."

"The deuce you can?" said Dick, vividly interested. "I can't. You're not getting at us, old chap, are you?"

To this Stokes vouchsafed no reply. He stroked his thick, wiry beard, looking unutterable contempt.

They resumed their way, sometimes making a considerable *détour* to avoid a suspicious neighbourhood. Once the barking of dogs, alarmingly near, caused a thrill of anxious excitement. Had the tramp of their horse-hoofs been heard, they wondered, as they swerved off as noiselessly as possible. At last, what looked like a building loomed in front of them. Just behind it were three or four native huts.

"I thought so," exclaimed Stokes. "Blamed if this isn't old Shelbury's store. We've come a *leelle* more out of our road than we need have done, Sandgate."

"We'll make it up. I say, hadn't we

better off-saddle and have some grub?" suggested Dick Selmes, cheerfully

Stokes looked at him sourly.

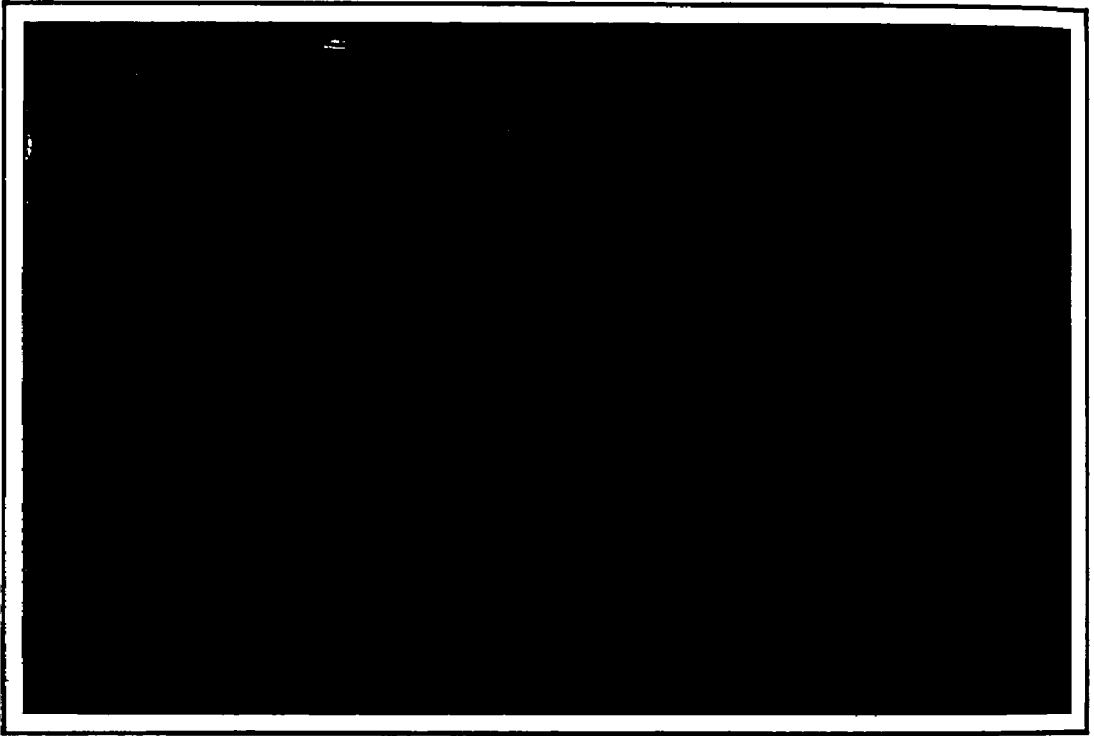
"Grub!" he echoed, "you'll get non o' that here. Any fool could see that Shelbury's cleared. Why, the place is all stove in and the whole show looted."

Closer investigation proved such to be the case. The door hung on one hinge, and seemed very much battered.

As they rode on, neither Sandgate nor Dick noticed that Stokes kept rather behind. The moon, too, had almost sunk, wherefore, perhaps, they further failed to notice that his tan-cord uniform jacket bulged.

It was just at the dark hour before dawn when Sandgate called a halt.

"We might safely do half an hour's snooze here," he said. "The gees want that amount of rest. You turn in, Selmes,



"NOW THEN, SELMES. TIME," HE WHISPERED.

"We'll push on," said Sandgate, with an anxious glance at the moon, now getting low. "The further we do that under cover of night the better."

But Stokes, rapping out something about just taking half a squint inside, and catching them up again in a jiffy, was already off his horse. The other two, resuming their conversation about old times and scenes at home, held on the way he had pointed out to them. So taken up were they that it was quite a little while before it occurred to them that it might be advisable to pull up and wait for Stokes. Nor had they long to wait.

"Just as I thought," he said, coming up. "The whole shoot has been cleared from top to bottom. You never saw such a mess in your life. But there's no one dead inside."

and I'll do horse-guard. No—no—don't wrangle, man; each minute of that means so much less hard-earned snooze; besides, I'm in command here. Stokes, you look done, too. Well, off you go, both of you."

The latter, with a cavernous yawn, was off like a log. Dick, with a sleepy laugh, followed suit. Then Sandgate, loosening the girths, but not off-saddling, allowed the horses to graze, their bridles trailing on the ground, and began to watch.

The place in which they had halted was among some broken rocks, a small hollow in fact, and admirably adapted for a hiding place. The back was overhung by rugged boulders, and in front, beyond a lip of the same, the ground fell away in a rugged slope to the bottom of a deep bushy kloof. To Sandgate, left to his lonely vigil, that brief

half-hour seemed long enough. To the other two, heavy in slumber, it was as a flash.

"Now then, Selmes. Time," he whispered, with a hand on the other's shoulder. In a trice Dick was up, but yawning pathetically. He shivered, too, for a thin damp mist was stealing athwart the rocks and bush sprays.

"All serene," he said, ready and alert. "Kick up the other fellow."

But although this was done, and that literally, for all the effect it produced Stokes might as well have been dead, or a bit of timber. And then, as an acrid fume rose poisonous upon the cold morning air, Sandgate stood aghast with wrath and horror. His colleague and subordinate was drunk—dead drunk.

Yet how? In a moment something of the truth flashed across his brain. That wretched trader's store they had passed! Stokes must have found grog in there, which had been overlooked by the plunderers. His cursed instinct had moved him to go inside and explore. There was no sign of any bottle about Stokes, certainly, but this he would have been slim enough to drop unseen and unheard. Now the mystery of his lagging behind stood explained.

"Great Scott! And the despatches!" exclaimed Sandgate, horrified.

"Take 'em on, and leave him here to get sober," suggested Dick. "He deserves it."

But Sandgate objected to deserting a comrade in dangerous country. He himself would be reduced to the ranks, of course, kicked out of the Force most likely, but he could not abandon a comrade. To this Dick suggested that he should remain with Stokes while Sandgate rode on.

"That won't do either, Selmes," said the latter, gloomily. "You're new to this country, and in my charge. No—that won't do."

"But think of the vital importance of the despatches," urged Dick. "This fellow has brought it all upon himself. Besides, he's supposed to know his way about better than both of us put together. So I say, let him take his chance."

"We'll have one more try," said Sandgate.

They had, and it was an exhaustive one. They shook and hustled the stupefied man, and threw in his face what little water remained in their bottles. In vain. Stokes merely gave an inarticulate grunt, and subsided into deep slumber again. Then they

tried another plan—that of placing him on his feet by main force. Still in vain. The drunken man slid to the ground again, and in their efforts to keep him up both Sandgate and Dick lost their balance, stumbled, and fell with him.

Before they could rise several pairs of muscular hands had gripped them, and bulky forms pressed them down. So effectually were they pinioned that they could not even reach their revolvers, which were promptly reft from them. The little hollow which had been their resting-place was swarming with Kafirs, who had stolen upon them like snakes, what time their attention was taken up by the endeavour to restore consciousness to Stokes: even the warning which should have been conveyed by the alarmed snorting and restiveness of the horses had escaped them. They were absolutely in the power of these savages, who had surprised and captured them without giving them an opportunity of striking a blow in defence of their lives, and, in the case of one of them, of his trust.

The first thing their captors did was to bind them securely with the *reims* cut from their horses' head-stalls. Then a hurried consultation began among them. A man who seemed in authority—a tall, evil-looking ruffian—issued an order. The unconscious Stokes was seized and roughly turned over, face uppermost. A moment's examination sufficing to satisfy them that he was hopelessly drunk, half a dozen assegais were driven through his body, as coolly as though his murderers were merely slaughtering a sheep; while his comrades lay, sick with horror at the sight, and justifiably apprehensive as to what their own fate was destined to be.

They had not long to wait. Under the hurried directions of another man, a short, thick-set Kafir—not the one in seeming authority—they were subjected to a quick but exhaustive search. Of course, the despatch to the officer commanding at Fort Isiwa came to light.

"This—what it say?" said the short Kafir, in very fair English, tapping the document which he held open by one corner.

"Oh, it's merely a letter asking for a few more horses to be sent on to Kangala," answered Sandgate with as much coolness as he could assume.

"That a lie," was the prompt response. Then, threateningly, "Read that—out, so I hear it."



"NOW—WILL YOU READ?"

"If you can talk English, surely you can read it," answered Sandgate.

"Read it. Read"—thrusting the paper before his face. "Read—or——"

"Or what?"

"That," said the Kafir, pointing to the body of their murdered comrade, which the savages had already stripped, and which lay, a sight hideous and gory enough to strike terror into the survivors. But these were of the flower and pick of their nation, and to neither of them did it for one instant occur to purchase his life by a revelation which might result in calamitous, even appalling, consequences. To both the moment was crucial, as they took in the barbarous forms, the ring of cruel countenances, the dark, grisly hands grasping the ready and murderous assegais. Both were staring horrid Death in the face very closely.

"Well, I shan't read it," said Sandgate decisively.

"Nor I," echoed Dick Selmes.

At a word from the English-speaking Kafir, a powerful, ochre-smearing ruffian seized Sandgate by the chin, and, jerking back his head, laid the sharp edge of an assegai blade against his distended throat.

"Now—will you read?" came the question again.

The natural fear of death, and that in a horrible form, brought the dews of perspiration to the unfortunate man's brow, as the evil savage, whose hand quivered with eagerness to inflict the final slash, actually divided the skin. Yet, looking his tormentors steadily in the face, he answered,

"No."

The man in authority said a few words. The assegai blade was lowered, and Sandgate's head was released.

"Now—" went on the English-speaking Kafir, "we not kill you—not yet. We try hot assegai blade—between toes. That make you read, hey?" And even as he spoke a fire was in process of kindling, which a few minutes sufficed to blow up into a roaring blaze.

If the imminence of a horrible form of death had been appalling to these two, it was nothing to this. Should they be able to stand firm under the ghastly torture that awaited, the very thought of which was enough to turn them sick? And yet—the issue at stake! The war-cloud, though brooding, had not yet burst, but did it get

to the knowledge of their enemies that the only force which overawed them, and to that extent held them in check, was short of ammunition, why, the effect would be to let loose tens of thousands of raging devils, not only upon that force itself, but upon the whole of the more or less defenceless frontier. This was in the minds of both, as Sandgate's boot was quickly cut from his foot, while one fiend, who had plucked a red-hot blade from the fire, stood, eagerly awaiting his orders.

"Now—will you read?"

"No," shouted Sandgate, his eyes staring at his questioner in horror and despair. Then followed a long and shuddering groan, in which, and in the convulsive writhe of the victim, Dick Selmes seemed to share. His comrade's agony was his own.

At a sign from the English-speaking Kafir the instrument of torment was withdrawn.

"First taste," he said grimly. "This go on all day. How you like that? Now—you read?"

"No!" thundered the victim.

Then something else thundered. Crack! Crack! The barbarian with the hot iron pitched heavily forward, shot through the brain—while another of those holding Sandgate shared the same fate. Crack! Crack! Not a moment of interval—down went two more—and those immediately next to the prisoners—then two more in the same way. Instinctively the others sprang back, realising that here was the point of danger, but still that unceasing fire went on, pitilessly decimating them. Wildly they looked for the point whence it came, but vainly, for the morning mist had so thickened that they could but dimly see the outline of the rocks which overhung the back of the hollow. A great and thunderous roar, accompanying a hail of heavy slugs into the very thick of them, completed their discomfiture. With a wholesome recollection of the artillery practice some of them had witnessed on the banks of the Tsolo River a week or two before, they cried that the *Amapolise* were upon them, and disappeared helter-skelter into the mist and the bush at the lower side of the hollow.

Our two friends could hardly believe in

their good fortune. Yet—no escape was to be theirs. A man was beside them—a black man—and in his hand a knife. They would be murdered, of course, in the hour of rescue. But—he was cutting their bonds.

"Quick! Come with me," he said in English, at the same time collecting the Police carbines and revolvers lying on the ground, which the panic-stricken Kafirs had omitted to carry away. Him they followed—Sandgate limping painfully—as he led the way to the rocks above. Here, ensconced in a cleft which commanded the hollow beneath, sat Harley Greenoak coolly refilling the magazine of a Winchester repeating rifle, while an old elephant gun of enormous calibre lay on the ground beside him.

"You're well out of that," he said, hardly looking up. "Lucky I got back to camp when I did. John Voss came in at the same time with the notion he had picked up that Pahhandle's crowd were particularly on the look-out for express riders. I formed my plan there and then; borrowed Mainwaring's Winchester—dashed bad shooting-gun it is too—and, with John Voss's old elephant *roer* to give the idea of artillery, why—brought the whole thing off. Even then the mist counted for something."

In John Voss both now recognised one of the smartest native detectives attached to the F.A.M. Police.

"Come along," went on Greenoak, rising. "We must get on with those despatches. No time to lose."

"But—they are lost," said Sandgate wearily.

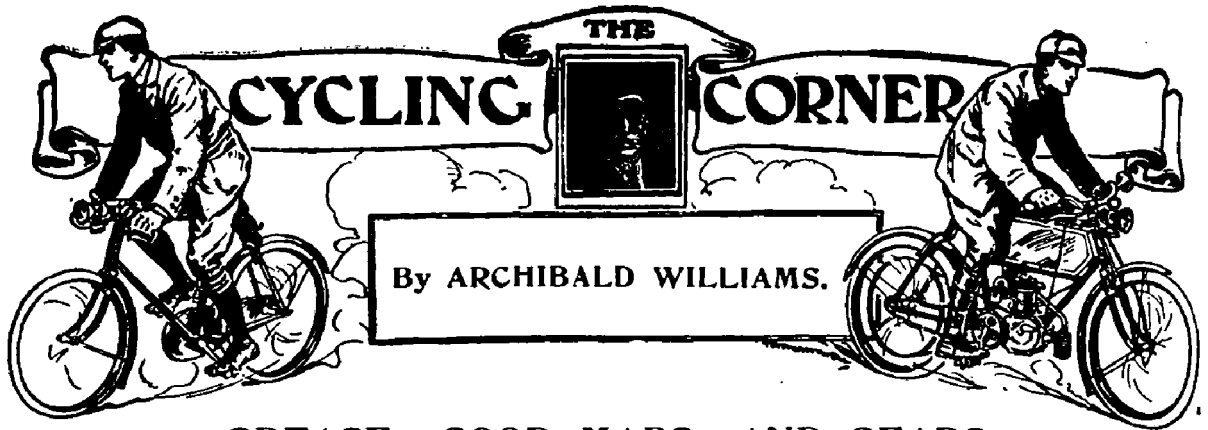
"No they ain't. John's got 'em."

The black man grinned as he handed the paper over to the corporal.

"But our horses?" said Dick Selmes, dismayed.

"Well, I got back one of them," answered Greenoak equably. "One of you can ride John's—he's quite able to make his way back to the Kangala alone. So there are mounts for the three of us, and the sooner we get on to the Isiwa fort the better."

And, with Harley Greenoak in the van, we may be sure that those despatches did reach Fort Isiwa, and not very much behind time at that.



GREASE; GOOD MAPS; AND GEARS.

SEVERAL months ago—on last Whit-Tuesday—a considerable number of people visited the Cadogan Garage, Sydney Street, Chelsea, to witness the trials of an array of anti-sideslip contrivances on an area of concrete liberally besmeared with Thames mud and soft soap. The C.T.C. officials who inaugurated the trials, were animated by the very laudable desire to discover some really practical device for exorcising the bogey which haunts cyclists on greasy roads. Over thirty competitors entered for the contest. Each had

to mount his machine on the unprepared surface, ride on to the "battered" area, make a semi-circular turn to the left and return to *terra firma*. He then had to repeat the trip, turning this time to the right; and afterwards went through both manœuvres again at a speed of about ten miles an hour. Many fearful and wonderful contrivances put in an appearance, and to the onlookers at least the performances and mishaps of the bold riders gave plenty of amusement.

These preliminary tests completed, eight devices were selected, and their representatives rode them 100 miles a day for four days over ordinary roads, to determine their "staying power." Five stood the racket.

THE CONCLUSION ARRIVED AT

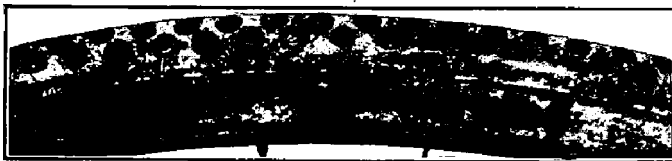
by the C.T.C. officials is worth quoting:

"In summarising the results that have attended the competition we think that it is but right to say that in so far as the discovery of a perfect and easy-applied remedy for sideslip is concerned the competition has not realised our hopes. It has, however, demonstrated the fact that the pneumatic tyre, as commonly employed, might be made less liable to sideslip if suitable, though more pronounced, corrugations or ridges were moulded on the tread somewhat after the manner of the device to which we have awarded first prize. Such a modification of the existing practice would admittedly detract somewhat from the speed of the tyre, but it would not sensibly diminish the comfort of the rider; and to the thousands who put safety before speed it would not fail to recommend itself."

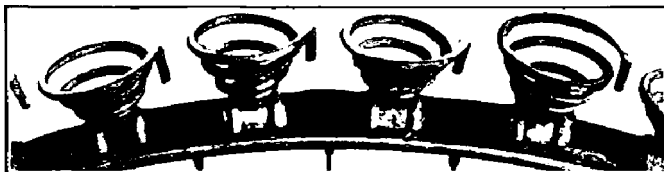
We must, therefore, wait till the manufacturers take the hint. Meanwhile ordinary care will stave off disaster during



NO. 17. FIRST PRIZE, £100.



NO. 23. SECOND PRIZE, £50.



NO. 11. FOURTH PRIZE, £25.

The anti-sideslip devices which won first, second, and fourth prizes in the trials inaugurated by the Council of the Cyclists' Touring Club last spring.

The top photograph shows a serpentine rubber ridge; the middle photograph, a leather band with steel studs; the lowest, spiral springs.

Reproduced by permission of the C.T.C. Gazette.

999 out of 1000 rides. To be more explicit, we must stick to the

GOOD OLD RULES.

- (1) Take corners slowly.
- (2) Keep to the centre of the road as much as possible.
- (3) Keep tyres well inflated.
- (4) Cross tramlines at a considerable angle, and don't change direction till the back wheel is clear of the lines.
- (5) Apply brakes gently.

That management will hold a cycle up under the worst conditions I proved last summer while riding a motor cycle forty miles over dreadfully greasy roads between Wincanton and Taunton. They were so bad that in several places where I had to dismount to pass a vehicle I found it difficult to get on again, owing to the lack of a proper foothold for the push-off. Though I should not like to lay down the law unduly, I will go so far as to say that the side-slip bogey is perhaps made too much of. My whole experience of cycling includes only three spills from this cause, and two of them might have been avoided had I not ridden unawares on to "grease." Perhaps some readers will exclaim, "Oh! you come down *our* way and then—" Well, I think I have sampled nearly all sorts—in the southern parts of England at any rate.

A USEFUL ROAD BOOK.

In a previous chapter I referred to the advantages of using maps on which are marked contours and figures denoting heights above sea level. By collating these figures and measuring off distances you could draw a very fairly accurate profile of the road between any two points. But it is hardly worth while taking the trouble, as the business has already been done thoroughly in a series of Road Books published by Messrs.

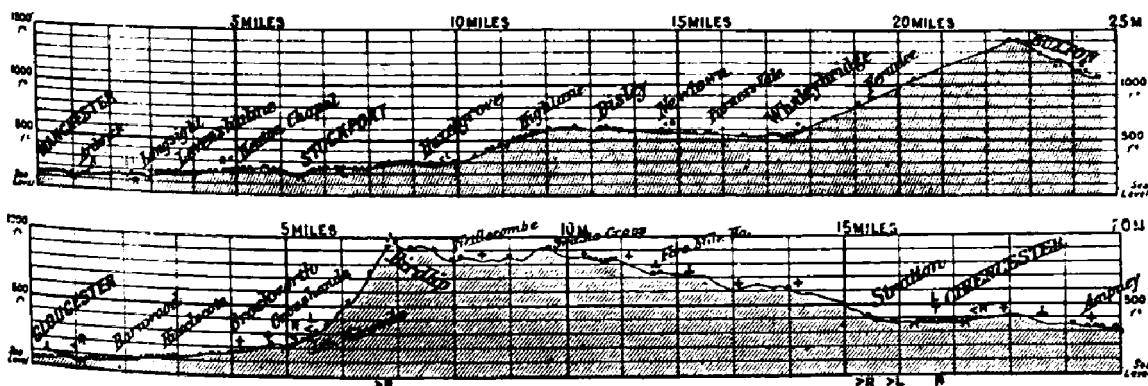
Gall and Inglis of Edinburgh. They have kindly supplied me with two blocks as samples of the contours given. I selected as typical a stretch of the main road between Manchester and Buxton; and another of that between Cirencester and Gloucester, the latter including the notorious Birdlip Hill, which has, in places, a gradient of 1 in 7. From the summit one gets, I remember, a glorious view.

The profiles are on the scale of 4-5 miles to the inch horizontally, and 1600-2000 feet to the inch vertically. English roads occupy three volumes, being divided into Northern; South-Eastern; and Western sections: Scotch and Irish roads one volume each. There are about 500 contours to the volume. The price is 2s. per volume in cloth; 3s. 6d. in leather. In addition Messrs. Gall and Inglis publish at one shilling an abridged edition of the three English sections. I can highly recommend these books.

THE NEW STURMEY-ARCHER GEAR.

Invention never stands still. The makers of the above-named gear have lately greatly improved its details. The wire operating the gear is now arranged to enter the hub on the right side. Formerly, it was on the step side, and caught the foot, while the hole of entry admitted dirt and dust. The gear ratios have also been changed from 80; 100; 125 to 76; 100; 131½; and there is an indicator, seen through a hole in the step, which makes the adjustment of the cable a very easy matter, instead of mere guesswork. The internal mechanism has been so altered that the teeth are always in mesh, so that the feet will not fly round through missing the gear when changing.

Correspondents should give names and addresses in all cases, so that queries may be answered, if necessary, through the post.



TWO EXAMPLES OF THE CONTOUR SECTION—ILLUSTRATIONS IN MESSRS. GALL AND INGLIS' ROAD BOOKS.

Banking as a Profession.

JEROME, in his immortal book—"Three Men in a Boat"—is voicing a popular but erroneous belief when he says of one of his characters—"George goes to sleep at a bank from ten till four each day, except Saturdays, when they wake him up and put him outside at two." Any young fellow who starts his career in the employ of one of the great joint stock banks, labouring under the delusion that this is a realistic picture of bank life, will find himself woefully mistaken.

Of course, there are small country and suburban branches where the staffs experience considerable difficulty in keeping their time occupied, but only a very small proportion of the twenty thousand bank clerks in the British Isles find their way into these "lazy men's paradises."

In London the banks are open to the public from nine till four, which means that the tellers, who have the shortest hours, have to be down before nine in the morning to get their cash up from the safes. The minute hand is flying round towards five in the afternoon before they are at liberty to wend their way homewards. The remainder of the staffs, with the exception of the high officials, commence work before the cashiers, and finish from one to two hours after them.

The writer has no hesitation in saying that the work of the bank clerk is greater, more difficult, and more responsible than that of the ordinary clerk in a cotton, corn, produce, or any similar business. It is one continual round of work all day long. Going out for a cup of tea or coffee is practically unknown. From half to three-quarters of an hour has to suffice the juniors for lunch, while on Saturday (the busiest day in the week) even the seniors consider themselves fortunate if they can snatch fifteen minutes for a "snack," and often have to content themselves with a couple of sandwiches eaten while posting a ledger. It is a striking commentary on the strain that not 10 per cent. live to retire.

At the half-yearly balances in June and December, the bank clerk has to "stay late" for a week or more, willy-nilly, and not infrequently "sees the New Year in" at the office. Dinner money is, of course, allowed, and sometimes the authorities will go so far as to provide free supper on the premises.

It requires a special Act of Parliament to

close a bank, and although the other offices in the district may have "a day off" to celebrate some local event, the bank clerk has to be at his post at the usual hour, and even if he should not work so hard he is still "on duty."

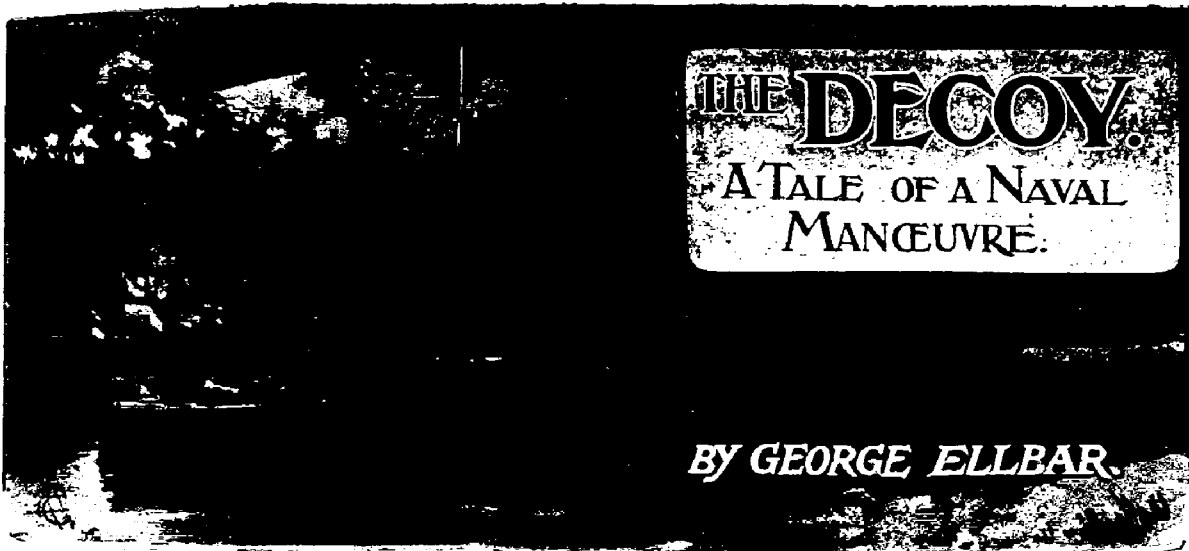
He receives some compensation, however, in the form of slightly longer holidays than fall to the lot of his friends, with the prospect of an increase to four or five weeks in proportion to his length of service. Each company has its own rules in regard to vacations. Some permit an employee to split up his time, others insist that he shall take all that is due to him at one and the same time, but whatever the arrangements, there is always a good deal of grumbling because a section have to take their holidays in early spring or late autumn. Two reasons may be cited to account for this. First, that the longer holidays allowed require a longer summer to be fitted into, and secondly, that the mid-year balance requires all the staff to be available during the last week in June and the first week in July. A sensible suggestion has recently been made by a paper interested in banking, that the balances should be altered from June and December to March and September in order to overcome this difficulty.

Parents are always anxious that their sons should be engaged on healthy premises, and among gentlemanly companions. In a bank the premises are commodious, well lighted, ventilated, and drained, and the staffs are, without exception, composed of well-educated, gentlemanly fellows.

Another popular idea is that bank clerks are more poorly paid than their brethren in other offices. Be that as it may, it is certain that as juniors they are far better off than elsewhere. One young fellow that the writer has in mind has not yet reached his nineteenth birthday, and is in receipt of £60 a year; and it is equally certain that there is "room on top." For smart business men who understand the management and direction of others there are four figure salaries in plenty.

Finally, on attaining the age of sixty or sixty-five the faithful servant is pensioned off on sometimes as much as two-thirds of the salary he received previous to retirement, and is enabled to spend the closing years of his life in comfort, although he may not have been able to save a penny against "a rainy day."

ALFRED HOWSON.



THE DECOY.
A TALE OF A NAVAL
MANŒUVRE.

BY GEORGE ELLBAR.

Illustrated by Geo. Hawley.

ONE dirty night way back in the nineties, before the days of the thirty-knot destroyer, when water-tube boilers had not yet worked the heart out of perspiring engine-rooms, and turbines were unknown, a little, one-funnelled torpedo-boat was plunging unhappily in the wake of four other torpedo craft down the Irish Channel. On her apology for a bridge stood a drenched and shivering Sub., one eye on the steering-light of the next boat ahead, and the other on the tell-tale flames, roaring feet high out of the ancient funnel. Presently he leant over the engine-room voice-pipe for the twentieth time.

"Yoxall, Yoxall," pleadingly; "can't you work her up to fifteen? We're droppin' behind again."

Back, up the tube, came a voice, husky and despairing: "Very sorry, Sir, but we can't. If we give 'er any more she'll bust."

"It's no good, Joc," said Sub-Lieutenant Bertie Wilfrid to the sympathetic Petty Officer at his elbow. "Where's the trumpet?"

"Ahoy! Number 86, ahoy! Tell—Captain—Rolf—we—can't—keep—up."

Silence for a time. Then, through the rain and spray, came a voice, high-pitched, intoning like a curate:

"Captain—says—he's—very—glad—and—he—don't—care—where—you—take—your—dashed—volcano—s'long—as—it's—away—from—his—nice—flo—tilla."

"Hear that, Jocelyn," called Wilfrid, his face flushing. "I've a good mind to take the beast at his word," he finished wearily.

Petty Officer Jocelyn grinned covertly, and cleared his throat:

"There's a nice leetle river not far away, too, Sir. Where we could 'ave a bit o' rest, Sir—ouch."

A green sea swept gaily across the narrow deck. Joceyln dropped nimbly down and crept forward to see that the lashings of the bow torpedo were all right. Up the voice-pipe came a mournful wail:

"Thrust bearin's gettin' overheated, Sir."

"That settles it," coughed Wilfrid. "Hang the manœuvres. I've had enough. All right, let her down to eight, Mr. Yoxall, please."

"And I hope he thinks we've foundered," he muttered viciously, glancing ahead, where the rest of the flotilla should be.

A quarter of an hour later No. 97 was working cautiously inshore, under the guidance of the Petty Officer. With easy confidence Jocelyn pointed out to the Sub-Lieutenant the leading lights of the river entrance. "That's the old Church," he said. "We keep 'er in a line with the buoy. That clump of lights to starboard is fishin'-boats. There's a nice leetle island up river, just astern of 'em, where we could lie snug for a week. Lord, I knows the place like a book, Sir. 'W'en I were cap'en's cox'n of the old *Deadlies*,* me an' the old man used to go shootin' there ev'ry other bloomin' day."

"The only thing about it," he went on, after a pause, "was the long pull from the ship. It's very shallow about here, Sir. I think we'd better go dead slow, now, Sir."

Wilfrid spoke down the tube, and the speed

* *Dacdalus*.

of the little, cranky boat gradually fell off. Jocelyn, at the wheel, eyed keenly a line of foam showing up ahead. The Sub. glanced at his pilot apprehensively.

"Looks like a bar," he said. "Have we enough water?"

"It'll be all right, Sir," reassured the Petty Officer, as they drifted down upon the tumbling, white water. For half a minute the waves surged angrily around the boat as she crept, foot by foot, over the bar:

"All right now, Sir," said Jocelyn at length. With a sigh of relief the Sub. started the engines. They steamed by the riding-lights of the fishing-fleet, swaying slightly with the swell of the storm outside. Then, on the port bow, something loomed up darkly, and Wilfrid heard the sound of wind soughing through trees. Jocelyn put the helm hard over, and the boat swung across. "Stop her!" he cried, suddenly. A second after they jammed right behind the island, brushing amidst the over-hanging trees, and bringing down a copious shower of rain drops pattering on the deck.

"Wot O!" said the Petty Officer. "'Ere we are. As snug as a mouse in a 'ole."

Ten minutes after, Sub-Lieutenant Wilfrid, sitting on a narrow locker, in a sort of iron cell, was feeding on cold leg of mutton and ship's biscuit, as only a man does whose last square meal took place the day before yesterday. As he lugged out a time-worn briar, the mahogany face of Petty Officer Jocelyn appeared, at the top of the perpendicular steel ladder.

"Goin' to turn in, Sir? I'll look after the show."

"Thank you, Jocelyn," said the Sub., "think I will."

A little later Wilfrid lay full length on the locker, wrapped in a heavy duffle sleeping-suit, and oblivion.

It seemed but a minute or two before he awoke, to find Jocelyn grinning down at him, and the grip of the Petty Officer's heavy hand still on his shoulder. The shafts of light pouring into the little cabin showed that it was broad daylight.

"Mornin', Sir," said the Petty Officer. "You're lookin' fit, Sir."

"Rather," said Wilfrid, stretching luxuriously. "What's it like?"

"Come on deck, Sir," said the Petty Officer mysteriously. "I've got something to show you."

Wilfrid found the torpedo-boat nestling right behind a little wooded island that lay in the middle of the river estuary. Her stern pointed towards a good-sized fishing-village, rising,

tier on tier, to the Church, their landmark of the previous night. Up stream, the river ran winding between tree-girt banks and rich, rolling grass lands. And all, the clear-running stream, the white, red-roofed cottages, the rain-washed trees shone and sparkled gaily in a sun-bathed July morning.

"Ha!" Wilfrid breathed a sigh of enjoyment. "This is something like. But what's Jocelyn after?"

The Petty Officer had stepped across to the island, and now stood under a stout tree, beckoning the Sub-Lieutenant to follow. Wilfrid found a rope dangling from a fork of the tree, and promptly swung himself up after his subordinate. The latter parted the leaves seawards, and Wilfrid, looking out, straightway forgot his pleasant impressions of a moment before, and bethought him again of naval manœuvres. For, out beyond the harbour bar, a mile and a half away, lay a black, one-funnelled gunboat.

"One, O, four, Blue Fleet," said Jocelyn laconically, answering the Sub.'s unspoken question.

The latter took up the telescope, slung handy on a near branch, and focussed it on the new comer. "Looks like the *Buster*, he said. "If so, I believe old 'Tenderfoot' is her boss man. Jove! I'd like to take him down a peg."

Lieutenant Horace Tenterden, re-named "Tenderfoot" on account of a peculiar sensitiveness to ridicule, had made things unreasonably warm for Wilfrid in a gun-room spree not so very long ago, and the Sub. had not forgotten.

"Any way, we're all right," put in the Petty Officer. "He can't see us 'ere, whoever 'e is."

"I don't know, Joc," said Wilfrid slowly, his eye to the glass. "I believe—yes, he's making his private signal."

The Sub-Lieutenant looked round, and a smile spread over his face as, without a word, he pointed upwards.

The Petty Officer followed the outstretched finger, and saw No. 97's mast-head tapering up, unmistakable, a yard or more above the trees. His jaw dropped suddenly.

"My word," he said, "what a bloomin' ostrich!"

"Can't be helped, Joc. We don't know their countersign, so the only thing's to sit tight. Hello!"

The gunboat was moving slowly. "She's taking soundings. They can't get in, can they, at high water?"



BEYOND THE HARBOUR BAR, A MILE AND A HALF AWAY, LAY A BLACK, ONE-FUNNELLED GUNBOAT.

"Not unless they wants their bottom stove in, Sir."

Presently the gunboat stopped. A gun boomed out across the river entrance, and a string of little flags ran up to her stumpy mast-head. Wilfrid repeated the message as it came:

"Will—you—surrender—or—shall—we—blow—you—'Great Scott!' interjected the Sub-Lieutenant,—out—of—the—water?"

What cheek! Why, even if we were not masked by the island, we are a quarter of a mile outside the action zone. I say, Jocelyn—" He gave the Petty Officer a few directions. The latter, grinning broadly, hurried down to the torpedo-boat.

In less than a minute the four letters "RATS" were fluttering jauntily from No. 97's mast-head.

"I shall get hung for this," thought the Sub., watching the motionless gunboat. "Send a man up here, Joc." A lookout came up, and Wilfrid regained the torpedo-boat's deck. "I think you had better prepare to receive boarders—not that I think he'll send off boats, though. You see, he don't know who we are, and he'll be too afraid of making himself ridiculous. Still, in case he should, we'll get ready to crack a few heads before we're done. Now I'll have a dip, and some breakfast."

During the whole forenoon the men of the hidden torpedo-boat watched the ugly, squat gunboat; but the latter made no sign.

'It's just like old Tenderfoot to fool away a day like this,' remarked Wilfrid. "I only hope he'll keep on till

dark, when we can make a dash for it."

At length a small boat put off from the *Buster's* side, and headed for the quay. "Three men and a snotty: going to reconnoitre," exclaimed Wilfrid. He and the Petty Officer looked at one another, each with the same thought in his mind.

"Carry on, Joc," said the Sub. "Take Peters, Larry, and Moxon, and don't kill anybody, if you can help it."

"All right, Sir," said Jocelyn, his keen eyes sparkling. "You leave it to me. Can I have the run of your kit, Sir?"

"Take anything you like, Joc."

Five minutes later a quaint little party pulled up stream behind the island, where they could not be seen from the gunboat. The coxswain, with a sou'wester pulled down over his broad features, wore a plain blue jersey, and had tucked his serge trousers into an old pair of sea boots. Of his crew, Larry sported a billycock, a size too small, and a check travelling ulster,

a foot too long. Peters, in a golf cap and tweed jacket, looked a cross between a prize fighter and a burglar; while Moxon's black beard looked blacker still beneath a bright straw hat, which completed his outfit of white duck.

The long afternoon wore away slowly, but the gunboat did not stir; and no indication came as to what was happening on shore. In the evening, however, a longshore boat was observed, making for the gunboat. Wilfrid identified her only passenger as the Midshipman in charge of the reconnoitring party. The youngster hurriedly scrambled on board. Wilfrid, with growing excitement, watched the

"Easy with the luggage," said the Petty Officer's well-known voice. Three helpless forms were hauled up to the torpedo-boat's deck. The last one had his mouth gagged with a handkerchief.

"'E would keep singin' 'imns," commented Jocelyn, "so we 'ad to tie 'im up."

"Buster's reconnoitring party?" interrogated Wilfrid.

"That's it, Sir. Put 'em under the turtle-back? Very good, Sir."

The three sprawling captives were haled below, and Jocelyn proceeded to make his report.



"EASY WITH THE LUGGAGE," SAID THE PETTY OFFICER'S WELL-KNOWN VOICE. THREE HELPLESS FORMS WERE HAULED UP TO THE TORPEDO-BOAT'S DECK.

hasty manning of a ship's boat, which then darted off for the quay.

"Gad!" he exclaimed, "I'll bet Jocelyn is at the bottom of this."

The sun went down amid gathering clouds, that promised a dark night. As darkness fell Wilfrid began to wonder what had become of Jocelyn and his party. Presently, however, his impatient ears caught the splash of oars. In a few minutes a boat could be made out darkly, coming slowly down river. As it drew nearer Wilfrid noticed that it was weighted down to within an inch of the water's edge. It drew alongside, and the burly form of Petty Officer Jocelyn rose carefully in the stern. The boat seemed to be full of men.

"'Avin' made my plans previous," began the Petty Officer. "I lands and sends a flyin' squadron consistin' of Larry an' Moxon, on a'ead to a little pub that I knows, up in the 'ills. Then me an' Peters goes on different courses to git touch of the enemy."

"I falls in with 'em first. Discreetly scoutin'. I observes that the snotty is very young, an' moreover that one of the matloes is an A.B. who I'd bin shipmates with in the *Conqueror*, five years ago. So I lays my plans accordin', and falls in with 'em permiscus like in the 'Igh Street."

"'Ullo, Stevens,' I says, 'Who'd a thought of seein' you 'ere?' He knows me at once and we fraternises, 'eavily."

"'But,' 'e says, 'I didn't know as 'ow you'd took your discharge."

"'Ycs,' I says, 'an' doin' well. Been a native 'ere for years. 'But wot are you a doin' in these 'ere parts?'"

"'Oh,' 'e says, an' looks at the snotty."

"Well, the youngster looks me up an' down very scrutinisin', an' then pipes up very commandin':"

"'My man,' 'e says, 'I understand you live 'ere. Do you know anything of a torpedo-boat lyin' up hereabouts?' And he pointed where 'e thought the island was."

"Well, Sir, I says, 'there is a boat a lyin' there, but I don't know who or what she is, 'avin' lost touch of things, through bein' out of the service so long. But, I says, 'I can take you where you can get a good look at 'er yourself."

"That's just what I want," he says, lookin' pleased. "Lead on. I'll see you don't lose by it." And 'e puts 'is 'and in 'is pocket, very swagger.

"So I takes 'em up and along, miles round, a lyin' all the way like a Maltese Josey; and we arrives at length at the 'Alf Moon, very 'ot an' dry. Well, of course, I proposes a drink, an', although the snotty looks down 'is nose, we goes in, where, of course, we meets Larry an' Moxon. Well, we 'as one, then another, an', to cut it short, in about an 'our's time, in spite of the little snotty's distressin' efforts, we was all as 'appy as a dog with a tin tail—'cept Moxon, who, accordin' to orders received, was doin' the stand off a bit."

"Well, when they was well on, Moxon takes the pore little snotty, who was 'alf weepin', aside an' offers to keep an eye on 'em while 'e goes for reinforces. The pore little snotty jumps at the idea, and sets off at the double to fetch 'elp."

"Yes," laughed Wilfrid. "I saw him cross the harbour. Go on."

"Well, in the meantime we all goes off, arm in arm, with a quartern of whisky, down in the wood, very jolly—Peters, of course, 'avin' pitched up long afore—an' in due course we arrives 'ere."

"And jolly good business, too, Jocelyn; but what is the gunboat's plan? Did you find out?"

"Of course, Sir. It's like this. At midnight they are comin' down in force to cut us out. That's all."

"Cut us out, eh? So that's their game." Wilfrid leant against the three pounder to think.

As he stood, turning ideas over in his mind, a bright beam of light swept to and fro, over the island and across the bay. Finally it swung full on the torpedo-boat's mast-head and rested there. Wilfrid stared at it for a few moments. Then he jumped up, his eyes shining.

"I think I've got it, Joc. Look here." He entered into a rapid explanation. At the end the Petty Officer nodded vehemently.

"Lord, Sir, we'll do it. I'll see about the dummy at once." And he hurried off.

The crew of No. 97 now became very busy. First a long spar was hauled out, and shaped and fitted until it was an exact replica of the

torpedo-boat's mast-head. Then the moorings were so arranged that they could be cast off at a moment's notice. Next, while two men stood by the dummy mast-head on the island, the crew, armed with oars and boat-hooks and spare spars, stood by to pole the torpedo-boat off when signalled.

When all was ready, the dinghy, with two men on board, paddled off gently to the far side of the island, away from the clustered fishing-boats. Final preparations were made, and Jocelyn turned to his commander:

"All ready, Sir."

"Carry on," ordered Wilfrid. A lantern showed for a second on deck. Instant, away out in the harbour, a Very's coloured light lit up the dinghy and its crew.

The bait took. The *Buster's* search-light darted away from the torpedo-boat's mast-head towards the dinghy. No sooner had it gone than the real topmast came down with a run; while the dummy was lashed into position among the trees. At the same time the crew, frantically poling, sent the torpedo-boat out into the stream.

"Now's the critical time," whispered Wilfrid, as they drifted aimlessly down towards the fishing-boats. Steam had been got up before leaving the island, but the engines were not used for fear of discovery.

The search-light, quickly tired of the dinghy swept dangerously about the harbour for some seconds. Once it passed right over the torpedo-boat, and Wilfrid's heart stood in his mouth. Then it stopped again, on the dummy mast-head, with the four coloured flags impudently fluttering in the breeze. The Sub. gave a sigh of relief.

"I thought it was all up that time," he said. "Here comes the dinghy."

The small boat, which on the way had picked up the two men on the island, sheered alongside, and took in a line, waiting ready. Then it darted off again, ahead of the torpedo-boat.

"I hope they'll find the buoy all right," said Wilfrid.

"Sure to, Sir. Ah, there you are."

A pull came on the line, which tightened and ran out, carrying a mooring cable with it. In a few minutes No. 97 was straining at a buoy, just to seawards of the fishing-craft.

"Lucky the tide's runnin' out," said Wilfrid. "Now for our boarding party." He looked at his watch. It was half-past eleven.

The cutter was manned, leaving Jocelyn with barely half a dozen men to look after the torpedo-boat. The Sub. gave a few parting instructions to his lieutenant:

"When the search-light switches off, make for the gunboat. We shall go slowly, straight out to sea. Keep your eyes skinned, for we shan't show any lights. All clear?"

"Ay, ay, Sir."

The cutter pushed off and stole cautiously seawards, until nearly abreast of the *Buster*. Then the men ceased rowing.

The minutes seemed like hours as Wilfrid sat waiting, his eyes strained on the unsuspecting gunboat. At last, to his joy, he thought he detected signs of movement on board. Then he fancied he saw a shadowy form steal out from the gunboat's quarter. Directly afterwards the faint clunk, clunk, of oars rattling in rowlocks removed all doubts.

Wilfrid waited a good five minutes. Then he gave the order to dip, and they edged in, as noiselessly as possible, until the gunboat

lay nearly end on. Wilfrid listened for a moment. All was quiet. "Now," he whispered hoarsely.

The oars dipped with unchecked energy, and the cutter made boldly for the silent gunboat.

As they passed under her bows Wilfrid heard a voice call out in surprised tones:

"Why, Bill, 'ere's the cutter back again. What's up?"

The Sub. took no notice, but calmly steered his boat into the darkness of the *Buster's* quarter. They fell alongside. Ah, there was the ladder! With way still on, Wilfrid sprang for it.

As he gained the deck a man came towards him. Wilfrid neatly knocked his legs from under him, and stifled his sudden cry by sitting on his head. A moment later two of the cutter's crew had gagged him, and proceeded to bind him securely, hand and foot.

As Wilfrid had expected, not half a dozen men were on deck. The darkness and complete surprise of the attack made these an easy prey. With hardly a sound, every man was captured. It turned out that the officer of the watch, a Gunner, the man who might have given most trouble, was the man who had first approached Wilfrid on his reaching the gunboat's deck. "My luck's fairly in to-night," thought the Sub., as he gave a few hastily whispered orders to his men.

The search-light snapped out suddenly, and Wilfrid exultantly made his way aft to the Captain's cabin.

He pushed the door open. Lieutenant-Commander Tenterden was sitting writing, under a swinging lamp. He turned round at the Sub.'s entrance, and his eyes goggled large with amazement at the sight of his unexpected visitor.

"Captain Tenterden," said Wilfrid quietly, closing the door behind him, "I must trouble you for your sword. The *Buster* is a prize of the Admiral Commanding the Red Fleet."

For a moment Tenterden was absolutely speechless. Then he found his voice:

"What the—who the—?" he screamed in rapid crescendo. "I'll have you— Jones! Alton!"



WILFRID NEATLY KNOCKED HIS LEGS FROM UNDER HIM, AND STIFLED HIS SUDDEN CRY BY SITTING ON HIS HEAD.

"It's no good shouting," said Wilfrid coolly. "Your men are helpless. Listen."

He raised his finger. The thud of the gunboat's screw was plainly audible.

"Why, she's under way!" shouted Tenterden. He jumped to his feet, and made for the door. "I'll have you hung for this," he cried fiercely as he rushed out.

On deck, the bare-headed, wild-eyed Commander of the *Buster* cast a frenzied glance around. His gunboat was steaming slowly out to sea. Astern, a cable's length away, was a low, black craft, following stealthily in their wake.

"That is my ship," said Wilfrid; "torpedo-boat number 97 of Red Fleet. And these are my men,"—he indicated with a sweep of his hand the four or five seamen who had gathered round. "You will observe others on the bridge, and forward. Nine of them, all told."

Lieutenant-Commander Tenterden glared round helplessly. Twice he made as if to speak, and checked himself. Then, with an oath, he hurried back to his cabin. Wilfrid promptly followed him.

"Captain Tenterden, I must again trouble you for your sword."

The *Buster's* commander caught up the scabbard and flung it with a crash on the table. Then, unable to contain himself longer, he poured out, unrestrainedly, the vials of his wrath.

He would have him court-martialled. He would have him cashiered. He would hound him out of the Navy. Insubordination! Contempt to superior officer! He would ruin him for ever and ever—the whelp! the insolent puppy! And so on and so forth—a wordy torrent of furious, red-hot rage.

Wilfrid waited until the gunboat's Commander stopped, exhausted. Then he began calmly:

"Court-martialled? Very well. But of course," he went on reflectively, fingering the sword straps, "the whole story of the night would have to come out. It would cause considerable amusement." Wilfrid smiled sweetly.

Lieutenant-Commander Tenterden started, and looked at Wilfrid sharply. The latter took no notice, but resumed in gentle tones:

"It will look well in the report. Lieutenant-Commander Tenterden, having sent off all his men to cut out a torpedo-boat that wasn't there, was captured, with his gunboat, in the easiest possible manner, by a single boat's crew

from the poor little torpedo-boat. Meanwhile, the cutting-out party, unable to find their ship, telegraphed to the Admiral Commanding Blue Fleet. It will make Commander Tenterden look very foolish, don't you think? In fact, he will be the laughing-stock of the Navy. Eh?"

Tenterden, his face very white, did not look up. Wilfrid eyed his victim keenly.

"Of course," he said suddenly, "there is a way out of it."

Tenterden looked up sharply.

"The *Buster*," went on Wilfrid quietly, "could admit being torpedoed in the dark by an unseen torpedo-boat—on certain conditions."

There was silence for a few seconds. Then said Tenterden, huskily: "What conditions?"

"That your Midshipman hears no more of to-night's proceedings—and that you apologise for the very abusive language that you have just been using to me."

Tenterden jumped to his feet. "Never!"

"Very well," calmly said Wilfrid, moving towards the door. "That is an end of it."

The door was open. "Stop!" cried Tenterden thickly. Wilfrid came back.

"Then you will admit the claim?"

"Yes."

"And accept the conditions?"

"Yes."

"Go on——"

"I—I apologise," muttered the gunboat's Commander.

"Good. We will now torpedo you—just for the sake of appearances. And then,"—Wilfrid made a sweeping bow,— "we will relieve you of our company."

The Sub went briskly up on deck. "Stop her!" he cried. The telegraph rang, and a light was showed to the torpedo-boat astern. The gunboat slowed down.

Wilfrid waited. Suddenly there came a jarring blow, and the gunboat shivered through-out her length.

"Good again," said Wilfrid. "Come along, lads."

The cutter was manned. In a few minutes they had found the torpedo. The head was crushed in—a fair hit.

As they took it in tow Wilfrid gave an irresistible chuckle.

"Naval manœuvres are great," he said to himself. "Oh, very great."

They pulled round for the waiting torpedo-boat.

"The Captain"



"HUNGRY."

Photo. by G. H. Webber, Forest Gate.

Camera Corner.



"CARRIAGE FORWARD."

Photo. by Winifred Hughes, Ireland.

PLATINUM PRINTING

(continued).

ASSUMING that we now have all the necessary outfit ready, we can get to work with our printing. First of all, dry the calcium tube thoroughly near a fire, line the inside with a coil of stout paper, and put the calcium chloride cake into its proper compartment. The lid is cut off the tin holding the platinum paper, the rough edges of the tin are carefully smoothed down with a knife, and the paper is transferred to the tube.

DON'T LET THE PAPER REMAIN IN ITS TIN, which cannot be kept on tight when once opened; at least, not conveniently.

We now have to mix the chemicals. Into 14 oz. of hot water we put 2 oz. of neutral oxalate of potassium and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. phosphate of potassium, and shake the mixture till the crystals are dissolved. While it cools add $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. pure hydrochloric acid (the yellow "commercial" acid is wont to stain the paper) to 30 oz. of water, and pour 10 oz. into each of three dishes, which will be known as Clearing Baths No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3. Bath No. 1 is stood nearest to the developing dish.

BACKINGS FOR THE PAPER

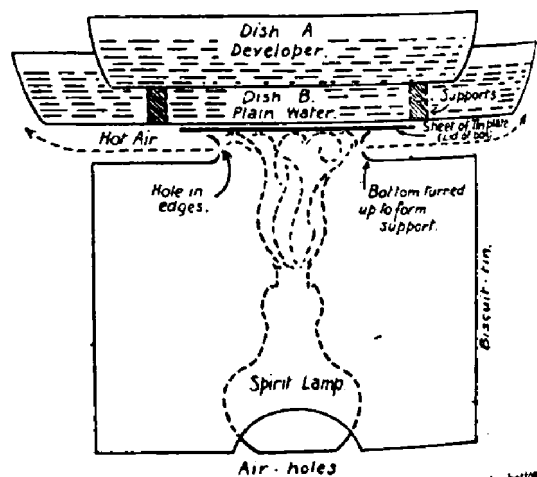
while in the printing frame are cheaply made out of "oiled boards" such as are used for letter-copying books. Two half-plate and two quarter-plate backings can be cut from a single board measuring $11\frac{1}{2}$ by 9 inches. As already mentioned, special rubber pads are procurable from the dealers.

THE FRAME, BACKING, AND NEGATIVE are now dried, and a piece of paper is put in

place. Being more sensitive than P.O.P., platinum paper must be more carefully screened from the light. Make sure that your fingers are quite dry before you touch it; and don't blow on the print to separate it from the negative during examination in the frame.

It is wise to select a strong negative of quarter-plate size for first experiments, as the one quality renders correct timing of the print more easy, and the other minimises waste through miscalculation.

While the print is being made mix half of the stock developing solution, as we will term it, with an equal quantity of water, and raise its temperature to 65° Fahrenheit. The sketch appended shows a simple method of keeping



To keep developer at proper temperature: Cut a hole in the bottom of a tin biscuit box, and turn the end edges up to form support for big dish, in which is placed the developing-dish. A spirit-lamp is placed inside the box, and the box lid is stood on supports to protect the outer dish from the flames. Cut air-holes in the lid edges of the box.

the solution at an approximately constant heat.

USE A THERMOMETER

to test the heat of the solution. If below 65° it gives "grainy" prints.

The timing of the first print from a negative is a matter of judgment: but Mr. Horsley Hinton, in his capital little book on the process (Hazell, Watson and Viney, 1s.), describes a simple, though scientific, method of ensuring repetition of correct exposure when the latter has once been made. Cut out a number of strips of thin tissue paper and paste them one on the top of the other lengthways, so that each leaves a portion of that immediately below uncovered. We thus get a series of steps of thickness,—one, two, three, four, five, six, &c., folds of paper. These steps are numbered in order, and the bunch is pasted on a glass plate, and the whole placed, when dry, in a printing-frame in contact with a strip of printing-out silver paper, and exposed along with the frame containing the platinum paper.

As soon as the image is fairly strong on its yellow background, both frames are taken in, and the actinometer screened from the light.

The print must be introduced to the developer

VERY CAREFULLY.

so as to prevent the formation of air bubbles between paper and liquid. Take an edge in each hand and bend the print, with the plain side concave and uppermost. Dip one edge in the solution, and quickly lower the other hand, straightening out the print, and drawing it along through the solution. The air should thus be all driven out by the curved face of the print as it enters the solution. Development is almost instantaneous; therefore, turn the print over at once, and, with a finger-tip, brush off any bubble that may have been imprisoned. If this is done promptly, bubble-marks may be avoided.

AN OVER-EXPOSED PRINT

put into a normally heated bath can hardly be saved; but correctly exposed prints cannot be over-developed; while under-exposure is largely remedied—if not too pronounced—by heating the bath to 100°.

We will assume that we have made a "good shot" and obtained a nice black-and-white print with delicate grey half-tones. It is transferred straight from the developer to Clearing Bath No. 1, for five minutes; then to No. 2, for an equal period; and finally to No.

3, for another five minutes. We then soak it for a quarter of an hour in two or three changes of water, and it is ready for mounting.

Now let us look at the actinometer. We find that the paper under step No. 5 is just slightly tinted, while No. 6 is still white. We therefore write 5 on the negative, or on its envelope; and whenever we want another print, we know exactly when to remove it if we expose a fresh strip of P.O.P. simultaneously.

It is extremely important to

CLEAR THE PRINT THOROUGHLY.

The final acid bath should be perfectly colourless. If there is the slightest tinge of yellow the process demands another acid bath. When No. 3 becomes discoloured by a succession of prints, throw the contents of No. 1 away; transfer those of No. 2 to No. 1, and those of No. 3, to No. 2, and mix fresh solution for No. 3. I must also warn you against the other extreme,

LEAVING THE PRINT IN THE ACID TOO LONG,

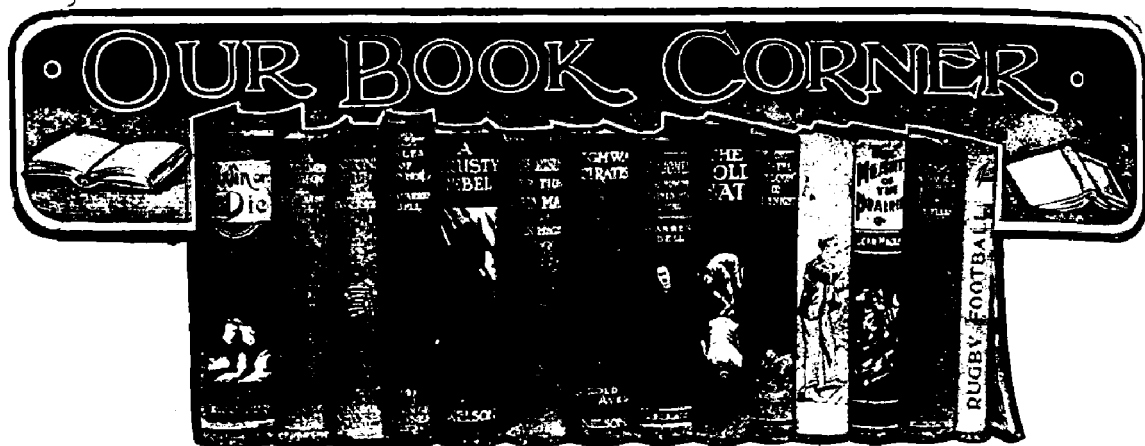
which is apt to rot the paper.

For the hot-bath (170°) process special papers are sold. If cold-bath paper is used in a very hot solution the darker parts of the print get a brown tint. The special paper, on the other hand, retains its black tones. As a general rule cold-bath papers are more suitable for the beginner. It should be borne in mind, however, that the colder the bath the stronger are the contrasts, and *vice versa*. So that prints from a thin flat negative should be developed cold; and those from a very vigorous, "contrasty" negative in a much hotter solution.

Lack of space forbids reference to the treatment of Sepia paper; and to "local" development of the print by the glycerine process. I must, therefore, refer you to Mr Hinton's book, or to "Platinum Printing," No. 9, in the "Practical Photographer" series, published by Hodder and Stoughton, 1s. The Platinotype Co., by-the-bye, issue *gratis* a useful little booklet on the handling of their papers.

In conclusion, I strongly advise those readers who have hitherto fought shy of platinum paper to try it. The speed of printing, development, and finishing, and the pleasing and permanent results obtained will more than make up for any initial failures.

All Correspondents should give their full names and addresses, as in some cases queries must be answered through the post.



Bluebell and the Sleepy King. By Aubrey Hopwood and Seymour Hicks. (C. A. Pearson and Co. 5s.) A new fairy story, even though it be an old friend in a new dress, is always welcome at Christmas time, provided that it is bright and good, and our thanks are

due to Mr. Aubrey Hopwood and his collaborateur for their dainty tale. The story is essentially up-to-date, and will probably be most appreciated by the child who knows something of London.

Bluebell is a young London flower-girl, who supports with her scanty earnings two little sisters. One Christmas Eve, when she is

almost in despair for the wherewithal to purchase food for the next day, she meets a benevolent old gentleman who gives her half-a-sovereign. She returns home rejoicing in her good fortune, and falls asleep after reading a fairy story to her little sisters. She has a wonderful dream, in which the story she has been reading, and the events of the last few hours, are strangely intermingled.

Her pleasant adventures happily do not end with the dream, for the next day the benevolent old gentleman calls to see her, and eventually decides to adopt all three children, and takes them away to his beautiful house in Grosvenor Square, where they live, in the approved fashion, very happily ever after.

The story abounds in capital quips and jokes, and we feel sure that this story of a modern Cinderella will prove a most welcome and appropriate Christmas gift. Even without its

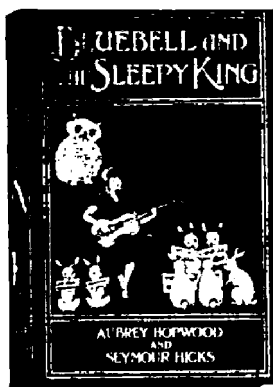
pictures "Bluebell and the Sleepy King" would be delightful, but the charm of the book is greatly increased by Miss Maud Trelawny's numerous and clever illustrations.

A Soldier of Japan. By Captain F. S. Brereton. (Blackie and Sons. 5s.) The Russo-Japanese War has for the present ousted all other wars from the field of adventurous fiction. The hero of this book is an Englishman, brave and daring, who fights on the side of the Japanese, and his adventures should please all English boys, and for the matter of that all Japanese boys as well.

Fighting is dear to the heart of youth, and the ghastly carnage of war, which makes older people wonder whether man is, after all, so far above the brute beast, only shows its more romantic side to the school-boy. After all, this is as it should be. The boy who has no instinct for fighting—or for that matter no instinct of the brute in him—is apt to be an uncomfortable prig.

Captain Brereton has ample material at his command, and he does not use it sparingly. If he could only write as well as the late Mr. Henty he would be a worthy successor to the man whose name is esteemed by old and young alike. Unfortunately the literary merits of this book fall very far short of so high a standard. Many of the scenes, admirably conceived, are spoilt by careless sentences or weak descriptive writing.

A Little Boy Lost. By W. H. Hudson. (Duckworth and Co. 3s. 6d.) Charles Kingsley.



in "The Water Babies," has given us a notable story of a small boy who wanders away from his prosaic surroundings through a world of

fairy fancies, and Mr. W. H. Hudson has based his delightful tale on the same idea, and, we venture to think, with equal success. Martin, "the little boy lost," wanders away from his home one day in pursuit of the mirage which ever evades him, but ever leads him on far over the plains towards the

distant mountains. With his passionate devotion to all living creatures he is never lonely, never without companionship, and day after day he finds the world of nature more wonderful, more fascinating. He meets with savages who steal his clothes, and with the lady of the hills who loves him as a mother, and would have him with her always. Many wondrous sights she shows him to bind him to her side, but his adventurous spirit will not suffer him to stay, and the distant sea calls him on, till at last he finds himself upon the very shore and is borne away across the leaping billows.

The story is a charming blending of natural phenomena and fairy fancies told in language that is at once eloquent and effective. In one point alone is Mr. Hudson's story inferior to "The Water Babies." In the latter, Tom leaves a cruel master who has persistently ill-treated him, but Martin, who has no such excuse, deserts a devoted father and mother without any regard for their obvious pain at his loss, and with apparently none of those feelings of filial affection which we should properly expect from such a warm-hearted child. The book is, however, most attractive, and Mr. A. D. McCormick's dainty illustrations give it an additional charm.

The Stowaway's Quest. By Henry Charles Moore. (Pitman and Sons. 3s. 6d.) Sam Grace is a stowaway owing to force of circumstances. After

landing at Cape Town he has various adventures (including that of falling in love) at Buluwayo and in Barotseland. One Charlie



Vere, a bankrupt Englishman and a sportsman, who is trying to earn enough to discharge his debts, and Hawkins, the mate of the ship he stowed away in, are Sam's companions, and they meet with many adventures. Lions, elephants, and hippopotami are slain in great profusion, and there is a fight with native robbers on an island. Of course, the object of their quest is found at last, and then by good hap—for Sam is too young to marry—the South African War breaks out. All the interesting characters volunteer, and in three years' time Captain Vere is able to propose the health of "Lieutenant Samuel Grace, V.C." Need we add they are happy ever after?

The book does not call for an extensive criticism. There is plenty of incident and nothing harmful in any of the two hundred and fifty pages. And yet the author, who "has travelled extensively, and writes at first hand from personal knowledge," never succeeds in gripping the attention of the reader. The style is unreal, the humour forced, the story machine-made, and that is all that can be said about it.

The Romance of Mining.

By Archibald Williams. (Pearson, 5s.) The author of this excellent volume is well known to readers of THE CAPTAIN, and if we remark that its compilation bears the mark of his customary thoroughness and conscientiousness, it will be understood that this is high praise. Mr. Williams commences with the earliest miners of the Stone Age and traces in their due order the many inventions which man has sought out through long ages in his delving after the hidden treasure of the earth. This is no dry-as-dust primer for the embryo mining engineer, but a fascinating record of all the "romance" which has attached to the miner and his work. It is a book most instructive, certainly: but also of singular fascination and interest. The subject is one which appeals vividly to the imagination, and the author is to be congratulated on the successful manner in which he has treated it.

Jacyntha. By Lizzie C. Reid. (Jarrold and Sons, 2s. 6d.) This story has certain merits which may commend it both to boys and girls. The plot is commonplace, and there are no



characters which excite either our hatred or admiration. But there is a certain quiet homely touch in the descriptions of a poverty-stricken household of the "re'l Oirish quality" that is distinctly worthy of commendation.



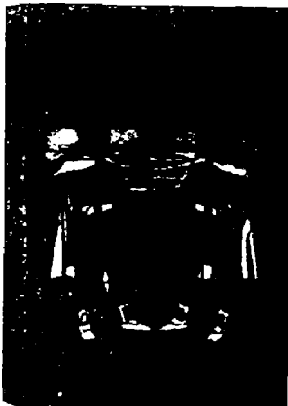
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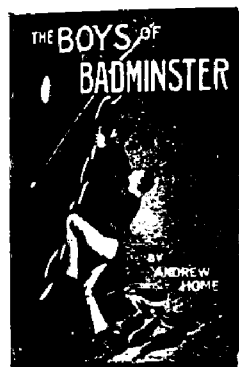
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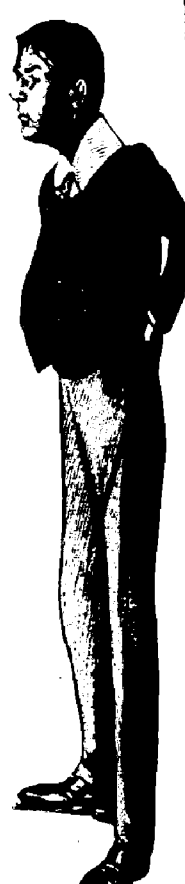


COX'S COUGH-DROPS.

By **R. S. WARREN BELL,**

Author of "J. O. Jones," "The Duffer," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. R. SKELTON.



SYNOPSIS.

THIS story turns on the remarkable resemblance between Cox, a boy at Charlton Court Preparatory School, only son of the millionaire vendor of "Cox's Cough-Drops," and Robert, Earl of Yarningale, heir to the Marquis of Lapworth, another boy at the same school. Cox is a bully, and dominates Yarningale by a mixture of brutality, cunning, and superior will-power. Being booked for two hours' detention on a certain Saturday afternoon, Cox prevails on

Yarningale to impersonate him at that ordeal, in order that he himself may go to a tennis-party at Charlton Grange, a country house that has been rented for a period by some London friends of his named Lomax. Cox is assuming that Mr. Skipjack, the senior assistant master, will be taking detention, but at the last moment Mr. Skipjack gets Mr. Hallam, one of his colleagues, to take detention for him, since he, as well as Cox, has been invited to the tennis-party at Charlton Grange. When Cox, all unconscious of this arrangement, arrives at Charlton Grange, he is filled with consternation on beholding Mr. Skipjack standing near the tennis-lawn. Without hesitation he decides on a bold line of action, and announces to Pattie Lomax, a girl of fourteen, that he is a boy called Yarningale who has come to explain his friend Cox's absence. When, a little later in the afternoon, Cox confesses to Pattie that he is Cox, Pattie promises faithfully to keep his secret. In order to avoid further encounters with Mr. Skipjack, Cox then returns to the school to find that Mr. Hallam has cut detention short and taken Yarningale (still masquerading as Cox) down to the Vicarage with him. Cox thereupon repairs to the village, smuggles himself into the Vicarage grounds, and, when a favourable opportunity occurs, changes places with Yarningale. Previously to this, Yarningale's identity has been discovered by Joan Henderson, the Vicar's younger daughter, who, like Pattie, vows not to say anything about the deception. Joan takes Yarningale to see her white rats, and explains that the "father rat" has been put in a cage by himself because he has displayed a tendency to devour the young ones. Joan is called away for a time, and it is at this juncture that Cox effects the exchange.

Being ripe for mischief, Cox, who has overheard Joan's remarks, puts the "father rat" back into the cage containing his offspring, and the "mother rat" into her husband's cage. When Joan discovers the "father rat" attacking one of his children, in her fury she denounces "Cox" as an impostor, and declares that he is really a boy called Lord Yarningale. Cox having proved to the satisfaction of everybody that he is Cox, Joan is rebuked by her father and sent indoors.

VII.

IT seemed to Mildred Henderson that some apology was due to Cox for her sister's conduct, and she made a remark to this effect to Mr. Hallam, when he rejoined her.

"Oh, don't trouble," said Hallam. "She was a little flurried, and it was quite natural that she should think that Cox had been playing tricks with her rats."

"Why was it quite natural?" demanded Mildred.

"He was the only person who could possibly have interfered with them," replied Hallam.

"But," said Mildred sharply, "it is surely an outrageous thing for a little girl like Joan to make a direct accusation of that sort? To begin with, it was so discourteous."

"Oh, I don't know," said Hallam; "girls don't waste much politeness on boys, and Cox is not a particularly sensitive fellow."

"But think!" cried Mildred. "Before everybody, Joan flatly accused Cox of putting the father rat in among the young ones. Now, if Cox did that, he deserves a good whipping, but he denied having done it—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Hallam; "to the best of my knowledge Cox did not

deny having done it, but merely indicated unbounded astonishment when the accusation was made."

"Well," said Mildred, "if that doesn't constitute a denial, what does?"

"Ah," said Hallam, "you don't know Cox."

"Do you mean to say," asked Mildred, "that you think Cox really did change the rats?"

"I should say he is quite capable of having changed them," replied Hallam.

Mildred looked bewildered.

"I am sure we owe Cox an apology. Besides, Joan said he *wasn't* Cox! It is too bad to be flatly accused of pretending to be somebody else. That boy *is* Cox, you say?"

"Yes, I would swear to him," laughed Hallam. "But," he added (being perfectly certain in his own mind that Cox had changed the rats), "I do not think you need trouble to apologise to him. Instead of that you might get permission from your father for your little sister to come into the garden again. It is hard luck having to stay in the house on an evening like this."

"My little sister has been very naughty," snapped Mildred, "and I intend to apologise to Cox for her conduct."

"Oh, very well," said Hallam coldly, "as you please."

"I do please," said Mildred, tossing her head.

Looking distinctly annoyed, Hallam turned away, while Mildred proceeded in Cox's direction and sat down by his side.

"Oh, Cox," she said, "I have come to tell you how vexed I am that Joan should have behaved in that rude way."

Cox was on the point of replying, "Oh, that's all right," when it suddenly occurred to him that it would be as well if he were not too easily appeased. He therefore endeavoured to assume as martyred a look as possible and said, "Well, it *was* rather hard on a fellow, Miss Henderson."

"It was very naughty of her," cried Mildred. "I was really most astonished to hear her accuse you like that of being somebody else. She is such a truthful little girl as a rule: I have never known her to tell a fib before."

"Well," said Cox drily, "she has broken her duck now."

Mildred looked at him sharply. It occurred to her that this boy seemed particularly cool for his years. The average Charlton Court School boy was shy and reserved, and,

as a rule, blushed even when he was asked to have some cake. This boy Cox looked as if he did not know what it was to blush at any time.

Miss Mildred had forgotten for the moment that Cox was the son of a gentleman who had made a fortune largely by reason of his enterprising and audacious methods of persuading the public that they wanted something that he had to sell. Again, there was an epoch in the elder Cox's life, before the tide of fortune began to flow in his direction, when he had faced five hundred angry shareholders with a calm and unruffled demeanour, and talked to them with such convincing subtlety that, by the time the meeting was over, the very men who had desired to tear him limb from limb were unanimous in giving him three cheers, and voting him a jolly good fellow.

Not quite knowing what to make of the lad, Mildred decided to turn the conversation. A short silence ensued while she tried to think of something to say, for she had always found it a matter of some difficulty to talk to Charlton Court boys, owing to the limited number of topics on which they appeared able to converse. Cricket and the holidays about seemed to use them up.

Wait, though! This boy had a wart. Now, she herself had recently been troubled with a wart, which had sadly marred the smooth beauty of her left hand, and to her joy this wart had yielded to the "charm" process employed by an old maiden lady, living in the village, called Miss Badger.

In addition to charming away warts, and predicting awful deaths for those of her neighbours whom she didn't like, Miss Badger dispensed ginger beer and lemonade in the summer.

"By the way," said Mildred to Cox, "you have a wart, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Cox shortly, for this manual blemish was the only thing that he was sensitive about—with the exception, of course, of the paternal cough-drop.

"Have you tried anything for it?"

"I have tried cutting it, and putting ink in the cut," said Cox. "A chap told me that would send it away in time."

"You mustn't do that," said Mildred, "because if it bleeds, another one will grow up near it. No, the best way to get rid of a wart is to have it *charmed* away."

"But that's all bunkum, isn't it?" said Cox.

"I can prove it isn't," said Mildred,

"because I have had one charmed away myself by an old woman in the village. She told me to squeeze some stuff out of a nettle on to the wart every night before I went to bed. She said that was all I would have to do, and that she would do the rest, and, sure enough, by the end of the week the wart had gone."

Cox gaped at her.

"How much did she charge?" he asked.



"I HAVE NEVER KNOWN JOAN TO TELL A FIB BEFORE," SAID MILDRED.

"WELL," SAID COX DRILY, "SHE HAS BROKEN HER DUCK NOW."

"A shilling," said Mildred. "Quite cheap, you see."

Now, by great good luck, Cox remembered, Mrs. Henderson senior, in the fulness of her heart, and as a thank-offering for the soothing effects wrought on her uvula by Cox senior's world-famous remedy, had given him a shilling. That was the solitary coin in his pocket.

"I say," he said to Mildred, "I should like to go to that old woman and have my wart charmed. Where does she live?"

"She lives in a little house near the top of

the village," said Mildred. "There are geraniums in the window, and by the door you will see a card on which is printed, 'Ginger beer sold here. Please walk in.' She has rheumatism, you see, and cannot get up quickly to open the door."

"I should like to go and see her now," said Cox, "if Hallam will give me leave."

"I will ask Mr. Hallam, if you like," suggested Mildred.

"Thanks awfully," said Cox.

Mildred therefore approached her admirer, who—such is the touchiness of young men when they are in love—was sulking in a garden seat near the tennis court.

"If you please, sir," she said, making a mock curtsy, "may Cox go and have his wart charmed? It won't take him very long. It is only a little way up the village."

"I think Cox had better stay where he is," replied Hallam curtly. "He has created enough fuss for one afternoon. He is bound to get into trouble if he goes off on an absurd errand of that kind."

"I think, sir," said Mildred, smiling in an exasperating way, "that you are in a horrid temper. I shall tell Cox he may go, so there!"

With a saucy nod to the enamoured young

man, she tripped back to Cox.

"Yes, Cox, you may go," she said, "but you are to be as quick as you can."

Cox jumped up with alacrity, thanked her, and went off on the instant.

Now, for the enlightenment of the gentle reader, it must be explained that the neighbour for whom Miss Badger predicted the most frightful fate was a certain Mrs. Cayman, who lived on the same side of the street in a house very similar in appearance to Miss Badger's own. Sitting all day long in her

gloomy little edifice, Miss Badger used to think out malicious things to say about Mrs. Cayman. She hated Mrs. Cayman for more reasons than one. In the first place, Mrs. Cayman, having a little money of her own, did not find it necessary to dabble in commerce, as did Miss Badger. No unsightly placard made a white and black blot on the rose-covered exterior of her neat dwelling-place; no children pattered in with dirty boots; no perspiring cyclist ever intruded upon her privacy and dropped into a chair, mopping his face with a grimy handkerchief. You will think that it was unreasonably vindictive of Miss Badger to hate Mrs. Cayman on this account, but the whisper was that the two old ladies had once been girl friends, and that Mrs. Cayman had stolen away Miss Badger's sweetheart and married him. That, of course, was in the very dim and distant past. Since then fifty years had passed over their heads. For twenty-five years now Mrs. Cayman had been a widow, and one would have thought that such a long passage of time would have healed the wound in Miss Badger's feelings. But apparently it had not, for Miss Badger's favourite topic of conversation was the meanness and general sordidness of Mrs. Cayman's character.

Curiously enough, each of the old women had to use a crutch, and both were bent and gnarled, like aged apple-trees.

Now, it happened that, earlier on this very Saturday afternoon, a village urchin named Tom Plowers, who was never so happy as when annoying other people in some way or other, whilst passing Miss Badger's domicile noticed the legend displayed by her cottage door, to wit:

GINGER BEER SOLD HERE.

PLEASE WALK IN;

and maliciously conceived the idea of having a little fun with it. Taking the card off Miss Badger's nail, he carried it up the street until he came to a house (no other than Mrs. Cayman's) which had a nail in a similarly convenient position. On this nail he hung Miss Badger's card, and hastened on with a wicked chuckle.

During the next hour several cyclists pulled up at Mrs. Cayman's door, and, as requested, "walked in," but from the speedy way in which they withdrew it was evident that the greeting they had met with was not a friendly one. It was also evident that

none of them referred to the card hanging outside, for it continued to hang there.

A fairly long interval of peace had elapsed, and Mrs. Cayman was hoping it would prove a permanent one, when a Charlton Court young gentleman opened her door. But the hostile nature of his reception caused him to retire as quickly as the cyclists had done. This young gentleman, had she only known it, was none other than the Earl of Yarningale, who, on his way back to the school, had thought it would be a good idea to quench his thirst with a cooling drink out of a stone bottle.

When another longish interval had elapsed, Cox, keeping a sharp look-out for a cottage of the kind described to him by Mildred Henderson, came at length to the residence of Mrs. Cayman, and, seeing the placard still dangling on its rusty nail, naturally concluded that this was the wart-charmer's abode.

At the best of times not blessed with gentle manners, Cox was this afternoon, thanks to all he had gone through, in a particularly boorish mood. Lifting the latch of the door, he gave the old oaken portal a kick with his stoutly soled tennis shoe, and strode into the cottage.

It so happened that Mrs. Cayman had made preparations to rid herself of further visitors in a speedy and effectual manner. She had a grandson called Jim—a tall and sturdy youth who came to her house every day to do such jobs as break her coal, chop her wood, and attend to her small patch of garden. Jim was sixteen, and a morose fellow. As it had occurred to Mrs. Cayman that her enemy Miss Badger was having some sort of a game with her, she hailed Jim out of the garden and told him he had better have his tea and sit with her a bit, as there seemed to be something going on that he could take part in.

Jim, collarless and coatless, was gulping down huge slabs of bread and lard when, sure enough, in came (as it seemed to the old lady) the very Charlton Court School boy who had come in before. Mrs. Cayman therefore decided to give him a reception he would remember. She did not dismiss him this time with a rasping croak to the effect that she did *not* sell ginger beer, but determined that she would get to the bottom of the matter. Meanwhile, Jim, the natural enemy of all school-boys, paused with a piece of bread and lard halfway to his cavernous mouth, and glowered at the trim figure in blazer, straw hat, and spotless flannels.

"Jim, mind the door," said Mrs. Cayman in a vindictive voice.

Leaving the tea-table with some reluctance, Jim interposed his bulky form between Cox and the door.

"Now, then," said Mrs. Cayman, glaring at the intruder, "I want an explanation from you before you go. This is the second time you've been. Who sent you here?"

"Yes," said Cox, glancing round at Jim, who, in turn, eyed him viciously.

"And told you I sold ginger beer?" demanded Mrs. Cayman, working her toothless gums about in an unpleasant manner.

"Yes; and also that you charmed warts away."

"Me? I charm warts? I am not a witch," snapped the old lady wrathfully.



MRS. CAYMAN ROSE FROM HER SEAT AND AIMED A BLOW AT COX WITH HER CRUTCH.

"Second time!" exclaimed Cox. "Don't talk rot. I've only just been told about you."

"Who told you about me?" inquired the widow.

To her mystification and amazement, Cox promptly replied, "Miss Henderson."

"What? The Vicar's daughter?"

"You needn't be a witch to charm warts away," returned Cox, glancing at Jim again. He was not in the least bit of a funk, but he fancied he was going to have trouble with Jim. While he talked to the old lady, therefore, he was sizing Jim up.

"Do you mean to say that Miss Henderson told you I charmed warts?" demanded Mrs. Cayman unbelievably.

"I have told you she did. Didn't you hear me?" said Cox. As a millionaire's son he strongly objected to being talked to in this way by an old village woman. "Come, now," he continued, "if you're going to charm my wart, just start about it. Here's

the shilling," and he slapped down the coin on the table.

The old lady saw her opportunity. "Catch, Jim," she called out, snatching up the shilling and throwing it to her grandson. "I'll teach these lads to play games with an old woman."

Jim put out a brawny pair of hands, but Cox wasn't going to stand anything of this sort. He turned swiftly, and, as the coin fell to the ground, he and Jim ducked simultaneously, with the result that their heads crashed together. As Cox was wearing his hat, Jim's head got the worst of the encounter.

"You look out where you're comin'," said Jim, giving Cox a violent push.

By way of reply, Cox dashed at the village boy and clutched him by the throat. Locked in each other's embrace, the two swayed backwards and forwards. Seeing that she was in imminent danger of being hurled out of her chair, Mrs. Cayman rose from her seat and aimed a blow at Cox with her crutch. Its point caught Cox in the spine, eliciting a sharp cry from the Charltonian. Jim grinned savagely. Infuriated beyond measure, Cox disengaged one hand and hit the derisive villager a hearty one on the nose. Cox was a well-built fellow, and a little bit over the average weight for his age. Jim hadn't received a knock like that for many a day, and it filled him with a curious sense of allgoneness. Releasing Cox, he put his sleeve up to his nose, which had begun to bleed. Cox surveyed the cowering youth with flashing eyes. He was of a mind to continue the punishment, but before he could hit Jim again Mrs. Cayman's crutch descended heavily on his shoulder. Cox turned to ward off possible further blows, and, as he did so, Jim treacherously attacked him from the rear. Regardless of the crutch, Cox wheeled round and grappled with the garden boy. Struggling fiercely, they surged into the street, where Cox tripped his enemy up, gave him a final punch in the face, and left him howling amid a sea of dust.

Conceiving it possible that Jim might call a number of his friends to his aid and renew the combat, Cox, having secured his hat, hastened as quickly as possible down the village street in the direction of the Vicarage. He had reached the Vicarage, and actually had his fingers on the front-door handle, when a sound of wheels caused him to look round. To his amazement and dis-

gust, he found himself gazing straight into the eyes of Pattie Lomax, who was driving a particular friend of hers from the Hall to the station in her governess car.

Cox raised his hat, but Pattie's only acknowledgment of his salute was an extremely frigid bow.

"By George!" said Cox, as he watched the trim little car bowl away down the street, "*she thinks I've come to see young Joan!* By George!—what rotten luck! She'll give me away now!"

VIII.

Mr. Skipjack, as we have said, was a middle-aged and rather disappointed man, and when the Lomax family came to reside in the neighbourhood he had pricked up his ears on hearing that it contained several daughters who would have good marriage portions. Having become acquainted with the family, he decided to pay his addresses to the eldest Miss Lomax, for one reason, because hers was the age which approximated most nearly to his own; for another, because she would in all probability have the best *dot*; and for a third (and the strongest of the three), because it did not appear likely, judging by their attitude, that he would have the very slightest chance of winning either of her sisters. It came to be a matter of course, therefore, that, when Mr. Skipjack called at Charlton Hall, after paying his addresses to mamma, and exchanging a few words with papa, he took up a more or less permanent position by the side of the eldest Miss Lomax. Things went on thus until at last Mr. Skipjack concluded that the time was ripe for a proposal. So, on the afternoon in early June which has already occupied our attention in no slight degree, Mr. Skipjack inveigled the dear girl into the kitchen garden—she going with the utmost willingness—and, having found a nice secluded bower, proceeded to set forth his circumstances, his prospects, and his aspirations. Needless to say, the last-named included the possession of her fair hand.

"Miss Lomax—Isabel, may I say?" he proceeded, with a notable lack of originality, which was perhaps natural under the circumstances, "I know that my avowal must come upon you with a suddenness that is a little disconcerting. You have doubtless only regarded me as a friend, but I desire to be something more—much more. Isabel, I know I am no longer a young man. I am"

not a boy, like my colleague Hallam," he added, in a rather disparaging tone, "and on that very account I am not likely to speak to a woman before my mind is fully made up. What I say is the result of no passing fancy. I have studied you very carefully, Isabel, because this step I am asking you to take is a most serious one. It is not for a day, it is not for a week, it is not for a year, but," continued Mr. Skipjack, bending forward and taking the hand which lay within willing reach of his own, "it is——"

At that moment, who should appear in this secluded garden walk but the lady's little sister Pattie and a boy sporting the Charlton Court School colours. Miss Lomax blushed and looked very conscious. Mr. Skipjack glared at the boy, who raised his hat. Pattie, as she went by, indicated by a half-suppressed titter that she of the quartette was the only one who was thoroughly entertained by the *rencontre*. The two young people passed on and disappeared from view, and the two less young people remained seated on the rustic bench. Mr. Skipjack had released his hold of Miss Lomax's hand on the appearance of the juniors, and when the latter had gone he did not attempt to regain possession of it, although it must be admitted that Miss Lomax had allowed her hand to remain exactly where he had left it.

For quite two minutes neither of them spoke. At length Miss Lomax gave a slight cough, but, alas! Mr. Skipjack could not take up the thread of his discourse again. Anything he might say now would be flavourless and empty—a mere string of words. He had been approaching his peroration with such masterful ease that it was a thousand pities it should have been broken in upon by a chit of a girl and a boy whom he imagined was at that moment shut up in a hot school-room doing French translation.

Again Miss Lomax gave a slight cough. Under ordinary circumstances it would have meant nothing, but now its significance was obvious. But Mr. Skipjack evinced no desire to proceed. He was amazed by the daring of Cox in thus cutting detention and breaking bounds. He had already observed Cox on the tennis lawn, and had mentally determined to make it very hot indeed for the boy when he got back to the school. He imagined that Cox would, at least, have had the sense to keep out of his way during the afternoon, but what must

the fellow do but intrude upon his privacy during one of the most sacred moments of his life! One, we say advisedly, for Mr. Skipjack, who was generally paying polite attentions to some single lady not entirely unencumbered with this world's goods, had already been rejected quite half a dozen times. Owing to this fact, any avowal of love which he now made possessed the advantage of having been well rehearsed. He was, if we may put it that way, word perfect in his part. He had said all these things before, and he recognised the possibility that he would say them all again, although he had come to regard Miss Lomax as a fairly certain quarry. Besides, she was the seventh lady he had approached with matrimonial intentions, and seven was a lucky number, he told himself.

"Fancy those two children wandering about here!" said Miss Lomax at length.

"That boy, too!" said Mr. Skipjack. "He has no right to be here at all."

"I believe mother asked him to come," said Isabel. "His people are friends of ours, you know."

"He was put down for detention this afternoon," returned Mr. Skipjack savagely.

"What a naughty boy!" cried Isabel.

"This will mean a very severe punishment," went on Mr. Skipjack. "This is most flagrant insubordination."

"Oh, please don't be too hard on him," said Miss Lomax—"to oblige me." She put her hand on his sleeve.

"The boy must be punished," returned Mr. Skipjack in a hard voice. "I would do a good deal to oblige *you*," he added, "but I cannot accede to *this* request. The boy must be punished, and severely."

Miss Lomax rose to her feet.

"I should have thought that, after what you were saying just now," said she, with more dignity than the senior master had suspected her of possessing, "you would be inclined to accede to such a trifling request as I have just named. I asked you to deal lightly with a boy who, after all, has only indulged in a boyish escapade. You have declined, and not at all politely, to oblige me. That is enough. Let us return to the lawn."

"I am sure, Miss Lomax—" began the master, who, now that it was too late, saw that he had made a mistake.

"I am not anxious to pursue the subject," she replied coldly, as she took her way down the shady path.

Mr. Skipjack could only follow lamely in her wake, grinding his teeth with impotent rage, and feeling a thousand times more infuriated with Cox than had previously been the case.

It may be imagined, therefore, that when Mr. Skipjack returned to the school in the cool of the evening his mood was not a pleasant one. During the remainder of the afternoon Miss Lomax had hardly deigned to notice him. The result of the attitude she had adopted may easily be surmised. From deeming her a lady who had fallen an easy victim to his charms, Mr. Skipjack was now inclined to the opinion that she was a woman who would take some winning after all. Now he came to think of it, although she was on the wrong side of thirty, Miss Lomax was tall and graceful, and not unintelligent. Mr. Skipjack felt uncomfortable. Suppose, after all this trouble, she flatly refused to have anything more to do with him!

While the boys had tea, the masters dined at the high table. Mr. Skipjack was far too much taken up with his own affairs to notice that his colleague Hallam looked far from cheerful. For some time both ate their dinner in silence: at length, however, Mr. Skipjack, having taken the edge off what was, in spite of the disappointing nature of his afternoon, an excellent appetite, turned to his junior.

"What are you going to do about Cox?" he asked Hallam.

"Do?" said Hallam, turning a questioning eye on Mr. Skipjack. "What do you mean?"

"Well, considering that you said you would take my detention for me, and considering that Cox cut detention, I presume you will take some step in the matter."

"But Cox did not cut detention," said Mr. Hallam. "He stayed in for quite an hour."

"And then?" inquired Mr. Skipjack.

"And then," continued Mr. Hallam, "I took it upon myself to let him off the remainder of his time."

The senior turned to his youthful colleague with an angry face.

"Look here, Hallam," he said, "this matter wants clearing up. Cox was on the Lomaxes' lawn when detention could not have been half an hour old. It was impossible for him to have put in an hour's detention."

"I think you must be wrong," replied Hallam coldly. "Cox stayed in an hour

with me, and then I took him down to the Vicarage."

"Are you trying to screen the boy?" inquired Mr. Skipjack, angrily. "I tell you I saw Cox at the Lomaxes'! He could not be down at the Vicarage at the same time. Even you," added the senior master, with a sneer, "will acknowledge that to be a physical impossibility."

"The boy you saw at the Lomaxes'," said Mr. Hallam, helping himself to green peas, "must have been Yarningale. You know he resembles Cox very strikingly."

"Bosh!" returned Mr. Skipjack. "Stuff and nonsense! Allow me to know the boys in this school! Cox is a bigger, coarser-looking boy than Yarningale—altogether a rougher type. The boy I saw had all Cox's swagger and assurance."

"Did you speak to him?" asked Hallam.

"No."

"Did the Lomaxes tell you that the boy was Cox?"

"I only referred to him once during the afternoon," said Mr. Skipjack, in hard accents, "and then the person to whom I mentioned him did not say that he was not Cox."

"That seems a little ambiguous," retorted Hallam. "You are not certain, then, that the boy on the tennis lawn *was* Cox?"

"I am as certain of it as I am that I am I," snapped the senior master.

Hallam laughed grimly.

"I will prove to you," he said, "that this overwhelming certainty of yours is liable to go wrong. Yesterday a boy was caddying for me. Do you know who he was?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Skipjack, "it was Cox."

Hallam laughed again.

"No, that boy was Yarningale. I meant to have told you before."

"Are you sure?" demanded the senior master.

"Yes," replied Hallam, "and I will tell you another thing. When you missed your drive from the first tee, Yarningale, much to my surprise, laughed. I saw you noticed it. Now, you will admit, Skipjack, that you are not the best-tempered man in the world, and that later on, when Cox failed in his translation, you were not in a mood to let him down very lightly!"

"I never allow myself to be prejudiced by circumstances of that kind," was Mr. Skipjack's astounding declaration.

"Well," continued Hallam, "as I thought

it was rather hard on Cox that he should be made the scapegoat for another boy's lack of good manners, I let him off half of his detention, and, as I have said, took him down to the Vicarage with me."

"Why did you take him?"

"I generally take a boy with me. They like it, and young Joan Henderson is rather partial to boys' society."



"COX," SAID MR. SKIPJACK, "WE WISH YOU TO TELL US HOW YOU SPENT THE AFTERNOON."

"And so you pander to the tastes of silly school-girls, do you?" snarled Skipjack, who was burning to have a quarrel with somebody.

"Whatever I do," said Hallam warmly, "I shall not come for advice to you as a critic of behaviour and manners. Nor would I punish a boy with extra severity in school because he had annoyed me out of school," added the young master bitterly.

For his heart was very sore. Mildred Henderson, after deliberately flouting his authority on the Vicarage lawn, had devoted herself during the remainder of the time he was there to flirting with a young gentleman articled to the local solicitor.

So taken up was Mr. Skipjack with this conversation that he failed to notice that the boys had finished tea, and were anxious to be moving. Any school-boy in any hall, having finished tea, looks round for some occupation other than eating and drinking, and it generally happens that if boys are not promptly dismissed when a meal is over there will soon arise a hubbub that grows in intensity with every passing moment.

Observing that the attention of the masters at the top table—for Skipjack and Hallam were the only ones present, the others having gone out to dine—was taken up with their own conversation, the boys in time proceeded to indulge in the usual horseplay, and Mr. Skipjack was brought up with a start by a sudden silence which came quite as a shock in view of the hideous din the boys had previously been making. He looked up to find the headmaster standing in the doorway near the dais.

The headmaster came up to where his assistant masters were sitting.

"As the boys appear to have finished tea,"

was his rather chilly remark to Mr. Skipjack. "I think they might go."

Mr. Skipjack jumped up and snapped out grace with a venom which gave the words he uttered anything but a flavour of thanksgiving. Then the boys streamed out to enjoy a brief spell of leisure before preparation began.

"Oh, Skipjack," proceeded the head-

master, "I have received a complaint from a woman in the village named Mrs. Cayman that some boy belonging to this school went into her cottage twice this afternoon and behaved in an annoying manner. Perhaps you will be good enough to make inquiries on the subject?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Skipjack, and the headmaster retired.

Mr. Skipjack was still on duty. He had got off for the afternoon, it is true, by requesting Mr. Hallam to take detention, and getting another colleague to look after the boys in the cricket-field, but he had to take preparation, and he strode into the big schoolroom looking very cross indeed.

Preparation over, the boys had milk and cake in the hall, and then Mr. Skipjack read prayers in a highly unprayerful tone.

When the boys streamed off to bed, Mr. Skipjack retired to the common-room for a smoke preparatory to taking his duty prowling round the dormitories. Hallam, with his legs dangling over the side of a basket-chair, was reading the cricket scores in an evening paper, for even in out-of-the-way Charlton the evening air was made hideous by the cries of two little boys and one little girl who hawked the local evening rag round the village.

"Now, Hallam," said Mr. Skipjack, as he filled the bowl of a huge pipe with tobacco, "I will just prove to you that Cox *was* at the Lomaxes' this afternoon."

"I don't see how you can prove an impossibility," said Hallam. "I have already told you that Cox was with me the whole afternoon."

"We will interrogate both Cox and Yarningale on the point," said Mr. Skipjack, pulling fiercely at his pipe. "Cox is a pretty hardy liar, I have no doubt, but I am sure that Yarningale is not. We shall at least be able to obtain the truth from *him*."

"Quite so," said Hallam. "Yarningale's account of his movements this afternoon will quite settle the matter. Neither of them will be expecting us, and so they won't be able to prepare any story, although, for my part, I really think that they have no story to prepare, and that you are labouring entirely under a curious misapprehension."

Cox had just got into bed when, to his consternation, he saw the two masters enter his dormitory.

"Now for it!" was his guilty thought. "There's going to be a row."

Arrived at his bed, they halted.

"Cox," said Mr. Skipjack, "we wish you to tell us how you spent the afternoon."

Cox replied without hesitation.

"I went into detention at three, sir, and soon after four o'clock Mr. Hallam told me to change, and I went down to the Vicarage with him."

"Is that all you did?" asked Mr. Skipjack sternly.

Cox hesitated. Had they found out about the rats, or had the old woman in the village been kicking up a row? It might be either, but he thought it the more likely that it was the old woman in the village. Well, that wasn't very serious, for, after all, he had gone there under the direction of Miss Henderson, and she had brought him permission from Mr. Hallam.

"I had a bit of a shindy in a cottage," he said briefly.

"Oh," said Mr. Skipjack. "Then you are the boy who called twice on a Mrs. Cayman and subjected her to much unnecessary annoyance?"

"No, sir, I called once," said Cox, "and she began the row," he added.

"Did you give him leave to go to a cottage in the village?" asked Skipjack, turning to Hallam.

The young master couldn't possibly explain that Cox's visit to Mrs. Cayman's cottage was the outcome of Mildred Henderson's saucy disregard of his authority. He knew that, if he said a word about it, Mr. Skipjack would make a malevolent joke of the matter that would last at least a month. So, though unwillingly, he inclined his head.

"Very good. We will go into that later," said Mr. Skipjack. "I simply wished to hear from you, Cox, how you spent the afternoon. Did you, by the way, see anything of Yarningale during the afternoon?"

"Yes, sir," said Cox promptly. "I asked him to go to Charlton Court and say why I couldn't be there."

Hallam cast a triumphant glance at his senior.

Mr. Skipjack nodded.

"Thank you. That is all I want to know," he said briefly, and turned away.

The two masters walked in silence to the door of the dormitory, and passed out on to the landing.

"Now," said Mr. Skipjack, "for Yarningale."

(To be continued.)



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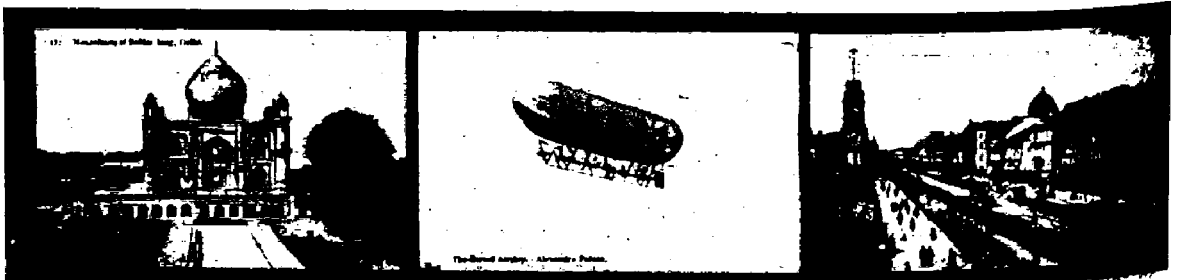
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THE NEW ZEALAND FOOTBALLERS.
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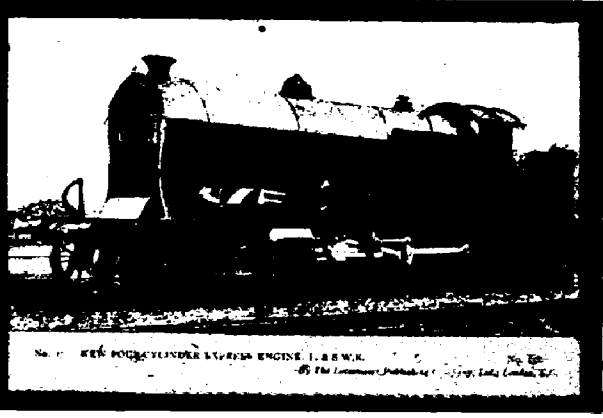
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THE NEVSKI PROSPECT,
ST. PETERSBURG



G.N.R. DINING-CAR EXPRESS, NEAR PETERBOROUGH.



NEW FOUR-CYLINDER EXPRESS, L.S.W.R.

By the Locomotive Publishing Co.

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As we go to press we have received from Messrs. Misch and Co. a number of Christmas Calendars, which are certainly distinguished for remarkable ingenuity in design. Many of them are so contrived as to contain movable—almost mechanical—figures, and the skill with which the calendar date-blocks are introduced is extremely clever. The designs embrace a large variety of subjects, and the calendars make suitable gifts for recipients of all ages. Of Christmas cards pure and simple we have received from the same publishers a very large number, most of them reproduced exquisitely

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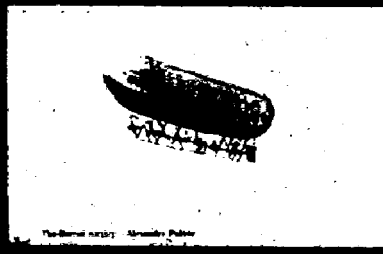
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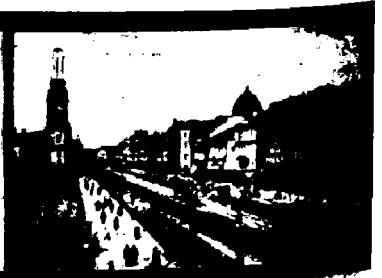


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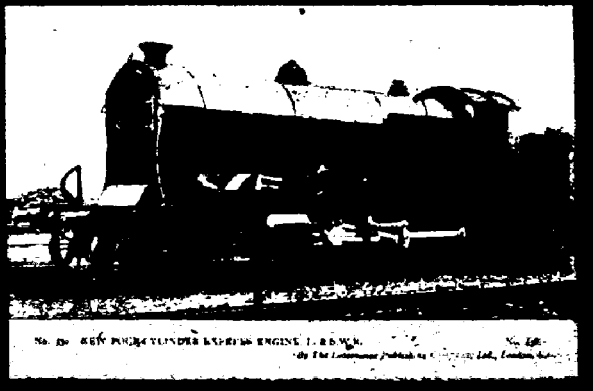
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Messrs. Houghtons, Ltd., send us some specimen Christmas cards which will admirably suit the amateur photographer. The designs are simple, effective, and in good taste. Most of the cards are two, three, or four fold, with a space for the amateur's print to be slipped in behind the cut-out opening on the second or fourth leaf. This method of sending greeting cards is one that is peculiarly attractive, on account of its personal note.



J. F. MILLET'S "THE GLEANERS."

GEO. MORLAND'S "INSIDE OF A STABLE."

By Messrs. Misch and Co.

Aloft in a Fire-Balloon.

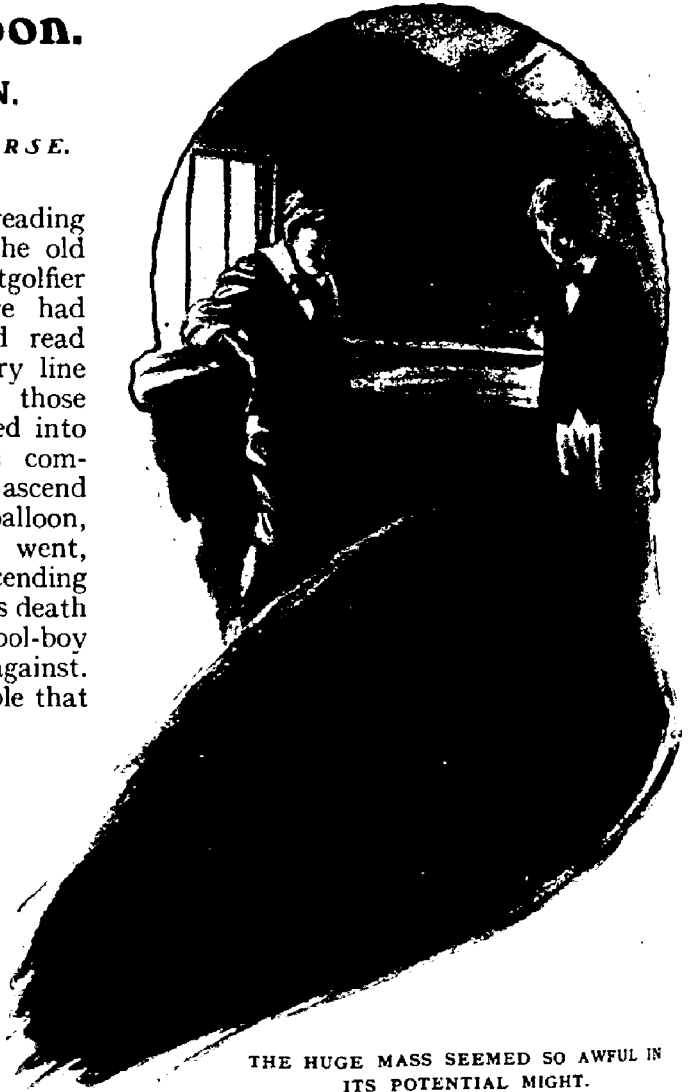
BY THE REV. J. M. BACON.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED PEARSE.

IT all came about through our reading that fascinating account in the old chronicles of the first or Montgolfier balloon. But to say that we had read is not enough. We had read and re-read till we knew every line by heart, and the spirit of those grand old ventures had entered into our souls. The Marquess and his companion were the first of mankind to ascend into the skies. Theirs was a big fire-balloon, and they stoked the fire as they went, coming home in the end unhurt, and ascending again and yet again, till the hero met his death by a misadventure which a mere school-boy would have known how to guard against. And the grand experiment was so simple that mere school-boys might do the same—at any rate, boys who enjoyed the run of a workshop, and had learned every trick of manual cunning which their father, an all-round mechanic, had leisure to impart. So at least the pair of us thought. Half in play and half in earnest we began to make calculations, and plan an outrageously ambitious experiment.

We were encouraged by a famous old book, long since out of print, written by an American aeronaut, John Wise, a self-made and self-taught balloonist, whose experiments and experiences, lucidly but quaintly told, suggested boundless possibilities. The simple tale of his successes, and still more of his failures, supplied a series of practical hints which began with the most fundamental. He had had to think out every step, and I can reproduce the words in which, after the fashion of the genuine working man, he states the main principle that guides every practical balloonist. "The great advantage," he says, "in enlarging balloons arises from the fact that their powers increase faster than their surfaces. When you double the diameter of one you require four times as much material to make it, but you get eight times as much capacity, and consequently eight times as much power."

Quaint wording certainly, yet it goes to the root of the matter. Forthwith we set to



THE HUGE MASS SEEMED SO AWFUL IN ITS POTENTIAL MIGHT.

work upon the construction of a Montgolfier balloon. Nothing was wanted save tissue paper, a pair of scissors, and some paste. Twelve gores we found a suitable number. We took a willow leaf as model of the general shape of each gore, and let the breadth of the middle or widest part be one-sixth of the whole length. Then, laying one gore upon another so as to allow the edge of the lower one to overlap a quarter of an inch all the way up, we pasted that quarter inch, bent it over, and pressed it. Two gores were thus united.

Continuing until all twelve were joined together, and folding them like a fan as we proceeded, we came at last to the delicate task of making the final joining. But with two pairs of hands we found, after some futile attempts, that this was not difficult. Lifting the top gore and bending the next ten inner gores back upon themselves, we drew the top gore over,

so as to make it lie on the bottom one, again allowing a quarter of an inch to over-lap. This being pasted and bent back as before, the trick was done. The tops, of course, had to be strengthened and covered with an extra circular patch, while the open mouth at the bottom was wired so as to hold the wad of cotton-wool containing the methylated spirit. By the time we had made half a dozen, and burnt two or three of them, we were expert at balloon making. From small efforts, we proceeded inevitably, as proper enthusiasts, to greater.

Having succeeded splendidly with a giant of seven feet, and failed signally with a mammoth of ten feet simply from lack of proper heating, we sat down to think out the next step.

"The fact is, Jack," said my brother, "we want another sort of fuel. In the old days, they used dry firewood or straw. We must do the same."

So we went to work with a biscuit box, punching holes in it to make it resemble a brazier, and for some days there were evil smells in the back yard. The worst of all, I remember, arose from dried fir-cones rendered extra inflammable by a patent process. There was no paraffin in those days, but there was good honest tar, of which we had good store for painting the fowl-house. After various experiments, we worked out a philosophical calculation of which we were mightily proud. It certainly possessed the merit of originality. Getting a small tin kettle with a measured quantity of water in it we noted the length of time it took to boil, when heated with methylated spirit. Again we noted how long that kettle took to boil when placed near the burning cones, and lastly, we found accurately the quantity of spirit burned in the first case, and the weight of cones in the second, and from these data we reckoned out what would have to be the scale of the balloon which would carry a heater which burned wood fuel.

First, the heater itself had to be found, but it chanced that this was ready to hand. A new form of stove had come into popular use that winter (it was the Crimean winter), consisting simply of a large oval body made of sheet iron in which wood logs could be burned whole. It answered well, except that it soon wore out, as such things always do if ill attended to, and there was one that had perished, and been consigned to an out-house. It had a hole fairly—or rather unfairly—burned in one side from sheer overheating, but the lid of our biscuit box being riveted

over the hole, it was 'fit enough for our purpose.

It was light, for a stove, but iron is always heavy, and when charged with fuel the thing was rather lumpy. Clearly, as in the olden days, our craft would have to be a real monster, but even so the question was one of manual labour only. The old Montgolfiers had been made simply of paper strengthened with some slight material. The odds and ends of a paper-hanger's store could be had in quantity almost for the asking, and the soiled muslins from last summer's stock at the draper's was not a serious matter; neither was the little cordage required, for which ordinary tarred twine served perfectly. Besides we were not altogether without funds, for as farmers in a small way, we owned fowls and rabbits with which we did business on favourable terms with our parents.

Now commenced an impromptu manufacture which can hardly have been surpassed even during the days of the siege of Paris, when the disused railway stations were converted into workshops, and any handy material which the mercers had in stock was made to serve as the fabric of some seventy extemporaneous balloons. Our workshop was a large empty loft, wholly given up to our use, where we suffered no intrusion. Some hundred hands were employed in Paris over the stitching of each balloon, which had to be completed in less than a week; but in our case the pastepot and brush took the place of needle and thread, and we could by this mode unite two gores in less time than a score of tailors could complete one entire seam. Thus in about a fortnight our balloon began to take definite shape. To our imaginations it resembled a new ship laid down in the stocks, already showing the outline and proportions of the future vessel.

We were intensely proud of our work, but at times pride gave way to a feeling of dread, which I have often since thought must have been partly due to presentiment. Were we repeating the story of Frankenstein, and was the creature we were bringing into existence destined to be a monster that would bring us to destruction? The huge mass seemed so awful in its potential might, as it lay on the floor, inert and flat, yet in graceful curves, fold on fold. It suggested a monstrous being that might well pass out of control when the day of the final unfolding arrived.

Not for a moment did we doubt the practical principles on which we had proceeded, or the power of our air-ship to ride the skies



A LONG UPRIGHT SHAFT OF LIGHT LOOMED UP CLOSE AGAINST US.

when once fairly and successfully launched therein. But this launching was the chief matter which exercised our minds, while the last pastings were drying. In this particular, however, as in all other details, our *vade mecum*, the text-book of old John Wise, came to our aid. A couple of scaffold poles, planted in the ground, carrying an overhead line from which the top of the balloon could be suspended during inflation, seemed to be all the accessories required. The mode of procedure was to draw the mouth of the balloon over the stove, and then light a gentle fire, sufficient just to expand the lower folds of the fabric out of harm's way. After that the fire was to be gradually increased until the balloon, becoming more and more inflated,

began to raise itself in the air. At this point the overhead rope could be withdrawn, and the ascent would then proceed as in the case of a gas inflation, only with far greater simplicity, for the stove would be already in the car and in position. A makeshift car, be it said, which answered well for the nonce, was found in the shape of a large crate.

But when the time of actual trial arrived, a new anxiety took possession of us. The experiment was so big, so far beyond anything that we boys had ordinarily embarked on, that our seniors would be almost sure to interfere, or, at least, to take the matter in charge, thereby robbing us of the honour and glory which should be our own. Yet we wanted other assistants badly. Two were not enough to cope with so large a machine, though in a complete absence of wind four or five pairs of hands might suffice. Eli, groom and gardener, was a staunch friend of ours, and always to be relied upon in any enterprise, from a rat hunt to a run after the hounds. Eli must certainly be pressed into the service, as also Harry the garden boy, whom we had always looked upon as our own particular fag by right. We had also one other ally

whom we could generally reckon upon. This was an old pensioner called Royal—so named by the villagers because he had served his time in the Royal Navy—an odd man (very odd at times) about the place, who would always, with a prospect of beer in view, serve as a mercenary. He could be relied on at least to act under orders.

It ended in our calling our little party together for a council of war, which we carried out with considerable diplomacy. Winter nights were already come, and it was a common thing with us, after working hours were over, to induce Royal to sit and smoke for an hour over the coach-house fire, for he could tell sea yarns with much spirit and power of invention. Eli on these occasions would join the sitting,

on the tacit understanding that baccy was provided.

Our party being thus assembled, chance aided us in rousing due zeal. Coxwell had lately written a racy pamphlet describing an imaginary conversation between an aeronaut and a general, and showing how balloons might be used in war. One of us read the pamphlet aloud that night, and the notion proved so far attractive that it was agreed we should all play at being at war, and inflate, if possible, the big balloon. It was then to be let up with a dummy engineer after dark to reconnoitre an imaginary enemy's position. It was necessary, however, to wait for a suitable night.

The right night soon came: a night in early November. The wind, which had been light all day, died out entirely towards evening, leaving the air warm and muggy. Orders went forth that the party was to assemble in the fowl yard at 4.30, by which time we three boys had got out the balloon, raised the poles, and placed the car and stove in position. All being mustered, the operation proved marvellously expeditious, showing the real value of this mode of inflation in actual war. I think about twenty minutes were spent in drawing and hoisting the huge fabric into place. Then a handful of fircones was ignited. These at once expanded the air, and made a clear space round the stove, thus allowing the fire to be augmented. In ten minutes the crown of the balloon was struggling with the overhead rope, allowing it to be withdrawn, and in twenty-five minutes from the start the balloon was taut in every seam, and standing stiffly as high as the surrounding firs.

By this time all of us, young and old, were wild with excitement, and it being now the work-people's tea hour, it was agreed that we brothers should be left in charge, while the rest hurried home and returned in half an hour. Like true aeronauts we took our seats in the car, and proceeded to nurse the fire. Apparently we were in perfect security. The lift of the craft had been scientifically taken by mooring the crate to a wooden cattle trough, in which water was poured till the balloon was on the point of rising. Fifteen buckets of water adjusted an exact balance. When five more bucketfuls, therefore, had been poured in, and our own weight added, it was felt that all was safe, provided no wind sprung up. But no wind was to be feared, and we sat at ease while we tended the fire carefully, talking big of our success, and rocking deliciously, as our grand air-ship swung gently in the slight air.

Presently the swinging motion ceased, and shortly afterwards we noticed with curiosity that the embers which fell from the stove no longer hissed in the water below. My brother, looking over the side, gave a sudden shout.

"Good heavens, Jack, we are off."

It was true. Somehow the bung must have come out of the trough, and the water having leaked away, we had been lifted off the ground, and were mounting rapidly.

It was nearly dark, so that our eyes, dazzled by the stove fire, could at first see nothing of the earth. But suddenly a long upright shaft of light loomed up close against us. The unaccountable, almost unearthly, apparition intensified the real terror of the moment. Then we recognised it as the church spire, reflecting our stove light, and shining white against the black night sky. We could almost have laid hold of the weather cock as we sloped upward over it, and into the pitchy darkness above.

We pulled ourselves together at once. We were not terrified at our situation. We had read too much of ballooning ventures to regard ourselves in real peril. Anxious, however, we were, anxious on behalf of those left below, anxious to come well out of it all and exonerate ourselves of blame. And it was the very necessity for action that steadied us. We must needs stay up till the heat of the balloon died down, and it were better to let it die gradually. So we started reducing the fire, little by little, looking abroad keenly to learn our course and situation.

All sight of earth had faded out entirely, save for single lights here and there, faint and far. But after a few minutes a distant broad glare appeared in the sky. This we knew must be from the town five miles off, and as it grew broader and more displayed we knew we must still be rising. Above us the vast cavern of the balloon showed dimly—solemn, misty, and mysterious. Our hands and faces shone ruddy in the light of our expiring fire. But the silence was what impressed us most. We were sailing through an unknown ocean where was no sight, nor sound, nor consciousness of motion.

This and much else remains in my mind as a more or less confused memory. It is hard to sift the impressions that for half an hour whirled like a mill stream through my young brain. Subsequently I learned that though our voyage seemed a little age, it really lasted but one half hour.

After a while the distant glare thinned out again, showing that we were descending.



SPEECHLESS, WE WATCHED THE FLAMES EXPIRE.

My brother, by right of seniority, assumed the lead and bade me follow directions, but the matter was taken out of his hands. We were really close to earth without knowing it. There was a rustle and whipping of twigs about us, then the snapping of boughs, a jerk or two, and all was still. We had settled softly in a wood in the next parish, and alighted unhurt. But alas! for our poor craft. The stove capsized, setting fire to the paper, and in two minutes our noble balloon was reduced to ashes. Speechless, we watched the flames expire. Then we vowed mutual silence, and turned to make our way home.

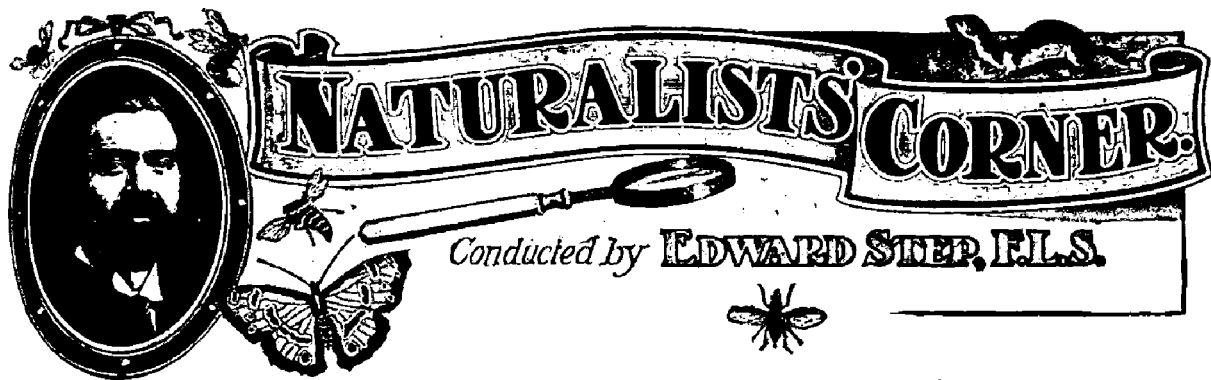
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The wreckage was discovered after a week by the keeper, who gave information that gipsies had been camping in his master's preserves. One or two villagers had seen "summut in the sky," and questioned further thought it was "a commut. or such as they." But the matter never got beyond that. Before the end of the winter Eli went off to the diggings. Royal still remained, and might have proved a traitor, but that his fame as a story-teller prevented any yarn of his from gaining credence.

Harry? Well, it is possible you may chance some day to meet a retired policeman in a certain district of the shires who can tell this story as well as I can. You are welcome to pump him.

THE MIDDY AND HIS PRAYERS.

"**H**AVE you ever heard tell, by the way, of Captain Byng's midshipman? I forget his name, but he started his first night aboard ship by kneeling down and saying his prayers, as his mother had taught him, and the crowd of his fellow-midshipmen found it against the custom of the service, and gave him the strap for it. This, however, raised him up a champion in one of the taller lads, who protested that their conduct was tyrannous: 'And,' said he very generously, 'to-morrow night I, too, propose to say my prayers. If any one objects, he may fight me.' Thus, being a handy lad with his fists, he established the right of religious liberty on board. By-and-bye one or two of the better disposed midshipmen followed his example. By degrees the custom spread along the lower deck, where the dispute had happened in full view of the whole ship's company, seamen and mariners, and by the time she reached her port of Halifax she hadn't a man on board (outside the ward-room) but said his prayers regularly. At Halifax, Captain Byng took aboard out of hospital another small midshipman, who on his first night no sooner climbed into his hammock than the entire mess bundled him out of it. 'We would have you to know, young man,' said they, 'that private devotion is the rule on board our ship. It's down on your knees this minute or you get the strap.'"—From *Sir John Con-antline*, by A. T. Quiller-Couch.



Conducted by EDWARD STEEP, F.L.S.

Names of Plants.—P. Marsh (Melton Nowbray) sends me a small flower-head of *Chrysanthemum*, without leaf or stalk, and asks for the name of the variety. I cannot undertake the formidable task of identifying florists' varieties of flowers, especially of such a plant as *Chrysanthemum sinense*, whose garden varieties run into so many hundreds. Life is too short for any one but a *Chrysanthemum* specialist to attempt it, and even he, I suspect, would demand a little more material than can be packed into a match-box.—R. E. Porter (Henfield) sends me leaves of a Poplar of which he desires to know the name; but here again the material is insufficient. I believe they are leaves of the Cotton-wood or Necklace Poplar (*Populus monilifera*), a North American species, but would not like to speak positively without seeing a twig or two. If it is the species named, the young branches are angular or winged, and the female catkins very long and drooping. In reply to your inquiry for a volume more advanced than my "Wayside and Woodland Trees," and dealing with the subject more from the forester's point of view, you cannot do better than get one of John Nisbet's volumes, such as "British Forest Trees," or Brown's "Planter." For the coniferous-trees you should get Veitch's "Manual of the Coniferæ."—Edwina Magee (Enniskillen) sends a budget of leaves, &c., which she wishes to have named. She has not numbered the specimens, so I am not sure that she will be able to associate them with my names. The one she thinks is a Beech (*Fagus sylvatica*), because of its "mast" or nuts, in spite of its deeply toothed leaves, is really the cut-leaved variety (var. *heterophylla*) of the Common Beech. Your Snowberry (*Symphoricarpos racemosus*) was badly smashed in the post, but there was enough of the berry left for identification. It is a North American shrub commonly grown in this country. The solitary leaf of what your gardener calls Gorgonelle I cannot identify, not knowing any plant by that name. The material you send is insufficient for identifica-

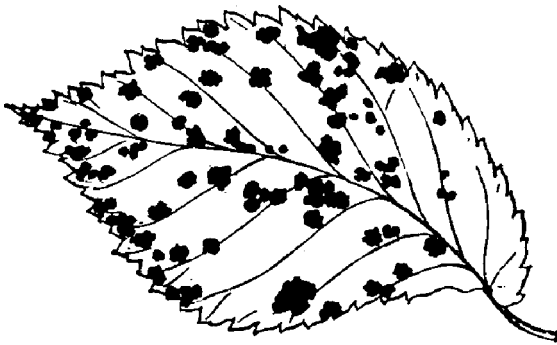
tion. When it blossoms, send me a flower with leaf and part of stem, and I will try to make it out. The tree "that grows by the river," is Sallow (*Salix caprea*). What you call Elder is another riverside tree, the Alder (*Alnus glutinosa*) with the remains of last spring's fruit, and next year's undeveloped catkins. The one you call Bay appears to be the Portugal Laurel (*Prunus lusitanica*).

Salamanders and Frogs.—W. J. Mitchell (Stoke Newington) says he cannot distinguish the males from the females of his Salamanders and Frogs. He does not mention the particular species, but I presume he refers to the common natives. The male frog is smaller and of more slender proportions than the female, but in the spring he may be known by a warty enlargement of the "thumbs" of his fore-limbs. In the Salamanders or Newts the female is broader, more rounded than the male, which in the breeding season develops a crest or frill along his back and tail.

Rabbits.—H. Perrett (North Nibley) complains that his pure-bred Himalayans are very thin, though they have a good meal of crushed oats and barley-meal, with varied green food, every day. This is probably the cause. The one meal should be changed for three, or at least two meals a day, and the food should be more varied. Carrots, turnips, clover-hay, should be added to their dietary, and the evening meal should include boiled rice or a thick porridge made from Indian meal, and given warm. I do not know of a book giving good instructions for keeping rabbits, mice, and pigeons for a shilling or two; but if you consult Upcott Gill's catalogue you will find you can get separate books dealing with one or other of these subjects, at 1s. each.

Purchase of Dog.—G. Bourne (Tooting), wishes to buy a dog, preferably a fox-terrier, fairly cheap, and as he does not care to purchase from advertisers in periodicals he asks me to recommend him a seller. I regret that I cannot undertake such a responsibility.

Diseased Leaf.—G. H. H. (Tiverton) sends me an Elm-leaf liberally sprinkled with blackish raised blotches, and asks several questions. I have had a drawing made of his leaf that other readers may understand. The blotches are on the upper side of the leaf and have a broken surface. Although mostly noticed when the leaf has turned yellow and fallen from the tree, the patches are formed whilst the leaf is still green. They are then dark green themselves, but afterwards turn to blackish-brown. They are caused by a fungus, the Elm-leaf Blister (*Taphrina ulmi*), and the upper surface splits open to discharge the spores which spread the disease to other leaves. Its attacks appear to be confined to the leaves and twigs, and therefore it has no appreciable effect on the timber. I cannot answer the question why the fungus only appears on the upper side of the leaf, except by saying it is the nature of the fungus to attack the upper surface only. Some leaf-fungi appear only on the lower surface of their hosts. A closely allied species (*Taphrina aurea*) causes golden-yellow blisters on various species of Poplar, and here the fungus is in evidence on both sides of the leaf, concave below and convex above. Yet another (*Taphrina sadbeckii*) will be found on the leaf of Alder, chiefly below but sometimes above, forming white or yellowish patches. A more



ELM-LEAF BLISTER.
Natural size.

familiar example of such attacks is found on the leaf of the Sycamore and Maple. This, which is known as the Sycamore Blotch (*Rhytisma acerinum*) is very conspicuous on account of the large size of the blotches, at first yellow, then becoming deep black. Many other trees have their leaves disfigured by similar fungi, and any of my readers who possess a student's microscope would find in them some interesting and often very beautiful objects, which cannot be appreciated by the unassisted eye.

Cheap Lantern Slides.—Messrs. Butcher and Sons, of Farringdon Avenue, E.C., have sent me some specimen sets of their new Natural

History Slides, which altogether cover many departments of Animal Life. The sets submitted are of Birds, Butterflies, and Moths. Readers who have lanterns, but not being photographers, cannot make their own slides, will be glad to know of these. They are of the regulation size, printed in bright transparent colours, and show the creatures in their natural surroundings. A printed list accompanies each set, giving brief facts concerning the species depicted upon which any lad of intelligence could string an interesting little lecture to his friends. Each set contains eight slides and is sold at the low price of 2s. The insects include on each slide the caterpillar, the perfect insect and the food plant. I imagine that many readers of this Corner will be glad to avail themselves of this brilliant series.

Cage Birds.—"Songster" (Wandsworth) asks "if Goldfinches and Bullfinches breed in captivity, and if so please add a word as to what I am to do about it." This is rather quaint. Both birds *can* be bred in confinement, but not readily; indeed it is often said by successful breeders of other birds to be almost impossible with the Bullfinch. What "Songster" is "to do about it" is to get suitable birds, make them comfortable, and await results. But he must not be very sanguine. His query suggests that he is a beginner, and therefore he can hardly rely upon a measure of success that has been denied to many a breeder of great experience.—E. Gordon-Smith (Cheltenham) has a very healthy and tame Canary, which used to sing beautifully, but since moulting in the past summer has quite lost its voice. Can anything be done for it, or given to it to improve matters? As it appears to be in perfect health it is not advisable to treat it as out of health. The loss of the singing power is a frequent accompaniment of moulting, only sometimes the song is resumed soon after the moulting has been completed. In this case it looks as though you will have to wait patiently until the spring, when I expect the singing will be resumed in full force. You may, perhaps, shorten the time by introducing a hen bird into the same room.

INQUIRIES have also been received from E. R. Dutton (Weston-super-Mare), R. H. Benson (Newcastle), E. Milley (Kettering), and "Pestered" (Harrow). Replies to these correspondents will appear as soon as limited space will allow—next month, if possible.

CORRECTION.—In the December number, the picture on page 291 should have been labelled "Pupa of Privet Hawk-moth," not "Prince," as printed.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

. . CONTRIBUTIONS. . .

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., 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 all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

Lancashire Lads and Football.

LANCASHIRE was brought into some prominence in the football and sporting world last season, when two Lancashire clubs worked their way into the final for the English Cup. It is amusing to see the pale-faced and lean but hardy Lancashire lads, as soon as they come out of the mill or workshop, start kicking at some old tin can, or, if they can get it, a ball of cotton waste. This they pass, head, and kick about with amazing skill. It is their daily training for the match at the week end. As a rule they are very clever with the ball, plucky, and quick on their feet; but the great drawback is their physique, which is spoiled through close confinement in the mills, and the early age at which they commence to work.

Most lads in Lancashire seem to start playing football almost before they can walk, for in the season you will be met by little urchins, asking if you can spare a copper towards their football club. By the way, nearly every street seems to possess a club, if not two, or three. However, when the boys are old enough, they generally commence playing for some Sunday-school league club. Most Sunday-schools form a football team, and this seems to be a great attraction, for nearly all Sunday the boys are discussing the points of the match played on the previous Saturday.

From these beginnings, if qualified, they climb the ladder into first-class football, and this, I am glad to say, occurs pretty often.

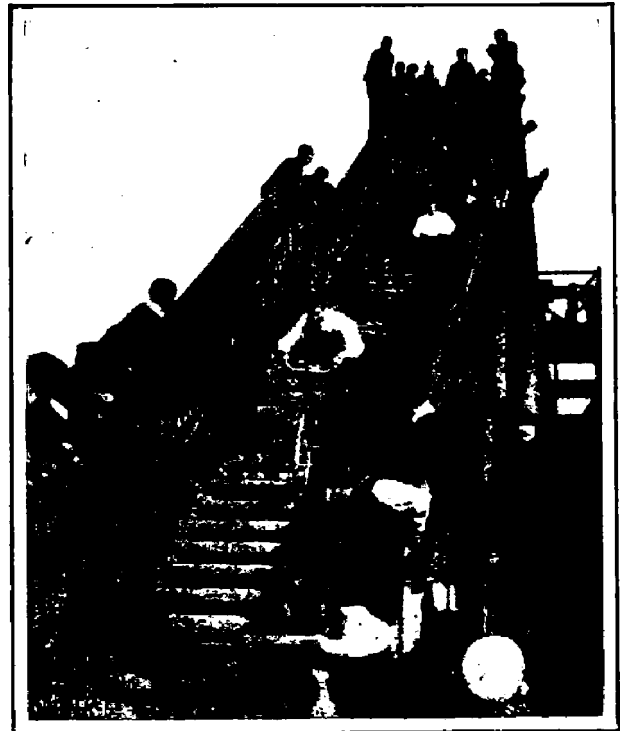
Some of the leading players of to-day have come from the land of the red rose. There is more than one Lancashire lad playing in the

South, and playing well, too. For these lads play the game, and do their utmost to win—for a Lancashireman is a sportsman to his finger- and toe-tips!

FRED ASHWORTH.

Cycling Downstairs.

THE photograph reproduced on this page was taken at Christchurch, New Zealand, and shows what the confident cyclist, whose hardihood is equal to his skill, can accomplish upon a machine. The rider is mounted upon a "Swift" road-racer, and is seen



CYCLING DOWNSTAIRS.

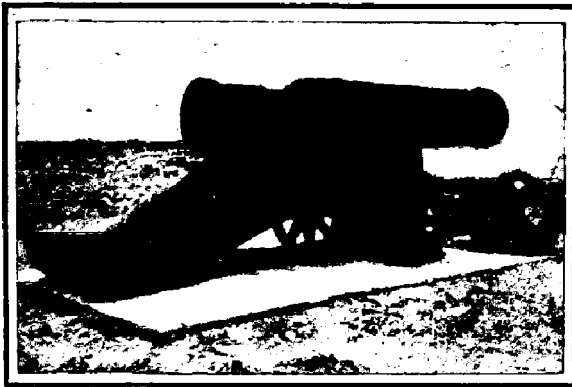
Photo. by X.Y.Z.

descending the steps of the Christchurch railway station at full speed—one had almost said "breakneck" speed, but the successful termination of the daring feat renders the epithet unsuitable.

X.Y.Z.

"Mons Meg."

ONE of the sights of the Castle in Edinburgh is the old cannon known as "Mons Meg." Made out of iron bars by "Brawny Kim," the smith of Mollance (pronounced Mons), in Galloway, about the year 1476, it was first used at the siege of Dumbarton Castle, in 1489. Afterwards it



"MONS MEG."

One of the most famous objects in "Auld Reekie."

Photo. Johnson.

was taken to Edinburgh, and while there was captured by Oliver Cromwell, in 1650. In his report as to its capture, Cromwell calls it "that iron murderer, Meg." Thirty-two years afterwards (in 1682) the gun burst while firing a salute in honour of a visit to the city of the then Duke of York. In 1754 it was removed to the Tower of London, but, at the request of Sir Walter Scott, it was restored to Edinburgh in 1829, amid scenes of great rejoicing. Ten horses hauled it from its landing-place at Leith to its resting-place in Edinburgh Castle, where it was deposited on a small platform in front of St. Margaret's Chapel, the oldest building in the city. The gun-carriage bears an inscription setting forth the main facts of its history as detailed above.

J. H. PARSONAGE.

Hockey in Canada.

HOCKEY, at least out here, is *the* winter sport. Of course, we play on skates, and generally on a covered-in sheet of ice. The skates used are called "hockies," and are screwed to the boot, so that each player has to have a separate pair of boots to play in.

The players are six in number, viz.: Goal point (who plays about thirty feet in front of goal), cover point (who plays about the same distance in front of point), and the forwards—centre, right wing, left wing and rover. Point and Cover, of course, have the work of checking rushes, and breaking up the combination.

Instead of a ball a round flat rubber disc, called a "puck," is used, and this can be shot with great swiftness, or "lifted" a great height. Nearly all the players wear shin pads, and the goal keeper has specially large ones that come above the knee, and much resemble cricket pads. The stick used has a long, squarish handle, and the blade has a flat face. The puck is not hit, but is "shoved," the lower hand giving the force, and consequently enabling great pressure to be brought to bear.

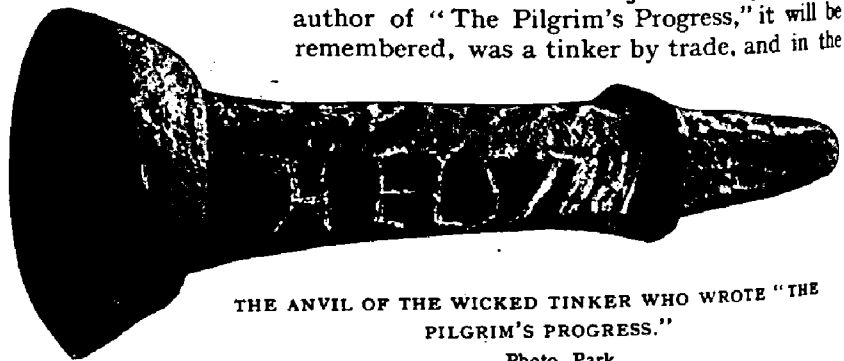
The whole secret of the game lies in fast skating and good combination. Hockey is rapidly becoming the king of sports out here, and it certainly deserves to be popular.

R. T. FORTT.

John Bunyan's Anvil.



ANOTHER romance of the sale-room! At Sotheby's famous auction rooms a remarkable memento was recently offered to collectors. This was none other than the anvil of John Bunyan. The author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," it will be remembered, was a tinker by trade, and in the



THE ANVIL OF THE WICKED TINKER WHO WROTE "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

Photo. Park.

accompanying photograph is seen the

"iron clanging anvil
Banged with hammers"

upon which he wrought. Its shape is somewhat



A NURSERY OF PENGUINS AT CAMPA MENTA, IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

Photo. by F. Craigie-Halkett.

unusual. In length it measures 2 ft. and its weight is about 60 lb. On the surface is stamped the legend, J. BUNYAN, HEL'STOW, and also the date 1647.

Elstow, formerly Helenstow, which is near St. Neots, was the birthplace of Bunyan. It is interesting to recall that the "wicked tinker," whose name is immortal in the annals of literature, was advised, in early days, that his "real gift laye in ye repayinge of olde kettles."

"PILGRIM."

Penguin and Sea-Lion "Rookeries."

THE Falkland Islands lie, as the map of South America will show, in the south-east extremity of the continent, in the region of Cape Horn. The accompanying photographs illustrate two familiar shore scenes, of rare interest and fascination to naturalists,—portions of the vast "rookeries" of penguin and sea-lions there.

The penguin—a quaint, aquatic bird which in place of wings has oar-like flippers—is widely

distributed over the South Atlantic, and is found in certain localities in amazing abundance. The Falkland Islands represent such a locality, and the upper photograph conveys some small idea of a penguin "rookery," or community, there. The birds are essentially gregarious, and live in colonies that number tens of thousands. One of these "rookeries" has thus been described by Professor Moseley:

"At first you try to avoid the nests, but soon find that impossible; then, maddened almost by the pain (for they

bite furiously at the legs), stench, and noise, you have recourse to brutality. Thump, thump, goes your stick, and at each blow down goes a bird. Thud, thud, you hear from the men behind you as they kick the birds right and left off the nests, and so you go on for a bit—thump, smash, whack, thud. 'caa, caa, urr, urr,' and the path behind you is strewn with the dead and dying [and bleeding. Of course, it is horribly cruel thus to kill whole



A SOUTHERN "NOVASTOSHNAH."

Part of a sea-lion rookery in the Falkland Isles, similar to that in the North Pacific, described by Rudyard Kipling in "The White Seal."

Photo. by F. Craigie-Halkett.

families of innocent birds, but it is absolutely necessary if one is to cross the rookeries."

The sea-lions in the lower pictures are of the Patagonian variety. These extraordinary marine carnivora, though they spend the greater part of the year in their natural home, the boundless deep, come ashore during the breeding season, and likewise form huge "rookeries" or communities. While on the rocks the young are born and reared (and incidentally taught to swim). It is a curious fact that during this period—some three or four months—the males never taste a morsel of food, but are sustained by the ample layer of fat which previous heavy feeding has caused to form under the skin. Readers of Rudyard Kipling's fascinating "Jungle Book" will remember the wonderful story of "The White Seal," which deals with just such a "rookery" of sea-lions as that seen in the photograph—except that Sea-Catch, Matkah, Kotick, and the soft-eyed seal with whom Kotick danced the fire dance on the beach at Lukannon—lived at Novastoshnah, in the Pribiloff Islands of the far north Behring Sea, while those here shown were photographed on the Falkland Isles thousands of leagues to the south.

It is said that in the extreme southern seas the sea-lions sometimes devour the penguins and their eggs. When the men of the first exploring parties in the Antarctic came upon the penguin rookeries, the birds (which had never seen a human form before) evidently considered them to be some new kind of sea-lion, and endeavoured, by hopping awkwardly inland, to lure them from the nests and young. In the ordinary way, of course, the sea-lion feeds upon all kinds of fish, which it pursues through the water with terrific speed, and catches with the most amazing dexterity.

The Falkland Islands themselves are almost entirely in the occupation of sheep-farmers. Their importance as a grazing station can be estimated from the fact that they support upwards of 200,000 sheep. Scotch shepherds have very largely replaced the South American Gauchos, and the islands have acquired quite a homelike appearance. The little capital of Stanley, which accommodates the pastoral population, is strongly reminiscent, with its square, whitewashed, and grey-slated houses, of a small town in the western highlands of Scotland.

"LIMMERSHIN."

How the Chinese play Football.

FOOTBALL is no new game amongst the Chinese. It is not, of course, played according to Association rules, but it resembles, in many ways, the good old English

game. A wicker basket is substituted for the leather football, and the object of the game is to carry this basket into the opponent's end of the town. This is often accomplished by stealth, as well as by brute force. There are no goals, and no "half-time," but the game is continued until one side has accomplished its purpose, and often lasts for days.

The players are placed in various parts of the town, each provided with a whistle. By means of this they call assistance when being tackled. They care not for their legs, and throwing caution to the winds, they devote all their strength and energy to the game. The only precaution taken by players in the field is for the preservation of their pigtails. To come in contact with this ornament of the head would no doubt be counted a "foul."

All the streets in the town in which the football match is to take place are cleared, and the combatants' friends sit at their windows to watch the fun, if the ball should come their way.

L. W. D.

The Edinburgh Academicals.

NO Scottish Rugby club can boast of a more brilliant football career than the Edinburgh Academicals.

It is to the Academicals that Scotland owes the introduction of Rugby football in 1855, and it is only natural that the "Acies" should be one of the most popular teams in Scotland.

In the early seventies the championship usually ended in a keen struggle between the Glasgow and Edinburgh Academicals, and both teams can boast of being champions a good number of times.

Other teams then forged ahead, and from 1880 to 1885 the Edinburgh Academicals were not so much to the front as they had been, although the champion teams of that time—West of Scotland and Edinburgh Institution F.P.s—had always a hard fight with the "Acies."

The Glasgow Academicals again coming to the fore in 1885-86, the Academicals of the East, never liking to be ousted by their rivals, played better than before, and in 1887-88 they were once more at the head of affairs.

Again, for four years in succession from 1897-98 this position was kept, but 1901-1902 saw the championship pass into the hands of Edinburgh University, who held it for three seasons (twice equal) till the Glasgow Academicals made a great effort last season, and once more carried off premier honours to the West.

R. O. MACKAY.

COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

Last day for sending in, January 18. (Foreign and Colonial Readers, March 18.)

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.
Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in *THE CAPTAIN*.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:
Competition No. —, Class —, *THE CAPTAIN*,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by January 18.

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.—“*What I hope to do in 1906, and why.*”—Write a short essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, stating some particular end or object which you wish to achieve during 1906, and giving your reason for wishing to do so. The matter contained in the essay will receive higher marks than the manner in which it is put. In considering an essay, allowance will be made for the competitor's age. Prize: A New Columbia Graphophone, value £2 5s. (See Prizes page.)

Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 2.—“*Missing Building.*”—On an advertisement page you will find a design composed of numerous small squares jumbled together. Cut out these squares neatly, and paste them on to a piece of card-board so as to form the silhouette of a well-known building. Prizes: Two “Acme” Telescopes, supplied by Stanley Pearce, value 15s. each. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class II. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—“*January Celebrities.*”—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in the month of January. In looking round for a subject for your essay do not be guided merely by the names you find in the well-known almanacs. Do not neglect these publications, but also try to think of a celebrated man or woman who is at present looming large before the public eye, but whose name does not appear in the almanacs. Prizes: Three of Messrs. Bright and Son's “Aldwych” Stamp Albums, value 12s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—“*What to Make During the Holidays.*”—Describe, as briefly as possible, how to make some useful article, the putting together of which will occupy indoor hours during the holidays in a pleasant and useful manner. Marks will be awarded for (a) the usefulness of the article suggested, (b) the simplicity of its construction, and (c) the cheapness of the materials and tools required. Prizes: Class I., A superior Russian Iron Magic Lantern, made by Messrs. W. C. Hughes, value £4 4s.; Class II., a Sandow Developer, value 12s. 6d.; Class III., a pair of Sandow Grip Dumb-bells, value 10s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—“*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. Prize (in each class): Photographic Apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I. No age limit.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

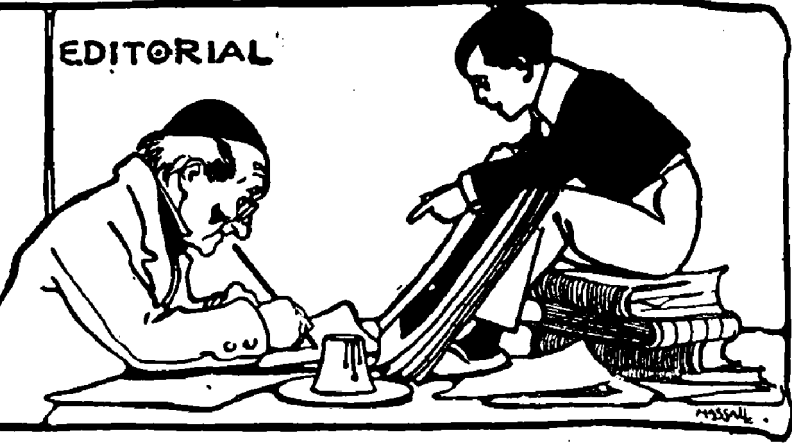
No. 6.—“*Drawing of an Ornament.*”—Send a sketch of an ornament, in pen, pencil, or water-colours. Prizes: Three of Messrs. George Rowney and Co.'s Paint Boxes. (See Prizes page.)

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 **March 18.** 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.”

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

A scamper of feet, excited exclamations, a rush of cold air which sends Aunt Matilda shivering into the drawing-room, another icy draught coming from the opposite direction which catches Uncle Charles full in his fat, red neck and makes him cough, the back door banged, the front door banged—and the annual ceremony has been satisfactorily completed, while in the distance some church clock solemnly booms out the last notes of TWELVE. Aye, it is a good old-fashioned custom, this letting the Old Year out and the New Year in. It is a thrilling, thoughtful moment. The Old Year, with all its happenings, its tears, its laughter, its excitements, its evil deeds and its good deeds, has *gone*—and the New Year is with us. Twelve entire months are spread out before our eyes like a snowy tablecloth for the first time unfolded. And everybody wishes you “A Happy New Year!”—even people who can't bear you.

I love these old customs. I say, keep them up. By religiously observing all the good old customs of the year, one helps to keep oneself young and healthy-minded. Keep them up, I say. Keep up May-Day; keep up the Harvest Home, the Fifth of November, and, above all, Christmas Day. Let Bank Holidays flourish and increase; let us have another, by all means—as has been suggested—between the first Monday in August and Christmas; or between Christmas and Easter. Why shouldn't St. Valentine's Day—February 14—be kept as a holiday, for example? We don't take life cheerfully enough in this country—we don't get enough laughter and amusement. We don't sing and dance and play enough. When we do play, we play at the wrong

times—some of us. Once I lived next door to a girls' school, and the dear little girls used to get up and practise at *six* in the morning. At that time the “Valse Bleu” was all the rage. Well, a piece of that kind is well enough at a dance, but when you hear a girl of ten struggling painfully through it at *six* o'clock on a chill winter's morning (as I have done), you get to hate the sound of the “Valse Bleu” as you never hated the sound of a piece before. Though, as far as I am concerned, there are several hackneyed compositions I have learned to loathe to a far greater extent. The “Henry VIII. dances” take a high place in that category.

When we dance, too, we dance at the wrong times—some of us. In Spain the merry peasants assemble of an evening in the open air and dance with natural *abandon* and innocent zest. The spectators laugh and sing, and the dark-eyed Petronilla gazes sweetly at Pedro the Ploughman as he foots it right nimbly on the green. Now, if an *English* ploughman feels a craving to disport himself in this way, he is generally in the village ale-house (and generally out of it before he's quite through with his dance). His friends tell him to “go 'ome and sleep it orf,” and the village constable warns him that he'll be “taken somewhere where he won't like” if he doesn't “give over”; and, when the festive ploughman finally does reach “'ome,” he possibly gets a bang on the head from a frying-pan wielded by his irate wife. And so the poor, light-hearted fellow learns in course of time, by painful experience, that people don't like him to dance—that, in fact, they strongly object to it—or any other display of animal spirits on his part. In Spain they take a more reasonable view of such things.

No; we are a gloomy country, there's no doubt about that, and that's why we ought to make the most of the little festivals that we do attempt to keep up in a moderately hilarious manner. Then again, there ought to be far more amateur acting. There is hardly anybody who, if put to it, couldn't play some kind of part or other. Of course, we are an undemonstrative, sulky sort of people, and we hate putting ourselves forward and letting ourselves go. Although many of us are quite capable actors, we are so retiring and shy that, instead of amusing ourselves and hosts of our friends by getting up theatricals at frequent and regular intervals, we prefer to pay our money to see very mediocre players in very mediocre plays. Personally, I am always hugely amused by amateur theatricals, which are great fun both for those in front of, as well as for those behind, the footlights. Any kind of wholesome pursuit that takes us out of ourselves and tends to make us brighter and more companionable, is to be commended. Think of the dreary, dragging winter evenings in English villages. Think of the dulness of the average country town. No wonder country people seem behind-the-times and "provincial" to Londoners. They don't get enough fun; they live too much in a groove. A little enterprise, a little organisation, are all that is needed to get things going in a village and give people something to look forward to and talk about. And then it is highly desirable that complete accord should reign among the promoters of amateur dramatic "shows." The most crying sins of amateurs are selfishness and vanity. If such companies are to be successful, the members must learn to be self-effacing—to take what is given to them. Depend upon it, if they possess genuine talent their chance will come in time. They only create unpleasantness, and embarrass the leading spirits of the concern, by claiming more important rôles than can be conveniently allotted to them.

To return briefly to the subject of the New Year, don't you think that the last moments of December should inspire us with thoughtfulness? I have talked of the jollity that prevails on New Year's Eve, but I do not suggest that what I have described is the best way of ushering in the New Year. It is a wholesome and good thing to attend a Watch Night Service, and welcome the New Year in,

with due solemnity, upon one's knees. Then will you go out into the keen midnight air braced up to do your very best in the twelve months ahead of you. The Old Year has gone "beyond recall," and the New Year lies before you like a clean slate. It is a good thing to begin the New Year fitly. As in a sprint race, getting off from the mark well is half the battle. This is worth thinking about when the night of December the Thirty-First arrives, and you hear the call of the bells at half-past eleven.

"The Old Fag's Dinner Fund."

Our readers became aware of the opening of this Fund when the December CAPTAIN was published on November 22, and as we go to press with the present number (on December 2) we are able to announce that, though only nine days have elapsed since the Fund was started, a very large number of Sixpences have already arrived—this, too, in spite of the fact that our appeal reached readers at an awkward time of the term, when pocket-money is "short." From one "house" in a public school alone we have received no less than a hundred and one sixpences—all voluntarily subscribed. With the various sums have come many charming letters hailing the Fund as affording a practical opportunity of doing one's poor neighbours a turn. In our next number I shall publish a list of the subscribers. Most of you will read these words on or about December 20, but *don't imagine it's too late* to send in more sixpences. Every sixpence will give a poor boy or girl a good tuck-in on Christmas Day; every sixpence will mean all the difference between shivering in a poverty-stricken home and laughing with sheer satisfaction over the good fare provided in a well-warmed hall. When Christmas morning breaks there will be so many the more youngsters happy on account of our Sixpenny Fund. This is a thought that should inspire you to do whatever lies in your power to help those to whom, on a cold December day, a square meal is the very best thing Life can offer. Meanwhile, as regards those who have already replied to my appeal—with my beaver hat in my hand, young ladies and gentlemen, I beg to subscribe myself your most obliged and obedient servant.

School Sports. It will be remembered that in the September CAPTAIN I recorded the results of the athletic sports at King William's College, Isle of Man, in which



E. G. BUTCHER,

who won every event at the last Athletic Sports of King Edward VI. Grammar School, Totnes. His best performance was $11\frac{1}{2}$ sec. for the hundred yards.

every event was won by E. R. S. Taylor. Another boy to accomplish this remarkable feat is E. G. Butcher, of King Edward VI.'s Grammar School, Totnes. I give his performances in the following table.

KING EDWARD VI. GRAMMAR SCHOOL, TOTNES.

Half-Mile.—E. G. Butcher, 2 min. $41\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—E. G. Butcher, 65 sec.
 220 Yards.—E. G. Butcher, $28\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 100 Yards.—E. G. Butcher, $11\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 High Jump.—E. G. Butcher, 4 ft.
 Long Jump.—E. G. Butcher, 16 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in.
 Cricket Ball.—E. G. Butcher, 74 yd.

It will be noticed that Butcher accomplished nothing especially remarkable either in times or distances, but his excellent "all-roundness" deserves particular notice.

In the Freshmen's Sports (not long concluded, as I write) at Oxford and Cambridge, there were several good performances by old public-schoolmen. At Cambridge, for example, the Half Mile was won by T. H. Just, of St. Paul's and Trinity, in 2 min. $3\frac{1}{2}$ sec., this being an improvement of $7\frac{1}{2}$ sec. on his school time for the same distance. Just also won the Mile at the same meeting. The Mile at Oxford was won by S. P. L. Lloyd, of South Eastern College, Ramsgate, and Magdalen, in 4 min. 47 sec., which is 2 sec. better

than the school record which he set up before leaving Ramsgate. Another good performance at Oxford was that of A. M. Stevens, who won the hammer event with a throw of 124 ft. 8 in. Stevens, however, is not an English public-schoolman, but has come to Balliol from Yale, U.S.A.

At Cambridge, K. G. Macleod, of Fettes and Pembroke, won two events in capital style, doing the 100 yd. in $10\frac{1}{2}$ sec., and clearing 23 ft. $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in the Long Jump. I append belated lists of sports results from two other schools:

School Sports Results, 1905.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE.

Mile.—A. I. Carr, 4 min. $57\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 220 Yards.—A. I. Carr, $26\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 100 Yards.—W. B. Blatch, $11\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 Hurdles.—L. Gaisford, $19\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 High Jump.—A. I. Carr, 4 ft. $10\frac{1}{2}$ in.
 Long Jump.—A. I. Carr, 18 ft.
 Cricket Ball.—S. A. Wheeler, 92 yd. 7 in.
 Weight.—F. A. Parkyn, 30 ft. 6 in.
 Hammer.—F. A. Parkyn, 68 ft. 1 in.

GROCCERS' COMPANY'S SCHOOL, HACKNEY DOWNS.

Mile.—C. J. Fitzhenry, 5 min. $26\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 Half-Mile.—F. D. Heppell, 2 min. 22 sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—F. D. Heppell, $60\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 100 Yards.—E. J. Coombs, $11\frac{1}{2}$ sec.



S. P. L. LLOYD,

who set up a school record for the mile at the last Athletic Sports of South Eastern College, Ramsgate, and recently won the same event at the Freshmen's Sports at Oxford.

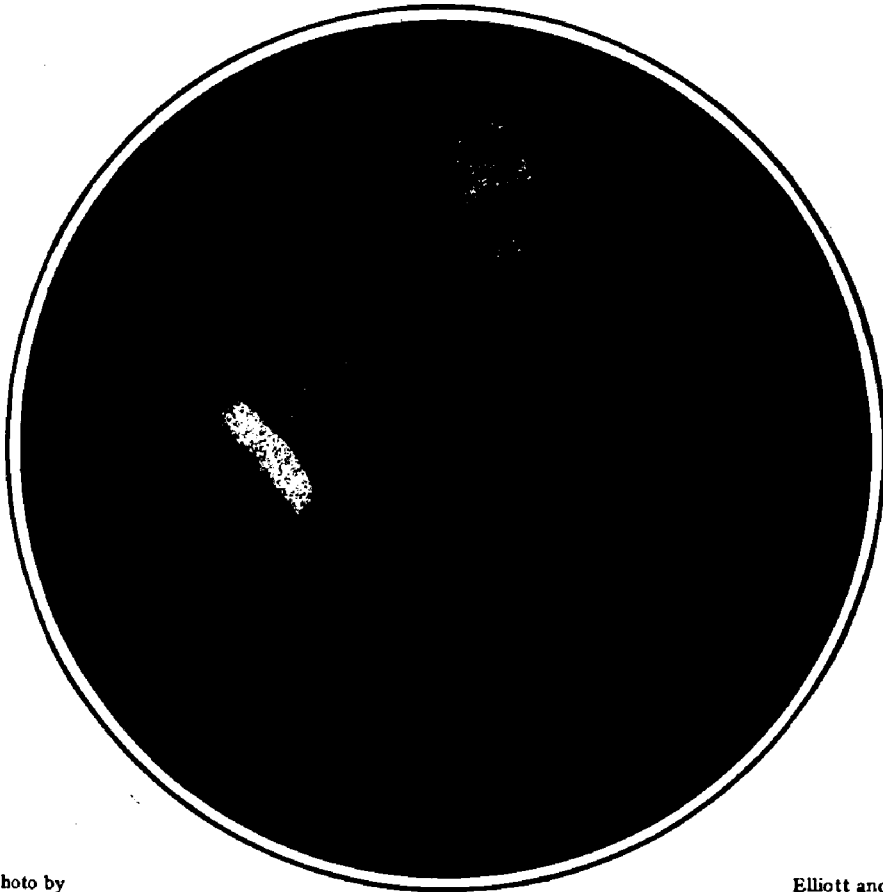


Photo by

Elliott and Fry

THE LATE REV. J. M. BACON, M.A., F.R.A.S.,

the famous aeronaut whose narrative of the exciting incidents of his first ascent appears in the present number. Mr. Bacon was a scientist of much note, and took part in three Eclipse Expeditions of the British Association, to Lapland, India, and North Carolina. His investigations embraced such subjects as acoustics and meteorology; but it was as a great balloonist that he was chiefly known to fame. Among his notable books were "By Land and Sky," and "The Dominion of the Air." He died in January 1904, and the tale which appears in the present number of *THE CAPTAIN* was one of the last he wrote. Of this story it is only fair to remark that he observed: "it must not be taken too literally as one of my adventures."

Hurdles.—F. W. Hamilton, 19½ sec.
 High Jump.—F. W. Hamilton, 4 ft. 11¼ in.
 Long Jump.—F. W. Hamilton, 17 ft.
 Cricket Ball.—E. R. Gough, 75 yd. 2 ft. 10 in.

Books for Christmas Presents.

—Our reviewers having sifted the wheat from the tares, the following list may be taken as a reliable guide as to what is good by Captainites purchasing books in Christmas week:

Hugh Rendall. By Lionel Portman. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)
The Yarn of Old Harbour Town. By W. Clark Russell. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)
Practical Sea-Fishing. By P. L. Haslope. (Upcott Gill, 3s. 6d. net.)
Old Tales from Rome. By Alice Zimmern. (Fisher Unwin, 5s.)
All Abroad. By B. A. Clarke. (Ward, Lock and Co., 2s. 6d.)
Bevis: The Story of a Boy. By Richard Jefferies. (Duckworth and Co., 6s.)
A King's Comrade. By C. W. Whistler. (T. Nelson and Sons, 5s.)

Red Dickon, the Outlaw. By Tom Bevan. (T. Nelson and Sons, 2s. 6d.)
In Northern Seas. By E. Everett Green. (T. Nelson and Sons, 3s. 6d.)
The Vinland Champions. By Ottilie A. Liljencrantz. (Ward, Lock and Co., 5s.)
Bluebell and the Sleepy King. By Aubrey Hopwood and Seymour Hicks. (C. A. Pearson, 5s.)
A Soldier of Japan. By Captain F. S. Brereton. (Blackie and Sons, 5s.)
A Little Boy Lost. By W. H. Hudson. (Duckworth and Co., 3s. 6d.)
The Romance of Mining. By Archibald Williams. (C. A. Pearson, 5s.)
Heroes of Iceland. By Allen French. (D. Nutt, 5s.)
Two Boys in War Time. By John Finnemore. (C. A. Pearson, 2s. 6d.)
The Luck of the Fairfaxes. By Katharine Tynan. (Collins, 6s.)

New Zealanders' Football Song.

If you are asked to sing a song at a Christmas gathering, try the company with this ditty, "On the Ball," which you will find in the

January *C. B. Fry's Magazine*. There is an opportunity for plenty of lusty whooping in the refrain that will, no doubt, be appreciated by such Captainites as, like Mr. Box, in *Cox and Box*, don't sing, but "sometimes join in a chorus."

As You Like It—and I Don't.

All the world will waltz

And all the men and women simply love it :
They have their methods and their notions
of 't ;

And sometimes man will suffer many pangs,—
His qualms being seven twinges. At first,
the coyness,

Nervously groping for his partner's waist.
Then the first few prances with his partner
And victim like-to-be, marking quick-time,
Unwilling to set forth. And then the im-
pulse,

Sudden and pressing, from another couple
Made from behind and shrewdly. Then a
twirling

Full of strange scenes, and blended in a blur ; —
Chaos within him ; upsets and bumpings
around,

Blindly and desperately cannoning
E'en among the violins. And then the swim-
ming

In a mad sea of arms and legs and skirts,
With eyes aflame and face of awful hue,
Full of wild thoughts and utter helplessness—
And so he does his waltz. The sixth twinge
shifts

Into the cool and longed-for supper-room,
With cup and sandwich in a trembling hand,
His collar limp, his front a hopeless pulp,
His whole self spent : he none the less attends
His cast-iron partner, brings her this and that,
And gobbles what he can. Last scene of all,
That ends this sad, pathetic history,
Is carriage, home and bed, and mere oblivion ;
Sans strength, *sans* care, *sans* life, *sans*—
everything.

ROBERT C. THARP.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Inquirer has a lot of silver paper or tinfoil which he wants to get rid of. I do not think this has any marketable value. Some years ago I said—misled, of course, by a member of the staff (the Art-Editor, probably)—that Mr. Whiteley, of Westbourne Grove, bought silver paper. Thereafter, for some days, the Westbourne Grove postmen fairly staggered under the weight of silver paper transmitted to Mr. Whiteley by CAPTAIN readers anxious to turn an "honest brown." Naturally, I got a sharp letter from Mr. Whiteley stating that he did *not* buy silver paper, and requesting me to tell my readers so. This recalls to my mind a still

older experience of a similar kind. A good many years ago I was helping on a popular weekly paper, and our readers were always asking us where they could sell old coins, books, &c. The coin people we used to refer to a firm in Gracechurch Street, and the book people to the late Mr. Bernard Quaritch, of Piccadilly, the famous dealer in valuable tomes. After a time Mr. Quaritch, with (as I imagine) tears in his eyes, implored us not to give his address to our readers. It seemed that all sorts of rubbish not worth fourpence had been fired at him from all parts of the country. And the worst of it was he *had to pay return postage on it*. The coin firm, however, didn't say a word. Old coins are generally worth more than old books.

E. A. Megginson has been puzzled by the various and peculiar names applied to different forms of wrestling which have lately been so much in evidence as public spectacles. "Catch-as-catch-can" is the Lancashire style, in which all parts of the body are used, including the legs. It is, therefore, permissible in this mode of wrestling to trip and hold with the legs. "Græco-Roman" is the style in which most of the public wrestlers at the music-halls, and other places of entertainment, perform. According to this method, no holds are allowed below the waist, tripping and leg-holds being barred. "Jiu-jitsu" is the now famous Japanese style of wrestling, the main principle of which is the scientific grasping of an opponent in such a manner as to render him helpless, and liable to sustain a broken limb should he offer resistance to a hold. These are the only three styles which my correspondent mentions, but there are, of course, several others, notably the Cumberland and Westmoreland style, which may be witnessed at Grasmere and in the Lake District—the true home of English wrestling—and also the Cornish and Devonshire style. In this latter case the wrestlers wear curious canvas jackets which are grasped when taking hold.

W. Stanley Roberts sends me a suggestion concerning the speed of motor-cars which might be worth the attention of the authorities. He proposes that medical men, when travelling to attend a patient, should be allowed to exceed the ordinary limit. He points out that fire-engines, when travelling to a fire, are driven at top-speed, and rightly. It certainly seems fair that a doctor, whose prompt attendance at a case may be the means of saving life, should be allowed to drive a car at a specially rapid pace, but it is obvious that if this were allowed by law, the abuse of the privilege would be easy. I have heard, however, that doctors in America have the necessary permission granted to them, and should be glad to hear from an American reader whether this is really so.

"Grocer."—I do not like anonymous letters; you should have enclosed your name and address. To obtain a post in a London bank it is necessary to procure the nomination of a director. This is, however, not a very difficult matter. The only exam. which you would be required to pass is one in the usual English subjects. No foreign language is included, nor do you require to have a knowledge of the classics.

South Africa.—Mr. Warner asks me to tell you that the first English team to visit South Africa was Major Wharton's in the winter of 1888-89. The second team was W. W. Read's in 1891-92; the third Lord Hawke's, 1895-96; the fourth also Lord Hawke's, 1898-99. The present

M.C.C. combination is therefore the fifth. J. H. Sinclair is, Mr. Warner considers, the best all-round cricketer in South Africa at the present time.

"**Spes Audiendi**" wants to know if I can tell him the writer, and also the complete words, of some verses which begin as follows:

An Austrian army awfully arrayed
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction, devastating doom.

I fancy these lines were written by Defoe, but perhaps some reader may be able to complete the poem and supply the name of its author. "**Spes audiendi**" has chosen a wonderfully erudite *nom de plume*!

"**Herald**" is anxious to enter the Herald's College, but I am afraid he will find this, unless he is possessed of considerable influence, a somewhat difficult matter. I have it on the authority of that distinguished gentleman "**Richmond Herald**" that "appointments to the College of Arms are made by the Crown, by Letters Patent, under the Great Seal, on the nomination of his Grace the Earl Marshal of England."

Archery.—F. Le Marie writes asking me to recommend an archery club in the neighbourhood of London. Other readers who may be interested in this little-practised sport may like to know that inquiries on the subject are best addressed to the Honorary Secretary, Royal Toxophilite Society, Archers' Hall, Regent's Park, N.W.

F. C. Cull.—The French engine "**La France**," belonging to the Great Western Railway, is, at

present, a very dark blue colour, and not in the standard colours of the Company. Whether she will receive the Great Western uniform at a later date, I cannot say. You had better ask the G.W.R. Locomotive Superintendent, Swindon. Enclose a stamp.

Taieri.—The Office Dog swallowed your contribution at one gulp; but by all means keep on pegging away. As regards your query on the subject of prizes in competitions, you are, of course, at liberty to choose any number of separate articles in making up the amount awarded to you.

C. S. Francis.—You can obtain a CAPTAIN badge from this office, in gilt metal, price sixpence, for the hat, coat, or watch-chain, and in solid silver, price two shillings, for the hat or watch-chain only.

"Old Sport."—If space allows I hope to quote some of the extracts when the cricket season arrives.

Kathleen H.—Yes, "**Jim Mortimer, Surgeon**," is the book-title of the story which appeared in THE CAPTAIN as "**The Long 'Un**."

H. W. N. D., R. L. Robertson, F. T. Afridi, and others.—The "**Civil Service Year Book**," published by Sheppard and St. John, 76 and 78 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C., price 2s., gives information regarding every branch of the Civil Service.

T. Howard, "Smith Junior," "Ash," "Noryb" "Exonian," "Well-Wisher," C. J. Smart, and G. F. H. Delamere should send stamped envelopes and repeat their questions, replies to which would not interest the general body of readers.

THE OLD FAG.

"CROCKED."

[BY A CONVALESCENT.]

IN the last sublime, unnerving
Stages of an equal fray,
Fighting, barging, feinting, swerving—
All I knew—I broke away!
On—with gasping foemen near me—
Till the goal-line gleamed before!
While around outrang, to cheer me,
Thunder of triumphant roar!
Sudden came the Full-back hurling,
And we "cannoned," fair and square,
With a shock that sent me whirling—
Out of action into . . . where? . . .
Hands—despite my poor resistance—
Felt my limbs and pained my bones;
Voices hailed me from a distance—
Me—in gentle, soothing tones!

Something in those voices filled me
With a feeling like to shame,
So I swore that, if it killed me,
I would struggle through the game.

This while I was lying limper
Than a scarecrow!—but I hear
That a feeble, puny whimper
Hardly made my meaning clear.

Hoisted to my feet, I swore most
Fearfully a fearful swear;
Blindly flung myself head foremost
At a scrum that wasn't there!
Ah! I knew I was no good then,
Useless hulk, like so much lead!
And I thought I understood then
What it felt like to be dead!

But, when off the field they bore me,
Nine stone-nine of helpless pain,
All the darkness lifted o'er me,
And the daylight cleared my brain.
Then I knew my true condition,
And—so far from being shocked—
With exemplary submission
And a grin, I murmured "**Crocked!**"

ARTHUR STANLEY.

Results of November Competitions.

No. I.—“Scholarship Appointment Competition.”

—Result will be announced in the February No.

No. II.—“British Isles Rugby XV.”

One age limit: Twenty-one.

WINNER OF W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE AND CO.'S MODEL LOCOMOTIVE: W. F. Curtis, c/o Mrs. G. Edmunds, Cheap Street, Sherborne, Dorset.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. J. Parry, 130 Carlisle Street, Cardiff; J. Leonard Cadoux, Chandos House, St. Peter's Road, Leicester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: N. G. Touch, W. B. Cairns, H. Bucknell, Thomas Dobson, W. Lismore, J. Wall, K. D. Child, W. M. Wallace, F. B. Julian, Owen Squires, Frank Taylor.

No. III.—“‘Captain’ Birthday Book.”

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF FOOTBALL OR HOCKEY-STICK: C. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: R. L. Ormiston, Cameronian Cottage, Brynhyfryd, Swansea; Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis Square, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Maud Heddy, Edith May Nanson, A. A. Kerridge, May MacCowen Hall, Lucy Fuller, Ellen West, Charles Reed.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF FOOTBALL OR HOCKEY-STICK: Albert Albrow, 43 Hinton Road, Loughboro' Junction, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: V. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. W. Bailey, Horace V. Levin, Percival Dacre, Gladys A. W. von Stralendorff, Lottie Tucker, Joyce Hunter, Ethel M. Parsons, M. W. Fuller, M. V. Woodgate, E. M. Gough, Mary Child.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF FOOTBALL OR HOCKEY-STICK: K. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. G. Papillon, James Haddock, Cyril C. Reay, Bernard Hickson, Zillah Gray, Isabel Victal, Doris Stafford, George G. Milne, Emmeline d'Auvergne.

No. IV.—“Photographic Competition.”

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: James M. Swanson, 20 Victoria Street, Aberdeen. A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Harry W. Witcombe, Castlebrook, Holland Road, Maidstone.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James E. T. S. Hilton, T. Pape, Janet R. Fooks, E. J. Sparkes-Madge, J. T. Roberts, R. W. Copeman.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Francis G. Beeson, 139 Oxford Road, Gloucester.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: C. V. Monier-Williams, 3 Barby Road, Rugby.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Seward Gales, W. E. Morley, A. D. Gill, W. E. Gundill, George Chance, T. E. W. Strong, Benjamin Corbyn, Norman Cowell, A. C. Denison, George H. Webber, William J. Parkyn, Bernard Meldrum.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Sidney H. Radcliffe, 8 Winslade Road, Brixton, S.W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE IS AWARDED TO: Carslake Winter Wood, Kenwick, Paignton, S. Devon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Alice Hilton, C. Cotton, David B. Pryde, Harold Morgan, T. M. Horsley, Mildred Richardson, H. L. Bartow.

No. V.—“November Celebrities.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF FOOTBALL: W. H. Gillman, Brittox, Devizes, Wilts. A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: H. E. Haylock, “The Hollies,” Thurgarton, Notts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. F. Curtis, Audrey E. Foll, R. O. Merton, Nora Blake, John Thomas, William Kentish, Helen C. Stone, Martin Goult, C. H. Shepherd, A. E. N. Colebrook, A. Tappin, T. W. Spikin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF FOOTBALL: Swinburn Stephenson Cherry, 20 Finlay Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: C. Murgatroyd, 43 Blackburn Avenue, Bridlington; Eric Gedge, 8 Henleaze Gardens, Westbury, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. B. Kincaid, Frank Thomas, Evelyn Siddons, E. J. Morris, Agnes Macmeeken, P. T. Lovejoy, Walter Eite, W. L. Davies, A. J. Turner, E. G. Urwin, E. C. Field, Edward Taylor.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF FOOTBALL: George Gordon Milne, Sturge House, 32 Bow Road, London, E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. E. Newsome, James Hight, Garnet Lampard, E. D. E. Harland, L. F. Ellington, -Wright.

No. VI.—“Consolation Competition.”

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF FRETWORK OUTFIT: G. A. Smythe, Moreland House, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: D. Campbell, Charles A. Gibson, D. George, J. Y. Morris.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF FRETWORK OUTFIT: H. M. J. Burdett, Poltimore Rectory, Exeter.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Thomas Bones, jun., 46 High Street, Cheshunt, Herts; Alex. L. Ogilvy, Middle Manse, Coatbridge, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank D. Barton, Norman Johnson, L. Thomson, F. A. Kenneth, Nora French Blake, Dorothy Nanson, J. J. Simpson, Leonard C. Whetham, William Morgan, Fred Hill.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF FRETWORK OUTFIT: Stanley Tignet, 17 St. Stephen's Road, Bow, E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. W. H. Cooper, James Gray, Cecil Kilroy, G. S. A. Nicholson, Eric S. Fry, Gladys E. P. Green, H. B. Champion, H. R. Foxott, W. H. S. Curryner.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(October.)

No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: Fitzherbert Howell, 62 Henry Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Henry James (British Guiana).

No. III.—WINNER OF 5s.: John Allison, 239 Albert Road, Woodstock, Cape Colony.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. H. Hedding (Cape Colony), Harold S. Wurtell (Canada).

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: Harry S. Blinkworth, Gaya, Western Bengal, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. R. Thompson (Cape Colony).

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 Greghouse,” “Acton’s Feud,” “The Heart of the Prairie.”

Comments on the November Competitions.

No. II.—The correct list, decided by vote, is as follows:

Full Back.—H. B. Winfield (Wales), or W. B. Forrest (Scotland). Equal number of votes.

Three-quarters.—L. M. McLeod (Scotland), B. MacLear (Ireland), E. T. Morgan (Wales), J. E. Raphael (England).

Halves.—R. M. Owen (Wales), P. R. Munro (Scotland), or E. D. Simson (Scotland). Equal number of votes.

Forwards.—V. H. Cartwright (England), A. Tedford (Ireland), D. R. Bedell-Sivright (Scotland), C. E. Allen (Ireland), A. F. Harding (Wales), R. S. Stronach (Scotland), J. J. Hodges (Wales), J. Wallace (Ireland).

No. III.—Very excellent were the artistic efforts and apt quotations submitted for the last instalment of our “Birthday Books,” and we congratulate certain prize-winners who have contested their places so keenly month by month. By next Christmas we hope to have this “Birthday Book” ready.

No. IV.—The photographs in Classes II. and III. were below the usual standard, but some very good work was submitted in Class I.

No. V.—The usual large numbers of excellent essays were sent in. The favourite “celebrities” were Edward VII., Earl of Chatham, Martin Luther, Charles I., William III., Lord Russell, and John Bright. Competitors should bear in mind that the standard of these essays is a high one and that therefore spelling and grammatical mistakes spoil any chance of success. They should also pay strict attention to the age limit in each class.

No. VI.—The “Favourite Competitions” chosen were Essays, Drawing, Birthday Book, Hidden Towns, &c., and lists of Cricketers and Footballers. The essays on these subjects did not reach a very high standard, and, in many cases, there was a decided lack of neatness and good spelling. It was a great pleasure to award prizes to those who had never been so fortunate as to gain them before.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

The Emotional Waiter at a Smoking Concert.

BY TOM BROWNE, R.I.



When the tenor sings a sentimental song the waiter stands in a very sympathetic attitude.



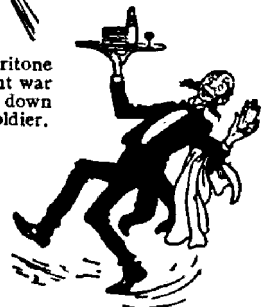
When the bass sings "The Storm Fiend" he shivers and looks blown about.



When the soprano gives us "Sing me to Sleep," he walks on tip-toe.



When the baritone sings a triumphant war song he stalks down the room like a soldier.



And when the funny man sings a comic song he quite enters into the spirit of the thing.



Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

Edward Hankwell

THE PHILATELIC EDITOR OF "THE CAPTAIN" IN HIS STUDY.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIV.

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No. 83.

A GREAT STAMP COLLECTOR:

BEING AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. E. J. NANKIVELL.

By A. B. COOPER.

THE charm of philately as a leisure pursuit is the appeal which it makes to the cultured mind. So much of interest centres in each stamp. To turn the pages of a well-arranged collection is to read the history of a country in the art of designing, engraving, and printing; the development of postal communication within and without its borders; its political changes, its fortune in war, and its progress in peace.

These reflections are forced upon me as the result of the afternoon's talk which it was recently my privilege to enjoy with Mr. Edward J. Nankivell. The Philatelic Editor of THE CAPTAIN needs no introduction to my present readers: nor is it an exaggeration to say that any words of his upon stamps and stamp collecting will be listened to with profound interest and respect in circles far wider than that in which this magazine circulates—in brief, wherever stamp-collectors are gathered together. In the philatelic world few names are more famed, or carry more weight than that of Edward J. Nankivell.

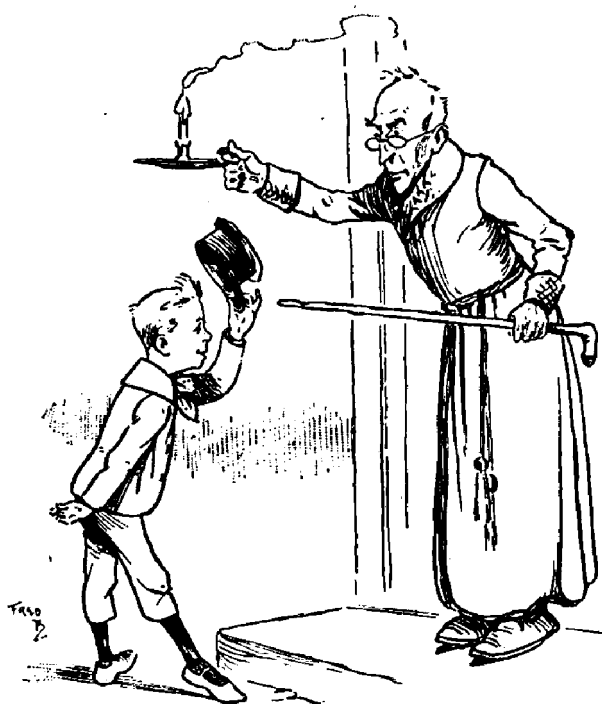
Picture to yourself a spare man of medium height, whose keen eyes, steely grey, hold your attention, willy nilly. Iron-grey hair brushed upwards from a high forehead, strong eye-brows with a humorous twist to them, and a heavy moustache that hides the mouth, yet cannot conceal its genial lines. As he talks his face lights up with interest, and as terse remark or pithy anecdote (he is a *raconteur* of rare memory and skill) fall from his lips the puckered lines of humour about the eyes wrinkle and un wrinkle with lively animation. He is telling of how he came to be a stamp-collector.

"When I was a boy, on the north coast of Cornwall," he says, "boys coming home for

the holidays from the distant colleges brought stamps with them, and by many a boyish 'swop' my interest in stamps was aroused. I very soon found plenty of openings for making a collection, for I had relations in Chili, South Africa, Australia, and other places abroad. I also questioned the local postman as to who received foreign letters in the neighbourhood, and I went and called upon the ladies and gentlemen. I did not mind who they were, but very civilly and courteously asked them if they would allow me to have the stamps off their letters. Many of them were surprised at the knowledge I displayed of the letters they received, but they generally gave me what I wanted, and I thus added materially to my collection. From this point the interest grew upon me until, almost imperceptibly, it became one of the leading occupations of my leisure, till finally it ceased almost to be an occupation of my leisure and became a matter of engrossing study."

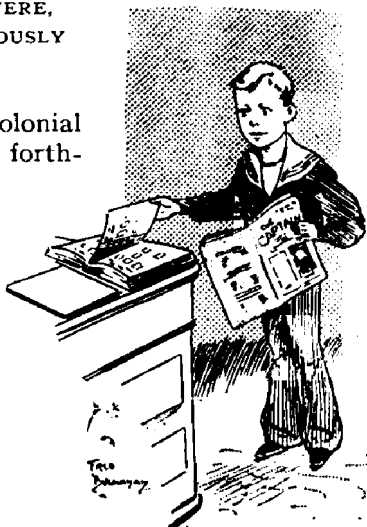
I asked Mr. Nankivell his opinion as to how philately ranked to-day amongst the pursuits of the leisured classes. Did he think, for example, the collecting of stamps was as popular as ever?

"I should say it is *more* popular than ever," he replied. "It is one of the most favoured pursuits of many members of the moneyed classes, despite the fact that some people imagine they play Bridge all the time. Indeed, since the Prince of Wales associated himself so prominently with the Society which looks after the interests of 'advanced' collectors, philately has become quite the 'mode.' Not only the Prince, but both his elder boys, are keen stamp-collectors. Prince Eddy promises to be quite an expert, for he takes in a weekly stamp journal, and has it sent to him regularly, wherever he may be, and he has already entered



"I DID NOT MIND WHO THEY WERE,
BUT VERY CIVILLY AND COURTEOUSLY
ASKED THEM. . . ."

his collection of French Colonial stamps for competition at the forthcoming International Philatelic Exhibition. The Earl of Crawford, too, the premier Earl of Scotland, for many years President of the Astronomical Society and one of the most scientific men of the Peerage, is proud to belong to the ranks of stamp-collectors. His collection probably rivals any in the world, with the exception of the noted Ferrary collection in Paris. Then, one of the wealthiest and shrewdest connoisseurs of art and furniture in Bond Street to-day is amongst the keenest of stamp-collectors, and that he has exercised as nice a discrimination in stamps as in bric-à-brac is evident from the fact that the value of his collection runs into six figures. It is astonishing from what diverse professions the serious philatelist is drawn. I could mention scores of men to you—headmasters of great public schools, scholars, lawyers, barristers, merchants—shrewd and hard-headed men of business in the City of London, who are unostentatious but, nevertheless, big collectors of stamps."



"PRINCE EDDY PROMISES TO BE
QUITE AN EXPERT."

nor is it mere popularity; it is a combination of popularity, of supply, and of demand. The most popular rarity is the 'Post Office Mau-

"You would not try, then, to hide the fact that there is a financial side to the collection of postage stamps?"

"Certainly not. There is no doubt that the monetary aspect of philately plays a very important part. In fact, several leading collectors, despite the wealth that many of them can command, expend so much money in stamps that they are compelled to regard it in the light of an investment. We are at present engaged in organising, on a large scale, an International Philatelic Exhibition, to be held next year, and we have taken the hall of the Royal Horticultural Society at Westminster, one of the finest rooms available in London for such a purpose. We are hoping that the Prince of Wales will open the Exhibition; and, as we shall in all likelihood have very little short of half a million sterling represented in exhibits of stamps, it will be well worth a Royal opening!"

Mr. Nankivell went on to talk of the various influences which affect the stamp market; and to hear the intricacies of a subject so difficult of explanation discussed with such expert knowledge was as striking as it was illuminating. But when I asked him to express, in a word, what constitutes the value of a postage stamp—to define that mysterious something which places upon it a fictitious value so out of all proportion to its intrinsic worth—he shook his head.

"There is no word which sums it up," he said. "It is not rarity."



"UNOSTENTATIOUS BUT,
NEVERTHELESS, BIG COL-
LECTORS OF STAMPS."

ritius,' for a copy of which the Prince of Wales recently paid £1450. But there are several stamps considerably scarcer and rarer which would not fetch a ten-pound note. The Post Office Mauritius is a popular rarity which belongs to a popular country, and it is regarded by all great collectors as a special gem."

"Then there are fashions," I suggested, "in stamps as well as in china, pictures, and bric-à-brac."

"Quite so," said Mr. Nankivell with ready acquiescence, "quite so. Some years ago, for

man will plunge on the Stock Exchange. But there is no necessity for this, because if one class of stamps is depressed, another is generally in the ascendant, and trade remains level. One of our shrewdest stamp-collectors has kept a debtor and creditor account against himself, in the matter of stamp-collecting, from the time he first started as a boy at school. Some years ago he told me he was only £400 to the bad—and he then held a collection of stamps which he has since sold for £29,000! The most necessary qualifications of the specu-



MR. NANKIVELL'S HOME IN KENT.

instance, 'West Indies' were amongst the most popular stamps that could be collected. There was, in fact, such a rush for British West Indies that the prices went up astonishingly. Indeed, they were undoubtedly much inflated. Then the enthusiasm cooled off, a slump occurred, and if you want to start stamp-collecting to-day you might do worse than go in for West Indies."

"One can speculate in stamps, then, as easily as in stocks and shares—and lose money over them as easily, too?"

"Not if you keep a cool head," said Mr. Nankivell, with conviction. "The injudicious man will plunge in stamps just as the injudicious

relative philatelist are foresight and discrimination.

"Take Transvaals, for instance," he went on, with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye; "I have a special fondness for Transvaals. In fact, it may be of interest to remark that I built this house, so to speak, entirely out of Transvaal stamps. I came to make a speciality of them through a rather fortunate inspiration. It was in my journalistic days, and my interest was aroused by a speech from Lord Carnarvon, on the battle of Majuba Hill and its results, which I chanced to report.

"From that day to this I have collected 'Transvaals.' I was converted to the view

held by Lord Carnarvon that, despite what Mr. Gladstone had said after the fall of Majuba, the Transvaal was bound to become again, some day, British territory. I foresaw that if the Transvaal ever did again become British territory, its stamps would take a very favourable



SONGS OF THE NORTH.

Dedicated to Mrs Austin,
By the Authors.

No 3. Song of the Sledge.

[Air—'I in Afloat.']

We're away! We're away! on the bleak frozen Sea,
When glory's ahead, none so fearless as we;
Danger's our birthright, we have scorned it before,
When friends need our help, we'll dare it the more;
No Home but our tent, our bed the cold snow,
Is not Heaven above us, wherever we go;
A fig for all friendship, we'll strive all the more,
Across the wide floe, & along the lone shore—
Our Shipmates last cheer, but the sound of success,
Our efforts, the prayers of the Mourner will bless:
Step out my brave hearts, who so dauntless as we,
We're away! We're away! on the bleak frozen Sea.

Har! I'ave, or we perish—is borne on the gale;
When such is their need, is their one that would fail?
No! shoulder to shoulder we'll search the dark West,
And smile at all toil, & ask not for rest;
Till we grasp by the hand our countrymen dear,
And offer the Seal that has sped, drop a Sailor's sad tear
Yes! the lee it may rend—the Snow Storm may rage,
We Seamen, with both a struggle can wage.
Our duty says Onward! onward we'll go,
An' abide His behest, for wealer for woe.
Stopper &c.

J. Beauchamp, Printer. Arctic Regions—1851.

ONE OF MR. NANKIVELL'S TREASURES.

An original copy of a song composed by members of the Franklin Expedition and set up and printed in the frozen north. The effect of the intense cold upon the printing ink is seen in the imperfect impressions of some letters. In certain places, also, shortage of type has necessitated the filling in of some letters with a pen.

place in the eyes of stamp collectors. For years I had the pick of the European market, and got together what has been pronounced by the most competent authorities one of the four great specialised collections in the world.

"A few years ago I parted with the cream of my collection, in order that I might build myself a shanty down here in this lovely, quiet part of Kent. Here is the remnant of them, and you will see that it is not a very forlorn-looking remnant either."

So saying, Mr. Nankivell gave me a peep at his new collection of "Transvaals" built up from the duplicates of his former collection, and including, amongst some which are recent acquirements, many stamps which are unique, and cannot be matched, such as the Shilling Viljeon Printing *tête-bêche*, and a strip of six fine rouletted pennies of the same printing.

"As regards rarities," I asked, "are there any instances of a stamp which once existed, but of which no copy is now known?"

"No, there is no such case," was the answer. "Speaking of rarities, lucky finds have been made sometimes. Take my own case. For years I was searching amongst dealers and collectors throughout Europe for a certain variety. One day I was looking over my collection with a well-known specialist, and talking about the difficulty I had experienced in meeting with a copy of this particular variety. And all the time, as I talked, my friend's eyes were glued to a magnificent specimen of the very thing, in a page of my own album. I actually did not know I had it! That was a lucky find that was not a find. The block in which the specimen was 'found' instantly mounted in value, in my estimation, from a few shillings to over £50!"

"Now to take a broad view of the subject, Mr. Nankivell. Wherein lies the importance—the value, if you like, of philately? This widespread and influential interest in postage stamps: what do you think of it? Is it a useful thing—a good sign of the times?"

"A big question!" Mr. Nankivell smiled; then added with conviction, "Yes, I think it is a good sign of the times, when our business men do not tie themselves slavishly to business, but are able to find leisure for quiet and intellectual pastime. Men of all classes are giving themselves up more proportionately to pleasures of this elevating kind than ever they did before, and I consider that a useful—nay, a hopeful—thing."

"But I conclude—" I began: then hesitated. My host was so evidently and seriously in earnest. Plucking up courage, however, though

conscious that I was on tender ground, I continued :

"I conclude that you regard stamp-collecting, nevertheless, as a mere amusement?"

"No, I do *not*," replied Mr. Nankivell emphatically, but with less heat than I had expected. "A mere pastime it may be for many; but to the readers of *THE CAPTAIN*, for instance, it is something more than a pastime. The boy who collects stamps has a great pull over the non-collector in the matter, say, of geographical

Mr. Nankivell looked at me with triumph in his eye, and I blushed for my ignorance. But before I could mumble out an explanation or excuse he continued :

"To hark back, for a moment, to the Transvaal. People talk glibly enough about the district which bears that name, but how many know anything of its history? Now, any boy who collects stamps can tell you that the Boer Republic was first known as the South African Republic, that it started the issue of

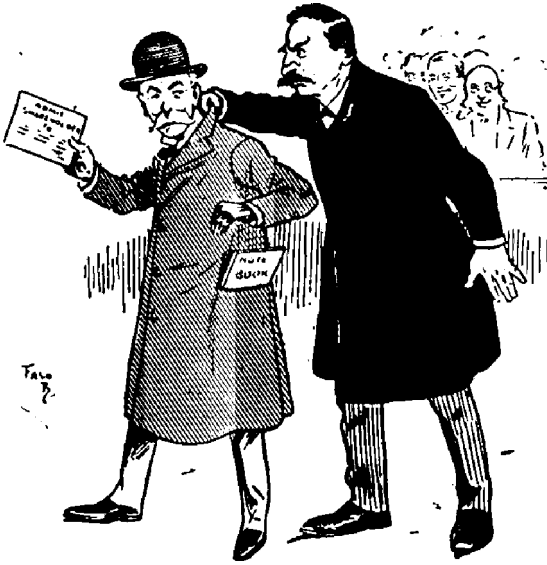


MR. NANKIVELL IN HIS GARDEN.

The Philatelic Editor of *THE CAPTAIN* is no mean hand at croquet; while at bowls he is a first-rate player.

knowledge. For example, how many boys know where to find Boyaca? Very few, indeed, except the boy stamp-collector. Here are one or two more questions for *CAPTAIN* readers to try their wits upon. Where are the Marshall Islands—The Republic of San Marino—The Somali Coast—Bhopal and Funchal—Santander—Rio-de-Aro—Horta—Bogota—Eritrea—and last, but not least, Antioquia? How many boys who do not collect stamps could say where those places are? Can you say where they are?"

stamps in 1870, but got into trouble in '77, and was taken over by us, and became part of the British Dominions. After that, trouble arose again, and the government of the day gave back the Transvaal to the Boers. That was after Majuba in '81. Later came an interregnum, during which the Transvaal was known as a State; and, it was not until 1883 that it once more became a full-fledged South African Republic. In 1899, we once more took over the government, and, as everybody knows, it is now again a British Colony. These would



"NOT QUITE SO FAST, MY FRIEND," SAID I.

be all familiar facts and dates to the boy-collector, but how many, who are not stamp-collectors, would be able to give even one of the dates correctly?"

"Now for a question which is of especial interest to the readers of your 'Stamp Corner' in *THE CAPTAIN*. What about philately at school? Are boys as keen on stamps as they used to be?"

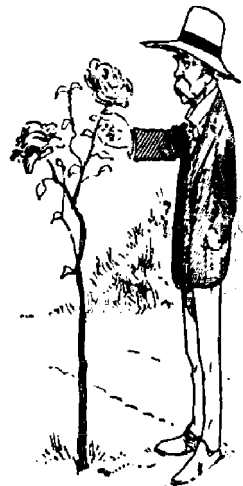
'More keen,' was the answer; "and what is better, the pursuit of philately at school is conducted nowadays on proper lines. There was a time," continued Mr. Nankivell somewhat gravely, "when the Headmasters of many of our great schools wisely tabooed stamp-collecting. This was because an evil race of hawkers had sprung up, and persuaded the boys to act as their agents in the schools. A number of money scandals occurred, with the inevitable consequence that the Headmasters put a stop to the whole thing. That is now altered. Some Headmasters even take so great an interest in stamp-collecting as to establish Stamp Societies, by means of which they guide and control the boys in their collecting, and there are quite a number who are themselves keen collectors. Indeed, the Headmaster of one of our greatest public schools, were he not too busy a man, and too much devoted to his profession, would be figuring to-day as a collector of the very first rank."

Then we fell to talking of other things. For the most part I sat still and listened, for to interrupt Edward J. Nankivell in reminiscent mood would be a foolish act. In former days a distinguished journalist, he tells capital stories of Fleet Street, using his vivid gift of

narrative with rare effect. On the staff of the old *Pall Mall Gazette* he was the colleague of such men as John Morley, W. T. Stead, and Lord Milner; and many of his best yarns relate actual experiences of his own, when on that paper.

"As City Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* I happened upon some curious incidents. Sometimes it is difficult to obtain entrance to a company meeting. A public company, for instance, may be getting into difficulties, and, to hush up the state of affairs, it excludes the Press. But I sometimes subscribed for a share in those companies whose muddled affairs I desired to investigate in the interests of the public. Armed in this way with a shareholder's certificate, I once presented myself for admission to the meeting of a well-known company that made a deal of stir some years ago. I was informed that the Press was not admitted. Then I demanded the shareholders' list, signed my name, produced my share certificate, and walked in. The room was packed, and I had to stand against the wall. As soon as I took out my note-book, the secretary left the chairman's side, walked down the room with an angry look, and asked me in the most insolent manner if I had been informed at the door that the Press were not admitted. I said that was so. 'Then,' said he, 'it's like your impudence to force your way in,' and, taking me by the coat collar, he pushed me towards the door. 'Not quite so fast, my friend,' said I. 'I have a special ticket of admission to this meeting. Just look at it, will you, and then tell me if you dare to turn me out?' I produced my shareholder's scrip, and he hastily retreated to the chairman, amidst the laughter of those around. There

was a conference with the chairman, and once more he came down to me—this time with a different air and message. 'Oh, Mr. Nankivell, the chairman would be much obliged if you would not publish any report of this meeting.' This, of course, in an undertone. 'Tell your chairman,' I replied, 'that I am city editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that I am here for the purpose of reporting this hole-



HIS ROSES ARE A SPEC-
TACLE OF RADIANT
BEAUTY.

and-corner meeting, and that a faithful report will appear to-morrow.' The secretary once more retired. amidst the laughter and 'hear, hears' of those around. Jabez Balfour, who had been pulling the strings of that wretched company, sat near me, and a peculiar smile played over his great fat face, but he did not attempt to interfere. He knew I held the trump card that time."

Formerly an active journalist of note, now one of the first philatelic authorities in the world, Mr. Nankivell has yet another string to his bow. For he is recognised as one of the chief experts in shorthand. To his duties as editor of THE CAPTAIN'S "Stamp Corner," he adds the editorship of the *Reporters' Magazine*, his "copy" for which he writes in flawless shorthand—a marvel of neatness to behold.

Out of doors, Mr. Nankivell takes keen delight in his garden, and his roses are a spectacle of radiant beauty. As to games—if you can beat him at bowls you are a skilful player indeed. *Experto crede!*

Amongst the treasures of his study, where we talked away the all-too-brief afternoon, perhaps those to which (if we exclude the wonderful collection of stamps) Mr. Nankivell attaches

most sentimental value are the numerous autograph letters of famous men and women—many addressed to him personally—which he possesses.

"My gems," says Mr. Nankivell, "are these two letters received from Robert Louis Stevenson, when he was living at Samoa. One, as you see, consists of three pages of typewriting, and looks as though the machine had been practised upon by all the natives of the South Seas. The other is in Stevenson's own handwriting from beginning to end."

Other notable autographs and letters which Mr. Nankivell treasures are from Gladstone, Holman Hunt, Ruskin, George Meredith, Edward Capern (the postman-poet of Devonshire), and Eliza Cook, the author of "The Old Arm Chair."

As I stood on the doorstep—my pockets full of fruit, and a glorious bouquet of autumn flowers in my arms—and took leave of my host, I asked for a message to the readers of THE CAPTAIN.

"Wish them good luck for me," said Mr. Nankivell with a merry smile, "and tell them to remember this: once a philatelist always a philatelist. Let them STICK TO THEIR STAMPS"

The True Englishman.

"I SEE the true-born son of England, his vigour and his virtues yet unimpaired. In his blood is the instinct of honour, the scorn of meanness; he cannot suffer his word to be doubted, and his hand will give away all he has, rather than profit by a plebeian parsimony. He is frugal only of needless speech. A friend staunch to the death; tender with a grave sweetness to those who claim his love; passionate, beneath stoic seeming, for the causes he holds sacred. A hater of confusion and of idle noise, his place is not where the mob presses; he makes no vaunt of what he has done, no boastful promise of what he will do; when the insensate cry is loud, the counsel of wisdom overborne, he will hold apart, content with plain work that lies nearest to his hand, building, strengthening, whilst others riot in destruction. He was ever hopeful, and deems it a crime to despair of his country. 'Non, si male nunc, et olim sic erit.' Fallen on whatever evil days and evil tongues, he remembers that Englishman of old who, under every menace, bore right onwards; and like him, if so it must be, can make it his duty and his service to stand and wait."—From *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, by GEORGE GISSING.

WIND v. STEAM.

A TALE OF

AN UNIQUE
OCEAN RACE.

By Capt. F. H. Shaw.

CAPTAIN GOOSENECK walked lightly across the narrow gangway, and turned to survey his ship. He tilted his cap over his left eye, and surveyed the trim craft with hardly concealed glee. He even whistled appreciatively. For this was his first command; and he was young, ambitious, the proud possessor of an Extra-master's certificate, and "keen" with the keenness of the young sailor of to-day.

His finger strayed to the back of his head and he stroked his hair ruminatively. "You're a beauty, anyhow," he said, addressing the vessel. "I wouldn't mind backing you against any sailing-ship in the harbour—aye, and against a good few of the steamers, too. Steamers! Bah! Smoky old stinkpots, I call 'em! Give me a wind-jammer against all the 'tramps' that were ever turned out from a Clyde yard. They're

dirty, and they're treacherous; and you've got to humour your chief engineer till you can't call your soul your own. And then, when you're in a tight place, your engines break down and leave you stranded. They always do break down when they're most wanted. Whereas, with a craft like the *Andromeda*, you can lie out any gale that ever blew without starting a rope-yarn. No need for you to wonder what on earth you're going to do if your shaft breaks, no need to do anything but ease your canvas and wait for better times."

He turned, and was about to re-board his ship when a loud hail came to him from a burly figure that was proceeding pompously along the quay.

"Mornin', Cap'n," said the new arrival.

"Morning to you, Captain Sleek," answered Gooseneck cheerily, but with a tinge of patronage in his accent. There was a long-standing feud between the two sailors as to the respective merits of wind and steam in regard to motive power. Gooseneck, being young, and of the new school, was apt to state his opinions in words that rankled in the minds of his seniors, and there was a desire in the heart of the older man to humble the pride of this youngster, who considered that the possession of the coveted "blue ribbon" entitled his remarks to respect.

"Looking the old ark over?" queried Sleek urbanely. "About time she was broken up, isn't it? Or sold to the Norwegians? Pity to waste good money on paint and canvas for such a disreputable wreck as all that. If I were a young man like you I'd see the owners further before I'd go to sea in a floating death-trap like that. Coming ashore?"

Gooseneck surveyed his fellow-seaman with a large contempt.

"If I were an old man, and had the experience that some people have had, I'd try to cultivate a greater breadth of mind than to cast slurs on a ship which I knew to be immeasurably superior to my own old steam-kettle. I'd be humble, and I'd recognise that the *Ajax* is only an apology for a ship—one of the kind that you buy a mile of, and put a bow and stern to, turning the result out as a steamer. But as I'm only a young man, I'll content myself with saying that the *Andromeda* could give the *Ajax* a mile in ten, and then walk home ahead of her.

"Yes, sir," he went on, proudly, "that's the ship to walk. She wasn't reckoned an ark in the seventies, when she beat the mail-

boat from Hong Kong to Sydney, and she's as good now as she was then."

"When d'ye sail?" inquired Sleek irrelevantly.

"Getting the last bale of wool aboard to-night," was the reply. "We're going down with the tide to-morrow morning; and, as there's a good westerly wind blowing, I reckon on making a fine cffing before nightfall."

"Tell you what," said the older man, "I'll back my pay-day against yours that the *Ajax* gets home before you. I'm sailing to-morrow, too, and I'm open to a race. See if you've got pluck enough to back your boasts."

Gooseneck thought for a while. He was an adept at navigation. He knew how to take advantage of every chance catspaw, and how to cut corners with the best afloat. He glanced back along the wharf to where the *Ajax* loomed large and powerful. She had a record for ten knots an hour even steaming, and was a dangerous antagonist. But his pride was great, and his belief in his own ship amounted to a passion with him. He stuck out a clean white hand, and grasped the other's horny paw.

"Done with you," he said briskly. "My pay-day against yours that I pick up the Gravesend pilot first."

"Shall we have a drink on it?" asked Sleek. "That's the best way of settling things."

"Teetotaller myself," was the response, "but I don't mind a small lemonade."

"Come aboard the *Ajax*, then. Don't suppose you'll have a drop of decent brandy aboard that old mill. If I remember right, those owners cut you down to the last biscuit."

Gooseneck winced, for he knew that the remark was just. He accompanied Sleek along the wharf without attempting to refute such a statement, and the two men boarded the steamer. The young captain looked apprehensively about him as his foot touched the deck. The *Ajax* had a look of power about her that was dashing to his hopes, but the bet was made, and the thing had to be seen through. Over a friendly cigar the old captain thawed perceptibly.

"Don't go in for it unless you like, you know," he remarked. "If you feel like backing out, say so, and I'll call the bet off."

This was galling.

"I'll keep to my bargain if I have to tear

the chain-plates out of her," replied Gooseneck. "I'm going to show some of you old stagers that there's life in the younger generation. I'll tell the pilot boat to look out for you when we get to Dover."

Thus the bargain was ratified, and the two men parted, each loud in his confidence in his own vessel's superior powers.

The word flew along the whole waterfront at Sydney that the *Andromeda* was going to try a race with the *Ajax*. The crews of the two vessels foregathered at "The Lighthouse"—a well-known resort for men of their class. There, over the long beer glasses, many minor bets were laid on the result of the race. Especially loud in his boastings was the bo's'n of the sailing-ship.

"Say what yer like," he said to his ship-mates, "Gooseneck ain't such a fool as he looks. He knows a bit about handlin' a ship, he do, an' it's just the right time o' year for a smart passage. My money goes on the old hooker, and don't yer forget it."

The boatswain of the rival craft heard this remark and was quick to take up the offer. Two more pay-days were wagered on the result; and soon the discussion of the rivals' merits led to hot arguments, culminating in a free fight as the deadly "sheoak" soaked into the sailors' brains. And a great enmity sprang up between the two bodies of men in consequence.

Later on that same evening Captain Gooseneck made his way aboard the *Ajax*, and inquired for his rival.

"It has just struck me," he said, when that worthy presented himself, "that you'll need to stop at Punta Arenas for coal. If you go through the Straits of Magellan you'll just about equalise matters in the long run, but I'm willing to allow you a margin to make up, if you like."

"Spoken very handsome," said Captain Sleek, "but I won't trouble you to make concessions in my favour, thank you."

"We got a very poor freight, and as it costs far more to coal at Punta Arenas than it does in Sydney, I just loaded up a couple of the cargo-hatches with coal, and I've got enough aboard to take me to the Thames with comfort."

"Then, since you're disposed to be fair, I'll go round the Horn, same as you. My owners trust me, and if I tell them that I considered it a stroke of policy to go 'South about,' they'll praise me for my canniness."

But it's very generous, Gooseneck, and I'll let you down as easy as I can."

"Talk about that in a couple of months' time," replied the young captain. "But it's going to be a sporting race. Both to go round Cape Horn, and no stopping for coals! Good enough!"

With a few more words the two men parted, and sought a night's rest preparatory to the strain of the morrow.

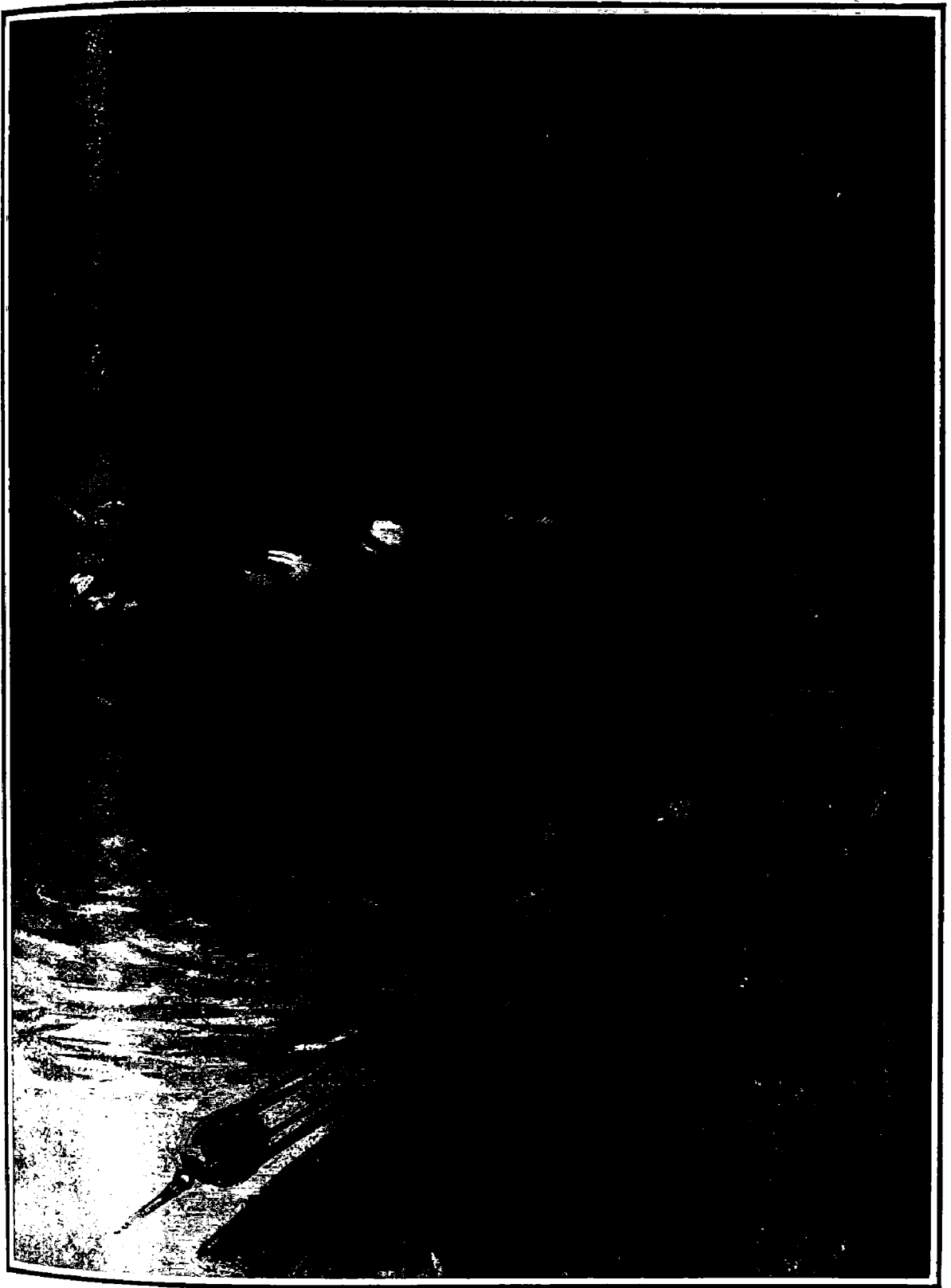
A strong sou' wester blew in boisterous gusts as the tow-boat cast the *Andromeda's* hawser off and bellowed a sonorous farewell. As stretch after stretch of towering canvas climbed the tapering masts, Captain Gooseneck laughed a cheery laugh to himself. When the good ship heeled over to the strong, passionate kiss of the breeze, the laugh developed into a chuckle; and when, a few moments later, a tiny curl of spray hissed lightly over the brace-blocks, he whistled aloud. The *Andromeda* had got the best start she could wish for—a t'gallant breeze on the quarter.

But the roar of a mighty siren came up the wind, and Gooseneck, looking backwards, saw the *Ajax* volleying forth smoke in his wake, overhauling him with every beat of her threshing propeller. Fresh canvas leaped up to the very trucks, sheets were flattened taut, and the race commenced in dead earnest.

The sailing-ship, however, was hopelessly outclassed at this initial stage of the contest, and before night fell down, the steamer hissed up alongside, throwing such a wave from her forefoot as might mark the progress of an ironclad. A figure on the steamer's bridge was seen to pick up a megaphone, and Captain Sleek's voice came beating against the drums of waiting ears. What he said was:

"*Andromeda* ahoy! I'll give you a tow now, if you like. If you'd rather wait, I'll look out for you off Ushant. Only, don't ask me to pick you up if you keep that press of canvas on."

For answer, Gooseneck shook a threatening fist; and the bo's'n of the *Andromeda*, seeing a figure that he knew leaning over the steamer's rail, picked up a piece of holystone and let fly with precision. The *Ajax's* bo's'n gave vent to a howl that put the siren to shame, and a regular fusillade of small coal answered the one chance shot. But presently the steamer swung her stern round with an insolent lurch, her whistle echoed once more, and then her tail-light slowly crept ahead in the gathering gloom.



THE SAILING-SHIP WAS HOPELESSLY OUTCLASSSED AT THIS INITIAL STAGE OF THE CONTEST, AND BEFORE NIGHT FELL DOWN, THE STEAMER HISSSED UP ALONGSIDE, THROWING SUCH A WAVE FROM HER FOREFOOT AS MIGHT MARK THE PROGRESS OF AN IRONCLAD.

When morning came, no sign of his rival gladdened the eyes of Captain Gooseneck. But he held on his way with a stern determination to refuse defeat.

No matter that a tearful mate besought his captain to take off some of the lighter canvas, no matter that growling sailors swore loud, far-reaching oaths at being brought out in the middle of the night to stand-by the halliards until a fiercer squall than usual was past—Gooseneck took such chances as would have driven a less cool man grey-headed. And day after day the stately craft sang through the fresh wind, until her decks grew slippery with the constant rush of the sea-water along them. It grew to be a common sight to see the straining canvas burst from its bolt-ropes with a sound like the roar of a gun; and for more than seventy hours on end Captain Gooseneck kept a stern and tireless watch, revolver ready to hand, over the top-sail halliards, fearing lest some timorous mortal might so far lose his nerve as voluntarily to shorten sail on his own account. Cape Horn was reached and passed in a gale that was enough to “blow the whiskers off old Neptune”—to use the words of the sailmaker. But though the sea was running mountains high, the Captain disregarded the earnest protests of his officers, and swung the ship round on her northward way without even taking the trouble to get an offing from the menacing coastline. By a special providence he weathered that treacherous cape, and though the *Andromeda* all but laid her weary bones to rest on the shores of the Falklands, an opportune shift of wind enabled her to beat off at the last moment, and hasten on.

At times, far ahead, like a faint, elusive will-o'-the-wisp, a tiny curl of smoke would appear; and fixing his eyes on this sign of the enemy's presence, Gooseneck would swear that nothing should stand between himself and victory. Such a run has surely never been chronicled. The *Andromeda* had one long succession of fresh, favourable gales—gales that took her on her best sailing-point, and enabled her to reel the log-line out to its limit on many an occasion.

Then, one day, the curl of smoke ahead grew in size. Soon it was possible to distinguish a funnel shooting up out of the heaving surface of the sea, and by the aid of powerful binoculars Gooseneck could make out the crossed keys—white on a black ground—that were the *Ajax's* distinguishing marks. All hands now entered into the

spirit of the race, and ready hands hauled taut the straining sheets, that already cracked like so many whips. When the second mate called out the watch below to “sweat up” the halliards, he heard not one dissentient voice; instead, the men came cheerily, hitching their pants with eagerness to be at their work.

And the next day—oh! the happiness that filled Captain Gooseneck's heart—the steamer was broad on the beam. The Captain could not resist the temptation, and as the sailing-vessel slowly forged ahead, he took the end of a rope and waved it mockingly to the angry figures on the *Ajax's* bridge. He was offering to tow them home! A volley of sea-blessings came to his ears, and he answered as a London street arab would answer. That is, he took a long breath, let forth a fiendish howl, and then slowly extended his fingers in front of his nose. The insult was complete.

But a flat calm took the *Andromeda* in the Doldrums, and Gooseneck had the chagrin of seeing his rival steam leisurely past him, whilst he lay there helpless to resent. He sat idly on the taffrail, whistling for the breeze that would not come, and watching the steamer disappear beneath the northern horizon. He thought ruefully of that wagered pay-day; thought of many foolish words he had spoken—and forgot all when a strong gust swept up over the smooth water, tearing it into little wavelets that seemed to be laughing in glee.

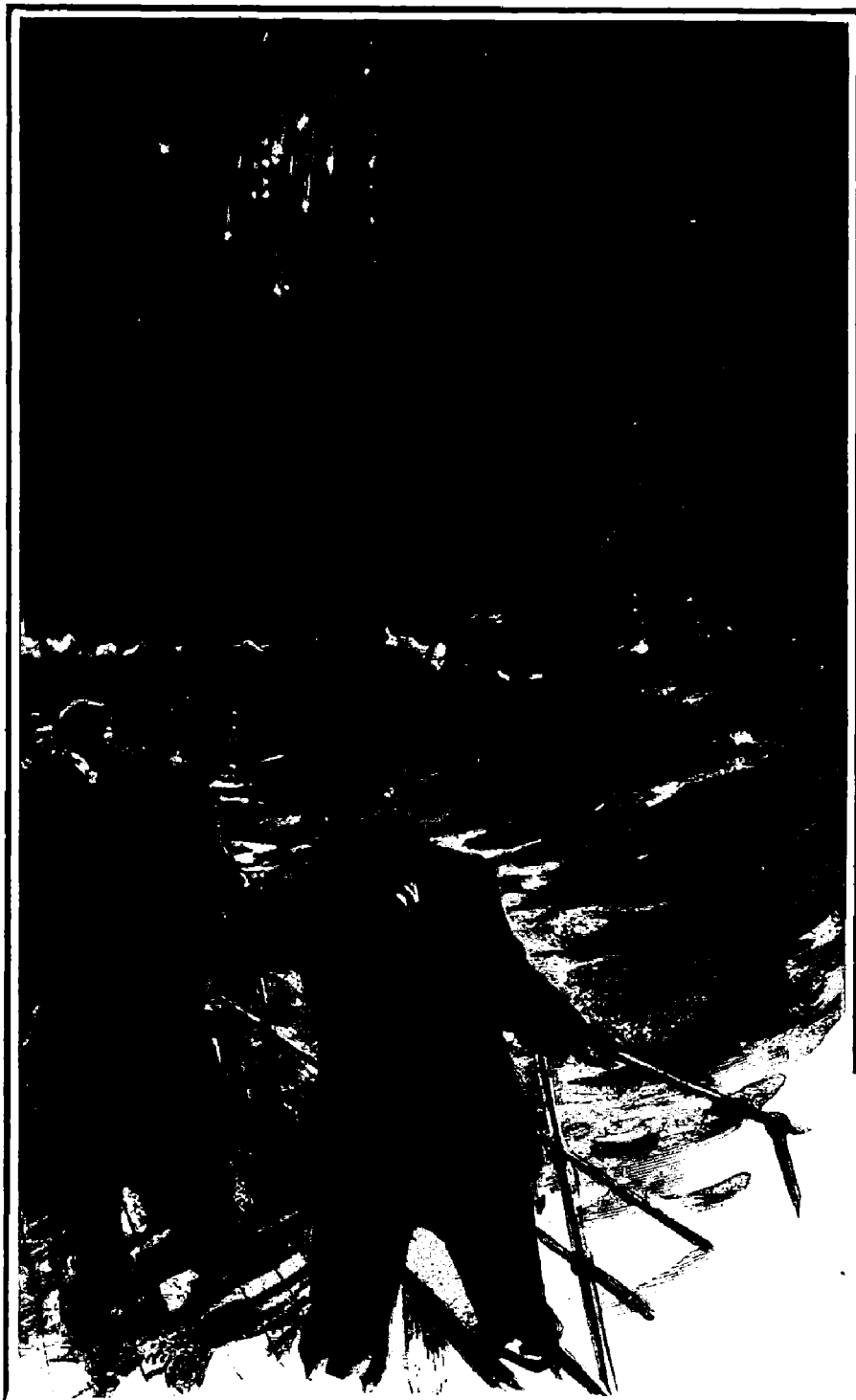
On board the *Ajax* all was gaiety. The captain and chief engineer held long, solemn conclaves daily; both men were doing everything they could for the success of the race. The coal was all that could be desired, and the spirit that stimulated the crew of the *Andromeda*, actuated the crew of the steamer in like measure. No need for an angry engineer to make his way to the stokehold and address savage exhortations to the labouring stokers. They were doing all they could, and the thin steel plates of the vessel's sides vibrated like sheets of paper. And so the days passed on until the Bay of Biscay welcomed the *Ajax* with such a gale as is rare even in that haunt of a tumultuous Boreas.

For a matter of a dozen hours the steamer laboured heavily in the trough of the tremendous sea then running, and the engineers' faces grew grave and long. With monotonous regularity the heavy propeller would lift itself out of the water and spin wildly round

in the empty air, while from the engine-room would come a sound like the shattering of all the crockery in the world, as the steamer writhed in the grasp of a mighty wave—helpless, for the moment, as a log. With a heavy quarter sea the modern "tramp" is a woeful object. She has no sails to steady her against the play of the sea; and she rolls in such sickening lurches that the heart flies to the mouth at every heave. She rises giddily to the summit of a lofty wave, pausing there quiescent for an instant, only to swoop down into a watery chasm and wallow there like a bull in a mud-pond. Every plate seems to be starting from its holding bolts, and the decks creak and groan a loud protest against the might of the storm. So it was with the *Ajax* as the long rollers of the Bay embraced her and toyed with her in glee.

The day that had been grey with storm was dwindling away into the misty twilight that heralded the night, when the chief engineer of the steamer made his way cautiously to the bridge, and there, buffeted by wind and spray, told the captain that his engines would not be able to stand such battering for much longer.

"The thrust-blocks are workin' awful loose," he cried—anything less than a howl would have been inaudible in the gale—"an' I doot the propeller's mighty near to



AN ANSWERING ROCKET SHOT HIGH INTO THE STORM-FILLED SKY.

fallin' off. Anither dizen hours like these last, an' we'll be seein' things, ye'll ken."

Captain Sleek motioned him down to the chart-room, and there, with a steward attending to their bodily welfare, the two magnates held a prolonged conference.

"Will she hold out for a few hours longer?" asked Sleek. "If you can patch her up a bit till then, we'll manage to weather this blow. The *Andromeda* will be logging fourteen knots in this wind, and she'll be overhauling us as fast as if we were standing still. It isn't the pay-day I'm thinking about, Mac—its the ship's name. Hang it all!" he burst out violently, "Gooseneck said his old windjammer could sail round this craft!"

The Scotsman's eyes flashed. "Did he say that? Weel, sirr, I'll drive the little shippie all she'll go. I'll melt the bearin's and break the thrust blocks awa' frae their moorin's before I'll hae a sailin'-ship body laugh at ma engines." And he went below to where the whirling masses of steel buzzed in agony.

The sea still ran high, and as the long night hours passed, more than one bronzed, reckless face grew grave aboard the *Ajax*. Shivering men crouching in the corners of the wet forecastle muttered the long, slow curses that men of the sea use in times of distress, and more than once a deputation of the crew made a passionate appeal to the captain to reduce speed and allow the ship to ride out the storm in comfort. But to all entreaties Sleek was adamant.

But at midnight something, with a crash like the crack of doom, seemed to collapse. The steamer gave a long, shuddering heave, and the engines whizzed round madly for one brief instant. Then a dull, unearthly stillness took the place of the row that had deafened every ear. Sleek stood on the bridge grasping the rails and peering through the storm with salt-blinded eyes. Startled from his abstraction by the sudden quietness, he turned for an explanation. A grimy figure was mounting the ladder. It was the chief engineer, and Sleek clutched him by the shoulder.

"For the love of Heaven, Mac," he cried, "what's gone wrong with the old coffee-mill?"

The chief was as unmoved as chief engineer could be.

"She's just twisted the propeller aff hersel'," he remarked calmly. "Man, but it's gey cauld up here."

"Yes, you shall have a drink as soon as I can get you one," said Sleek; "but tell me, what you can do with her?"

"Dae with her? Sakes alive, man, ye can dae naethin' ava. She's torn the inside oot o' hersel'. The tail-shaft's gone along wi'

the screw,—an' "—here he drew the captain away from the eager ears that were listening—"that's no everything. She's torn a great piece oot, an' the water's runnin' in like a mill-race. I've got all the pumps workin' as hard as they'll gang, but the water's risin' fast, and it's nearly up tae the fires noo. Ye'll need to abandon the bit shippie, I doot."

Sleek's face expressed every tragic feeling that the human visage is capable of showing. Surprise, chagrin, despair chased each other over his features, and he wrung his hands.

"Abandon ship in a gale like this?" he screamed. "Why, man, how long do you think the boats would live?"

"Weel, it's just that or droonin' where we are. It's much the same, whichever way ye look at it. As for masel',—weel, I'm thinkin' that a peg o' whuskey would dae na harm."

A light crept slowly up astern, flickering uncertainly, now dying away, now reappearing as the ship that bore it rose to the top of a wave. It was green, and looked very small in all that vast waste of waters. In response to a hurried order a rocket soared aloft from the bridge of the *Ajax*. Another followed, then another. Still that tiny light held on its blinking way, and Captain Sleek lifted up his voice in anathema on the misguided wastrels who would let their fellows drown.

"It's that Gooseneck, I'll wager," he said to the chief, as the two men watched the flicker dying away ahead. "The coward's deserting us. H'm! I might have known better than to expect anything from a youngster like that—all blow and gilt-edge. And a windjammer, too! Fancy a sailing-ship helping a steamer!"

"Weel," responded Mac, "there's times when you've got tae sink yer pride, an' this is one o' them. For my ain part, I'd tak' help frae a Deal hobbler. But I doot ye're oot o' your reckonin' a bit if ye say he's desairtin' ye. He's heavin' to, or I'm a Dutchman."

The engineer was right. The green light, that seemed to be so quickly disappearing, vanished utterly. Then, while men held their breath, a tiny red light blazed out in its place. An answering rocket shot high into the storm-filled sky, and, as it fell, Sleek made out a small object battling with the waves. Another rocket went up, and the object resolved itself into a boat.

"He may be a young man," said Sleek, handsomely, "but he's got an old head on

his shoulders. Now, no man but one who knew his job would have climbed up to windward like that. There! he's filling once more. He's going to stand down to leeward to pick up his boat. And that's the man I said I wouldn't stop to pick up, no matter what happened!"

It is a matter of history now how the *Andromeda* saved the men of the *Ajax*. One sea rescue is so much like another that it is unnecessary to enter into detail; but every man from the steamer was saved.

With a change of dry clothing, and a steaming glass of something hot before him, Captain Sleek paid generous tribute to the nautical skill of his rival.

"I'm blessed if I could have done it better myself," he said. "I give up—you're best man. Will you shake hands?" Gooseneck passed his hand over the table.

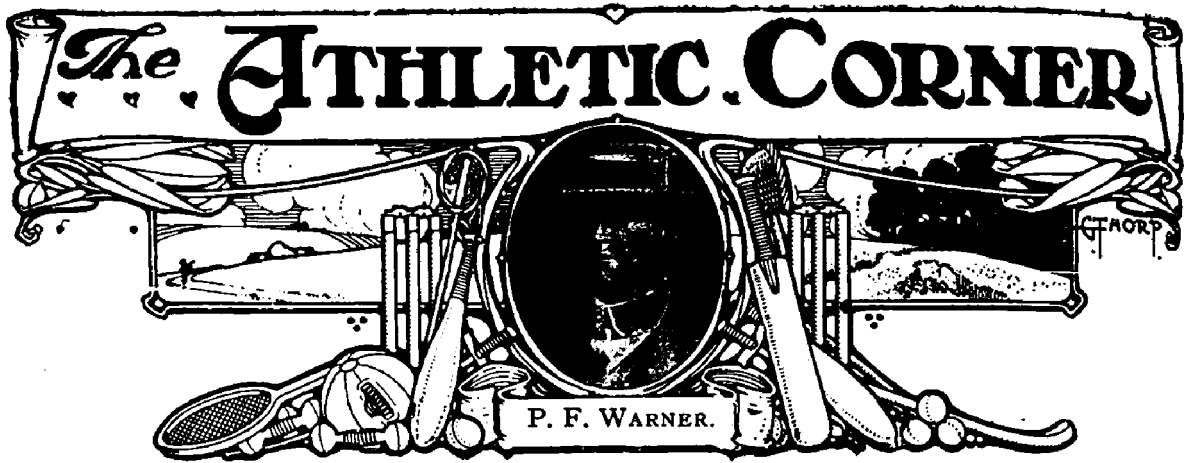
"Touching that little matter of a pay-day," began the elder man presently.

"Better keep that to buy yourself new duds," said Gooseneck.



DAYBREAK IN THE ATLANTIC.

ELORIOUS and joy-giving the sun arose, and the whole horizon-bound expanse of rolling, green water lay beneath us. There is something of God in every daybreak, as most men admit, but I know nothing against the glory of a morn upon the Atlantic for bringing home to a man the delight in mere existence. The very sense of strength which the breeze bears, the limitless deep green of the unmeasured seas, the great arch of the zenith, the clear view of the sun's march, the purity and the stillness and the mastery of it all, the consciousness of the puny power of man, the mind message recalling the sublimity and the awe of the unseen Power beyond—all these things impress you, move in you the deepest thoughts, turn you from the little estimates of self as Nature only can in the holiest of her moods, which are sought yet never found in the cities. Nor can I ever welcome the breath of the great sea's vigour and refuse to listen to her voice, which comes with so powerful a message, even as a message from the great Unknown, whose hand controls, and whose spirit is on, the waters.—MAX PEMBERTON, in *The Iron Pirate*.



P. F. WARNER.

HOCKEY PAST AND PRESENT.

THE game of Hockey is now so popular and so widespread, that it seems to threaten the supremacy of football—at all events Association Football—at the Universities. As early as 1860 the game was played in the South by several clubs, prominent amongst which was the Blackheath Hockey Club; but the game in those old days was very different from what it is to-day, and the year 1886 was the real landmark of English Hockey. In that year the Hockey Association was formed, and ever since it has controlled the fortunes of the game. In 1888 the Northern Counties Hockey Association came into existence, with the recognition of the Hockey Association, having supreme control over the North; whilst in the years 1890 and 1894 respectively, the Midland Counties and Western Counties Hockey Associations sprang up, with similar powers over the Midlands and the West. Each of these Associations has now several Counties under its wing and each County several Clubs.

The game's increasing popularity is due to two main causes. First, it is intrinsically a good game—a hard, fast, and exciting game, testing a man's endurance and with ample scope for his skill. Cricketers invariably take to hockey readily, and their stick work is usually cleverer than that of non-players of our national game. Secondly, it is, and always has been, a purely amateur sport, wherein it appeals to many as opposed to modern football. An Association footballer, on leaving school or the 'Varsity, has really very few amateur clubs with whom he can play, whilst there are hockey clubs galore. This especially applies to the North,

for, in London, a footballer of the first class has several good clubs at his disposal.

And good hockey is good to watch. What can be more effective than a fast run down the touch line by the outside man, a hard, crisp centre beautifully taken on an inside forward's stick and finally a stinging shot saved by the goal-keeper at the expense of a corner? There is action and life about the game, and the ball travels far faster from one end of the ground to the other than at Association football.

Amongst the public schools hockey, of recent years, has made immense strides in popularity. One great reason for this is its excellence as a subsidiary game with which to eke out the declining football season.

The Lent term is admittedly a difficult one from an athletic point of view. Football is on the wane, and interest and keenness are consequently relaxing. The last week of term will see the Sports, and that most desultory form of athletics—training for the Sports—makes its appearance. As a natural consequence the temptation and tendency to "loaf" is increased. There is a consciousness of something lacking somewhere, and this void hockey has been found, in the majority of cases, at all events, exactly to fill.

But hockey, of course, has been officially recognised for many years at several schools. One, at least—Rossall, to wit—plays a distinctive form of it, which is unique even amongst the numerous peculiar games of the public schools. For the following account of Rossall Hockey I am indebted to a correspondent.



Using the feet to stop the ball.



Centre forward passing through legs to his inside left.

THE ART OF BULLYING OFF.

Rossall School, as some may be aware, stands on the sea-shore near Fleetwood, in Lancashire, four-square to all the winds that blow from the Atlantic, and it is upon the magnificent natural playground afforded by the long stretch of firm sands that Rossall Hockey is played. It will be obvious at once that the ordinary Association game would be, in many ways, unsuitable. The ball, for example, would travel much too fast on the smooth level sand. That, in itself, is excellent reason why the School should still play its own peculiar game, apart from the question of sentiment or tradition. But, as a matter of fact, the Rossall game may be looked upon as the parent of hockey. The exact date of the institution of hockey at Rossall cannot be ascertained with certainty, but, at all events, the game was played, under unwritten laws, soon after the foundation of the School in 1844. It is thus older by decades than the Association game. The rules were originally vague, but conformed as far as possible to the rules of the football played at the School. This latter had been organised on Etonian models, and, as a result, there is a strong affinity even now, after the lapse of many years and numerous modifications of the original game, between Rossall Hockey and Eton Field Football.

Originally, the Rossall game was played

with thirteen to a side. In 1886, the number was reduced to eleven, and, in 1891, the rules were printed. The central idea of the game is combination in a *massed body* as against the combination of individuals acting, not for, but by themselves, which is the feature of the Association game. The team is arranged as follows: One back, two flies, and a bully of eight players. It is in the bully, which corresponds to the pack in Rugby football, that the principle of combination in a massed body is

LEFT BACK CLEARING FROM OUTSIDE RIGHT.
Beginning of shot.

End of shot.



HOOKING THE STICK DOWNWARDS.



HOOKING THE STICK UPWARDS.

carried out. The theory is that the whole bully of eight shall be on the ball throughout the game, with three men only outside. There is an off-side rule exactly similar to that in Rugby Football, the game consisting of dribbling by one player, with the rest of the bully backing up closely.

The game is started with a bully, on the principle of a Rugby scrum, the players all packing close, but with both hands, of course, on the stick. Similar bullies—which are tough work, by the way—are formed for “behinds” on a line twenty yards from the goal line, and for “corners” on a line one yard straight in front of goal. These latter are contested with especial fierceness, since goals are frequently scored from them.

The functions of the two flies are similar to those of the halves in Rugger. They hover in close attendance outside the bully, and pouncing on the ball as it comes out, are off with a dash towards the opposing goal at full speed. Speed is, indeed, the chief qualification of a fly, for since he is needed also for purposes of defence, he must be able to get back quickly after an attacking run.

The back, since he plays by himself, must be cool and self-reliant. He needs to keep a constant watch upon the ball, and must act decisively. He should be as clever with his feet as with his stick, for though kicking, which the Association game allows, is barred at Rossall, it is permissible to stop and steady the ball with the feet. Free hits are the penalties for all offences, of which the commonest are

off-side and kicking. A kick is held to be the rebounding of the ball from the foot a distance of two yards or over.

A reminiscence of the Eton field game of football, from which, as already remarked, Rossall hockey is descended, was afforded by the old scoring of rouges. If the ball was hit over the goal-line by a member of the defending side, and was first touched after it had crossed by a member of the attacking side, the latter team scored a rouge, and a bully was formed twenty yards from the place where the ball went out, at right angles to the goal-line. Four rouges made a goal, and a game could be won by a rouge. In 1900, however, it was decided to abolish rouges, owing to the ease with which the rule anent them could be abused. Thus, a player on the attacking side had only to hit the ball on to an opposing player in such a manner that it would rebound over the line, and then touch it, and a rouge was scored. The amended rule now exacts that, in the case of the defending side sending the ball over their own goal-line, a bully is formed one yard outside the striking line directly in front of goal.

Rossall hockey has much to commend it. It is played during the winter term, when it is always difficult to keep matters athletic at school from flagging. It is played upon a natural pitch—the sea-shore—which is never affected by weather and is daily re-made and left firm and smooth by the tide, at a time when the playing-fields may be little better than a quagmire. Better hygienic conditions for the enjoyment of a game could scarcely be imagined.

Finally, it is an unique form of sport, and for that, if for no other reason, it is to be hoped that Rossallians will never allow it to die out.

I might add that Mill Hill is another school which has—or, at all events, had—its own game of hockey. In this case, however, the special rules had been evolved for the purpose of adapting the Association game to the gravel playground at Mill Hill. A small ball was used and a very thin stick, manipulated by one hand only, took the place of the common stout two-handed weapon. From one point of view this single-handed hockey has great advantages. It gives especial opportunities to boys of poorer physique who are apt to be overwhelmed in rougher games, as charging of any kind is strictly prohibited. As with Rossall hockey the chief objection to the game is the impossibility of meeting teams other than those composed of old boys familiar with the rules and niceties of play—a serious drawback, inasmuch as it prevents that variety which makes for popularity.

Hockey-in-the-yard is a game which is much played in the yards of the various Houses at Cheltenham College; but apart from the peculiarity of the pitch used, there is nothing about the play to merit special description.

In the South hockey has always been strongly supported, and to-day the South still shows the way to the rest of England. For five long years, in the infancy of the game, Molesey held an unbeaten record. After Molesey's decline, Wimbledon came rapidly to the front. Their beautiful passing and the way in which Stanley Christopherson, in the centre, kept the whole line together, was an education. Wimbledon, in time, were succeeded by Bromley, the premier Southern club from 1896 to 1898. Percy Earnshaw at centre forward, and F. de L. Solbé, the Kent cricketer, at inside right, were two of the great stars of this redoubtable team, and F. Earnshaw in goal was another International. As the Earnshaws and other well-known players gradually dropped out, Bromley lost their prestige, and Teddington became champions of the South. They could boast R. N. Hincks at back, probably the best back that ever stepped on to a field, and with G. B. Crowder and H. C. King Stephens in the half back line, their defence was almost impenetrable. For about three years Teddington were at the top of the Southern tree, but from 1903 to 1904 they were ousted from their position by Staines. The latter until December last never suffered



THE GOALKEEPER MAY USE HIS HANDS.
Stopping the ball.

defeat—a wonderful record nowadays. In H. S. Freeman and C. Pimm they possess two grand backs, whilst Eric Green and the ever-green veteran Arthur Playford form the nucleus of a very strong forward line. They are, without doubt, at present the best club in England.

Before closing this short account of Southern clubs it is necessary to mention the 'Varsities, both Oxford and Cambridge, where hockey has, of late years, reached a high pitch. They now both provide players annually for the representative matches. To H. M. Tennent, the present Secretary of the Hockey Association, much praise is due, for he worked hard for the game at Oxford.

In the North the game is also in a flourishing state, but though the North usually put up a good fight in their great annual match with the South they have only once beaten them—in 1900, if memory serves me. Cheshire and Lancashire have always been the best counties, with little to choose between the two, whilst for once the Yorkshiremen have been left far behind. There are a great many clubs in the broad-acred shire, but curiously enough they have never attained a high standard of play. For several years the Didsbury Club remained practically unbeaten, and they were easily the best team in the North. They had a very dangerous forward line, with Sidney Tindall, the Lancashire cricketer, in



INSIDE LEFT PASSING TO CENTRE FORWARD
WITH END OF STICK.

the centre; he was a deadly shot in the circle.

When the Didsbury Club was disbanded, Bowdon gradually rose to the position of "Cock of the North." From 1901 to 1904 they lost only two matches, and prior to that they were very strong. But at no stage of their career have they held such a superiority over their neighbours as did Molesey, Teddington, Wimbledon, and Staines at different periods in the South. They have been hard pressed by West Derby, the Northern, and Bebington. F. Terras at full back has been Bowdon's great mainstay. He retired from the game last year and with his departure a notable figure has gone from hockey. He was a fine resolute player of the hard-hitting type, whose methods were well calculated to break up the dashing Irish forwards, and he represented his country on many occasions.

Other great Northern stars have been W. E. R. Coulburn, of Kersal, one of the best goal-keepers that ever played, Knowles of the same club, the great little right half who has so often played for England, W. Bowring, of West Derby, now in the West Indies, and A. H. Wolff, of Bowdon, a most skilful centre forward.

In the Midlands the grounds are rather rough, but, nevertheless, they play good hockey of a bustling type. A Midland team is a hard nut for the North and the South to crack, and the latter have beaten both on various

occasions. For several years "last past," as the legal documents say, Penn Fields have been the strongest Midland organisation. The three brothers Whitehouse of the Penn Fields team are a host in themselves. Edgbaston and Erdington have also been sides to reckon with. E. I. Byrne, of Erdington, brother of the great Rugby International, was a fine and speedy right winger, and Lionel Foster, of the same club has, on several occasions, gained International honours, and there are few inside lefts to-day his equal. H. C. Boycott, of Northampton, is probably the safest and coolest full back we have at present.

In the West they are better to-day than they have ever been previously, but even now they can only be said to have turned out one really great player, viz., T. Pethick, of Weston-super-Mare, the best inside left now playing the game. Fast, clever, and resourceful, he is a thorn in the side of any defence.

The great match of the hockey world is England *v.* Ireland. To play in that match is the highest ambition of every hockey player. The Welsh and Scotch matches are mere child's play to it, and, as a matter of fact, do not arouse as much general interest as the North *v.* South fixture. Last



CENTRE FORWARD RECEIVING A PASS THAT HAS
GOT UP SLIGHTLY.



HOCKEY ON THE SANDS AT ROSSALL.

A bully on the line.

season was the first occasion on which Ireland has actually beaten England, but the games since 1898 have always been most close and exciting. As in Rugby football, so in hockey, the dash and go of the Irish forwards has always stood them in good stead.

A few years ago, derision would have greeted the venturesome man who dared to predict that hockey would one day seriously challenge the supremacy of football. It cannot be denied, however, that if things proceed at the present pace, this will happen

before very long. Hockey struggled very hard in its youth. It had to fight prejudice and bitter opposition, and its ultimate triumph is a testimony to its undeniable intrinsic value. I think there is no doubt that hockey, speaking generally, was never so flourishing as it is now. It has been taken up by every branch of the games-playing community. Its astonishing advance in approval at the 'Varsities and Public Schools I have alluded to at considerable length above. It may be of interest to add that at one school (and possibly at more of which I have no knowledge) hockey is the only winter game played. This is at Redhill School, Clifton, which has supplied, and probably will

continue to supply, numerous Internationals, whose skill with the stick one might almost describe as artistic jugglery.

For every good hockey player of four or five years ago there are now three or four. There are more clubs and greater keenness, more general interest and consequently stronger competition for the honours which the game affords. A North, or a South, or a Midland cap, or a County cap for the matter of that, is a thing much sought after. And this is as it should be.

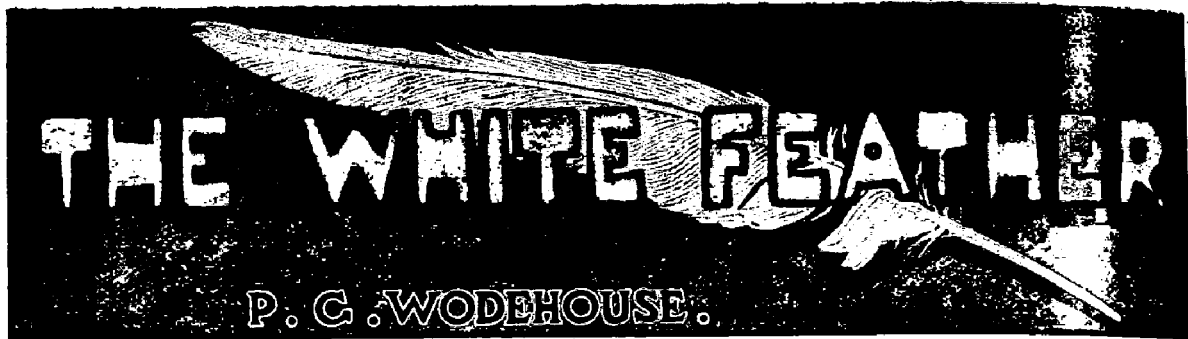
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Limbs of the Mind.

AS our bodies, to be in health, must be generally exercised, so our minds, to be in health, must be generally cultivated.

You would not call a man healthy who had strong arms but was paralytic in his feet, nor one who could walk well but had no use of his hands, nor one who could see well if he could not hear. You would not voluntarily reduce your bodies to any such partially developed state. Much more, then, you would not, if you could help it, reduce your minds to it. Now, your minds are endowed with a vast number of gifts of totally different uses—limbs of mind, as it were, which, if you don't exercise, you cripple. One is curiosity—that is a gift, a capacity of pleasure in knowing, which, if you destroy, you make yourselves cold and dull. Another is sympathy—the power of sharing in the feelings of living creatures, which, if you destroy, you make yourselves

hard and cruel. Another of your limbs of mind is admiration—the power of enjoying beauty and ingenuity, which, if you destroy, you make yourselves base and irreverent. Another is wit—or the power of playing with the lights on the many sides of truth, which, if you destroy, you make yourselves gloomy, and less useful and cheering to others than you might be. So that, in choosing your way of work it should be your aim, as far as possible, to bring out all these faculties, as far as they exist in you; not one merely, nor another, but all of them. And the way to bring them out is simply to concern yourselves attentively with the subjects of each faculty. To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures, and thinking about them; and to cultivate admiration, you must be among beautiful things and looking at them.—*Ruskin*. Selections from Writings, First Series, No. 168.



Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SYNOPSIS.

Sheen, of the Sixth Form at Wrykyn School, has shown the white feather during an election-time row in the town, with the result that he is cut by all in his house (Seymour's). Later, he encounters "Albert," the ring-leader of the local hooligans, and suffers severely at the latter's hands, though making a plucky resistance. The timely intervention of Joe Bevan, an ex-champion pugilist and trainer, saves him from serious injury. At Bevan's suggestion Sheen begins to learn boxing, under his instruction, at the "Blue Boar," an inn up the river which has been placed out of bounds; and makes such progress that he hopes to enter for the House Boxing Competition, and by winning that to restore the somewhat fallen fortunes of Seymour's and reinstate himself in the eyes of the House. The great match with Ripton School results in a demoralising defeat of the Wrykyn XV., and, as a result of infection caught during this visit to Ripton, Drummond, the best boxer in the school, develops mumps, and is unable to compete in the House Boxing Competition. Sheen, who has already astonished a few boys by one or two exhibitions of unsuspected pluck and masterfulness—notably in a private encounter with Attell, who manages notwithstanding to spread a report that Sheen has "funked" again—sends a letter to Drummond, asking to be allowed to take his place. He receives a curt reply that his services will not be required, as Linton is to represent the House in the light-weights.

CHAPTER XVII.

SEYMOUR'S ONE SUCCESS.

THIS polite epistle, it may be mentioned, was a revised version of the one which Drummond originally wrote in reply to Sheen's request. His first impulse had been to answer in the four brief words, "Don't be a fool"; for Sheen's letter had struck him as nothing more than a contemptible piece of posing, and he had all the hatred for poses which is a characteristic of the plain and straightforward type of mind. It seemed to him that Sheen, as he expressed it to himself, was trying to "do the boy hero." In the school library, which had been stocked during

the dark ages, when that type of story was popular, there were numerous school stories in which the hero retrieved a rocky reputation by thrashing the bully, displaying in the encounter an intuitive but overwhelming skill with his fists. Drummond could not help feeling that Sheen must have been reading one of these stories. It was all very fine and noble of him to want to show that he was No Coward After All, like Leo Cholmondeley or whatever his beastly name was, in "The Lads of St. Ethelberta's" or some such piffing book; but, thought Drummond in his cold, practical way, what about the house? If Sheen thought that Seymour's was going to chuck away all chance of winning one of the inter-house events, simply in order to give him an opportunity of doing the Young Hero, the sooner he got rid of that sort of idea, the better. If he wanted to do the Leo Cholmondeley business, let him go and chuck a kid into the river, and jump in and save him. But he wasn't going to have the house let in for twenty Sheens.

Such were the meditations of Drummond when the infirmary attendant brought Sheen's letter to him; and he seized pencil and paper and wrote, "Don't be a fool." But pity succeeded contempt, and he tore up the writing. After all, however much he had deserved it, the man had had a bad time. It was no use jumping on him. And at one time they had been pals. Might as well do the thing politely.

All of which reflections would have been prevented had Sheen thought of mentioning the simple fact that it was Joe Bevan who had given him the lessons to which he referred in his letter. But he had decided not to do so, wishing to avoid long explanations. And there was, he felt, a chance that the letter might come into other hands than those of Drummond. So he had preserved silence on that point, thereby wrecking his entire scheme.



It struck him that he might go to Linton, explain his position, and ask him to withdraw in his favour, but there were difficulties in the way of that course. There is a great deal of red tape about the athletic arrangements of a house at a public-school. When once an order has gone forth, it is difficult to get it repealed. Linton had been chosen to represent the house in the light-weights, and he would carry out orders. Only illness would prevent him appearing in the ring.

Sheen made up his mind not to try to take his place, and went through the days a victim to gloom, which was caused by other things besides his disappointment respecting the boxing competition. The Gotford examination was over now, and he was not satisfied with his performance. Though he did not know it, this dissatisfaction was due principally to the fact that, owing to his isolation, he had been unable to compare notes after the examinations with the others. Doing an examination without comparing notes subsequently with one's rivals, is like playing golf against bogey. The imaginary rival against whom one pits oneself never makes a mistake. Our own "howlers" stand out in all their horrid nakedness; but we do not realise that our rivals have, probably, made others far worse. In this way Sheen plumbed the depths of depression. The Gotford was a purely Classical examination, with the exception of one paper, a General Knowledge paper; and it was in this that Sheen fancied he had failed so miserably. His Greek and Latin verse were always good; his prose, he felt, was not altogether beyond the pale: but in the General Knowledge paper he had come down heavily. As a matter of fact, if he had only known, the paper was an exceptionally hard one, and there was not a single candidate for the scholarship who felt satisfied with his treatment of it. It was to questions ten, eleven, and thirteen of this paper that Cardew, of the School House, who had entered for the scholarship for the sole reason that competitors got excused two clear days of ordinary school-work, wrote the following answer:

See "Encyclopædia Britannica," *Times* edition.

If they really wanted to know, he said subsequently, that was the authority to go to. He himself would probably misinform them altogether.

In addition to the Gotford and the House Boxing, the House Fives now came on, and the authorities of Seymour's were in no small perplexity. They met together in Rigby's study to discuss the matter. Their difficulty was

this. There was only one inmate of Seymour's who had a chance of carrying off the House Fives Cup. And that was Sheen. The house was asking itself what was to be done about it.

"You see," said Rigby, "you can look at it in two ways, whichever you like. We ought certainly to send in our best man for the pot, whatever sort of chap he is. But then, come to think of it, Sheen can't very well be said to belong to the house at all. When a man's been cut dead during the whole term, he can't be looked on as one of the house very well. See what I mean?"

"Of course he can't," said Mill, who was second in command at Seymour's. Mill's attitude towards his fellow men was one of incessant hostility. He seemed to bear a grudge against the entire race.

Rigby resumed. He was a pacific person, and hated anything resembling rows in the house. He had been sorry for Sheen, and would have been glad to give him a chance of setting himself on his legs again.

"You see," he said, "this is what I mean. We either recognise Sheen's existence or we don't. Follow? We can't get him to win this Cup for us, and then, when he has done it, go on cutting him and treating him as if he didn't belong to the house at all. I know he let the house down awfully badly in that business, but still, if he lifts the fives cup, that'll square the thing. If he does anything to give the house a leg-up, he must be treated as if he'd never let it down at all."

"Of course," said Barry. "I vote we send him in for the Fives."

"What rot!" said Mill. "It isn't as if none of the rest of us played fives."

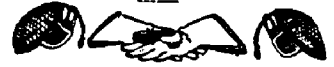
"We aren't as good as Sheen," said Barry.

"I don't care. I call it rot letting a chap like him represent the house at anything. If he were the best fives-player in the world I wouldn't let him play for the house."

Rigby was impressed by his vehemence. He hesitated.

"After all, Barry," he said, "I don't know. Perhaps it might—you see, he did—well, I really think we'd better have somebody else. The house has got its knife into Sheen too much just at present to want him as a representative. There'd only be sickness, don't you think? Who else is there?"

So it came about that Menzies was chosen to uphold the house in the Fives Courts. Sheen was not surprised. But it was not pleasant. He was certainly having bad luck in his attempts to do something for the house. Perhaps if he won the Gotford, they might show a little



enthusiasm. The Gotford always caused a good deal of interest in the school. It was the best thing of its kind in existence at Wrykyn, and even the most abandoned loafers liked to feel that their house had won it. It was just possible, thought Sheen, that a brilliant win might change the feelings of Seymour's towards him. He did not care for the applause of the multitude more than a boy should, but he preferred it very decidedly to the cut direct.

Things went badly for Seymour's. Never in the history of the house, or, at any rate, in the comparatively recent history of the house, had there been such a slump in athletic trophies. To begin with, they were soundly beaten in the semi-final for the House football cup by Allardyce's lot. With Drummond away, there was none to mark the captain of the School team at half, and Allardyce had raced through in a manner that must have compensated him to a certain extent for the poor time he had had in first fifteen matches. The game had ended in a Seymourite defeat by nineteen points to five.

Nor had the boxing left the house in a better position. Linton fought pluckily in the light weights, but went down before Stanning, after beating a representative of Templar's. Mill did not show up well in the heavy weights, and was defeated in his first bout. Seymour's were reduced to telling themselves how different it all would have been if Drummond had been there.

Sheen watched the light-weight contests, and nearly danced with irritation. He felt that he could have eaten Stanning. The man was quick with his left, but he couldn't *box*. He hadn't a notion of side-stepping, and the upper-cut appeared to be entirely outside his range. He would like to see him tackle Francis.

Sheen thought bitterly of Drummond. Why on earth couldn't he have given him a chance? It was maddening.

The Fives carried on the story. Menzies was swamped by a Day's man. He might just as well have stayed away altogether. The star of Seymour's was very low on the horizon.

And then the house scored its one success. The headmaster announced it in Hall after prayers in his dry, unemotional way.

"I have received the list of marks," he said, "from the examiners for the Gotford Scholarship." He paused. Sheen felt a sudden calm triumph flood over him. Somehow, intuitively, he knew that he had won. He waited without excitement for the next words.

"Out of a possible thousand marks, Sheen,

who wins the scholarship, obtained seven hundred and one, Stanning six hundred and four, Wilson. . . ."

Sheen walked out of the Hall in the unique position of a Gotford winner with only one friend to congratulate him. Jack Bruce was the one. The other six hundred and thirty-three members of the school made no demonstration.

There was a pleasant custom at Seymour's of applauding at tea any Seymourite who had won distinction, and so shed a reflected glory on the house. The head of the house would observe, "Well played, So-and-So!" and the rest of the house would express their emotion in the way that seemed best to them, to the subsequent exultation of the local crockery merchant, who had generally to supply at least a dozen fresh cups and plates to the house after one of these occasions. When it was for getting his first eleven or first fifteen cap that the lucky man was being cheered, the total of breakages sometimes ran into the twenties.

Rigby, good, easy man, was a little doubtful as to what course to pursue in the circumstances. Should he give the signal? After all, the fellow *had* won the Gotford. It was a score for the house, and they wanted all the scores they could get in these lean years. Perhaps, then, he had better. . . .

"Well played, Sheen," said he.

There was a dead silence. A giggle from the fags' table showed that the comedy of the situation was not lost on the young mind.

The head of the house looked troubled. This was awfully awkward.

"Well played, Sheen," he said again.

"Don't mention it, Rigby," said the winner of the Gotford politely, looking up from his plate.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. BEVAN MAKES A SUGGESTION.

WHEN one has been working hard with a single end in view, the arrival and departure of the supreme moment is apt to leave a feeling of emptiness, as if life had been drained of all its interest, and had left nothing sufficiently exciting to make it worth doing. Horatius, as he followed his plough on a warm day over the corn land which his gratified country bestowed on him for his masterly handling of the traffic on the bridge, must sometimes have felt that it was a little tame. The feeling is far more acute when one has been unexpectedly baulked in one's



"DON'T MENTION IT, RIGBY,"
SAID THE WINNER OF THE
GOTTFORD, POLITELY.

desire for action. Sheen, for the first few days after he received Drummond's brief note, felt that it was useless for him to try to do anything. The Fates were against him. In stories, as Mr. Austen has pointed out, the hero is never long without his chance of retrieving his reputation. A mad bull comes into the School grounds, and he alone (the hero, not the bull) is calm. Or there is a fire, and whose is that pale and gesticulating form at the upper window? The bully's, of course. And who is that climbing nimbly up the Virginia creeper? Why, the hero. Who else? Three hearty cheers for the plucky hero!

But in real life opportunities of distinguishing oneself are less frequent.

Sheen continued his visits to the "Blue Boar," but more because he shrank from telling Joe Bevan that all his trouble had been for nothing, than because he had any definite object in view. It was bitter to listen to the

eulogies of the pugilist, when all the while he knew that, as far as any immediate results were concerned, it did not really matter whether he boxed well or feebly. Some day, perhaps, as Mr. Bevan was fond of pointing out when he approached the subject of the advantages of boxing, he might meet a hooligan when he was crossing a field with his sister; but he found that but small consolation. He was in the position of one who wants a small sum of ready money, and is told that, in a few years, he may come into a fortune. By the time he got a chance of proving himself a man with his hands, he would be an Old Wrykinian. He was leaving at the end of the Summer term.

Jack Bruce was sympathetic, and talked more freely than was his wont.

"I can't understand it," he said. "Drummond always seemed a good sort. I should have thought he would have sent you in for the house like a shot. Are you sure you put it plainly in your letter? What did you say?"

Sheen repeated the main points of his letter.

"Did you tell him who had been teaching you?"

"No. I just said I'd been boxing lately."
 "Pity," said Jack Bruce. "If you'd mentioned that it was Joe who'd been training you, he would probably have been much more for it. You see, he couldn't know whether you were any good or not from your letter. But if you'd told him that Joe Bevan and Hunt both thought you good, he'd have seen there was something in it."

"It never occurred to me. Like a fool, I was counting on the thing so much that it didn't strike me there would be any real difficulty in getting him to see my point. Especially when he got mumps and couldn't go in himself. Well, it can't be helped now."

And the conversation turned to the prospects of Jack Bruce's father in the forthcoming election, the polling for which had just begun.

"I'm busy now," said Bruce. "I'm not sure that I shall be able to do much more sparring with you for a bit."

"My dear chap, don't let me——"

"Oh, it's all right, really. Taking you to the 'Blue Boar' doesn't land me out of my way at all. Most of the work lies round in this direction. I call at cottages, and lug oldest inhabitants to the poll. It's rare sport."

"Does your pater know?"

"Oh, yes. He rots me about it like anything, but, all the same, I believe he's really rather bucked because I've roped in quite a dozen voters who wouldn't have stirred a yard if I hadn't turned up. That's where we're scoring. Pedder hasn't got a car yet, and these old rotters round here aren't going to move out of their chairs to go for a ride in an ordinary cart. But they chuck away their crutches and hop into a motor like one o'clock."

"It must be rather a rag," said Sheen.

The car drew up at the door of the "Blue Boar." Sheen got out and ran upstairs to the gymnasium. Joe Bevan was sparring a round with Francis. He watched them while he changed, but without the enthusiasm of which he had been conscious on previous occasions. The solid cleverness of Joe Bevan and the quickness and cunning of the bantam-weight were as much in evidence as before, but somehow the glamour and romance which had surrounded them were gone. He no longer watched eagerly to pick up the slightest hint from these experts. He felt no more interest than he would have felt in watching a game of lawn tennis. He *had* been keen. Since his disappointment with regard to the House Boxing he had become indifferent.

Joe Bevan noticed this before he had been boxing with him a minute.

"Hullo, sir," he said, "what's this? Tired to-day? Not feeling well? You aren't boxing like yourself, not at all you aren't. There's no weight behind 'em. You're tapping. What's the matter with your feet, too? You aren't getting about as quickly as I should like to see. What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing that I know of," said Sheen. "I'm sorry I'm so rotten. Let's have another try."

The second try proved as unsatisfactory as the first. He was listless, and his leads and counters lacked conviction.

Joe Bevan, who identified himself with his pupils with that thoroughness which is the hall-mark of the first-class boxing instructor, looked so pained at his sudden loss of form, that Sheen could not resist the temptation to confide in him. After all, he must tell him some time.

"The fact is," he said, as they sat on the balcony overlooking the river, waiting for Jack Bruce to return with the car, "I've had a bit of a sickener."

"I thought you'd got sick of it," said Mr. Bevan. "Well, have a bit of a rest."

"I don't mean that I'm tired of boxing," Sheen hastened to explain. "After all the trouble you've taken with me, it would be a bit thick if I chucked it just as I was beginning to get on. It isn't that. But you know how keen I was on boxing for the house?"

Joe Bevan nodded.

"Did you get beat?"

"They wouldn't let me go in," said Sheen.

"But, bless me! you'd have made babies of them. What was the instructor doing? Couldn't he see that you were good?"

"I didn't get a chance of showing what I could do." He explained the difficulties of the situation.

Mr. Bevan nodded his head thoughtfully.

"So, naturally," concluded Sheen, "the thing has put me out a bit. It's beastly having nothing to work for. I'm at a loose end. Up till now, I've always had the thought of the house competition to keep me going. But now—well, you see how it is. It's like running to catch a train, and then finding suddenly that you've got plenty of time. There doesn't seem any point in going on running."

"Why not Aldershot, sir?" said Mr. Bevan.

"What!" cried Sheen.

The absolute novelty of the idea, and the gorgeous possibilities of it, made him tingle from head to foot. Aldershot! Why hadn't he thought of it before! The house competition suddenly lost its importance in his eyes. It



WHY NOT ALDERSHOT, SIR!" SAID MR. BEVAN.

was a trivial affair, after all, compared with Aldershot, that Mecca of the public school boxer.

Then the glow began to fade. Doubts crept in. He might have learned a good deal from Joe Bevan, but had he learned enough to be able to hold his own with the best boxers of all the public schools in the country? And if he had the skill to win, had he the heart? Joe Bevan had said that he would not disgrace himself again, and he felt that the chances were against his doing so, but there was the terrible possibility. He had stood up to Francis and the others, and he had taken their blows without finching; but in these encounters there was always at the back of his mind the comforting feeling that there was a limit to the amount of punishment he would receive. If Francis happened to drive him into a corner where he could neither attack, nor defend himself against attack, he did not use his advantage to the full. He indicated rather than used it. A couple of blows, and he moved out into the open again. But in the Public Schools Competition at Aldershot there would be no quarter. There would be nothing but deadly earnest. If he allowed himself to be manoeuvred into an awk-

ward position, only his own skill, or the call of time, could extricate him from it.

In a word, at the "Blue Boar" he sparred. At Aldershot he would have to fight. Was he capable of fighting?

Then there was another difficulty. How was he to get himself appointed as the Wrykyn light-weight representative? Now that Drummond was unable to box, Stanning would go down, as the winner of the School Competition. These things were worked by an automatic process. Sheen felt that he could beat Stanning, but he had no means of publishing this fact to the school. He could not challenge him to a trial of skill. That sort of thing was not done.

He explained this to Joe Bevan.

"Well, it's a pity," said Joe regretfully. "It's a pity."

At this moment Jack Bruce appeared.

"What's a pity, Joe?" he asked.

"Joe wants me to go to Aldershot as a light-weight," explained Sheen, "and I was just saying that I couldn't, because of Stanning."

"What about Stanning?"

"He won the School Competition, you see, so they'r bound to send him down."

"Half a minute," said Jack Bruce. "I never thought of Aldershot for you before. It's a jolly good idea. I believe you'd have a chance. And it's all right about Stanning. He's not going down. Haven't you heard?"

"I don't hear anything. Why isn't he going down?"

"He's knocked up one of his wrists. So he says."

"How do you mean—so he says?" asked Sheen.

"I believe he funks it."

"Why? What makes you think that?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's only my opinion. Still, it's a little queer. Stanning says he crooked his left wrist in the final of the house competition."

"Well, what's wrong with that? Why shouldn't he have done so?"

Sheen objected strongly to Stanning, but he had the elements of justice in him, and he was not going to condemn him on insufficient evidence, particularly of a crime of which he himself had been guilty.



"Of course he may have done," said Bruce. "But it's a bit fishy that he should have been playing fives all right two days running just after the competition."

"He might have crooked himself then."

"Then why didn't he say so?"

A question which Sheen found himself unable to answer.

"Then there's nothing to prevent you fighting, sir?" said Joe Bevan, who had been listening attentively to the conversation.

"Do you really think I've got a chance?"

"I do, sir."

"Of course you have," said Jack Bruce. "You're quite as good as Drummond was, last time I saw him box."

"Then I'll have a shot at it," said Sheen.

"Good for you, sir," cried Joe Bevan.

"Though it'll be a bit of a job getting leave," said Sheen. "How would you start about it, Bruce?"

"You'd better ask Spence. He's the man to go to."

"That's all right. I'm rather a pal of Spence's."

"Ask him to-night after prep.," suggested Bruce.

"And then you come here regular," said Joe Bevan, "and we'll train you till you're that fit you could eat bricks, and you'll make babies of them up at Aldershot."

CHAPTER XIX

PAVING THE WAY.

BRUCE had been perfectly correct in his suspicions. Stanning's wrist was no more sprained than his ankle.

The advisability of manufacturing an injury had come home to him very vividly on the Saturday morning following the Ripton match, when he had read the brief report of that painful episode in that week's number of the *Field* in the school library. In the list of the Ripton team appeared the name R. Peteiro. He had heard a great deal about the dusky Riptonian when Drummond had beaten him in the feather-weights the year before. Drummond had returned from Aldershot on that occasion cheerful, but in an extremely battered condition. His appearance as he limped about the field on Sports Day had been heroic, and, in addition, a fine advertisement for the punishing powers of the Ripton champion. It is true that at least one of his injuries had been the work of a Pauline whom he had met in the opening bout; but the great majority were presents from Ripton, and Drummond had

described the dusky one, in no uncertain terms, as a holy terror.

These things had sunk into Stanning's mind. It had been generally understood at Wrykyn that Peteiro had left school at Christmas. When Stanning, through his study of the *Field*, discovered that the redoubtable boxer had been one of the team against which he had played at Ripton, and realised that, owing to Drummond's illness, it would fall to him, if he won the House Competition, to meet this man of wrath at Aldershot, he resolved on the instant that the most persuasive of wild horses should not draw him to that military centre on the day of the Public Schools Competition. The difficulty was that he particularly wished to win the House Cup. Then it occurred to him that he could combine the two things—win the competition and get injured while doing so.

Accordingly, two days after the House Boxing he was observed to issue from Appleby's with his left arm slung in a first fifteen scarf. He was too astute to injure his right wrist. What happens to one's left wrist at School is one's own private business. When one injures one's right arm, and so incapacitates oneself for form work, the authorities begin to make awkward investigations.

Mr. Spence, who looked after the school's efforts to win medals at Aldershot, was the most disappointed person in the place. He was an enthusiastic boxer—he had represented Cambridge in the middle-weights in his day—and with no small trouble had succeeded in making boxing a going concern at Wrykyn. Years of failure had ended, the Easter before, in a huge triumph, when O'Hara, of Dexter's, and Drummond had won silver medals, and Moriarty, of Dexter's, a bronze. If only somebody could win a medal this year, the tradition would be established, and would not soon die out. Unfortunately, there was not a great deal of boxing talent in the school just now. The rule that the winner at his weight in the House Competitions should represent the school at Aldershot only applied if the winner were fairly proficient. Mr. Spence exercised his discretion. It was no use sending down novices to be massacred. This year Drummond and Stanning were the only Wrykinians up to Aldershot form. Drummond would have been almost a certainty for a silver medal, and Stanning would probably have won a bronze. And here they were, both injured; Wrykyn would not have a single representative at the Queen's Avenue Gymnasium. It would be a set-back to the cult of boxing at the School.

Mr. Spence was pondering over this unfor-

fortunate state of things when Sheen was shown in.

"Can I speak to you for a minute, sir?" said Sheen.

"Certainly, Sheen. Take one of those cigars, I mean, sit down. What is it?"

Sheen had decided how to open the interview before knocking at the door. He came to the point at once.

"Do you think I could go down to Aldershot, sir?" he asked.

Mr. Spence looked surprised.

"Go down? You mean—? Do you want to watch the competition? Really, I don't know if the headmaster—"

"I mean, can I box?"

Mr. Spence's look of surprise became more marked.

"Box?" he said. "But surely—I didn't know you were a boxer, Sheen."

"I've only taken it up lately."

"But you didn't enter for the House Competitions, did you? What weight are you?"

"Just under ten stone."

"A light-weight. Why, Linton boxed for your house in the light-weights, surely?"

"Yes sir. They wouldn't let me go in."

"You hurt yourself?"

"No, sir."

"Then why wouldn't they let you go in?"

"Drummond thought Linton was better. He didn't know I boxed."

"But—this is very curious. I don't understand it at all. You see, if you were not up to House form, you would hardly— At Aldershot, you see, you would meet the best boxers of all the public schools."

"Yes, sir."

There was a pause.

"It was like this, sir," said Sheen nervously.

"At the beginning of the term there was a bit of a row down in the town, and I got mixed up in it. And I didn't—I was afraid to join in. I funk'd it."

Mr. Spence nodded. He was deeply interested now. The office of confessor is always interesting.

"Go on, Sheen. What happened then?"

"I was cut by everybody. The fellows thought I had let the house down, and it got about, and the other houses scored off them, so I had rather a rotten time."

Here it occurred to him that he was telling his story without that attention to polite phraseology which a master expects from a boy, so he amended the last sentence.

"I didn't have a very pleasant time, sir," was his correction.

"Well?" said Mr. Spence.

"So I was a bit sick," continued Sheen, relapsing once more into the vernacular, "and I wanted to do something to put things right



"BOX?" HE SAID. "BUT SURELY—I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A BOXER, SHEEN."

again, and I met—anyhow, I took up boxing. I wanted to box for the house, if I were good enough. I practised every day, and stuck to it, and after a bit I did become pretty good."

"Well?"

"Then Drummond got mumps, and I wrote to him asking if I might represent the house instead of him, and I suppose he didn't believe I was any good. At any rate, he wouldn't let me go in. Then Joe—a man who knows



something about boxing—suggested I should go down to Aldershot."

"Joe?" said Mr. Spence inquiringly.

Sheen had let the name slip out unintentionally, but it was too late now to recall it.

"Joe Bevan, sir," he said. "He used to be champion of England, light-weight."

"Joe Bevan!" cried Mr. Spence. "Really? Why, he trained me when I boxed for Cambridge. He's one of the best of fellows. I've never seen any one who took such trouble with his man. I wish we could get him here. So it was Joe who suggested that you should go down to Aldershot? Well, he ought to know. Did he say you would have a good chance?"

"Yes, sir."

"My position is this, you see, Sheen. There is nothing I should like more than to see the school represented at Aldershot. But I cannot let any one go down, irrespective of his abilities. Aldershot is not child's play. And in the light-weights you get the hardest fighting of all. It wouldn't do for me to let you go down if you are not up to the proper form. You would be half killed."

"I should like to have a shot, sir," said Sheen.

"Then this year, as you probably know, Ripton are sending down Peteiro for the light-weights. He was the fellow whom Drummond only just beat last year. And you saw the state in which Drummond came back. If Drummond could hardly hold him, what would you do?"

"I believe I could beat Drummond, sir," said Sheen.

Mr. Spence's eyes opened wider. Here were brave words. This youth evidently meant business. The thing puzzled him. On the one hand, Sheen had been cut by his house for cowardice. On the other, Joe Bevan, who, of all men, was best able to judge, had told him that he was good enough to box at Aldershot.

"Let me think it over, Sheen," he said. "This is a matter which I cannot decide in a moment. I will tell you to-morrow what I think about it."

"I hope you will let me go down, sir," said Sheen. "It's my one chance."

"Yes, yes, I see that, I see that," said Mr. Spence, "but all the same—well, I will think it over."

All the rest of that evening he pondered over the matter, deeply perplexed. It would be nothing less than cruel to let Sheen enter the ring at Aldershot, if he were incompetent. Boxing in the Public Schools Boxing Competition is not a pastime for the incompetent. But

he wished very much that Wrykyn should be represented, and also he sympathised with Sheen's eagerness to wipe out the stain on his honour, and the honour of the house. But, like Drummond, he could not help harbouring a suspicion that this was a pose. He felt that Sheen was intoxicated by his imagination. Every one likes to picture himself doing dashing things in the limelight, with an appreciative multitude to applaud. Would this mood stand the test of action?

Against this there was the evidence of Joe Bevan. Joe had said that Sheen was worthy to fight for his school, and Joe knew.

Mr. Spence went to bed still in a state of doubt.

Next morning he hit upon a solution of the difficulty. Wandering in the grounds before school, he came upon O'Hara, who, as has been stated before, had won the light-weights at Aldershot in the previous year. He had come to Wrykyn for the Sports. Here was the man to help him. O'Hara should put on the gloves with Sheen, and report.

"I'm in rather a difficulty, O'Hara," he said, "and you can help me."

"What's that?" inquired O'Hara.

"You know both our light-weights are on the sick-list? I had just resigned myself to going down to Aldershot without any one to box, when a boy in Seymour's volunteered for the vacant place. I don't know if you knew him at school? Sheen. Do you remember him?"

"Sheen?" cried O'Hara in amazement. "Not Sheen!"

His recollections of Sheen were not conducive to a picture of him as a public school boxer.

"Yes. I had never heard of him as a boxer. Still, he seems very anxious to go down, and he certainly has one remarkable testimonial, and as there's no one else——"

"And what shall I do?" asked O'Hara.

"I want you, if you will, to give him a trial in the dinner-hour. Just see if he's any good at all. If he isn't, of course, don't hit him about a great deal. But if he shows signs of being a useful man, extend him. See what he can do."

"Very well, sir," said O'Hara.

"And you might look in at my house at tea-time, if you have nothing better to do, and tell me what you think of him."

At five o'clock, when he entered Mr. Spence's study, O'Hara's face wore the awestruck look of one who had seen visions.

"Well?" said Mr. Spence. "Did you find him any good?"

"Good?" said O'Hara. "He'll beat them all. He's a champion. There's no stopping him."

"What an extraordinary thing!" said Mr. Spence.

CHAPTER XX.

SHEEN GOES TO ALDERSHOT.

AT Sheen's request Mr. Spence made no announcement of the fact that Wrykyn would be represented in the light-weights. It would be time enough, Sheen felt, for the School to know that he was a boxer when he had been down and shown what he could do. His appearance in his new rôle would be the most surprising thing that had happened in the place for years, and it would be a painful anti-climax if, after all the excitement which would be caused by the discovery that he could use his hands, he were to be defeated in his first bout. Whereas, if he happened to win, the announcement of his victory would be all the more impressive, coming unexpectedly. To himself he did not admit the possibility of defeat. He had braced himself up for the ordeal, and he refused to acknowledge to himself that he might not come out of it well. Besides, Joe Bevan continued to express hopeful opinions.

"Just you keep your head, sir," he said, "and you'll win. Lots of these gentlemen, they're champions when they're practising, and you'd think nothing wouldn't stop them when they got into the ring. But they get wild directly they begin, and forget everything they've been taught, and where are they then? Why, on the floor, waiting for the referee to count them out."

This picture might have encouraged Sheen more if he had not reflected that he was just as likely to fall into this error as were his opponents.

"What you want to remember is to keep that guard up. Nothing can beat that. And push out your left straight. The straight left rules the boxing world. And be earnest about it. Be as friendly as you like afterwards, but while you're in the ring say to yourself 'Well, it's you or me,' and don't be too kind."

"I wish you could come down to second me, Joe," said Sheen.

"I'll have a jolly good try, sir," said Joe Bevan. "Let me see. You'll be going down the night before—I can't come down then, but I'll try and manage it by an early train on the day."

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"How about Francis?"

"Oh, Francis can look after himself for one day. He's not the sort of boy to run wild if he's left alone for a few hours."

"Then you think you can manage it?"

"Yes, sir. If I'm not there for your first fight, I shall come in time to second you in the final."

"If I get there," said Sheen.

"Good seconding's half the battle. These soldiers they give you at Aldershot—well, they don't know the business, as the saying is. They don't look after their man, not like I could. I saw young what's-his-name, of Rugby—Stevens: he was beaten in the final by a gentleman from Harrow—I saw him fight there a couple of years ago. After the first round he was leading—not by much, but still, he was a point or two ahead. Well! He went to his corner, and his seconds sent him up for the next round in the same state he'd got there in. They hadn't done a thing to him. Why, if I'd been in his corner I'd have taken him and sponged him and sent him up again as fresh as he could be. You must have a good second if you're to win. When you're all on top of your man, I don't say. But you get a young gentleman of your own class, just about as quick and strong as you are, and then you'll know where the seconding comes in."

"Then, for goodness' sake, don't make any mistake about coming down," said Sheen.

"I'll be there, sir," said Joe Bevan.

The Queen's Avenue Gymnasium at Aldershot is a roomy place, but it is always crowded on the public schools' day. Sisters and cousins and aunts of competitors flock there to see Tommy or Bobby perform, under the impression, it is to be supposed, that he is about to take part in a pleasant frolic, a sort of merry parlour game. What their opinion is after he emerges from a warm three rounds is not known. Then there are soldiers in scores. Their views on boxing as a sport are crisp and easily defined. What they want is Gore. Others of the spectators are Old Boys, come to see how the school can behave in an emergency, and to find out whether there are still experts like Jones, who won the Middles in '96, or Robinson, who was runner-up in the Feathers in the same year, or whether, as they have darkly suspected for some time, the school has Gone To The Dogs Since They Left.

The usual crowd was gathered in the seats round the ring when Sheen came out of the dressing-room and sat down in an obscure corner at the end of the barrier which divides



SOMEBODY CRAMMED HIS HANDS INTO THE GLOVES.

the gymnasium into two parts on these occasions. He felt very lonely. Mr. Spence and the school instructor were watching the gymnastics, which had just started upon their lengthy course. The Wrykyn pair were not expected to figure high on the list this year. He could have joined Mr. Spence, but, at the moment, he felt disinclined for conversation. If he had been a more enthusiastic cricketer, he would have recognised the feeling as that which attacks a batsman before he goes to the wicket. It is not precisely funk. It is rather a desire to accelerate the flight of Time, and get to business quickly. All things come to him who waits, and among them is that unpleasant sensation of a cold hand upon the portion of the body which lies behind the third waistcoat button.

The boxing had begun with a bout between two feather-weights, both obviously suffering from stage-fright. They were fighting in a

scrambling and unscientific manner which bore out Mr. Bevan's statements on the subject of losing one's head. Sheen felt that both were capable of better things. In the second and third rounds this proved to be the case, and the contest came to an end amidst applause.

The next pair were light-weights, and Sheen settled himself to watch more attentively. From these he would gather some indication of what he might expect to find when he entered the ring. He would not have to fight for some time yet. In the drawing for numbers, which had taken place in the dressing-room, he had picked a three. There would be another light-weight battle before he was called upon. His opponent was a Tonbridgian, who, from the glimpse Sheen caught of him, seemed muscular. But he (Sheen) had the advantage in reach, and built on that.

After opening tamely, the light-weight bout had become vigorous in the second round, and both men had apparently forgotten that their right arms had been given them by Nature for the purpose of guarding. They were going at it in hurricane fashion all over the ring.

Sheen was horrified to feel symptoms of a return of that old sensation of panic which had caused him, on that dark day early in the term, to flee Albert and his wicked works. He set his teeth, and fought it down. And after a bad minute he was able to argue himself into a proper frame of mind again. After all, that sort of thing looked much worse than it really was. Half those blows, which seemed as if they must do tremendous damage, were probably hardly felt by their recipient. He told himself that Francis, and even the knife-and-boot boy, hit fully as hard, or harder, and he had never minded them. At the end of the contest he was once more looking forward to his entrance to the ring with proper fortitude.

The fighting was going briskly forward now, sometimes good, sometimes moderate, but always earnest, and he found himself contemplating, without undue excitement, the fact that at the end of the bout which had just



begun, between middle-weights from St. Paul's and Wellington, it would be his turn to perform. As luck would have it, he had not so long to wait as he had expected, for the Pauline, taking the lead after the first few exchanges, out-fought his man so completely that the referee stopped the contest in the second round. Sheen got up from his corner and went to the dressing-room. The Tonbridgian was already there. He took off his coat. Somebody crammed his hands into the gloves, and from that moment the last trace of nervousness left him. He trembled with the excitement of the thing, and hoped sincerely that no one would notice it, and think that he was afraid.

Then, amidst a clapping of hands which sounded faint and far-off, he followed his opponent to the ring, and ducked under the ropes.

The referee consulted a paper which he held, and announced the names.

"R. D. Sheen, Wrykyn College."

Sheen wriggled his fingers right into the gloves, and thought of Joe Bevan. What had Joe said? Keep that guard up. The straight left. Keep that guard—the straight left. Keep that——"

"A. W. Bird, Tonbridge School."

There was a fresh outburst of applause. The Tonbridgian had shown up well in the competition of the previous year, and the crowd welcomed him as an old friend.

Keep that guard up—straight left. Straight left—guard up.

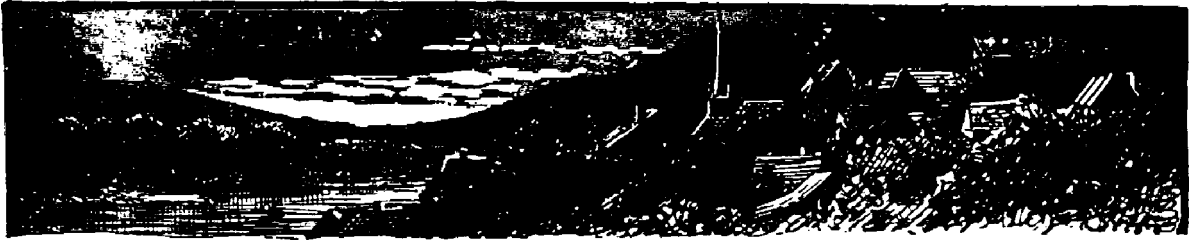
"Seconds out of the ring."

Guard up. Not too high. Straight left. It beats the world. What an age that man was calling Time. Guard up. Straight——

"Time," said the referee.

Sheen, filled with a great calm, walked out of his corner and shook hands with his opponent.

(To be concluded.)



A Story you should Read.

WHAT possibilities there are in a combination of everyday observation, enthusiasm and imagination, when applied to the present!

How many people there are who look on their daily duties and environments, be they at school or out in the world, as commonplace and dry; and the various persons they come in contact with, as ordinary and prosaic!

There is romance in almost everything and everybody, if one goes the right way to look for it; yet there are numerous belated descendants of Adam, in every grade of society, who spend the brief interval between their birth and their death in walking half-heartedly along the wonderful road called Life, and preserving such a matter-of-fact outlook on things in general as deprives them of half the joy of existence.

These persons never look for the romantic, except in books or plays. They miss the real thing. Have not you yourself met characters as fascinating and original outside a book as

in one? If not, keep your eyes open till you do. It's an educating practice, and it's good sport.

Don't be oblivious of the things which go to complete what should be the most interesting story in the world to you: your own story. It is a "long-continued" story, always going on, and intertwined with other stories, which also you can read in part.

To get the best out of life, we must be enthusiastic, both in observation and participation. Don't be a looker-on where you might, with advantage, be a participant, or you miss much. The spectator at a football match derives enjoyment from the game he is watching; but what is that compared to the thrill experienced by the forward who sends the ball whizzing under the cross-bar, or the exhilaration of the back who takes the ball, clear and true, on to his instep, and lifts it up and along and away.

A funny sort of essay! But don't you see what I mean?

HERBERT SCOONE.

FEBRUARY EVENTS.

By Readers of "The Captain."

ON February 11, 1847, Thomas Alva Edison—the Wizard of the West—was born. His parents were poor, and **Thomas Edison.** the early days of the greatest inventive genius of his time were hard and bitter in the extreme.

In 1858 he commenced life as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway, and this period of his life is rich in anecdote. One story tells how young Edison, penniless and miles from home, made his way to the depôt and boarded a car. When the conductor made his rounds, his ticketless condition was discovered. The man brutally lifted him from the ground by his ears, breaking both eardrums, and thus shutting out all

sound for ever from the brain of one destined to climb to the utmost heights of fame.

Another anecdote, which has not previously seen print, relates how young Edison, when but thirteen, after watching some young engineers, in the works near his station, vainly trying to set in motion a small machine which had stopped, went over to the group, and with a few raps and dexterous twists started the complicated machinery; then quickly and quietly left.

At the age of sixteen he became the cynosure of all scientific eyes in America, by his invention of the automatic telegraph repeater. Five

years later he had patented his electric fire alarm, and was already regarded by America as the foremost inventor of his time.

About this time he married one of the young ladies in his office, and of his wedding morning the following story is told. "Edison rose at his usual early hour and entered his workshop, where he was engaged on an invention dealing with incandescent lighting. Meanwhile, preparations for the wedding went on apace, but when all was ready the bridegroom could not be found! Finally, his assistant was sent to his workshop. There he discovered the truant bridegroom, quite oblivious of aught else but the work in hand." It is said he was married in the clothes he then stood in, and at the conclusion of the ceremony hurried back to his beloved workshop.

These, then, are a few incidents in the life of the man to whom we owe so much of our modern comfort and convenience.

STEPHEN H. CRITTEN.

FOR four weary months the little garrison had frustrated every attempt made by the Boers to dislodge it; week after week, the thunder of General Buller's guns had been anxiously heard in the little town, but the relief

The Relief of Ladysmith.



A BLOCKHOUSE NEAR LADYSMITH.
A picture taken during the South African War.

force did not appear. Can any man, who was not one of the sufferers, truly tell the agony of despair felt by the townsfolk, as again and again they were plunged in bitter grief, after hopes of relief had been raised?

The attacks upon Colenso and Spion Kop were repulsed with grievous loss to our men; yet, when the word was given to re-advance, every man was ready—nay anxious—to try to wipe out for ever the disgrace which had lately fallen upon them. Fortunately, for our men, the Boers were compelled to draw upon their forces round the town, to endeavour to save Cronje from entire subjugation. News of his surrender reached our men on the 29th, and every man of the relief force sternly resolved to equal, or even excel, what his companions further west had accomplished.

The thunderous roar of artillery was again heard in the beleaguered town, as seventy-two guns hurled shells upon the Boer trenches from dawn till dusk. Again and again did the devoted Irishmen assault the trenches on Inniskilling Hill, but each time they were beaten back with terrible slaughter.

For the last time our soldiers were sent forward to the assault; and we are told that nothing finer than this combined assault was ever witnessed. In the fading light, our infantry rushed forward: the guns ceased their deadly work of havoc, and, for a while, there was nothing but chaos. Again were our men held momentarily in check: then bayonets were seen glittering on the summit.

Victory, long deferred, was ours! The road to Ladysmith was open!

It was not thought advisable to march in at that hour in force, but Lord Dundonald undertook to make the journey. Cheered by the soldiers—soldiers wasted by want of food and hard fighting—he and his men entered the town. It is difficult to say who were the prouder men at that moment, the relief force, proud to succour such valiant men, or the sterling little garrison.

H. C. C. STANLEY.

On February 14, 1797, the Battle of St. Vincent was fought between the English and the combined fleets of Spain and France. The Admiral of the Spanish fleet, Don Josef de



THE BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT.

Nelson receiving the sword of the Spanish Admiral Don Xavier Winthuysen on the deck of the *San Josef*.

From a painting by D. Orme.

Cordova, in his ship the *Santissima Trinidad*, a four-decker carrying 130 guns, was at the head of 27 huge ships. Sir J.

The Battle of St. Vincent. Jervis was the Admiral of the English Fleet, in the renowned *Victory*,

carrying 100 guns, with other 15 ships.

Fifteen to twenty-seven! What enormous odds! But what were Spanish and French sailors against the sturdy British "Jack Tar?" England by this battle once more showed her supremacy on the seas.

Imagine the towering masts, the white sails, the open ports with the muzzles of the guns thundering forth their deadly missiles. The *Culloden* led the English ships straight into the gap made by the windward and leeward division of the huge Spanish ships. Not till too late did the Spanish Admiral perceive the enemy's plan. He tried at once to break through the line, and struck at the largest ship of the English, the *Victory*, but not until the *Santissima Trinidad* was quite close did the *Victory* pour forth her broadside into the Spanish ship. The latter withdrew beaten: the enemy's line was impenetrable.

The English ships then made straight for the foe. One by one the Spanish ships were rent with shot, though the English also suffered badly. But when the line began to beat up to the windward squadron, the Spanish Admiral saw that it would be possible to run with the wind round the stern of the hindermost English

ship, and join the leeward division—a move which would be disastrous to the British ships. Nelson grasping this, broke from the line—thereby disobeying orders, but saving defeat. In his little 74-gun ship, the *Captain*, he sailed right into the fire of the enemy—one ship of 130 guns, two ships of 112 guns, and two other vessels.

A daring deed! Just like Nelson to do that! Moreover, Nelson boarded two other ships, bigger than his own, and captured them. This turned the tables, and eventually secured a brilliant victory for England.

E. F. GARDINER.

THE birth of Charles Lamb, on February 13, 1775, was a most important event in the annals of English

literature. The word "Essay," often strikes terror to the heart of youth, but the essays that made Lamb famous are as remarkable for their wit and humour as

for their departure from the ordinary run of subjects upon which the brilliant writer loves to enlarge. They are so absolutely delightful that we laugh at their extravagance of fancy, marveling, at the same time, at the spirit which prompted them. For this Lamb was a sad man, as mortals go, though the troubles heaped upon his head seemed only to heighten the fund of mirth and tenderness of feeling that was granted him in recompense.

We know little enough of his life, it is true, but that little is sufficient to convince us that, whatever his faults and failings, Charles Lamb was one of the truest-hearted English gentlemen of his time. The son of a clerk to a famous Bench of the Inner Temple, he was educated at Christ's Hospital, and connected with the law all his life. His early literary attempts were unsuccessful, and it seems that the short articles, sparkling with wit, above the modest signature of "Elia" brought him fame first in the pages of

the *London Magazine*. From that time he devoted himself solely to writing, and passed his life quietly in a small house near the City, with his sister Mary as housekeeper.

With this sister is connected the great tragedy of Lamb's life. Subject from childhood to fits of insanity, she was fretful, wayward, and violent by turns, these moods alternating with others in which her terrible grief at having caused her brother so much unhappiness nearly broke her heart. He rarely left her side, however, and the picture of Lamb tenderly escorting poor Mary to the asylum when she felt the approach of one of her fits, is one of the most touching in all history.

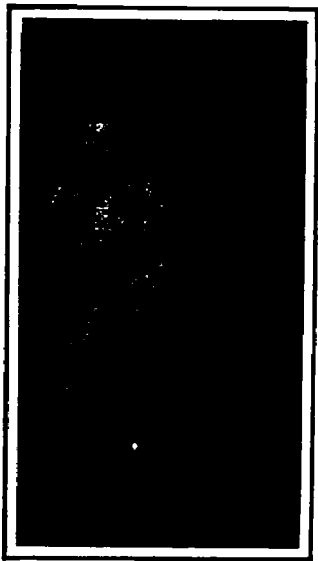
Despite all this, the sorrowing brother could return home, to write and write again, in order to preserve his sanity amidst his desperate loneliness. He could even jest upon such subjects as "Night Fears," and grow sentimental over roast pork. "Oh, call it not fat!" he beseeches whimsically, when treating of the delights of "crackling," and in such strain does he write until Death claims him—a willing victim—leaving a host of admirers whose descendants read, and laugh, and learn, and take the gentle essayist to their hearts for ever.

MARGUERITE SCHINDHELM.

THE story of the *Birkenhead* is one that must thrill every English-speaking boy. No one can read of the heroes who went down, standing at attention, on the deck of the wrecked ship, without tears springing involuntarily to the eyes. The *Birkenhead* was one of the old troop-ships. In 1852 she was taking 500 officers and men of the Marines, with their wives and families, out to the Cape. All went well, and the soldiers were looking forward to the end of their long journey, when, on the night of February 26, the ship crashed into an uncharted reef, and rapidly began to sink.

Then followed an example of cool, calm bravery and discipline that will live for ever in the hearts of English men and boys. There were only enough boats to carry the women and children. While they were being filled, the officers and men formed up on the deck of the sinking ship, as calmly as if on the parade ground at home. With nerve that has never been, and never will be equalled, they cheered each boat as it pushed off into safety.

"There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought
By shameful strength unhonoured life to seek.
Their post to quit they were not trained, nor taught
To trample down the weak."



"ELIA."

The earliest known portrait of Charles Lamb, when aged 23.

Drawn by Robert Hancock in 1798.



WHERE DICKENS LABELLED BLACKING BOTTLES.
Lant Street, Borough, London. Here the novelist worked as a boy.
Photo. W. Dexter.

Among the many deeds of bravery, none stands out brighter than that done by a youngster from one of the big Scotch public schools—Glenalmond I think. He had just been gazetted to the regiment, and was put in charge of a boat. When the ship went down one of the soldiers swam up and called to his wife. The boat was already dangerously overcrowded, so the young officer gave his seat to the soldier, and went over-board to meet a hero's death. The good of this magnificent heroism can never be overrated. It is the memory of such deeds as this that has nerved the arms of Englishmen, and enabled England to occupy her proud position—head of the nations of the world.

E. W. S.

VERY few people are aware of any remarkable event connected with the seventh day

of February. Yet on that day, in the year 1812, Charles Dickens—England's immortal novelist—was born.

Charles Dickens. Scarcely any other writer has provided the world with such a quantity of amusing, entertaining, and thoroughly wholesome reading; as Johnson said of Garrick, Dickens' death "eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

The early life of the novelist was not a "bed of roses." At one time he was employed in pasting labels on blacking-bottles, while he had often to attend upon his father, who was in prison for debt. In this way he met with the lowest classes of society, even in his very childhood, and gained the experience which he afterwards turned to such good account in his novels.

It was while engaged as a reporter that he first started literary work, by contributing several sketches to the *Morning Chronicle*, under the name of "Boz." This led, shortly afterwards, to an engagement to write the "Pickwick Papers"—a work intended to illustrate the adventures of a Cockney sportsman. The engravings were to be the principal attraction, and Dickens was to write the explanatory chapters. Scarcely, however, had the first parts made their appearance, when it was discovered that the chapters were far more attractive than the illustrations. The soft-hearted Mr. Pickwick; old Mr. Weller, the sapient coachman; and Sam, the wittiest of wags, soon became the intimate friends of every household.

Novel after novel next proceeded from his ready pen, and Dickens soon found himself the most popular novelist in the land. And one is glad to know that this is the case still.

JAS. MCGREGOR.

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR, FEBRUARY 1906.

		Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1. Thurs.	H. W. Wall, cricketer, b., 1869.	5.47.	15. Thurs.	Sir Frederick Treves b., 1853.	6.12.
2. Fri.	Bishop of Worcester b., 1845.	5.49.	16. Fri.	The Rev. A. E. Alcock, Headmaster of Highgate School, b., 1851.	6.14.
3. Sat.	Lord Harris b., 1857.	5.50.	17. Sat.	Duchess of Albany b., 1867.	6.15.
4. Sun.	Fifth after Epiphany.	5.52.	18. Sun.	Sexagesima.	6.17.
5. Mon.	H. Young, cricketer, b., 1876.	5.54.	19. Mon.	Bishop of Southwark b., 1844.	6.19.
6. Tues.	Sir Henry Irving b., 1838.	5.55.	20. Tues.	Princess Royal b., 1867.	6.21.
7. Wed.	The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton b., 1857.	5.57.	21. Wed.	Cardinal Newman b., 1801.	6.23.
8. Thurs.	Jules Verne b., 1828.	5.58.	22. Thurs.	George Washington b., 1732.	6.25.
9. Fri.	Field-Marshal Sir H. E. Wood, V.C., b., 1838.	6.0.	23. Fri.	J. H. Board, cricketer, b., 1867.	6.27.
10. Sat.	Queen Victoria married, 1840.	6.2.	24. Sat.	W. Clark Russell, novelist, b., 1844.	6.28.
11. Sun.	Septuagesima.	6.4.	25. Sun.	Quinquagesima.	6.30.
12. Mon.	The Rev. Edmund Warre, D.D., b., 1837.	6.6.	26. Mon.	Lord Cromer b., 1841.	6.32.
13. Tues.	Lord Randolph Churchill b., 1849.	6.8.	27. Tues.	Battle of Majuba, 1887.	6.34.
14. Wed.	Battle of St. Vincent, 1797.	6.10.	28. Wed.	Relief of Ladysmith, 1900.	6.36.

The Discomfiture of Briggs.

By H. WENTWORTH-JAMES.

JOHN MARMADUKE BRIGGS was one of those unfortunate lads who had failed to justify paternal expectations. This in itself was not startling, for paternal expectations proverbially set a difficult standard of perfection. But in the case of young Briggs there were certain unique circumstances.

Briggs *pere* was at one time a scholar of Carlton School—the establishment which Briggs *fits* now graced with his presence. And the name of Briggs the father, was written large on the records of the school. Space forbids a full mention of his achievements. He had been Captain of the Cricket XI., holder of four school records, and winner of the famous Manning prize for all-round scholarship—besides being the possessor of many other high distinctions.

Naturally, much was expected from the son of such a father, but Carlton School had long realised that the mantle of Briggs senior was not destined to rest on the shoulders of his heir. Young Briggs quickly proved himself a youth of little more than average ability, but gifted with considerably more than average inclination to evade any degree of strenuous effort—physical or mental.

It might be supposed that the realisation of his deficiencies would give Briggs the younger much food for troubled thought. As a matter of fact, Briggs' feelings were little ruffled, if at all, by the knowledge of his father's bygone glories. He had been heard to declare plaintively that it was jolly hard luck he couldn't have had an ordinary sort of governor, like most other chaps; but apart from this touching plaint, Briggs continued placidly on his way, blissfully indifferent, until—

But perhaps the briefest and easiest method of explanation is to submit to the reader's gaze a portion of a letter, received about a week previous to the commencement of this history. The letter is from Briggs senior, and the recipient, of course, Briggs



HE TOOK DOWN HIS FOOTER BOOTS AND RACED TOWARDS
THE DOOR.

younger. Not once, but many dozens of times, had the following words leaped to the mournful eyes of our unheroic hero:

"Lastly, with regard to your request for the No. 5 Duplex hand camera which you saw in Thompson's shop on your Christmas vacation, I much regret, my dear Marmaduke, that I cannot purchase this at present. You had more than your share of good things at Christmas, and to be quite plain with you I must have a little evidence of determination, both in play and work, before I can supply you with more presents. I will, however, make a bargain with you. So soon as you can get a place in the first Football XI. you shall have the camera. There is absolutely no reason why you shouldn't be able to accomplish this. It only wants the display of vigour and keenness—qualities in which I am sorry to say, &c. &c."

Every time young Briggs read the above, a quiver of indignation darted through his juvenile breast. What a condition to make! The governor might just as well have asked him to leap over the school roof. Briggs brooded over the thing, with an ever-growing sense of deep personal injury. He had counted on the possession of that handsome camera, confident in the belief that his father's traditional generosity would again prove equal to the strain imposed upon it.

And now his rose-coloured dream had been ruthlessly shattered. For Briggs had no intention of attempting to fulfil his father's proviso. Firstly, although a very fair player, when he chose to exert himself, he didn't care about football. Secondly, it was a game that called for far too much trouble, and the process of qualifying for a place in the first XI. was one fraught with considerable self-sacrifice and hard practice.

The gentle soul of Briggs revolted from such an uncomfortable prospect. He had despatched a dignified reply to his father's letter, pointing out that it wasn't his (Briggs') fault that he didn't happen to be athletically inclined; that if everybody were like his father, everybody would be in the first XI., and what would happen then? He remarked further, with sage observation, that some chaps were keen on some things, and some were keen on others; although he maintained, in making this acute observation, a judicious silence as to the matters on which his own keenness was concentrated. Finally, Briggs concluded his letter with the clinching argument that the possession of a Duplex Camera would greatly assist him in the active prosecution of certain studies.

The missive had been despatched three days since, but up to the present no reply had arrived.

Most reluctantly, Briggs abandoned hopes of possessing the cherished object of his affections, but the passing of time did not bring with it a sense of resignation. On the contrary, Briggs nursed his grievance so assiduously that he began to believe himself a very ill-used person.

Then came the day when Carlton School was to play Valchester School, the match being fixed to take place at Valchester. The Carltonians had enjoyed a very successful season, and the game with Valchester was looked upon as likely to add another to the school's list of victories.

The team was due to start from Cheale Station (nearest the School) at 1.30 P.M.

At five minutes past one, it so chanced that Briggs was exploring the recesses of the boot-lockers in search of a certain pen-knife which had mysteriously vanished. The boot-lockers were a dark narrow apartment at the extreme base of the College building, and were reached by a long flight of stone steps.

Briggs' laborious investigations were suddenly interrupted by the sudden appearance of a short, sandy-haired youth, who commenced a frantic search among the footwear.

"I say, I'm in a nice fix," cried the newcomer, excitedly, "I left my footer boots with White last Tuesday, so that he might stick a pair of soles on, and I clean forgot to send for them to-day. I've got to find another pair to wear this afternoon. How about yours?"

"You seem to be somewhat hurried," remarked Briggs, with fine sarcasm.

"Hurry, you ass? I should think I am in a hurry. The train goes in about twenty minutes, and if I don't look slippy, the team will have to play a man short at Valchester. How'll this pair do? Ye—ow!"

A spasm of anguish contorted the speaker's countenance, and the boots in question were sent hurtling through space. The eyes of the sandy-haired youth roved around in desperation, as he continued his feverish search for likely looking substitutes.

Briggs, looking on, was suddenly seized with a brilliant idea. A brief interval of mingled doubt, hesitation, fearsome indecision—and his resolution was made.

Hastily he took down his footer boots from their place on the wooden ledge, and raced towards the door. A moment more, and he was outside, and slamming the heavy door, turned the key in its lock.

The deed was done, and with beating heart Briggs the schemer flew up the steps.

By dint of active sprinting, he managed to arrive at Cheale Station in the nick of time. He was hoisted gaspingly into the carriage containing the members of the team, and explained breathlessly that Barstow had tumbled downstairs and sprained his ankle, and that he (Briggs) hearing of the catastrophe, had determined to offer his services as deputy.

The team heard of Barstow's accident with genuine regret, but accepted Briggs' offer with a marked lack of enthusiasm, which might have hurt the feelings of a more sensitive youth.

The Valchester match fell out according to Carlton's hopes and expectations. Inspired by the thought of his prospective reward, Briggs played a really sterling game, and contributed his full share towards the routing of Valchester. The compliments of the Captain and team made him feel, perhaps, for the first time in his self-indulgent career, that there were other and better things in life than loafing and "wasting."

But the first flush of triumph over, Briggs began to feel qualms with regard to what lay in store for him on his return to the School.

He remembered now that Barstow possessed a grim reputation for handiness with his fists. And it was exceedingly likely that Barstow would not take his enforced imprisonment at all good-humouredly. In fact, Briggs' fears rose in proportion as the distance between himself and the school was lessened. Like many another schemer he began to wonder, all too late, whether the consequences of his plot might not outweigh the advantages gained.

Filled with a desire for self-effacement, which, in other circumstances, might have been regarded as highly praiseworthy, Briggs endeavoured to enter the School by a devious route. Success so far attended his efforts that he was able to reach the shelter of the study he shared with two others without mishap.

"Hulloa, Briggs!" exclaimed the solitary occupant of the room; "Barstow's been looking for you. Judging by his looks, I should hardly think he wants to do you a good turn. Oh, and I say, here's a parcel for you. I've cut the string, and you've only got to yank off the paper. Let's have a squint at it."

A feeling altogether indescribable stirred the breast of Briggs, as he complied with the request. As the wrapping fell off, he gave vent to his mingled emotions in a groan.

He held in his hand the Duplex Camera. Briggs senior had sent it unconditionally after all!

At this crucial moment the door opened,



"YOU CAN TAKE A FIRST-CLASS LICKING, OR YOU CAN HAND ME OVER THAT CAMERA."

and Barstow stepped into the study. His basilisk eye fell first on Briggs, then on the camera. At the sight of the latter he grinned appreciatively.

"Ha, my beauty! Got you at last. I'll ask you just to come outside, while I paste you into a jelly."

Briggs showed no inclination to accept this invitation, but his jaw dropped, and his knees shook tremulously.

Once again Barstow's eye fell on the camera. He seemed to be meditating.

"Look here," he said suddenly, "I'll give you your choice. You can take a first-class licking, or you can hand me over that camera."

Briggs' eyes rolled helplessly.

"It *will* be a first-class licking," added Barstow grimly; "the sort of licking you'll remember till your hair turns grey."

Silence for a moment.

"All right!" groaned Briggs, "you can take the camera."



STAMPS AS HISTORICAL FINGER-POSTS.

With a view of more clearly defining the educational claims of stamp collecting I purpose occasionally having a few words to say about those stamps which may deservedly be classed as Finger-posts in the History of Nations.

THE STAMPS OF FRANCE.



1849.



1852.



1853.



1862.



1870.

FRANCE, more than any other of the Great Powers of the world, has made a multitude of experiments in the government of her people. Each change has marked some eventful crisis in her history, and, since the introduction of postage stamps in 1849, each crisis has its finger-post in every representative collection of her postage stamps.

Her devoted friends and admirers in this country—and they are many—hope and believe that she now possesses a stable and settled form of government for many a generation to come.

The troubles through which she has passed find eloquent expression in Sir Erskine May's "Democracy in Europe." After summing up the part which democracy has played in the history of France, he wrote, in 1877, seven years after the terrible life and death struggle with Germany:

"And still the destinies of France are hanging in the balance. After ninety years of revolutions, without liberty: after bloody civil wars and cruel proscriptions: after multiplied experiments in republican, imperial, and monarchical institutions, who shall venture to forecast her political future? Her democratic excesses have discredited the cause of popular govern-

ment: the usurpations and bad faith of her rulers have shaken confidence in law and order. She has advanced the liberties of other states, without securing her own. She has aimed at social equality: but—save in the levelling spirit of her people—she is as far from its attainment as ever. The fearful troubles through which she has passed have checked her prosperity, demoralised her society, and arrested the intellectual growth of her gifted people. Yet is she great and powerful; and high—if not the first—in the scale of civilised nations. Blessed with recuperative powers, beyond those of any other state, she is rapidly effacing the scars of war and revolution; and, profiting by the errors of the past, she may yet found a stable government, enjoying the confidence of all classes, and worthy of her greatness and her enlightenment."

The introduction of adhesive stamps for the prepayment of postage found France a republic. A provisional government had just been established on the ruins of the monarchy, which had been swept out of existence in the revolution of 1848. As a consequence, the first postage stamp issued by France, on New Year's Day, 1849, bore the head of Ceres, emblematic of

liberty and salutary laws. Three years later Louis Napoleon, having been elected President of the Republic, his head figures on a stamp issued in 1852, bearing the inscription "Repub. Franc." The Empire having been re-established the inscription "Repub. Franc." gave place to the words "Empire Franc." over the same head on the stamps issued in 1853. In 1862 the customary laurel wreath, to indicate the first victories of the reign, won in the war with Austria in the battlefields of Italy, was added to the Emperor's head. In 1870 the war with Germany resulted in the downfall of the monarchy and the establishment of the third republic. The head of Ceres, as the chosen typical head of liberty in France, reappears on a series of postage stamps, made from the old plates of the second republic, and issued by the provisional "Government of National Defence."

Here, then, we have the postage stamps of France as finger-posts to the crises of French history: the second republic in 1849, the election of Napoleon III. as President of that republic, the rapid transformation of the President into a full-blown Emperor, his final downfall, and the stormy establishment of the third republic. The stamps do not, it is true, mark the days or months, but they do mark the years of crises, and, what is perhaps more to the purpose, they mark for the stamp collector with unflinching clearness the true sequence of historical events in a great nation's life.

SINGLE AND MULTIPLE CA WATERMARKS.

Now that the various colonial issues with the head of King Edward VII. are all but complete, it may be well to take stock and see how the series stand. At first the King's head stamps were printed on paper watermarked with what we now term "Single CA," *i.e.*, a Crown CA falling singly in the centre of each stamp. Then for convenience in printing, this Crown CA watermark was reduced in size and jumbled up so closely together that portions of three and sometimes four of the watermarks are found on a single stamp, but never a Crown CA alone, as before. This new watermark we call Multiple CA, because of its repetition on each stamp.

I include in the list other colonial stamps such as those of British Guiana and Trinidad, which do not bear the King's head, but are similarly watermarked.

If the readers of THE CAPTAIN will preserve, or copy, this list and add other issues as they

are announced they may keep it up-to-date for future reference.

EUROPE.

Malta. (Various designs.)

Single CA : $\frac{1}{4}d.$, $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., 2 $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 4d., 4 $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 5d., 1s.

Multiple CA : $\frac{1}{4}d.$, $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., 2 $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 4 $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 5d., 1s.

Gibraltar. (King's heads.)

Single CA : $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., 2 $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 6d., 1s., 2s., 4s., 8s., £1.

Multiple CA : $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., 1s., 2s.

Morocco Agencies. (King's heads.)

Single CA : 5c., 10c., 20c., 25c., 50c., 1p., 2p.

Multiple CA : 5c., 10c.

ASIA.

Ceylon. (King's heads.)

Single CA : 2c., 3c., 4c., 5c., 6c., 12c., 15c., 25c., 30c., 75c., 1r. 50c., 2r. 25c.

Multiple CA : 2c., 3c., 4c., 5c., 6c., 12c., 15c., 25c., 30c., 75c., 1r. 50c., 2r. 25c.

Malay Federated States. (Tiger.)

Single CA : 1c., 3c., 4c., 5c., 8c., 10c., 20c., 50c.

Multiple CA : 5c., 8c., 20c., 50c.

Hong Kong. (King's heads.)

Single CA : 1c., 2c., 4c., 5c., 8c., 10c., 12c., 20c., 30c., 50c., 1d., 2d., 3d., 5d., 10d.

Multiple CA : 2c., 4c., 5c., 10c., 20c., 30c., 50c., 1d., 2d., 3d., 5d., 10d.

Straits Settlements. (King's heads.)

Single CA : 1c., 3c., 4c., 5c., 8c., 10c., 25c., 30c., 50c., 1d., 2d., 5d.

Multiple CA : 1c., 3c., 4c., 8c., 25c., 30c., 1d., 2d., 5d.

Cyprus. (King's heads.)

Single CA : $\frac{1}{2}p.$, 30pa., 1p., 2p., 4p., 6p., 9p., 12p., 18p., 45p.

Multiple CA : $\frac{1}{2}p.$, 30pa., 1p., 2p., 4p., 6p., 9p., 12p., 18p., 45p.

AFRICA.

British Central Africa. (King's heads.)

Single CA : 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., 1s.

Multiple CA : None.

East Africa and Uganda. (King's heads.)

Single CA : $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1a., 2a., 2 $\frac{1}{2}a.$, 3a., 4a., 5a., 8a.

Multiple CA : $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1a., 2a., 2 $\frac{1}{2}a.$, 3a., 4a., 5a., 8a.

Gambia. (King's head.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 4d., 6d.,
1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s.
Multiple CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 5d., $7\frac{1}{2}d.$,
10d., 1s., 2s.

Gold Coast. (King's head.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 6d., 1s.,
2s., 5s., 10s., 20s.
Multiple CA: 1d., 2d., 3d.

Lagos. (King's head.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 6d., 1s.,
2s. 6d., 5s., 10s.
Multiple CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 6d., 1s.,
2s. 6d., 5s., 10s.

Mauritius. (Arms.)

Single CA: 1c., 2c., 3c., 4c., 5c., 6c., 8c.,
12c., 25c., 50c.
Multiple CA: None.

Natal. (King's heads.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., $1\frac{1}{2}d.$, 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 4d.,
5d., 6d., 1s., 5s., 2s., 2s. 6d., 4s.
Multiple CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 4d., 1s., 2s. 6d.

Northern Nigeria. (King's heads.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 5d., 6d., 1s.,
2s. 6d., 10s.
Multiple CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 5d., 6d.,
1s., 2s. 6d.

Orange River Colony. (King's heads.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 4d., 6d.,
1s., 5s.
Multiple CA: None.

St. Helena. (King's heads.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d.
Multiple CA: None.

Seychelles. (King's heads.)

Single CA: 2c., 3c., 6d., 12c., 15c., 18c.,
30c., 45c., 75c., 1r. 50c., 2r. 25c.
Multiple CA: None.

Somaliland. (King's heads.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}a.$, 1a., 2a., $2\frac{1}{2}a.$, 3a., 4a., 6a.,
8a., 12a.
Multiple CA: $\frac{1}{2}a.$, 1a., 2a., $2\frac{1}{2}a.$, 3a., 4a., 6a.,
8a., 12a.

Sierra Leone. (King's heads.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., $1\frac{1}{2}d.$, 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d.,
4d., 5d., 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., £1.
Multiple CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., $1\frac{1}{2}d.$, 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d.,
4d., 5d., 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., £1.

Southern Nigeria. (King's heads.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 4d., 6d., 1s.,
2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., £1.
Multiple CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 4d., 5d.,
1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., £1.

Transvaal. (King's heads.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 4d., 6d.,
1s., 2s., 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., £1, £5.
Multiple CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 6d., 1s.

AMERICA.

Bahamas. (King's heads.)

Single CA: 1d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 4d., 6d., 1s., 5s., £1.
Multiple CA: None.

Barbados. (Chariot.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{4}d.$, $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 5d., 6d.,
8d., 10d., 2s. 6d.
Multiple CA: $\frac{1}{4}d.$, $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 6d., 8d.,
2s. 6d.

Bermuda. (Dock.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 3d.
Multiple CA: None.

British Guiana. (Ship.)

Single CA: 1c., 2c., 4c., 5c., 6c., 8c., 12c.,
24c., 48c., 60c., 72c., 96c.
Multiple CA: 1c., 2c., 4c., 5c., 6c., 12c.,
24c., 48c., 60c.

British Honduras. (King's heads.)

Single CA: 1c., 2c., 5c., 20c.
Multiple CA: 1c., 2c.

Cayman Islands. (King's heads.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 6d., 1s.
Multiple CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 6d., 1s.

Falkland Islands. (King's heads.)

Single CA: None.
Multiple CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 6d., 1s.
3s., 5s.

Grenada. (King's heads.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 6d., 1s.,
2s., 5s., 10s.
Multiple CA: None.

Jamaica. (Arms.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 5d.
Multiple CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$

Leeward Islands. (King's heads.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 6d., 1s.,
2s. 6d., 5s.
Multiple CA: 3d.

Montserrat. (Arms.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 6d., 1s.,
2s., 2s. 6d.
Multiple CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 2d., 3d., 6d.

St. Kitts and Nevis. (Arms.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 6d., 1s.,
2s., 2s. 6d., 5s.
Multiple CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 2d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$

St. Lucia. (King's heads.)

Single CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 1s.
Multiple CA: $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 6d., 5s.

St. Vincent. (King's heads.)Single CA : $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., 2 $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s.Multiple CA : $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 1s.**Trinidad.** (Britannia.)Single CA : $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2 $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 4d., 5d., 6d., 1s.Multiple CA : $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2 $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1s.**Turks and Caicos Islands.** (Arms.)Single CA : $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., 2 $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 4d., 6d., 1s.Multiple CA : $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d.**Virgin Islands.** (King's heads.)

Single CA : None.

Multiple CA : $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., 2 $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s.**OCEANA.****Fiji Islands.** (King's heads.)Single CA : $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d., 2d., 2 $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3d., 4d., 5d., 6d., 1s., 5s., £1.Multiple CA : $\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1d.**ALBUM FOR BEGINNERS.**

The general collector and especially the beginner is nowadays receiving more attention than he has ever received since the advent of the specialist. Hitherto our catalogues have been compiled with the view of satisfying the specialist, and even printed albums have been

largely planned to include specialist varieties. But the tide is turning in favour of the general collector. Even the specialist recognises the fact that it is not wise for him to monopolise catalogues and albums.

Hence we have Messrs. Whitfield King and Co.'s excellent Catalogue Simplified for the General Collector, and now we have the completion of a specially prepared album for those who collect by the simplified catalogue.

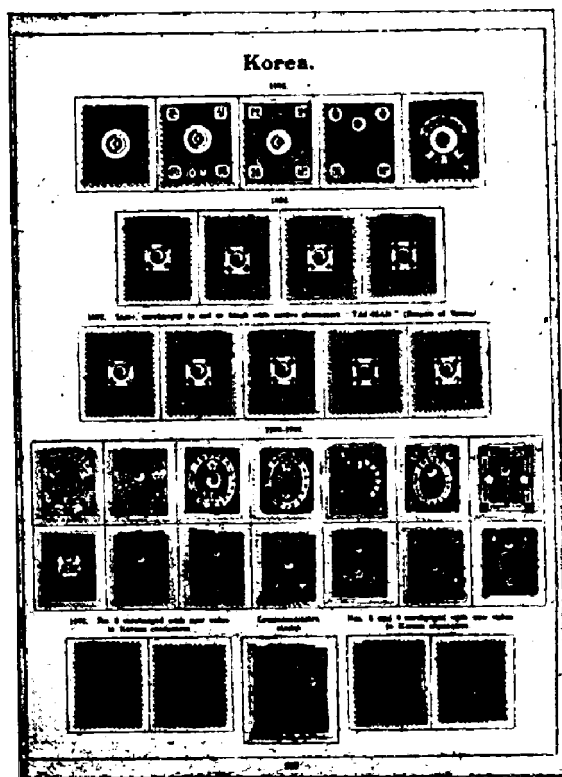
Its pages are samples of careful compilation and painstaking neatness of arrangement. Miniature reproductions of the various types of stamps are printed on the spaces which the stamps are to occupy. The reproductions are done in miniature in order that they may be easily covered by the stamp when it is hinged in its plate.

The album is published in two forms. There is the single volume for collectors who cannot spare the money for a more elaborate album. In the one-volume edition spaces are provided for stamps on each side of the leaves. This is done to economise space. Otherwise it would be impossible to get the stamps of the world into one volume. Except on the score of economy, this one-volume form of housing a general collection is not a desirable one, for when stamps are placed on opposite pages they are continually getting caught, one in the other. This may be obviated by placing a leaf of tissue paper between the pages. However, for those who must study economy, this one-volume album with nearly 1400 pages at 16s., is a marvel of cheapness.

Then we have the two-vol. edition, vol. i. for the stamps of the British Empire, and vol. ii. for foreign countries. It is the best simplified album for the general collector that I have yet seen. From cover to cover every page bears evidence of ripe experience and tireless industry. Our reproduction of a page of Korea filled with stamps will give a very good idea of the arrangement of the pages. It will be noted that whilst the page is designed to accommodate a full measure of stamps, careful attention is paid to keeping each series separate as far as possible.

Such an album may be termed "collecting made easy," and for the great majority of collectors the printed album will always be guide, counsellor, and friend, for the simple reason that most people like to be saved all the drudgery of mapping out their own arrangements.

The veriest novice at collecting postage stamps could scarcely go wrong with this album for beginners.



THREE SHORT.

A Story of the New Zealand Footballers.

By HARRY TREVOR.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER.



were sadder men, if wiser, who dropped into the Sports Club that day, after witnessing the Colonials' dazzling display at Stamford Bridge.

"Of course, it's jolly clever and all that sort of thing," said Montague, the well-known Cambridge half, "but it isn't football."

"Perhaps not," replied McBride, an International forward, drily, "but it's pretty good hand-ball all the same."

"Trick-ball would be an even better description. But, joking apart, if referees are going to allow this winging business, we shall have to reconstitute the whole game from the start."

"Don't you think, Monty, they have anticipated your prophecy fairly successfully?"

"Oh! well. Have it your own way. But mark my words; directly they run up against a team who can play them at their own game, they'll go to pieces like a pack of cards."

"Perhaps so, but at present I don't see where the team's coming from that *can* play them at their own game."

"And a good thing, too. Win by fair means or foul—but win somehow, seems to be their motto. Why, I believe if you broke your neck they wouldn't stop to pick you up—and as for any feelings of sportsmanship or chivalry . . ."

"That's a little rough, isn't it?" said Fletcher, a Major in the Gunners, and an ex-International, quietly. "A single game is hardly sufficient evidence upon which to found such a sweeping indictment—I must say my experience of them in South Africa was the reverse."

A hush fell upon the smoking-room. It was the first time that he had referred to that great common grave of military reputations, in which his own, together with that of many another distinguished soldier, was understood to have been buried.

"Ah, of course, these chaps had a contingent out there, hadn't they?"

Fletcher nodded.

"Yes; but war and football are two very different things," persisted Montague.

"I don't know. The qualifications for both are pretty much the same. Lack of individual initiative we are always being told was responsible for the majority of our military failures, and it seems to me that you went down to-day for the same reason."

"But you didn't know that they were so awfully good?"

"Oh, yes, I did. I played against them myself on one occasion."

"By George! Fletcher," said Morton, "I'm precious short of stuff to talk about in my Football Notes next week. If you wouldn't mind——"

"Oh! my dear chap I don't know that the experience would afford sufficient material . . ."

"You leave that to me. Just give us the facts, and I'll soon turn out something readable, I promise you."

"Yes, do," chipped in Hawkins, the Richmond three-quarters; "something readable from Bosky would be distinctly original."

Fletcher lit a cigar, and threw one leg over the arm of his chair.

It was just after one of those periodical military paper-chases (he said), at the heels of De Wet—an operation which consisted of riding into a town at one end, only to see the tail of the enemy's rear guard disappearing out of the other—that I happened to be in camp at Reubensberg, a small railway station some fifty miles west of Mabeltown. Both men and horses had been run to a standstill, and the authorities deemed it advisable to give us a fortnight's loaf in which to recuperate. There was not a militant Boer within a couple of hundred miles, and time, in consequence, hung heavy on our hands. We used to get up "gaffs," hockey and golf tournaments, occasionally even a game of Rugged—

in fact, anything to vary the everyday monotony.

We could put a fairly useful fifteen in the field, too. In addition to half a battalion of the 2nd Princesses, who are a pretty good lot, as you know, there were several others who more than made up for lack of science by the whole-hearted nature of their play. Of the latter contingent, old "Roarer," our C.O., was the shining light. You remember him, Hawkins?—the big fat fellow who played back for Blackheath some seven years ago, and was only persuaded to retire upon it being somewhat brutally pointed out that a football jersey as ill became his figure as did a coat with a two-inch tail that of Mr. Tupman. He was everlastingly inveighing against a system which condemned a man to a career of passive inactivity while still—as he considered—in the plenitude of his powers. "If a C.O. can't play when he likes," he used to say jocularly, "who on earth can?"—and from that moment the position of right wing three-quarter back became a close borough.

Well, on the morning of one of these non-descript encounters, a contingent of New Zealanders, among whom were five of the men you saw to-day, rode into camp. After completing the usual formalities, they strolled out on to the veldt to watch the game. Colonials are proverbially outspoken, and they promptly started in to criticise our methods in a manner the reverse of complimentary. Old Roarer was furious.

"Look here, Walker," he said to me that night, after mess, "these chaps are too full of buck—they want taking down a peg. Go round and say that we shall be willing to knock the stuffing out of them at three o'clock to-morrow."

Well, they had no end of a job to raise a team. With the exception of eight of their number, no other member of their side was particularly proficient in the game—notwithstanding the fact that every man in New Zealand is popularly supposed, in this country, to be a footballer. But, bless you, it didn't matter! Those eight were more than a match for us. Four of them acted as forwards, another worked the "scrum," two more occupied the positions now known as five-eighths, while the eighth held a sort of roving commission—and the number of unexpected attacks he initiated would have done credit to a Letter of Marque, of a hundred years ago.

"Off side? rough?" No, not a bit of it. But, my hat! they were a tough lot; and, mind you, after eighteen months' continuous campaigning *we* weren't exactly soft. It was one

of the sorriest spectacles I have ever seen, much less taken part in. Try after try recurred with painful regularity. In fact, during the first twenty-five minutes we never saw the way they went. On the few occasions our forwards did attempt to heel, those blessed "wingers" were on us like a knife, and Rothessay and Thompson looked more like a couple of second-fifteen school-boys, than a famous pair of Blackheath half-backs.

But the funniest thing of the lot was their method of dealing with poor old Roarer, which can only be described, in the words of the educational advertisement, as "firm but kind."

He was a typical fighter of the old school, who looked upon putting the ball down without a final struggle as a confession of weakness. At first his opponents bore with this amiable propensity, but upon its continued repetition they proceeded to pick him up and carry him bodily backwards. This treatment, not unnaturally, exercised an alarming effect upon his temper, which at all times bore a striking resemblance to that of his farcical comedy prototype, with the result that upon the whistle sounding for half-time he completely lost his hair.

"Look here," he gasped, "perhaps you call these hanky-panky monkey tricks, football, but I don't. They may have been suited to Botany Bay, but . . ."

There was a shrill screeching sound overhead and a one-pound shell plugged into the bank some twenty-five yards to our right.

The Colonel seized a pair of proffered field-glasses, and swept the hills to the east. "That's some of our peaceful agricultural friends, Walker, I'll be bound. They've had that pom-pom hidden all this time; and now, having found out that our last two guns went up the railway yesterday, they are indulging in a little fun at our expense. Still, it's serious. There may be fifty to a thousand of them for all we know, and they've time to do a lot of damage before we get anything up from Mabeltown big enough to clear them out. Why on earth the General wanted to take our——"

Once again a shell struck the bank, almost in the same spot.

"More to the right, Colonel. From the fly of the dirt, they're masked somewhere near the top of the larger kopje." It was one of the New Zealand subalterns who spoke.

"Look here, you young jackanapes," answered old Roarer, turning furiously, "if you didn't come from a country where discipline and manners are at a discount, I'd put you under arrest for that. However, as you seem



THERE, SCARCELY THREE YARDS IN FRONT OF US,
ITS BARREL GLEAMING VICIOUSLY IN THE HALF-
LIGHT, WAS THE OBJECT OF OUR SEARCH.

so precious clever, perhaps some of your bush-rang-
ing friends wouldn't mind fetching me the
breech-lock of that pom-pom."

"Right you are, Colonel. We'll follow—if
you set the pace? That's fair, isn't it?"
replied the youth with a wink.

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Incipient profanity was plainly marked upon the Colonel's face, when he happened to catch the supercilious glance of his junior.

"Done with you, my boy," he rapped out, at the same time bringing down his hand with a vicious slap upon the younger man's shoulder. "We start in three hours."

And he turned on his heel.

The Colonel puffed and panted up the hill under fifteen stone of flesh and bone.

"I'm getting a bit past this sort of thing, Fletcher," he gasped out, during a momentary halt. "Training, no doubt, is . . . ough. . . ." And before you could wink he was down on the ground in a paroxysm of agony. Well, we laid him out straight and rubbed, until the worst of the attack had passed, though it was plain to see that, as far as he was concerned, further work that night was at an end. Nothing like cramp, as you chaps know, to knock the steam out of a pumped man. But it was the Colonial subaltern who once again took the lead.

"Look here, Colonel," he said familiarly, "you're fairly cooked. The pace this afternoon was altogether too much of a cracker for a man at your time of life, and this is the finishing touch. The moon will be up in another hour, and if we are to continue the match to-morrow we shall have to hustle. We'll just tuck you up comfortably behind that rock, and pick you up again on our way down."

Poor old Roarer's face was a study.

"Confound your impertinence," he whispered. "If I come out of this job alive, I shall have something to say to you to-morrow morning."

There was, however, little time for discussion, and in justice to the Colonel it must be said that he was not long in admitting the propriety of the suggestion.

Now, I have always looked upon myself as a fairly good stalker; but the way those eight

fellows shinned up the side of that cliff was an eye-opener.

"Still further east a bit, I think, sir," said my youthful adviser, and once more the ascent was continued. A few feet from the crest, we paused to allow those behind to come up, and then, carefully raising my head, I peeped over.

The boy was right. There, scarcely three yards in front of us, its barrel gleaming viciously in the half-light, was the object of our search. A figure in an old bowler hat, his rifle between his knees, and his head resting unsuspectingly on his chest, sat beside it.

As the result of a hurried consultation, it was arranged that the subaltern and half the party should work round still further to the right, in order to take the sleeping man in the rear.

Ten minutes went by, and then four forms rose up suddenly into the sky line, and moved stealthily in the direction of their unsuspecting victim. There was the gleam of a bayonet, and the man beside the gun slid loosely forward on his face, without so much as a murmur.

A few moments later I had the breech-lock out. But, as we turned to retire, my foot struck against something, and at the same instant a shot rang out. It was the sentry's rifle.

"Quick! Make a bolt for it!" I shouted, as shadowy forms sprang up on all sides.

"The Colonel, boys," came the quiet voice of the subaltern.

We tumbled over the crest, and down the sheer side of the rock, in a heap. How it happened that no necks were broken is a mystery.

"Hump yourself, Colonel," cried my young friend, in direct contravention of military etiquette; "you'll have to put your best leg forward this time."

Old Roarer smiled grimly. "One leg, however good, isn't much use without the other. I can't stand, let alone walk."

The subaltern whistled. "I'm sorry," he said simply. "No matter. Just you let one of the men give you a hank up on my back, and we'll hoike you beyond the dead-ball line before you can wink."

The Colonel held out his hand. "Look here," he replied, "I've done both you and your men an injustice, and that isn't a particularly comforting reflection for one who has only himself to thank for this beastly mess. Be good enough not to get shot on my account. This is an exceptional bit of cover; I've twenty-five rounds of revolver ammunition in my pouch, and I beat Winans at Bisley three years ago. For Heaven's sake, man, clear out while there's

time," he added quickly, as a dozen shots spluttered over our heads.

No one moved.

"By George, Colonel, but you're grit right through," answered the boy admiringly. "If they'd had a few more of your sort on the Tugela, we shouldn't be running round the tail of a lot of ragged-coated farmers, like a troop of gutter children after a circus. But this ain't the time for an individual fancy display. It's combined footwork in the open that's wanted, and I rather believe you don't think us much good at that sort of thing."

Old Roarer looked at me appealingly.

"I'm in command now," I said, "and," I added, "the Colonel's right. Besides, you will be of far more service in drawing the pursuit. There's a dry watercourse about a hundred yards to the left. Once there we are tolerably safe. Tell Major Stillman to send a detachment of the relief party up that way. Good luck to you. Forward."

They moved off reluctantly, and were soon lost in the broken ground. Imagine, therefore, my surprise, some few moments later, to see the New Zealand subaltern and two men, after proceeding some forty or fifty yards, reappear and then turn off sharp to the left, when they were once more hidden from view. The manœuvre was significant in the light of latter events.

It was slow work, but, crawling and rolling by turns, we reached the edge of the spruit. Only some thirty yards now stood between us and comparative safety. Just as we hobbled out into the open the moon rose, and a couple of shots whizzed between us. We flung ourselves down upon our faces and breathlessly awaited events.

"It's no good, Fletcher. I wish to goodness. . . ."

The Colonel paused as the cracking of several Lee-Metfords broke out from somewhere further up the hill-side.

"Did you hear that?" he continued bitterly. "Now we know what happened to the last convoy. It's bad enough to be shot like a dog in a ditch, but to be snuffed out by British-made rifles and ammunition. . . ." The rest of the sentence was drowned in the rattle of the increasing fusillade. I had a pretty good idea as to who the men at the other end of those rifles were, more especially as shots now ceased to come in our direction, and we reached the cover of the watercourse without injury. For some time we sat looking up at the little spurts of fire above us. Then a ring of flame suddenly illumined the crest—and all was silence. A

few hundred yards further down we met the relief party under Stillman, and our troubles were at an end.

Next morning, in response to an urgent telegram, half a battery of artillery and three hundred of the Angleseas came up by train, and the excitement subsided. A strong force immediately went out to examine the position, but, of course, it was just as we expected. With the exception of a few cartridge cases, not a trace of our friends of the previous night was to be seen. The earth had apparently opened and swallowed them up.

It was a very quiet and uncommunicative Colonel who sat in the orderly tent some three days later. The morning's routine was all but completed, when a New Zealand orderly stepped up, and saluting the C.O. said:

"The Officer Commanding the New Zealand contingent's compliments, and would you care to continue the football match this afternoon?"

Poor old Roarer's rag was out in a moment.

"Tell the Officer Commanding the New Zealand contingent," he snapped, "that we shall be ready at three o'clock."

Well, we did rather better during the latter half of the game than on the former occasion. Our opponents were apparently content to convince us that our preconceived opinions in regard to their defensive qualifications were without foundation. Whether this was so or not, it was quite evident that the attack was scarcely being pressed with either the dash or determination which characterised their previous efforts. Thanks, however, to a couple of scrambling tries by our forwards, and some sensational place kicking on the part of Thompson, we managed to get within six points of their score.



WITH A SECOND ROAR HE THUNDERED ON.

But the most astonishing feature of the whole thing was the form displayed by old Roarer. To say the least, it was meteoric. That he would strain every nerve in order to uphold the traditions of English football I felt sure, but I was totally unprepared for the brilliant individual exposition to which he treated us. How he managed to get to his men was a mystery, while the way in which he tore down his victims was altogether worthy of Hackenschmidt. But what struck me as especially peculiar was the enthusiastic delight with which the New Zealanders among the spectators hailed these robust tackles. Whether it was the fear of retaliatory measures which handicapped his adversaries' methods, when dealing in turn with the old boy, I cannot say; but

they appeared to handle him with much the same care as one does a case of glass.

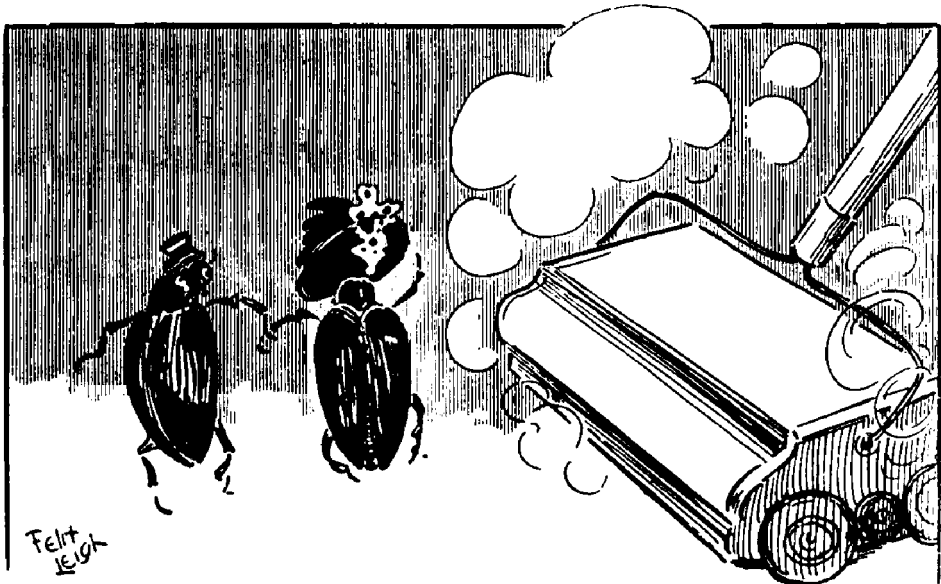
Then once more Thompson brought off a hundred-to-one chance with his left foot, and only a try stood between us and victory—with three minutes to go. As if to furnish one final example of their indisputable powers, the ball came down the field, passing from hand to hand of those wonderful five with clockwork regularity. But it was the Colonel, once again, who rose to the occasion. Have any of you fellows ever seen that rather beastly exhibition at the Zoo, of the big toad who opens his mouth in order that his victim, apparently without any reason, may obligingly jump in? Well, that's very much what happened in this case. Out went his arms, and the next instant down went both players with a thud. The ball rolled from his opponent's grasp, and, scrambling to his feet, the old chap picked it up and attempted to kick. The effort was only partially successful. Up it flew, high into the air, barely some fifteen yards to the good. With the roar of a bull, the familiar Blackheath jersey was after it. A half-amused expression overspread the faces of the New Zealand forwards as he bore impetuously through them. Down it came, plump in front of the famous Colonial half-back, who made but a feeble effort to gather it. Not so the Colonel, and with a second roar, even louder, he thundered on. Right into the arms of the two five-

eighths he went. There was another half-hearted struggle, and then to every one's surprise he broke through, and thus approached the last line of defence. Now, it so happened that the back chanced to be none other than the famous three-quarter back who, but a moment previously, had changed places with his less accomplished playmate—the big, broad fellow who was playing in the centre to-day. Well, I'm blest if he didn't miss his stride just at the very moment when his arms were about to encircle the Colonel's waist! Before you could say knife, the old boy was over the line.

"I've been present at a good many Association Final Cup-Ties, but never in my life do I recollect anything to equal the scene of wild enthusiasm which followed. Notwithstanding his quick temper, the Colonel was intensely popular with the men. Caps and helmets went flying skywards, and cheer after cheer broke from the hoarse throats of the khaki-clad crowd; while, clearly distinguishable above the rest, rose the peculiar, shrill cry of the delighted Colonials.

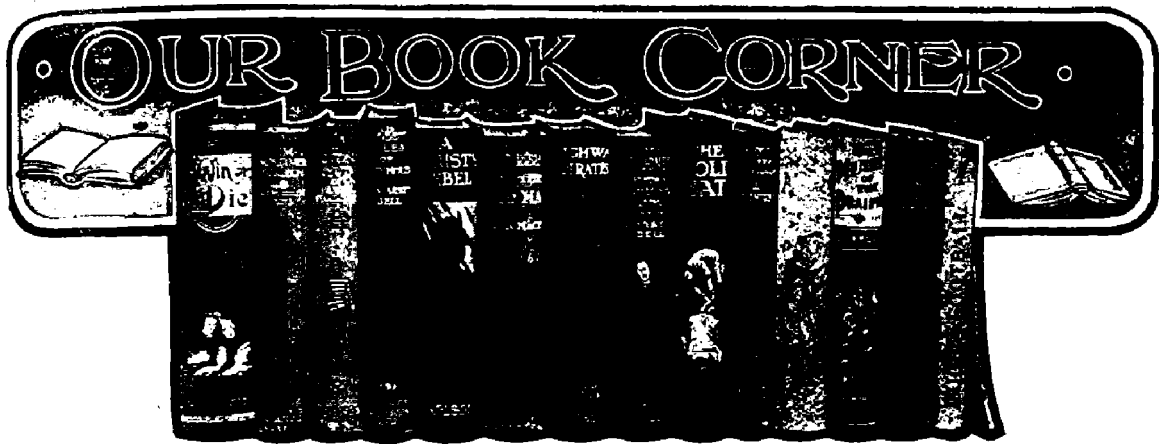
"And so the old buster practically won the match single-handed?" said Hawkins.

"Yes, I suppose that is the natural inference," replied Fletcher slowly, at the same time knocking off the ash of his cigar. "But then, you see, during the second day's play—they were *three short*."



THE PERILS OF THE PEDESTRIAN.

MR. BEETLE: "Well, folks may talk about motor-cars, Mrs. B., but I don't suppose they're half so dangerous as these horrid carpet-sweepers"



Famous British Admirals. By Albert Lee. (Melrose. 6s.) We have nothing but praise for this unpretentious and excellent book. The subject is one which will always be of enthralling interest to Englishmen, and it is treated with considerable literary and constructive ability.

Mr. Lee commences with King Alfred, and ends with Lord Nelson, to whose memory he dedicates the book. A tenth of the whole volume is sufficient to deal with our Admirals up to the time of Queen Elizabeth, but these few pages are the most interesting in the whole volume.

It is a proud record that Mr. Lee sets out before our eyes—a record of naval distinction which could not be shown by any other nation in the world. In no country, save our

own, is there such a list of famous Admirals, and, since the very existence of England has depended—aye, and will depend—on the strength of her navy, and the skill of her seamen, these great fighters of the sea must stand at the head of all the long roll of fame and glory. Statesmen and soldiers must take the lower place.

In these days, when the commercial spirit is predominant, it is well for boys and men to read a book like this. In it they will learn that the safety of their country does not entirely depend on the amount spent in new battleships. Men and leaders of men will always be of more account than vessels. For many years our Navy has had no opportunity of showing what it can accomplish. But when

the time comes, we feel confident that there will be other Famous Admirals to add to the list compiled by Mr. Albert Lee.

The Temple of Fire. By Lewis Ramsden. (Collins. 5s.) This book, though not in the first rank by any means, will almost certainly be eagerly devoured by the boys into whose hands it may fall. The reason is not far to seek, for "The Temple of Fire" is crammed with incident and adventure. The idea at the back of the plot is both original and happy: Mr. Ramsden supposing that the famous Earl of Essex—beheaded, historians say, by Queen Elizabeth's command—escaped his doom, and sailed to a secret kingdom across the seas. There he found a race of Persian origin and civilisation, became king, and transmitted many English ideals and

manners to his descendants. To this kingdom, guided by a manuscript found in a copper vessel in the sand at Lagos, come Stephen Ross, his nephew Ted—a lad of fourteen and a stowaway—and various sea-faring characters. They arrive at an opportune moment, for the islanders are torn by dissensions. Zamasp, an heroic villain, wishes to wed the Queen Atossa. She spurns him, and a revolution follows. The English party, in true British style, defend the weaker side, and undergo many and strange experiences. There are no less than forty-eight chapters in the book, but, on the whole, the story moves briskly to a satisfactory end. Underground halls—palaces of marble—barbaric gems—temples lit by coloured fires—all combine



to give a setting of "more-than-oriental splendour." Indeed, the descriptions of the wonders on "Siren Island" read like pages from the Arabian Nights. Add to this display of wealth and colour, moving tales of heroism—captures and rescues—boiling lead and revolvers—bursting dams and machine-guns—ancient and modern mixed in one glorious and almost convincing jumble—and the "Temple of Fire" is before your eyes.

Obviously, the Rider Haggard romances have inspired the author, though Mr. Ramsden in no sense challenges the fame of his model. The faults of the book are patent. The humour, for instance, is merely irritating; a story of this type does not need humour to increase its value, even were the humour of a high standard ("Treasure Island" does not contain a joke). But the author has written a tale that should appeal to the adventure-lover in no small degree. His boy, Ted, is too precocious—but that is a fault which boy-readers will readily overlook. The illustrations are poor.

John of Strathbourne. By R. D. Chetwode. (C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 2s: 6d.) Once more, inspiration is sought by a novelist in the pages of French history; for John of Strathbourne is a tale of the days of Francis I. At this time the English were slowly but surely losing the possessions in France which they had gained during the preceding hundred and fifty years. They now retained little beyond Calais and its immediate surroundings. Skirmishes and border forays were frequent, and in one of these an English knight, John of Strathbourne, was sorely wounded and carried, with his little son, who had accompanied him, to a wayside inn, where he was foully murdered by a charcoal-burner.

The son, the hero of the story, was brought up by the murderer, in ignorance of his true parentage; but the charcoal-burner's wife, on her death-bed, told him all she knew of his father's fate, and gave him a ring and a letter, which she had found on his body. With these clues John escaped. How the rough, country lad was gradually changed into the brave and courtly knight, and how, after many adventures, he discovered his true parentage, and was acknowledged as his father's son,

may be read in the pages of this fascinating book.

From cover to cover there is not a dull page, and we heartily congratulate Mr. Chetwode on his delightful story.

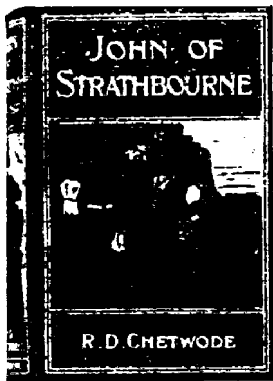
In the Realms of the Ice King. By E. F. Suffing. (Pitman. 5s.) The merits of this book lie rather in the mass of interesting information which will be found accumulated between its covers, than in its literary qualities. The author is conscientious and painstaking to a laborious degree; yet to read, "In the Realms of the Ice King" is not to sit in a theatre where an enthralling drama

of the Frozen North is presented before the mental eye in a swift succession of vivid scenes, but to wander round a museum in which are laid out for inspection curios and relics—skins, snow-shoes, harpoons, and all the paraphernalia of an Arctic expedition—extremely interesting, but lifeless and dull.

Briefly, the author lacks the power of direct, clear-cut narrative. He is so interested in his subject, and has accumulated so much data, that he is loth to leave anything out, and makes the mistake of giving us all. He does not appear to have grasped that the pruning-knife is a very necessary part of the artistic storyteller's equipment. In his praiseworthy endeavours to be accurate, he becomes too often prolix. Instead of telling us, for instance, that the whale boat was smartly called away (which is all the reader wants to know), he insists on assuring us that she contained "oars, mast, sail, boat-hooks, fenders, water-beaker, bread kid, and the numerous sundries which go to furnish a boat."

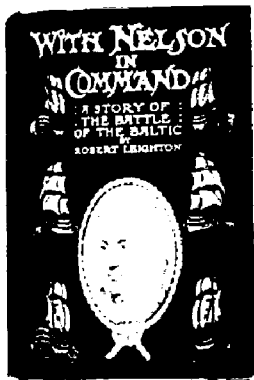
Notwithstanding, the book is very readable. Its incidents are all founded on actual fact, and it should be regarded, therefore, more as a book of travel than as a romance, or story. Viewed in this light, one is inclined to overlook the minor literary faults of the narrative, and to bestow well-deserved praise on the conscientious care with which the mass of extremely interesting information it contains has been compiled.

The author's own illustrations of different isolated objects—harpoons, knives, Esquimaux implements, and the like—are sufficiently good;



but when he tries his hand at a composition, his weakness is very plainly revealed.

With Nelson in Command. By Robert Leighton. (Melrose. 6s.) This is a good stirring story of the sea, and, in many respects, is a worthy account of the battle of the Baltic. The descriptive passages are particularly well written, but we could wish that the author had not marred the general effect by an unconvincing plot. The part dealing with the early history of the two fathers might well have been omitted, and surely it was unnecessary to make Gerard Turgot die by the hand of his own son. We hope that the boys who read



this book will not think that it is justifiable to kill one's father, cheerfully and without remorse, because he is an enemy to his country.

This book has a distinct and genuine flavour of the sea, but the illustrations leave a good deal to be desired. We often wonder why artists will so rarely take the trouble to draw boats and ships correctly. If an artist does not know what a yawl is like, he can easily find out. Accuracy in such matters does not cost much in these days of public libraries and encyclopædias. We do not expect every illustrator to be primed with nautical knowledge; and mistakes in the matter of sheets and halliards are excusable. But most boys know the rig of a yawl, and boys are quick to detect errors of this sort.

In spite of the by-plot, there is a real good yarn in this book, and it is some time since we read better writing in all the matters that appertain to the sea.

Little Miss Robinson Crusoe. By Mrs. George Corbett. (C. Arthur Pearson. 2s. 6d.) We have handed this book to a young lady friend, and she thinks it is "simply ripping." "I laid awake until four o'clock in the morning reading it. It's about a girl who was washed away in a boat, and wrecked on a desert island, but was taken off by a steamer whose attention she attracted by hanging her blouse on a flag-staff she had erected. While she was on the island her only companions were a little monkey and some land crabs. She had heaps of exciting adventures, and—well, it's ripping. While she was gathering ferns she received a fearful blow, which knocked her senseless,

but when she came to her senses she could not see anybody. Oh, it's ripping." We shall content ourselves with simply giving this excerpt from our young lady friend's report, as it would not be fair to give away the whole plot. It may be gathered from this that "Little Miss Robinson Crusoe" is an excellent story, and just the sort of thing that will make a nice Christmas present.

The Sa'Zada Tales. By W. A. Fraser. (David Nutt. 6s. net.) Drawing a bow at a venture, one may say that if Rudyard Kipling had never written the *Jungle Books*, these stories would never have appeared. The reviewer may add that had he never read the *Jungle Books*, he would have enjoyed the "Sa'Zada Tales" more. Sa'Zada is the keeper of a menagerie, and every night, by his leave, a parliament of beasts is held, wherein Hathi the Elephant, Bhalu the Bear, Mooswa the Moose, Pardus the Panther, Sher Abi the Crocodile, and the rest, deliver themselves of stories of their past life on boundless plain and in trackless jungle. The animals converse amongst themselves intelligently, and take on human attributes, in the style which the recent vogue of the "animal story" has rendered familiar. But the "Sa'Zada Tales" do not carry that conviction with them which in the *Jungle Books* (to make again the inevitable comparison) reveals the master-hand. They are good—but they lack "just that": as Sir Joshua Reynolds (we think) said, with a snap of his fingers, in criticism of a certain picture. The reader is inclined to feel that a little careful study at the Zoo would enable him to do equally well.

The illustrations by Mr. Arthur Heming, though unequal, show fine work. Most are strongly drawn, and have been conceived by a virile imagination.

A Naturalist's Holiday. By Edward Step, F.L.S. (Nelson. 3s. 6d.) All

readers of *THE CAPTAIN* know Mr. Edward Step as a practical naturalist, whose writings are as illuminating as they are fascinating. He is no Professor Dry-as-Dust mumbling over mouldy bones, but a real, live man observing with the keenest interest and delight the workings of the wondrous world. Briefly, he is one of



Dame Nature's own children; endowed with that rare gift of re-telling, with delightful art, the marvels which she unfolds to him. "A Naturalist's Holiday" is the outcome of Mr. Step's sojourn, for four and a half years, in a little Cornish village, where the author was far indeed from the madding crowd. But he did not lack company of the best. He had acquaintances in every rock-pool and bunch of seaweed on the shore, and he introduces us most lovingly to his very good friends Herr Prawn, Madame Anemone, Gran'fer Jenkin, the Spiny Spider Crab, and a host of others not a whit less entertaining. There are capital chapters, besides, descriptive of a night after conger and the taking of a great catch of mackerel. Mr. Step throughout is in the happiest vein, as befits an author who writes of what he knows—and loves.

The Lost Chord. By Clara Mulholland. (Collins. 3s. 6d.)

There is a certain type of book which has the one and only merit of being quite innocuous, and it is the misfortune of the girls of this country that such books are invariably labelled for their especial benefit presumably because they are suitable to no other class of reader. On this principle "The Lost Chord" has very properly been called "a tale for girls."

It deals with an old American lawyer, who has lost his memory. He is really wealthy, but in some extraordinary way his children, and even an old servant, who have accompanied him to England, are completely ignorant of his affairs, and only know of one friend with whom they can communicate. They are, therefore, compelled to live in great poverty for many months during which the old servant supports the family by spending her savings. The lawyer has really come to England to hand over a sum of money to a Mrs. Fraser, who is, curiously enough, living in the same village. Eventually he finds the lost chord of memory and all is well.

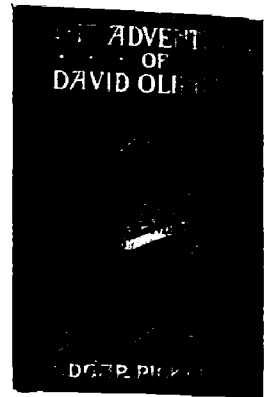
The characters are of that priggish type which is apparently considered suitable to girlish readers. We feel justified in saying that the book is innocuous, but we hesitate to say the same of the illustrations.

The Adventures of David Oliphant. By Edgar Pickering. (F. Warne and Co.

3s. 6d.) Mr. Pickering would probably be the first to admit his indebtedness to "Treasure Island" for the idea of his last book. Indeed, the two plots are almost identical, and the characters which Robert Louis Stevenson has rendered immortal, reappear under other names in the pages of "David Oliphant." Nevertheless, Mr. Pickering is no slavish imitator, but has an individuality of his own which has enabled him to provide us with an interesting and well-written story.

The hero, David Oliphant, is sent by his old uncle in search of a buried treasure, under the guidance of a piratical scoundrel, Jimmy Porteous, who has imposed on the simple old gentleman to such a degree, that the latter invests all his money in fitting out a ship for the expedition, little suspecting to what base uses it will be put. Strange to relate, the treasure actually exists, and David, after varied and wonderful adventures—in which Mr. Pickering stretches the long arm of coincidence somewhat unduly—eventually obtains possession of it, and is able to carry it home, and revive the family fortunes. Despite its lack of originality, the story is a good, sound piece of work.

The Green Painted Ship. By Robert Leighton. (Melrose. 6s.) Before the days of the Merchant Shipping Act it was unfortunately a common thing for unseaworthy ships, laden with worthless merchandise, to be sent out, by fraudulent owners, on a voyage from which it was intended they should never return. In such cases a heavy insurance was, of course, obtained. These ships earned the unsavoury sobriquet of "Coffin Ships," and it is about a "Coffin Ship" that Robert Leighton has written in his excellent sea-story. It deals with the adventures of two boys who find themselves on board a ship that has been doomed by its owner to destruction. The vessel is abandoned, and, after a thrilling experience with mutineers,



the boys are cast away on an apparently desert island, to suffer all sorts of adventures before arriving at a happy end.

Few will be able to lay the book aside till they have read it from cover to cover.

The Adventures of Harry Rochester.

By Herbert Strang. (Blackie. 6s.) Mr. Strang's method is very akin to that of the late Mr. Henty, whose aim it always was to combine with a story of strong plot and sustained interest, a vivid and personal account (as one may say) of the stirring times in which his characters moved. Mr. Strang is no mean follower of the former *doyen* of boys' writers. He

writes well, with a firm and sure touch, he can draw character, and he can both invent and describe incident. The period of the story is the early part of the eighteenth century, and the adventures which Harry Rochester, a dashing hero of the conventional type, passes through are quite of a piece with the slashing times of Marlborough and Eugene. The garnishing of swords and pistols is prettily done, and the picturesque manners and customs of the day (to say nothing of the fine clothes and language) make a gallant setting.

A Prince of Cornwall. By Charles W. Whistler. (Warne. 6s.) In "A Prince of Cornwall" Mr. Whistler has essayed an historical romance, the period of which is the early part of the eighth century, and the scene the great district of the West, across which the Wessex kings slowly but steadily pushed their frontier. The tale is a good one, and like all that have to do with the remote days, when elemental passions were given freer rein than in these civilised times, it affords opportunity for simple, strong situa-

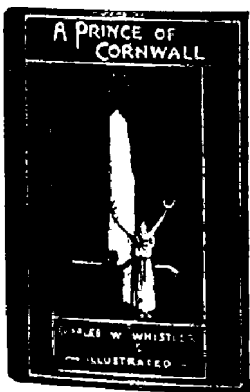
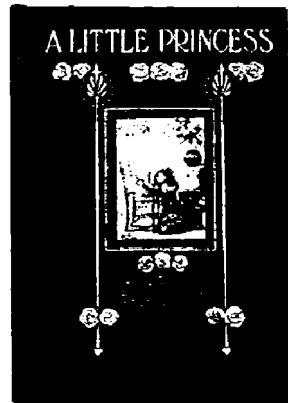
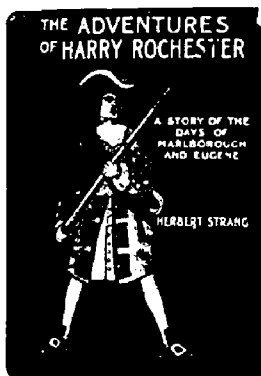
tions, which the author deals with in admirably direct and forcible style. We think it is a matter for regret, perhaps, that the tale should take the form of a personal narrative, for the simple reason that it is almost impossible to

make an eighth-century Briton speak convincingly in the idiom of the present day; but the point is a minor one. "A Prince of Cornwall" is the sort of book we like to see in our book-corner. The author does not appear to have thought that because he wrote for boys, carelessness in construction and style was of small importance.

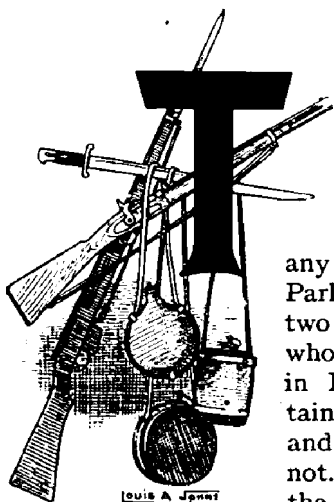
A Little Princess. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Warne. 6s.) Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, having struck a good vein, is evidently determined to work it exhaustively. Every one remembers "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and the colossal success of both literary and dramatic versions thereof. By the simple process of changing the sex of the central figure, "Sara Crewe" was evolved. Lord Fauntleroy and Sara Crewe are own brother and sister—twin precocities. Sara having been tricked out also for the stage, one began to think that Mrs. Burnett must have panned out the whole of her claim. She evidently thinks otherwise, however, for here we have Sara Rediviva in the shape of "A Little Princess," which purports to be "the whole story of Sara Crewe, now told for the first time."

The plot of "A Little Princess" is of the simplest and (we must add) most obvious kind. Captain Crewe dies, his fortune having been lost, and Sara is transformed from the "show pupil" of Miss Minchin's boarding-school into a miserable little garret-slut. Of course, she comes into her own again at the end of the book, the *deus ex machina* being an old friend of her father, who has been searching long and earnestly for her, while living (equally of course) next door on "the other side of the wall." The plot, however, in this case, is of minor importance. Mrs. Burnett's large public, we imagine, are well content with whatever she offers them. Not that "A Little Princess" lacks merit. On the contrary, it is a very charming story, gracefully told. But, if we say that it is exactly what one expects from Mrs. Burnett, the full measure of our criticism, favourable and otherwise, will be understood.

Mr. Harold Piffard has been quite successful with his coloured illustrations, and the publishers have turned the book out beautifully.



Conscription in Britain.



THE public have, for many years past, been pondering over this question, but as yet, we have not been able to come to any definite conclusion. Parliament is divided into two parties: firstly, those who think military service in England, or rather Britain, should be compulsory, and secondly, those who do not. The public has taken the side of one or other

leaders and is divided into two parties.

Let us consider the reasons of the first party. Their prime and greatest argument is that all the great European Powers have conscription. Take, for instance, Germany. Military service there is compulsory, and yet the country has risen into importance and is still increasing its power. Its army is the finest in Europe. It is the second largest, and, in time of war, it can raise 4,000,000 men, while Britain can only get together about 420,000. Russia is another country where the service is compulsory. It can raise 620,000 men more than Germany—more than the whole British army—and the only reason for this is because conscription is law.

This is one of the many advantages of conscription. Another is cheapness. France, with an army of 3,080,000 men more than the British, only spends £28,800,000 on her army, while the military expenditure of Britain amounts to £29,000,000 odd. Another advantage is that citizens get a general training in military matters. In Germany every able-bodied citizen above a certain age can handle a rifle, but many of our citizens could not hit a whole regiment at a distance of 200 yards—rather a large statement, it has been remarked, but it is the truth, nevertheless. Some even have never had a rifle in their hands, and they have a great abhorrence to such a dangerous (?) implement.

There are still two other great advantages. The first is that the whole force of a nation could be used in war. As it is, our very brave citizens sit at home, smoking their pipes, and reading of the battles our brave "Tommies"

have to fight for them. The second advantage is that the physical development of the citizen is assured, and the idea of discipline and obedience is implanted. "The failure of voluntary enlistment to procure a sufficient and efficient army has suggested the need of a modified form of conscription, viz., the militia ballot." (*Daily Mail*, London.) Well, as this has succeeded, why should conscription not succeed? Not only the poor would need to serve, but every able-bodied man, whether rich or poor. As has been said, we cannot raise a sufficient army by voluntary enlistment yet, "in spite of the lessons that this Empire should have learnt as to the futility of a policy of optimism, we fail to trace any serious effort, on the part of either House of Parliament, to add to the preparedness of Great Britain, in view of the possible dangers of the future." So says the London *Morning Post*.

Sir George Clarke, Governor of Victoria, says that the country, if conscription were adopted, would suffer nothing industrially; physically our manhood would gain. Conscription is not new to this country. What of the Press-gang of last century? This was a form of conscription, and from 1703 to 1712 all able-bodied paupers had to serve in the army.

Now let us consider the reasons of those who think military service should remain as it is. Their principal argument is that, as we have been so many years without conscription, and have succeeded in gaining such a high position among nations, we do not need compulsory service now. That is their principal argument, but is it not a very conservative one? It is true we have gained a high position, but the difficulty is in keeping it. They also say a Briton's first duty is to serve his country, and they wonder why young men do not enlist. Many would only be too glad to enlist if it were not for the time they would have to serve. A man who can earn 20s. or 30s. per week is not such a fool as to enlist for five years at a soldier's weekly wage. If one had to serve only two, or at the most three, years, there would be far more recruits than there are at present.

What we need is a complete army reform, and the sooner military service is made compulsory the better will it be for everybody in general, and Great Britain in particular.

A. K. S.

THE ADVENTURES OF DICK SELMES.

By BERTRAM MITFORD,

Author of "The Gun-Runner," "The King's Assegai," "The Sign of the Spider," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

No. 5.—THE AMMUNITION ESCORT.

"WHERE did you pick up that man, Jacob Snyman?" said Harley Greenoak.

"He's not been long attached to the Force," answered Sub-Inspector Ladell.

"Yes, I know, but *where* did you pick him up?"

"That's more than I can tell you. He's rather a pet of the Commandant's; helps him to find new sorts of butterflies and creeping things, that the old man is dead nuts on collecting. So he took him on in the native detective line."

Harley Greenoak did not reply, but his thoughts took this very definite shape:

"That's all very well, but a taste for entomology on the part of an untrousered savage isn't going to get this escort safe and sound to the Kangala Camp. One more occasion for keeping one's eyes wide open."

The object of this inquiry was a thick-set, very black-hued Kafir, at the present moment not untrousered, for he wore the F.A.M. Police uniform of dark cord, and was driving one of the two ammunition waggons, which, with their escort, were just getting out of sight of the solid earth bastion of Fort Isiwa. The said escort consisted of sixty men under the command of a Sub-Inspector, beside whom Greenoak was riding. With him was another of our friends, Dick Selmes to wit. The latter now struck in.

"What's the row with Jacob, eh, Greenoak?"

"I don't know that I said anything was."

"No. But you'd got on that suspicious look of yours when you spoke of him. I believe you're out of it this time. Now, I should say Jacob was as good a chap as ever

lived, even though he is as black as the ace of spades. I've been yarning with him a heap."

"Have you? I think I'll follow your example then," returned Greenoak, reining in his horse so as to bring it abreast of the foremost of the ammunition waggons, ahead of which they had been riding.

The driver saluted. Though, as Dick Selmes had said, he was as black as the ace of spades, he had an extremely pleasant face and manner. Greenoak addressed him in the Xosa tongue, being tolerably sure that none of the police troopers within ear-shot possessed anything but the merest smattering of that language—most of them not even that. Further, to make assurance doubly sure, he talked "dark." The while, Dick and Sub-Inspector Ladell also talked.

"Tell you what, Selmes," the latter was saying, "you're a regular Jonah. You're always getting yourself into some hobble, and Greenoak seems always to be getting you out of it. Now I'll trouble you to mind your P's and Q's while we're on this service, for we can spare neither time nor men till we're through with it. It's an important one I can tell you, a most important one."

"Don't I know it?" answered Dick. "Didn't I take my full share of getting the despatches through? I couldn't help it if that poor unlucky idiot Stokes got drunk and killed."

"No, you certainly couldn't help that. But you're a Jonah, man. Yes, decidedly a Jonah."

"A Jonah be hanged," laughed the other lightly. "Well, Greenoak, what have you got out of Jacob Snyman?"

"Oh, nothing," was the casual reply. But though the speaker's face wore its usual

mask-like imperturbability, the speaker's mind was revolving very grave thoughts indeed.

The escort, and its momentous charge, had effected a prompt and early start from Fort Isiwa, far earlier than could have been expected; for thanks to Harley Greenoak's skilful guidance, the way across country of the express riders had been nearly halved. The convoy, proceeding at something of a forced pace, had covered about three hours of ground since the said start.

The road lay over gently undulating ground, dotted with mimosa, now over a rise, only to dip down again into a corresponding depression. Away, against the blue mountain range in the distance, arose here and there a column of thick white smoke in the still atmosphere. It wanted an hour to sundown. Then, suddenly, the lie of the land became steeper. Dark kloofs, thickly bushed, seemed to shoot forth like tongues, up to within a few hundred yards of the high, switchback-like ridge which formed the line of march. But no Kafirs were met. It was as if the land were, in their own idiom for war, "dead." Even the few kraals which lay just off the road here and there, showed no sign of life.

By the advice of Harley Greenoak scouts had been thrown out ahead of the convoy. To this, Sub-Inspector Ladell, who, though as plucky as they make them, was not a particularly experienced officer, had at first d' murred.

"Why, hang it all, there's no war," he had protested. "By putting on all this show we're making them think we're afraid of them."

"Well, take your own line. You're in command of this racket, not me," was the imperturbable rejoinder.

But the scouts *were* thrown out.

Now, as the convoy ascended a rise, two of these came galloping in. Several bodies of Kafirs, they reported, were massed in a shallow bushy kloof which ran up to the road ahead. They themselves had not been interfered with, but their appearance had been marked by considerable excitement. Moreover the savages were all armed, for they had seen the glint of assegais and gun-barrels.

"Hurrah!" sang out Dick Selmes. "Now we are going to have an almighty blue fight." But Ladell, alive to the gravity of his charge and his own responsibility, was not disposed to share this enthusiasm. Had he already

got his convoy safe to the Kangala Camp, he would thoroughly have enjoyed the prospect of fighting all the ochre-smeared denizens of Kafirland—come one come all. Now, the thing wore a different face.

"Well, we are going through," he said, grimly. Then he gave orders that the escort should form up in close order round the two waggons, and thus they gained the top of the next rise.

"Down there, sir," said one of the men who had brought in the news.

A bushy kloof fell away on their left front, its upper end nearly touching the road by about fifty yards. This was alive with wild forms, their red ochre showing out in contrast to the dark green of the foliage. They made no pretence at concealment either; commenting in their own tongue with free outspokenness on the police troopers, to whom they referred derisively as a lot of half-grown boys. However, this affected the latter not at all, for the simple reason that the contemptuous comments were not understood.

Sub-Inspector Ladell was in a quandary. That the savages meant mischief he was certain, yet no war had—officially—broken out. If he ordered the first shot to be fired, he incurred a grave responsibility. On the other hand, the Kafirs were drawing nearer and nearer, crowding through the bushes like a swarm of red ants. Even as many another, when in a quandary, he turned to Harley Greenoak.

The latter nodded, and turning his horse, rode a little way out from the escort in the direction of the Kafirs, yet taking care to keep himself between them and the ammunition waggons. Then he lifted up his voice and hailed the enemy. From the latter a great shout went up.

"Whau! Kulondeka!"

Kulondeka—meaning "safe"—was the name by which Harley Greenoak was known among all the tribes by whom the Bantu dialects were spoken.

"You know me," he went on. "Good. Then come no nearer. The *Amapolise* have enough cartridges to keep on shooting you down like bucks for an entire day, or even more."

Even as he spoke the order had been given to load and dismount. Cartridges were slapped into the breeches of carbines, and those told off to hold the horses had got them in hand. The fighting line stood, waiting the word to fire. Harley Greenoak



"AIM LOW, AIM LOW," SAID LADELL.

had not dismounted. Now he galloped quickly out of the firing line, reining in just ahead of the foremost of the ammunition waggons—that driven by Jacob Snyman.

With a sudden roar—deafening, terrific—the cloud of red savages came surging up the slope. They had flung off their blankets, and were whirling and brandishing these as they ran, with the double object of stampeding the horses, and disturbing their opponents' aim. Then in a crackling volley the police carbines spoke. More than a dozen leaping sinuous forms came to earth, clutching wildly at nothing in their stricken throes. Others halted limpingly, or subsided. The charge was checked. Though in considerable force the assailants dropped

into the long grass, and behind ant-heaps or mimosa bushes, to gather, it might be, courage for another attempt.

"Great Scott, Ladell, but I bagged a right and left!" cried Dick Selmes, in tremendous excitement, banging a pair of fresh cartridges into his smoking gun.

"Get out with those old shooting yarns, Selmes," was the answer. "Why the nearest was outside a hundred and fifty yards. You're not going to tell me your charge of buckshot 'll kill at that distance. No. You'll have to stick to one."

"All right. Wait till they get nearer and you'll see," retorted Dick.

As he spoke there was a wavy movement in the grass. Like lightning the Kafirs sprang up, bounding forward again and uttering

deafening yells. They had discarded the blankets now, and came straight on, each grasping a short-handled, broad-bladed assegai. It was noteworthy that although many had fire-arms they forebore to use them. The bulk of the police escort noticed this, but only one—and he not of the police escort—understood it. That one was Harley Greenoak.

"Aim low, men, aim low," said Ladell, who, as we have said, though not a very experienced officer, was coolness and pluck itself.

The carbines barked, and again the assault was stayed. But now the firing and the yelling and general racket, had rendered the troop horses restive, so that more men had to be told off to help hold them. This weakened the firing line. And more and more Kafirs could be seen swarming up the kloof, in the rear of the original assailants.

The police troopers were behaving admirably. Many, if not most of them, were quite youngsters not long out from England, but the real fighting blood was there. True, they had not been literally under fire, but the spectacle of these swarming savages, and the re-inforcements coming on behind, was nerve-trying enough. Why, their own small force was a mere mouthful to such as these. The sheer weight of numbers was enough to crush them; and, added to this consciousness was the certainty that they were opposed to an enemy who gave no quarter, except temporarily, that those thus spared might be put to death in lingering torment. Yet they were as cool as though at ordinary musketry practice.

"Here they come again," sang out Ladell. "Aim low, boys, and steady. Give them three volleys as quick as you can load."

The savages surged forward; near enough now to render distinguishable each broad, cruel face. Their sonorous war shout had now become a strident hiss in the hope of still further terrifying the frantic horses. A party of them darted round as though to outflank the position and further confuse the mere handful of police. The fire of the latter had now become a continuous roar. But what of those who led the new manoeuvre?

One by one down they went, each shot fair and square through the head, and that in regular and precise order. Half a dozen—eight—thus lay. In wild panic which was half superstition, they halted, and pressed back. While thus bunched, a deadlier fire

raked them. Utterly demoralised, they dropped into cover, and incontinently crawled out of the line of fire. Seeing which, Harley Greenoak said to himself complacently:

"This old repeating gas-pipe I borrowed from Mainwaring isn't such a bad practical joke after all."

Then he became alive to two facts; neither of which astonished him, for he had foreseen both. One was that the enemy had had enough; the other that the team inspanned to the foremost of the ammunition waggons was in a state of wild panic, so much so indeed that its driver could no longer control it. And that driver was the very black, pleasant-mannered Kafir, Jacob Snyman.

The horses plunged and tugged wildly at the reins. So frantic were their plunges that it seemed a miracle that the whole thing was not overturned. Yet no upset took place.

No upset took place, but a bolt. The frantic animals dashed off—at headlong speed down hill—straight for where, amid the bush, the defeated Kafirs lay, broken up into sullen knots, but now, animated once more, eagerly awaiting this most welcome prize. Their driver seemed powerless to restrain the animals.

"Turn the horses, Manyelo. Turn the horses, or you have looked your last upon the sun."

The driver, Jacob Snyman, knew the voice, even as it needed not his real name to bring home to him that he was known. Harley Greenoak, galloping abreast of the runaway team, but with his horse well in hand, was pointing a long barrelled and very business-like revolver straight at his head, and he had only too recently seen what Harley Greenoak could do in the shooting line. So Jacob Snyman, *alias* Manyelo—deciding that however valuable some thousands of rounds of cartridge might be to his expectant countrymen over yonder, life was a good deal more valuable to him—with sufficient show of pretence at succeeding, effectually turned his team, bringing it round to the escort again.

A volley of congratulations awaited.

"Well done, Jacob!" cried Sub-Inspector Ladell. "Why, man, we none of us expected to see you again with a whole skin, and so many more rounds of ammunition for John Kafir to blaze away at us with. Well done. By Jove, you stopped those fools of horses just in time."

Jacob Snyman grinned softly, deprecatingly



WITH AN EVIL SNARL
THE KAFIR LEAPT
FORWARD.

and remarked that Ladell—and incidentally the Government—was his father. But Harley Greenoak said nothing.

The escort moved forward again, the savage enemy watching it from his far cover, and speculating on his chances of doing better next time. The police were in high glee. They had beaten off a determined attack, with heavy odds against them at considerable loss to the enemy—over forty dead had been hurriedly counted—and they themselves had come out without a scratch. To be sure, the said enemy had omitted to use any firearms, which omission they quite overlooked. If they gave it a thought it was only as a subject for passing wonder. But Harley Greenoak did not so overlook it; for he knew the reason. The Kafirs wanted that ammunition, and so refrained from any act which should result in blowing it all sky high. This was why he himself, except when in pursuit of the runaway team, had kept between the waggons and the enemy.

Night fell, the moon rose, and the convoy held on its way unmolested. The police

troopers were in high spirits after their first fight. Not less exultant was Dick Selmes; and during the short halt that was made in

order to rest the horses, and snatch a hurried meal, he was fighting the battle over again with characteristic exuberance. All had shown what they could do.

Towards dawn another halt was called, and the tired troopers, flinging themselves on the ground, were fast asleep in a minute. But for their officer, tired as he was, there was no rest. His anxiety increased as they drew nearer to their objective; and by way of adding to such anxiety a heavy mist drew down. Sharing his vigil was Harley Greenoak.

The latter suddenly held up a hand for silence—the two men had been chatting in a low tone. Listening intently, the faintest sort of crackle, as of something burning, came to the quick ears of one of them. Now the striking of a light had been strictly prohibited.

Quick to act as to think, Harley Greenoak made straight for the ammunition waggons, which were drawn up side by side. As he gained them a figure dashed out of one, nearly upsetting him, and disappeared into the mist; so quickly indeed as to render it useless to fire at it. But a more urgent duty lay to the hand of the investigator.

The latter, without hesitation, and in defiance of orders, struck a light, as he mounted the nearest of the waggons, and well, indeed, was it that he did so. One of the ammunition cases had been stealthily removed, and the cavity thus formed was filled with chips and dry grass, besprinkled with gunpowder; while leading up to this was a fuse cunningly contrived of rope strands and timber wood. A red glow, like that of a well-lighted cigar, was creeping along with alarming rapidity. In less than five minutes the whole escort would be blown to atoms. It took less than five seconds for Greenoak to remove and extinguish the deadly fuse, just as Ladell came up, and with much strong language wanted to know who was striking a light contrary to orders.

The while, the fugitive who had disappeared in the mist had the ill-fortune to stumble over Dick Selmes, fast asleep. The latter, however, lively through recent experiences, was promptly wide awake and grabbed him by the leg, throwing him to the ground.

"Why, it's Jacob Snyman," he exclaimed, recognising the other's voice, and releasing his hold. Hardly had he done so than Greenoak, hearing the sound, came up. Too late. The fugitive had disappeared.

"Oh, I'll soon bring him back," cried Dick, after the first dozen words of explanation, and leaping to his feet, regardless of expostulation, and at imminent risk of being shot by the sentries, he plunged into the mist.

In hard training, he was able in a moment to hear the clink of stones as the fugitive ran. A spurt, and he came up with him. The Kafir, seeing only one man, and he almost certainly unarmed, drew a sheath knife, and stood waiting. And just then, as

ill-luck would have it, his pursuer stumbled and fell headlong.

With an evil snarl the Kafir leapt forward. Where was the pleasant-faced, soft-mannered, civilised native now? A sheer savage this, about to shed blood, and that unnecessarily.

But out of the mist leapt two figures, and down went Snyman under the powerful fist of the Police corporal who was with Harley Greenoak. Disarmed, and rendered powerless for further mischief he was brought back to the escort. When the nature of his misdoing got abroad it was all Ladell could do to keep his men from lynching him. But now he was almost as anxious to get his prisoner safe to camp as he was the ammunition; and indeed he succeeded in doing both by the following mid-day.

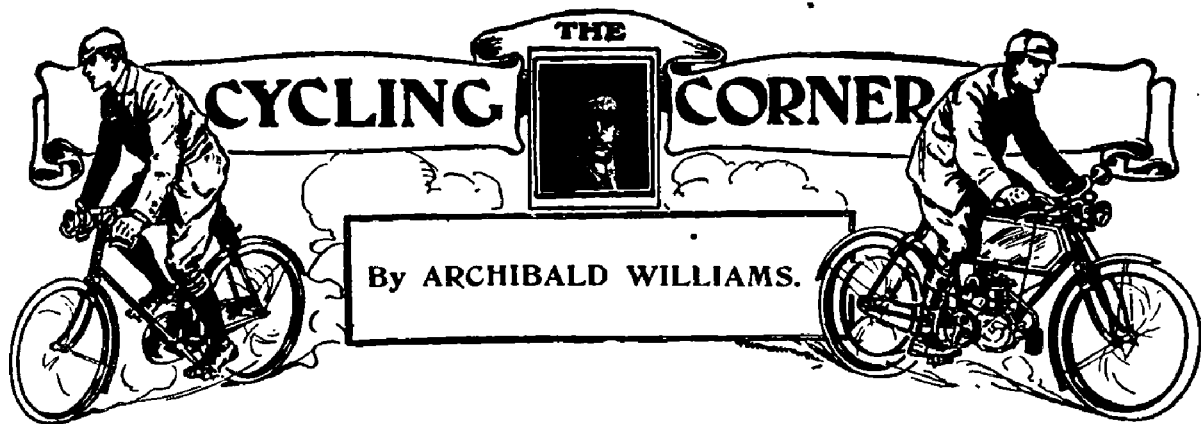
"So Jacob's as good a chap as ever lived, eh, Dick?" said Harley Greenoak, drily, when that consummation had been attained.

"By Jingo! he'd have done for me if you fellows hadn't turned up," laughed Dick.

Questioned by the Commandant, Jacob Snyman confessed. He had joined the Police only with an eye to helping his countrymen. And why should he not?—he added calmly, and without defiance. He had volunteered to drive the foremost ammunition waggon, with the object of preventing it—and, as he had expected, the other—from reaching the Kangala Camp at all. In this he would have succeeded but for Harley Greenoak, and would thus have placed a large quantity of ammunition in the hands of his countrymen. When this plan failed, he had endeavoured to blow up the whole lot just as they had heard, and, in fact, as he had blown up the former waggon. It was quite true; and had he succeeded the whole Police force in the Kangala Camp would have been annihilated; for his countrymen had got wind that it was desperately short of ammunition, and practically they had already begun the war.

As though to bear out this statement, at that very juncture a fleeing trader rode in with news that the whole of the Gudhluca Reserve was up in arms, and under the chiefs, Vunisa and Pahandle, was massing to attack the Police Camp.

Half an hour later Jacob Snyman, otherwise Manyelo, was shot, by order of the Commandant.



NOTES ON THE STANLEY SHOW.

A YEAR or two ago one often heard that cycling as a sport was on the wane, and that the cycle trade was foredoomed to very hard times. But the croakers were mistaken. The year 1905 brought an exceptional amount of grist to the manufacturers' mills; and a glance at the balance-sheets of many companies is sufficient to prove that, in spite of the general "cut" in prices of eighteen months back, these concerns are in a prosperous condition.

We also heard that the motor-cycle would speedily oust the man-propelled machine. This has certainly not come to pass as yet. In fact, the Stanley Show, of November 1905, went to prove that the push-bike has more than held its own; for the petrol-engine was not so much in evidence as at the Show of 1904. Now, as a keen motor-cyclist I am not going to say anything against the type of machine that carries me swiftly about the country when roads are good, and the weather is fine. But I can quite understand that people who have not sufficient mechanical skill to put things right when things go wrong, or who are averse to extra vibration and noise, would tire of a locomotive which demands much more attention than the humble "pusher."

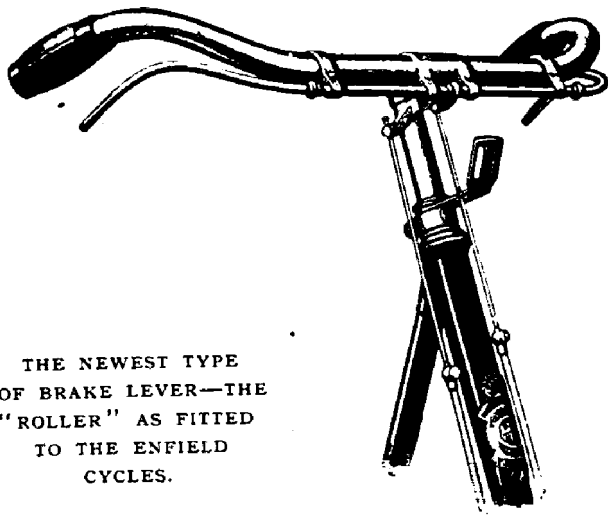
Anyway, those persons who, of necessity or choice, stick to the man-engine, may be assured that the manufacturers are always improving the pedicycle as regards details which make for comfort and safety.

BRAKES.

To judge by the exhibits on many stands, the cable-actuated brake is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. The "inverted lever" also has lost some of its popularity. In their place we have a neat system of thin metal rods working round corners by means of bell cranks,

and tensioned by what are termed "roller" levers, which rotate through a small part of a revolution in lugs clipped or brazed to the handle-bars. Some years ago this form of lever was fitted to "Sunbeam" cycles, and later it appeared on Lea and Francis machines—in the latter case the shank of the lever passes into and along inside the handle-bar itself. During the last year I have received several queries about the "best way to replace a cable" which persists in snapping. Here is the obvious way out of the difficulty. Personally, I owe a debt of gratitude to the Bowden wire, which has done so much to popularise the rim brake; and I fancy that the trouble it has given to some riders is due as much to carelessness in fitting, as to defects in the cable. A cable which I purchased in 1897 is still operating my back brake.

The Bowden horse-shoe, by-the-by, has been improved. It is now made in one piece, and



THE NEWEST TYPE OF BRAKE LEVER—THE "ROLLER" AS FITTED TO THE ENFIELD CYCLES.

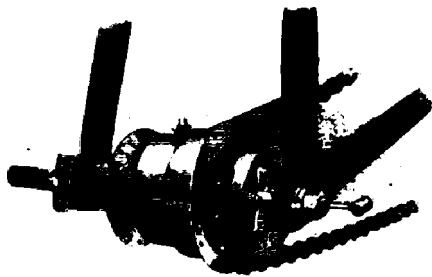
the brake pads can be removed easily when the back wheel has to come out.

THE BAND BRAKE

seems to be getting another innings, though it would be rather hard to give a reason for this, unless a desire for a change can be considered responsible. The band brake is not more effective than the rim brake; and certainly not more sightly or easy to fit. With a rim that has lost its "truth" the rim brake is at a disadvantage, whereas the band brake remains unaffected; but rims, as made nowadays, keep their shape remarkably well under ordinary conditions of wear and tear. My own experience of band-brakes in the past has been that they are noisier and not so powerful as the rim brake: but, as I may have been unfortunate in striking bad types, I should not like to say hard things of the latest patterns, though I firmly believe that, all things considered, the rim is the point at which braking power should be applied.

VARIABLE GEARS.

These devices are evidently gaining ground. I noticed two additions to the three-speed variety, to wit, the "Humber-Cordner" and the "Allen." The first of these, exhibited on the stand of the Humber Co., has a very neat appearance. It employs the usual "sun-and-planet" principle of epicyclic gearing, but the change from one gear to another is made by means of internal clutches, the pinions remaining always in mesh. This adoption of motor-car practice is a decided improvement on the



THE HUMBER-CORDNER THREE-SPEED GEAR.

method of sliding one pinion into mesh with another, an operation which might cause a careless rider trouble by snapping off the teeth of the pinions, if pressure were applied before they had engaged properly.

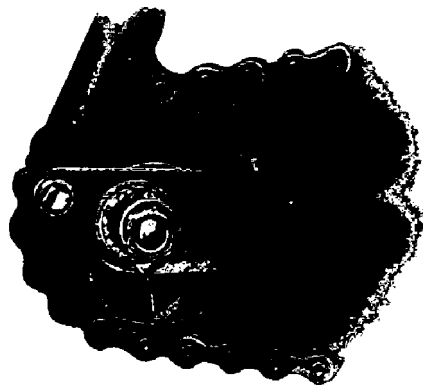
An especially good feature of this gear is, that all the pinions turn on ball bearings, so that there is practically no power wasted in overcoming friction. Instead of a wire cable for changing, we have here a neat arrangement

of steel rods. I think that this gear will become very popular in 1906. Its ratios are 73:100:130.

Among two-speed gears the Pedlar is a decided novelty. The hub contains, besides a back-peddalling brake, a two-speed gear giving a free-wheel action on both speeds. So far it resembles the Eadie two-speed hub. Its peculiarity is, that the change from the one speed to the other is made by the rider putting a sudden back pressure on either pedal as it rises. Gradual back-peddalling only puts on the brake. The absence of levers and wires is decidedly in the favour of this new device; and a large crowd gathered round the stand showed that the cycling public was much interested in what may be termed a decided advance in gear construction.

DETAILS.

The greatest annoyances that a cyclist has to put up with are often caused by the manufacturer's neglect of small constructional details. Now that the general design of cycles has become practically stereotyped the makers are able to give more attention to the fitments. Chain adjustment has received its full share. The "Triumph" Co., to take an example, employ a cage in the pedal bracket, carrying the pedal spindle eccentrically. When a new chain is fitted the eccentric cage is turned so as to bring the spindle to the position nearest to



THE NEW HUDSON ECCENTRIC CHAIN ADJUSTMENT.

the rear wheel hub. As the chain stretches, the "slack" can be taken up by loosening a nut in the bracket and turning the eccentric forward a little. The chief advantage justly claimed by the makers is, that the rear wheel need never be tampered with, and all the troubles connected with aligning the wheel and chain properly are therefore obviated.

The New Hudson cycles have an eccentric adjustment on the spindle of the back wheel.

The chain-stays terminate in flat plates having circular openings to accommodate the eccentrics carrying the spindle. Each plate has a little lever protruding from one side to turn it by. Exact adjustment is ensured by numbers being engraved on the edges of the plates, and an arrow on the chain-stay. When the same number on each plate is opposite its arrow the spindle lies on a true line across the chain stays and the wheel is central in the fork. The operation in either case takes a very short time, and gives much less trouble than the slow tightening with the nut and screw adjustment fitted to most cycles.

TUBES AND TYRES.

While travelling to the Show, I fell in with Mr. F. Rich, of High Street, Crawley, Sussex. He showed me a detachable air-tube for cycles which he was exhibiting. If one gets a puncture which can be located only by the aid of water, great inconvenience is sometimes caused by having to fetch water from a distance. With this tube matters are greatly simplified, for in a second or so the tube can be taken out of the forks, since it has a joint. The illustration will make the action of the joint clear. The tube has been well spoken of, and, as its cost (5s. 6d. with valve, for ordinary cycles) is very reasonable it certainly deserves a trial by riders who live in a district where punctures are frequent. If a spare tube is carried, it can be substituted in a very few minutes, and the mend done more conveniently at home. Motor cyclists especially, will appreciate this case of removal.

The Sunbeam cycles are now fitted with a divided spindle to the back wheel, which renders it possible to remove both tube and tyre without unshipping the wheel. The spindle is in two pieces, the one screwing into the other. The chain-wheel end is bolted against the chain lug as usual, the other is prolonged to form the step; or, to put it differently, a prolongation of the step constitutes part of the spindle. This can be screwed out, leaving a space between the hub and the fork.

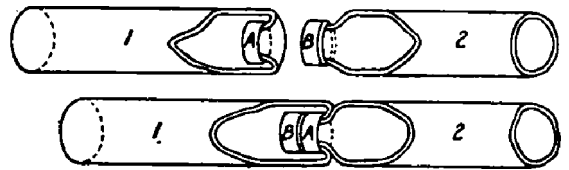
THE PALMER TYRE CO.,

I am glad to see, are turning out a special heavy tyre for pedicycles, of the best quality and much thicker on the tread than has hitherto been their practice. The side walls of the tyre are kept comparatively thin so as to reduce the loss of resilience to a minimum. Of late years we have been troubled by the frailty of several makes, which offer little resistance to sharp flints and thorns. I feel certain that many

readers will prefer a little more weight and less "life" in the tyre to the punctures and bursts which result from an insufficient covering of rubber.

THE SYRINX TYRE,

shown by W. H. Robson and Co., of Chichester, was a great novelty. I had almost written freak, but am restrained by the recollection that many inventions labelled as freaks in their first appearance have turned out to be valuable. The tyre in question figured among the illustrations of my last chapter as the winner of the fourth prize in the C. T. C. anti-sideslip trials. The inventor has been encouraged by his success on that occasion to put his tyre on the market. It consists of a number of helical springs set closely together round



THE RICH DETACHABLE AIR-TUBE.

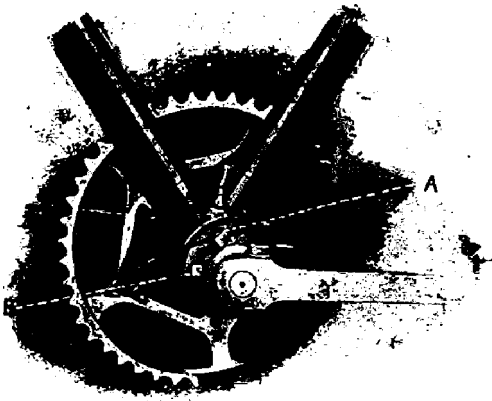
The upper illustration shows the ends apart; the lower the ends joined. The extremity A of (1) is turned to make a shoulder, and the end B of the other, surrounded by a ring of canvas and rubber, is pushed through and pulled back to make a close contact with A. The whole process, which occupies but a few seconds, makes a reliable joint.

the rim, from which they can be detached easily. The "man at the wheel" assured me that the tyre had proved a good thing on the road, did not pick up stones, or throw mud, and very seldom broke a spring. This I must take on trust; but I should be sorry for a lady whose dress got mixed up with the Syrinx.

GENERAL REMARKS.

My tour round the stands showed me several things very plainly: (1) that prices are not likely to go any lower than last year—in fact they have risen slightly; (2) that the value for cash is better than ever; (3) that the variable speed gear has firmly established itself; (4) that the motor-cycle has gained power in proportion to its weight, and will, in the future, include spring forks to the front wheel; (5) that the reduction of weight in pedicycles has reached its practical limit, and that there is a tendency among makers to sacrifice lightness to strength.

The exhibits, taking them all round, were splendid. I know that letters will presently come dropping in on me asking, "Which is the best, &c.?" and in anticipation I shall say



THE "TRIUMPH" ECCENTRIC BRACKET.

that if I had been invited to take my pick among the New Hudsons, Premiers, Humbers, Swifts, Centaurs, Raglans, Triumphs, and Raleighs on show, I should have been sorely tempted to imitate the Greedy Boy and say "All." With competition as keen as it is, all the leading makers are straining every nerve to be first in popular favour, and they know that the best card to play is good workmanship.

CYCLING DIET.

Last year Mr. G. A. Olley rode from Land's End to John o' Groat's in 3 days, 20 hours, 15 minutes. The muscular energy expended by him during that time was enormous, especially during the last 200 miles, when rain, heavy roads, and the mountainous highlands made a combination that would have broken down any but a very determined and highly trained rider. Mr. Olley did not eat beefsteaks or any such heavy, though usually considered nutritive, food. He stuck to vegetarianism all through, and, as the result shows, did well on it; yet he was not riding in the interests of vegetarianism. Now, I am not Mr. Eustace Miles, so I shall not lay down any law, or blow a loud trumpet in favour of the cabbage and banana and Brazil nut; but, at the same time, I feel that next summer, when we go a-touring, we might give more attention to the vegetable element in our diet, and see whether we do not feel the better for diminishing the proportion of flesh-meat. One thing is certain—that the more easily assimilated a food is, the better suited it is for the exertions of cycling; and as vegetable edibles, taken as a whole, are very digestible, the conclusion is obviously that they should be treated with respect.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S. Wippell.—The bulge is doubtless caused by the rubber of the tread parting from the canvas.

If there is a cut or crack at the place, dust and mud work through and make a hard lump. Should the bulge be a very large one, probably the canvas has given way and the inner tube presses directly on the rubber of the cover. As for remedies: in the first case you should clean out all the dust with a bit of wire; inject some rubber solution; inflate the cover and stand cycle with bulge on ground, and weight saddle. Leave for a day in that position. In second case solution a piece of *thin* rubber on inside of cover, and when that is firmly set, solution a large piece of stout canvas on the top. I find plain whitening and water as good as anything for cleaning plating; but Globe Polish does all right. Maurice's Porcelaine will cover up the chips in the enamel as effectively as any easily-obtained article.

"Sir Billy."—The reason why the note of a moving bell, whistle, &c., appears to fall as it passes is simple. If you are standing beside a railway and a whistling locomotive approaches, the speed of sound-travel is artificially *increased* by the rate of travel of the whistle itself. Hence the waves of sound will strike the ear in more rapid succession than they would if both you and the engine were stationary. You hear the *true* note of the whistle when it is abreast: the shriller tones during approach were artificially "sharp." As the engine recedes the rate of wave-travel is decreased and the note appears to fall.


A good analogy may be found in the case of a swimmer meeting or travelling with sea-waves. The crests would, in the former case, strike him abnormally rapidly; in the latter case the reverse happens.

S. T. Bone.—You can get all parts of the Lamp you mention from the makers, Jos. Lucas, Ltd., King Street, Birmingham. The price of the items named would be about 2s., I believe, but I cannot say quite definitely. Sorry I have apparently neglected the Land o' Cakes; but the fact is that my acquaintance therewith has hitherto been limited to the railway with brief stays at various towns. But I remember that such roads as I did sample on my legs were excellent. I must try to act up to your hint next summer. Thanks for first remark.

Martin Rattler.—The thing you complain of seems to afflict some cycles in a most unfortunate manner. My Bowden cable has stood six seasons of hard use without snapping once. If the cables keep parting at the same point there must be a sharp curve there that causes the trouble. If the brake goes on and off easily there can be no undue friction, and I can only think that faulty manufacture is the cause of the breakdowns. Would it not be possible to have rod attachments put in place of the cable? Many modern cycles are now so fitted.

A "Captain Admirer."—(1) Keep your tyres inflated, but not "dead hard." The cycle should be housed in a place whither frost and damp cannot penetrate. It is a good thing to moisten the tyres occasionally, and to give the machine a run now and then. (2) Yes! oil the bearings well; one dose will last the winter.

"W. A. P."—I have not tried the attachment you ask about. I should certainly advise you to get a proper motor-cycle, e.g., "Quadrant," "J. A. P.," or "Triumph." On flat roads 2½ h.p. would be ample, unless you mean to use a trailer. In that case, 3 h.p.



NATURALISTS' CORNER

Conducted by **EDWARD STEEP, F.L.S.**

Book on Lepidoptera.—"Keen to Learn" (Edinburgh) has a chance of purchasing a copy of Kirby's "European Moths and Butterflies" at a low price, and asks whether he had better avail himself of the opportunity, or rather get a work dealing only with the British species. I gather from his letter that he is confining his attention to the British species, and I think, therefore, he would do better to get Newman's "Natural History of British Butterflies and Moths." It contains about 900 life-sized figures, and though published at 25s., he can get a new copy for 10s. from W. Glaisher, 265 High Holborn, London. Stainton's "Manual," which he has been trying to obtain, would not be nearly so useful to him.

Egg Cabinet.—"Keen to Learn" also tells me he is making a cabinet for birds' eggs, and wishes to know whether the drawers should be divided off into little squares, one for each egg; if not, how? I confess I do not like this plan, as to carry it out properly and satisfactorily one must make one's cabinet sufficiently large to accommodate all the species, providing a special compartment for each, according to its known size. Then, too, the divisions come in the way of the fingers when one wishes to examine specimens. A better plan is to place the eggs in square cardboard boxes with glass tops, whose size should be determined upon at the same time that the size of cabinet-drawers is fixed. Thus, if the inside measurement of the drawer is $12\frac{1}{2} \times 10$ in., and the size of the cardboard boxes is fixed at $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. square, one drawer will accommodate twenty species. For those species with larger eggs the boxes should be $2\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, larger still, 5×5 in.; and it would be found that these would occupy exactly the space as two or four of the smaller boxes. By this arrangement one can start with a cabinet of few drawers and add others as one's collection increases, the boxes being interchangeable, and allowing of any desired alteration without re-labelling or other disfigurement. On this system one does not need to have glass tops to the drawers.

Salamanders.—E. B. McComas (Monkstown) writes about some Salamanders which, after doing well since the spring, have in autumn refused their food, ceased to grow, and are looking sleepy. He asks why they are not thriving, and if they are being treated properly. Mr. McComas, like many another of my correspondents, does not give me all the information that is desirable when advice is wanted. Salamander is a loose expression applied to tailed Batrachians generally, as well as to the British Newts; and he ought to have told me more definitely what kind of Salamanders these are. If they are British Newts their apparently strange behaviour is explained by the fact that they hibernate, passing the winter in some sheltered hole or crevice where they will be safe from frost. As he says they are kept in the greenhouse, I should advise the excavation of a small underground cave and lining it with fresh moss, roofing it with a stone that does not shut up the Salamanders entirely, and then leaving them until the spring. When genial conditions prevail again, they will appear in public and do justice to his bountiful provision of worms as before.

Butterfly in Winter.—R. Benson sends me a butterfly which was caught at the end of November, and asks: (1) what is it? and (2) is it not remarkable to catch such an insect at that season? The butterfly is the Small Tortoiseshell (*Vanessa urticae*), the second brood of which commonly go into hibernation, re-appearing for a brief flight on any mild sunny day during the winter. Several



SMALL TORTOISESHELL BUTTERFLY.

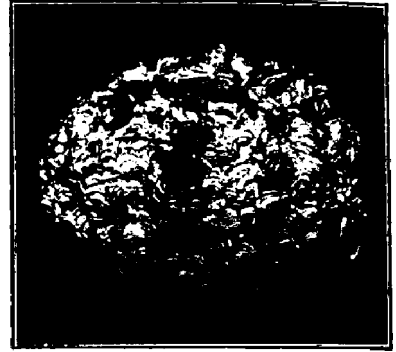
other species do the same, notoriously the Brimstone (*Gonepteryx rhamni*). Several species of moths even choose mid-winter as the season for their emergence from the chrysalis; so it appears that some other cause than cold weather makes butterflies and moths scarce. That other cause, in all probability, is the scarcity of flowers, from which they obtain their nourishment.

Fox-moth.—E. S. T. (Cavendish Square, W.). Your hibernated larva of the Fox-moth (*Bombyx rubi*) will probably remain in its present condition till the spring, when it will assume the pupal condition from which it will emerge in the winged state at the end of May or beginning of June. It is quite uncertain in its pupating arrangement, this change sometimes taking place in autumn.

Angora Rabbits.—J. N. R. (Greenock) has a pair of Angora Rabbits about two months old, and wants advice as to their diet. At present he gives them two good meals a day and green-stuff at odd times; but finds they eat the hay and straw given them for bedding. He asks, is this a sign that they are underfed, or is it natural for them to eat the bedding? Also, is it better to let them live together or to put a division in the hutch? Here, again, the information is deficient: he does not tell me of what the two good meals a day consist, so I am unable to say whether the fare is sufficient. The consumption of the bed rather indicates that it is not enough to satisfy them. Good, sweet hay and dry clover should form part of their everyday fare, with oats, swedes, carrots, and sprouted grey peas. The green-meat should include sow-thistles, dandelions, and green tares. The rabbits should be kept apart until they are about ten months old.

Wasps' Nest.—H. Perkins (Bow), who asks for the name of the builder of a Wasps' Nest he dug out of a hedgebank, would have done well to have captured one of the wasps and sent it on to me for identification. There are three of our native wasps that build subterranean nests: *V. spa vulgaris*, *V. germanica*, and *V. rufa*. In all probability it was the second of these, but, as I say, I should like to see the insect before committing myself to a definite statement. He asks if it is to be understood that the wasps excavated the underground chamber in which the nest was built, and, if so, how the relatively enormous quantity of earth could have been carried away by such small workers? The mother-wasp or "queen" who, unaided, lays the foundation of every wasps' nest, would seek first of all for a burrow in the bank formerly tenanted by a mouse or mole, and would adapt that in preference to

beginning an absolutely new cave. But if such were not to be found she would not hesitate to dig and tunnel for herself, going only so far.



WASPS' NEST.

however, as would be necessary for a very small nest with only two or three tiers of comb. Her first care is to lay the foundations of a colony on a small scale, knowing that if she can get a score or so of eggs laid in as many cells, it will not be long before she has a number of industrious workers arising from that tiny nest to help her in its enlargement. Between them they will continue to excavate the earth to make more and more room for their growing city, and every particle of earth dug out will be carried out through the burrow in their jaws. The wasps' cells are not made of wax, as in the case of the honey-bee, but of a papery material made from wood-fibres worked up by their jaws into a pulp that can be spread out thinly and will harden into paper. The wasp-city is a more wonderful structure than the home of the honey-bee, as the latter receives so much help from man.

Aquarium and Starling.—In answer to E. Hawkins (Whitley Bay): (1) the best book I know on fresh-water aquaria is by G. C. Bateman (L. Upcott Gill, 3s. 6d.); (2) it is no unusual thing to see starlings on the backs of sheep. They are searching for ticks and insects, performing similar services to those rendered by the cow-birds of America and Africa.

Names of Plants.—H. Newns (Tabley) sends me two dried-up plants which have passed the flowering stage, and asks for their names. This is hardly fair. I will not say positively from such material, but I believe No. 1 to be the water ragwort (*Senecio aquaticus*), and No. 2 the yellow loosestrife (*Lysimachia vulgaris*). Another time he should send fresh specimens with damp moss in a tin. I should not like to say anything of his egg without seeing it.

Play the Game.

By CLEVEDON KEN.

Author of "A Little Schoolboy Sixty Years Ago."

ONE of the things which distinguish the English race from all others is the variety and character of our set games, with their strong movements, and the strictness of their rules. English boys have a bodily manner of their own, which no amount of only drilling, or marching, or running, or gymnastics would give them. But—and this is of far greater importance—by being accustomed to games which consist not merely in doing something or winning something, but in doing it against opposition, and in accordance with fixed rules, and in comradeship with others, they learn to be eager and yet self-controlled, tough, and courageous, true to one another and considerate of the rights of other people; and to aim not merely at winning, but at winning by acting according to rule.

In every true game, if there is a prize, or only "kudos" or fame, as in cricket or football, if that prize or kudos be gained by other means than those ordered by the rules, it is really neither the prize nor true kudos that is won. Some one has become possessed of the thing—but he has not won it; one side has made more runs than the other, but it has not won the match: the regular game has not been played, but something else. It is the rules that make the game.

I was once passing a dull evening in the company of a young Hungarian Jew, and we tried chess. He exposed his queen. When I put out my hand to take her he anticipated me, and exclaimed: "Ah! that was fatal!" and put her back again, and made another move. I raised no objection; it was now a matter of no interest to me how those different bits of wood were moved about over red and white squares. It was no longer chess. The rules were gone.

We have then in these three words an ex-

pression very full of meaning. You know Shakespeare's lines:

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women only players;"

just so we may say all life is a game, and all the men and women have their places in it. I need not say that I do not call life playing. Play is sometimes part of the game; but, as in our set games, there is something that we aim at, and fixed rules to reach it by, and those rules we may not break in order to reach our aim more easily—so in the great serious world, for which every boy of British breed feels that he ought to be training himself, this little sentence applies—Play the Game!

If all your life is a game, then your school life must be a part of it. In school there are two sets of players, masters and boys. Now, you have to play the game fairly towards both of these. The boy who at football shirks his work, flinches from the rush, and only makes believe to get into the scrum—well, you know what you say of him, especially if he is on your side. What is the difference between him and another who shirks his book-work, and never puts his mind to his Euclid? Surely there is an understanding between the boy on the one side and the masters on the other, that, as honestly as he puts his back into play, he shall put his brains into work? And so with respect to conduct. When a master trusts a boy, it is not playing the game if the boy takes advantage of the fact that he is not watched, and breaks bounds. That is as mean as theft, or cheating at cards. No; if you feel that you must go roaming into forbidden land, you are bound, by the rules of the game, to give notice to the master, and then the game will have to be played

on a different system—that of wits meeting wits, instead of trust meeting honour. In our big war a century ago some English middies somehow fell into French hands, and were offered parole. They refused it, because they fully intended to escape if they could. This refusal, of course, brought them into the state of mere prisoners of war, with no comforts, and no liberty; but they were playing their game, English fashion. On the other hand, some Russian Naval officers who were lately driven into an American port by a Japanese ship, gave their parole to the American Government, and then slipped home to Russia, and the American Government had to insist on their being returned. They got their freedom for a while, but they sank into a noisome bog of infamy.

There is a very important thing to remember when dealing with persons of that character—that no matter how our opponents may break the rules, it is always our duty to keep them. “If you cheat, so will we,” or “you did it, so we will,” is neither logic nor honesty. Two sweeps do not make one miller.

Lord Clive forgot this once, as you can read in Macaulay's Essay on that wonderful man, who was, in so many things, a fine example to boys. He once entered into a secret conspiracy with a Hindoo statesman to depose the Rajah. This crafty statesman got Clive's signature to some treasonable correspondence, and then threatened to betray him unless a large sum of money was guaranteed him, to be paid when the conspiracy had succeeded. So Clive had a treaty, in which the money was promised, drawn up and signed. Then, when it was all over, and the Rajah was deposed, Clive showed the statesman that the paper he had signed was a sham one, and that he was to have nothing at all. He fell back senseless, and died shortly afterwards, an idiot. Clive sank the English gentleman to the level of a Hindoo swindler. He did play the game grandly enough, in battle, march and siege; but not in affairs of this nature.

So too our Edward II. had a very poor idea of playing the game when he set on De Bohun to ride down Robert the Bruce, as you have read in Scott's “Lord of the Isles.”

And, speaking of Sir Walter Scott, I am reminded that he, himself, when a young boy, at Edinburgh, once broke the rules of the game, and, as we say, played low. In his class at school there was a dull but industrious

boy who always kept the first place. Walter tried hard to get above him, but he could never catch him tripping; spelling, repetition, tables, or grammar, this obstinate fellow always knew them. But Master Walter noticed that he always fumbled with the bottom button of his waistcoat all the time he was answering; so he managed deftly, and without its being felt, to snip off that button one morning. Presently the poor fellow was called on to repeat his bit of Latin or whatever it was, and down went his fingers as usual to fiddle with the button. He stuck, cleared his throat, said “hem,” coughed, began again, and stuck for good. So Walter took him down, and held the place always afterwards. But in later life he was grieved at the recollection of it all, and tried hard, but in vain, to find out the man whom he had so wronged as a boy; and see if he might somehow be of service to him. And really he had played a very shabby trick.

I think sometimes when I hear of some man showing a high degree of courage, endurance, or self-restraint, that it would be interesting to know what he had been like at school: and I am pretty sure that, in most cases, he would prove to have had a good record at games. The boy who goes through the training of “stand here”—“go there”—“keep time”—“finish your stroke”—“back up,”—“steady, they are coming”—“take him low,” and so on—he is the one who will play his part fitly in the big world which comes after school. The self-sacrificing doctor who sucked the poison out of a child's throat—did not he take off a heavy charge at Rugby from a smaller boy? The plodding tired leader of an Expedition through swamp or sand or ice—did not he pull on and on at his oar, with his heart pumping, and his tongue like a bit of leather, right on to the flag-boat? And the Civil Servant going daily to a dull desk to copy uninteresting papers, surely he used to stand somewhere in the field where few balls came, without grumbling or worrying the captain with: “I say, Jones, I wish you'd let me bowl an over or two.” And the policeman who puts up with abuse, and even assault, without losing his self-control, did he not, as a boy, learn to keep his temper when his shins were being hacked in the football field?

Here are three stories.

A young master in a private school made himself very unpopular; and one morning after school when only Smith and Jenkins

were left in his class-room, Smith drew a very poor likeness of him on his blackboard, and then went home, being a day boy.

Mr. Brown came in and found Jenkins.

"Did you do this?" he asked.

Jenkins said, "No, sir."

"Who did? D'ye know?"

And Jenkins said, "Yes, sir."

"Who was it?"

And Jenkins said nothing.

Mr. Brown said: "You won't tell me?"

And Jenkins said: "Please, sir, I—I—I can't, sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Brown, as he rubbed the board clean and then wrote this long division of money sum: £23,456 19s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. by 987, "you'll stop in this afternoon" (it was a half-holiday) "and do this sum, and prove it by multiplication." And he had to do it. No cricket for Jenkins that afternoon, for it was one of those sums that "won't come right." But Jenkins played the game, and we will give him a thump on the back if we ever meet him; only there are no Mr. Browns like that one, now.

Here is the second story.

The son of a poor country clergyman, on leaving school, came up to London, to a berth in a large place of business; and, after a few weeks, was put to assist the head salesman. He was bidden to pack some goods of the second quality and label them as of the first. This he refused to do. He was, of course, reported forthwith to the manager; and, as he persisted in his refusal, he was dismissed without a character. Being determined not to hang on to his father, he sold such of his clothes and things as he could manage to do without, and took a steerage passage to New York. Now, in a story-book you would probably find that he fell in at once with friends who helped him on, and that, in a very few years, he made a big fortune, returned home, and supported his father and mother in their old age: but in fact it was very different. He went through many humiliations, privations, and disappointments; and, after many years, was only

able to keep himself in comfort. But he had played the game. Remember, it does not follow that we shall win every game because we play it rightly; but then—the game is the thing, not the winning. And after all, if you look far enough into the matter, he did win the game.

Here is the third story.

It is now nearly fifty years ago that an excursion steamer on one of the American Lakes took fire. The lake was deep, the ship was crowded with people, and unless the next landing-place could be reached, a horrible death awaited them all. Everything depended on the man at the wheel—which, at that time, used to be placed at the stern. For a steersman's game is to steer straight whatever may happen, and this man had to play his game through the smoke and heat which the rapid pace of the ship drove directly towards him. At last the pier was nearing, and the Captain called out from the end of the bridge, where he was just outside the reach of the fire:

"John, can you hold out three minutes more?"

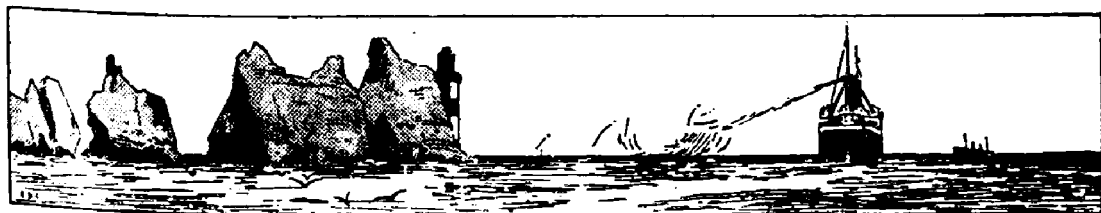
"Aye, aye, sir! three minutes more it is."

And then presently:

"One minute does it now, John!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" he answered feebly out of the smoke. His oil-skin hat was shrivelling, his clothes were smouldering, his skin was scorching, and he could keep the wheel right only by the weight of his body, for his hands were disabled by burns. And now the ship touched the pier, and the passengers were saved; and the flames, no longer driven aft, stopped short of the wheel, and a couple of piermen dropped on board and lowered the now stupified steersman into a boat, and bore him ashore. After a time he recovered; but the injury to his hands was so great that he was never able to hold the wheel again.

Had he died, what better epitaph could he have had than this? "HE PLAYED THE GAME."



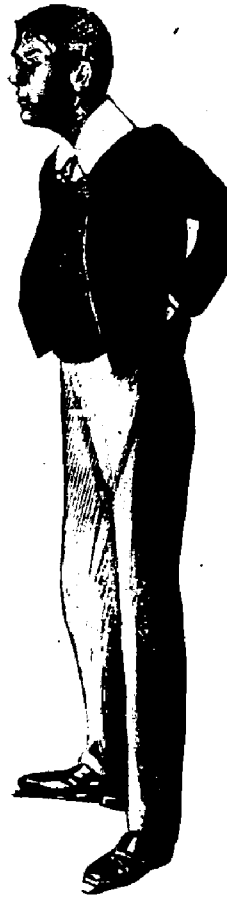


COX'S COUGH-DROPS:

By **R. S. WARREN BELL,**

Author of "J. O. Jones," "The Duffer," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. R. SKELTON.



SYNOPSIS.

THIS story turns on the remarkable resemblance between Cox, a boy at Charlton Court Preparatory School, only son of the millionaire vendor of "Cox's Cough-Drops," and Robert, Earl of Yarningale, heir to the Marquis of Lapworth, another boy at the same school. Cox is a bully, and dominates Yarningale by a mixture of brutality, cunning, and superior will-power. Being booked for two hours' detention on a certain Saturday afternoon, Cox prevails on

Yarningale to impersonate him at that ordeal, in order that he himself may go to a tennis-party at Charlton Grange, a country house that has been rented for a period by some London friends of his named Lomax. Cox is assuming that Mr. Skipjack, the senior assistant master, will be taking detention, but at the last moment Mr. Skipjack gets Mr. Hallam, one of his colleagues, to take detention for him, since he, as well as Cox, has been invited to the tennis-party at Charlton Grange. When Cox, all unconscious of this arrangement, arrives at Charlton Grange, he is filled with consternation on beholding Mr. Skipjack standing near the tennis-lawn. Without hesitation he decides on a bold line of action, and announces to Pattie Lomax, a girl of fourteen, that he is a boy called Yarningale who has come to explain his friend Cox's absence. When, a little later in the afternoon, Cox confesses to Pattie that he is Cox, Pattie promises faithfully to keep his secret. In order to avoid further encounters with Mr. Skipjack, Cox then returns to the school only to find that Hallam has cut detention short and taken Yarningale (still masquerading as Cox) down to the Vicarage with him. Cox thereupon repairs to the village, smuggles himself into the Vicarage grounds, and, when a favourable opportunity occurs, changes places with Yarningale. Previously to this, Yarningale's identity has been discovered by Joan Henderson, the Vicar's younger daughter, who, like Pattie, vows not to say anything about the deception. Joan takes Yarningale to see her white rats, and explains that the "father rat" has been put in a cage by himself because he has displayed a tendency to devour the young ones. Joan is called away for a time, and it is at this juncture that Cox effects the exchange.

Being ripe for mischief, Cox, who has overheard Joan's remarks, puts the "father rat" back into the cage containing his offspring, and the "mother rat" into her husband's cage. When Joan discovers the "father rat" attacking one of his children, in her fury she denounces "Cox" as an impostor, and declares that he is really a boy called Lord Yarningale. Cox having proved to the satisfaction of everybody that he is Cox, Joan is rebuked by her father and sent indoors. It is shown in the course of the story how Cox, besides annoying Joan and placing Yarningale in uncomfortable situations, also contrives, though, of course, unwittingly, to bring about a coolness between (1) Mr. Skipjack and Miss Lomax, and (2) Mr. Hallam and Miss Henderson. Feeling sure that the boy he saw at the Lomaxes' was Cox, Mr. Skipjack, smarting under the treatment dealt out to him by Miss Lomax, proceeds, after the boys have retired to bed that night, to interrogate Cox about his movements during the afternoon. Cox having given a satisfactory explanation of his doings, Mr. Skipjack, baffled for the moment, ascends in Mr. Hallam's company to the next landing with the object of interrogating Yarningale.

IX.

C'OX'S dormitory was a long room containing twelve beds. One entered it by a door opening on to the first-floor landing. At the end furthest from the door, and close to Cox's bed, was a spiral staircase leading to the landing above. The boys were not supposed to use this staircase, it having been built expressly for the convenience of the servants.

Yarningale, being in the sixth form, occupied a room on the second landing with one other boy who, at the present time, Cox remembered, was in the infirmary with a sore throat. The usual route from the dormitory in which Cox slept to the room

which Yarningale occupied was the main staircase of the house.

No sooner had the two masters disappeared than Cox glided from his bed, sped up the spiral staircase leading to the second landing, and dashed into Yarningale's room. The little dormitory was dimly lighted by a solitary gas-jet near the door. Yarningale's bed was by the window. Clad only in his shirt and trousers, Yarningale was standing under the gas-bracket, reading a book.

"Get under your bed—quick!" cried Cox. "Don't move or say a word. Look sharp!"

Yarningale was too much in the habit of obeying Cox without demur to ask any questions. He lost no time in getting under his bed, while Cox as quickly clambered into it; then, reclining on his elbow, the latter bent his eyes to the book which Yarningale had been reading, and which he had snatched from him.

A few moments later Cox heard footsteps in the passage, and, as he had anticipated, Mr. Skipjack and Mr. Hallam walked into the room.

Maturing his scheme with that quick adaptability to circumstances which he had inherited, together with a number of other desirable and undesirable traits, from his sire, Cox decided that it would be a good plan to disguise his voice by speaking hoarsely. His ordinary intonation was not unlike Yarningale's, but to the ear which took note of such things it lacked the latter's patrician refinement of accent.

By way of introducing this deception, therefore, Cox, as the two masters entered the room, cleared his throat rather noisily.

Mr. Skipjack frowned at the gas-jet—looking very much as if he would like to give it fifty lines for doing its work so feebly—and then bore down on the recumbent Charltonian

"You will try your eyes if you read by this wretched light, Yarningale," was his opening remark. "What is your book?" he added, picking up the volume Yarningale had been reading. "Ah! 'Ivanhoe.' Wretchedly small type, of course. If you *will* read till the lights are turned out you should choose a book printed in good large type."

Hallam stroked his chin and hid a smile behind his hand. The idea of a boy carefully relinquishing a work in which he was absorbed for one whose print was more suited to the lighting arrangements of his

bedroom had a Sandford and Merton smack about it that appealed to the young master's sense of the ridiculous. However, he knew that his colleague could never miss a chance of being fussy, and he awaited Mr. Skipjack's next remark with amused interest.

Mr. Skipjack had an eagle eye for the disposition of garments. He liked to see clothing properly hung up or folded up, and a sock or boot apparently endowed with roving instincts invariably aroused his ire. His next remark on this occasion proved to possess a groundwork of reasonableness.

"Where," he demanded, "are your trousers, Yarningale?"

Cox's eyes wandered round the room.

"My trousers, sir?" he said, by way of gaining time.

"Yes, your trousers," snapped Mr. Skipjack. "Come—where are they?"

For the life of him Cox could not think of a plausible reply which would explain the absence of the interesting articles referred to. The trousers should by right have been hanging over the back of a chair or on a peg.

However, at the last moment inspiration did not fail him.

"I've got them on, sir," he said.

"Got your trousers *on*—in *bed*!" cried Mr. Skipjack, with that fury which a small-minded schoolmaster can so readily display at the shortest notice. "What on earth do you mean by getting into bed with your trousers on?"

"I—I felt chilly, sir," explained Cox, coughing in an ostentatious way.

"Chilly? It would surely have been more reasonable to have kept your shirt on rather than your trousers if you felt chilly—though, of course, it would be ridiculous to keep either on. It is not cleanly or wholesome to sleep in one's day clothes. An extra blanket would have met the difficulty, and as Evans is in the infirmary——"

Mr. Skipjack paused, as if struck by a sudden idea. Only that afternoon Evans's throat trouble had been diagnosed as diphtheritic—Mr. Skipjack had had this from the matron. And now Yarningale—Evans's stable-companion, as it were—was evidently "feeling" his throat, else why this huskiness? The boy, no doubt, attributed this throat affection to a cold he imagined he had caught, whereas the truth was——

Mr. Skipjack surveyed the youthful countenance with apprehension. Evans had developed symptoms of diphtheria—what more natural than that the boy who shared a

room with Evans should fall a prey to the same fell complaint!

All thoughts of cross-examining the lad about his manner of spending the afternoon were driven from the senior master's mind by the contemplation of this dire possibility. Anybody who has had anything to do with a school will know how infectious disease—even of a mild nature, like chicken-pox—is dreaded. A threatened epidemic of diphtheria would close the school up and spoil the summer term. Mr. Skipjack felt thoroughly alarmed.

"Is your throat out of order, Yarningale?" he asked.

"It feels a bit scrapy, sir," said Cox, speaking in a particularly scrapy voice.

"Let me see it," said Mr. Skipjack.

Cox opened his mouth. As the gas-jet afforded such poor illumination, Mr. Skipjack struck a match and by its light pursued his investigations. He knew that a diphtheritic throat was distinguished by white spots. Although Cox's throat was as healthy a looking throat as any in England, Mr. Skipjack made sure that he could detect several white spots.

"Put on your clothes," he said to Cox, "and come down and see the matron. I will tell her to expect you."

"It's not very bad, sir," said Cox, who did not at all like the turn affairs were taking. "It—it's better than it was, sir."

"You must see the matron," said the senior master, firmly.

"Can't I wait till to-morrow, sir?" pleaded the suspect.

"You mustn't wait five minutes," was the stern answer. "I fancy you have caught something from Evans. You must see the matron at once."

So saying, Mr. Skipjack quitted the room, Mr. Hallam following him.

Cox waited till the masters were out of hearing, and then told Yarningale that he could come out. Yarningale promptly emerged from his hiding-place.

"You've got a bad throat and you've got to see the matron," proceeded Cox with a grin. "You heard what old Skippy said?"

"But, I say, hang it, Cox," remonstrated Yarningale, in his mild way, "this is a bit too thick. My throat's all right."

"You've got a dip—what-d'you-call-it throat," insisted Cox, in his most truculent manner. "Get on your coat and cut along to Mother Gracewood."

"It isn't fair," said Yarningale sullenly.

"I don't see why you should shove me into things like this."

"Why don't you write home about me?" demanded Cox, roughly. "Write home and sneak about me. Your old grandpater would make a fine row about it if he knew, wouldn't he, and I should be whacked?"

He caught hold of Yarningale's arm and screwed it round.

"Now, then, are you going down to Mother Gracewood?"

"Shut up, you beast!" cried Yarningale, trying to free himself.

Choosing the spot with care, Cox smote Yarningale smartly on the biceps of the screwed round arm, causing his victim intense pain.

"Are you going?" he demanded again.

"No," exclaimed Yarningale, biting his lip to keep the tears back.

"Oh, you're not, aren't you?" exclaimed Cox, ferociously, as he gave his double's arm an extra twist. "We'll see about that."

"Now, Yarningale!" came a stentorian hail from the end of the corridor at that moment.

Releasing his grip of the tortured arm, Cox dived beneath the bed. Directly after, Mr. Hallam entered the room.

"Come, Yarningale," he said, "Miss Gracewood is waiting for you. Put on your coat and come with me."

There was no help for it, and so Yarningale, with no little reluctance, went off with the junior master. When the sound of their footsteps could no longer be heard, Cox crept from his cover and stealthily made his way back to his own dormitory. During his absence the gas had been turned out by the school porter, so his return was unnoticed by anybody.

Cox smiled grimly as he got into bed. He was picturing Yarningale in the matron's room with his jaws extended to their fullest capacity.

"What a sell for old Skippy when Mother Gracewood says he's all right!" thought Cox.

For he, like everybody else at Charlton Court, was aware of the fearlessness and independence of the matron's character. In matters belonging to her own sphere she would brook dictation from nobody—not even from the headmaster himself. To one person only did she own allegiance, and that was the doctor, whose visits to the school were, fortunately, thanks to Miss Gracewood's

care and sound government, of an infrequent nature.

X.

A GOOD many grown-up people who happily escaped bullying when at school do not realise the lengths to which the despotic sway of a boy like Cox can go, but men who, as boys, suffered from the tyranny of those stronger and bigger than themselves, and who honoured the unwritten law which prohibited "sneaking" in any form, will understand and possibly sympathise with the position of Robert, Earl of Yarningale, and heir to the vast Lapworth estates, when he trudged off humbly in Mr. Hallam's wake to be interviewed by the matron. For years Yarningale had suffered pain at the hand and foot of Cox, but no word had he uttered thereupon to any master or to the noble marquis, his grandfather. He bore his maltreatment in silence, and comforted himself with the reflection that he would escape from Cox when the time came for him to leave Charlton Court for a public school.

It is no exaggeration, however, to say that Cox's presence at Charlton Court caused what might have been a very happy period in Yarningale's life to be one which, though not precisely unhappy, was not likely to be recalled by the boy in after years with any great pleasure. It was not exactly the amount of bullying to which Yarningale was subjected which marred the even tenour of his preparatory school days, so much as the ever-present nature of it. Yarningale might go for days unnoticed by Cox, but he never knew when that hand or that foot might not be extended in his direction. Had Yarningale possessed a chum he would have fared better, for a chum would have helped him fight his battles. But he was a self-contained, timid sort of boy, who had no particular friend. He collected stamps and was fond of reading; he was diligent, and stood high in the opinion of the masters, but he played games indifferently, only excelling, indeed, in one pastime, and that a distinctly minor one in the scholastic category of sports—swimming, to wit. In no other form of athletic endeavour did he acquit himself even moderately well, though to be sure he showed a pretty turn of speed when, judging discretion the better part of valour, he fled from his vindictive tormentor. He could run faster than Cox—that must be admitted—but Cox was, firstly, on account of his solid build, and,

secondly, because of his devotion to food-stuffs, by no manner of means a sprinter.

The boy character resolves itself into three distinct types. There is the sturdy, oak-like boy who stands firmly on his legs, whose strength enables him to resist temptation with comparative ease, and who turns life to good account, both at school and afterwards; then there is the pliant, willow-like fellow, who bends and gives way for a time, only to rebound and resume his normal course of average well-doing; and then there is the brittle boy, who snaps under pressure like a pea-stick. Of this last-named species was Yarningale, for had he been composed of tougher fibre he would never have submitted so tamely to the dictation of Cox. He was of the type that needs protection. He should have been sheltered by a staunch oak, who, while holding him in contempt, perhaps, should nevertheless have found it in his heart to pity and succour his weakling brother.

Owing, therefore, to his pea-stick nature, and to the fact that he had no oak-like friend from whom to draw courage wherewith to combat the tyranny of Cox, Yarningale found himself in the extraordinary position of having his throat searched for symptoms of a complaint which quite another boy was suspected of having contracted. Of course, Miss Gracewood found his throat as red and healthy as a puppy's, and showed some signs of indignation when Mr. Skipjack suggested that her examination was at fault.

"He is absolutely well," cried Miss Gracewood, whose long acquaintance of boykind and its maladies had rendered her almost infallible in 'spotting' harbingers of ill which many a doctor would not have noticed. "His throat is quite clear, and so is his voice."

"He was speaking very huskily just now," retorted Mr. Skipjack, who disliked Miss Gracewood, not because she was a dislikable person—indeed, a pleasanter lady for the post she held could hardly have been found—but because he disliked almost everybody holding an official position at Charlton Court, from the headmaster down to the boot-boy.

"I expect he had a crumb in his throat," said the matron, with a smile.

"Pray be serious, Miss Gracewood," cried Skipjack, testily. "This is no laughing matter. The boy himself admitted that he was 'feeling' his throat."

"Feeling the crumb, perhaps," rejoined Miss Gracewood, calmly.

Mr. Skipjack uttered a sort of bark. "I must speak to the headmaster about it," he snapped, striding out of the room.

"And meanwhile, Yarningale," said Miss

Gracewood, "asleep half an hour before he was awakened by the sound of voices, and on opening his eyes he found himself to be an object of interest to three observers—a little man with whiskers, the headmaster, and the matron."



"JUST SIT UP AND OPEN YOUR MOUTH," SAID THE HEADMASTER.

Gracewood, in her unruffled way, "I think you had better go back to bed."

Yarningale retreated with a thankful heart. On regaining his dormitory he found it in darkness, and so, further reading of his book being impossible, he divested himself of his clothes, climbed into bed, and was soon fast asleep. But he had not been

"We are sorry to disturb you, my boy," said the headmaster, soothingly, "but we think it advisable that Dr. Winkfield should see your throat. Just sit up and open your mouth."

Yarningale sat up sleepily, wishing heartily that it wouldn't be sneaking to say that he was the wrong boy, and that Dr. Winkfield

would be only wasting his time. He was rather afraid of Dr. Winkfield, as were most Charltonians. for this little whiskered physician was a gifted exponent of the velvet glove and iron hand method. When, for instance, a boy was despatched to his surgery to have a tooth out, Dr. Winkfield would talk about cricket and prattle away as if his victim had come down for afternoon tea; then he would ask the boy to "just sit down here," as if he were inviting him to have some cake; then, still prattling about cricket in a way which, so far from putting his victim at his ease, made him feel ten times more frightened than if the worthy medico had discussed toothache and only toothache, would feel round the swollen gum with a fat, soft finger; and then, smiling with the utmost benevolence and saying something about leg-breaks, would—*ah!* what Charltonian was ever likely to forget that sudden, vice-like grip, that relentless forcing home of the forceps, that savage twist and that barbarous, blood-thirsty wrench!

As well might the victim try to escape as a mouse from the jaws of a cat, for the little soft-spoken doctor's professional frock-coat covered sinews of iron. So all Charltonians who had been favoured with his attentions regarded him with distrust and suspicion; they hated his bland smile and his warm hand; they knew, for all his geniality, what a steel rat-trap he really was, once he got going!

For this reason, although he was aware that having one's throat looked at was one of those things that "didn't hurt," Yarningale opened his mouth with certain misgivings. The doctor was purring in his most ingratiating manner—the old tiger!—and it was generally when he purred in this fear-dispelling (as it was meant to be) way that he proceeded to make his patient yell with agony.

The reader who has never given thought to such a matter may be interested to hear that there are two ways of holding a tongue down—a comfortable and an uncomfortable—and on this occasion Dr. Winkfield lived up to the reputation he had gained in the school by adopting the uncomfortable way. By the light of the candle which Miss Gracewood procured from Mr. Hallam's room, the physician, keeping the movements of Yarningale's tongue in check with his finger—and quite gently—proceeded to peer down the red lane lying beyond it; then, wishing to see a little more of the lane, and not having a

spatula with him, he requisitioned Yarningale's tooth-brush, and with the handle of this implement forced the boy's tongue down with such vigour that Yarningale choked violently and endeavoured to wrench himself free. But that steel clutch was on his shoulder, and Yarningale experienced the sensation of utter helplessness which most of Dr. Winkfield's patients could speak to in feeling terms.

Having completed his examination, Dr. Winkfield released his victim and exchanged his scrutinising glare for a smile of lamb-like tenderness.

"I can find nothing wrong with the throat," he said, returning the tooth-brush to the washhandstand, "but I think it will be advisable, under the circumstances, to isolate our friend for a few days."

Yarningale gaped at the speaker. *Isolate!* That meant being kept apart—kept alone!

"I must watch it," added Dr. Winkfield, rubbing his hands in a nice, sociable way. "I daresay nothing will appear to confirm—er—Mr. Skipjack's apprehensions, but I must watch it."

"It will be best to be on the safe side, certainly," put in the headmaster.

The matron glanced sympathetically at the exile-to-be.

"How long must he be isolated, doctor?" she asked.

"A week—say a week. If no diphtheritic symptoms declare themselves by then, we'll let him go. Yes, we'll let him go then. Very hard lines," he added, beaming on Cox like a frock-coated Father Christmas, "but necessary. We *must* guard against infection. Not simply advisable—absolutely necessary. Ab-so-lute-ly necessary."

He chuckled and looked at Yarningale, and Yarningale felt that, after Cox, he detested Dr. Winkfield more than anybody else in the world.

"Of course, as he has not developed the complaint," continued the doctor, "we can't send him to the infirmary. He might catch it from Evans. He must stay here—in this room—for a week."

"Poor boy!" said Miss Gracewood.

Yarningale sat mute with misery. Although perfectly well, he was to be imprisoned for a week in glorious June weather. His heart overflowed with hatred of Cox.

"Yes, it *is* hard luck," said the headmaster, "but, as you say, doctor, necessary."



"THE MARQUIS OF LAPWORTH, MY LORD,"
SAID THE MAID.

"Ab-so-lute-ly necessary," said Dr. Winkfield, nodding pleasantly to Yarningale as he turned towards the door.

Cox—let this be recorded in his favour—experienced a slight pang of compunction when he heard that Yarningale had been condemned to a week's imprisonment in his room. The other boys, who didn't bother their heads much about the matter, thought that Yarningale was really ill, but Cox was perfectly aware of what had happened. He knew that his sham throatiness had

alarmed the authorities, and that Yarningale was being needlessly kept under surveillance in case he should develop symptoms of diphtheria.

"Jolly good of him not to split," Cox acknowledged to himself. "I'll let him alone after this," he added. "He can't be such a bad sort of chap, after all."

On the Saturday Cox had had excitement enough to last him for a week, so on the Sunday he was at pains to behave with extreme propriety. He felt that the eye of Mr. Skipjack was on him. At church he was careful to give no cause for complaint. He did, to be sure, steal one glance in Pattie Lomax's direction, but the expression on that young lady's face was so frigid that he did not repeat the attention.

"That's it," he said to himself, "she thinks I cut off from her place to go to the Vicarage. She hates Joan Henderson, and that makes it all the worse."

During the sermon Cox's thoughts wandered to Yarningale, penned up in his dormitory, and again it occurred to him that he had behaved very badly to his schoolfellow. Again, therefore, did he register a vow that, when Yarningale regained his freedom, he (Cox) would not, only let him alone, but even endeavour to make amends for the wrong he had done him.

And, as chance had it, he was presented with an opportunity of putting this virtuous resolve into shape a good deal sooner than he expected. For the next week-end was half-term, celebrated by a grand garden-party to which the whole neighbourhood (the aristocratic portion of it, that is to say) was invited. Some of the fellows who lived near Charlton went home, but the bulk stayed at the school and entertained their parents.

Dressed in his Sunday best, and looking very clean and proper, Cox, about tea-time on Saturday afternoon, might have been observed lurking in the vicinity of the ancient cedar of painful memory. His father had hinted at the possibility of his running down from town for the afternoon, and Cox was hoping against hope that "the Gov.," as he irreverently termed the celebrated cough-drop merchant, would fail to carry out his threat. For Cox senior had once before visited the school on a similar occasion, at a time when Cox junior was less able to take care of himself, and the Cough-Drop King's genial vulgarity had not served to make the rest of the term an over-sweet period for his son and heir.

The lawn was thronged with a fashionably attired company; tennis was in progress here, croquet there; a buzz of polite chatter filled the air; the headmaster and his wife were all smiles; even Mr. Skipjack looked entirely amiable. With something akin to a shudder, Cox conjured up a vision of his affectionate sire shouldering his way through this decorous, well-born mob. His blood ran cold as he heard himself (in imagination) hailed in loud accents as "Bert"; he fairly trembled as he drew a morbid mental picture of his father pouring his tea into his saucer and blowing on it!

"If he does come," said Cox, crushing a daisy under his heel, "he ought to be good for a quid."

This was his one consoling thought. He crushed another daisy and swiped at a butterfly with his hat.

"I'll wait here till I see him," added Cox, "and then I'll take him over the school. That'll use up a goodish amount of time."

He was about to swipe at the butterfly again—it had incautiously, as the way of such foolish things is, revisited his vicinity—when he heard his name called gently.

He turned. Standing by herself, some dozen yards away, was Joan Henderson.

"Oh!" thought Cox, "*her*, is it?" He raised his hat politely enough, however, as he approached her.

She smiled sweetly. One would never have thought that, but one short week ago, she had loudly published her hatred for him.

"How-do-you-do?" said Joan, putting out a daintily gloved hand. "I want to speak to you."

Cox wondered, somewhat uneasily, whether she was going to tackle him about the Father Rat again.

"I want you to do me a favour," Joan went on. "It's rather a big one. I—I want to speak to Yarningale."

"He's in his room—seedy."

She nodded.

"I know. Mr. Hallam told me. I want you to change places with him for half an hour. *Will you?*"

She looked very pretty and pleading. Cox remembered that he owed Yarningale a good turn. He forgot about his father—thought nothing of the risk.

"Yes," he said. "Shall I bring him here?"

Joan nodded.

"If you *will!*"

Cox walked off.

"All right. Wait here."

The half-hour was almost up, and Cox was getting fidgety. The exchange had been a simple matter. No one had seen him go to Yarningale's room. Arrived there, he gave the prisoner his hat, told him Joan wanted to see him by the cedar-tree, and unceremoniously pushed him into the passage.

And now the half-hour was almost up.

Ah! footsteps! His deliverance was at hand. He turned eagerly towards the door.

But—horror! instead of Yarningale there appeared in the doorway a tall, white-haired old gentleman, upright and stern, conducted by one of the maids.

"The Marquis of Lapworth, my lord," said the maid, as she ushered the visitor into the room.

(To be continued.)

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER



Photo. by

CARTING STONES FROM THE SEA.

[E. S. Maples, Mirfield.]

HINTS FOR FORMING A CAMERA CLUB.

THE Old Fag has passed on to me a very well-written and humorous little contribution to THE CAPTAIN Club over the signature "Suggester," which is happily chosen, since the suggestions made by the writer are many and sound. I should much like to quote the said contribution *in extenso*, but lack of space forbids this, and I must, therefore, ask "Suggester's" pardon for taking the burden of his screed as the title of my present article, and treating it in my own way.

When there are some dozens of amateur photographers working in a district it would be a pity if they did not combine forces, to form a camera club. The advantages of such a fore-gathering are: (1) increased keenness, resulting from the spirit of emulation; (2) more rapid advance towards perfection—since a useful tip discovered by any one member soon becomes common property; (3) saving of money, or, what is the same thing, the more profitable expenditure thereof, where the need for duplicating apparatus can be largely avoided. A single enlarging lantern, to take an instance, will suffice for the needs of quite a large number of "clubbites."

HOW TO START.

Many camera clubs exist in an embryonic state without knowing it: *i.e.*, they consist of two or three friends who make pretty free of one another's houses and dark-rooms. Now, if this small band looked round among their acquaintances, they would probably soon find other kindred spirits; and as soon as half a score had been collected they could get to business. The pivot round which a juvenile camera club revolves must necessarily be the

dark-room. Adult photographers, each blessed with a dark-room of his own, may meet in solemn conclave round the fire and debate knotty points of procedure; but your boy or girl thinks less of talk than of action: he or she wants a place to "mess" in, as unphotographic elders term it.

From a purely strategic point of view I think that a common dark-room should be on neutral ground. "Suggester" and his friends hired a room over a stable at 2s. a week, and fitted it up for themselves; the plumber being called in only to connect it with the water-supply, and presumably to instal a sink. If the dark-room be in a private house it is quite possible that objections may be raised—though parents are wonderfully good-natured nowadays—to the periodic invasion of the premises by a horde of enthusiastic but possibly muddy-booted photographers. Of course, if a private stable or outhouse were requisitioned, that would be a different matter, as not interfering with the domestic economy.

THE SINEWS OF WAR.

Every member should, of course, subscribe regularly. The amount must depend largely on the ambitions of the club. It would be only fair, by-the-bye, that any member who puts apparatus at the disposal of his fellows should write off part of his initial subscription. Perhaps the best way to start would, therefore, be this. As soon as the list of members is fairly large, a meeting should be held, and apparatus, such as bottles, dishes, lamps, &c., be offered for the common use (with the proviso that, in the event of the club being dissolved, each item shall be returned to its original owner). If further apparatus be required, a levy should be

made all round, those who have given most in "kind" escaping most easily in the matter of cash. For general purposes, such as fitting up the dark-room, all should subscribe. Parents or friends who offer help should be encouraged. If approached tactfully after dinner they might be of solid service. I may here add that when once the members of the club have shown, by their continued keenness, that they really mean business, parents will become very kindly disposed towards their hobby. Wave this in their faces if they aren't.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

No club is complete without its officials, which can be reduced to two, President and Treasurer. These should hold office for a sufficiently brief period to give every member a chance of serving in one or other capacity. Of course, you must start off with those evidently best suited for the office, who may set things in good running order. A few reasonable

RULES

should be made, and enforced. Among them I would include: the regular tidying-up of the dark-room at least once a week: the keeping of dishes and bottles in their proper places (jump on the untidy member): that everybody shall take his turn at the developing tray, and not expect more than his due share of anything.

CHEMICALS IN COMMON.

Every member should supply his own plates and paper. That is obvious enough. But the question of chemicals is not so easily settled. If the members only play fair, there are decided advantages in the use of developers, toners, &c., in common. Waste is reduced to a minimum; and, if it be decided to work with one or two standard formulæ, I think that better results will be gained thus than from the practice of everybody being "on his own." The members should certainly learn to make up their own solutions. If anybody shows a particular bent towards chemistry, he might be deputed to manage this "department."

FIELD-DAYS

are of importance to keep a club alive. At intervals, say once a month, a day should be

appointed for a club outing with cameras. During term-time this will not be within the reach of a good many of my readers: and they should, therefore, try to get as many field-days as possible during the holidays. In some schools, however, I fancy that a few determined spirits could form a camera club, under official auspices, which could manage to have a day in the country now and then. I ought, perhaps, to have laid stress before this on the fact that a club can be run inside the walls of a school as successfully as outside. Many masters are photographers, and are willing to help similarly minded pupils in matters widely dissociated from *Mensa* and $x + y$. Their advice should be sought on the more scientific side of photography—optics, and the action of chemicals used.

EXHIBITIONS

of photos. are the winter counterparts of the field-days of more summery months. They give the members a fair chance of proving to themselves and their friends what advance they have made during the year. After a successful exhibition the parental money-bags will be tied with a rather looser string than usual. Every now and then a really good photograph might be forwarded to the larger public exhibitions or entered for the competitions inaugurated by the makers of photographic materials. (Of course, *all* members will remember THE CAPTAIN competitions.) Any successes scored would redound to the honour of the club; and cash prizes might well be placed to the general account.

I may conclude with a word or two of warning. Do not go too fast at first. Do not enrol members merely on the chance of their proving useful. Lukewarm spirits will do more harm than good to a club. Better a dozen stalwarts than a score of dilettantes. Expenditure should be rigidly governed by funds in hand; do not buy things in the hope that some generous outsider may foot the bill. Get the promise first, and buy afterwards. I hardly need remind my readers that the helping of lame dogs over stiles is one of the functions of a club of this sort. Everybody should lay what skill and knowledge he has at the disposal of his fellows. The good feeling thus engendered will be one of the most valuable assets of the club.



"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., 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 all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

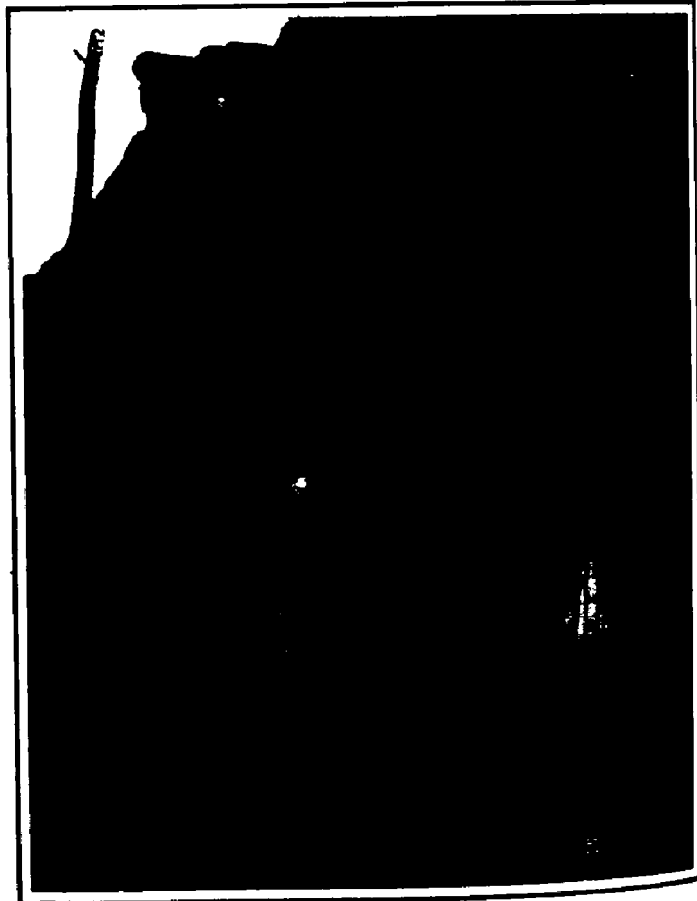
Cave-dwellers of England.

THE average Englishman of to-day is probably unaware of the many strange and remarkable rock dwellings which are to be found in various parts of this country. Perhaps one of the most interesting examples of cave-dwellings to be found in England is that at Knaresborough, a small town in the West Riding of Yorkshire. This cave is situated on the steep hill-side overlooking the River Nidd. The front of the cave is shaped like a fort, and ornamented by gardens leading down to the river. This dwelling is known as Fort Montague. Nottingham can also boast a cave-house. This is the queer old inn called "The Gate Hangs Well," situated at the foot of Castle Hill. The front of the house is built of masonry just like any other, but at the back, where the ground slopes sharply up, the cellars and rooms are carved out of the tough rock.

Just outside Birmingham is a small village formed entirely of cave-houses. Enville, as the place is called, is made up of six houses. Each house has a single window and door, while the interiors are bright with pictures and the like. A few miles from Enville is another cave-village, known as Drake's Rowe, and at other places in the same district, Kinver and Gibraltar, similar dwellings may be seen. Wolverley, near Stourbridge, is another

place that can boast cave-dwellings. These dwellings are on a hill-top six hundred feet up. The rock here is a soft red sand-stone, and the houses scooped out of it are not only large and roomy, but very warm and comfortable.

A novel cave is that in the cliff over Whitesand Bay, Cornwall. It was scooped out by a



THE DWELLING OF A MODERN TROGLODYTE.
The front of a house scooped out of the solid rock at Kinver, Worcestershire.
Photo. Johnson.

man who lived there for some time for the purpose of curing himself of rheumatism.

ALBERT ALBROW.

Unwritten History.

THE history of our ancient forefathers, who inhabited this island long before the period of which written history tells, has been formed by deductions from numerous discoveries. It is a period of unwritten history. The materials have been gathered from the earth; the discovery of weapons, boats, tombs, &c., has greatly served to enlighten us in regard to the customs and beliefs of our ancestors. Naturally, they were very ignorant at first. This is shown by the extensive use which was made of stone, whereas a more enlightened race would have employed metals. During the stone period, very crude methods were used in industries, and in the manufacture of weapons and boats. The numerous discoveries in various parts of the country can testify to this.

Some idea of the beliefs of our ancestors of the stone period has been afforded by the discovery of ancient tombs. In the stone coffin, containing the skeleton, have been found all the dead warrior's weapons placed ready to hand. From this fact the opinion has been formed, that the dead man was expected to renew his warfare in the happy hunting-grounds he was bound for.

As time passed, our ancestors became acquainted with metals, probably through intercourse with the traders who visited these shores. Bronze was the metal used, as the process of obtaining iron was not yet mastered. This period of existence is known as the bronze age. The discoveries of this era tell a story of rapid progress. One notable fact is gleaned from the tombs of the bronze age. Dead warriors were buried with

their weapons broken, in the idea that all warfare was at an end, and in token of expected rest. Contrast this with the belief of the warriors of the stone period. Surely there are here shown better and higher ideas than the more ancient race had acquired.



ABANDONED CAVE HOUSES.

A row of rock-dwellings at Kinver, recently evacuated by order of the local authorities. Rooms, doors, windows, &c., have all been scraped out of the soft sandstone.



SO NEAR AND YET—

A CAPTAIN reader's test for length of arm. Place a coin behind your heel, and try to lift it—with your arm twisted under your knee and round the leg.

Photo. by A. S. Jr.

Gold also was well known to the race of the bronze period. This is shown by the gold ornaments buried with the honoured dead. In ancient tombs, there have also been found fragments of woven stuff, showing that the art of weaving had then been learned.

It is in this manner that tombs and their relics give us some knowledge of what our forefathers were in those remote periods before the written history of our country begins.

CLAUDIUS.

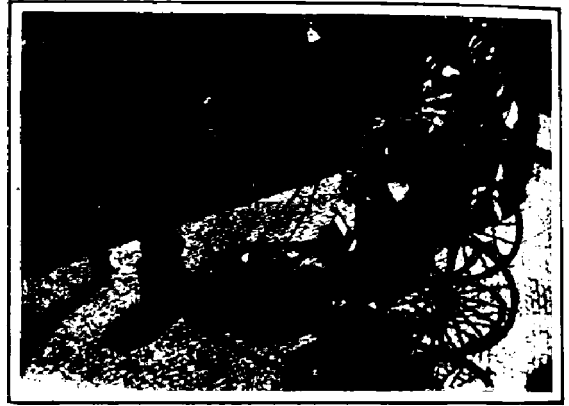
Welsh "Rugby."

NO doubt it is THE CAPTAIN'S aim to publish good athletic matter to suit the tastes of all lovers of sport, and to give some news of all classes of sport, yet it is surprising how very little is said of Rugby Football in its columns. If I'm not mistaken, Mr. Warner's article on "Great Rugby Players," on his first appearance as Athletic Editor, is about the only one dealing with "Rugger" that has appeared in THE CAPTAIN since I've been a reader, and that covers a period of over four years. And even he does not mention Welsh Rugby footballers. This is not complimentary to Welsh Captainites, who believe, and rightly too, that the Welsh are the finest exponents of the game, as was proved on December 16 last.

Is it a feeling of pique which prevents any mention of the Welsh victory over New Zealand being made in the January CAPTAIN? Is it because "Gallant Little Wales" managed to do what Scotland, Ireland, and *England* failed to do, that THE CAPTAIN has no word of praise to bestow on us? What opinion Captainites hold of the Welsh footballers is shown by their popular selection of a British Isles XV. There were *five* Welshmen in the team. Not a bad proportion.

I am sure I was not the only Welsh reader that was rather annoyed by that football story ("Sold!") which appeared in the December CAPTAIN. I think it was a decided snub to Welsh football. The author appears to think that the code practised is a sham amateur one. He accuses both clubs in his story of "selling" the match for pecuniary gain. May I inform him that such a practice is never, under any circumstances, tolerated in Wales? Here they play football for the game's sake, and under the strictest amateur rules. The author's Welsh seemed crude in the extreme, too. Fancy such places as Pennybroath and Llangolly. The only particle of Welsh in either of them is the

Llan in Llangolly. The rest is—what? It is also curious to note that the author's regard of the Welshmen is ably supported by the artist who illustrates his tale, the latter taking care to make the English visitor (Foster) appear a handsome, clean-limbed athlete, while the Welsh team he depicts as bullies, giving them the most ferocious visages. It is neither fair nor



A FAMILIAR SCENE OUTSIDE "THE CAPTAIN" OFFICE.

The upper end of Burleigh Street, Strand, where the offices of THE CAPTAIN are situated, slopes steeply, and is a dangerous trap for cab-horses. The scene shown in the picture is of almost daily occurrence.

Photo. by Clifford Turner.

agreeable to Welsh readers to have their countrymen depicted in this manner.

And no one can snub *Welsh* football. Wales has shown her capabilities by defeating the erstwhile invincible New Zealanders, and lowering their proud colours—a feat the other three countries failed to accomplish.

No; football is played in Wales well, for the great Colonial team only managed to score thirty-two points to twenty-two in the five matches they played in Wales, while they could beat most English county teams by a greater score than thirty-two points in one match.

I write all this in defence of Wales and of Welsh football, and in the hope that more mention of "Rugger" will be made in future numbers.

"AP CADRAWD."

[I need hardly say that we of THE CAPTAIN have a very high opinion of Welsh football. My correspondent is talking through his hat when he suggests that we are jealous. As for "Sold!"—that was just a "yarn" that was not in the slightest degree intended to cast reflections on Welsh methods.—O. F.]

COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Last day for sending in, February 19. (Foreign and Colonial Readers, April 18.)

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.
Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in *THE CAPTAIN*.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:
Competition No. —, Class —, *THE CAPTAIN*,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London. W.C.

All competitions should reach us by February 19.

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.—“*My Old Machine.*”—Presuming that your present bicycle has seen its best days, we want you to write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing its chief performances and naming the qualities for which you have reason to regard it as a good old nag. The reader who sends us the best description of this kind will receive as prize a No. 26 Standard Rudge-Whitworth Bicycle, with Free Wheel and Two Speed Gear, value £9 10s. (See Prizes page.)

One Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 2.—“*Proverbs of the Month.*”—Compile a list of proverbs or well-known sayings which have the month of February for their subject. The prizes will be won not necessarily by the longest lists, but by the lists which contain the best and pithiest sentiments. Prizes: Class I., A No. 1 Cycle Speed Indicator, value 12s. 6d., supplied by Markt and Co.; Class II. A Paint Box, manufactured by Messrs. George Rowney and Co. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. No age limit.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty.

No. 3.—“*Action Photographs.*”—Send a photo. of a horse jumping, a boy kicking a football, a man riding a bicycle, or some other subject of an active nature. We shall devote two pages of our April number to a selection of these photos. Prizes: Three Columbia Graphophones, value 17s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. No age limit.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—“*Birthday Card Verse.*”—Send a two-, four-, or eight-line verse suitable for a birthday card. The verse may be humorous or serious. Prizes: Three Handsome Post Card Albums. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. No age limit.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—“*February Celebrities.*”—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in the month of February. In looking round for a subject for your essay do not be guided merely by the names you find in the well-known almanacs. Do not neglect these publications, but also try to think of a celebrated man or woman who is at present looming large before the public eye, but whose name does not appear in the almanacs. Prizes: Class I., a No. O. Midge Camera, value £1 1s., manufactured by Messrs. W. Butcher and Sons; Classes II. and III., A Gradidge Football, value 10s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—“*The Best Kind of Pet.*”—Describe, in an essay not exceeding 400 words, which animal you consider makes, on the whole, the best kind of pet—that is to say—having consideration for economy in cost of keeping, the amusement and companionship it affords, the cheapness with which it can be obtained, &c. &c. Prizes: Three John Piggott Hockey Sticks. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to *April 18.* 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 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

The Old Fag's Dinner Fund.—By Friday before Christmas we had received in sixpences the handsome total of £27 15s. I decided to alter my original intention of sending the money to Mrs. Will Crooks, as a West Ham clergyman informed me that already four distinct Dinner Funds had been promoted in that district for the relief of the unemployed. I therefore had a consultation with the Editor of *The Sunday Strand*, who is in touch with a large number of charities, and decided to split the money up into separate donations of £5. Cheques were accordingly sent to:

The Rev. Stewart Smyth, St. Mark's Vicarage, Victoria Docks, E.

The Secretary, Field Lane Refuges, Vine Street, Clerkenwell, E.C.

The Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.

The Secretary, Tower Hamlets Mission, Great Assembly Hall, Mile End, E.

The Secretary, Church Army, Edgware Road, W.

The following letters acknowledging our donations show what a very great deal of good a Fund like this can do. Next Christmas we must reopen this Fund and invite even more young guests to dinner at our expense. Captainites who subscribed will experience a glow of satisfaction when they read what my correspondents have to say. Truly, it would seem that a huge amount of happiness can be bought for a five-pound note!

THE VICARAGE, ST. MARK'S,
VICTORIA DOCKS, LONDON, E.

DEAR SIR,—Your readers will be pleased to know that your esteemed donation of £5 helped to give a large number of poor boys and girls in this dock district a good Christmas meal, for which they were most grateful. We also supply over 300 poor

boys and girls with good soup and bread daily, but we were very pleased to be enabled to provide the Christmas cheer as well.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) STEWART SMYTH,
Vicar.

FIELD LANE REFUGES, VINE STREET,
CLERKENWELL ROAD, E.C.
December 21.

DEAR SIR,—I am very grateful to the readers of THE CAPTAIN for their kind grant to our Christmas Dinner Fund. During this week cheer has been given to 1250 poor families all known to the Institution staff. On Boxing Day about 880 homeless men and women will be fed, and on January 10, some 700 poor little children are to have a New Year's Dinner, and about 150 little toddling infants a New Year's tea and a romp.

Yours truly,
(Signed) PEREGRINE PLATT,
Secretary.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION AND SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY,
32 JOHN STREET, THEOBALD'S ROAD,
LONDON, W.C. December 21, 1905.

DEAR SIR,—I am delighted to get the generous contribution from the readers of THE CAPTAIN, and tender you most hearty and grateful thanks. I purpose spending the £5 in giving a Christmas Entertainment at the Ashley Mission, Peel Grove, Bethnal Green, on Boxing Day. We shall give three ringing cheers for our kind-hearted hosts, not forgetting "The Old Fag," himself.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) JOHN KIRK,
Secretary.

THE CHURCH ARMY,
55 BRYANSTON STREET,
MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, W.
December 21, 1905.

DEAR SIR,—We are deeply grateful to the readers of your magazine for their generous gift in providing poor boys and girls with food on Christmas Day. We are arranging for the Matron and Manager of our Home at 6 Banner Street, St. Luke's, E., to help these little ones in the way mentioned.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) COLIN F. CAMPBELL,
Hon. Social Secretary.

TOWER HAMLETS MISSION,
GREAT ASSEMBLY HALL,
MILE END, E.
December 22, 1905.

DEAR SIR,—We beg to acknowledge with many thanks your expression of your readers' sympathy and interest in the work we are carrying on among the masses of this densely populated district. This token of confidence in our efforts to assist and help the poor, by whom we are surrounded, is very encouraging and greatly appreciated.

Yours very gratefully,
(Signed) FREDK. N. CHARRINGTON,
Hon. Supt.

As we go to press the following further letter is to hand from the Church Army :

THE CHURCH ARMY,
55 BRYANSTON STREET,
MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, W.
January 1, 1906.

To the Editor of THE CAPTAIN.

DEAR SIR,—I am now in a position to give you some account of the Dinner which, by the kindness of your readers, we were able to give to a lot of poor boys and girls at our Labour Home in Banner Street.

The children were provided by clergymen of the neighbouring parishes, who, at our request, picked out the most forlorn and destitute they could find. We had 250 of them, and fed them all with roast beef, plum pudding, mince pies, oranges, and similar good things.

They appeared to have enjoyed themselves immensely, and heartily cheered the readers of THE CAPTAIN when the function was over.

You may be interested in knowing a few facts about some of them.

(1) The wife of the officer-in-charge noticed a poor little girl, very thinly clad, sitting at the table, and on further examination it appeared that she had absolutely nothing on but a threadbare petticoat. She not only had her dinner, but was given some clothes and boots in addition.

(2) There were three children present whose father had lately been sent to prison for six months under the following circumstances :

Being out of work their home had been broken up, and every day their condition became more desperate. At last, leaving the room where they lived, he went out into the street and deliberately smashed a large window on purpose to attract attention to the suffering of his family. The magistrate at Bow Street sent the woman and children to the Matron in charge of our Prisoners' Wives Relief work, and that was how the little ones got their Christmas Dinner.

(3) Another case sent by a clergyman was a mother and her child, barely a fortnight old. This hardly came within the category of the children you wanted to assist, but the circumstances were discovered just at the same time, and that family was relieved.

(4) Two children found their way from a wretched home where for days they had been starving. They enjoyed their dinner, and were given some boots, and, subsequent to the dinner, further assistance was given to the father and mother.

You will not be surprised to learn that some of

our young guests were so overcome either by joy or hunger that they began to smash up some of the crockery, though it was purposely of an ample thickness. The wonder is, not that this should be so, but that half-starved little urchins should be able to control themselves at all when placed within sight and smell of a good meal.

Will you kindly tell the readers of THE CAPTAIN that we have greatly appreciated their confidence in the Church Army, and their kind thought of our work in making us the medium through which so many boys and girls were made happy, even though only for a short time.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) G. H. NORTHCROFT,
Press Representative.

By the end of Christmas week the total had reached £34 17s. od., and a further cheque for £5 was handed to the Rector of Spitalfields for the relief of poor children in his district. The surplus I devoted to relieving several necessitous cases that had come under my personal notice.

The following is a list of subscriptions received for The Old Fag's Dinner Fund up to December 31, 1905 :

	£	s.	d.
The Old Fag	1	1	0
C. B. Fry, Esq.	1	1	0
Leonard C. Haycroft	2	15	6
Some Harrow Boys	2	10	6
G. E. Arrowsmith, and Pater	0	15	0
Harold D. Jones	0	12	6
V. H. Burton	0	10	0
Alec. Armour	0	10	0
M. A. Southern	0	7	0
"Captain" Advertisement Dept.	0	7	0
Collected by Ray. J. Evans	0	5	6
A. G. Hess	0	6	0
Frank Fox	0	6	0

The following sent Five Shillings each :

Miriam B. Frazer, W. Edward White, "West Hill, Bournemouth," Winnie G. Dowler, Alan Cooper, Frank H. Swallow, H. Ackerley, J. Stanley Uren, Percy N. Young, M. P. Jones, Wini- fred D. Ereaut, Melville Brewer, W. D. N. Robotham, Gwendolyn Pater- son	3	10	0
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The following sent Four Shillings each :

Harold Palmer, H. Thomas, F. E. Baw- den, T. T. Townshend, C. Crossley, Claude Bonnett, Boarders at Larne Grammar School	1	8	0
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The following sent Three-and-Sixpence each :

Frank M. Morgan, Arthur Dutton	0	7	0
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The following sent Three Shillings each :

Allan McCurdy, L. Muir-Smith, G. S. Cather, H. Harradence, G. R. Ham- merton, "Wisbech," R. D. Canadine, F. G. Nicholas, Cyril Cole, Dorris Staf- ford, Hedley V. Fielding, C. Stead	1	16	0
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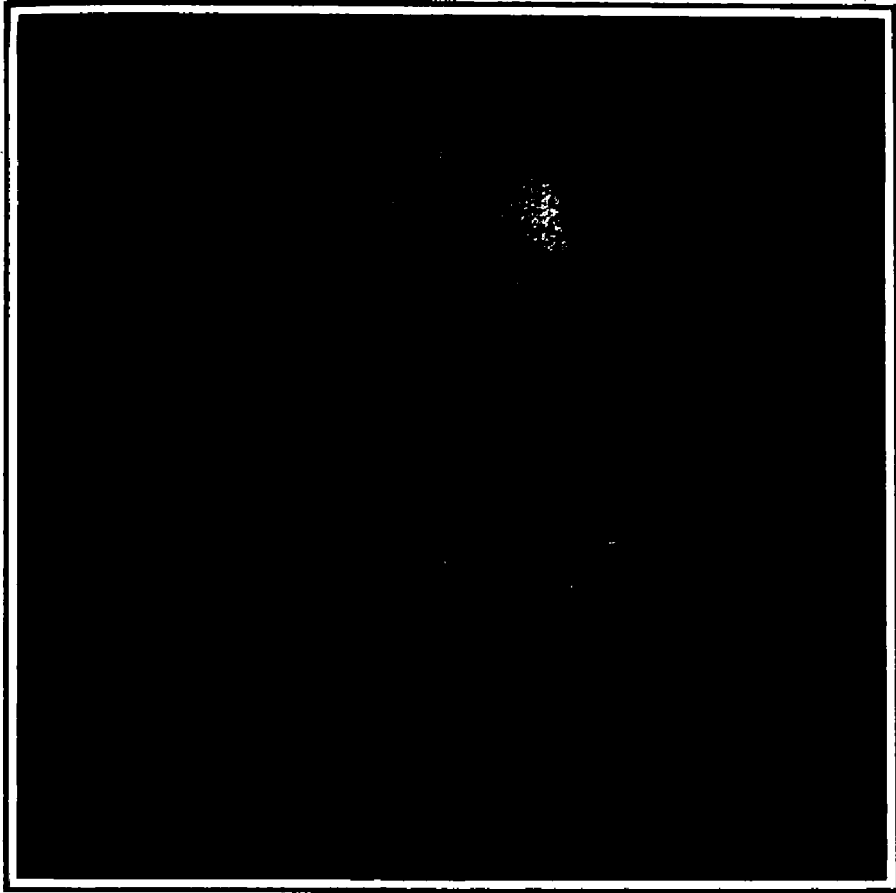
<i>The following sent Half-a-Crown each :</i>		£ s. d.	"Glasgow," "Captain Club" Member, Thomas Bones, Jnr., Forster Shaw, G. R. Barrett, E. K. Bales, P. G. Bales, E. G. Coomes, Stanley Gall, J. Hinton Robertson, J. H., A. L., S. B. Harris, W. Harrison, H. A., Nina W. Davis, Mary Gillott, Oswald G. Fisher, J. T. Pollard, John F. Harris, P. Russell, C. Fillan, A. S. M. Best, "Three CAPTAIN Readers," C. Cowdell, Hector M. Robertson, P. Dreisler, "Bedford," B. H., Owen C. Ford, Jack Sayers, A. V. Porter, C. Keating-Paul, Sidney H. Radcliffe	£ s. d.
Hubert C. Edmonds, Vernon Fincken, "Mark Lane," Evelyn Hewitt, "Nancy," "Wandsworth," W. L. Adams, W. Whelland "Forest Hill," A. B. Whitehill, C. P. Tanner, William Aitken Oldfield, M. Child, C. K. Roe, C. Bellew, E. C. Payne, Amy Lambert, Albert Smith, "Mac," J. Knowles, Madge Kirsopp, Dorothy Armstrong, Elinor M. Bomford, Marian Hewitt, H. Middleton Smith, L. O. B., Theo. Peebles, Irene Peebles, Gerald W. J. Cole, Cyril A. Moss, Frank Haslam, Gladys Gould, Dennis Chesney, Alice Mackie, W. Fish		4 7 6		4 10 0

The following sent Sixpence each :

<i>The following sent Two Shillings each :</i>		£ s. d.	<i>The following sent One-and-Sixpence each :</i>		
"Aunt Buttons," Norman Mallinson, Cyril H. Joynt, James Kellock, Jnr., George K. Poppy, Margaret Barlow, M. Turner, T. W. Spikin, A. U. Ground, L. Harrington Fry, Fred. H. Ansell, W. B. Lambert, Irene Henderson, C. Rendell, Jim Aitken, Albert J. Lock, D. Gurney, Wilbye Saxton, "Four Sympathisers," W. K. Dobbin, P. Foot, E. H. Pointer, Nigel B. Young, Fred. Davis, W. O. R. Wynn, R. Brenard, "Robertson," W. J. Turl, "A Friend from Ireland"		2 18 0	Gladys A. W. von Stralendorff, Joan Sterling, Arthur F. Penn, H. Brand, H. T. Munday, Alfred C. Flewitt, R. H. Stanley, R. J. C. Dutton, Jack Crawford, "Manningtree," Luther Curtis, Sprurgeon Parker, J. P. Fordham, Will Morton, D. Storer, Cadet B. W. Greathed, G. Hellon Drinkwater, C. Hatch		1 7 0

The following sent One Shilling each :

H. Kenward, A. W. Mallett, "Sympathiser," D. Weston, Alex. Scott, Jnr., J. W. Sergeant, W. A. Lief, A. Boulton, E. L. Keatings, Percival C. Bridge, "Kensington Reader," David Hopkins, Jessie L. Boys, Harry Holdsworth, J. B. Thompson, Edward D. Ede, F. H. Goodwin, Ruby M. Parish, H. O. Inkson, Tom. Johnson, T. C. Wright, R. J. Hetherington, G. Nicholson, G. H. Weller, Gordon Downie, J. H. Barry, William G. Hay, Cyril J. Dampney, W. J. Lovegrove, CAPTAIN Outdoor Girl, E. D. Brodie, H. F. Dampney, C. A. Hillen, Harold J. Smith, E. Feltham-Woodrow, C. G. Mitchell, G. W. Mitchell, C. C. M. Witney, Alf. W. Dobbin, Norman Perry, S. Wi on, Dorothy Vacher, Bertram F. Radford, R. H. Bowles, J. H. Hamilton, H. (Margate), Donald, H. Champion, Lucy Ehrmann, Edgar Ehrmann, May Gilbert, E. R. Taylor, Sidney B. Wood, E. Courtman, C. H. Burrell, E. L. Ricketts, W. Oldham,			A. Suggett, Rosa Gibson, Randolph L. Pawlby, J. King, Basil Anderson, "Boxhill," Helen C. Sinclair-Smith, Amy Taylor, H. F. Walton, B. A. and N. Heron, A. W. Robinson, Frances Stuart Brooke, Henry W. Burrows, Alfred B. Bell, D. Nelson, H. Mills-Whittle, George Cozens, H. Dunkley, Edgar J. Barrett, S. H. M., Thomas Wright, R. L. Whatmore, R. A. Inglis, Fred. C. Warburton, Amy L. Allen, G. Layton Bennett, R. Atkins, Chris. Crawford, Herbert H. Long, Wm. Barraclough, Jnr., Constance H. Greaves, "Club Member," Harry P. Hider, Edith M. Haskins, S. M., W. R. Cairns, Bernard E. Jull, Noel L. Brown, W. F. Curtis, S. B., G. E. B., Kenneth Badger, "A Lover of the CAPTAIN," Cadet E. D. Marston, Alfred Mattinson, "CAPTAIN Reader," A. N. Siddle, Molly Rickman, Marjorie Crick, Cedric C. Hogg, Charles Scott, E. L. Joseph, George H. Bird, Maurice B. Reckitt, "Tynesider," Nora ff. Blake, Mabel M. Hewitt, A. D. Gordon, T. Alfred Lowe, Hylton Cleaver, P. M., B. M. Peck, U. M. Peck, L. Tippen, Walter Eccles, F. J. Ward, John M. Falconer, W. R. Gresty, F. Tucker, M. Tucker, Ella M. Kirkpatrick, Lindsay Boyle, Miss Fairbrass, C. Maud Heddy, Albert Albrow, A. J. Pearce, R. W. Jepson, K. A. Jepson, J. T. S., Arthur E. Boucher, C. Howlett, G. Thomas, J. D. Barron, C. S. Crowther, P. Cottee, F. Harman, F. R. Whitehouse, R. G. Hodder, P. A. Maydevell, Wilfrid J. Collings, C. A. Gibson, W. L. Palmer, E. M. F., E. Jepson, P. Monckton, E. J. Patterson, A. C. Taylor, Charles Stiebels, G. A. Fleming, N. Hyne, Frank Langford, W. Gundry Jnr., Maisie Bridge, Rosalind Bridge, K. R. Tasman, E. R. Dutton, Frieda Kipping, C. MacAlpine, A. Lewis, J. E. D., J. Douglas Hounam, Winifrede M. Paul		2 16 0
<i>Sale of Autographs.</i> —Ethel R. Pringle, 3s.; Alan Boulton, 5s.; Raymond Dobb, 2s. 6d.				0 10 6	
Total				£34 17 0	



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE NEW LIBERAL MINISTRY.

Photo. Haines.

Scholarship - Appointment Competition.

— Mr. James Munford, Director of Kensington College, Bayswater, W., has forwarded me the result of this Competition, announced in our September, October, and November numbers. Competitors were set a general knowledge paper, consisting of twelve questions, the Prize being one year's training at Kensington College and a satisfactory appointment when qualified. Mr. Munford, in adjudicating the papers submitted, commented on the high standard attained by them all.

Eighty marks out of a possible hundred were obtained by

George H. Schofield (age 16), 20 Kilton Lane, Pitmoor, Sheffield, and

Clarissa Mary Herrick (age 18), Killarney House, Wooton-under-Edge, Gloucester.

Age being taken into consideration, the Scholarship was accordingly awarded to George H. Schofield, whom I heartily congratulate upon his success.

In addition to the Scholarship, Three

Prizes of One Guinea each were offered by THE CAPTAIN for the best papers sent in by a candidate under eighteen, by a candidate under sixteen, and by a Colonial candidate. These have been awarded to:

George H. Schofield, 20 Kilton Lane, Pitmoor, Sheffield; Elsie Paterson (age 15), 3 Royal Terrace, Edinburgh; Digby Harris, Oak Cottage, Kumaon, India; who obtained eighty, fifty, and fifty-five marks respectively.

T. B. Sadler and Harold B. S. Yeoman each obtained sixty-five marks, and are highly commended.

The Youngest Member of the Ministry.—The following interesting particulars about Mr. Winston Churchill, which I found in the *Star*, suggested to me the publishing of Mr. Churchill's portrait in THE CAPTAIN. Says the *Star*: "The most 'picturesque' appointment which has been made is that of Mr. Winston Churchill to the Under-Secretaryship for the Colonies.

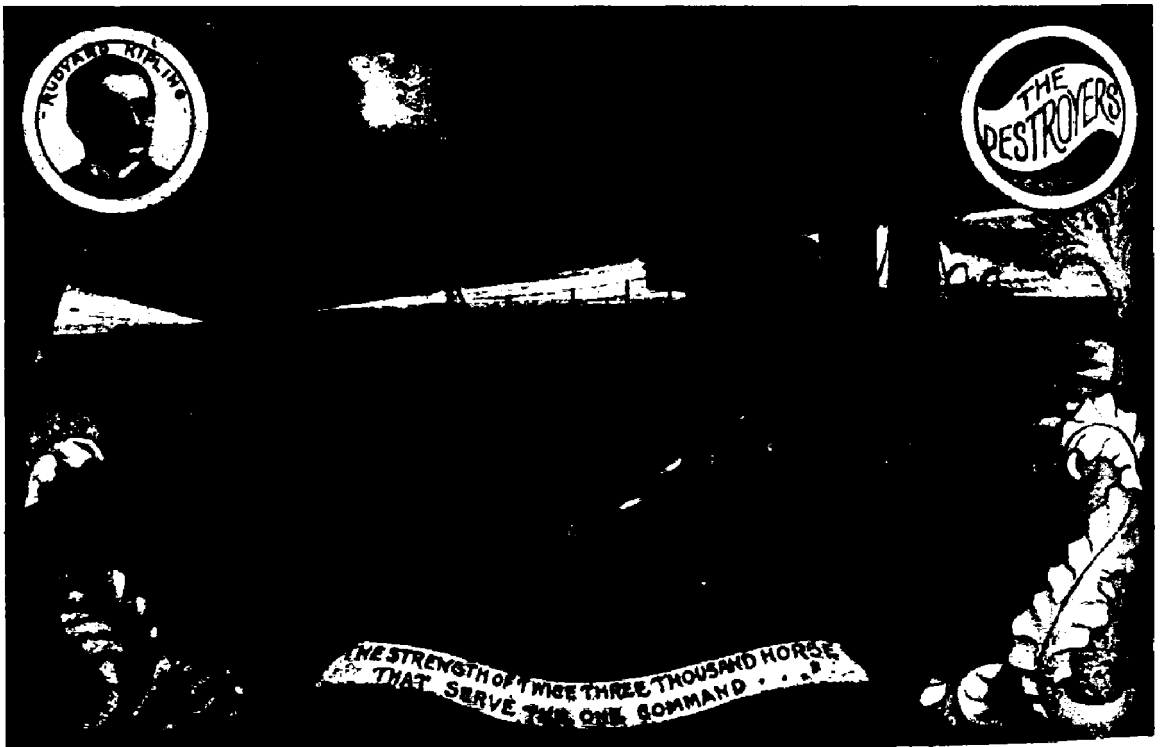
He is only thirty-one years of age, but has already 'shoved behind him,' as Mr. Kipling would say, a whole lifetime of experiences. The son of Lord Randolph Churchill and of the clever American lady who is now Mrs. George Cornwallis West, he went from Harrow into the Hussars, served with the Spanish forces in Cuba, saw more 'life' with the Malakand Field Force, the Tirah Expedition, and the Nile Expedition, and was at the battle of Khartoum, attached to the 21st Lancers. Then the scene changed to South Africa, where, as a correspondent of the *Morning Post*, he witnessed some of the most thrilling scenes of the late war, was taken prisoner, and made a sensational escape. His adventures have been published in several volumes, but he has now settled down to serious politics, in which he displays all the audacity and independence which characterised his lamented father. He was elected for Oldham as a Conservative, but has shaken off the antiquated shackles of that party for good, and stands now for free trade and progress."

Wind v. Steam.—After accepting this story—one of the very best yarns, in my opinion, that we have ever published—it

occurred to me to ask Captain Shaw whether it would be possible for the *Ajax* to steam to the Thames from Sydney without coaling on the way. Here is his reply to my letter. With regard to Captain Sleek's decision to go round the Horn instead of through the Magellan Straits, as would be the more likely course for a steamer undertaking this voyage, the author has also something interesting to say :

"When freights are low and cargoes small, it is no uncommon thing for a steamer to utilise a considerable portion of her cargo space for bunker-coal. The owners find it cheaper to fill up the vessel's coal-supply at a port like Sydney, where coal is cheap, than to allow the ship to call at Punta Arenas, where coal is at famine prices. I, myself, have steamed, on many occasions, a distance of 14,000 miles without rebunkering; and this is the experience of many seamen.

"With regard to your question about the passage through Magellan Straits, the choice of the two courses is usually left with the commander of the vessel. There are so many circumstances governing the navigation of that channel—the season of the year, the state of the weather, the condition of the tides—that



THE WINNING PICTURE POST-CARD DESIGN.

Drawn by Alfred Cooke.

no specific law can be drawn up for the captain's guidance. In many cases it is a distinct gaining in time to take the (apparently) longer route round Cape Horn. Especially would this be the case when the ship had no need to call at Punta Arenas—in the Straits—for coal.

"*Apropos* of the captain's discrimination being employed, I can tell you a story. I met the captain of a German steamer in Valparaiso some two or three years ago, and, on asking him which route he intended to follow on his homeward journey, received the reply that he would go round the Horn, as it was possible to come across many small icebergs, which would be admirably adapted to *cooling his somewhat large supply of beer!*"



THEIR ONE CHUM WAS THE RABBIT.

Sad Death of Pet Rabbit.—The back of my flat (I live in West London) looks upon a poor but respectable thoroughfare, the rental of the houses being about fourteen shillings a week, and the inhabitants thereof such folk as policemen, railway guards, and artisans. Directly opposite the back of my flat lives a stout, jolly-looking plumber with a thin, sour-faced wife and a couple of chubby children, apparently twins. Their garden is some twenty yards long, and the twins practically spent the summer in it. They were out in it at seven in the morning, and they only went indoors for meals, and that as often as not, they took their meals in the garden. The companion of many of their long summer-day frolics was (as depicted by our Tame Artist) a rabbit, which appeared to enjoy its spells out of the hutch in its own quiet way, traversing the garden with its peculiar little leaps and browsing on such degenerate vegetation as the poor London garden-soil afforded. The twins loved the

rabbit dearly, and often embraced it with strenuous hugs. When they wrestled with one another the rabbit would squat near by and gravely act as umpire. So the summer passed. Never once did the twins go away; all the long summer they never saw a green field or a hedge. The back garden was their world, and their one chum—their one fellow—was the rabbit. At length came October, with wind and rain. The twins had to play within-doors now, and the rabbit was confined to its hutch. The autumn wore into winter, and I fear me the jolly-looking plumber must have lost his job, for he seemed to be a good deal at home. At length came a certain Sunday when the pinch of poverty must have been felt in the jolly plumber's house. About nine o'clock the plumber and his sour wife came out—the twins toddling after them—and held a long confabulation by the rabbit's hutch. The plumber seemed to be acting as counsel for the defence. Meanwhile the twins talked to the rabbit, through the wire. The plumber and his wife went indoors, and probably continued the argument there. The woman must have won the day, for presently, about 10.30, she came out, opened the hutch, and dragged the rabbit out by its ears. She took it indoors, and *shut the children out.* The dreadful moments went by. . . . I

knew instinctively what was happening. At length the back door opened and the woman appeared again *with the corpse of the rabbit in her hands.* This she hung on the clothes-line. When it had been suspended there for an hour, she took the body down and bore it indoors. At 1.30 the twins were called in, and at 2 they reappeared in the garden, visibly fatter, and each *gnawing a bone*

Last scene of all: on Monday a rag-and-bone man called, inspected the skin, and gave the woman twopence for it.

Nearly every poor neighbour of mine in this little street has a domestic pet. Should things go hard with that railway porter in No. 4, perchance his canary's note will be stopped with a murderous suddenness; should the policeman in No. 6 fall short with his rent, his frisky little terrier may go to swell the contents of his family stew-pot; and should that cadaverous umbrella-mender in No. 8 experience the pangs of



A TRIPLE CAPTAIN.

The Captain of Football, Cricket, and Swimming
at Lancing College.

hunger, I have fears for the longevity of his *tortoiseshell* cat.

The fate of the Pet Rabbit conjures up many such grim thoughts in my mind. The plumber is at work again now, but the door of the hutch swings dismally in the wintry wind. The twins are always indoors now. The garden is quite empty.

The Real Sailor.—In a recent number one of our critics took Mr. Frank Bullen to task for insisting on the bluffness and breeziness of sailors. Our critic remarked that, so far from being bluff and breezy, sailors are really very quiet men, as "the sea subdues them." For the expression of this opinion we received the commendation of *The Syren and Shipping*, and "F. J. G.," a contributor to that influential journal, has since broken into verse on the subject, as follows :

- "It's true, what captious critics say :
The sailorman is rather quiet.
He doesn't 'darn his eyes' all day,
Nor spend his nights in grog and riot.
- "He is not always raucous-voiced,
Or lacking in the gentler graces.
His 'slacks' he does not always 'hoist' ;
He even now and then wears braces !

"Ashore, he does not always smack
Upon the shoulder, passing parties.
And hail them on the starb'd tack
With, 'Heave-aho, avast, my hearties !'

"In fact, his 'breeziness' is 'bluff,'
Though yarners try to prove him taller,
The sea subdues him quite enough,
And owners make him feel still smaller !"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

School Sports.—A. M. Douglas sends me the results of the Geelong Grammar School sports, which I append :

One Mile.—L. Fairbairn, 4 min. 56½ sec.

Quarter-Mile.—G. McArthur, 55½ sec.

100 Yards.—S. Dobson, 10½ sec.

Hurdles.—A. Bagot, 17½ sec.

High Jump.—A. Hearn, 5 ft. 5½ in.

Long Jump.—A. Bagot, 19 ft.

Vault with pole—A. Hearn, 9 ft. 1 in.

Cricket Ball.—W. Orchard, 100 yd. 5 in.

Weight.—P. Eardley-Wilmot, 29 ft. 2 in.

It will be noticed that capital performances were accomplished in the 100 Yards, the High Jump, and Throwing the Cricket Ball. The High Jump of 5 ft. 5½ in. is, indeed, a school record, and as the winner is only sixteen years of age I shall expect him to do great things in the near future.

A copy of the school magazine of the Upper Canada College, Toronto, containing results of the last sports there has also been sent to me. The open events resulted as follows :

Mile.—J. M. Baker, 5 min. 17 sec.

Half-Mile.—V. A. E. Goad, 2 min. 18 sec.

Quarter-Mile.—C. G. Wilson, 57½ sec.

220 Yards.—J. Gzowski, 25 sec.

100 Yards.—C. A. Wilson, 10½ sec.

High Jump.—J. Gzowski, 4 ft. 10½ in.

Belated school sports results, from the Queen's School, Taunton, which have also reached me, I include likewise :

Mile.—H. S. Reed, 5 min. 13 sec.

Half-mile.—Pepper, 2 min. 12 sec.

220 Yards.—Smith, 24½ sec.

100 Yards.—Msimang, 11½ sec.

Hurdles.—Lee and Hewitt, 19 sec.

High Jump.—Lee, 4 ft. 11 in.

Long Jump.—H. S. Reed, 17 ft. 11 in.

Cricket Ball.—J. P. Risdon, 83 yd. 2 ft.

The Age for Leaving off Etons.

"N. K." is greatly perturbed because, although he is nearly seventeen years of age—and a big fellow, too—his guardian insists upon his still wearing Etons. He says : "Don't you think I am too old ? When I bought some high collars a short time ago, and wore them, my guardian was most awfully angry, and I was swished and put back in disgrace into Etons. When I went in for the London Matriculation I was the only fellow of the whole lot in Etons. On the birthday of my chum, who is six months younger than I, we went to a theatre. He wore a high collar and evening dress, and I, who was much bigger and stronger, was dressed in Etons. And I am certain that I should have been made Vice-Captain of our football club, only they thought me rather a kid because I wore Etons. My guardian says it is all stuff and twaddle when I point out this. I do not see when it will all stop, because I have only just had a new Eton suit and more collars, which have had to be specially made for me.

What can I do to make my guardian see that I am too old for Etons?" I certainly think that a boy of seventeen should have said good-bye to Etons. If "N. K." will tell his guardian that this is the opinion of a gentleman who has had a wide and varied experience of boys, it may have the desired effect, and I hope he will very soon blossom forth into a coat and collar more to his liking.

Cestus asks me for advice on the choice of a boxing-club in London. As a silver medallist at Aldershot, he is anxious to continue practice in his favourite sport. This is rather a difficult matter on which to give advice. There are many boxing-clubs in London, and a number of them turn out first-rate men and afford excellent opportunities for good sport. "Cestus" must bear in mind, however, that the membership is more mixed in a boxing-club than in almost any other kind of sporting community. He cannot do better, I think, than join the Belsize Boxing Club, which has its headquarters in St. John's Wood, N.W. One might go so far as to say that the Belsize Boxing Club is the premier club in London. The prowess of its members is well known, and it is constantly receiving recruits from the public schools. "Cestus" will find many other Aldershot silver medallists amongst its members. The secretary tells me that at the present time the club includes old boys from the following schools: Aldenham, Bedford, Berkhamstead, Charterhouse, Cheltenham, Christ's Hospital, City of London, Clifton, Cranleigh, Dulwich, Epsom, Eton, Felsted, Haileybury, Harrow, Highgate, King's College, Leamington, Llandoverly, Loretto, Malvern, Marlborough, Merchant Taylor's, Radley, Repton, Rugby, St. Paul's, Tonbridge, University College School, Uppingham, Westminster, Winchester.

Autograph Collecting.—Phyllis Harding is an autograph collector, and sends me an essay on this

hobby for the "Captain Club" pages. The essay, however, is hardly substantial enough for publication in that department, but there are one or two items in it which are worth quoting. For instance, "I got Jessop's autograph in pencil on the Cheltenham ground, but I wanted it in ink, so I asked him again six weeks afterwards at the Oval, and he recognised me. Sammy Woods' autograph is quite a curiosity. It is illegible, as he was in a bad temper and scribbled. Often and often I



"BUT GAVE IT TO ME."

have had a cluster of boys with me round some man, and he has refused to give his autograph to any of the boys, but gave it to me." It would certainly seem that Miss Phyllis gets a pull over the boys when it comes to bothering a famous

cricketer who is making his way to the pavilion with his thoughts intent on cold beef and cherrypart. My correspondent is not very kind to Mr. Woods, the great-hearted Somerset skipper, who, I hear with regret, contemplates resigning his captaincy at the end of the 1906 season. When the captain of a team is debating with himself some important matter of policy, he cannot always be expected to smile in an affable way on suddenly finding an autograph-book pushed under his nose and a pencil thrust into his hand.

Albert Smith wishes to attend a course at the School of Mines at Freiberg, in Saxony, and asks for information as to the cost of living in that part of Germany. His expenses in Freiberg should not be very heavy, and he ought to be able to live very comfortably on £120 a year. I cannot say that I know of any *pension* in Freiberg which I can recommend to him, but he will do well to put up at the Hotel de Saxe, say, for a day or two while looking round and making arrangements on the spot for board and residence. The best plan of travelling to Saxony is to take a single ticket to Dresden by the Queenboro'-Flushing route, and to rebook at Dresden for Freiberg, as there are no through tickets issued in London. The cost of a first-class ticket to Dresden will be £4 18s. 4d., or second-class £3 10s. 8d., while the cost of a ticket from Dresden to Freiberg will be under 10s. second-class. An excellent service would take him from London (Victoria) at 9.35 A.M., and land him in Dresden at 11.13 the next morning. He would then need to drive across the city to the Central Station, and departing thence at 12.25 P.M. he would arrive at Freiberg at 1.39 P.M. Readers who are in doubt with regard to arrangements for travelling abroad will find the Touring Association of the Polytechnic, 309 Regent Street, W., a wonderfully well-informed agency.

"Bolek."—When we tell competitors to look up the names of celebrities in almanacks, we mean such almanacks as "Whitaker's" and "Hazell's Annual." You will also find much useful information about celebrities in "Who's Who." As for the language of the Competition Editor being "vague," there I cannot agree with you, as I can conceive nothing simpler than the instructions for our "Celebrities" competitions. You are asked to write about a well-known man or woman, a dead one if you like, a live one if you like. Your choice of subject depends entirely on the extent of your reading or your knowledge of people who are before the public eye. The handling of the subject is what counts. A good essay on Henry I. would have just as good a chance of winning a prize as a paper on a gentleman who now figures prominently in the daily press—say, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; or a description of the virtues of the famous Queen Eleanor, who sucked the poison out of her husband's wound, would be marked impartially side by side with an essay on the talents and graces of Miss Ellen Terry. It is delightful to think of the illimitable field one can traverse in search of a subject for a celebrity essay. In fact, I almost wish I were a boy or girl again (I mean, a boy again) in order that I could go in for this competition.

THE OLD FAG.

Further Answers to Correspondents will be found on Advt. page xxiv.

Results of December Competitions.

No. I.—"Twelve Best Authors."

(No age limit.)
WINNER OF BILLIARD TABLE: P. Eustace Petter, "Elmcote," Ilfracombe.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Alex. Scott (JUN.), Burnside House, Tillicoultry.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. Fawcett, Tom Marston, Albert Bentley, Edwin Cawthron, J. A. Carter, D. L. Don, Norman H. Sharp, H. G. Prosser, A. B. Harrower.

No. II.—"Picture Post Card Design."

(No age limit.)
WINNER OF ROBT. H. INGERSOLL AND BROS. "BONHEUR" WATCH: Alfred Cooke, Greystone Road, Penketh, nr. Warrington, Lancs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Joseph Taylor 40 Northgate, Baildon, nr. Shipley, Yorks; W. C. Perkins, 2 Grosvenor Villas, Grosvenor Road, Coventry.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Leslie Collins, Muriel Cranfield, Randolph L. Pawby, Winifred A. Morton, George F. Brodie, Frank P. Newbould, Nora French Blake, H. C. G. Ellis.

No. III.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Mayne Reid, 1 Grange Road, Alloa, N.B.
 A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Harry W. Witcombe, Castlebrook, Holland Road, Maidstone.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. S. Maples, James E. T. S. Hilton, William Livermore, R. W. Copeman, Charles Pratt.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: G. S. B. Cushnie, 182 Grove Street, Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Reginald C. Phillips, Wm. Cook, G. C. Heslop (JUD.), W. Gundry (JUN.), L. E. Bastable, A. S. Pentelow, Kathleen D. Murray.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Geoffrey Harrison, Ballincar, Sligo, Ireland.
 HONOURABLE MENTION: A. R. Rubin, L. Ruming, W. Mackay, A. G. Gurney, Edwin C. Long, P. W. Owen.

No. IV.—"December Celebrities."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: B. Overbury, Hale Road, Bowdon, Cheshire.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: C. H. B. Wills, Nartow Coombe, Islington, Newton Abbot.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. de M. Lainté, A. Tapply, Cyril Thomas, G. Okeden, Thomas Bones, G. A. Taylor, T. W. Spikin, L. C. Whetham, W. H. L. Gronow, F. Hill, E. B. Stanwell, G. C. Mortimer, Joseph Morgan.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: George A. Birkett, 10 Ellerslie Road, Tue Brook, Liverpool.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Jack Carter, St. Thomas's Manse, Coatbridge, N.B.; H. L. Williams, "Carberry," Albert Road, Caversham, Oxon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. H. Mellor, G. H. Schofield, G. E. Lexon, A. G. Clutterbuck, E. J. Morris, J. M. Douglas, H. B. Usher, W. Atkinson, H. B. Champion.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF "GAMAGE" FOOTBALL: Douglas G. Colyer, 165, Culverley Road, Catford, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edith A. Raistrick, Preston Fairman.

No. V.—"Map of Manchuria."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY PAINT BOX: G. W. Bailey, 396 Attercliffe Road, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles George Wintle, C. H. Crutcheden, T. J. Gillott, G. Austen Taylor, W. G. Edmunds.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY PAINT BOX: Henry G. Macpherson, 208 High Street, Portobello, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Stanley W. Le Feaux, Douglas E. Hearn, A. J. F. Tracey, William M. Marshall, James Haddock (JUN.), W. Bass, Herbert Purslow.

No. VI.—"Idea for Story."

(No age limit.)
WINNERS OF 5s.: Basil M. Peck, 8a Randolph Road, Maida Hill, W.; George Long, The Shrubbery, Whitchurch, Hants; Daisy Campbell, 19 Brookside, Cambridge; M. E. Thomson, 39 Albertos Road, Forest Gate.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Nora Playne, W. B. Darvill, Shirley Wilson, Annie E. Johnson, B. Mitchell, G. Greenwood, Ed. Smerdon, J. Y. Morris, S. G. B. Wills, T. W. Cooper, Nora Giltinan.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(October 1905.)

No. III.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** Fitzherbert Howell, 62 Henry Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Leslie H. Burket (Canada), John Allison (Cape Colony).

No. IV.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** Ronald A. Birbeck, 39 Temple Lane, Kingston, Jamaica.

No. V.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** Thomas F. Tolhurst, Scott Street, Parkside South, Adelaide, South Australia.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Joseph Boase (Australia).

No. VI.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** W. J. Perrott, Clauscutum, Rosebank, Cape Town.
 HONOURABLE MENTION: Benjamin Smellie (India), G. Caris (jun.), Cape Colony.

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 Greyhousse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the December Competitions.

No. I.—The winning list, decided by vote, is as follows:

George Meredith	<i>The Ordeal of Richard Feverel</i>
A. Conan Doyle	<i>The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes</i>
Hall Caine	<i>The Eternal City</i>
J. M. Barrie	<i>The Little Minister</i>
Rudyard Kipling	<i>The Light that Failed</i>
Thomas Hardy	<i>Far from the Maddening Crowd</i>
Rider Haggard	<i>King Solomon's Mines</i>
Stanley Weyman	<i>A Gentleman of France</i>
S. R. Crockett	<i>The Stickit Minister</i>
Anthony Hope	<i>The Prisoner of Zenda</i>
N. W. Jacobs	<i>Many Cargoes</i>
Marie Corelli	<i>The Sorrows of Satan</i>

We congratulate the winner of the Billiard Table (value £8 8s.). His list was the best in every way. There were a large number of entries for this Competition, but a great many readers failed to realise that a list of living authors was required.

No. III.—Well-thought-out evening scenes were successful in Classes I. and II., while in Class III. a capital portrait study won the prize.

No. IV.—Excellent essays were sent in by competitors in Classes I. and II., and selection was a matter of some difficulty. The favourite "Celebrities" chosen were Milton, Kipling, Gladstone, Beethoven, John Morley, and the Queen. Competitors in Class III. are certainly young, but they should bear in mind that the entries are not, as a rule, very large, and consequently a prize is not difficult to obtain.

No. V.—Some excellent maps of this somewhat difficult subject were submitted, the winning efforts being remarkable for completeness of detail.

No. VI.—Quite a number of interesting "plots" for short stories were sent in, and a good many others which were decidedly lacking in originality. The four selected should make quite good reading if they ever appear in short story form.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



SCHOOL.

BY A SCHOOLBOY.

WHAT'S the use of going to school ?
What's the use of learning Greek ?
All one goes for is to fool,
And get impots. all the week.

What's the use of Latin to you—
Dead and gone long years ago ?
What good can declensions do you—
Tell me, please, I'd like to know !

Is it aught to you or me,
If that far-off planet Mars,
Is a town upon the Dee,
Or the smallest of the stars ?

Is it aught with us to know
Whether lofty Everest
Is amid the arctic snow,
Or where eagles make their nest ?

Science calls water H_2O ;
Has that with us more to do
Than if standing for A Crow
Is the symbol ZY_2 ?

What's the use of going to school ?
What's the use of learning Greek ?
All one goes for is to fool,
And get impots. a'll the week.

HOWARD V. POWELL.

[Will some CAPTAIN poet kindly reply to this
young gentleman ?—O.F.]



GHEEN'S LEFT SHOT OUT ONCE MORE, AND FOUND ITS MARK.

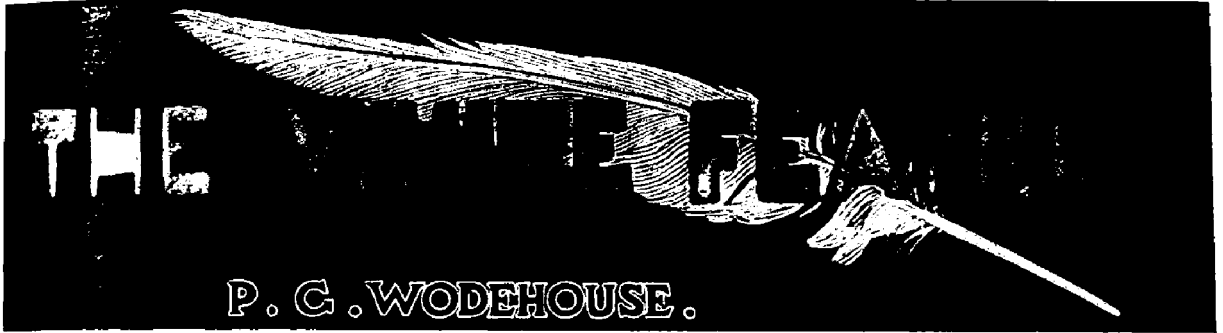
THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIV.

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No. 84.



Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SYNOPSIS

Sheen, of the Sixth Form at Wrykyn School, has shown the white feather during an election-time row in the town, with the result that, information being laid as to his cowardice by Stanning, a former friend of his, he is cut by all in his house (Seymour's). Later, he encounters "Albert," the ring-leader of the local hooligans, and suffers severely at the latter's hands, though making a plucky resistance. The timely intervention of Joe Bevan, an ex-champion pugilist and trainer, saves him from serious injury. At Bevan's suggestion Sheen begins to learn boxing, under his instruction, at the "Blue Boar," an inn up the river which has been placed out of bounds; and makes such progress that he hopes to enter for the House Boxing Competition, and by winning that to restore the somewhat fallen fortunes of Seymour's and reinstate himself in the eyes of the House. The great match with Ripton School results in a demoralising defeat of the Wrykyn XV., and, as a result of infection caught during this visit to Ripton, Drummond, the best boxer in the school, develops mumps, and is unable to compete in the House Boxing Competition. Sheen, who has already astonished a few boys by one or two exhibitions of unsuspected pluck and masterfulness—notably in a private encounter with Attell, who manages notwithstanding to spread a report that Sheen has "funked" again—sends a letter to Drummond, asking to be allowed to take his place. He receives a curt reply to the effect that his services will not be required, a substitute having already been decided on. Sheen, therefore, sees that the only way in which he can retrieve his reputation is by entering for the Light-Weights at Aldershot. With the friendly aid of a master, this he manages to do, and the conclusion of the previous instalment sees him in the ring, facing his first opponent. Joe Bevan, it may be mentioned, has promised to be present in order to render assistance and advice to his pupil, but much to Sheen's disappointment the ex-pugilist has not yet appeared.

CHAPTER XXI.

A GOOD START.

IT was all over in half a minute. The Tonbridgian was a two-handed fighter of the rushing type, and almost immediately after he had shaken hands Sheen found himself against the ropes, blinking from a heavy hit between the eyes. Through the mist he saw his opponent sparring up to him, and as he hit he side-stepped. The next moment he was out in the middle again, with his man pressing him hard. There was a quick rally, and then Sheen swung his right at a venture. The blow had no conscious aim. It was purely speculative. But it succeeded. The Tonbridgian fell with a thud.

Sheen drew back. The thing seemed pathetic. He had braced himself up for a long fight, and it had ended in half a minute. His sensations were mixed. The fighting half of him was praying that his man would get up and start again. The prudent half realised that it was best that he should stay down. He had other fights before him before he could call that silver medal his own, and this would give him an invaluable start in the race. His rivals had all had to battle hard in their opening bouts.

The Tonbridgian's rigidity had given place to spasmodic efforts to rise. He got on one knee, and his gloved hand roamed feebly about in search of a hold. It was plain that he had shot his bolt. The referee signed to



his seconds, who ducked into the ring and carried him to his corner. Sheen walked back to his own corner, and sat down. Presently the referee called out his name as the winner, and he went across the ring and shook hands with his opponent, who was now himself again.

He overheard snatches of conversation as he made his way through the crowd to the dressing-room.

"Useful boxer, that Wrykyn boy."

"Shortest fight I've seen here since Hopley won the heavy-weights."

"Fluke, do you think?"

"Don't know. Came to the same thing in the end, anyhow. Caught him fair."

"Hard luck on that Tonbridge man. He's a good boxer really. Did well here last year."

Then an outburst of hand-claps drowned the speakers' voices. A swarthy youth with the Ripton pink and green on his vest had pushed past him and was entering the ring. As he entered the dressing-room he heard the referee announcing the names. 'So that was the famous Peteiro! Sheen admitted to himself that he looked tough, and hurried into his coat and out of the dressing-room again so as to be in time to see how the Ripton terror shaped.

It was plainly not a one-sided encounter. Peteiro's opponent hailed from St. Paul's, a school that has a habit of turning out boxers. At the end of the first round it seemed to Sheen that honours were easy. The great Peteiro had taken as much as he had given, and once had been uncompromisingly floored by the Pauline's left. But in the second round he began to gain points. For a boy of his weight he had a terrific hit with the right, and three applications of this to the ribs early in the round took much of the sting out of the Pauline's blows. He fought on with undiminished pluck, but the Riptonian was too strong for him, and the third round was a rout. To quote the *Sportsman* of the following day, "Peteiro crowded in a lot of work with both hands, and scored a popular victory."

Sheen looked thoughtful at the conclusion of the fight. There was no doubt that Drummond's antagonist of the previous year was formidable. Yet Sheen believed that he himself was the cleverer of the two. At any rate, Peteiro had given no signs of possessing much cunning. To all appearances he was a tough, go-ahead fighter, with a right which would drill a hole in a steel plate. Had he sufficient skill to baffle his (Sheen's) strong tactics? If

only Joe Bevan would come! With Joe in his corner to direct him he would feel safe.

But of Joe up to the present there were no signs.

Mr. Spence came and sat down beside him.

"Well, Sheen," he said, "so you won your first fight. Keep it up."

"I'll try, sir," said Sheen.

"What do you think of Peteiro?"

"I was just wondering, sir. He hits very hard."

"Very hard indeed."

"But he doesn't look as if he was very clever."

"Not a bit. Just a plain slogger. That's all. That's why Drummond beat him last year in the Feather-weights. In strength there was no comparison, but Drummond was just too clever for him. You will be the same, Sheen."

"I hope so, sir," said Sheen.

After lunch the second act of the performance began. Sheen had to meet a boxer from Harrow who had drawn a bye in the first round of the competition. This proved a harder fight than his first encounter, but by virtue of a stout heart and a straight left he came through it successfully, and there was no doubt as to what the decision would be. Both judges voted for him.

Peteiro demolished a Radleian in his next fight.

There were now three light-weights in the running—Sheen, Peteiro, and a boy from Clifton. Sheen drew the bye, and sparred in an outer room with a soldier, who was inclined to take the thing easily. Sheen, with the thought of the final in his mind, was only too ready to oblige him. They sparred an innocuous three rounds, and the man of war was kind enough to whisper in his ear as they left the room that he hoped he would win the final, and that he himself had a matter of one-and-sixpence with Old Spud Smith on his success.

"For I'm a man," said the amiable warrior confidentially, "as knows Class when he sees it. You're Class, sir, that's what you are."

This, taken in conjunction with the fact that if the worst came to the worst he had, at any rate, won a bronze medal by getting into the final, cheered Sheen. If only Joe Bevan had appeared he would have been perfectly contented.

But there were no signs of Joe.

CHAPTER XXII.

A GOOD FINISH.

"FINAL, Light-Weights," shouted the referee.

A murmur of interest from the ring-side chairs.

"R. D. Sheen, Wrykyn College."

Sheen got his full measure of applause this time. His two victories in the preliminary bouts had won him favour with the spectators.

"J. Peteiro, Ripton School."

"Go it, Ripton!" cried a voice from near the door. The referee frowned in the direction of this audacious partisan, and expressed a hope that the audience would kindly refrain from comment during the rounds.

Then he turned to the ring again, and, as if anxious that there should be no mistake, announced the names a second time.

"Sheen—Peteiro."

The Ripton man was sitting with a hand on each knee, listening to the advice of his school instructor, who had thrust head and shoulders through the ropes and was busy impressing some point upon him. Sheen found himself noticing the most trivial things with extraordinary clearness. In the front row of the spectators sat a man with a parti-coloured tie. He wondered idly what tie it was. It was rather like the one worn by members of Templar's house at Wrykyn. Why were the ropes of the ring red? He rather liked the colour. There was a man lighting a pipe. Would he blow out the match or extinguish it with a wave of the hand? What a beast Peteiro looked. He really was a nigger. He must look out for that right of his. The straight left. Push it out. Straight left ruled the boxing world. Where was Joe? He must have missed the train. Or perhaps he hadn't been able to get away. Why did he want to yawn, he wondered.

"Time!"

The Ripton man became suddenly active. He almost ran across the ring. A brief hand-shake, and he had penned Sheen up in his corner before he had time to leave it. It was evident what advice his instructor had been giving him. He meant to force the pace from the start.

The suddenness of it threw Sheen momentarily off his balance. He seemed to be in a whirl of blows. A sharp shock from behind. He had run up against the post. Despite everything he remembered to keep his guard up, and stopped a lashing hit from his antagonist's left. But he was too late to keep out his

right. In it came, full on the weakest spot on his left side. The pain of it caused him to double up for an instant, and as he did so his opponent uppercut him. There was no rest for him. Nothing that he had ever experienced with the gloves on approached this. If only he could get out of this corner.

Then, almost unconsciously, he recalled Joe Bevan's advice.

"If a man's got you in a corner," Joe had said, "fall on him."

Peteiro made another savage swing. Sheen dodged it and hurled himself forward.

"Break away," said a dispassionate, official voice.

Sheen broke away, but now he was out of the corner with the whole good, open ring to manoeuvre in.

He could just see the Ripton instructor signalling violently to his opponent, and, in reply to the signals, Peteiro came on again with another fierce rush.

But Sheen in the open was a different person from Sheen cooped up in a corner. Francis Hunt had taught him to use his feet. He side-stepped, and, turning quickly, found his man staggering past him, overbalanced by the force of his wasted blow. And now it was Sheen who attacked, and Peteiro who tried to escape. Two swift hits he got in before his opponent could face round, and another as he turned and rushed. Then for a while the battle raged without science all over the ring. Gradually, with a cold feeling of dismay, Sheen realised that his strength was going. The pace was too hot. He could not keep it up. His left counters were losing their force. Now he was merely pushing his glove into the Ripton man's face. It was not enough. The other was getting to close quarters, and that right of his seemed stronger than ever.

He was against the ropes now, gasping for breath, and Peteiro's right was thudding against his ribs. It could not last. He gathered all his strength and put it into a straight left. It took the Ripton man in the throat and drove him back a step. He came on again. Again Sheen stopped him.

It was his last effort. He could do no more. Everything seemed black to him. He leaned against the ropes and drank in the air in great gulps.

"Time!" said the referee.

The word was lost in the shouts that rose from the packed seats.

Sheen tottered to his corner and sat down.

"Keep it up, sir, keep it up," said a voice, "Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.

Don't forget the guard. And the straight left beats the world."

It was Joe—at the eleventh hour.

With a delicious feeling of content Sheen leaned back in his chair. It would be all right now. He felt that the matter had been taken out of his hands. A more experienced brain

energetic arms set a perfect gale blowing. The cool air revived him. He opened his mouth and drank it in. A spongeful of cold water completed the cure. Long before the call of Time he was ready for the next round.

"Keep away from him, sir," said Joe, "and score with that left of yours. Don't try the right yet. Keep it for guarding. Box clever. Don't let him corner you. Slip him when he rushes. Cool and steady does it. Don't aim at his face too much. Go down below. That's the *de*-partment. And use your feet. Get about quick, and you'll find he don't like that. Hullo, says he, I can't touch him. Then, when he's tired, go in."

The pupil nodded with closed eyes.

While these words of wisdom were proceeding from the mouth of Mr. Bevan, another conversation was taking place which would have interested Sheen if he could have heard it. Mr. Spence and the school instructor were watching the final from the seats under the side windows.

"It's extraordinary," said Mr. Spence. "The boy's wonderfully good for the short time he has been learning.

You ought to be proud of your pupil."

"Sir?"

"I was saying that Sheen does you credit."

"Not me, sir."

"What! He told me he had been taking lessons. Didn't you teach him?"

"Never set eyes on him, sir, till this moment. Wish I had, sir. He's the sort of pupil I could wish for."

Mr. Spence bent forward and scanned the features of the man who was attending

the Wrykinian.

"Why," he said, "surely that's Bevan—Joe Bevan! I knew him at Cambridge."

"Yes, sir, that's Bevan," replied the instructor. "He teaches boxing at Wrykyn now, sir."

"At Wrykyn—where?"

"Up the river—at the 'Blue Boar,' sir," said the instructor, quite innocently—for it did not occur to him that this simple little bit



JOE'S ENER-
GETIC ARMS
SET A PERFECT
GALE BLOWING.

than his would look after the generalship of the fight.

As the moments of the half-minute's rest slid away he discovered the truth of Joe's remarks on the value of a good second. In his other fights the flapping of the towel had hardly stirred the hair on his forehead. Joe's

of information was just so much incriminating evidence against Sheen.

Mr. Spence said nothing, but he opened his eyes very wide. Recalling his recent conversation with Sheen, he remembered that the boy had told him he had been taking lessons, and also that Joe Bevan, the ex-pugilist, had expressed a high opinion of his work. Mr. Spence had imagined that Bevan had been a chance spectator of the boy's skill; but it would now seem that Bevan himself had taught Sheen. This matter, decided Mr. Spence, must be looked into, for it was palpable that Sheen had broken bounds in order to attend Bevan's boxing-saloon up the river.

For the present, however, Mr. Spence was content to say nothing.

Sheen came up for the second round fresh and confident. His head was clear, and his breath no longer came in gasps. There was to be no rallying this time. He had had the worst of the first round, and he meant to make up his lost points.

Peteiro, losing no time, dashed in. Sheen met him with a left in the face, and gave way a foot. Again Peteiro rushed, and again he was stopped. As he bored in for the third time Sheen slipped him. The Ripton man paused, and dropped his guard for a moment.

Sheen's left shot out once more, and found its mark. Peteiro swung his right viciously but without effect. Another swift counter added one more point to Sheen's score.

Sheen nearly chuckled. It was all so beautifully simple. What a fool he had been to mix it up in the first round. If he only kept his head and stuck to out-fighting he could win with ease. The man couldn't box. He was nothing more than a slogger. Here he came, as usual, with the old familiar rush. Out went his left. But it missed its billet. Peteiro had checked his rush after the first movement, and now he came in with both hands. It was the first time during the round that he had got to close quarters, and he made the most of it. Sheen's blows were as frequent, but his were harder. He drove at the body, right and left; and once again the call of Time extricated Sheen from an awkward position. As far as points were concerned he had had the best of the round, but he was very sore and bruised. His left side was one dull ache.

"Keep away from him, sir," said Joe Bevan. "You were ahead on that round. Keep away all the time unless he gets tired. But if you see me signalling, then go in all you can and have a fight."

There was a suspicion of weariness about the look of the Ripton champion as he shook hands for the last round. He had not had an expert in his corner, and he was beginning to feel the effects of his hurricane fighting in the opening rounds. He began quietly, sparring for an opening. Sheen led with his left. Peteiro was too late with his guard. Sheen tried again—a double lead. His opponent guarded the first blow, but the second went home heavily on the body, and he gave way a step.

Then from the corner of his eye Sheen saw Bevan gesticulating wildly, so, taking his life in his hands, he abandoned his waiting game, dropped his guard, and dashed in to fight. Peteiro met him doggedly. For a few moments the exchanges were even. Then suddenly the Riptonian's blows began to weaken. He got home his right on the head, and Sheen hardly felt it. And in a flash there came to him the glorious certainty that the game was his.

He was winning—winning—winning.

"That's enough," said the referee.

The Ripton man was leaning against the ropes, utterly spent, at almost the same spot where Sheen had leaned at the end of the first round. The last attack had finished him. His seconds helped him to his corner.

The referee waved his hand.

"Sheen wins," he said.

And that was the greatest moment of his life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SURPRISE FOR SEYMOUR'S.

SEYMOUR'S house took in one copy of the *Sportsman* daily. On the morning after the Aldershot competition Linton met the paper-boy at the door on his return from the fives courts, where he had been playing a couple of before-breakfast games with Dunstable. He relieved him of the house copy and opened it to see how the Wrykyn pair had performed in the gymnastics. He did not expect anything great, having a rooted contempt for both experts, who were small and, except in the gymnasium, obscure. Indeed, he had gone so far on the previous day as to express a hope that Biddle, the more despicable of the two, would fall off the horizontal bar and break his neck. Still, he might as well see where they had come out. After all, with all their faults, they were human beings like himself, and Wrykinians.

The competition was reported in the Boxing column. The first thing that caught his eye



was the name of the school among the headlines. "Honours," said the headline, "for St. Paul's, Harrow, and Wrykyn."

"Hullo," said Linton, "what's all this?"

Then the thing came on him with nothing to soften the shock. He had folded the paper, and the last words on the half uppermost were, "*Final. Sheen beat Peteiro.*"

Linton had often read novels in which some important document "swam before the eyes" of the hero or the heroine; but he had never understood the full meaning of the phrase until he read those words, "Sheen beat Pereiro."

There was no mistake about it. There the thing was. It was impossible for the *Sportsman* to have been hoaxed. No. The incredible, outrageous fact must be faced. Sheen had been down to Aldershot and won a silver medal! Sheen! *Sheen!!* Sheen who had—who was—well, who, in a word, was SHEEN!!!

Linton read on like one in a dream.

"The light-weights fell," said the writer, "to a newcomer, Sheen, of Wrykyn" (Sheen!), "a clever youngster with a strong defence and a beautiful straight left, doubtless the result of tuition from the middle-weight ex-champion, Joe Bevan, who was in his corner for the final bout. None of his opponents gave him much trouble except Peteiro, of Ripton, whom he met in the final. A very game and determined fight was seen when these two met, but Sheen's skill and condition discounted the rushing tactics of his adversary, and in the last minute of the third round the referee stopped the encounter." (Game and determined! Sheen!!) "Sympathy was freely expressed for Peteiro, who has thus been runner-up two years in succession. He, however, met a better man, and paid the penalty. The admirable pluck with which Sheen bore his punishment and gradually wore his man down made his victory the most popular of the day's programme."

Well!

Details of the fighting described Sheen as "cutting out the work," "popping in several nice lefts," "swinging his right for the point," and executing numerous other incredible manoeuvres.

Sheen!

You caught the name correctly? SHEEN, I'll trouble you.

Linton stared blankly across the school grounds. Then he burst into a sudden yell of laughter.

On that very morning the senior day-room was going to court-martial Sheen for disgracing the house. The resolution had been passed

on the previous afternoon, probably just as he was putting the finishing touches to the "most popular victory of the day's programme." "This," said Linton, "is rich."

He grubbed a little hole in one of Mr. Seymour's flower-beds, and laid the *Sportsman* to rest in it. The news would be about the school at nine o'clock, but if he could keep it from the senior day-room till the brief interval between breakfast and school, all would be well, and he would have the pure pleasure of seeing that backbone of the house make a complete ass of itself. A thought struck him. He unearthed the *Sportsman*, and put it in his pocket.

He strolled into the senior day-room after breakfast.

"Any one seen the Sporter this morning?" he inquired.

No one had seen it.

"The thing hasn't come," said some one.

"Good!" said Linton to himself.

At this point Stanning strolled into the room. "I'm a witness," he said, in answer to Linton's look of inquiry. "We're doing this thing in style. I depose that I saw the prisoner cutting off on the—whatever day it was, when he ought to have been saving our lives from the fury of the mob. Hadn't somebody better bring the prisoner into the dock?"

"I'll go," said Linton promptly. "I may be a little time, but don't get worried. I'll bring him all right."

He went upstairs to Sheen's study, feeling like an *impresario* about to produce a new play which is sure to create a sensation.

Sheen was in. There was a ridge of purple under his left eye, but he was otherwise intact.

"Gratulate you, Sheen," said Linton.

For an instant Sheen hesitated. He had rehearsed this kind of scene in his mind, and sometimes he saw himself playing a genial, forgiving, let's-say-no-more-about-it-we-all-make-mistakes-but-in-future! *role*, sometimes being cold, haughty, and distant, and repelling friendly advances with icy disdain. If anybody but Linton had been the first to congratulate him he might have decided on this second line of action. But he liked Linton, and wanted to be friendly with him.

"Thanks," he said.

Linton sat down on the table and burst into a torrent of speech.

"You *are* a man! What did you want to do it for? Where the dickens did you learn to box? And why on earth, if you can win silver medals at Aldershot, didn't you box for the house and smash up that sidey ass Stanning? I say, look here, I suppose we haven't been



making idiots of ourselves all the time, have we?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Sheen. "How?"

"I mean, you did— What I mean to say is— Oh, hang it, *you* know! You did cut off when we had that row in the town, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Sheen, "I did."

With that medal in his pocket it cost him no effort to make the confession.

"I'm glad of that. I mean, I'm glad we haven't been such fools as we might have been. You see, we only had Stanning's word to go on."

Sheen started.

"Stanning!" he said. "What do you mean?"

"He was the chap who started the story. Didn't you know? He told everybody."

"I thought it was Drummond," said Sheen blankly. "You remember meeting me outside his study the day after? I thought he told you then."

"Drummond! Not a bit of it. He swore you hadn't been with him at all. He was as sick as anything when I said I thought I'd seen you with him."

"I—" Sheen stopped. "I wish I'd known," he concluded. Then, after a pause, "So it was Stanning!"

"Yes,—conceited beast. Oh, I say."

"Um?"

"I see it all now. Joe Bevan taught you to box."

"Yes."

"Then that's how you came to be at the 'Blue Boar' that day. He's the Bevan who runs it."

"That's his brother. He's got a gymnasium up at the top. I used to go there every day."

"But, I say, Great Scott, what are you going to do about that?"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, Spence is sure to ask you who taught you to box. He must know you didn't learn with the instructor. Then it'll all come out, and you'll get dropped on for going up the river and going to a pub."

"Perhaps he won't ask," said Sheen.

"Hope not. Oh, by the way—"

"What's up?"

"Just remembered what I came up for. It's an awful rag. The senior day-room are going to court-martial you."

"Court-martial *me!*"

"For finking. They don't know about Aldershot, not a word. I bagged the *Sportsman* early, and hid it. They are going to get the surprise of their lifetime. I said I'd come up and fetch you."

"I shan't go," said Sheen.

Linton looked alarmed.

"Oh, but I say, you must. Don't spoil the thing. Can't you see what a rag it'll be?"

"I'm not going to sweat downstairs for the benefit of the senior day-room."

"I say," said Linton, "Stanning's there."

"What!"

"He's a witness," said Linton, grinning.

Sheen got up.

"Come on," he said.

Linton came on.

Down in the senior day-room the court was patiently awaiting its prisoner. Eager anticipation was stamped on its expressive features.

"Beastly time he is," said Clayton. Clayton was acting as president.

"We shall have to buck up," said Stanning. "Hullo, here he is at last. Come in, Linton."

"I was going to," said Linton, "but thanks all the same. Come along, Sheen."

"Shut that door, Linton," said Stanning from his seat on the table.

"All right, Stanning," said Linton. "Anything to oblige. Shall I bring up a chair for you to rest your feet on?"

"Forge ahead, Clayton," said Stanning to the president.

The president opened the court-martial in unofficial phraseology.

"Look here, Sheen," he said, "we've come to the conclusion that this has got a bit too thick."

"You mustn't talk in that chatty way, Clayton," interrupted Linton. "'Prisoner' at the bar's' the right expression to use. Why don't you let somebody else have a look in? You're the rottenest president of a court-martial I ever saw."

"Don't rag, Linton," said Clayton, with an austere frown. "This is serious."

"Glad you told me," said Linton. "Go on."

"Can't you sit down, Linton!" said Stanning.

"I was only waiting for leave. Thanks. You were saying something, Clayton. It sounded pretty average rot, but you'd better unburden your soul."

The president resumed.

"We want to know if you've anything to say—"

"You don't give him a chance," said Linton.

"You bag the conversation so."

"—about disgracing the house."

"By getting the Gotford, you know, Sheen," explained Linton. "Clayton thinks that work's a bad habit, and ought to be discouraged."



"GOOD-BYE, STANNING," HE SAID.

Clayton glared, and looked at Stanning. He was not equal to the task of tackling Linton himself.

Stanning interposed.

"Don't rot, Linton. We haven't much time as it is."

"Sorry," said Linton.

"You've let the house down awfully," said Clayton.

"Yes?" said Sheen.

Linton took the paper out of his pocket, and smoothed it out.

"Seen the Sporter?" he asked casually.

His neighbour grabbed at it.

"I thought it hadn't come," he said.

"Good account of Aldershot," said Linton.

He leaned back in his chair as two or three of the senior day-room collected round the *Sportsman*.

"Hullo! We won the gym!"

"Rot! Let's have a look!"

This tremendous announcement quite eclipsed

the court-martial as an object of popular interest. The senior day-room surged round the holder of the paper.

"Give us a chance," he protested.

"We can't have. Where is it? Biddle and Smith are simply hopeless. How the dickens can they have got the shield?"

"What a goat you are!" said a voice reproachfully to the possessor of the paper. "Look at this. It says Cheltenham got it. And here we are—seventeenth. Fat lot of shield we've won."

"Then what the deuce does this mean? 'Honours for St. Paul's, Harrow, and Wrykyn.'"

"Perhaps it refers to the boxing," suggested Linton.

"But we didn't send any one up. Look here. Harrow won the heavies. St. Paul's got the middles. *Hullo!*"

"Great Scott!" said the senior day-room.

There was a blank silence. Linton whistled softly to himself.

The gaze of the senior day-room was concentrated on that ridge of purple beneath Sheen's left eye.

Clayton was the first to speak. For some time he had been waiting for sufficient silence to enable him to proceed with his presidential duties. He addressed himself to Sheen.

"Look here, Sheen," he said, "we want to know what you've got to say for yourself. You go disgracing the house——"

The stunned senior day-room were roused to speech.

"Oh, chuck it, Clayton."

"Don't be a fool, Clayton."

"Silly idiot!"

Clayton looked round in pained surprise at this sudden withdrawal of popular support.

"You'd better be polite to Sheen," said Linton; "he won the light-weights at Aldershot yesterday."

The silence once more became strained.

"Well," said Sheen, "weren't you going to court-martial me, or something? Clayton, weren't you saying something?"

Clayton started. He had not yet grasped the situation entirely; but he realised dimly that by some miracle Sheen had turned in an instant into a most formidable person.

"Er—no," he said. "No, nothing."

"The thing seems to have fallen through, Sheen," said Linton. "Great pity. Started so well, too. Clayton always makes a mess of things."

"Then I'd just like to say one thing," said Sheen.

Respectful attention from the senior day-room.

"I only want to know why you can't manage things of this sort by yourselves, without dragging in men from other houses."

"Especially men like Stanning," said Linton. "The same thing occurred to me. It's lucky Drummond wasn't here. Remember the last time, you chaps?"

The chaps did. Stanning became an object of critical interest. After all, who *was* Stanning? What right had he to come and sit on tables in Seymour's and interfere with the affairs of the house?

The allusion to "last time" was lost upon Sheen, but he saw that it had not improved Stanning's position with the spectators.

He opened the door.

"Good-bye, Stanning," he said.

"If I hadn't hurt my wrist—" Stanning began.

"Hurt your wrist!" said Sheen. "You got a bad attack of Peteiro. That was what was the matter with you."

"You think that every one's a funk like yourself," said Stanning.

"Pity they aren't," said Linton; "we should do rather well down at Aldershot. And he wasn't such a terror after all, Sheen, was he? You beat him in two and a half rounds, didn't you? Think what Stanning might have done if only he hadn't sprained his poor wrist just in time."

"Look here, Linton——"

"Some are born with sprained wrists," continued the speaker, "some achieve sprained wrists—like Stanning——"

Stanning took a step towards him.

"Don't forget you've a sprained wrist," said Linton.

"Come on, Stanning," said Sheen, who was still holding the door open, "you'll be much more comfortable in your own house. I'll show you out."

"I suppose," said Stanning in the passage, "you think you've scored off me."

"That's rather the idea," said Sheen,

pleasantly. "You know your way out, don't you? Good-bye."

CHAPTER XXIV.

BRUCE EXPLAINS.

MR. SPENCE was a master with a great deal of sympathy and a highly developed sense of duty. It was the combination of these two qualities which made it so difficult for him to determine on a suitable course of action in relation to Sheen's out-of-bounds exploits. As a private individual he had nothing but admiration for the sporting way in which Sheen had fought his up-hill fight. He felt that he himself in similar circumstances would have broken any number of school rules. But, as a master, it was his duty, he considered, to report him. If a master ignored a breach of rules in one case, with which he happened to sympathise, he would in common fairness be compelled to overlook a similar breach of rules in other cases, even if he did not sympathise with them. In which event he would be of small use as a master.

On the other hand, Sheen's case was so exceptional that he might very well compromise to a certain extent between the claims of sympathy and those of duty. If he were to go to the headmaster and state baldly that Sheen had been in the habit for the last half-term of visiting an up-river public-house, the headmaster would get an entirely wrong idea of the matter, and suspect all sorts of things which had no existence in fact. When a boy is accused of frequenting a public-house the head-magisterial mind leaps naturally to Stale Fumes and the Drunken Stagger.

So Mr. Spence decided on a compromise. He sent for Sheen, and, having congratulated him warmly on his victory in the light-weights, proceeded as follows:

"You have given me to understand, Sheen, that you were taught boxing by Bevan?"

"Yes, sir."

"At the 'Blue Boar'?"

"Yes, sir."

"This puts me in a rather difficult position, Sheen. Much as I dislike doing it, I am afraid I shall have to report this matter to the headmaster."

Sheen said he supposed so. He saw Mr. Spence's point.

"But I shall not mention the 'Blue Boar.' If I did, the headmaster might get quite a wrong impression. He would not understand all the circumstances. So I shall simply mention that you broke bounds by going up the



"TELL ME, DO I
LOOK
VERY OLD?"

river: I shall tell him the whole story, you understand, and it's quite possible that you will hear no more of the affair. I'm sure I hope so. But you understand my position?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's all, then, Sheen. Oh, by the way, you wouldn't care for a game of fives before breakfast to-morrow, I suppose?"

"I should like it, sir."

"Not too stiff?"

"No, sir."

"Very well, then. I'll be there by a quarter-past seven."

Jack Bruce was waiting to see the headmaster in his study at the end of afternoon school.

"Well, Bruce," said the headmaster, coming into the room and laying down some books on the table, "do you want to speak to me? Will you give your father my congratulations on his victory. I shall be writing to him to-night. I see from the paper that the polling was very even. Apparently one or two voters arrived at the last moment and turned the scale."

"Yes, sir."

"It is a most gratifying result. I am sure that, apart from our political views, we should all have been disappointed if your father had not won. Please congratulate him sincerely."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Bruce, and what was it that you wished to see me about?"

Bruce was about to reply when the door opened, and Mr. Spence came in.

"One moment, Bruce," said the headmaster. "Yes, Spence?"

Mr. Spence made his report clearly and concisely. Bruce listened with interest. He thought it hardly playing the game for the gymnasium master to hand Sheen over to be executed at the very moment when the school was shaking

hands with itself over the one decent thing that had been done for it in the course of the athletic year; but he told himself philosophically that he supposed masters had to do these things. Then he noticed with some surprise that Mr. Spence was putting the matter in a very favourable light for the accused. He was avoiding with some care any mention of the "Blue Boar." When he had occasion to refer to the scene of Sheen's training he mentioned it vaguely as a house.

"This man Bevan, who is an excellent fellow and a personal friend of my own, has a house some way up the river."

Of course, a public-house is a house.

"Up the river," said the headmaster meditatively.

It seemed that that was all that was wrong. The prosecution centred round that point, and no other. Jack Bruce, as he

listened, saw his way of coping with this situation.

"Thank you, Spence," said the headmaster at the conclusion of the narrative. "I quite understand that Sheen's conduct was very excusable. But—I distinctly said—I placed the upper river out of bounds. . . . Well, I will see Sheen, and speak to him. I will speak to him."

Mr. Spence left the room.

"Please, sir—" said Jack Bruce.

"Ah, Bruce. I am afraid I have kept you some little time. Yes?"

"I couldn't help hearing what Mr. Spence was saying to you about Sheen, sir. I don't think he knows quite what really happened."

"You mean——?"

"Sheen went there by road. I used to take him there in my motor."

"Your—! What did you say, Bruce?"

"My motor-car, sir. That's to say, my father's. We used to go together every day."

"I am glad to hear it. I am glad. Then I need say nothing to Sheen after all. I am glad. . . . But—er—Bruce," proceeded the headmaster after a pause.

"Yes, sir?"

"Do you—are you in the habit of driving a motor-car frequently?"

"Every day, sir. You see, I am going to take up motors when I leave school, so it's all education."

The headmaster was silent. To him the word "Education" meant Classics. There was a Modern side at Wrykyn, and an Engineering side, and also a Science side; but in his heart he recognised but one Education—the Classics. Nothing that he had heard, nothing that he had read in the papers and the monthly reviews had brought home to him the spirit of the age and the fact that Things were not as they used to be so clearly as this one remark of Jack Bruce's. For here was Bruce admitting that in his spare time he drove motors. And, stranger still, that he did it not as a wild frolic but seriously, with a view to his future career.

"The old order changeth," thought the headmaster a little sadly.

Then he brought himself back from his mental plunge into the future.

"Well, well, Bruce," he said, "we need not discuss the merits and demerits of driving motor-cars, need we? What did you wish to see me about?"

"I came to ask if I might get off morning school to-morrow, sir. Those voters who got to the poll just in time and settled the election—I brought them down in the car. And the policeman—he's a Radical, and voted for Pedder—Mr. Pedder—has sworn—says I was exceeding the speed-limit."

The headmaster pressed a hand to his forehead, and his mind swam into the future.

"Well, Bruce?" he said at length, in the voice of one whom nothing can surprise now.

"He says I was going twenty-eight miles an hour. And if I can get to the Court to-morrow morning I can prove that I wasn't. I brought them to the poll in the little runabout."

"And the—er—little runabout," said the headmaster, "does not travel at twenty-eight miles an hour?"

"No, sir. It can't go more than twelve at the outside."

"Very well, Bruce; you need not come to school to-morrow morning."

"Thank you, sir."

The headmaster stood thinking. . . . The new order . . .

"Bruce," he said.

"Yes, sir?"

"Tell me, do I look very old?"

Bruce stared.

"Do I look three hundred years old?"

"No, sir," said Bruce, with the stolid wariness of the boy who fears that a master is subtly chaffing him.

"I feel more, Bruce," said the headmaster, with a smile. "I feel more. You will remember to congratulate your father for me, won't you?"

Outside the door Jack Bruce paused in deep reflection.

"Rum!" he said to himself. "Jolly rum!"

On the senior gravel he met Sheen.

"Hullo, Sheen," he said, "what are you going to do?"

"Drummond wants me to tea with him in the infirmary."

"It's all right, then?"

"Yes. I got a note from him during afternoon school. You coming?"

"All right. I say, Sheen, the Old Man's rather rum sometimes, isn't he?"

"What's he been doing now?"

"Oh—nothing. How do you feel after Aldershot? Tell us all about it. I've not heard a word yet."



From the picture by]

LANDING OF THE BRITISH TROOPS IN EGYPT.

[P. J. de Louthembourg, R.A.

DURING the autumn of 1800, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, an old and distinguished general, stationed at Minorca in

The Battle of Alexandria. command of an army of 15,000 men, received orders to embark his

forces and sail for Egypt; the object of this venture being to strike at the power of the French, whose presence there was a perpetual menace to British interests in India. After many delays the expedition reached Aboukir Bay on March 2, 1801. On the eighth the whole force was landed, under a hot fire from the French, and posted strongly upon the sand-hills which ran parallel to the coast. Then began the advance to Alexandria—an advance which the French, under General Menou, repeatedly yet vainly tried to oppose, but it was not until the twenty-first that the great battle took place which decided the fate of Egypt. The two forces were well matched. Menou's plan was to pierce the English right, the key to which was a redoubt, and, swinging sharply round to the left, attack the remaining positions in the British line on front and rear. The attack on the right wing, begun at four in the morning, utterly failed owing to the stubbornness with which the redoubt was held. The 28th and Royal Welsh regiments made a furious charge on the French left, and the 40th and 42nd, coming up, rendered the victory on the right complete. Favoured by the darkness, a veteran French column, 900 strong, called the "In-

vincibles," succeeded in getting between the English right and centre, but they were discovered, and so suffered from a cross fire that 650 fell and the remainder surrendered. Menou, finding all his attempts unsuccessful, fell suddenly back, after a last desperate cavalry charge which the British repulsed with the bayonet. By nine o'clock the battle was over and the victory ours, but its splendour was clouded by the death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who had received a mortal wound about an hour previously. He was carried on board the *Foudroyant*, where he expired on the twenty-seventh. The British losses at Alexandria amounted to 1300—the French to nearly 3000. The moral effect of the battle was immense. It shattered the magic charm of victory which seemed to rest on the French eagles, and showed that what the British soldier was capable of in the days of Creçy and Agincourt he could still achieve nearly 400 years later.

HAROLD JONES.

ONE of the greatest events shedding lustre on the month of March, was the emancipation of the serfs in Russia.

The Emancipation of Russian Serfs.

Not until March 3, 1861, just forty-five years ago, were they released. They obtained their freedom chiefly through the influence of the late Emperor Alexander II., or Tsar Liberator, as he was called. Before the serfs were released.

their owners had the power to sell or give them away singly, or in families, just as they wished, with the only restriction that they could not be sold by auction. If a serf was found to be disorderly he could be banished to Siberia, or, if the owner wished, he could be sent to work in the mines for life. The Emperor Paul was doubtless the beginner of the good work, as he issued a *Ukase* which directed that the serfs should not be compelled to work for their masters more than three days in the week, which must have been a great boon to them; and at the beginning of last century projects of emancipation were discussed. It was not, however, until after the Crimean War that serious measures were taken.

At the emancipation there were about twenty-two million peasants in Russia engaged as serfs. They were of two kinds—peasant serfs, of whom there were about twenty millions, and domestic serfs, who numbered nearly two millions. According to the decree of emancipation, the domestic serfs, or those who had been attached to the personal service of their masters, were merely set free, and wandered into the towns. The peasant serfs received their houses and orchards, and were granted allotments in the *mir* or commune. For these allotments they had either to pay a fixed rent or give their personal labour, so that for a long time there was still in existence a class of quasi-serfs; but these have gradually disappeared. The present revolutionary doings in Russia will play an important part in the completion of the peasant's freedom.

TEULON LEWIS MILLS.

[Thus, as the Wheel of Time revolves, it is inexorably decreed that all wrongs shall be righted, all slaves set free. Thus do we travel, slowly but surely, towards the Millennium—that time when all who are deserving shall receive everything that they deserve.—Ed.]



DAVID LIVINGSTONE was born at Blantyre, in Scotland, on March 19, 1813, being the second son of Neil Livingstone, a clerk in a cotton factory. In one of his books he mentions, with some pride, the fact

The Birth of David Livingstone.

that his great-grandfather fell in the battle of Culloden, fighting on the Jacobite side.

David received a meagre education, and at the age of ten was sent to work in a mill as a boy-piecer. He bought a Latin grammar with his first week's earnings, and, after working many hours each day, went home to study.

One cannot fail to recognise in these efforts

at self-improvement the early proofs of that indomitable and self-sacrificing spirit which supported Livingstone in after years, when, in the heart of the Dark Continent, he was forced to encounter difficulties which would have overwhelmed a man who had been more luxuriously trained. In 1838 he was accepted by the London Missionary Society, and he subsequently obtained his degree of "Doctor" at Glasgow. In 1840 he sailed for the Cape, and soon afterwards, at Kuruman, met the lady who became his wife.

The life of Dr. Livingstone is well known; but, although his character as an explorer has been established for many years, there are few persons beyond scientific geographers who truly



DAVID LIVINGSTONE:

From an Engraving.

appreciate his enormous labours. When we examine the maps of all his published works we are filled with amazement to think that any one man should have been able to endure the bodily fatigue of travelling over the many thousands of miles traced by that thin, wandering line of red which denotes his route across the African desert.

Livingstone died at Ilala, Central Africa, on May 4, 1873, upon his knees by his bedside, far from home, but in communion with Him who had been his guide amidst many perils. He was one of a noble army of martyrs to the cause of freedom, and laid down his life as a sacrifice in a wild and unknown region, upon which he left the first footprints of civilization.

GEORGE E. RUSSELL.

LIKE most great men, Cæsar had many bitter enemies who were very jealous of, and exasperated by, his successes. The chief were

**The Death
of
Julius Cæsar.**

Marcus Brutus, a former friend, Casca, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, Metellus Cimber, and Cinna.

On three occasions Cæsar was offered "the kingly crown, which he did thrice refuse," but

III., Scene I., in which play is also contained that masterpiece of oratory—Mark Antony's eulogy of Cæsar.

Thus, on "the Ides of March," 44 B.C., in the fifty-sixth year of his age, died the foremost man of his day.

This date was afterwards a black day in the Roman calendar known as "parricidium," and the Senate did not sit.

HAROLD SCHOLFIELD.

[It is only fair to add that we have good grounds for attributing Marcus Brutus's share in this tragedy to patriotic, rather than to jealous, motives.—Ed.]

**The Slave Trade
Abolition Bill.**

It is strange to consider how we remember and celebrate the anniversaries of great victories in war, and how obscure and unthought-of we allow the dates of great "victories" of peace to become.

We remember the anniversaries of great battles, by sea or by land, in our national history, but how many of us re-

cognise the anniversaries of events which have brought us a step nearer our ideals as a nation?

Such an event was the passing, in March, 1807, of the Bill abolishing slavery in the British Colonies.

Slavery is the oldest and most barbarous social condition of which we know. The great class distinction of the ancients was that which existed between the freeman and the slave; and with other nations, in succeeding centuries, the system of slavery was considered a perfectly rational factor in the social organisation. In England, up till the time of the Magna Charta, slavery was existent in the modified form of feudalism. Under such a system, indeed, the serf was fairly well treated, and, from what we know, he appears to have been happy.

But it was the discovery of the New World which gave rise to the atrocious slave-trade in negroes which was not absolutely suppressed till the middle of the nineteenth century.

The first part of the New World in which slaves were extensively used was Hayti, St. Domingo; and this as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century.



From the picture by CÆSAR'S FIRST INVASION OF BRITAIN: [Edward Armitage.]

it had been decided that as regarded all the territories he had conquered, he should bear the appellation of "king." The Senate were to confer this honour at their meeting on March 15, and this was regarded by the conspirators as a favourable opportunity for the assassination.

It had been arranged that Metellus Cimber should ask Cæsar for his brother's pardon, and, if this were refused, that he should tear the mantle from Cæsar's shoulders, thus giving the signal for his fellow-conspirators to surround and stab their victim. Everything occurred as planned. The first to strike was Casca, upon whom Cæsar turned with the exclamation, "Accursed Casca, what doest thou?" All the conspirators now rushed upon and stabbed him, notwithstanding his noble but futile attempts to defend himself. When he espied the ungrateful Brutus, with dagger drawn, he gasped, "And thou, too, Brutus!" and, covering his face with his mantle, fell, pierced by twenty-three wounds, at the foot of Pompey's statue. This scene is splendidly described in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, Act



JULIUS CÆSAR.

From the bust in the British Museum.

This was the commencement of what developed into the most horrible and cruel trade that has ever been known. Many writers, especially Kingston and Marryat, have drawn the most vivid and harrowing pictures of the conditions under which this trade was carried on. The fearful heat of the tropics, and the absolute callousness with which these unfortunate human beings

were crowded together, caused them to die in thousands during the voyages from Africa to America.

Yet, astonishing as it seems now, some of the best Christian men in England considered the slave trade perfectly justifiable. Boswell, in his "Life of Samuel Johnson," refers to this inhuman traffic as, "... so very important and necessary a branch of commercial interest ... which in all ages God has sanctioned and man has continued ..." It is no wonder that it was only after twenty years of national controversy that the Bill which started the suppression of trade in human beings, was passed on March 25, 1807.

ERIC MOORE
RITCHIE.



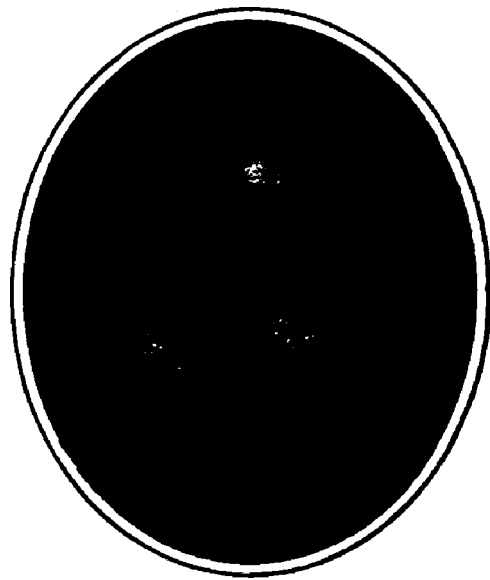
WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.
The Pioneer of the Slave Trade
Abolition Bill.

THE battle of Ivry—a village on the left bank of the river Eure, situated about six leagues from Evreux and twenty from Paris—was fought on March 14, 1590, between Henry of Navarre, the brother-in-law and successor of the French monarch, Henry III.,

Vol. XIV.—46.

at the head of a Huguenot army, and the League, under the Duke of Mayenne, whose brother, the Duke of Guise, had established it for the maintenance of Catholicism. The Leaguers were aided by a Spanish army sent by Philip II., by the Duke of Lorraine, and by Count

King and Hero.



HENRY IV., KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.
From an Engraving.

Egmont of Flanders. Before the commencement of the battle, Henry, in the presence of his troops, prayed to God to give him the victory only if it was for the good of his people, and then, having exhorted his soldiers to keep their ranks, and if their standards were lost to follow the white plume that he had bound to his helmet, he led them on against the army of the League. Thereupon, a fierce struggle ensued. Henry's impetuous courage led him so far in advance of his men that for a time he was lost to their sight; and a report, too readily credited, spreading to the effect that he was slain, seemed likely to cause a panic and a disgraceful flight when, reappearing, he scornfully asked them to turn their heads, at least, to see him die, if they were so cowardly as to abandon him. These words had the instantaneous effect that he expected. His troops, eager to redeem their momentary weakness, redoubled their efforts, and the army of the League at length gave way before the fierce onslaught of the Huguenots, who, encouraged by their success, pursued the disheartened Leaguers with the utmost zeal and ardour, capturing many of them, amongst whom was the Count D'Aumale. Egmont was slain, but

Mayenne, one of the first to flee, had found refuge far beyond the field of battle. After the conflict Henry showed a compassion and tender care for the wounded and captured which excite our admiration even more than his extraordinary valour, and which contributed more than anything, perhaps to gain the affection and, finally, the loyalty of his subjects.

CYRIL A. WHEELER.

[Readers should acquaint themselves with further details of Henry of Navarre's career. He was the right sort of king—devout, brave, and compassionate.—ED.]



IN the beginning of the year 1797, the British Government was confronted by a difficult and important financial problem. The enormous expenditure caused by the terrible wars in which Britain had been, and was then, engaged had drained the country of its wealth; the Government became involved in monetary difficulties; and, finally, in the month of February, the Bank of England ran short of gold. To tide over this crisis the Government authorised the Bank to meet all demands upon it in £1 bank-notes, and this power was confirmed by Parliament on March 12.

The result of this experiment was a financial panic. People lost confidence in the ability of the Bank to meet its obligations, and so regarded

the notes with disfavour. Such being the case, they preferred coin to notes: for example, a merchant would rather sell his goods for cash than for notes. This led to two prices for everything—a price in gold and a price in notes, and, at one time, the purchasing power of three £1 notes was no greater than that of two golden guineas. The wages of employeecs were paid in notes, and, as their remuneration was only slightly increased by the change, the working classes became considerably poorer. Pauperism, especially in the Midlands, increased alarmingly, and as the paupers had to be kept, the rates increased correspondingly, and in some parishes actually exceeded the rental of the land. This disastrous state of affairs was only remedied by the Poor Laws of 1834.

Turning now to the present day, a little thought shows us that, but for the almost universal use of bank-notes and cheques, payments would have to be made in money; huge vans of gold would have to travel from one commercial house to another; steamers loaded with the precious metal would have to cross the ocean in every direction; the amount of gold in existence would probably be insufficient for the needs of commerce; and business would be, to a large extent, reduced to the primitive form of barter. In short, what we owe to the financial crisis which led to the introduction of paper-money can scarcely be imagined, and certainly cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy.

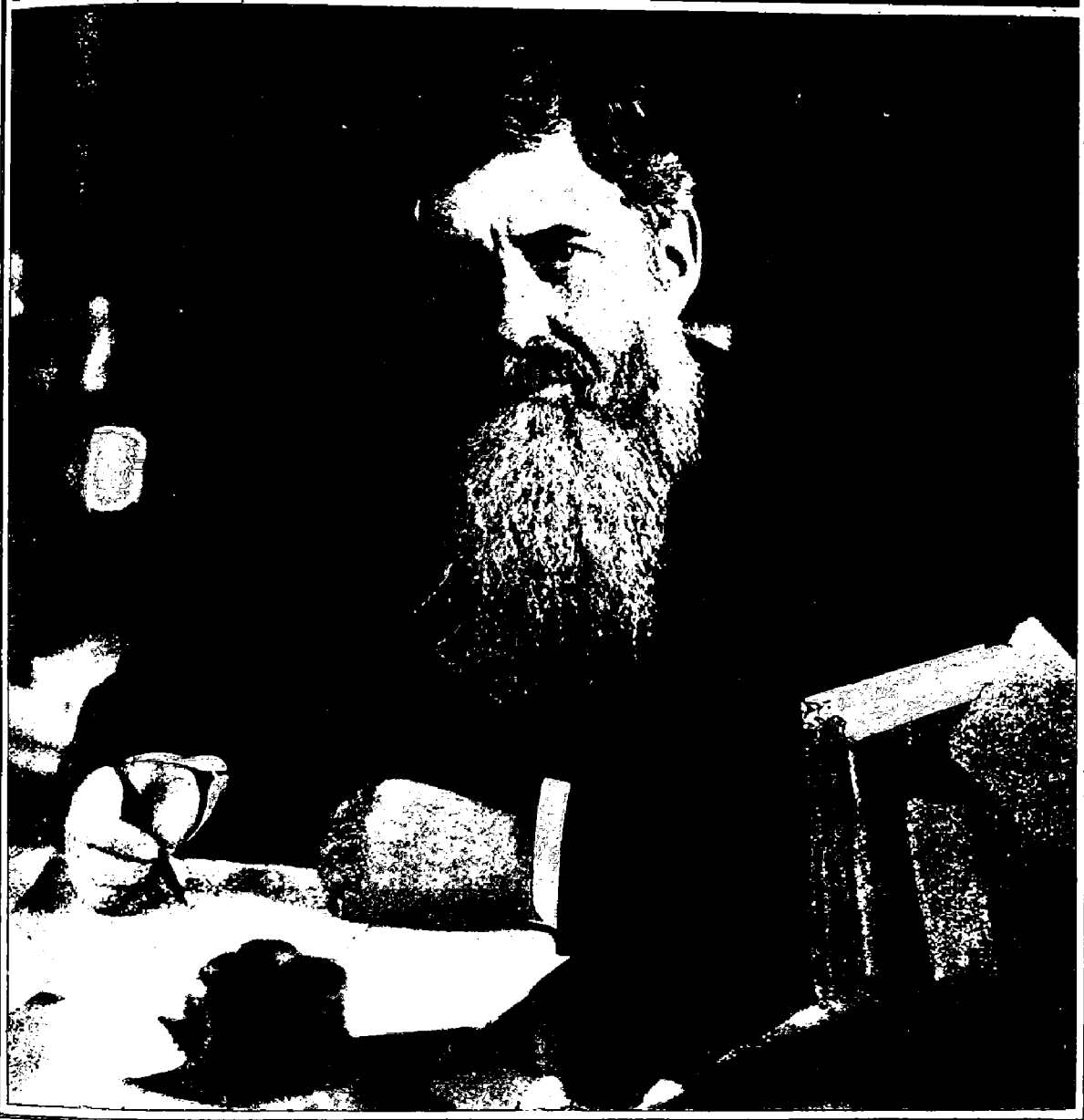
C. E. P. BROOKS.



“THE CAPTAIN” CALENDAR. MARCH 1906.

	Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.		Cycle Lamps to be Lighted		
1. Thurs.	General Sir Donald Stewart <i>b.</i> , 1824.	6.37.	16. Fri.	A. Eccles, cricketer, <i>b.</i> , 1876	7.5.
2. Fri.	Pope Leo XIII. <i>b.</i> , 1810.	6.38.	17. Sat.	Princess Victoria of Connaught <i>b.</i> , 1886.	7.6.
3. Sat.	The Rev. A. J. Galpin, Headmaster of King's School, Canterbury, <i>b.</i> , 1861.	6.39.	18. Sun.	Third in Lent.	7.8.
4. Sun.	First in Lent.	6.41.	19. Mon.	Thomas Hayward, cricketer, <i>b.</i> , 1871.	7.10.
5. Mon.	Sir Hiram S. Maxim <i>b.</i> , 1840.	6.43.	20. Tues.	Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., <i>b.</i> , 1836.	7.11.
6. Tues.	George du Maurier <i>b.</i> , 1834.	6.45.	21. Wed.	Robert Bruce <i>b.</i> , 1274.	7.12.
7. Wed.	Earl of Onslow <i>b.</i> , 1853.	6.46.	22. Thurs.	April "Captain" published.	7.13.
8. Thurs.	Sir John Herschell <i>b.</i> , 1792.	6.48.	23. Fri.	Viscount Milner <i>b.</i> , 1854.	7.15.
9. Fri.	William Cobbett <i>b.</i> , 1762.	6.51.	24. Sat.	William Morris <i>b.</i> , 1834.	7.17.
10. Sat.	King Edward VII., married, 1863.	6.53.	25. Sun.	Fourth in Lent.	7.18.
11. Sun.	Second in Lent	6.54.	26. Mon.	Duke of Cambridge <i>b.</i> , 1819.	7.20.
12. Mon.	John L. Toole, actor, <i>b.</i> , 1830	6.58.	27. Tues.	Bishop of Llandaff <i>b.</i> , 1821.	7.22.
13. Tues.	Sir George Newnes, Bart., M.P., <i>b.</i> , 1851.	7.0.	28. Wed.	Clement Hill, cricketer, <i>b.</i> , 1877.	7.23.
14. Wed.	King Humbert of Italy <i>b.</i> , 1844.	7.1.	29. Thurs.	Royal Albert Hall opened, 1871.	7.25.
15. Thurs.	Mrs. Kendal, actress, <i>b.</i> , 1849.	7.3.	30. Fri.	Don Carlos, Spanish Pretender, <i>b.</i> , 1848.	7.27.
			31. Sat.	Andrew Lang, novelist, <i>b.</i> , 1844.	7.28.

RUGBY SCHOOL



Photos by]

THE REV. H. A. JAMES, D.D.
HEADMASTER OF RUGBY SCHOOL.

[THE CAPTAIN.

RUGBY SCHOOL was founded in the year 1567. Thanks to the immortal "Tom Brown's Schooldays" the fame of Rugby is world-wide. Even those whose interest in matters academic is of the slightest, know the school as the birthplace of Rugby Football! In the following pages are depicted many characteristic scenes from the daily life of the School.

Our portrait of the present headmaster, taken at a special sitting kindly given to THE CAPTAIN, shows Dr. James seated at his table in the study of the great Dr. Arnold—the most commanding figure in all the history of our public schools. The high position which Rugby holds to-day is worthy testimony to the fidelity with which the lofty traditions of the School have been maintained by its present chief.



TOM HUGHES.

Memorial statue of the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays"—"the incarnation of the highest form of the British schoolboy, the best type of the character of the school which moulded him."



THE ART MUSEUM.

This beautiful gallery was instituted by Dr. Jex-Blake, "in the hope that leisure hours would then be given by many boys to a delightful form of culture, often only too little thought of at home or school, and with the conviction that some few boys would draw great enjoyment, life-long interest, and a new faculty from it."



THE ART CLASS AT WORK: AND THE BUST OF THOMAS ARNOLD, RUGBY'S FAMOUS HEADMASTER.



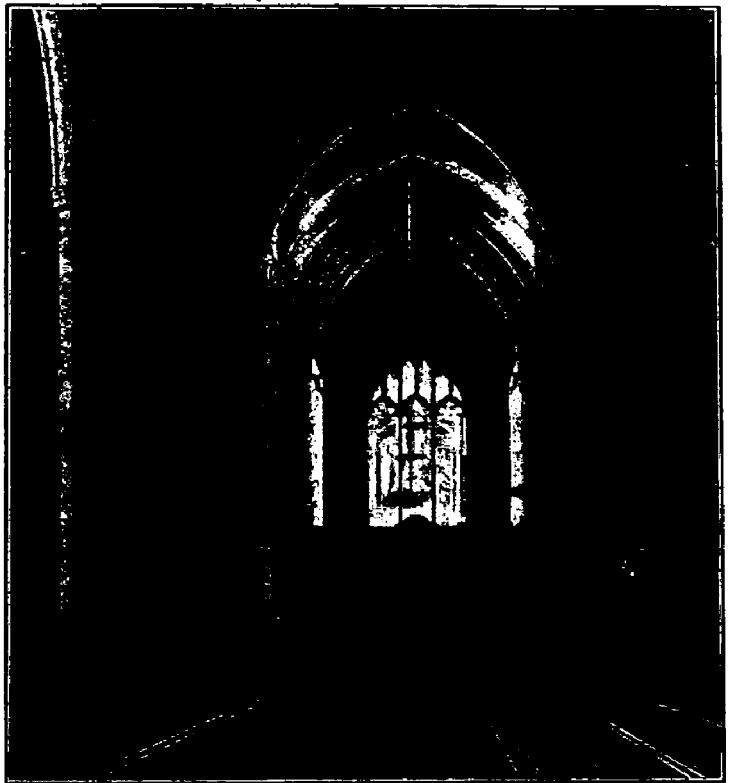
THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

At Rugby those boys who do not belong to the Classical Side join the Modern Side, the Army Class, or the "Specialists." Boys intended for a scientific career are thus particularly provided for, but no boy may "specialise" until he reaches the Upper School. The picture shows some of the boys at practice work in the Chemical Laboratory.



THE SCHOOL MARSHAL.

The portrait of an official well known to all Rugbeians. The picture was taken at a corner of the old quadrangle.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.

The present chapel has been evolved from the original building finished in 1821, but it bears no resemblance to its not very beautiful precursor. The interior is decorated with coloured bricks and painting, and the fine proportions give an air of much space and dignity.

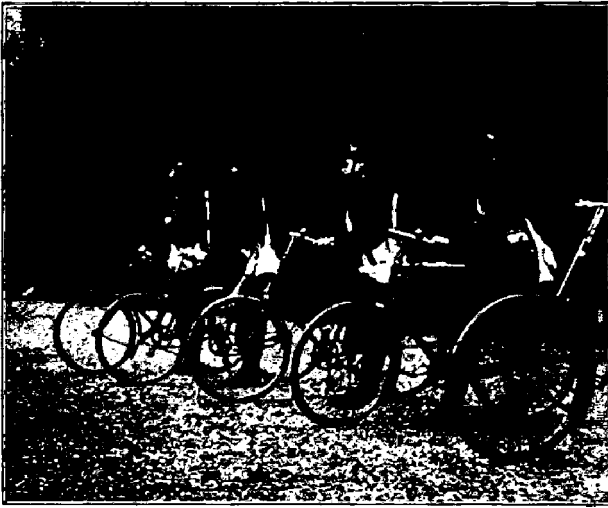


DRILLING THE RAW RECRUIT.

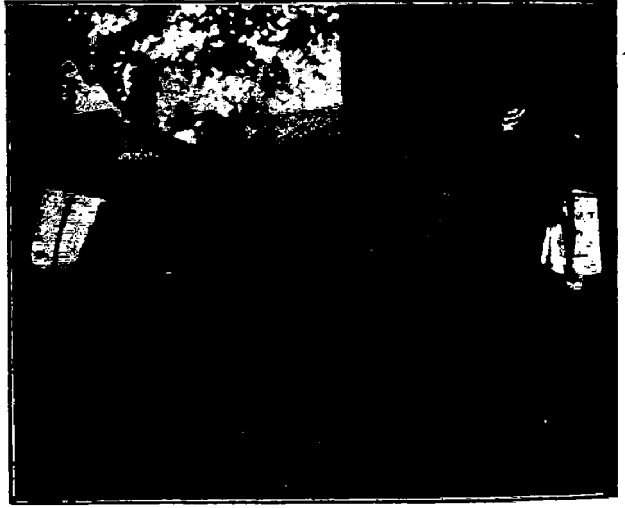
Preliminary drills for boys entering the Rifle Corps are carried out with the use of tapes, which ensure proper distances being kept.



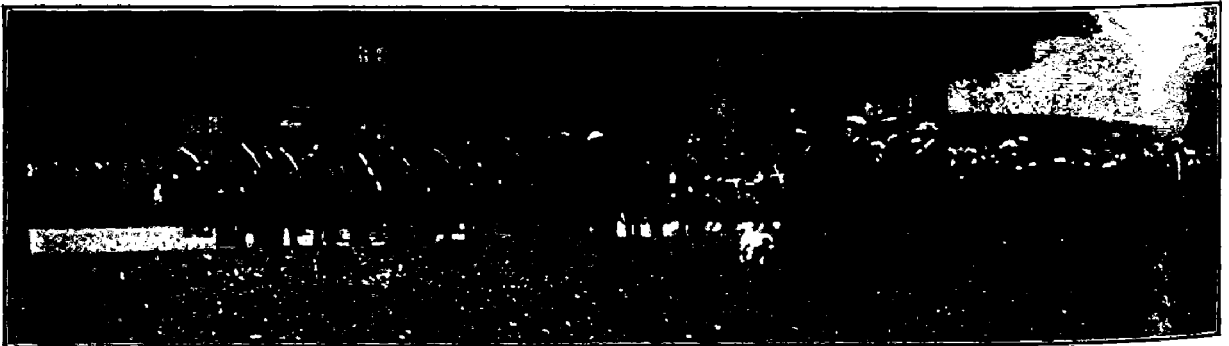
EARLY MORNING DRILL.



CYCLISTS OF THE RIFLE CORPS.



SIGNALLERS OF THE CORPS AT PRACTICE.



PARADE OF THE RIFLE CORPS.

The scene is the edge of the Close, with "civilians" in the foreground watching a parade of the rifle corps preparatory to marching out for field operations.



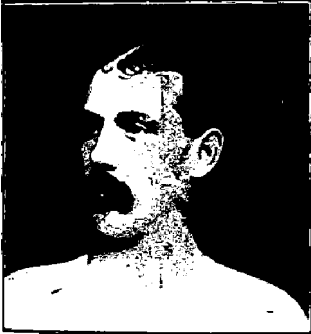
ON THE MARCH TO A FIELD DAY.

The Rugby Corps was formed in 1860, the date of the birth of the Volunteer movement. At an earlier date, however, during the Napoleonic scare of 1803, the School provided a force armed with wooden broadswords. The present Corps is attached to the 2nd V.B. Royal Warwickshire Regiment.



TO SERVE THE KING.

The Army Class at Rugby undergoes a special training, including a stiff course of physical exercise. This picture shows the good physique which results.



THEN AND—

Mr. J. Hough, as he was twenty-seven years ago when—



THE ARMY CLASS IN THE GYMNASIUM.

Efficiency both bodily and mental is the aim of the training which is given to the Army Class. This picture, taken in the Gymnasium, illustrates the type which is turned out.



—NOW.

—he came to Rugby as Gymnastic Instructor. The earlier photo, is by Speight, Rugby.



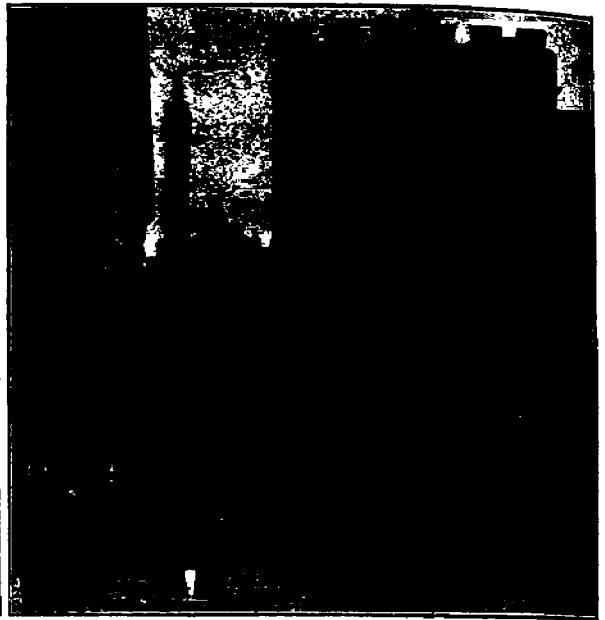
ODD MOMENTS.

Rugby boys occupied in punting a ball about in a corner of the Close. The building is that specially devoted to day-boys.



A FRIENDLY SPAR IN THE OPEN.

Boxing forms an important feature of work in the Gymnasium, and Rugby is usually well represented in all weights at the Public Schools meeting at Aldershot.



THE ENTRANCE TO RUGBY SCHOOL.

This picture shows the view of the School from the High Street. The gateway gives upon the old quadrangle. The window is that of the old Sixth Form room.



FOOTBALL AT RUGBY: A SCRUM.

This picture was taken in the course of a recent match between the School and an Oxford team of Old Rugbeians.



A Line-Out in the same match.

THE GREEN SAIL.

By W. B. HOME-GALL. Illustrated by H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



LIEUTENANT GASCOIGNE, as he paced the deck of his Majesty's gunboat *Boreas*, was cherishing bitter thoughts against many people — and most of all against Ben Saleh, the notorious Arab trader. Ben Saleh was known to be a slave-dealer, believed to be a wrecker, and strongly suspected of doing a little piracy — when opportunity offered.

For three months the *Boreas* had been chasing the elusive rascal's dhows north and south. Now and again, a few small vessels rewarded her vigilance, but the bright green sail of the robber-chief, although sighted more than once, could never be brought to close quarters. The sacred colour had been adopted by Ben Saleh, not out of reverence to the prophet, but as a special favour to Gascoigne. Witness a letter — delivered by a nose-slit captive — to the effect that, ever willing to encourage youth, Ben Saleh would, in future, flaunt a green sail upon his dhow, for the guidance of the young commander.

As though this were not enough, a despatch-boat from Zanzibar had lately spoken the *Boreas*, bearing an intimation from the admiral that unless the redoubtable slave-dealer were brought to book within the next few weeks, the *Boreas* would be superseded by a boat with a more energetic commander.

The threat rankled. Ralph Gascoigne had been indefatigable, but amongst the lagoons, shallow waters, and sandbars of the East African coast the slavers could laugh at him — except now and again when a shell at long range brought a dhow's mast down with a run, and the boats were able to row in and make a capture.

Even that was not always satisfactory, for Ben Saleh's men had a nasty way of scuttling their ships and making for the shore, so that

when the British reached the dhow they might halt to rescue a hundred or so half-drowned negroes, instead of following in pursuit of their foes.

Bismillah! Great is the folly of the Infidels!

But every cloud has a silver lining: and Ralph Gascoigne looked lovingly at a small, flat-bottomed, stern-wheel boat, with a maxim in the bows, and room, with careful packing, for six bluejackets, besides the stoker and an officer. Not a very formidable craft, perhaps; but seven British tars and a maxim can do a great deal in a boat which draws barely enough water to float a stranded jelly-fish, and its possession was as precious balm to Gascoigne's wounded feelings.

"Two sail creeping along shore over the starboard bow, sir," cried the look-out.

Gascoigne ceased his perambulations.

"Two points to starboard," he ordered.

"Two points to starboard it is, sir," echoed the quarter-master.

"Full speed ahead," was the next order, and the gunboat, from a lazy crawl, jumped to her top speed of sixteen knots an hour. In a moment the deck was bustling with life, the watch below tumbling up as the increased pulsations of the screw warned them that a dhow was in sight.

"Clear the *Midget* for lowering," ordered Gascoigne. He referred to his recent acquisition, although she was officially known as *Stern-wheel River-boat, No. 4*.

As the gunboat flew over the waves, Gascoigne surveyed the vessels through his glasses. They were heavily laden dhows, and sailing on a course which would bring them into the gunboat's very mouth if they continued. But when only half a mile separated them from the avenging British boat, they yawed, and made for a bar over which the waves were lazily breaking.

"Fire!" cried the young commander.

Loud boomed the forward quick-firer across the calm sea, and a grunt of satisfaction arose from the gunner's lips as a mass of flying splinters from the hindmost vessel's stern told that the shot had struck her hull. For a



THE "MIDGET," WITHIN FIVE MINUTES OF THE ORDER BEING GIVEN, WAS STEAMING TOWARDS THE RIVER BAR.

moment the vessel fell off a point or so, then continued on her course.

"Well done, lads, try again," cried Gascoigne from the bridge.

Barely had he spoken ere a second brass cartridge was thrust into the breech, and again the gun spoke. This time the results were even more satisfactory. A loud shriek of rage and fear arose from the dhow's deck, as the mast went by the board.

"Lower the *Midget* and the galley! Smartly, lads!"

The engines stopped, the boats, with their full complement of men, were lowered into the water, and the *Midget*, within five minutes of the order being given, was steaming towards the river bar, towing a boat which, to the disgust of the midshipman in command, was ordered to take possession of the disabled dhow.

Small engines, like small men, make a great deal of noise. Puffing and grunting as though she were an ironclad at the very east, the little *Midget* scraped over the bar in fine style, and a few minutes later was dodging between the thick, jungle-covered banks of the little river, to the terror and rage of the Arabs in the dhow, who were leisurely poling their light craft shorewards, deeming themselves quite safe. So astounded were they that they surrendered without striking a blow, a condescension on their part which the gallant tars did not appreciate, for Jack dearly loves a fight.

The capture was an important one. Not only were the dhows packed as full of slaves as a barrel with herrings, but the commander was one of Ben Saleh's principal lieutenants, and a gentleman for whom a gallows was waiting at Zanzibar.

This day's work seemed the turning-point in Lieutenant Gascoigne's career. Thanks to the *Midget*, scarcely a week passed without his sending one or more captured dhows to

Zanzibar, until he had been obliged to furnish so many prize crews that he was somewhat short-handed.

As for Ben Saleh, he was being slowly ruined by this unwarrantable interference with his legitimate trade as a respectable kidnapper and slave-dealer. More than one threatening message reached Gascoigne to the effect that one day the British officer would find himself caught like an elephant in a hopo, or native trap.

So far, however, although sighted more than

once, the green sail of Ben Saleh had evaded capture.

But there came a morning when the lookout saw, as day broke with the suddenness usual in tropical countries, the prime object of their search hovering at the entrance to a lagoon, at the mouth of a large river.

Round swung the boat's head, down dropped the *Midget* into the water, and away went Lieutenant Gascoigne as quickly as the engines of his little stern-wheeler could force her through the water.

The dhow with the green sail did not seem very anxious to escape until she saw the peculiar little craft, which had proved fatal to her consorts, puffing towards her. Then she turned and entered the lagoon, closely followed by the *Midget*.

So far no shot had been fired at the slaver, for Gascoigne had no wish to see the Arabs abandon their ship, and escape in the almost impenetrable jungle which lined the river banks.

Winding in and out the treacherous channel before a fairly stiff breeze, the dhow managed to keep well in advance of her pursuer.

"Beg pardon, sir, but a few rounds from the maxim would cut her running rigging beautifully." The fingers of the master-gunner were itching to get at his weapon.

But Gascoigne shook his head. He had set his heart upon the destruction of Ben Saleh, and, living or dead, he meant to have him.

Slowly the *Midget* overhauled her quarry, until but twenty yards lay between them. His hand on the clumsy tiller of the dhow, clad only in a kind of white worsted shirt, girt round the middle by a belt containing swords and pistols, Ben Saleh himself steered the dhow with practised hand.

"Heave to, you black scoundrel, or I'll sink you!" roared Gascoigne.

"Bah, white fool, you think you can capture Ben Saleh!" laughed the slaver contemptuously. "Mind he does not capture you!"

"Train the maxim on the rigging, gunner. Stand by with your rifles, my lads," ordered the commander, fearful lest the slaver had some unknown means of escape. Surely he would not otherwise offer such bold defiance at a time when his capture seemed certain.

Ben Saleh heard the order and waved his hand to a score or so of evil-looking scoundrels, who promptly disappeared behind the bulwarks.

The next moment the stern and both sides of the dhow were fringed with a living shield of bound and helpless slaves—a more effectual barrier against the English sailors' rifles than wood or steel,

"A neat trick, if an old one, Master Ben, but it will not avail you when we run alongside," was Gascoigne's comment. "Cut his running rigging, gunner," he added, turning to the ready sailor.

"Zip-zip-zir-r-rip!" rang out the spitting fire of the maxim, and a howl of terror burst from both the slaves and their masters, who had never before been under the devastating fire of the most deadly small arm yet invented.

Down came the flaunting green sail of the slaver, and the next moment, to the astonishment of the British, the mast followed, not over the side, but descending slowly as though carefully lowered, till it lay over the stern.

At the same time the dhow's head swung round, and Gascoigne perceived that a stout hawser was hitched to her bows, by which she was being drawn into a narrow channel or creek, running directly inland, and covered, about ten feet from the surface of the water, by a thick green curtain of vines and other creeping p'ants.

So sudden and unexpected was the manœuvre that the *Midget* shot past the entrance before she could be stopped. Craft of her build cannot back water very easily, and several minutes were lost ere she could find an entrance into the dark, cave-like creek.

So thick was the mass of vegetation beneath which the boat plunged, that her crew, coming from the bright light of day, could not see a yard in front of them.

With a shock which threw half the blue-jackets off their feet, the boat ran into some obstruction, whilst a huge object fell with a loud splash into the water close behind them.

"What's wrong ahead, Smithson?" asked Gascoigne, peering forward.

"Hanged if I know, sir. It looks like a kind of fence." The gunner's tone was puzzled.

"There's another behind us, sir," cried a bluejacket, pointing over the stern.

It was true. An arrangement something like a portcullis, had been lowered between the boat and the river, cutting off their retreat.

For a moment the sailors looked at each other in dismay.

"We're caught, lads, but British bluejackets have fought their way out of as tight a fix as this before now," cried Gascoigne cheerily, although, truth to tell, he could see but little likelihood of their ever leaving that place alive.

"Ha, ha, white fool, did not I, Ben Saleh say that I would catch you like an elephant in a hopo?" cried a voice from the thicket by the side of the narrow creek,



THOUSANDS OF LEECHES WERE FALLING FROM THE VEGETATION.

Quick as thought, Gascoigne snatched a rifle from a sailor's hand, and fired in the direction from which the voice had come. The shot was followed by a shriek of mortal agony, and the next moment there was another shout from the same voice;

"They have killed my Terah, they have shot my son! Let the blood-suckers feast upon them, my children!"

"Fire into the thicket, lads! There may be a crowd of 'em there. Let 'em have it!" As he spoke, Gascoigne set the example with his revolver.

The excitement of the firing prevented the sailors from noticing that the canopy of sodden leaves overhead was shaking as though prodded by several poles. With one exception, no cry told that their wildly fired bullets had gone home.

But presently Gascoigne felt something, cold and clammy as a dead man's hand, touch his cheek. The next moment a sharp pain, as of a red-hot needle piercing his flesh, made him put up his hand to brush away the unpleasant intruder. But the thing-seemed glued to his cheek, and another, falling on his hand, also stuck fast, pricking him as its fellow had done.

He raised his hand and gazed at the loathsome parasite. It was a leech, some four inches in length. Thousands were falling in a shower from the vegetation, fastening on the sailors wherever a bare piece of flesh presented itself.

At first Gascoigne and his men felt only repugnance for the foul things, but as the latter continued to descend, covering the deck of the little craft with their slimy bodies, it became evident that unless a speedy escape were made, a terrible death awaited them. The creatures soon crept beneath the men's clothes, and were rapidly draining their life-blood.

It was indeed a gruesome fate to which Ben Saleh had doomed his foes, and Gascoigne's anger rose to frenzy as he beheld the agony endured by the gallant fellows he was powerless to assist or avenge.

"Out with your cutlasses, lads, and cut a way through that fence. We'll teach this nigger-driver to play tricks on British sailors!"

But the next moment he bade them be still; then, sheathing his sword, he knelt down by the maxim,

"Keep where you are, lads," he cried eagerly. "I have a buzz-saw here that will soon cut our way to freedom! Stand by with the belts; we'll need all we've got, gunner."

He pressed the trigger of the maxim, and a stream of bullets cut through the stout wooden fence as though with a knife—a feat by no means so extraordinary as it seems, for a tree fourteen inches in circumference has been felled in less than half a minute by a skilfully used machine gun.

"Full speed ahead!" shouted Gascoigne, as the last bar splashed into the water. A minute later the little *Midget* passed through the opening the maxim had made, turned a corner, and came into full view of the Arabs' dhow moored to a rough wooden wharf.

On a plot of lawn-like grass the Arabs, headed by the towering form of Ben Saleh, had assembled, dumbfounded at the escape of those they had doomed to an awful death.

"Throw down your arms and surrender!" ordered Gascoigne, eager to avoid unnecessary bloodshed.

The answer was a bullet, which whizzed past the young officer's head and struck a blue-jacket behind him.

Forgotten in a moment were the hideous leeches, still clinging in numbers to their bodies, forgotten the fact that the foe outnumbered

them by ten to one. With a stirring British cheer, the tars dashed at the enemy.

Cutting down a brawny Arab who sprang to meet him, Gascoigne dashed at the redoubtable Ben Saleh. The slaver chief, waving a huge battle-axe above his head, advanced, nothing loth, to meet his foe.

Round swept the terrible weapon. It was impossible to guard that heavy swinging blow, but Gascoigne, dropping on one knee, allowed the glittering steel to whiz over his head. Then, lunging forward, he drove his sword into the slaver's breast.

Seeing their chief fall, the Arabs flung down their arms and surrendered. They had set a trap for the British sailors, only to be caught in it themselves. So well-hidden was the place which the dead chief had chosen for his lair that the surrounding jungle was impassable, and not a single slaver escaped.

Within some huts abutting on the wharf, Gascoigne found two hundred wretched beings of all ages, and a large amount of miscellaneous plunder, including several hundred ounces of gold dust.

Sending the *Midget* for boats to remove the slaves and plunder, Gascoigne remained in the creek until the last bale of goods had been removed. Then, after burning the huts, that they might never be used for so evil a purpose again, he returned to the gunboat and set sail for Zanzibar—well content.

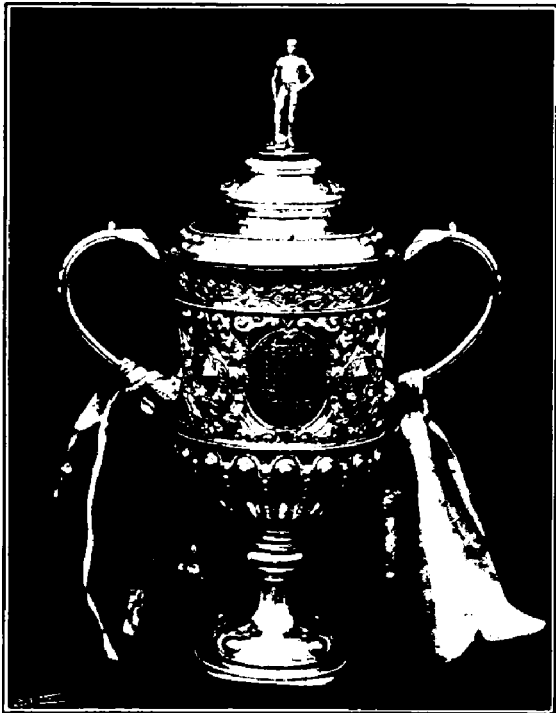


THE ENGLISH CUP.

THE English Cup was instituted in 1872, and the same cup was competed for till 1895, when it was stolen at Birmingham, and had to be replaced by a new one. Five times in the first seven years of its existence did the Wanderers—a club resembling the Corinthians, whose playing members were enlisted from the ranks of old public school and university footballers—carry off the prize, and in 1878 the club, having won the Cup three years in succession, became absolutely entitled to it; but they gave the trophy back to the Football Association upon the condition that it should never be won outright. Until 1883 the Old Boy element monopolised the final ties almost entirely, but in that year the Blackburn Olympic defeated the Old Etonians, after playing an extra half-hour. Superior training won the Olympic the match. The Etonians had a very powerful team, and

were every whit as clever as the Lancastrians, but their heavy forwards tired sooner than the light and nimble Northerners, and when the referee ordered an extra half-hour the fate of the Etonians was sealed. The remark was made in Blackburn when the Cup reached that town that it would never go back to London, and this was not half such a bad prophecy as it then seemed. The Cup did not go back for close upon twenty years. The next three years the Cup went to Blackburn Rovers. Their two famous games in 1884 and 1885 with Queen's Park will always rank as historic. The Glasgow club was splendidly represented—indeed, only one of its team was not an international. But the Rovers fairly and squarely beat them each time. The Rovers' third successive win was over West Bromwich Albion. Nothing was scored in the first game at Kennington Oval, but in the re-play at Derby they proved too

strong for the "Throstles," and for winning for the third consecutive year were awarded a special trophy in the shape of a mammoth silver shield. In the next season the Albion again occupied the position of runners-up for the Cup, when they met their masters in the final in Aston Villa. Both of these clubs were destined to play a very prominent part in subsequent finals. The final in 1888 at the Oval between West Bromwich and Preston North End produced one of the finest games ever contested. It was the Albion's third



THE ENGLISH CUP.

successive appearance in the final tie, and although Preston made so sure of the result as to express a wish to have the Cup photographed with them before the match, they had to be content with the casual view they obtained of it in the early part of the afternoon. Bassett played as fine a game as has ever been witnessed on the football field, and Preston were beaten by 2 goals to 1. Preston came on the scene again in 1889, and made no mistake about winning the Cup, for they went through the whole of the competition without having a goal scored against them. The two following years Blackburn Rovers annexed the honours, but in the season 1892 the Albion again came to the fore and administered a sound drubbing to Aston Villa to the extent of 3 goals to *nil* in the final. It was said that the Villa had arranged which of the officials were to hold the

trophy during certain months of the ensuing year, so certain were they of winning. Something, however, went wrong, and their impetuous supporters, without seeking to analyse the play, cast about for a victim, and threw all the blame upon their goalkeeper, Warner, who was very badly treated by members of the lower orders in Birmingham. The two Midland clubs came together for the third time in nine years in 1895. It was a stoutly contested final tie this, and the Albion had to acknowledge defeat, although the margin was only a goal to nothing. It was in this season that the Cup was stolen. It was suggested that the modest trophy should be replaced by a gorgeous one of gold, but the Football Association wisely decided to have a replica of the old trophy made. Lord Rosebery saw the final of 1897, between Aston Villa and Everton, and described it as an "Olympian struggle" which he should never forget. Five goals were scored in the first thirty-five minutes, of which the Villa claimed three. Splendidly as the Everton team played in the second half, they could never pierce the Aston defence, and 3--2 was the result. Southern teams began to take part in the later rounds in the next few years, and in 1901 the Cup came back South. Sheffield United represented the North and Tottenham Hotspurs the South. All previous gate records were eclipsed, no less than 114,887 people watching the game. It was a stiff battle, and the result was a draw of 2 goals each. There was a great dispute about Sheffield's second goal. Clawley, the Hotspurs' goalkeeper, alleged that he stopped the ball a foot outside the line, but the referee gave a goal. The cinematograph was subsequently supposed to show that the goalkeeper's contention was correct. In the replay at Bolton, Tottenham demonstrated their superiority and deserved their victory of 3 goals to 1. How Sheffield United took the trophy back to the North in the following season will be fresh in the memory. Bury, in defeating Derby County by 6 goals to 0, last season, gained the most hollow victory on record in the series of final ties. They also equalled Preston's record of 1889 by going through the competition without having a goal scored against them. Collating the various opponents in the final ties, we find that ten matches were between Southern opponents, ten between teams of the North and Midlands respectively, five between opponents from the North and the South, and four between Midland opponents, while the remaining three were between opposing Northern teams,

ALBERT ALBROW,

The Captain Camera Corner.

Photo. by]

[Mayne Reid.

THE RIGHT WAY AND THE WRONG.

A CONSIDERABLE amount of disappointment is caused to the beginner by ignorance and lack of proper caution. The dry plate, to take an instance, has a very sensitive film, liable to chemical stains of all sorts if a finger be laid upon it. The "old hand" is very careful to pick up an unused plate, or even an unvarnished negative, by the *sides*, between thumb and first or second finger. He doesn't handle it as if it were a thin sheet of wood. Though the thumb *may* be applied without "making its mark," there is always the danger that it will; so cultivate the habit of correct handling. The same warning applies in an even greater degree to untuned prints.

WASHING NEGATIVES.

Don't let water fall from a height into the vessel holding the plate, as it may carry with it air which will form bubbles on the surface of the film. Fig. 1 shows the correct method, which is to let the water flow in at or below the top of the vessel. If a dish is used, as in the illustration, it should be emptied now and then, to get rid of any chemicals that may have collected at the lower end, and the plate should be reversed.

THE APPLICATION OF DEVELOPING SOLUTIONS.

Never put a plate into a dish of solution, but lay the plate in the empty dish and suddenly flood it from one end (Fig. 3). It is

incorrect to pour the developer gradually on the centre from a height (Fig. 2), as this course is sure to cause marking of the plate. I always hold the dish in the left hand, depressed a little towards the right, and pour in the solution with a "swish," simultaneously raising the right end. This sweeps away any air-bells which may try to form. Bubble-holes never bother me.

EXAMINING A NEGATIVE DURING DEVELOPMENT.

Don't pick the negative out of the solution, but pour the solution off the negative. The first course means serious staining of the fingers, if pyro be used, and, in any case, impregnates the tips with chemical.

EXAMINING A PRINT.

Stand with your back to the window, so as to interpose your body between the light and the frame. On no account carry the print into a strong light "to see how it is getting on." The paper should

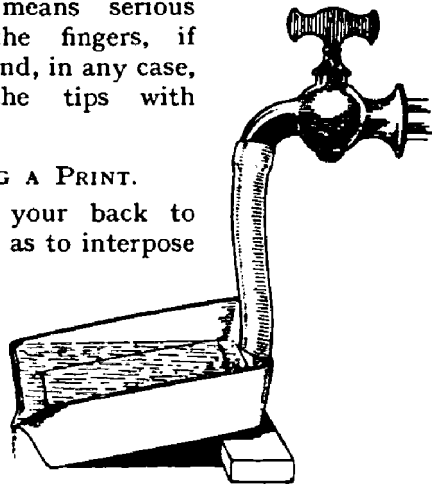


FIG. 1.—The right way to lead water into a vessel for washing plates or prints. Never let it fall in with a splash.

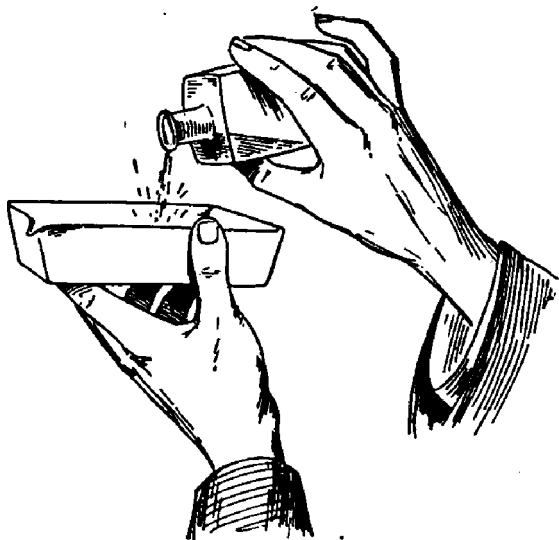


FIG. 2.—Don't pour the developing solution on the plate like this;

have been arranged so that one end slightly overhangs the edge of the plate and can easily be lifted by the finger. *Blowing* on the print to separate it from the negative is apt to deposit small spots of saliva on both, with disastrous results.

HANGING UP PRINTS TO DRY.

Don't suspend them over a string, like towels on a towel-horse (Fig. 4); as they dry they will straighten and probably fall off; but either pin them by one corner to the string or, what is better, use wooden clips such as are shown in Fig. 5. These can be purchased at three-halfpence each. A print should always be *hung up* to dry, as both sides are then exposed to the air, and the process is greatly shortened.

STACKING NEGATIVES.

After an orgy of printing or developing, negatives have a knack of accumulating. Fig. 6 *a* and *b* shows the right and wrong way of stacking them. If *piled* on one another the risk of scratching is increased; if stood on end, each supports its own weight, and any one may be removed without picking up the rest.

THE STORAGE OF DRY PLATES.

In a room where gas is used, unused plates should be kept at a low level. Near the ceiling the hot gases of combustion from the burners accumulate and may do harm to plates. Printing papers are even more sensitive. A thoroughly *dry* spot must be selected, since damp



FIG. 4.—A bad way to hang up prints to dry—bent over a string—and

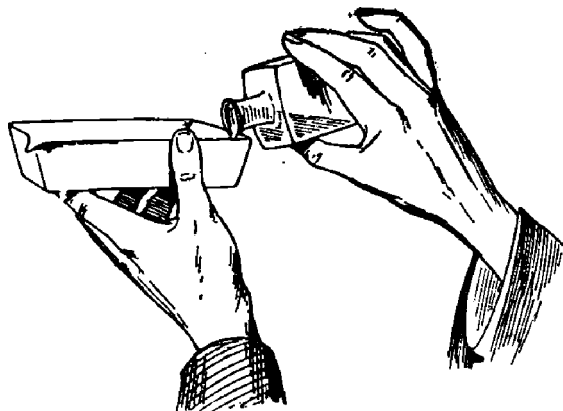


FIG. 3.—But swish it on like this—from one end. (The artist should have shown a measure-glass, not a bottle, as the flow must be very rapid.)

is very destructive. I believe that "ordinary" plates will keep almost indefinitely in a dry, cool, and unvitiated atmosphere. Some time ago I inadvertently used plates that had been in my possession for five years. I did not discover the fact through any failure on their part. But for reading the date on the box, I should not have suspected their age.

PACKING A STAND CAMERA IN ITS CASE.

You must be very careful to have the screen side of the camera turned towards the *inside* of the case; and the dark slides should be placed next it to protect it from blows. I have seen several screens smashed through careless packing. Lenses are laid on the slides, and the cloth is placed over all to act as a buffer against any blow from above.

DRYING PLATES.

Stand them up diagonally, so that all the water runs down to *one corner*: most plate-racks ensure this. If stood on an *edge*, a ridge of water forms along it and takes a long while to evaporate. Where speed is necessary, the rack should be placed on the top of an oil- or gas-stove, a piece of sheet-iron being interposed. Take care that the flame is not turned up too high, as undue heat will melt the film. It is somewhat risky to stand plates before the fire, since the strong air-current carries dust, while a coal falling out may stir up the ashes. If the plates are first

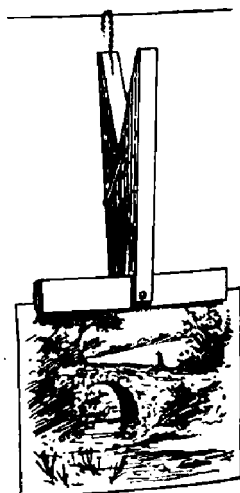


FIG. 5.—A good way—in wooden clips suspended from the string.

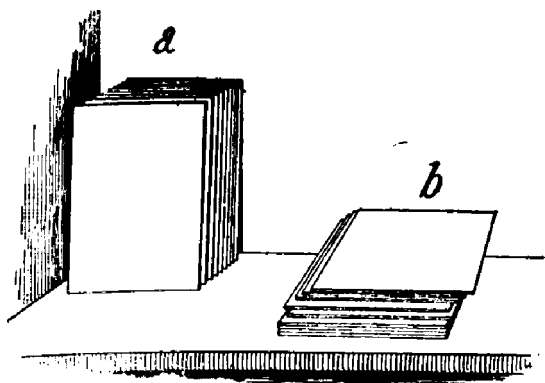


FIG. 6.—The right way (a)—and the wrong (b) of stacking negatives during printing operations.

soaked in methylated spirit, the process is shortened to a few minutes.

MIXING SOLUTIONS.

Don't measure "by eye," like the cook. Use scales for everything; and cultivate the habit of taking extreme care. All chemicals must be kept in well-stoppered glass or earthenware receptacles. Tins are dangerous, owing to the readiness with which iron combines with many chemicals, if they are the least damp.

CARE OF DISHES, &C.

Dishes, measure glasses, &c. should be turned upside down when not in use, and always rinsed out before and after use. Never leave solutions standing in dishes, as they are apt to throw down deposits hard to remove.

Filter papers should be in more general use than appears to be the fashion. Toning and intensifying solutions should be returned to their bottles through a filter paper—care being taken, of course, that a separate paper is allotted to each solution. If you make a practice of doing this, you will save yourself a good deal of the trouble arising from mysterious specks or "pinholes."

REMOVING THE BACKING FROM BACKED PLATES.

Don't bother to do this before development. The washing-off then may bring water into contact with the film, and cause streaky development. I always partly develop, then take the negative out of the dish, rinse it well under the tap, and rub off the backing, which is now quite soft. If you use a developer of a

"permanent" nature, such as rodinal, the filter-paper will rid the solution of any backing that may have got loose during development.

A TONING-BATH FOR BROMIDE OR GAS-LIGHT PAPERS.

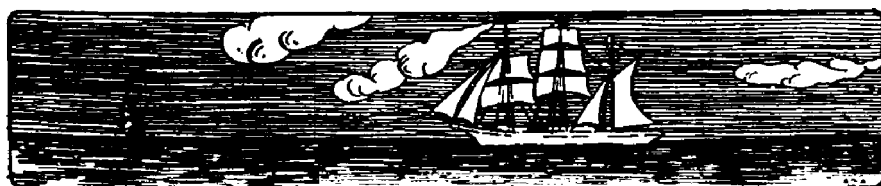
Messrs. Houghton's have sent me two prints on "Wellington" Bromide, the one toned with their new sulphide toning formula to a very pleasing sepia colour. The chemical is made up in glass tubes in quantities sufficient to make five ounces of solution. The mode of using is very simple. Dissolve the contents of two tubes each in five ounces of water. Place the print, dry or wet, in one bath until evenly bleached. This takes about a minute. Rinse it in a few changes of water, and lay it in the other bath, after which it should be well washed and dried. The two baths can be used over and over again. The toned print submitted to me had been treated in a bath that had done one hundred quarter-plate prints without showing signs of exhaustion. These tubes of "Ensign Sulphide Toner" are sold at fourpence each. I advise readers to try their hands at this process.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Donald Davies.—The plate-holder you enclose is about 3½ in. by 5 in. It is quite an odd size, and, on looking through the makers' lists, I cannot find any plates quoted to fit, not even in the centimetral foreign makes. So I should advise you to abandon this camera, if it is not a particularly good one, and to go in for a 3½ in. by 4½ in. or 5 in. by 4 in., unless you are willing to face the expense of having the plates specially cut, which would be considerable. Your letter was addressed but not stamped.

Velox.—It is practically impossible to get exposures with a lens shutter as short as those which are permitted by a focal-plane shutter. With the latter the time may be made almost infinitely small; in fact, the only limitation is the sensitiveness of the plate. I have got very good negativee with exposures of only 1/1000 second. Of course, this required the strong light of the summer months, and also a lens working at a very large aperture.

F. Jamson.—I am afraid that the only advice I can give you is that which I have dealt out to others in the same position as yourself, viz., to give up experimenting with your old crock and spend a couple of guineas on a good camera. It is a sheer waste of money, time, and patience to mess about with a machine which has, as far as I can judge from your description, no redeeming quality. Sorry that I cannot give you more hope.



A CANDIDATE FOR LAURELS.

By
STUART WISHING.



Illustrated by
ALFRED PEARSE.

I.

BY most men humour and imagination are counted among the greatest gifts of nature. To a certain extent they are; but, even as every rose has its proper equipment of thorns, so the gifts of imagination and humour are accompanied by dangers from which the ordinary person is free. In other words, the ordinary person has a duller—but safer—time.

Now, Charles Meadows was never dull, and rarely safe. He was an ingenious youth of fifteen in the Lower Fifth at St. Edmund's School. He had the two gifts above-mentioned; and, in addition to these, the fatal knack of stringing together rhymes—a gift which occasionally got him into trouble. Masters are so inquisitive in school-hours. His chief ambition was to appear in print, but up to the time of this story his efforts had met with no success. The school organ, the *Edmundian*, was of a stolid, unenterprising nature, and refused to admit the joyous lyrics and light-hearted lampoons of the young poetaster. Perhaps, as the author fondly believed, the editors were jealous of his ability. More probably, they had some respect for the powers that be, and incidentally for the law of libel.

"Suds," said Charles one day to a personal friend in the shelter of his study, "I've written a splendid ballad—the best thing I've done yet. Just listen to it."

"Oh, hang your poetry," replied his friend—a boy who bore the name of a well-known soap-maker. "I don't want to listen to your efforts just now. Much more sensible if you make some tea."

"No; you make the tea, and I'll read my ballad to you. You must hear it, because I want your opinion. Besides, I've got no end of a scheme on. The ballad is part of the scheme. You'll find the cake in a tin—and the tea is in my hat-box."

The other grunted, but obeyed orders; and, while he was busy with the tea-things,

Charles read aloud the following work of art:

"BALLAD OF THE COOK'S DEATH.

"Now Topsy was a hungry man
Who fed in Edmund's Hall;
He swore the food it was no good—
It was no good at all.

"'The roast,' said he—'the boiled—the fried—
May suit a Goth or Hun;
Myself, I swear I cannot bear
To eat it underdone.

"'The cook is but a sorry knave
To serve us such a feast;
Why should I gnaw this almost raw,
Half-tepid bit of beast?'

"He called the cook before his eyes,
And looked him in the face;
'Come, sir!' he cried, 'you may not hide
The proofs of your disgrace.'

"In anger just he flung the joint
With flight both true and fast:
As the cook fled it struck his head,
And so his spirit passed.

"But Topsy did the generous thing,
And raised a stone on high—
'Here lies a cook I brought to book;
So may all bad cooks die!'"

"There, what do you think of it?" asked the reader, flushed with anxiety and pride.

"Not bad at all for you," replied "Suds," appreciatively, cutting huge segments of the cake. "I like all your verses about the masters. Only wish they could read them and get touched up a bit. I bet those lines would make Topsy squirm."

"They're going to read this one," said Charles, with an air of mystery. "That's where my scheme comes in."

"No! How are you going to manage it? Send copies to each of them?"

"Rather not; it's coming out in the *Edmundian*."

"I say—that's a score for you. I thought they wouldn't look at anything of yours. What was it they called your last poem—'scurrilous and personal,' wasn't it?"

"M'yes," said Charles, pouring out the tea.

"They don't know good poetry when they see it. But I'm not going to be beaten by them—I'm not going to waste the 'Ballad of the Cook's Death' on the editors: they wouldn't pass it. This is the tip—quite simple. I take a copy down myself in an envelope to the printing-office—label it 'For the *Edmundian*'—and they'll think it's been sent down in the usual way. It will come out in the old rag without a soul being any the wiser."

"Jove! that's not half a bad notion; bit of a score off the editors when the paper appears. Score off Topsy, too—I'm sure I heard him growling about the beef yesterday. But—I say!" he broke off sharply with a long-drawn whistle of dismay.

"What's the matter?"

"They're bound to spot it."

"I don't care if they do; I can only get a laming, and I'd take that cheerfully to get my poetry into the school mag. Besides, it will be a rare good lark."

"But, you old ox," remonstrated Suds, "you've forgotten one thing. These printer-chaps send a copy up first—'proof,' I believe they call it—to be inspected. I saw Simmons pawing them over and correcting one day when I took an impot. up to his rooms. The ballad will never get past him."

"Hang it!" said Charles uneasily. "Simmons is a good sort on the whole. I don't think he would put his foot down on the ballad; he's looked over some of my works already and said they weren't half bad—promising stuff for a youngster, and so on."

"H'm. . . Which did you show him?"

"The one on spring—and the description of a cricket match—and twenty lines of the *Æneid* I turned into English."

"Ye-es. Those are all deadly serious. I suppose you didn't show him the 'Torture of the Head' or the 'Impot.-setter's Fate'?"

"No," admitted the poet. "I didn't think it worth while."

"There you are, you see. If I were you I shouldn't take those verses down to the office. Simmons will only jump on you."

"Unluckily, it's too late. Did I say I was going to take them down? As a matter of fact I've taken them down already, and I expect they are printed in black and white



"BALLAD OF THE COOK'S DEATH."

by this time. Still, it's no use crying over spilt milk; perhaps Simmons won't go through the whole lot of proofs. He may not notice the ballad, either; I don't suppose it will take up very much room—do you?"

"I daresay not," said Suds cheerfully. After all, *his* skin was not in danger. "If it's done, it's done—and there's no use worrying about it. Cheer up, old chap—there's yards of cake still left. 'The condemned man made a hearty meal of bacon and eggs,' as the newspapers say. Besides, if Simmons does notice it, he won't know who wrote the thing. You didn't sign your name, did you?"

"Rather not," said Master Meadows. "But I shall be jolly sick if the ballad doesn't get printed, after all the trouble I've taken over it."

II.

A WEEK later the poet was astonished by a summons to the rooms of the press-censor, Mr. Simmons. Much had happened during the past seven days: Charles had assisted

his house in defeating Lanford's to the tune of twenty points, and had received his colours; a chum's birthday had been celebrated with due hilarity and feasting; an obnoxious enemy from a neighbouring dormitory had had his courage cooled by repeated and compulsory visits to the bath-room. Other events of minor importance had combined to efface from Charles' mind the memory of his ballad and the possible consequences thereof. And so, with a conscience clear and a guileless face, he made his way to Mr. Simmons' room and knocked upon the door.

A voice said, "Come in!" Charles obeyed the command, and found the house-master—a cheerful and wise young man of thirty-two—standing easily before the fire.

"You sent for me, sir," began the poet.

"Ah, yes," murmured Mr. Simmons, filling a pipe as he spoke. "Just sit down for a moment—you'll find the armchair comfortable. Yes—I wanted to speak to you about a little matter that has cropped up lately. You know that I look over the *Edmundian* before it goes to press?"

"Yes, sir," replied Charles, with a blush that would have attracted the attention of a bull. He remembered the ballad now, and hoped—vainly—that "Old Sim" had not noticed his increased colour.

"It is generally a matter of routine only," said the censor, glancing at Charles as he shifted in his chair, "but in this number I find a spirited account—in verse—of a servant's death at the hands of one Topsy. The editors cannot enlighten me on the subject. Can you?"

The author remained silent and depressed. He was unprepared for such an attack.

"I supposed at first," pursued the master, after a short but painful pause, "that it was a legend of bygone days, treated in modern fashion by some modern writer. It was not till a certain master told me that he believed he was known by the name of Topsy that I thought there might be some connection. With regard to the unfortunate cook's demise, I can find no details; and as to the imperfect dressing of meat in any of the houses, there appear to be no grounds for complaint at all. Therefore, I am driven to the conclusion that the whole poem is a mere flight of fancy—an airy trifle thrown off in a frivolous moment—not to be taken seriously. Do you agree?"

"It sounds possible, sir," said Charles, who was gradually regaining his nerve.

"I think my view is probably right.

Now, such trifles are all very well in their way, and undoubtedly cause great amusement—among a certain class. *But*, they are only fit for private circulation. When they aspire to the dignity of print—when they try to creep into the august columns of the *Edmundian*—then they must be crushed with the blue pencil, and the author must be prepared to face the consequences. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, sir," said the culprit.

Mr. Simmons went on more seriously.

"As soon as I saw this, Meadows, I recognised your fine Roman hand. I was sure that you had written it. Am I not right?"

Charles repeated his assent. He felt that his answers were monotonously similar, but what was he to do?

"I am willing to believe," said the inquisitor, "that you did not mean it for wilful impertinence; therefore, I shall not cane you. Of course, it is quite out of the question for the *Edmundian* to publish the 'Cook's Ballad'—though there are some good points about it. (The style, for instance, is simple and direct.) The type has been set up, and you must pay the expense of that; go down town to-morrow and do so. And now retire to the library next door and write a poem—a dignified poem—of not less than twenty lines on *me*."

"On you, sir!" gasped the astonished youth.

"Yes; a dignified poem, please. No introduction of cooks, footmen, or scavengers. Shut the door behind you."

The budding laureate groped his way out in a state of complete bewilderment. Old Sim had spotted him, and yet did not seem to be very angry. That was the amazing thing. If only he could have seen his late interrogator drop into a chair, read the ballad again, and chuckle quietly over the literary gem, he would have understood. But a door effectually screened the master from the boy, and he sat down at the nearest table to work out a dignified ode of not less than twenty lines.

He sat still for a few minutes, and then determined to have a little fun at old Sim's expense. Sim was probably reading and would hate to be disturbed. *Ergo*, disturbance was the very card to play. Charles got up, knocked at the door, and peered inside.

"Done it yet?" asked the master comfortably. Charles choked down his emotion with difficulty—how the dickens—could a fellow produce a dignified ode in four minutes!

—and meekly asked for the loan of a pen. Simmons pointed dumbly to the table, and the boy selected one after a careful search. Then he retired, but re-appeared in less than two minutes.

"Please, sir," he remarked, with an injured air, "I can't find any ink in the library. I've looked round every table, sir, and there doesn't seem——"

"Take mine," murmured the other

as an after-thought added "By C. Meadows." It looked very imposing, and he admired the effect for several seconds. Then he turned his attention to the composition, and after five minutes' mental wrestling, produced the following line :

"Majestic Being, in a Scholar's Robe——"

"That's dignified enough, in all conscience," he mused. "Nothing to complain of there. I wish he'd let me write some comic stuff about him—I'd get it done twice as quickly. . . . Well, I think it's time to pay another visit to the lion's den. I wonder how much he'll stand!"

As he entered, Mr. Simmons looked up with an irritated air. He was reading an interesting novel, and had no use for intruders.

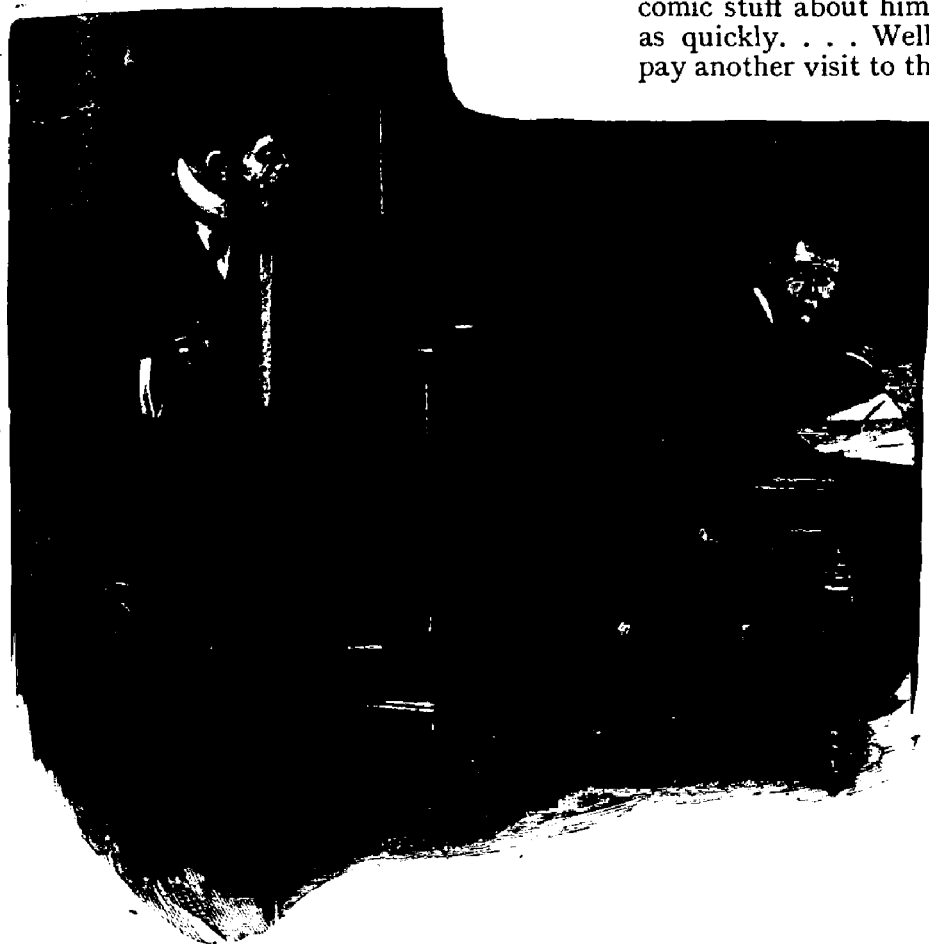
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"Please, sir," said the suppliant humbly, "I've got stuck at the second line. I'm sorry to trouble you, sir, but I can't think of a rhyme to 'robe.' Would you mind helping me a little, sir, by suggesting one?"

Mr. Simmons looked very earnestly at him, and if Charles had given the ghost of a smile there

would certainly have been an explosion. Luckily, Master Meadows kept a straight face, and his mentor recognised a fellow-humourist. He enjoyed the joke too keenly to execute his victim, but he felt that these visits must be stopped.

"'Globe' seems to be the obvious rhyme," he returned. "I believe there is also a place in Japan named Kobe—but I am not sure whether that is the correct pronunciation. On the whole, I should stick to 'globe. But I cannot have you bothering me any



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gravely. Charles complied, with a word of thanks—he had engaging manners—and made his second exit.

"Drawn him twice," he reflected. "I'll let him rest for a while before I pull his leg again. Badger-baiting is good sport. . . . Let's have a go at this rotten poem."

Screwing his fingers into his hair and meditating deeply, he wrote down after a short time the title: "A Dignified Ode to Mr. Simmons." He wrote this in his best copper-plate, drew two neat lines underneath, and

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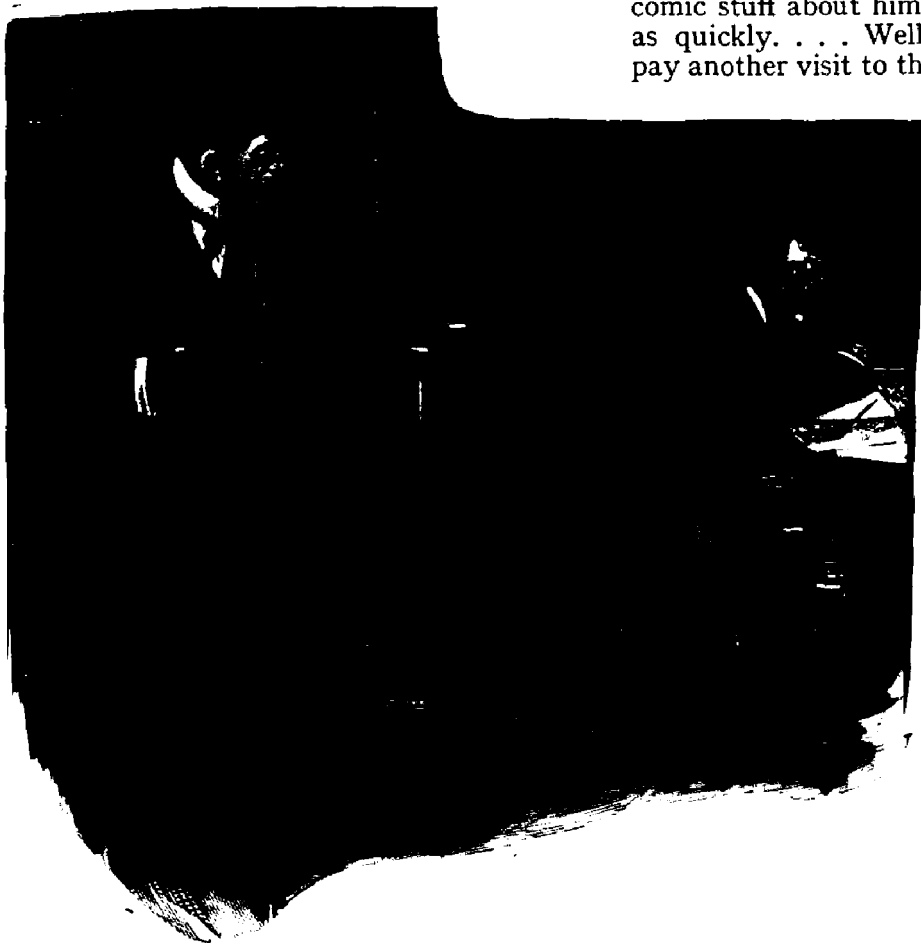
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more. Kindly remember that your next visit to this room will mean a caning."

"Yes, sir; thank you," said Charles, and backed out into the library. When the door was safely shut, old Sim—he was only thirty-two, remember—laughed silently once more, re-lit his pipe, and settled down to the enjoyment of his novel. He read quickly and with zest, for the book was an exciting tale of adventure in Burma. Mr. Simmons loved a stirring story as keenly as any boy; indeed,



"IT LOOKS RIPPING IN PRINT, DOESN'T IT?"

his sympathy with the boy-spirit was largely responsible for his popularity throughout the school. And yet he was noted for being a strict disciplinarian.

He read on, devouring page after page with the speed of a machine, his eyes glued to the book. He was lost in a world of imaginary people, who were infinitely more real than any inhabitant of St. Edmund's. Time seemed to fly; and yet it was only fifteen

minutes after Charles' last entrance that he was roused from his reading by a deep groan. Mr. Simmons started—the spell was broken—and listened intently. No, there had been no mistake; another groan boomed forth through the stillness of the library and pierced the intervening door. It sounded as if some stricken creature were in physical pain.

Mr. Simmons shook his shoulders impatiently, and lay back in his chair. Picking up his book once more, he tried to concentrate his attention on it, and to ignore the distressing sounds which were proceeding from the library. It was of no use; the groans were too sonorous to allow any rivalry. The reader found his eyes wandering from the printed page, and caught himself waiting instinctively for the next eruption. He began to count the seconds that elapsed between the groans, and even to make a wager with himself as to the probable aggregate within a given time. He was but human, and in the end curiosity triumphed. He left his abode, and discovered Master Meadows with his head on his arms, the picture of despair. The schoolboy is not seldom a first-rate actor.

"Meadows," said Old Sim, "are you responsible for those harrowing groans?"

"Yes, sir," the impressionist whined, looking up wearily.

"Is anything the matter? Have you over-eaten yourself this afternoon, or are you smitten with remorse for any particular crime?"

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you, sir," said Charles. "I thought the door might keep in the sound."

"It hasn't," observed Mr. Simmons. "What is the matter?"

"I've got into a fresh tangle with these verses, sir, and I don't seem to have a rhyme left in my head."

"How much have you written?"

"Only twelve lines, sir—and I can't get along at all. Will——"

"Read out what you've done," interrupted the master, whose mouth was twitching convulsively. "If they're any good—and dignified—perhaps I'll remit the rest."

"They're the best I can do, sir," murmured Charles. "But I think I can write—well, lighter things—much more easily. I *think* these are dignified—I tried hard to keep them so."

"Start away," commanded Old Sim, sitting down on the table with his back to the gas. And Master Meadows read the following precious effusion :

"Majestic Being in a Scholar's Robe,
The wisest being of our earthly globe—
I would thy brains were added unto mine,
Then I in scholarship should shortly shine.

(Alliteration, you see, sir.)

"But not in learning only art thou versed,
In Rugby football thou art not the worst.

(I meant that as a copy of Vergil's *litotes*, sir—putting it mildly, so to speak.)

"At half-back or three-quarter thou canst play,
And rub thy foemen's noses in the clay."

"What about dignity there?" queried Mr. Simmons.

"Well, sir," explained Charles "I wanted to say 'level them in the dust,' but I couldn't get it to scan. Besides, 'dust' won't rhyme with 'play.'"

"N-no," said the other. "We'll pass that. Go on."

"Vanquished they fall, the short, the stout, the slim 'uns—

And own the mighty strength of Mr. Simmons.
And when at last there sounds the piercing whistle——"

"That's all, sir. I couldn't think of a good word to go with 'whistle.'"

"'Gristle' is the only one I know," said his judge gravely, though he longed for a good laugh. "However, I think you may stop now. The dignity of the poem is hardly enough in evidence, but I have no doubt you have done your best. I should advise you to stick to the—er—lighter style—but not to publish anything as yet. Good night. By the way—don't forget to see the printer about the bill for the type."

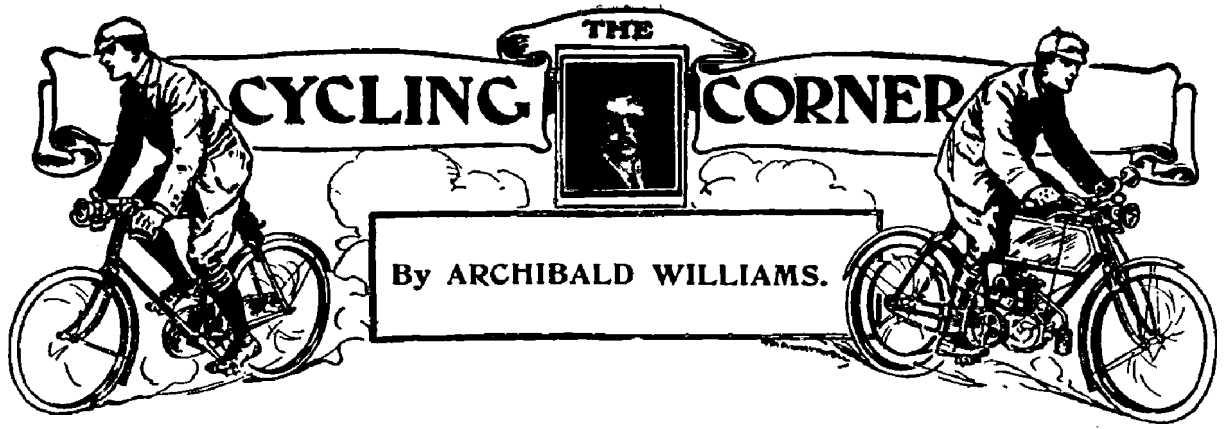
"No, sir, thank you. Good night, sir."

* * * * *

Charles was in no danger of forgetting the printer, for during the period of groaning composition he had hit on a really brilliant plan. He saw the printer next morning, ordered him to separate the type of the offending passage from the *Edmundian's* columns, and—print him a hundred copies of the ballad! These he sold under a pledge of secrecy at the ridiculous price of threepence each. He and his chum, after paying the bill, shared the profits of the nefarious transaction, and feasted royally for a week. As the literary youngster remarked to the companion of his joys and sorrows: "Poetry-making, Suds, isn't all jam; but I think we've come out of this jolly well. I'm going to have the ballad framed next vac. It looks ripping in print, doesn't it?"

ON STYLE.

A STYLE which expresses more or less than a man's personality must be bad; it is either affected or inadequate. This is the real quarrel with "preciosity," with the vices of those writers held up as eminently "stylists." It is not that they use fantastic or out-of-the-way words, or sequences of words, but that they use words and phrases which do not belong to them nor sincerely express the movements of their mind. Their finery distracts the mind of the reader from the nervelessness of the expression as the bits of tinsel stuck on a stage dragon distract the eye from the inferiority of the modelling. Strip them off, and you find a dull, dead shape underneath. The truth is you cannot separate style from matter. If you say that the style is good, you already imply that the matter is good because, style admitted, it is necessarily one man's personal and precise expression in words of the thought that is in him. . . . It is, therefore, necessary for every writer to cultivate a wise egoism; to pay no attention to what is said about "good" or "bad" styles. His own style is the best possible for him.—CHARLES MARRIOTT in *The Author*.



THE DANGERS OF CYCLING.

CYCLING has its pleasures—lots of them, thank goodness! It has its dangers also. On these I will expatiate for a page or so.

In the first place, young riders are too apt to forget that they *are* young, and that, according to the laws of Nature, young limbs are growing limbs. A boy of twelve years old can't take the liberties with his arms and legs, I might say with his body generally, that might not harm a person who has reached years of discretion.

Of course, we all know that a boy can rise from a hearty lunch and play a strenuous game of football forthwith without any apparent bad results. The digestion of the young *is* tough. But bones which are still in a comparatively soft condition demand consideration.

That is why sensible folk dislike to see a boy crouching low on a cycle, like a monkey on a stick, in the endeavour to ape the "speed merchant" of the racing-path. A boy should endeavour to keep his back straight, and not to train it into the shape of a bow.

That also is the reason why one shudders at the sight of boys or girls pedalling painfully along on cycles which are at least a couple of inches too high for their reach, and consequently pounds too heavy for their strength. They simply *should not be allowed to do it*; as the accumulated injury of a series of such rides may be really serious. If you don't believe this, ask the doctor.

OVERSTRAINING.

Then, there is the temptation to overdo distances. A youngster may make a very good show beside his elders, and finish up as fresh as the proverbial paint. Let him not boast himself too much, however. He may

have strained his machinery a bit without knowing it. And here I must warn boys not to make the pace too hot for their sisters; and sisters not to emulate their brothers too much. Skirts are a decided handicap to the gentler sex, and should be duly allowed for.

As I believe I have said before, when a correspondent writes to this effect, "I am thirteen years old, and covered the distance from London to Brighton in three and three-quarter hours," I must write him down as a very foolish person, even if he asserts on the same page that *THE CAPTAIN* is just ripping—which, of course, is quite true. Boys of thirteen have no business with record-breaking, which puts a terrible strain on the heart.

MORAL DANGERS.

What? a sermon? No, sir! But I should just like to point out this—that the fact that a cyclist can cover the distance from X to Y much quicker than a pedestrian has its dangers. It is apt to breed a habit of leaving things to the last minute. Our friend John Jones, to take an instance, lives a mile from the school he attends. Well, he knows that under good conditions he can cover that mile in five minutes. How easy to slide into the way of allowing five minutes, and not a minute more! But alas! one morning the back tyre is found in a state of collapse. On another there is a strong head wind. On another a rain squall brings delay; and so on. J. J. is late, and vows he was a fool to put things off so. He was. Of course, it is only the old story in another form, that the person who lives near the church will probably be late oftener than people who dwell afar off. When J. J. leaves school, and has to go to business daily, he may stick to his old habit, and run things fine for the train, at the

cost of his reputation and digestion. The cycle is a good servant but a bad master.

CYCLING *v.* WALKING.

If cycling eventually leads to a general aversion to walking, the invention of the cycle will not be regarded as an unmixed blessing. Fond as I am of this pastime, and useful as I find the cycle, I boldly proclaim that, so far as exercise of the muscles is concerned, walking is the finer means of progression. On the cycle one practically uses only the leg and hip muscles, and not all of them; while in walking the arms and all leg muscles come into action, and the chest is thrown out to give full play to the lungs. Thinking the matter over seriously, I fancy that there is a danger lest the boys and girls of the rising generation may neglect to make proper use of their legs whenever any but the shortest distance has to be negotiated. Even for trips of a few hundred yards we are tempted to fly to our cycles. Games, of course, teach us how to run; but marching requires something that running or cycling does not give, viz., the proper "swing." The general disinclination to walk, where a cycle can be used—and one must admit that it is an increasing disinclination—is not for the good of the community, especially for the younger part thereof. In many cases this aversion to walking may be spelt l-a-z-i-n-e-s-s.

NEGLECT OF THE CYCLE.

If you regard your cycle as a useful friend you should take some care of it. Tom Smith, another of our acquaintance, never cleans his cycle. When he comes in from a ride he flings it in a corner to nurse its wrongs. Its parts rattle like chains in a sack; the toolbag has long been innocent of any contents; the tyres are on the verge of an indignant explosion at so much neglect. There's Sloven written large over that machine, which, had it received proper care, would still be quite a smart mount. Now, every time that T. S. takes his cycle on the road he is advertising his failings. One of the finest developments of mechanical art—for such the cycle is—deserves a better fate than the neglect it often receives.

NEGLECT OF PROPER PRECAUTION.

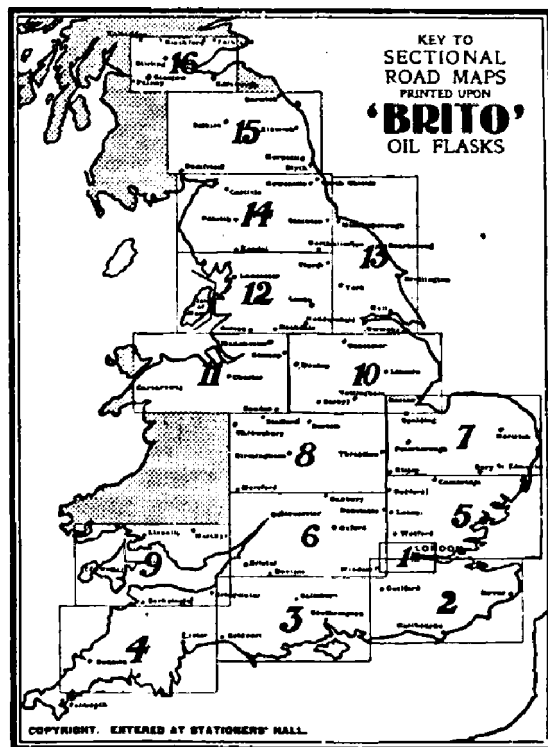
This is the most pronounced danger of all; since the risks are now not confined to the rider. Folk who dash out of gates and round corners, without warning, or sprint between carts and under horses' noses, are a great nuisance. I have touched on this topic before, so I will here say only that one cannot be too

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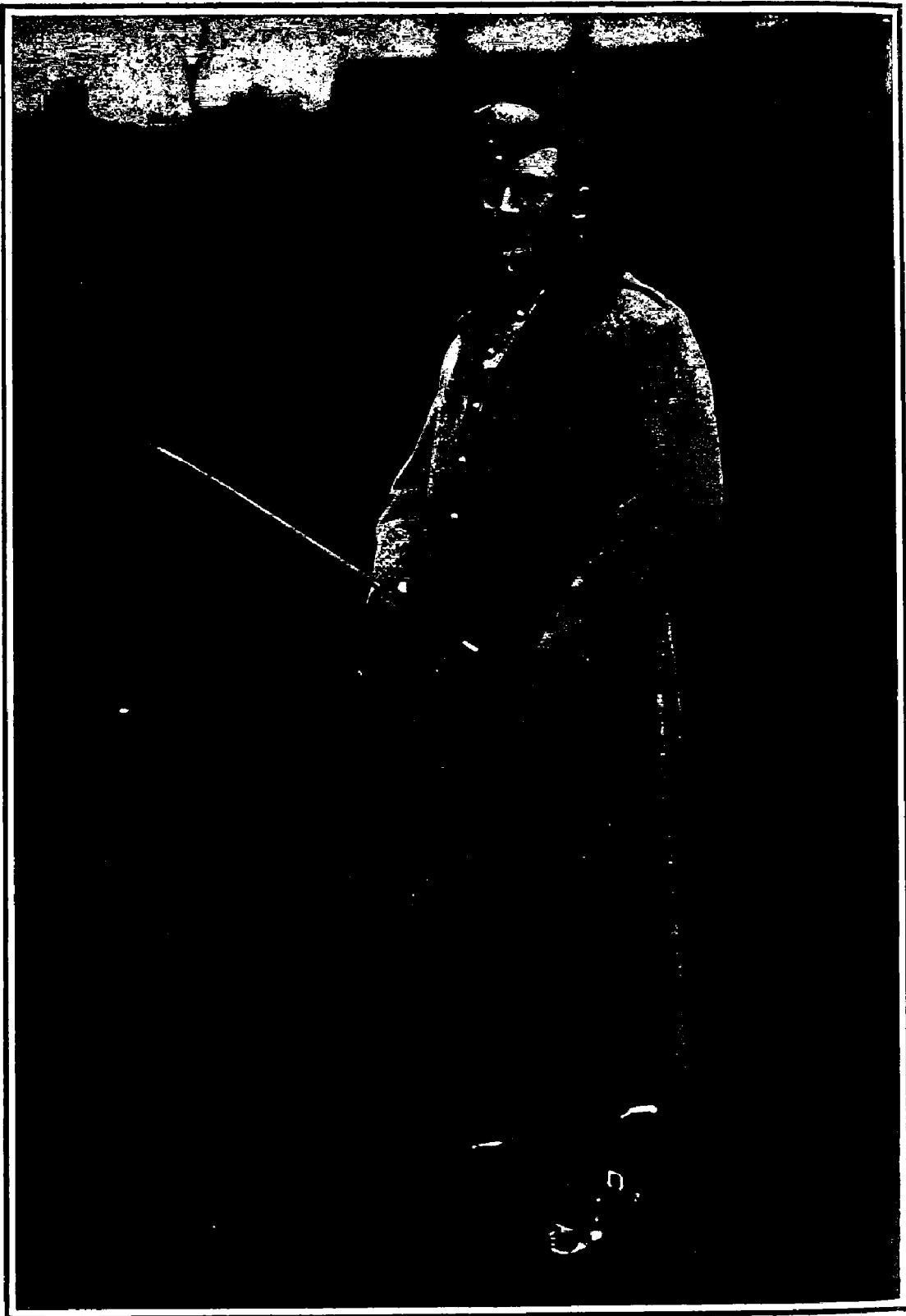
careful of one's own neck and of other folks' well-being. A bad-mannered cyclist almost invariably has to go into dock sooner or later; and the cycle-neglector of our last paragraph will also find himself in Queer Street through the failure of a brake or some other mechanical detail.

MAP OIL-CANS.

Messrs. Brown Bros., of Great Eastern Street, E., are nothing if not ingenious. I find waiting in my pigeon-hole in the O. F.'s sanctum a tin



of oil, its exterior beautified by a map (in colours) of the country between London and Cambridge, including all Essex, Herts, and parts of Bucks. The map is printed on the tin itself, and is on a sufficiently large scale to show towns, roads, railways, and villages clearly. The "Brito"—that is their name—oil flasks comprise a series of sixteen maps, covering the most populous districts of Great Britain. Sixpence purchases a tin of either lubricating or burning oil. One cannot be expected to carry about, when touring, a complete set of these vessels; but it has occurred to me that, were the tins, when empty, carefully cut to pieces, they might be flattened out and nailed on the wall of the cycle house for reference. The reader will gather from the subjoined key-map which numbers are most useful to him.



MR. TOM BROWNE, ARTIST AND VOLUNTEER.
THE FAMOUS ARTIST IN UNIFORM AS A MEMBER OF THE "ROUGH RIDERS"—
3RD COUNTY OF LONDON I.Y.
Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

Seven Weeks as a Soldier.

By "NEVERMORE."

Illustrated by George Soper.



THERE is an old saying that "Fortune favours the brave," but it certainly seemed as if the fickle dame had not thought much of my bravery; although, in my own estimation at least, I had been struggling hard against fate for some months. Thus, at least, I mused, as I loitered in the vicinity of a well-known recruiting depôt—to be precise, Trafalgar Square—on Monday the —th day of August, 190—. Although of good parentage, possessed of an excellent education, and not "out of work" in the strict sense of the words (for I had just entered upon an enforced holiday of seven weeks), I had only the sum of tenpence in my pocket. My independent mind (or foolish one, perhaps) shuddered more at the idea of resorting to my one living parent—my mother—or other relatives and friends for help, than at the unpleasant thought that after the solitary tenpence had been spent Heaven alone knew how I should obtain more.

I was able, however, by entering the free National Gallery, for a time to release myself entirely from the problem of existence which was confronting me; devouring with eager eyes those beautiful works of art of all ages which hang in the Gallery's spacious precincts. That visit to the Gallery seems to me now a dream, a mere chimera of the past, in comparison with the stern reality of the life of the following seven weeks.

The Westminster clock was chiming the hour of 5 P.M. when at last I found myself on the outside steps leading to the square. "What shall I do," thought I, "to gain a night's lodging?" Optimistic as I was, this thought, much as I tried to banish it, would

HE SEEMED SURPRISED BY MY REQUEST.

persist in thrusting itself upon me, every time with renewed force.

Suddenly I caught sight of the military placards upon the iron railings surrounding the National Gallery. Sauntering across to them, I stood still to read. My eyes lighted upon "Militia Recruits Wanted." I was as ignorant then as a new-born babe of the difference between a regular soldier and a militiaman; I am wiser now. What principally attracted me was this: that recruits of the Militia were required to train for seven weeks upon enlistment, and for four weeks each year after for six years. But (and a big "but" to me it was) it was possible to escape from its bondage, after the first training, by the payment of twenty shillings.

I argued (think of my position—night drawing on and nowhere to go), perhaps unreasonably, "Others have gone through it; why not I? Is it fate that has made this seven weeks' training correspond with my seven weeks' holiday? It cannot be so very terrible, and it will probably improve me physically. At any rate I shall be fed until September 11, on which date I take up my new duties. A cheap way of spending a holiday for a man without any money." Backed up by these logical,

or otherwise, conclusions, and the awful fear of spending "a night out," I walked straight into the arms of a recruiting sergeant standing by, and asked him point blank to enlist me as a private in the Militia.

He seemed surprised by my request, for I was well-dressed in a tourist's suit, but quickly came to the conclusion that my reasons for the step I was taking were no affair of his. But he persisted, as we made our way to the barracks situated near at hand, in pointing out to me the advantages of the Army proper, compared with the disadvantages of the Militia, and concluded his remarks by advising me to join the Regular Force. Excellent advice: for, if I had taken it, he would have gained more compensation in £ s. d. than he did. But I was determined not to be deterred from my original intention, and when he saw that his efforts were futile he ceased to press me.

He conducted me, upon entering the Barrack gates, to the guard room (as I have since learned to know it), where were seated the off-duty members of the guard—some five or six private soldiers and a non-commissioned officer.

When I saw the nods and grins which these men exchanged at sight of me, my heart sank, and I began to feel in doubt whether, after all, I had done a wise thing. However, I determined to go through with my venture.

The next thing to occur was a dialogue between myself and the recruiting sergeant.

"Come on," was his opening remark, "let's 'ave a look at yer teeth." I forthwith opened my mouth, with which, after a close scrutiny, he seemed very satisfied.

'I ventured to remark, "May I ask if there is any form to be filled in?"

"Yes, you can fill this in," said the sergeant, thrusting a formidable-looking blue paper before me; "if you can't, I will for you."

I there and then filled in the following particulars: Name, present address, past address, occupation, last employer, age, and references. (It is not every one who can get into the Militia, you see!) I need hardly add that as a referee I gave a very confidential friend of mine, upon whom I could rely, thus averting the calamity of allowing my relatives to know how I intended spending my holidays. I handed back the form, duly signed, to the sergeant.

"What! you're a —, are you? What d'yer mean by coming here?" said he.

"I desire to do so. Is there any reason why I should not?" replied I.

"No, no," was the reply, in a more kindly tone, "not as I know on, only I should 'a

thought you'd 'a been better off outside. It's a bit rough, you know."

"Oh, well, I must put up with that. Others have gone through it, have they not?"

"Oh, yes, others 'a done it," he remarked with a grim smile, and special stress on the "others." "Do you want to stay here the night? You'll be sworn in to-morrow."

"If you don't mind."

"All right; you can go where you like now, but mind an' be here by 9.30 sharp."

I did not feel like going out, for I was weary and sick with the day's tramping about. Heavens! what must it be like for those poor starving wretches, willing to work if they could only find employment, who are on the tramp day after day, for weeks and perhaps months!

I made my way to the barrack library, which, I ascertained, might be used by recruits.

The sight that met my eyes, on entering, staggered me. Seated at the tables, engaged in all manner of parlour games, were some twenty or thirty recruits like myself. "Like myself" say I. Yes, so far as being human and recruits are concerned; but I pray Heaven I may never be like any of them in other particulars. Their ages appeared to vary from 17 to 30 years, but they all had this in common: they were all shockingly ragged, some almost to nudity, and without exception were all dirty; their hair was unkempt, and their faces were stamped with the misery of starvation and perhaps crime.

Can you imagine the feelings of one who had come, whether willingly or not, from a refined drawing-room the night before, and now found himself in such surroundings as are here depicted?

In the absence of the sergeant, who was for the most part in attendance, the language of these men was fearful. Oaths of the most vile description mingled with the reeking breath of some more or less intoxicated (most of them had received a day's pay, having been there since the previous night, and had spent the money in the canteen near by). I shuddered involuntarily. Was I to spend a night with these companions, I asked myself? Would it not have been better to bottle my pride and beg the hospitality of my own people? But, it was too late now to think of going elsewhere, so I made the best of the situation.

With some of the more respectable I entered into conversation, hoping thus to avoid their disfavour. Woeful were the tales (more or less true) I was told. For instance, one spoke of how, unable to find work (he was a bricklayer by trade), he had tramped from Man-

chester to London in search of occupation, sleeping where and how best he could, until at last on his arrival in London he was so fatigued that, as he said, but two alternatives remained to him—"Suicide or the Army." Life is sweet; so he chose the latter. There were several parallel cases in the room. Their cry was, "No work, no work; what can we do?"

I should think were very cold in winter. Each contained about twenty beds, of a kind which could be closed up or opened at will, arranged on both sides like seats in a church with a centre space, traversing the whole length of the room, some 6 feet wide. Each bed was supplied with four good blankets, two sheets, a straw mattress in three parts (nicknamed by Tommy "biscuits," because in shape and colour



SEATED AT THE TABLES, ENGAGED IN ALL MANNER OF PARLOUR GAMES, WERE SOME TWENTY OR THIRTY RECRUITS.

From my appearance these men took me to be "some one," as they expressed it; and I must confess, except in one instance, I was treated with the greatest respect of which these poor vagrants were capable. When addressing me, their language was more restrained, for they found in me a sympathetic listener. It is the utter lack of sympathy which causes the hearts of many to grow cold, and paves the way to crime.

At 9.30 to the minute, the porter of the barracks (permit me to call him so for want of a better name) entered and gave the order to follow him. He conducted us up two flights of stone stairs to the "bedrooms." These rooms were spacious, about 63 feet by 25 feet; and

they are not unlike Spratt's Patent Dog Biscuits), and a pillow.

I lingered behind the rest a bit, thinking that there might be one or two of us left over to occupy one room by ourselves; and that thus I might secure purer air. My fears, however, were allayed by the porter ordering me to go further with him. He told me very kindly that he did not intend me to sleep in the same room with those "dogs," as he called them, and he therefore put me in a room by myself. I thanked him, and gave him the last fourpence I had, after having paid for a meagre tea which I had managed to get in the meantime.

I was awakened in the morning at 5.30 by



I STRUCK OUT WITH CLENCHED FIST.

the porter shaking me, none too gently, with the sally, "Out of it, old toss."

I needed no second bidding, but arose and dressed myself—without washing, for the wash-house was below. Making my toilette as best I could under the circumstances, I went downstairs. I was the first down, and busied myself in promenading the courtyard.

While thus occupied some of my "brothers in distress" sauntered, or rather shambled, out into the yard, and I was greeted with cries of "Wot O, cocky?" "'Ow are yer, mate?" "'Ow d'yer like it?" &c. &c.

I will not recount in detail what further passed during my four days' stay at these barracks before I was sent to a well-known depôt to commence my training. Suffice it to say, I was duly examined by the doctor and passed; was sworn in; and was made to do anything from cleaning windows to scrubbing floors. But I had the afternoons and evenings free. These afternoons I spent in reading and writing, for my own amusement. On the Friday morning, when the roll was called (I had not had, incidentally, a change of linen the whole

week; the 1s. 6d. pay I received daily went in food), I was informed by the sergeant that I was to be ready for journeying to the depôt for training at 2 P.M.

I was not sorry when the time came for my departure from the recruiting barracks. Two of us, a disreputable-looking individual, whom I found afterwards to possess a good heart, and myself, were escorted to the railway station (Charing Cross), our tickets were given us, and we were despatched to the depôt forthwith. On arriving at our destination we were met by a sergeant (for now that we were soldiers we had to be well looked after) who took us to the barracks, where my home was to be (as I reflected privately) for the next seven weeks. Here I was to mix with men whose education was, in the majority of cases, practically *nil*; whose life consisted of drill, work canteen or public-house, sports and sleep. Every day the same.

But to resume. I was given a bed for the night in what is called the "Receiving Hut," a place especially kept for recruits, "dirty or otherwise." One or two of my companions for the night, to whom (abject enough when they were brought in by the Recruiting Sergeant, hungry, ill-clad, and footsore) a good square meal had restored considerable arrogance, perceiving that I seemed to be respectable, made me the object of their none too complimentary remarks. I took little notice, however, so long as they kept their hands off me. At length one leering, rawboned ruffian of about twenty-five years, finding his oaths of no effect, sidled up to me and struck me a blow on the shoulder.

It was then I thanked my stars that my education had included the art of self-defence. Usually slow to anger, the disgust I felt, coupled with the blow I had received, decided me. Quick as thought, I struck out with clenched fist, and, catching the villain under the chin, laid him full length on the floor. He rose with vengeance gleaming in his cowardly eyes, but I was ready for him. Without more ado, he rushed headlong at me. I quickly

stepped on one side, tripped him up, and landed hard behind his ear. He did not return to the attack. Much as I regretted the incident, it had one good effect. The other men got wind of the occurrence, and I was unmolested for the rest of my stay there.

The next day I was served with my uniform, as follows: one tunic (red); one serge (red); two pairs trousers, blue with red stripe; one pair braces; one field service cap; one sun hat; one pair hob-nailed boots; one pair slippers; two pairs socks; two shirts; two towels; razor; soap; sponge; button stick; great coat; belt; bayonet; and (a week later) a rifle. I was also supplied with a canvas suit to wear when at dirty work. I was responsible for these things and any damage or loss, other than fair wear and tear, would be deducted from the bounty of 10s. given to every recruit on completion of the training.

Fortunately for me, I happened to be transferred to a bed in a barrack-room mostly occupied by "old soldiers," *i.e.*, men of some years service. I must confess that I was treated very considerably and kindly by them. They assisted me in every possible way. Perhaps, as they said, the fact that they thought I was some one (for they had seen me before I changed my garments) masquerading there as a spy in the pay of some authority, made them very careful how they treated me. I kept them up to this notion, neither acquiescing in it nor denying it.

At 10 A.M. on the Saturday morning I underwent a most cruel method of vaccination. A corporal of the R.A.M.C. operated on me, as he did upon several others. With the aid of an instrument like a small silver fork, about a quarter inch wide, with several prongs, minute, but none too sharp, he tore in three places the flesh surrounding the upper humerus of the left arm, making the blood run in streamlets down my arm. These gashes (for they were nothing else) were about one inch long and a half inch wide. I saw with my own eyes three strong-looking men faint when undergoing a similar operation. The contents of a tube of lymph were blown into the wounds, which were then hastily bandaged up.

My next duty was to see that my "kit" was cleaned and arranged in a pattern peculiar to a barrack room. To every bed there was a strong box, in which articles not required by rule to be on a rack affixed to the wall above the bed, were placed. The "old soldiers" solicitously warned me to obtain a lock and key for this box. It was not only possible but very probable that some recruit, whose own articles

of kit were missing, would help himself to mine during my absence.

I was given a number, and ordered to have my hair cut short. This seemed to me to savour of convict life as I had read of it.

One day detailed gives practically a true account of every day of a soldier's life in time of peace. Daily routine was as follows:

5.30 A.M.—Réveille; 5.45, cocoa (if one were quick enough to get any); 6.30, sweep up room, clean tins, &c. &c., and prepare for first parade.

6.45 A.M.—First parade (physical drill or bathing parade).

7.45 A.M.—Peeling potatoes at cook-house.

8.0 A.M.—Breakfast, consisting of bread, with butter or jam, and tea.

8.30 A.M.—Clean, and prepare room and everything for inspection.

9.30 A.M.—Second parade (marching drill).

10.30 A.M.—Own time (if not ordered to do anything extra).

11.30 A.M.—Third parade.

12.40 P.M.—Prepare for dinner.

12.45 P.M.—Dinner (plain food of excellent quality).

1.15 P.M.—The usual routine of cleaning up room.

2.30 P.M.—Last parade.

3.30 P.M.—Own time, unless detailed for fatigue duty.

4.30 P.M.—Tea (what is left of breakfast).

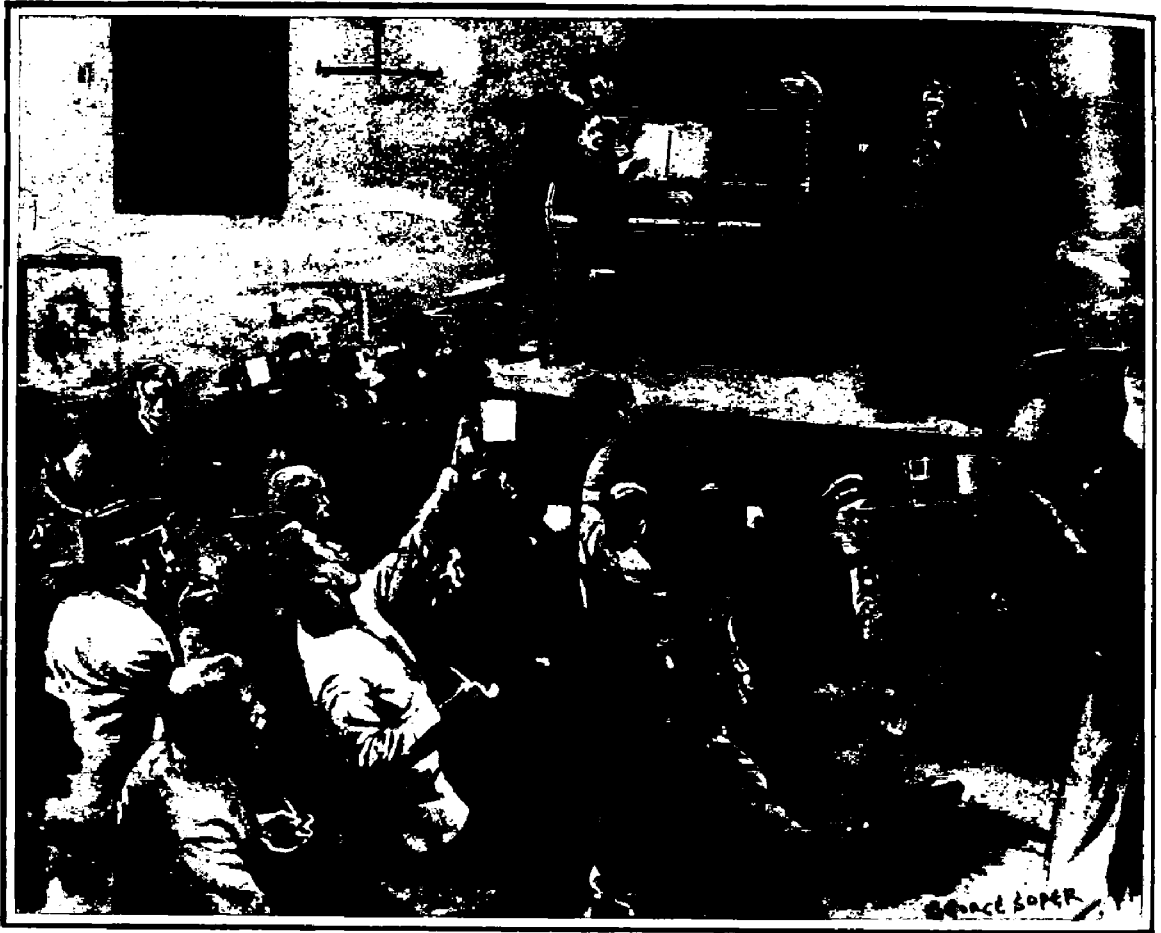
After tea, the evenings may be spent at leisure. By the end of a week I managed to tolerate this humdrum kind of life, but I am sure I could never have accustomed myself to it.

At this time the arm which had been vaccinated began to cause me trouble—so much so that I determined to report myself "to go sick." However, I was laughed out of it by the sergeant, and tried to go on as usual.

On physical drill parade the next morning the pain caused by the vaccination was so great that I requested leave to rest my arm. The sergeant cursed me for my pains, and I had to continue as best I could. I determined, therefore, at all costs to go sick, and the next morning found me attending hospital.

To prove that my cause of complaint was no laughing matter, I may say that I was a regular attendant at the hospital for three weeks, and was excused all duty and parades. Even now I feel occasional pains, especially during cold weather. Mine was not, moreover, an isolated case, for no less than seven others were afflicted as badly, if not worse.

I have no doubt that in recounting these, my



HERE THE "SING-SONGS" TOMMY SO DELIGHTS IN WERE NIGHTLY HELD.

experiences in the Militia, I am not giving due justice to the Regular Army, which I believe, on the whole, is a fine profession for hardy young men. But I do think that many improvements might still be done to improve the lot of those brave men who practically give up their freedom and become little atoms in the great military machine.

I found my time pass most pleasantly in the Library, for here might be read any paper, daily or weekly, and numerous books. But in the same block of buildings, unfortunately, was the canteen, or barrack beer-house. In it could be obtained the usual intoxicating liquors. A small hall with a stage adjoined the canteen, and here the "sing-songs" Tommy so delights in were nightly held. From 8 P.M. could be heard a medley of voices roaring, with lusty gusto, the popular songs and ditties of the day, and converting the place into a veritable Bedlam.

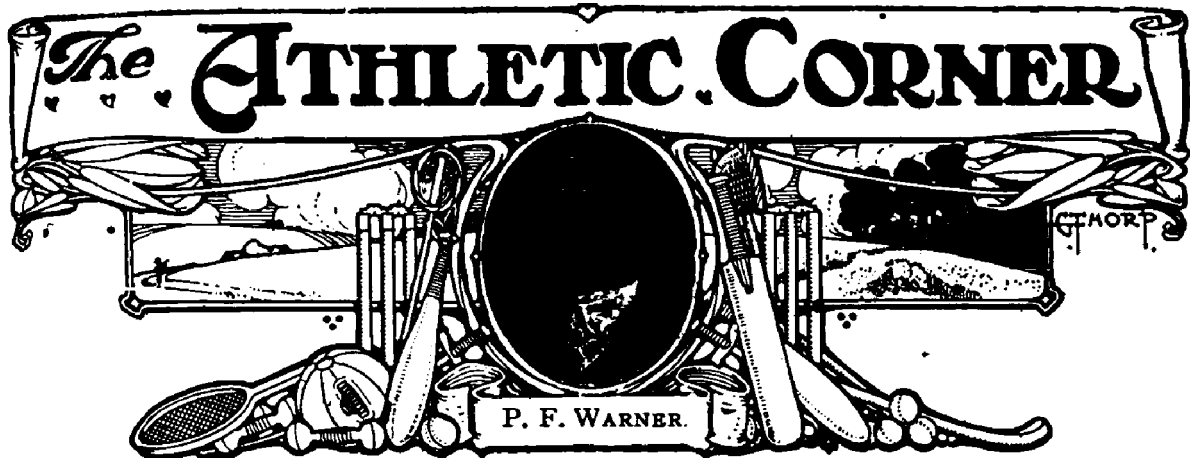
But the best and worst of things come to an

end, and at length my seven weeks were finished. They had seemed like seven years to me.

Oh, the joy with which I dressed once more in my own civilian clothes (more or less damp from being stored away so long), and, putting on my now mouldy boots, left the gates of that place, with a devout hope that I should never return! I went away a sadder but wiser man.

I need not comment further on the details of a soldier's life. It offers many attractions, doubtless, and opens up a fine career for the right sort of man. But let me advise all who intend to become soldiers to enlist, if at all, not in the Militia, but in our splendid Regular Army.

[I cannot see that our "seven weeks' soldier" had any great cause for complaint. The life of a barracks is necessarily rough, and recruits can't be treated like young ladies. Furthermore, I think that it was hardly honourable of him to allow the "old soldiers" to remain under the belief that he was a spy.—ED.]



FOOTBALL LUCK.

THERE are some—indeed, many—persons who do not hold with luck, and who would have us believe that the best men must always come to the front and the best team win, irrespective of all fortuitous circumstances such as accidents, weather conditions, environment, opportunity, and a hundred other things which go to make up what is variously described as luck, fortune, or chance. "Man is man and master of his fate," and it would undoubtedly require an immense amount of ill-luck to prevent a man like Arthur Gould or John Daniel from coming to the front, but the former had the good fortune to be born in Wales, where football is part of the national life, whilst the latter was educated at a school where Rugby football is played. Similarly, it would have required an immense amount of ill-luck to prevent Swansea from winning all along the line in 1904-5, but their unbroken record owed something to the kindness of fortune, and they might have suffered one of those incomprehensible, uncalled-for defeats which even the best of teams so often experience. No one will deny that the football career of many a man has been influenced one way or another by the caprice of fortune, whilst the result of many a match has turned upon some grotesque piece of luck. There are, therefore, two aspects under which this subject may be considered

—luck as affecting the individual, and luck as affecting the team.

In speaking of individual luck, one is liable to be misunderstood. The charm of football is to many minds the subordination of the personal to the collective idea, the merging of the individual in the team; the pleasure of a match depends upon the performance of the team rather than upon any personal prowess; the individual derives benefit from the exercise, and enjoyment from the game, whilst he obtains a kind of reflected glory when the team wins some big match or maintains an unbroken record. At no game, perhaps, does a right-minded person play for his side more than he does at football, yet he keeps his individuality to a far greater extent than he does at rowing, for example. The whole training of a crew is an attempt to eradicate the individual element, and establish an uniformity of style; No. 5 may have a better beginning than No. 6, and stroke may have a harder finish than bow, whereas No. 7 may have the longest swing in the boat, but the object of the coach is to get a good beginning, long swing and hard finish all through the boat. The greatest enjoyment in rowing is the feeling of being absolutely together. Here, then, we have uniformity at the expense of the individual.

At cricket, on the other hand, this collective idea is frequently lacking. When a



ARTHUR J. GOULD.

match is conclusively won, the fielders often have to chase around while some one makes his century. Surely the collective is subordinated to the individual idea when "Armstrong beats Trumper's record" by making 303, or Marsh beats Foster's record in the Varsity match, and Cambridge throw the game away. But at football it is possible to keep one's individuality without prejudice to any one. The pleasure of pulling down the wing three-quarter just before he scores is two-fold; to the satisfaction of having saved one's lines from being crossed is added the thrilling delight of the tackle itself. The intense pleasure

"Fortune," said Charles V., "is a bad wench, who reserves her favours for the young," and whilst those of us who have had our day may speculate as to what we might have done with a little more luck, it is those with a career before them who are chiefly concerned with the vicissitudes of fortune, who must establish a firm belief in their luck and go through with it. The first difficulty which presents itself to the mind is that, given all the physical and mental qualities (a piece of luck to begin with) which help to make a footballer, a man may still lack the opportunity of developing those qualities or of showing his abilities. Many



A TYPICAL RUGBY SCRUM—THE BREAK AWAY.

The scrum has been worked round, thereby enabling the back-row men to break away clear of the men in front.
Photo. by "Fry's."

which the cricketer feels when batting to save his side, and the splendid "lift" which all oarsmen love to feel, these are sensations which the footballer may experience in every match that he plays, without losing his individuality.

But, as the old adage says, "First catch your hare." Before a man can play for his side, he must first get into it, and in these days of competition even the village captain can make a selection. Assuming, therefore, that every keen footballer wishes to get into as good a team as he can—the 1st XV. at school in preference to the 2nd, a first-class club in preference to one composed of village lads—not so much for his own kudos as for the improved football in which he will participate, we may, perhaps, be forgiven if we consider the luck of the individual.

a real football genius has had his light hidden under the bushel of some third-rate team. Doubtless, in the wilds of Cornwall or the "hinterland" of Ireland many a brawny giant has spent his strength in hurling insignificant opponents into touch, whereas with good opportunities and proper coaching his prowess as a footballer might have been great, and his name have become famous.

But, granted that one is fortunate enough to be in a position to develop one's football qualities and thus rise above the ruck of mankind, it is not every one who is willing to stop there; it does not require much ambition to prefer excellence to mediocrity, but there is no denying the fact that the aspirant for high honours—unless he is something very exceptional—must have

luck. A big school reputation often does a man more harm than good when he first goes up to the 'Varsity, for he sometimes gets tried before the team has shaken together, perhaps before he himself is in form, and fails to do himself justice. H. Walton, who subsequently played so brilliantly for England, is a case in point. He was captain of Yorkshire when he went up to Oxford, but he never played for the University till his third year; whilst W. Cobby played for England the year before he got into the Cambridge team. His case, however, was difficult, for every forward in the Cambridge side of 1899 represented England or Scotland before that season or has represented one of those countries since. This suggests another point, namely, the competition one has to face. In some years it is quite impossible for really good players, who, in other years, would get their caps easily, to find a place. We sometimes see the same side doing duty for England, or one of the other countries, in all three matches; in other years radical changes take place after each match. That is the time when your luck may help you. The cases of men who have played for their country without being able to find places in their University teams are numerous, and this points to one of two things; either there was an uncommonly "hot lot" up at the same time as them, or a mistake was made by one or other of the selection committees. It will be remembered that P. Munro, this season's Oxford captain, was, in his first year, passed over in favour of A. M. P. Lyle, whilst E. W. Dillon did not get into the team at all. Surely this was bad luck. On the other hand, we have the case of R. O. Hutchison, who got his Blue quite unexpectedly the morning of the 'Varsity match through the sudden illness of A. M. Robertson. No one will deny that this was good luck for Hutchison, although he was a sound player far better, in fact, than many who get their Blue; neither can it be denied that this was very bad luck for

Robertson, who, fortunately, was up for another year. His case is, however, an example of the caprice of fortune, and serves to show how near one may go and yet fail in the end. The case of J. Hammond, who was twice reserve for England without ever representing



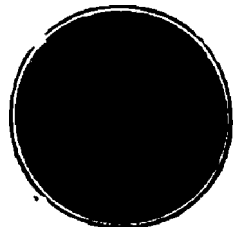
E. W. DILLON.
Photo. by "Fry's."

his country, is another example of bad luck whereas C. J. Newbold was only chosen as reserve for each match in 1904, and played in all three of them.

Having once got into his team, the footballer need no longer concern himself with his own luck—save the good fortune to escape broken limbs—his first and foremost thought must be the luck of the team. If a side begins the season well and starts a record, its success has a wonderful effect upon the individuals who compose it; they begin to believe in their luck, and always play like a winning team. But how many a defeat is put down, and rightly so, to bad luck! There is, however, nothing so fatal to a side—as, indeed, to an individual also—as the belief that they are out of luck; one or two unfortunate losses and the whole *morale* of the team is affected; they begin to get accustomed to



P. MUNRO.
Oxford, Captain.



L. M. McLEOD
Cambridge Captain.

defeat. Another fatal thing is the tendency to minimise a defeat, to explain it away.

"The world, which credits what is done,
Is cold to that which might have been,"

and the fact that Middlesex were beaten at West Hartlepool last Easter, on a ground which was nearly under water, by *one* point, makes no difference to the result; Durham are county champions for the sixth time, whilst Middlesex have never achieved that distinction. How many a match is won by the narrowest margin! The fact that the best side lost or the wrong man got into the team makes little difference to the chronicler who notes down that in 1900 Oxford beat Cambridge by ten points to eight, and appends a list of the rival teams. The world's verdict was neatly expressed at the time by the *Granta* :

"Cambridge were probably stronger, you state;
No doubt you have reason, but then
We would rather be weaker by ten points to eight
Than stronger by eight points to ten."

Palliation and excuse are no good; a defeat

is a defeat, and it is better, if your side is even one point behind, to have the ball out at all costs—to run every risk—in the endeavour to get ahead. Trust to your luck, but do not complain of your bad luck afterwards. The successful team, like the successful individual, must always have its share of luck, but nothing succeeds like success. Undoubtedly, winning the toss often has a great deal to do with the result of a match, but some teams are apt to throw up the sponge as soon as fortune seems to be deserting them.

"'Tis not the least disparagement
To be defeated by the event;
But to turn tail and run away
And without blows give up the day,
Or to surrender to the assault,
That's no man's *fortune*, but his *fault*."

A match is not lost till the whistle blows, and nothing calls for admiration like the winning of an uphill fight against great odds. No one is ever really beaten unless he is discouraged.

Two "Captain" Types.

I KNOW a manly little chap
Whose hair is always tidy,
He's straight of limb and full of grit,
But not the least bit "sidy";
His collar's innocent of ink,
His "Etons" always fit well—
A creature of the facile brush
Of clever Mr. Whitwell!

Of course, I like the "Gibson Girl,"
And hope one day to meet one,
Yet do not sing thy "stately grace,"
O Transatlantic sweet one!
For me the fresh, unconscious charm
Of some dear lass of my land;
Twin sister of the perfect rose
That gems her native island!

Not less than fifteen summers old,
Not more than twenty-two, say;
With sweet grave eyes of brown, and nose
The weeniest bit *retroussé*.
Her glance as straight and true as steel,
Despite her roguish dimple;
A mode of dress that's "simply sweet"
Because so sweetly simple!

Dear dainty maid, thy knight am I,
Aflame with love eternal—
Although I've only seen you in
An illustrated journal!
I know not, care not, if you be
A country lass or town miss,
But—blessings on thy "tammied" head,
Most winsome "Gordon Browne Miss"

L'Envoi

My dear Old Fag, I only wish
All maids were just like this one!
Imagine meeting them at balls
Where they—ye Gods!—might . . . *salute*
one!
And oh! that English boys were all,
As Whitwell's, straight and manly
I know you'll share these wishes with
Yours truly,

ARTHUR STANLEY.



THE ADVENTURES OF DICK SELMES.

By BERTRAM MITFORD,

Author of "The Gun-Runner," "The King's Assegai," "The Sign of the Spider," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

No. 6.—THE EPISODE OF THE TWO CHIEFS.

THE camp of the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police at the Kangala lay wrapped in the stillness of profound slumber.

It was the darkest hour of night—that before the dawn. Even that would not have been dark, for the moon had not yet set, but a thick mist lay upon the land; blotting out everything in its confusing, bewildering folds; damp, too, so that the shivering men, sleeping on their arms, disposed at their posts instead of within the comparative snugness of their kennel-like patrol tents, needed but little rousing in the event of the expected happening. But strict orders for silence had been issued, also that no light was to be struck on any pretext whatever; wherefore these shivering ones were perforce denied the solace of the warm and comforting pipe. The troop horses on the picket lines were beginning to bestir themselves, as an occasional snort and stamp would testify.

The Commandant came out of one of the huts which had been erected for the use of the officers; he had not slept in it, any more than that night had any man under his command, officer or private trooper. He glanced upward, as the lightening of the mist showed a pale, wrack-swept moon, then held up against the latter something that looked uncommonly like an ordinary large-sized pickle bottle. No newly invented projectile was this, however, it being in fact just what it looked, and it contained something nondescript in the lizard tribe, reposing motionless on the harmless-looking chemical which constituted the jar a miniature lethal chamber. For the cool, self-possessed officer in command of the frontier force was known to science as an enthusiastic naturalist.

He did not start in the least at the sound of an almost imperceptible tread behind him.

"That you, Greenoak?" was all he said, without taking his attention off the jar. "My specimen's dead by now. I think, though, I'll put him inside the hut in case of accidents." Then, reappearing, "Well? I suppose we shall be hard at it in an hour?"

"Less than that," replied Harley Greenoak. "Listen!"

Out in the mist the shrill, long-drawn, laughing bay of a jackal rang out, then again. It was answered by another, on the opposite side of the camp, and about at the same distance from it.

"That doesn't seem to ring quite true, does it?" said Greenoak.

"No, it doesn't. And there's a mathematical precision about it unusual among the beasts of the field," was the answer.

Greenoak nodded.

"Right you are, Commandant," he said. "Listen. The mathematical calculation keeps up."

For on the other front came the same sound at exactly the same distance in that direction. It was answered by the two who had first given tongue, but now all three voices seemed to be receding. This ordinary nocturnal sound would have attracted the attention—we dare say—of no other there present, but to the keen, experienced ears of the Commandant and the up-country hunter, the note, as the latter had said, did not ring true.

The camp was situated upon an open plateau, with a sparse mimosa growth beginning about a hundred yards from the defences, and stretching away to much thicker bush half a mile further on the south front and the two corresponding sides. Here the ground sloped away to a low range of hills, distant enough, however, not to command the position. On the north, or rear, the ground was almost entirely open. A

low sod wall and a shallow trench surrounded the camp on all sides, and had been constructed in a square formation. The ammunition supply, now abundant, thanks to Harley Greenoak and the bravery of the express riders, was securely disposed, and, at the same time, readily get-at-able. Only one

post. The excitement was tense, painful. Most of those present had never been in action, many had never even witnessed the taking of human life in any form. But they were well officered, and by none better than by their Commandant. He, utterly calm and self-contained, his helmet towering nearly a head above the group of officers surrounding him stood stroking his long beard as he uttered a dry witticism or two in an undertone in response to their remarks, his thoughts running about equally on the work in front, and the latest "specimen" he had captured. He was as a very pillar of strength to some of the untried younger men there present.

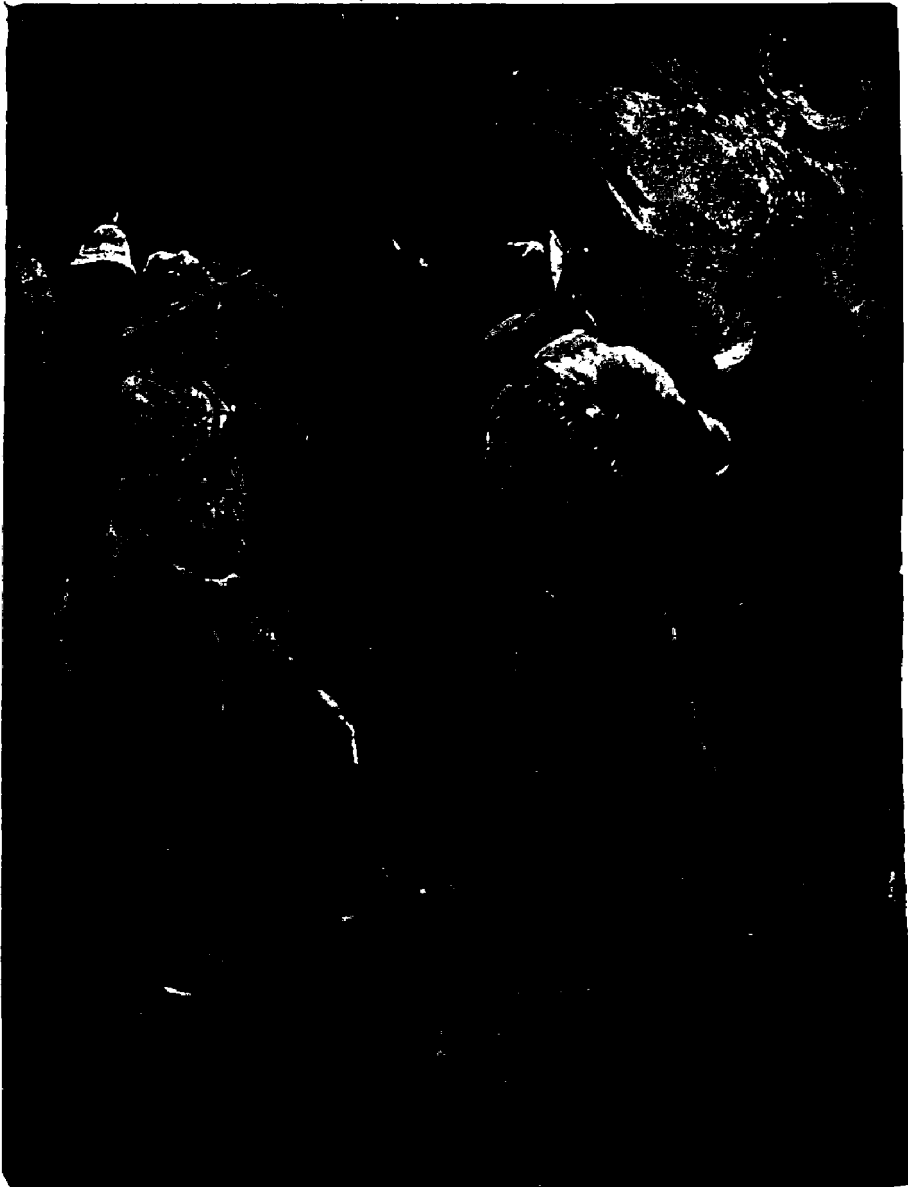
"By George, the Chief's splendid," exclaimed Dick Selmes, who, in his eagerness, was right in among the front rank of the fighters.

"Silence there," came the whispered but sharp mandate of the sergeant. "Oh it's Mr. Selmes? Well, if you're not in the ranks you are for the present," he added, meaningly.

Dick apologised and shut up. He was in such a state of suppressed excitement that it was all he could do to keep silence.

Now the dawn was lightening, and with it the mist. Harley Greenoak whispered a word or two to the

Commandant. Both stood listening intently, and, in a moment, the officer in charge of the seven-pounder moved swiftly from the group. A red flash belched forth dully through the mist, together with a resonant roar, and through the bursting of the shrapnel some six hundred yards away on the front face of



A RED FLASH BURST FORTH DULLY THROUGH THE MIST.

of the two seven-pounders constituting the police artillery battery was present—the other being away on service elsewhere—and this was trained so as to protect the south front.

In obedience to orders, quickly and noiselessly issued, every man was now at his

the position, came sharp, startled yells of dismay and of agony. Harley Greenoak's fine, well-nigh supernatural sense of hearing had told him that at this front were massed a considerable body of the savage enemy.

Grimly, justifiably elate, the gunners in a trice had rammed home the next charge. And then, with the widening dawn, the mist rolled back like a curtain, and this is what it revealed.

The thicker bush line, barely half a mile distant, was pouring forth dense masses of Kafirs. They seemed to swarm like disturbed red ants; and now, with a tremendous and vibrating roar, the whole of this formidable array swept forward upon the police camp.

"Seems to me we're taking on all the Kafirs in Africa," said Inspector Chambers, lowering his glasses. "Thousands and thousands, anyhow."

The Commandant issued some orders, characteristically laconic and few. He and Harley Greenoak were the only two men present who betrayed absolutely no sign of any excitement.

The swarming assailants had halved the distance now, and their front ranks, dropping into cover, began opening a furious fire upon the camp. Two troopers were hit, but not fatally. Then the seven-pounder spoke, and with the reverberating boom the bursting shrapnel fell beautifully over a point where the savages were massed thickest. But so far from dismaying them it had the effect of urging them on to the attack, so that they might get it over as quickly as possible, which was just what the Commandant intended should happen.

Those in the enemy's firing line leaped up and charged forward in skirmishing order, dropping into cover every now and then to deliver a rapid volley. So far, from the Police camp not a rifle shot had been fired. Only the seven-pounder boomed as quickly as it could be loaded, every time dropping its shrapnel where likely to prove most effective.

In crescent formation the front line of the savages had now reached within three hundred yards of the camp. They had ceased all shouting, and were coming on in silence; grim, naked figures, save for their fantastic war-adornments. Then the Police carbines barked. The men had been especially enjoined to fire low, and in the result, at such close range, the blow to the on-rushing enemy was felt, and as the first discharge was

quickly followed by another and another, his ranks staggered, swayed this way and that, then dropped down into cover again.

This was the opportunity of the assailed and, incidentally, of Harley Greenoak. For cover was very scant so near the camp, and when two men got behind a stone or ant-heap that would not have sheltered one, why, the bullets had a pitiless knack of finding them out. Utterly demoralised, the skirmishers crawled away to a remoter point where the bush grew thicker, and for upwards of an hour kept up a straggling fire. But they never repeated their first rush. The back of the fight seemed to have been broken by the terrible execution done during that same rush. At last, utterly panic-stricken, they fled.

Now A Troop was ordered to complete the blow by a pursuit; under so experienced an officer as Inspector Chambers there was no chance of it being drawn too far. And we may be sure that Dick Selmes did not remain behind.

For the first time now he realised the sights and horrors of a battlefield. Wherever he looked it was to behold some stark and gory corpse, even piles of them where the deadly shrapnel had done its work. Wounded Kafirs, too, groaning and twisting in their pain—ugh! it was horrible! But as the Police came up with the rear masses of the flying enemy the fierce excitement revived. The horrors were forgotten.

"Hallo. Here's a chap we've over looked," sang out Dick, turning his horse. Four troopers followed him. A little to the right of the pursuit a solitary Kafir was standing, peering over a bush. As the five charged up to him, revolver in hand, he sank to the ground.

"No kill. I hit," he said in English. "Hit bad—in leg."

There was no mistake about that. From a neat bullet hole in the calf blood was oozing. However, dismounting, the men kicked his assegais out of his reach.

"No kill," repeated the fellow, spreading out his hands. "I tell you something—something you like hear."

Dick Selmes, who, of course, had not the remotest intention of killing a wounded man, here assumed an aspect of the most merciless ferocity. He pointed his revolver at the Kafir's head.

"Tell away," he said. "If it's not worth hearing, I'll scatter your brains, by Cæsar's ghost I will!"

"It worth hearing," answered the other.
 "How you like take chief, eh?"

"Chief? Which chief?"

"Vunisa. Pahlandhle. Two chief."

"Go on. Only remember if you humbug us, then—good night." And Dick just touched the helpless man's head with the muzzle of his pistol, as an earnest of what was to come.

"You go on up dere," went on the Kafir.
 "Two tree—Kafir-beon—over rock. Rock hang over hole—same as place where we take you. Vunisa—Pahlandhle—they hide there—wait till *Amapolise* done killing Kafir—then they get away. You take them same as we take you—easily."

Now Dick Selmes remembered. The voice, the face, came back to him. Why, this was the English-speaking Kafir who had ordered them to read the despatches, and had directed the torture of Sandgate because they refused. Had the fellow been armed, and fighting, he would have shot him with infinite satisfaction, as the recollection of that ghastly experience came back. But it was manifestly out of the question to shoot an unarmed and helpless man; besides, this one was giving him information which set all his blood tingling with the prospect of a glorious adventure—if it were true. If so, and it were carried out successfully, such a feat was bound to procure the four young Police troopers with him sure and rapid promotion.

"I know the spot he means, Selmes," said one of these, a colonial-born man who understood veldt craft and spoke the Xosa language fluently, "and I think he's very likely telling the truth."

"Oh, I tell truth," said the wounded man.
 "Dey not my chiefs—and Pahlandhle eat up my cattle. I like to see him shot."

"If you've told us a lie that's what you'll be," said Dick, "you may take your oath upon it. We'll come back for you, never fear."

"Oh, I not fear," said the other, easily.
 "If you grab chiefs I like to join Police as tective. How that?"

"That's for the Commandant. But I expect he'll take you on," answered Dick, airily. "Come along, you chaps. We'll bag these two, or not go back at all."

"Rather," was the unanimous answer. Dick Selmes was exceedingly popular in the Force since he had been its guest. He put on no "side" whatever, and had shown rare pluck whenever opportunity for such

had occurred. These four would have followed him anywhere; the more mad and dare-devil the adventure, the better.

"Now, Sketchley, you must be guide," he said to the Colonial man. "If this fellow's lying of course we'll come back and shoot him. Here—what's your name?"

"Tolangubo. English—where I work before—call me John Seapoint."

The mist, which had lightened on the plain, still hung heavy on the higher ridges. This was all in their favour.

Under the guidance of Sketchley, the Colonial-born trooper, they were not long in reaching their objective.

"We'll leave the horses here," said this man. "Now—silence is the word, I need hardly say. You, Simpson, you're a clumsy beast, you know, but for Heaven's sake don't kick so much as a little stone this time."

The reply was a growling promise to punch the speaker's head when all was over, and they started their stealthy climb. Not long did it take, and then, at a word from Sketchley, all halted for a hurried breather.

Above was the lip of the hollow the Kafir had described. There were the two trees overhanging—all corresponded exactly. But what if the said hollow were bristling with armed savages? What if they had walked into a palpable trap?—was the thought that occurred to them now. Tolangubo had not said that the two chiefs were alone, they now remembered; immediately consoling themselves with the thought that it would not have made much difference if he had.

With beating hearts the five peered over the ridge. There, not a hundred yards distant, squatted four Kafirs. Four. Which of the two were the chiefs?

"That's Vunisa," whispered Dick Selmes, excitedly. "I'd swear to him anywhere."

But the whisper, faint though it was, reached the ears of the keen-witted savages. These sat bolt upright, listening. All four, with a subtle movement, reached for their arms; two for their rifles, the others for their assegais.

"That settles it," breathed the Colonial man. "The ones with the guns are the chiefs. Now, we mustn't give away the smallness of our force. Let 'em think there's a crowd behind. Come on."

The five advanced, covering the group with their revolvers.

"Yield, chiefs," cried Sketchley, in the Xosa tongue. "If a man moves, he is shot."

A man did move, making a sudden spring

to get away. Him Sketchley promptly and unerringly shot dead. This told. The remaining three stood sullenly awaiting events.

"Drop your weapons, or you are all shot," he went on.

The Kafirs stared, and, believing him, sulkily obeyed.

"Don't quit covering them for a moment," cried Dick Selmes. "I'll go in and tie them up."

They had brought reins from their horses' head stalls. With these Dick now approached the chiefs, whom there was no mistaking. Vunisa and Pahlandhle were both elderly men of powerful build, the other was a mere boy. Both seemed to treat the affair as entirely beneath their notice, and, making a virtue of necessity, submitted in sullen silence to having their arms bound behind them, the while the Police troopers were covering them effectually and at close quarters with their revolvers. But hardly had this operation been completed than the third Kafir, whom they had left to the last, with a spring and a rush disappeared into the mist, leaping and zig-zagging to dodge the bullets which were fired after him.

"Here's a howling joke," said Trooper Sketchley. "He isn't touched and now he's gone to raise a rescue. Those chaps'll rally like the deuce to get back their chiefs."

"Will they?" said Dick Selmes, smart, alert, with the tingling sense of adventure. "Come along, then. We'll wheel them back to camp before there's time for any bother of that sort. The old Commandant'll look mighty surprised, I'll bet."

So these five hair-brained youngsters

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started off; shoving their august prisoners along at a pace which sorely tried the dignity of the latter. When they gained the lip of the hollow, Sketchley gave a sign to halt.

The mist was all driving back, leaving one side of the hill bare. But this was by no means as it had been when they came up it. The stones and bushes, glistening with dew,



THE STONES AND BUSHES, GLISTENING WITH DEW, WERE NOW ALIVE WITH HUMAN LIFE.

were now alive with human life, red-ochred forms, swift-moving, lithe, stealing upward; assegais and guns held ready in sinewy, eager grip. Then, as the helmets of two careless troopers showed above the ridge, there was a sudden roaring discharge of fire-arms, and the vicious "whigge" overhead

showed that the "pot legs" and bullets were beginning to fly.

Now these five were in a tight hole. The Kafirs, rallying to the rescue of their chiefs, numbered some hundreds, and were coming on to storm that hill with a fixity of purpose which left nothing to be desired or to be hoped for. They reckoned on finding at least fifty men up there, and these were only five.

"A few more steps and both chiefs will be shot," sang out Sketchley, in their own language.

But it seemed to stay the assault not at all. Swarming through the bushes, they still kept on. In a minute or two they would rush the position.

"Give them a volley," yelled Dick Selmes.

This was done, but with scant effect. One man limped back wounded. But just then the mist parted all round. Down on the plain a strong body of Police, attracted by the firing, was making at full gallop for the hill. It was a race which force should gain it first.

Another volley was delivered, this time with effect. All four shots told—one man had been left in charge of the captive chiefs, with revolver ready to shoot both dead in the event of their countrymen gaining a foothold on the ridge. Then another volley, with like effect. These young Englishmen, you see, were now in that most dangerous position of all to their enemies—they were "cornered"—and they shot deadly, and cool. Instinctively their assailants paused, and began to drop behind cover.

"Give 'em another," yelled Dick.

"No. Wait till they show," corrected Sketchley. "No good lessening the wholesome scare they've got of us by blazing at stones."

Even as he spoke the Police at the foot of the ridge were seen to dismount and, leaving their horses with those told off to hold them, begin to swarm the hill with an alacrity worthy of the savages themselves. These, reckoning they would soon be caught between two fires, were commencing to glide away. But between the two fires a good few were consumed before they managed to ;

for the shots from above were now coolly and carefully timed, and those from below, especially where Harley Greenoak got his foresight on to a brown red body, told with terror-striking effect. In a very few minutes there was not a Kafir left on the hill-side.

"Hi! Here! Hullo! Greenoak, here we are," sung out Dick Selmes. "You're just in time, but we've bagged the two chiefs. Come along."

They started back to camp without delay. Just before reaching it one of the four troopers, who was given to pessimism, remarked:

"Old Chambers'll get all the kudos for to-day's job. We shan't."

But it may be said that in the event the speaker was wrong. The Commandant was far too wise and too just a man to allow a meritorious service to go unrecognised, and all four got promotion as soon as practicable. And the value of this service lay in the fact that while the two chiefs were held in durance the turbulent Gudkluka Reserve became as quiet as a collective lamb.

And then, all unexpectedly, Dick Selmes found that he must write "Finis" to his African experiences and adventures. His father was far from well, and the mail brought instructions for his return. There was no help for it; still, he had had a rattling good time, and, at any rate, had borne his share in more than one exceedingly useful act. He parted with the F.A.M. Police on the most cordial terms, regretted alike by rank and file.

"Well, we haven't made less of a man of you than we found you, have we, Dick?" was Harley Greenoak's final remark on the deck of the liner at Port Elizabeth, as they gripped hands.

"No, by Jove, you haven't. But I should have been made mince-meat of on more than one occasion if it hadn't been for you. Good-bye, old chap, and good luck to you everywhere. And just you bear in mind—as soon as you find time to romp over to the Old Country again, you are to put in a jolly long stay with us and shoot the peaceful pheasant instead of the warring Kafir."

THE END.



STAMPS AS HISTORICAL FINGER-POSTS.

The Kingdom of Italy.

AFTER the fall of the Roman Empire, Italy was split up into many separate States, and those States flourished as separate kingdoms, with more or less stability and success, from the twelfth century to the nineteenth. The use of postage stamps does not, it is true, help us with any finger-posts to the history or progress of those States till the middle of the nineteenth century, but the various postal issues do mark for us the course of the final and successful struggle which ended in the limitation of the temporal authority of the Pope, and the formation and consolidation of the present Kingdom of Italy.

The issue of postage stamps by the separate States, and the duration of their separate use, was as follows :

Sardinia	1851-1862
Tuscany	1851-1861
Modena	1852-1860
Parma	1852-1859
Pontifical States	1852-1870
Naples	1858-1861
Romagna	1859-1859
Sicily	1859-1861
Neapolitan Provinces	1861-1862

Taking them in this order, we find that the stamps of Sardinia were amongst the first postage stamps issued in Italy, and they were also amongst the last of the issues of the separate States, for the reason that Victor Emmanuel II., King of Sardinia, was the head and front of the movement for the regeneration and unification of Italy. In the course of the struggle he annexed to the Kingdom of Sardinia, one after another, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, Romagna, and the Kingdom of Naples, and, as they were annexed, their stamps were superseded by the stamps of Sardinia, till finally Victor Emmanuel II., of Sardinia, became King

of United Italy. Then the postal issues of Sardinia, in their turn, were superseded by the stamps of the Kingdom of Italy.



Tuscany was annexed by Sardinia in 1861, and its postage stamps were in use from 1851 till the year of annexation, when they were superseded by the stamps of Sardinia.

The stamps of Modena, in like manner, were superseded, on annexation in 1860, by the stamps of Sardinia. The quaint

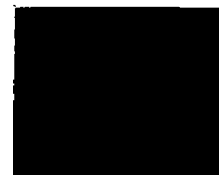
postal issues of Modena lasted from 1852 to 1860, and are full of curious errors and misprints.

The separate issues of Parma, started in 1852, were also superseded on annexation by the issues of Sardinia in 1859.



Not the least interesting of the separate postal issues of the Italian States are those of the States of the Church, or the Pontifical States, or, as we stamp collectors now call them for brevity, the Roman States. These issues commenced in 1852, and were superseded by those for the

Kingdom of Italy in 1870. The stamps themselves give no clue to the portions of Italy included under the temporal sway of the Pope. Wherever the rule of the Pope reached, there these stamps, emblematic of his earthly power, were in use.



Up to 1859 the

greater part of Central Italy bought, sold, and used the papal postage stamps. The revolutions of 1859-1860 considerably reduced papal territory, and in 1870 the papal issues were finally discontinued. The stamps are easily distinguished by their central design of the Papal tiara above two crossed keys. These historical bits of paper, souvenirs of a power that has been wrested from the once most

powerful of rulers, are still fairly common amongst stamp collectors.



The separate stamps for Naples, commenced in 1858, were superseded in 1861 by those for the Neapolitan Provinces which, in their turn, gave way to the stamps for

the Kingdom of Italy in 1862.

Romagna, wrested from papal rule in the revolution of 1859, made an issue of stamps in that year, but before the year was ended its issue was superseded by the stamps of Sardinia.

Sicily, ruled by the infamous old tyrant King Ferdinand, familiarly known as King Bomba, also boasts of but one solitary issue, made in 1859 and bearing a finely engraved portrait of the evi one. His barbarities led to an uprising of the people, and his stamps were superseded by those of the Neapolitan Provinces under a change of government.



Garibaldi having driven the Neapolitan troops from Sicily proceeded to Naples and entered the city on September 7, 1860. In March of the following year a series of stamps was issued for use in the Neapolitan Provinces. These stamps closely resembled the then current stamps of Sardinia with the embossed head of King Victor Emmanuel. They were, in 1862, superseded by those for the Kingdom of Italy.



Then, in 1862, came the first issue of stamps for United Italy bearing the portrait of Victor Emmanuel II. On his death in 1878 he was succeeded by his son Humbert, whose portrait appeared on the stamps of Italy from 1878 till 1900, when, on his assassination, he was succeeded by his son, whose portrait as Victor Emmanuel III. is now



familiar on the current stamps of the Kingdom of Italy.

Thus we have written in the separate postal issues of the Italian States the merging of one State into another, their annexation by the conquering King of Sardinia, their final incor-



poration into the Kingdom of Italy, and, last but not least, the downfall of the temporal power of the Pope.

Reviews.

Whitfield King's Catalogue for 1906.

We have received the sixth edition of this excellent simplified catalogue for the beginner.

In the preface we are told that the total number of stamps issued to date as included in this catalogue—that is, excluding all varieties of the normal stamp—is 19,778, of which 6059 are apportioned to the British Empire and 13,719 to the rest of the world. Europe, it is added, has issued 4224, Asia 3755, Africa 4087, America 4685, the West Indies 1581, and Oceania 1446.

A very useful addition has been made to the contents of this edition in the shape of a Pronouncing Vocabulary of the names of stamp-issuing places. It is to be hoped it will correct not a few of the many prevalent mispronunciations, such as Bekuanaland instead of, as now given in this catalogue, "Bětch oo añ ä," and I have heard Nätäl amusingly, but seriously, pronounced Naytle by a London stamp dealer.

But the crux of the Catalogue is the single CA watermark. In the previous edition the publishers announced their intention to treat the single and multiple CA watermarks as minor varieties, and not to list them as separate issues, but "since then, however, the changes from the single to the multiple watermarks have been so rapid and numerous that many of the former have risen considerably in value," they now say, "whilst still adhering to our original intention, we have thought it advisable to add a supplement in which the prices are given of all single watermarked stamps which have advanced in price owing to having been superseded by stamps with the new watermark."

If it were desired to preserve the character of the Catalogue for simplification by the exclusion of minor varieties, both CA watermarks should have been catalogued under the comprehensive term of "Crown CA," without any reference to single or multiple. This is done in most cases, but not in all; for instance, it is done in Northern Nigeria, but, in Southern Nigeria, the multiple is listed and the single is ignored. I am inclined to think, as I have thought from the first, that the best way out of a real difficulty in a price-list is to include both, even in a simplified catalogue, as they are clear and distinct.

I am glad to note that the publishers have had the courage to omit such rubbish as Lydenburg, Rustenburg, Schweizer-Renecke, Wolmaranstad, and Pietersburg. The exclusion might wisely have been extended to all but the 1*d.* and 2*d.* values of the New Republic, and so have saved the listing of the worst rubbish in the catalogue.

Handbook to U.S. Stamps.

Mr. Fred. J. Melville has written, and the Junior Philatelic Society has published, an excellent little guide for the beginner and medium collector to the postal issues of the United States. It is a much-needed boiling down of the well-known and exhaustive work of Mr. J. N. Luff. The illustrations are exceptionally clear. For the beginner there is much that might wisely have been omitted, and even for the medium collector it is a question whether he should be treated to specialist varieties, as in the issues of 1851-60, 1861-6, and 1873.

Book for Duplicates.

Messrs. King Bros., Bilston, send us a book for holding duplicates in the shape of a pair of leatherette covers, one of which is provided with linen shelves for stamps, while on the opposite page is a perforation-gauge, with instructions as to how it should be used.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No. 45, Brussels.—Any dealer will supply you with the so-called Servian death-mask issue. There are five of them altogether, and they are priced unused, in our English catalogues, as follows:

1904. Coronation Commemoration Series.

	s.	d.
5p., green	0	1
10p., rose	0	2
15p., purple	0	4
25p., blue	0	6
50p., brown	0	9

These stamps are quite common and are likely to remain so. They certainly never will be rare.

I am sorry to hear that you had your collection stolen, but I am afraid I cannot help you much with a suggestion how to provide against a second loss, some boys being so ingenious in getting at what does not belong to them. Can you not put a patent lock on your box? As to an album in your case, while at school the smaller the better. I should get a small plain leaf book, cover it with ordinary paper, and label it with the name of some book that would not be likely to attract attention—say, "Geography."

Inquisitive (Folkestone).—I have never heard of a "one farthing" English stamp. The old small 1*d.* English is catalogued at 6*d.* unused, and 1*d.* used. Don't know any Barbadoes 1*d.* black. Probably you mean the 1*s.* black, the price of which varies, according to year of issue, from 4*s.* to 12*s.*

Specialist (Carlow).—Yes, certainly, it would be a good idea to specialise in the stamps of India, as you have relatives in India. Get all you can, and then, later on, you will be able to decide for yourself what limitations will be necessary. "India, British and otherwise," is a tall order. If you are going to specialise, use only a plain leaf book, or, better still, Bright and Sons' (164 Strand, London) little Premier movable leaf-collecting albums, which will cost you only a few pence each.

Charlie (Manchester).—St. Vincent is a terrible colony to specialise, even in the mildest way, unless you confine yourself to the more modern issues, or, say, to the King's heads.

G. F. M. (Plymouth).—Your best plan in selecting a group, or colony, or country, will be to go right through Whitfield King and Co.'s catalogue, examine each country, note the prices, and then decide for yourself which you prefer, and which will suit your pocket. Stick to *unused* only, if you can afford it.



NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by **EDWARD STER, F.L.S.**

To my Readers.—I had an interview with the Old Fag the other day. The benevolent smile that you all know so well through his portrait, radiated from his genial countenance as he inquired after the pets at home, even down to the snakes, the beetles, the wasps, and not forgetting the flowers. Then, pursing up his lips and assuming the magisterial air that terrifies anybody on his staff who displays slackness, he asked whether it would not be possible for me to conduct this corner without demoralising my correspondents. As you may suppose, I was so taken aback by the suggestion that I had done anything so blameworthy, that I could only assume a look of innocent wonder and wait for details—which came at once. Briefly put, he stated that whilst he was doing his best to make you men—strong, upright, self-reliant and so forth—here was his own Naturalist encouraging you in habits of laziness. Then he gave me a few statistics—so many times I had told you what was the proper food of tortoises and what to do with them in winter; so many times I had given the proper dietary for pet rabbits, and so on. Handling the office ruler as though it were a sceptre, he laid down the law; all reasonable questions were to be answered to the best of my ability—nothing less—but if another reader asked for the same information a month or two later, I must simply request him to look up his back numbers. Space was too valuable to allow of these repetitions; as well expect him to reprint chapters from a past serial story to save a reader the trouble of turning it up.

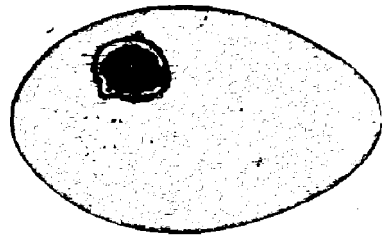
I acknowledged the reasonableness of the Old Fag's decision, and with befitting meekness promised amendment of my errors, into which I had fallen solely from a weak desire to be useful. As you can well understand, the Old Fag is not a chief to be trifled with, so I ask you to help me in this matter. Before writing to me for advice, just take the trouble to turn over your back numbers and see if I have not

already given it in answer to some previous inquirer. By these means we shall maintain the freshness and interesting character of this corner, and by-and-by I may be reinstated in the Old Fag's good opinion.

Name of Snail.—The snail sent by R. Ward (Battersea) is not the bladder snail (*Physa acuta*) as he supposes, but a juvenile specimen of the Wandering Pond-snail (*Limnæa peregra*),



WANDERING POND-SNAIL.



EGG, ENLARGED.

a far more abundant species that may be found in almost every pond, large or small. It owes its name to its habits: it is for ever on the move in the water, and frequently leaving it for a time. It may frequently be found among wet grass and moss, at some distance from water, and so it gets from pond to pond, establishing fresh colonies. I have some at the present

time in an aquarium in my greenhouse, and I am constantly finding young specimens on the flower-pots in distant parts of the house. The small masses of jelly to which R. W. refers are the masses of eggs, which it deposits all through the spring and summer.

Newts.—Reginald Jones (Eltham) will find several answers to Newt queries in last year's CAPTAINS. Small earthworms will satisfy them as provided food, which they will supplement by any living insects that come their way. They should be kept in a fern-case, with a small bowl of water embedded in the soil.

Gold-fish.—John F. Harris (Stafford), who asks me for "some details concerning the management of Gold-fish," will find these in recent answers given in this "corner." As he will have seen from my first paragraph above, I cannot go over the same ground again, though I will endeavour to meet any specific difficulty he experiences.—"Piscis" (Doncaster) keeps several gold-fish in a bowl (capacity two gallons) the water of which is changed twice a week, and therefore he thinks there is no necessity for weeds. I can only repeat what I have often pointed out, that this is a most unnatural, and therefore probably cruel, method of keeping them. One of the fishes has lain on its side for several weeks, but he does not think it can be for want of oxygen. In the absence of any other explanation suggested by the data he gives me, I should say that the weedless water is the most probable cause. Let him try the method I have always recommended, and I think he will find an improvement in the health of the inmates of his bowl.



YOUNG TADPOLES.

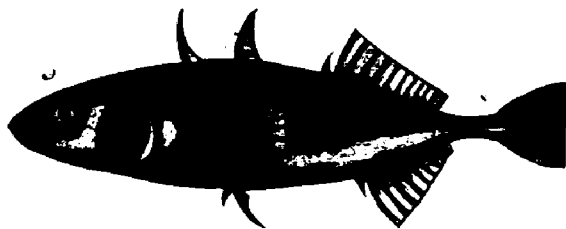
YOUNG FROG.

Tadpoles.—George Young (Kew) wishes to rear Tadpoles from Frog spawn this spring, that he may observe the changes they pass through. He has failed to keep them hitherto, and asks for hints. First, have your aquarium filled with clean rain-water, and in it place

some growing water-weeds from the pond where you propose to get your spawn. Do this *at once*, so that the home will be well established before the tenants arrive. Then be content with a few eggs, remembering that though the Tadpoles are, at first, very small (*see* upper figures), they are much larger when, as young Frogs, they have still got tails and have to remain in the water. Overcrowding and lack of natural food (water-weeds) are the causes of failure.

Airedale Terrier.—To "Airedale Terrier" (Hull), the "points" of this breed are given by "Stonehenge" as "Head, 15; neck and ears, 10; shoulders, chest, and loins, 20; feet and legs, 10; colour and coat, 30; symmetry, 10; tail, 5."

Sticklebacks.—Percy Winter (Wimbledon): Your fish is the Three-spined Stickleback. There is no difficulty in keeping them in aquaria, provided they have plenty of growing weeds,



THREE-SPINED STICKLEBACK.

and the water is not frequently changed. It is not advisable to keep them with other species of fish, on account of their quarrelsome habits and the murderous use to which they put their spines. The Red-throat is not a distinct species, but the male Stickleback in his courting finery. The females will live quietly together, but two Red-throats in a small aquarium will almost certainly fight to the death. Blood-worms and "ants-eggs" would be a suitable food for them, in addition to what they will find among the weeds.

Goldfinch.—R. Fountain (Lower Clapton) has a Goldfinch fifteen years old, whose upper mandible has grown over the lower, so that it can crack seeds only with difficulty. The beak was cut some months ago, but has grown again, and the bird appeared to suffer so from being held in the former operation that R. F. asks if I can suggest some other method of treatment. I fear that there is no other means of giving relief than repeating the former process. The diet described is all right

Guinea-pigs.—E. Butler (Sutton Coldfield) intends to keep Guinea-pigs (or Cavies) and asks several preliminary questions. It is a good plan to know something of the proper procedure

before you get your pets, instead of doing as some of my correspondents do—purchasing the animals and then writing to me confessing ignorance of their treatment and begging me to answer their queries in a number of THE CAPTAIN that is already being printed. Goodness knows what happens to the poor creatures in the interval before the appearance of my answers! *That* is a cruel method. Now for E. B's questions: I. The diet should be varied—carrots, corn, oats, hay, juicy green-stuff, and a mash of bread, bran and warm water. II. Six months at least. III. No; but give them the opportunity for drinking fresh water twice a day. IV. Clean straw. V. Three times a day.

Edible Fungi.—S. E. Hazleton (Edinburgh) asks for a book "giving clear information about edible mushrooms and fungi." The subject is a large one, and most of the books on Fungi are technical and expensive. There is no satisfactory popular work that gives any considerable number of species, but you would find Cooke's "British Edible Fungi" (Kegan Paul, 6s.) helpful, though the plates are far from being good.

Reptiles, &c.—E. R. Dutton (Weston-super-Mare); (1) it is the nature of the grass-snake to spend the winter in hibernation, and any attempt to interfere with its doing so would probably be attended with fatal results; (2) keep the cage in a cool room: heating should be avoided as tending to interfere with hibernation; (3) the English name for *Lampra interjecta* is the Least Yellow Underwing. In most of the books you will find it under Doubleday's name of *Tryphæna interjecta*. In recent

years it has been separated from the genus *Tryphæna*, and that is probably the reason why you could not find a popular name for it.—R. H. Benson (Newcastle) can keep his Chameleon in an ordinary bird's cage. It should be fed on flies and other insects. In summer, when the house-fly is abundant, it will catch many of these for itself if the cage is hung in a suitable place. Your further question: What kind of animal could be kept in an outdoor enclosure of one inch wire-netting, almost answers itself. I should say any animal not too large for the enclosure (area not stated), nor too small to be kept in by the netting—dogs, cats, monkeys, birds, tortoises, are a few that occur to me. Burrowing animals like hedgehogs and rabbits would probably find a way out underground.—E. Milley (Kettering) is also troubled about hibernation. Her lizards have retired for the winter—"Is it best to leave them undisturbed?"—and her snakes absolutely refuse food—she is sure they must be nearly starving. By all means leave the lizards alone, and do not worry about the snakes. They are probably thinking about the winter sleep. The proverb about the ease with which a horse can be led to the water, and the difficulty of making him drink against his will, applies with at least equal force to snakes. So does the Canterbury epitaph on woman:

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't!"

Respecting the hay—I should give them clean, fresh moss instead. Hay when damp goes mouldy and offensive; moss keeps fresh for many months.

SPIDERS.

SPIDERS are not insects. They differ from insects in every possible way. For instance, insects have heads, spiders have none. Insects have six legs and wings, whereas spiders always have eight legs and no wings. Insects have generally a great number of eyes, which are always six-sided, like a bee's cell; spiders never have more than eight eyes, and they are round. As they differ externally, so do they differ internally. Spiders have hearts; insects have no hearts, but merely a blood vessel in the shape of a tube which runs along the back. Insects have no lungs, but merely breathing tubes, which run to every part of the body, while spiders have large lungs in which the blood is purified as in our own. Again, insects have no brains, but merely bunches of nerves in different parts of their bodies, but the spider has a brain which is quite large compared to its size. Thus we see that spiders have very little in common with insects; in fact, they are in no way connected with them, but form a distinct class of creatures: in other words, spiders are spiders.—From a lecture given at Hurstpierpoint College by the Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S., and reported in the *Hurst Johnian*, December 1905.

THE MYSTERY OF THE FIVE VASES.

The Narrative of an Ex-Detective, as told to Mark Flint.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

STRELLINBURG—for reasons which you will appreciate presently, I suppress the proper name—is famous (as you will be aware if your foreign travels can help you to guess to which continental city I refer) for its great museum. Of those priceless treasures of art which it is the custom for a nation to place under glass cases for half a dozen connoisseurs to look at and enjoy, it has more than its share. Amateurs of porcelain, especially, know well that in no other city of the world is there to be seen a collection of pottery which can rival that displayed in the galleries of the Strellinburg museum. And many who could not, perchance, distinguish Crown Derby from Old Chelsea have heard of the Severini Vases, those five small miracles of the potter's art, which are generally pronounced to be the finest specimens of their kind extant. For a sight of them not a few pilgrimages have been made by the enthusiastic to the crooked streets and bad hotels of ancient Strellinburg.

The fame of the Severini pottery is world-wide, but it is by no means generally known that there was an occasion when the precious Strellinburg vases were missing, for a short period, from the custody of the museum officials. Few are aware of the occurrence of the incident, fewer still know the inner history of it. At this distance of time there is no harm in relating, under disguised names, the whole story; and as I may claim to have had some considerable share in unravelling a mystery of singular interest, I can claim to speak with authority. Briefly, the facts were as follows:

An attendant employed at the museum, walking through the Porcelain Gallery early one morning, perceived, as he passed the central case in which the Severini Vases are triumphantly mounted, that a pane of glass had been bodily removed from one side of it. Pausing to investigate more closely the reason of this—for it did not occur to him at the moment that the case had been opened save by authority—he threw a casual glance over

the objects upon the shelves within. To his horror and amazement, upon the ledge where should have stood five of the priceless vases he could count only four. For the moment he could scarce believe his eyes. He looked again: four vases and no more were before him. Feverishly he pried into every corner of the glass receptacle. Not a trace could he see of the missing object. It was gone: and upon the floor at his feet lay the plate of glass, neatly cut, as a glance at the edges showed, from the framework which held it. He ran hastily to give the alarm.

The matter was quickly proved to be serious. It may be said at once that the most careful search revealed nothing. No vestige of the vanished vase could be found in the building, nor yet any sign of the possible thief in hiding.

Herein lay the mysterious element of the business. Not only was every door, window, or other outlet which could conceivably be used for the purposes of ingress or egress, closely barred, shuttered, and locked, but a watchman patrolled the museum inside throughout the night, while sentries of the Strellinburg Municipal Guard, posted all round the exterior, commanded every approach to the building.

None of these had seen or heard anything untoward during the night. The watchman was closely questioned, but declared stoutly that his duties had been properly performed. According to orders, every half-hour he had made a complete tour of the museum. But nothing had he seen, nothing had he heard. As he was on the premises when the loss was discovered (and could not have left them since he came on duty the previous evening without being seen by the sentries), and not a trace of the stolen treasure could be found, either upon his person, or in any corner of the museum—the galleries being all ransacked carefully—the suspicion of his identity with the thief had to be dismissed.

It was the custom, too, to lock the night watchman in the museum, and the keys

which alone could open the intricate mechanism of the locks reposed in the Director's lodge, between which and the museum telephonic communication existed.

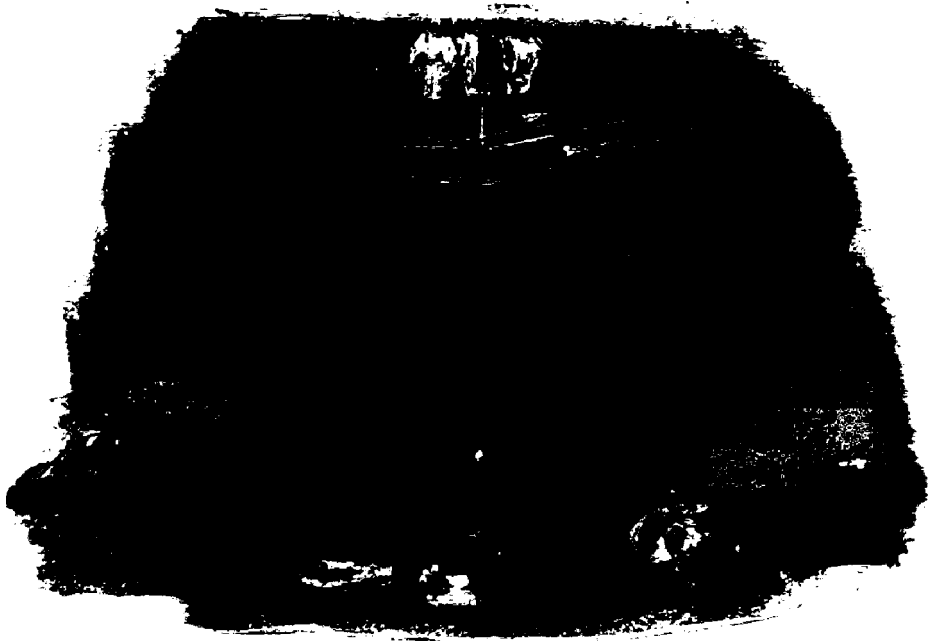
A perplexing feature in the situation was the difficulty of assigning an adequate motive to the theft. It could not be supposed that the abstraction of the vase was a mere vulgar robbery. No thief expert enough to plan and carry out such a skilful job, would be so foolish as to steal, for mere plunder, an object of which, though certainly priceless, it would be utterly impossible to dispose. The Severini Vases are like no other pottery in the world. They are unique. No one but a wealthy connoisseur would wish, or be able, to buy them at the enormous price set upon them, and no connoisseur, recognising them, would dare to purchase stolen property.

Unless the theft were to be regarded as the mad freak of a practical joker with ideas of humour rather bold, it seemed that the culprit could only be some amateur of pottery bitten by the kleptomania which not infrequently overcomes the conscience of an otherwise scrupulous enthusiast. Such an idea, of course, strikes the ordinary man as strange; but cases of the kind are not uncommon.

The thing was a mystery. But the museum officials, though completely baffled, were not despondent. It was felt that so unmistakable an object as a Severini Vase must surely be traced without grave difficulty. Once the news of its loss had been circulated, no dealer would dare to accept it; while if it remained in private hands, it was secure at least from destruction, and its finding and recovery should be merely a matter of time. The police were summoned, and the affair placed in their hands. Meanwhile it was decided that, pending investigations, the loss should not be made public. Notices were posted in the museum announcing that the pottery section had been temporarily closed for re-arrangement, and the Porcelain Gallery was isolated.

Extra precautions were taken when evening came. The officer of the Municipal Guard in charge of the sentries was privately warned to exercise special supervision over his men, and to see that each was alert at his post. The night-watchman, also, though suspicion had been removed from him, was suspended from duty, and his place taken by another man, of proved character and trustworthiness.

So far, so good. Imagine the consternation and dismay when morning came and revealed the loss of a second out of the five Severini



ON THE FLOOR BESIDE THE PLUNDERED CABINET LAY STRETCHED THE UNCONSCIOUS BODY OF THE WATCHMAN.

Vases! Nor was this all. On the floor beside the plundered cabinet lay stretched the unconscious body of the watchman.

A pretty to-do there was, you can guess! The Director of the museum, who had risen early in order that he might himself unlock the building, was the first to discover this alarming spectacle. His cries speedily brought others of the staff to his side, and an amazed group was gathered round the prostrate figure in the Porcelain Gallery, their wits for the moment scattered by the ominous scene.

Ominous, indeed; but of what? They hardly knew. The mystery of the thing baffled them. No sign of violence was visible upon the senseless figure at their feet. The body lay inertly on its back, with the head lolling to one side, as though it had fallen or collapsed, rather than as if it had been struck down. The lantern which the watchman on duty always carried upon his nightly rounds

lay, shattered, a few feet away, but there were no marks or scratches upon the polished floor to suggest a struggle or fight. There was nothing to show that the watchman had been attacked or molested in any way—or that he had himself been the aggressor against a possible intruder. Yet there he lay, unconscious or dead, upon the floor, and a second piece of priceless pottery had gone.

The poor fellow was not dead, however,—merely stunned. When the first moment of awestruck panic had passed, they carried him away and placed him in a doctor's hands. Then began more fruitless searches and inquiries. The sentries of the previous night had nothing to report. They had seen nothing, had heard nothing. Not a trace of any one could be found in the building. The thief, whoever he might be, seemed to have vanished with his booty, as before, into thin air. The mystery was still a mystery.

Nothing could be learned from the one man who might have been able to throw some light upon the mystery. The luckless watchman, under medical care, recovered consciousness in due course, but his mind was too delirious, and his words too incoherent, to be properly intelligible.

I heard about it later from one of the junior curators who visited him. The fellow seemed haunted by devils, he said. His speech was strange, and terror looked out of his eyes. It was evident that the man's mind had been affected by some sudden and terrible shock, though of what nature it was impossible to guess.

At the time when this happened it so chanced that I was staying in Strellinburg on a holiday. Apart from the fact that the chief of police there was a very good friend of mine, I naturally took the keenest interest in the affair of the stolen vases. They say that a 'bus driver spends his holiday in riding upon a fellow driver's vehicle, and what must I, who had sworn to shut Scotland Yard and all its works out of mind, needs do but throw up the idea of a holiday and determine to take a hand in the unravelling of the problem.

Moreover, there were special inducements. The greatest anxiety was manifest amongst the museum officials to withhold all news of the theft from the public, and to restore the missing pottery, if possible, before its loss should be discovered. The Mayor of Strellinburg, himself an amateur and connoisseur of note, whom the chief of police had felt it his duty to consult, seemed especially concerned, and offered privately a large reward for the recovery of the stolen vases.

The absence of any sort of tangible clue certainly baffled me. After careful consideration of the circumstances, as reported to me, I decided that my only possible chance of success lay in obtaining an opportunity for personal observation. To cut a long story short, with some difficulty I induced the chief of police to let me play the part of watchman for the ensuing night. It was by no means inconceivable that a third raid might be attempted by the uncanny robber.

It was only, however, by giving accounts—somewhat exaggerated, I fear—of my reputation at Scotland Yard, that the Director could be persuaded even to listen to this suggestion. His intention was to have the galleries patrolled by a whole posse of watchmen—a course which would obviously frighten the thief away and spoil any chance which there might be of entrapping him. His consent to my plan was not obtained, indeed, until I hit upon the happy expedient of advising the quiet removal of the remaining Severini pieces, and the substitution of three imitation vases in their place. The exchange, if effected so secretly that news of it did not get abroad, would not be detected by the thief in the darkness, and if I were to fail in my task, no harm would be done by the loss of a worthless imitation.

That lonely vigil in the dark and silent museum remains one of my most vivid recollections. Before going on duty, I made a tour of the building with the Director, he indicating the ground plan, as far as possible, and the relative positions of the different galleries and saloons. The Porcelain Gallery, in the middle of which lay the rifled cabinet, was a narrow, oblong apartment, lined in the usual fashion with glass-fronted cases. This gave upon the Anthropological Saloon, a room of twice or three times the size, in which were placed all the exhibits of the kind customarily to be seen in museums relating to the manners and mode of life of aboriginal races.

Here were savage weapons and implements of every sort; grinning idols of painted wood and stone; strange dresses of gaudy beads and bright-hued feathers; dried heads and mouldering skulls; with many another object, curious, grisly, and uncanny. A massive door closed one end of either apartment, but between them there was an open portal with no barrier.

It was the duty of the night-watchman to patrol every part of the building, his especial care being to guard against any possible outbreak of fire. It was agreed, however, between the Director and myself that for this night the museum should be left to take care of itself, in

order that I might concentrate my attention upon the Porcelain Gallery. In the vestibule were an electric bell and telephone communicating with the Director's lodge, as I think I have already mentioned; and it was arranged that in the event of anything untoward happening, I should at once give the alarm. The Director himself expressed his intention of remaining up all night, to superintend the posting and changing of the sentries outside, and to be ready in case of emergency.

With these matters settled, I was left to myself. My equipment consisted of a powerful bull's-eye lantern, fitted with a dark slide, a loaded revolver, and a heavy life-preserver, which I carried slung by a cord over my wrist. Thus armed, I sat down upon the stool which I had placed in the corridor that ran past the door of the Porcelain Gallery, and—waited.

I am not going to pretend that those dark hours were without their effect upon my nerves. I am not naturally an impressionable man, and my previous experience had accustomed me to situations which might prove trying to less hardened natures. But I confess that that lonely vigil worked upon my imagination. By means of the dark slide I had extinguished the light of my lantern, and only the smell of the hot metal betrayed its presence. The corridor was gloomy almost to pitch darkness, illumined only by a fitful gleam from a window at the far end, as the obscuring clouds momentarily unveiled the moon.

The stillness of the place was the stillness of the dead. And with that thought my mind reverted to the grim horrors callously laid out in rows, and neatly ticketed, within the Anthropological Saloon yonder. Hideous, mummified faces, boneless and shrivelled, with tattooed cheeks and cracked lips snarlingly parted; or grisly skulls, eyeless and toothless, crusted with a mouldering growth that seemed to reek of the grave. Involuntarily I shivered. The silence seemed so eerie and ghostly that the least companionable sound—even the chirping of a cricket—would have been a welcome relief. I almost wished I had never meddled with the affair. To put it plainly, I began to get "jumpy."

At intervals I made a pretence of going a round of the building. That is to say, I would walk with measured step along the corridor and as far beyond as I judged my footsteps would be audible in the Porcelain Gallery; pausing then, and returning stealthily to my post of observation outside the door. I should have mentioned that, besides my lantern and

arms, I had brought with me a pair of rubber-soled goloshes. These I carried in my hand when setting out upon my ostensible rounds, slipping them over my boots when I paused, and so creeping back without a sound beyond the noise of my own breathing and the beating of my heart—which I don't mind saying now seemed to my quickened senses to be thumping like a drum.

I had calculated that the previous thefts must have been carried out while the watchman on duty was in a distant part of the building, and I hoped by this device to delude the thief—if such indeed were really concealed in the museum, or had secret access from without—into the idea that I was going the rounds in orthodox fashion.

How long I maintained that dreadful vigil I do not know. Twice I heard (gladly, I promise you, for it broke the tension of the silence) the heavy tramp of the guards upon the gravel outside, as the sentries were changed. The hour must have been past midnight. I had just started off upon another supposititious tour of the building, and was noiselessly making my way back along the corridor, when a slight sound caught my ear. I stood still on the instant, and my heart, as the phrase goes, leaped into my mouth. I waited breathlessly, but nothing further was audible. Dead stillness was round me. I was persuading myself that an overwrought fancy had played a trick upon me, and was on the point of moving, when again I heard a faint noise.

This time it was unmistakable. And, unless my senses were deceived, it came from within the Porcelain Gallery. With every fibre in my frame a-tingle, I ran swiftly but silently to the great door at the end of the gallery, and stooping my ear to the keyhole, listened intently.

Some one or something was moving within. In the utter stillness I could hear a noise, soft and slow, as of some heavy body treading stealthily upon the floor. Cold beads of sweat stood upon my brow as I listened. Remember that my nerves had been shaken by the eerie circumstances of my long vigil, and my imagination fired by brooding on the mystery of these midnight depredations. I had expected to catch the thief, if he came, in the corridors of the building. Yet here was some person or thing moving within the gallery itself. The doors at either end of the long double chamber were securely locked, and could not have been opened without my knowledge. I was not in those days a superstitious man, but the thing seemed to savour of the supernatural. I am

not ashamed to own that I was—well, afraid.

For a moment I wavered and was minded to turn tail and flee. But the next, I cursed myself for a craven, and plucked up heart. Cautiously I pulled the key from my pocket, and inserted it. The lock turned easily and noiselessly (I had taken care to have it well oiled the previous day), the door rolled smoothly back, and I took a step into the Porcelain Gallery.

One step—no more. For that which I saw before me froze the blood within my veins, and stiffened my limbs with horror. Outside, the sky was momentarily clear, and through the window overhead the moon sent a shaft of cold light, which made a broad white track across the floor. Illumined by these pale, clear beams, I saw advancing towards me a shape the like of which I hope never to meet again.

Squat upon its crouching and misshapen body, the creature had a huge head, of such hideous aspect that words fail me to describe the horror of it. Immense and staring eye-balls, protruding far out, were fixed upon me as the apparition advanced, seeming to hold me spell-bound with their ghastly, mesmeric leer. A monstrous, distorted nose overhung the fanged and grinning mouth, while hairy, tattered ears fringed the head on either side.

Fascinated by the glare of those protruding eye-balls, the nature of the rest of the creature did not force itself upon my notice, though my terror-struck gaze took in the long talons at the end of one outstretched paw.

The thing was horrible—ghastly; and as it moved across the floor in the track of the moonlight, I stood helpless in its path. I was a good Christian and a God-fearing man who placed no faith in devils or demons. Yet I confess this awful thing unmanned me utterly. You must bear in mind that my nerves were already upset. I could neither stir nor cry out. My legs seemed numb and rooted to the spot; my tongue clave to the parched roof of my mouth. That I did not swoon is a marvel to me yet.

My impression is that, though the creature seemed to be advancing upon me to seize me, my entry into the gallery had been so silent



I SAW ADVANCING TOWARDS ME A SHAPE.

as to be unnoticed. But the moonlight, shining through the open doorway, betrayed my presence. The evil thing paused suddenly in its stealthy movements, and fixed its loathly gaze even more steadily upon me. I longed to shriek, but could not.

For some moments—a few seconds, it may be, though to me they seemed long minutes—we stood thus facing each other. Then suddenly, as I felt my brain reeling and my senses going, the thing—devil, demon, or whatever it was—*coughed!*

The effect which that simple sound had upon me was magical. The Thing was human! As though a douche of cold water had suddenly drenched me, I recovered myself. My nerves were steady again. A demon that coughed! I was within an ace of laughing outright.

At that moment the creature began again to

creep slowly forward. But I had my lantern ready, and, holding it in front of me, quickly pushed back the dark slide. A broad shaft of fierce light was flashed full in the face of the monster, and it paused. It still stared steadily towards me, however, and I noticed that the hideous eye-balls never blinked.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER?" ASKED THE PAIR OF US.

[On it came again. But an idea struck me. Recollecting that behind the powerful rays of the lantern I was invisible, I placed the latter upon the top of a cabinet which stood beside me. Then, slipping to one side, I ran noiselessly round the room (I still had on my rubber-soled goloshes), and came up behind my uncouth enemy. The latter, now between me and the lantern, was still creeping steadily forward to where it fancied, no doubt, I was

standing terror-struck and spell-bound. With a sudden rush I sprang upon its back, and bore it to the ground.

Down went the pair of us with a crash. But my spring had been too violent, and the impetus of it shot me over the foul creature's head. In a moment we were up again, and had closed.

My opponent, demon or no demon, was certainly possessed of strength little short of demoniacal, and, though a powerful man in those days, I had to fight like a fiend myself in order to hold my own. To and fro we wrestled, swaying this way and that over the floor. Once I had him down, and, freeing my right hand (I could not get at my revolver), raised the life-preserver which dangled from my wrist and dealt him a crack on the head which should have laid him out. But the knob fell harmlessly, the skull seeming to echo hollowly under the blow, and an incautious relaxing of my grasp gave the prostrate foe a chance to leap to his feet and close again. Already my muscles ached, and I began to wonder how the struggle would end.

Luck, however, was with me. As we staggered to and fro, my opponent tripped over the projecting foot of a cabinet, stumbled, and fell with a sharp cry of pain, his leg twisted under him. As I stood over him, he tried to rise from the floor, but with a groan of agony fell back, and lay as if dead.

Battered and bruised, I dragged myself to the vestibule, and sent a breathless message over the telephone wire to the Director's lodge. In a few minutes the Director and his chief assistant were with me, and together we made our way to the Porcelain

Gallery—I giving a hurried, and probably somewhat incoherent, account of what had happened.

Stretched upon the floor of the gallery lay the hideous shape with which I had fought so long and desperately. The Director started as his eyes fell upon it.

"The Devil-Dancer!" he exclaimed.

"May be a devil," said I, "but it doesn't look much like dancing now. Pull off the mask and see if he's hurt."

The Director bent over the prostrate figure, and busied himself with pulling off the cumbersome wooden head, while his assistant helped me to staunch the blood from the broken skin of a nasty bruise upon my leg.

A sudden exclamation of astonishment broke from the lips of the Director.

"What's the matter?" asked the pair of us, in one breath.

The Director rose to his feet with a queer look on his face.

"It's the Mayor of Strellinburg," he said.

It was true. I think I told you that the Mayor of Strellinburg was of some note as an amateur of pottery. Bitten by that mania for possession which seems to attack the enthusiastic collector, and unable to resist temptation, he had plotted to rob his own city of its priceless treasures.

His plan was certainly an ingenious one. Upon a low pedestal in the Anthropological Saloon, adjoining the Porcelain Gallery, hung the rig-out of a Ceylon devil-dancer. The thing was entire—mask, dress, arm- and leg-coverings — and, being displayed upon a framework, it was easily possible for a man to slip inside. The worshipful thief's practice was to enter the Saloon just before the museum was closed, and to await his opportunity. When no one was by, all he had to do was to hop deftly into the devil-dancer's outfit—quite a simple matter—and stay there. No one, naturally, ever dreamed of suspecting the hideous figure to contain a live man. Once the museum was closed, he had all the night in which to commit his little burglary, taking off the Severini Vases—they are small objects, and could easily be carried singly without notice in the pocket—one by one. When morning came, it

was only necessary to wait until the public had been admitted, and then choose a favourable moment to slip from his hiding-place and walk through the galleries as though he had entered with his fellow citizens.

On the second night it is probable that the watchman, hearing some noise, had surprised the thief at work, but had in turn been himself "surprised" into delirium by the sight of what he took, no doubt, to be the foul fiend incarnate. I can sympathise with his feelings.

Of course, the plan was a risky one in many respects, and not least in the repetition of the thefts upon successive nights. But the Mayor doubtless counted much upon the immunity from suspicion which his public position (to say nothing of the reward which he offered) conferred upon him, and it is likely that the success which attended his first two raids fired his cupidity beyond the bounds of discretion. Moreover, a man who could attempt a theft of that kind merely for the sake of hoarding a piece of clay which he could never dare to show, would hardly stop to think of risks which a common thief would hesitate over.

No; there was no scandal. The story never came out. The Mayor went into voluntary exile, and the missing Severini Vases were restored to their proper place. Every one concerned held his tongue, and to this day the good burghers of Strellinburg are ignorant of how near they once were to losing the treasures of which they are so proud.

That's all; unless it may tickle your sense of humour to hear that before I left Strellinburg I received from the Mayor (who was a man of honour in everything save his hobby) a handsome cheque in payment of the reward which he had rashly offered for his own capture.





Photo. by]

ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.

[W. S. Stuart, Richmond. 4



Photo by]

PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG,

[W. S. Stuart, Richmond.

Vol. XIV.—53.

WHOSE BBTROTHAL TO THE KING OF SPAIN HAS BEEN RECENTLY ANNOUNCED.



COX'S COUGH-DROPS.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "J. O. Jones," "The Duffer," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. R. SKELTON.



SYNOPSIS.

THIS story turns on the remarkable resemblance between Cox, a boy at Charlton Court Preparatory School, only son of the millionaire vendor of "Cox's Cough-Drops," and Robert, Earl of Yarningale, heir to the Marquis of Lapworth, another boy at the same school. Cox is a bully, and dominates Yarningale by a mixture of brutality, cunning, and superior will-power. Being booked for two hours' detention on a certain Saturday afternoon, Cox prevails on

Yarningale to impersonate him at that ordeal, in order that he himself may go to a tennis-party at Charlton Grange, a country house that has been rented for a period by some London friends of his named Lomax. Cox is assuming that Mr. Skipjack, the senior assistant master, will be taking detention, but at the last moment Mr. Skipjack gets Mr. Hallam, one of his colleagues, to take detention for him, since he, as well as Cox, has been invited to the tennis-party at Charlton Grange. When Cox, all unconscious of this arrangement, arrives at Charlton Grange, he is filled with consternation on beholding Mr. Skipjack standing near the tennis-lawn. Without hesitation he decides on a bold line of action, and announces to Pattie Lomax, a girl of fourteen, that he is a boy called Yarningale who has come to explain his friend Cox's absence. When, a little later in the afternoon, Cox confesses to Pattie that he is Cox, Pattie promises faithfully to keep his secret. In order to avoid further encounters with Mr. Skipjack, Cox then returns to the school only to find that Hallam has cut detention short and taken Yarningale (still masquerading as Cox) down to the Vicarage with him. Cox thereupon repairs to the village, smuggles himself into the Vicarage grounds, and, when a favourable opportunity occurs, changes places with Yarningale. Previously to this, Yarningale's identity has been discovered by Joan Henderson, the Vicar's younger daughter, who, like Pattie, vows not to say anything about the deception. Joan takes Yarningale to see her white rats, and explains that the "father rat" has been put in a cage by himself because he has displayed a tendency to devour the young ones. Joan is called away for a time, and it is at this juncture that Cox effects the exchange.

Being ripe for mischief, Cox, who has overheard Joan's remarks, puts the "father rat" back into the cage containing his offspring, and the "mother rat" into her husband's cage. When Joan discovers the "father rat" attacking one of his children, in her fury she denounces "Cox" as an impostor, and declares that he is really a boy called Lord Yarningale. Cox having proved to the satisfaction of everybody that he is Cox, Joan is rebuked by her father and sent indoors. It is shown in the course of the story how Cox, besides annoying Joan and placing Yarningale in uncomfortable situations, also contrives, though, of course, unwittingly, to bring about a coolness between (1) Mr. Skipjack and Miss Lomax, and (2) Mr. Hallam and Miss Henderson. Feeling sure that the boy he saw at the Lomaxes' was Cox, Mr. Skipjack, smarting under the treatment dealt out to him by Miss Lomax, proceeds, after the boys have retired to bed that night, to interrogate Cox about his movements during the afternoon. Cox having given a satisfactory explanation of his doings, Mr. Skipjack, baffled for the moment, ascends in Mr. Hallam's company to the next landing with the object of interrogating Yarningale. Cox goes to Yarningale's room by another staircase and impersonates Yarningale, making the latter conceal himself under the bed. The more effectually to disguise his real personality, Cox affects a sore throat, the result being that in the end Yarningale is sent to the Infirmary as a diphtheritic suspect. At the mid-term garden-party, Mildred Henderson tells Cox that she wishes to speak to Yarningale. Cox, wishing to oblige her, goes to the Infirmary and changes places with Yarningale for half an hour, and while he is waiting for the latter's return the Marquis of Lapworth, Yarningale's grandfather, is announced.

XI.

THE Marquis of Lapworth had never seen very much of his grandson, for the old gentleman disliked the company of young people and generally arranged for Lord Yarningale to

spend his holidays with a widowed aunt who had a house up the Thames. Occasionally, of course, the boy stayed for a few days at the stately castle in a midland county which the Lapworths had inhabited for more than six hundred years, but even when he went there he saw but little of his grandfather. The Marquis knew enough about the boy, however, to be aware that he was a quiet, shy youngster with nothing particular to say for himself. He was glad that his heir was a well-mannered youth, but he would have been better pleased had Yarningale displayed more spirit and "go." To tell the truth, grandfather and grandson rather grated on one another; they were not companions destined by Nature to "mix" in a satisfactory manner.

Nevertheless, the Marquis owed it to his heir and the future welfare of the house of Lapworth to see that the boy was properly brought up, and to take a certain—if rather forced—interest in his doings.

Finding himself in the neighbourhood of Charlton, therefore, and having received an intimation from the headmaster to the effect that all parents and relatives of boys would be welcome at the mid-term garden-party, the old peer had driven over to the school to see his grandson, and, incidentally, to talk over the lad's future with the headmaster.

Arrived at the school, he had been shown into the drawing-room. On hearing of the arrival of their noble visitor, the headmaster and his good lady had left the chattering throng on the lawn, and hurried through the open French windows into the drawing-room to receive their guest. It was explained to the Marquis that his grandson was in quarantine, and that although he had been in the Infirmary for a week the doctor thought it advisable that he should remain there for a further two days in order that all danger of infection might be avoided in the event of his developing symptoms of diphtheria. These things having been said, the butler was deputed to conduct the Marquis to the cottage which served the school as a hospital, and which was situated at the bottom of the lane by which one reached the school from the high road. Arrived at this institution, the butler handed the caller over to the Infirmary maid, and beat a retreat.

It should be added that Yarningale's transference to the Infirmary was the result of an after-thought on the part of Dr. Wink-

field, who had originally intended that the boy should stay in his own room. The medico had arrived at the conclusion that the community would be benefited by Yarningale's removal. The danger of infection from Evans was, after all, slight, if the boys were kept absolutely apart. Cox, on arriving at Yarningale's dormitory and finding it empty, had journeyed on to the Infirmary, where, owing to the fact that Yarningale was occupying a ground-floor room, whose windows were wide open, he found it an easy matter to change places with Yarningale and thus satisfy Mildred Henderson's desire to interview that youth.

"Well, Yarningale," said the Marquis, advancing into the room in his stately fashion, "and how are you, my boy?"

For a moment Cox was dumbfounded by the appearance of the one person in the world whom he least wanted to meet. For he was quick-witted enough to guess that this imperious gentleman could be none other than Yarningale's grandfather. Making up his mind, however, with that alacrity which was one of the distinguishing traits of the Cox breed, he advanced to meet the old man with outstretched hand.

"Thank you, sir, I am very well," he replied.

The old peer smiled grimly as he released the boy's hand.

"Humph! They don't seem to think you are, by all accounts. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Why," said Cox, "I share a room with a chap who's got a bad throat, and as they thought I was bound to catch it as well, they shoved me in here. It's all the fault of that old rotter Winky."

Lord Lapworth screwed his eye-glass tightly into his eye and regarded the boy more fixedly than ever. Never before had he known his grandson to use so much slang in one sentence. If anything, Yarningale had always been nervously careful to express himself in a polite manner when talking to his grandfather. But, of course, Cox could not be expected to know this.

"Ahem!" said the Marquis; "you seem to have added to your vocabulary since we last met, Yarningale. What, may I ask, is a 'rotter?'"

Cox considered the point.

"Oh—er—somebody who's rotten," he replied.

"It is a blunt but comprehensive term," said the Marquis, with a cold smile. "And who may be 'Winky?'"

"Dr. Winkfield," interpreted Cox. "I called him a 'rotter,'" he hastened to explain, "because he's a beast. We all hate him. He gives you gyp."

"I fear that is another expression with which I am not familiar," said the Marquis.

"He always manages to hurt you when he has to do anything to you," was Cox's explanation. "If he has to lug your tooth out he gives you most awful beans."

The Marquis cleared his throat.

"Yes, you have certainly enlarged your vocabulary, Yarningale," he said. "You have never favoured me with these gems of speech when we have had the pleasure of meeting at Lapworth Castle."

"Why, all the chaps talk like that," said Cox offhandedly.

"I trust that all your schoolfellows are gentlemen?" inquired the Marquis, in a doubtful tone.

"Oh, rather," said Cox.

"I did hear a rumour," went on the Marquis, "to the effect that a man called Cox, who advertises some sort of quack commodity in papers and by the side of railway lines, had sent his son here. I remember I was travelling to London recently and was much annoyed by seeing this man's advertisements disfiguring the landscape. Is it true that his son is a pupil here?"

Cox struggled with a temptation to make a rude retort, but he gulped down his annoyance and merely replied:

"Yes, there is a fellow called Cox here, sir."

"And what sort of a boy is he? demanded the Marquis.

"Awfully nice chap," replied Cox; and then, as a wicked after-thought, "he's my best pal."

The Marquis looked amazed.

"What! Have you so little regard for your position that you make a friend of a boy of that class?"

"Oh, he's all right. Not half a bad chap," Cox assured his visitor.

The Marquis sat down near the window, crossed his legs, and stared at the boy in a manner that Cox found somewhat embarrassing. As a matter of fact, the old peer was feeling puzzled and annoyed. He had not seen his grandson for nine months, for at the beginning of the winter he had gone abroad for his health's sake, and had only recently ventured to return. During his absence it

seemed to him that his grandson had degenerated—in appearance as well as in manners. And he could not understand it. The boy had grown taller and stouter, and that would account partly for the change in his appearance, but he had developed unpleasantly in other ways. Plainly, thought the Marquis, it would be desirable to discuss this matter with the headmaster.

"Well, Yarningale," he said, rising from his chair, "I must leave you for the present. I wish to have a talk with your headmaster. Next term, you know, you go to Eton, and I want to find out what progress you have made with your studies. I will look in again before I go. Meanwhile, as you do not seem to have anything much the matter with you, you may like to buy some sweets. You will be able to send somebody for them, I suppose?"

"I'll send the skivvy," said Cox.

Skivvy! The Marquis could guess the meaning of the term. But never before had he heard such a vulgar word fall from the lips of his grandson.

"Yes, I have no doubt the maid will buy some for you," said the Marquis, producing half a crown and putting it into the boy's hand.

"Thanks awfully," said Cox. "Stingy old beast," he added, when the Marquis had retired. "I don't envy Yarny being bossed about by an old terror like that. My gov.'s much better sport—"

He stopped speaking, his heart beating fast. What if his governor had arrived and was wondering where he was!

He strode up and down the room with impatient steps. The half-hour he had given Yarningale had elapsed some time ago. Why didn't the ass come back?

"Silly goat I was ever to change places with him!" Cox told himself savagely. "Still, the gov. may not turn up. Garden-parties aren't in his line. All the same, it's rotten of Yarny to keep me here like this . . . I'll hack his shins when he *does* come back!"

The Marquis, much perturbed by the striking metamorphosis that had taken place in his grandson, was turning into the lane which led up to the school, when, hearing a buzz and a whirr behind him, he turned round to find that a large motor-car, of the latest and most expensive type, had pulled up within a few yards of him. It was

occupied by a chauffeur and a stout, red-faced man of forty-five or fifty.

"Hi!" called out the red-faced man, who had a rich, deep voice, "can you tell me if th's is the road leading up to Charlton Court Schoo', sir? I forget my bearings 'ereabouts."

"This is the road," replied the Marquis, with dignity.

"Straight up," observed the red-faced man to the chauffeur. "Thanks, much obliged to you," he added, nodding to the Marquis, who had withdrawn to one side of the road to allow the car to pass.

The huge vehicle, however, had only proceeded a dozen yards up the lane when it was again pulled up, and the deep-voiced man looked round with:

"Excuse me, do you 'appen to know, sir, if this is the garden-party day? You may be a parent yourself?"

"I believe a garden-party is being held to-day," replied the Marquis coldly.

"Got a boy 'ere?" demanded the motorist.

"I have a grandson here," replied the Marquis, very stiffly.

"Then you and me are in the same boat," replied the owner of the car. "Sad 'andfuls they are, too, eh? May I give you a lift up the 'ill? It's rather steep," added the motorist.

"Thank you, I prefer to walk," replied the Marquis.

"As you please," replied the red-faced man, shrugging his shoulders. "Right a'ead, Edward," he added, waving his motoring cap to the Marquis, whose reply consisted solely of an icy glare.

"One of your 'aughty sort," remarked the motorist to Edward.

"Can't stand 'em," replied the chauffeur, as the motor buzzed up the hill. "Give you a cold feelin' down the back."

The motorist broke into a roar of laughter.

"That's just the feeling," he replied.

"Ah! 'ere's the gates! Open, too. In you go, Edward."

And the car buzzed along the beautifully kept drive that led up to Charlton Court Schoo'.

Arrived at the front door, the red-faced gentleman alighted from the car and smacked himself vigorously in order to get rid of the dust which had accumulated on his person during his journey. Then he administered a hearty pull to the bell.

The door was opened by the butler.

"Mr. Percival at 'ome?" asked the motorist briskly.

"Yes, sir. Will you step in, sir?" replied the butler, proceeding to usher the caller into the drawing-room. "What name shall I give, sir?"

"Cox," said the newcomer in his hearty way. "Mr. Caleb Cox, of London."

XII.

WHEN the butler informed the headmaster of Mr. Cox's arrival, the chief of Charlton Court School looked at his wife with raised eye-brows. They knew Mr. Cox of old. The expression in the headmaster's face plainly asked the question, "Will you go, my dear, or shall I?"

Mrs. Percival was a dutiful wife, and liked to save her husband as much trouble as possible. She was also, at that moment, particularly anxious to get away from an elderly maiden lady—aunt to Cleaver, already mentioned in this veracious history as a form-mate of Cox's—who, as the way of maiden ladies sometimes is, had been laying down the law in no uncertain language as to the care of young male children.

"I always think," Miss Cleaver was saying, as the headmaster flashed that look across at his wife, "that it is a very bad thing for a boy to eat a heavy meal of bread and cheese before going to bed. It sows the seeds of the dyspepsia which occurs in after life, I am certain."

"The boys here do not have bread and cheese before they go to bed," retorted Mrs. Percival, sending a marconigram back to her husband which ran, "All right, dear, I will go; don't you bother."

"But they have cake—plum cake," declared Miss Cleaver, in a harsh voice; "my nephew has told me so. Think of a delicately nurtured lad going to sleep with a quarter of a pound of cake weighing on his little stomach."

"No boy ever has more than a slice," said Mrs. Percival, "and many of them have biscuits instead." And as she spoke she sent a further wireless message to the headmaster imploring him to come and rescue her from Miss Cleaver.

The headmaster tore himself away from the Rear-Admiral who was telling him a prosy anecdote, and reached his wife and Miss Cleaver just as the latter was saying that she considered a flannel night-gown to be

absolutely necessary night apparel for any young male child.

"Come, come, Miss Cleaver," said the headmaster in his breezy way, "I don't believe in coddling boys."

see the tennis. We have a very good player here—Mr. Hallam. You may have heard of him. He is an Oxford double blue."

"Can he teach double proportion?" demanded Miss Cleaver.

"My dear lady, I can assure you that Mr. Hallam's arithmetic is quite sound."

"Nevertheless," continued Miss Cleaver, "I contend that too many young men are given posts in schools like this because they can leap high and hit the ball hard in cricket matches."

"And accurately," edged in the headmaster.

"What about his character?" asked the lady.

"Excellent, unimpeachable," replied the headmaster. "A most worthy young man."

"Then I should like to know him," said Miss Cleaver, she being possessed of considerable means and in addition of an evergreen hope that she would one day or another be led to the altar by a handsome young man who would choose a wife for sterling worth rather than for baby-like prettiness.

All unconscious of the fearsome introduction which was awaiting him, Mr. Hallam was endeavouring to enjoy a game of tennis in which he had been partnered with a young lady who punctuated her strokes with little screams.

"So that is Mr. Hallam?" said Miss Cleaver. "Yes, he looks a very amiable young fellow. I think I will sit down and watch the tennis a little, Mr. Percival. Come, Osmond," she added to her nephew, who had been dangling about at her



YARNINGALE WAS INFORMING MILDRED FOR THE TWENTIETH TIME THAT HE HAD HAD NOTHING WHATEVER TO DO WITH THE CHANGING OF HER RATS.

"Of course you side with your wife," returned Miss Cleaver in an annoyed tone, as Mrs. Percival made her escape.

"She is a very reliable person to side with," said the headmaster. "But let us go and

heels all the afternoon in a desperate endeavour to be polite and attentive, "explain this game to me, please. Now, when the ball is struck over the net, which of the white lines must it hit, and how much does it count if the player strikes it beyond the furthest white line? I notice that Mr. Hallam's partner almost invariably does that."

His heart full of sympathy for Cleaver, the headmaster went back to his post near the tea-table.

"Ah, Mr. Cox," he cried, "and how do you do? It is very good of you to come all this way."

Mr. Cox, who had doffed his motor apparel and donned a grey top-hat which he had brought with him, appeared to be going through a series of conjuring tricks in trying to keep an oblong-shaped cake in his saucer the while he stirred his tea. On catching sight of the headmaster he put his spoon hurriedly into the saucer and stretched out his right hand. This action proved fatal to the small oblong cake, which overbalanced itself and fell. In trying to save it Mr. Cox overturned his cup, with the result that it fell to the ground. A footman dashed forward to pick up the *débris*.

"That's the worst of these out-door teas," observed Mr. Cox to the headmaster. "You never know what's going to 'appen. Give me a chair and a table to sit at."

"Far more comfortable," agreed the headmaster.

"But not societyish?" returned Mr. Cox. "Thank you, my lad," he added as the footman brought him a fresh cup of tea. "No, I won't have anything to eat, thanks. I haven't seen Bert yet," he continued, addressing the headmaster. "I suppose he's up to some mischief—stealing apples or something?"

"Stafford," said the headmaster to a boy standing near, "run and see if you can find Cox, will you? Tell him his father has come."

"Wait a bit," said Mr. Cox, whose observant eye had been wandering round the various groups on the lawn. "That's Bert talking to the young lady in the black sash, if I'm not mistaken. All right, boy, you needn't go."

And with these words, Mr. Cox, having put down his cup, strode across the lawn towards the cedar-tree near to which Mildred Henderson and Yarningale were engaged in conversation.

So engrossed were these two young people

in the matter they were discussing, that they had unconsciously exposed themselves to the view of the people standing near the tea-table. Yarningale was just informing Mildred for the twentieth time that he had had nothing whatever to do with the changing of her rats, when a hand was clapped on his shoulder and he turned to find the burly form of a middle-aged gentleman standing over him in a fatherly and affectionate way.

"Well, Bert, 'ere I am," said the gentleman. "Don't let me disturb you, of course," he added, glancing at Mildred. "Still, you don't see your father often."

Simultaneously it flashed across the two young people that this must be Mr. Cox, and, at the same time it occurred to them that he must on no account get to know that the boy he was accosting as his son was not his son.

"Oh, how do you do, sir?" said Yarningale, awkwardly, as he put out his hand. "This is Miss Henderson," he added very hesitatingly.

"How do, young lady?" replied Mr. Cox. "You must excuse me for interrupting your conversation, but it isn't often a busy man like myself can get away from town to see his son," and, with a nod of dismissal to Mildred, he slipped his hand round Yarningale's arm and walked the boy away.

"Well," said Mr. Cox, after a brief silence, "and how are you getting on?"

"Very well, thank you, sir," replied Yarningale.

Mr. Cox suddenly stopped and wheeled Yarningale round so that they were face to face.

"What is the matter with you, Bert?" he asked. "You're paler than you used to be, and thinner. Not getting enough grub?"

"Oh, I'm all right," laughed Yarningale uneasily.

"Well," said Mr. Cox gazing earnestly at the boy, "if I was not certain by the cut of your face and figure that you were my son, I should be inclined to say that you were somebody else's."

Yarningale laughed still more uneasily. "Come and watch the tennis, won't you?" he said.

Mr. Cox studied the boy sideways as they walked towards the tennis ground. His face wore a mystified expression. In face and form this was his son, but in manner and speech this was not his son.

Mr. Hallam and his party had just finished



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playing, and Cleaver was introducing the young master to his aunt.

"That your form-master?" asked Mr. Cox, inclining his head towards Hallam.

"No," said Yarningale, with great presence of mind. "He is standing over there having tea—the one with the beard—Mr. Skipjack."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Cox, sitting down. "Well, I'll go and 'ave a chat with 'im soon. Now tell me 'ow you've been."

"F-first-rate," stammered Yarningale.

"'Ad any whoppings?"

Yarningale couldn't remember whether Cox

had been caned that term, so, to be on the safe side, he shook his head.

"No, not this term," he said, in a tone which suggested that if there was a punctual, tidy, hardworking boy at Charlton Court School, that boy was Bert Cox.

Mr. Cox stole a cautious glance at the stripling by his side.

"Not 'ad a single whopping! Come, that's a record for you, Bert. I must tell your mother of that."

Having watched the tennis-players for a little time, Mr. Cox rose to his feet,

"Well, Bert, we'll trot across and interview your Mr. Skipworth now. Come along. Just hang about a bit while I talk to 'im."

So saying, the Cough-Drop King headed off in the direction of the tea-table.

"You are my son's form-master, I believe, sir?" he said, accosting Skipjack. "My name's Cox."

"How do you do, Mr. Cox?" said Mr. Skipjack politely. "Yes, your son is in my form—that is to say, I am the fifth-form master, although I don't take the fifth form in every subject, you understand?"

"Well, Mr. Skipworth, I must thank you for bringing about a great improvement in the lad. It's evident to me that the hedu-cation 'ere is of a nevelating character. Bert used to be far too rough, but you've turned him into quite a gentlemanly young article."

Mr. Skipjack stared at his interlocutor. Cox gentlemanly!

"I am glad to hear," said the senior master, "that you find your son so improved, Mr. Cox. Oh—er—you will pardon me, but my name is *Skipjack*, not Skipworth."

"I'm always making mistakes about names," apologised Mr. Cox. "'Abit I've got into, I suppose. Any relation to Skipjack of Lime'ouse?"

"It is possible," returned the master. "What is he?"

"Oil trade," was Mr. Cox's laconic reply.

"No, I have no relation in the oil trade," replied Mr. Skipjack, stiffly.

"Money in it," Mr. Cox assured him. "Well, I was talkin' about Bert's improvement. I take it, sir, it's all due to you. After all, you see most of him, being his form-master. And I can see you've given him the stick pretty often."

"Pardon me," replied Mr. Skipjack. "The headmaster alone uses the cane here."

"Well, you've seen that he's had plenty of jacketings," insisted Mr. Cox. "I've always told his mother that there's only one thing Bert minds, and that's the stick. He doesn't look quite so well as he ought to, but I expect that's only because you've been keep-ing him to it pretty hard, eh?"

"I endeavour to see that he does his work properly," allowed Mr. Skipjack.

"That's right, sir. Keep him to it. I want him to be a credit to me. I left school myself when I was thirteen, and didn't get much book-learning, and so I want Bert to make up the difference. Who's that old

file?" he concluded, pointing to the aristocratic figure of Lord Lapworth, who was at that moment approaching the tea-table.

"That's the Marquis of Lapworth," explained Mr. Skipjack. "His grandson is a boy here."

"A Marquis, is he?" returned Mr. Cox. "That accounts for 'im being so crusty when I offered 'im a lift up the lane in my car. And he's got a grandson in the school, you say? Well, I'm glad my lad mixes with boys of that class. That's why he's come on in his manners, I expect."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Skipjack. "By the way, there is a singular likeness between your boy and Lord Yarningale, the Marquis' grandson, Mr. Cox."

Mr. Cox looked up sharply.

"There is—is there?"

"Yes, it is not easy to distinguish between them. Of course, there are certain points of difference——"

"Quite so," broke in Mr. Cox. "I should like to 'ave a look at this boy who's so like Bert, if I may."

"I fear that is not possible, as he is in the Infirmary," replied Mr. Skipjack.

"Oh," said the Cough-Drop King, stroking his chin. "Is he like my boy in his ways, too?"

"He is—er—somewhat quieter in his manner," replied Mr. Skipjack.

"Ah. Just so," said the visitor, meditatively. "More of the lord about 'im, hey? Well, Mr. Skipworth, I'm very much obliged to you for looking after my lad. I'll get him to show me over the school now. Any time you're in town don't forget to look me up at 2 Clarence Square."

"Thank you, I hope to have that pleasure," returned the senior master, inwardly determining, however, that he would give 2 Clarence Square a very wide berth indeed.

Lifting his hat to Mr. Skipjack, Mr. Cox looked round for his son, only to perceive that young gentleman disappearing into the shrubbery.

"Hi, Bert," he shouted, hurrying across the lawn. "Come back."

But the retreating form did not turn its head or pay the slightest attention to him, for Yarningale was speeding with his best foot foremost in the direction of the Infirmary, in order that he might change places with Cox before the Cough-Drop King should discover that the boy he had been speaking to was not his son.



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"What's the matter, sir?" inquired Hallam, turning to the merchant.

"My boy has just run away yonder, and I want him to take me over the school," explained Mr. Cox.

"Which way did he go?" asked Hallam.

"Over there by the shrubbery," replied Mr. Cox.

"Oh, I'll soon fetch him back," replied the Oxonian, who was exceedingly anxious to get away from Miss Cleaver and the examination-paper-like conversation she insisted on holding with him.

"Do, that's a good chap," replied Mr. Cox, sinking down by Miss Cleaver's side.

"Hot day, ma'am?" he concluded, as, fanning his face with a silk handkerchief, he turned to the maiden lady. "You got a boy here, too?"

Without replying, Miss Cleaver rose from her seat and walked away in a most stately manner.

Mr. Cox shook his head. "These swells are an unfriendly lot. Well, I'll just wait here for Bert. I suppose he's got some game on."

For several minutes he sat watching the tennis, at the end of which period Hallam reappeared with the fugitive.

"Ah, here you are," cried Mr. Cox. "Now, then, no more running off like this, sonny, or you'll get the strap. Why, I've come down here to take you for a little

motor trip, and there you go rushing away as if you didn't want to speak to me. Now, don't you leave my side again—understand?"

"Yes," said the breathless and exhausted Yarningale.

"Very well. Will you kindly, sir," added the Cough-Drop King to Mr. Hallam, "tell the matron that Master Cox is going for a motor tour, and wants enough things to last him for two days? He'll wear 'is cap, not 'is 'at."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Hallam, moving off. "You want the things put in your car, I suppose?"

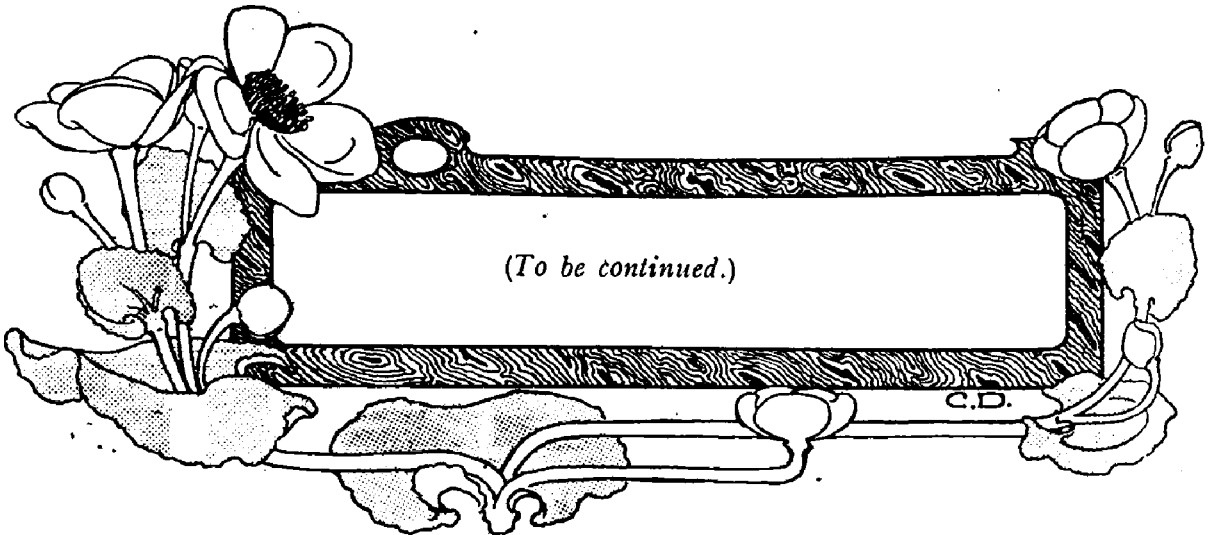
"Yes. My shoffer'll stow 'em away," replied Mr. Cox. "And so you thought you'd run off, young man?" he continued, turning to the unfortunate Yarningale. "No, no, Bert; you're going a motor tour with me, and any game you've got on must wait till you get back. It's all right. The headmaster knows you're going, and so you needn't say good-bye to 'im. Just you stay by me until we're ready to start, or you'll get your jacket warmed, young feller."

And, leaning back, Mr. Cox gave a roar of laughter.

"Yes, any game you've got on must keep till Monday evening, my friend," he said, looking hard at Yarningale and again laughing in a peculiarly boisterous manner.

(To be continued.)

C.D.



"CAPTAIN" CLUB

. . CONTRIBUTIONS. . .

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., 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 all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

A Protest.

IN the November CAPTAIN appeared an article entitled "Volunteer Corps: Which to Join, and Why," by A. E. Johnson.

The article as a whole was very interesting and instructive—in fact, good—with the exception of one passage, viz.:

"Intending recruits with an inclination for mounted work who may elect to join the Imperial Yeomanry rather than an M.I. company of a volunteer battalion are *not* advised to join any of the lately formed London regiments. Such, at least,

is our recommendation to those who mean business and do not seek a gaudy uniform of purple and green and scarlet and gold. Join, for preference, the Middlesex or Surrey Yeomanry, with headquarters at Knightsbridge and Clapham Park—both of them old-established regiments, to be classed with the steady provincial county yeomanry, and not with the 'rough-riders,' 'sharpshooters,' 'dragoons,' and other fancifully named and gorgeously garbed innovations."

Why so hard on the "fancifully named and gorgeously garbed innovations," as Mr. A. E. Johnson is pleased to call them?

As a member of one of the above-described corps, I must really protest. Of the rough-

riders and dragoons I can say nothing, though I have not the slightest doubt that they can show as good a sheet as "ours."

About one-half of the members of the 3rd County of London I.Y. (the Sharpshooters)—I don't think there is anything fanciful about the name—are "service" men, mostly of South African experience. We have two officers possessing the Distinguished Service Order—one, Major J. F. Laycock, D.S.O., having been "galloper" to Gen. Sir John French during the late South African War.

Our signalling section came out *second* in the 1904 examinations of *all* the yeomanry regiments in the United Kingdom, and if Mr. A. E. Johnson cares to examine the "class" firing records of the regiment, he will find that the percentage of First Class shots will quite entitle the corps to the name of "Sharpshooters."

The reports of the cavalry officers inspecting the regiment annually at camp (a good, stiff, service-condition camp, not a camp where the men, supposed to be undergoing a service training, are allowed trestle-beds to sleep on, as I am sorry to say is the case with a number of the "old-established" and "county" corps) have been "excellent."

The horsemanship, considering the class of horse and the amount of practice which the members get (five squadron drills per year and the annual sixteen days' camp), is very good. Our troopers at the last camp, held at Bisley, gained more points at "tent-pegging" than did our Staff-Sergt.-Majors (all old cavalrymen) or the members of the Royal Horse Guards Blue who entered for the competitions—not bad for "fancifully named and gorgeously garbed innovations."

The uniform, of serviceable "khaki," with green collar and cuffs, slouch hat, gaiters, and spurs, I don't think is particularly "gaudy." We have a full-dress hussar uniform, of green

with yellow facings and lines, which is only used for "dress" parades, concerts, balls, &c.

I think Mr. A. E. Johnson must admit that there are very few of his "old-established" corps which can show a *better* record.

This has been achieved in the short space of four years.

WILL W. LONDON (Trooper, D Squadron,
3rd County of London I.Y.).

[In reply to the letter printed above, and a few others upon the same subject which the Editor has received and shown to me, I am willing to admit that I expressed my opinion on the London Yeomanry rather more strongly, perhaps, than was entirely justifiable; but the opinion remains, with the advice which it prompted. Conceivably, I may be prejudiced against raw regiments which assume, while still untried, such pretentious titles as "rough-riders" and "sharp-shooters," but I was contemptuous (if you like to have it so) not without reason. I call to mind, for instance, a certain exhibition of horsemanship (the performers shall be nameless) which I once witnessed. It provokes a smile even now. I do not see, however, that any profit is to be gained from a lengthy discussion of my offending paragraph. The matter is one of opinion entirely. I have expressed mine, and I hold to it.—A. E. J.]

Peculiar Public School Football.

AS is well known, Eton, Harrow, and Winchester play their own games of football, which are quite unlike the ordinary Rugby or Association games. Eton football is of two kinds—the "Field" game, and the "Wall" game. The Field game, an incident of which is illustrated in one of the three accompanying photographs, bears some resemblance to "Soccer," and is, indeed, the parent of Association football. It has a close affinity also (for the same reason) with the peculiar form of hockey played on the sands at Rossall School. The celebrated Eton "Wall" game is like no other game in the world. It cannot be described explicitly in words, and must be seen to be understood even in the least degree. It has, however, been summed up pithily as the natural outcome of a determination to play football on a very narrow strip of ground bounded on one side by a high wall.

Harrow football, to which the school on the Hill rigidly adheres, despite all efforts on the



A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH ROOF.

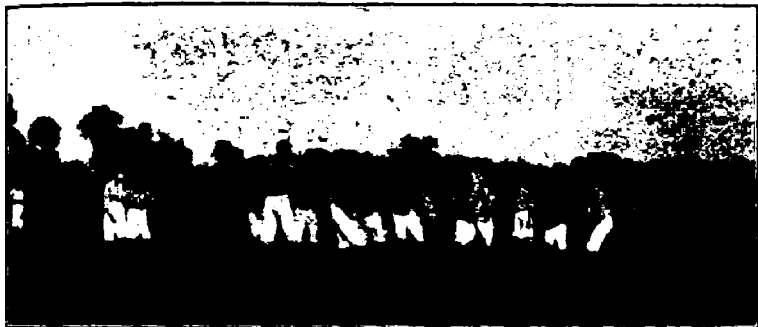
The roof of the church of St. John the Baptist, Bere Regis, Dorset—the "Kingsbere" of Hardy's novel "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—erected by Cardinal Moreton in the reign of Henry VII. It is richly coloured and gilded, and the figures are supposed to represent the twelve apostles or the ancestors of the D'Urberville family.

Photo. by R. W. Copeman.



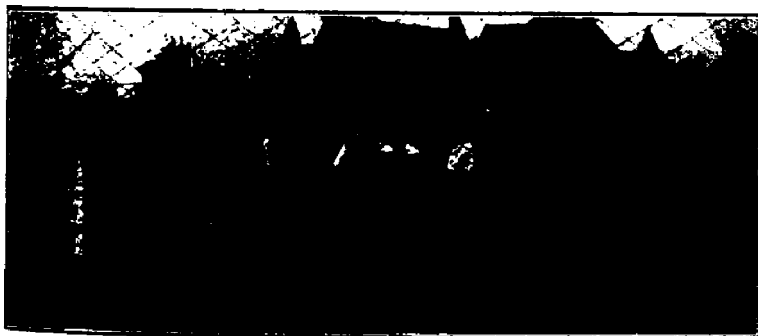
ETON FIELD FOOTBALL.

The field game at Eton is the parent of Association Football, but produces incidents, as will be seen from the picture, which are reminiscent of "Rugger."



HARROW FOOTBALL.

Combination in a massed body is a feature of the play under the Harrow code, and the off-side rule is strict.



FOOTBALL AT WINCHESTER.

The scene depicted is a "hot," the Winchester equivalent to a scrum.

part of a certain section of Old Boys to replace it by one or other of the ordinary codes, is of a kind that appeals more to the player than to the spectator. It is, however, specially adapted to the heavy, sodden condition of the Harrow playing-fields in winter. The ball is heavy, and shaped like a flattened Dutch cheese, or rounded hassock; and the strict enforcement of the off-side rule gives rise to that "following-up" (celebrated in Harrow song) which is one of the chief characteristics of the game.

Winchester football is, perhaps, the most extraordinary of all, being played on a narrow

pitch which is bounded on either side by a line of corded posts and high screens of netting, called "canvas." The explanation of the latter is that in former days this space was filled by rows of unhappy juniors, whose duty it was to look on while their elders and betters played, and to stop the ball from going out of play. The boys, in course of time, were replaced by screens of canvas, and the canvas presently by open netting, which did not catch the wind, and permitted an open view of the game. Winchester football is played by teams of six a side, and the "hot," or bully, of which a picture is given, is a salient feature of the game. O. C.

Football in America.

*F*OOTBALL as played in the U.S.A. is quite different from the English game. It resembles "Rugger" in some respects, but is infinitely more savage and brutal, and it is not surprising that efforts are at last being made to abolish it.

There are eleven players, placed as follows: The centre-rush, right and left guards, the tackles, end-rushers, quarter-back, half-backs, and full-back. The object of the players is to advance the ball (oval, like our Rugby ball, and termed "the pig-skin") five yards with every three "downs," until it is over the goal-line of the opposing team. Should they fail to force the ball this distance with three attempts, it goes to the other side,

and they become the attackers.

The duties of the players are as follows. First there is the centre-rush, who is the chief battering-ram of the team, and is generally of huge bulk and strength, weighing about two hundred pounds. The guards play one on either side of him, forming a human barrier to "interference." They are also of mighty size. Next come the tackles, whose principal aim is to break the opposing ranks, and collar the man with the ball. The end-rushers are used to skirt the line, and dash for a touch-down. Their chief qualification is, therefore, swift running. The quarter-back's position is

the most important, as he gives the signals for all plays and manages the whole line. The signals are made as simple as possible, and yet difficult for the opposing team to understand. They are spoken very rapidly, and indicate what kind of play is to be used: whether a plunge at the centre, a mass play, or an end run, &c. Then there are the half-backs, and the thick-legged full-back, who bores his way into the enemy's forces, and gives mighty drop-kicks in time of need.

The appearance of a team is extraordinary. They look like so many unwieldy giants in their monstrous clothing. Padded moleskin knickers, shin-guards, ear-guards, nose-guards, chest- and elbow-guards render them hideous to behold. But no doubt they need all this padding. To an outsider, the game resembles nothing so much as a particularly fierce free fight. Every year many youths are killed while indulging in this pastime. At all the colleges the hospital is packed with maimed boys before the season ends. And what wonder, when you hear the "coach" advise football candidates at a university in a manner somewhat like this:

"Don't use your fists where the referee can spot you. And don't hit a man in the face; soak him in the stomach. When you tackle, slam him down hard, so as to spoil his wind."

This is not in the least exaggerated: some youths are said to be adepts at gouging out the eyes of opponents! PERCIVAL LESLIE DACRE.

A Tireless Traveller.

I SAW, before my wond'ring gaze,
The tow'ring mountains rise,
Until it seemed their lofty peaks
Must touch the distant skies;
Around them lay a dazzling cloak
Of everlasting snow;
While tiny hamlets nestled in
The valleys far below.
Still ever on, while marvels rise
Before my startled gaze;
Where never mortal foot had trod,
Through new and virgin ways;
I saw descend with lightning speed
The deadly avalanche;
And watched the awful danger pass,
Nor did my features blanch.
On, ever on; around me lay
A panorama fair;
And all the beauties of the world
Were spread before me there.
"The greatest traveller on earth,"
Be this my epitaph;
Although I saw these wonders in
A cinematograph.

HERBERT J. BRANDON.



MR. CYRIL J. MONK, F.C.V.

A Gold Medallist.

MR. CYRIL J. MONK was born at Sydney in 1882. At the age of ten he expressed a preference for the violin, and now holds, at the early age of twenty-three, the highest diploma which the College of Violinists confers—that of F.C.V. Mr. Monk passed the examination with such distinction that the honour of a Gold Medal was also conferred upon him.



THE "GIANT'S HEAD" ROCK, PORTRUSH.

A striking instance of Nature's handiwork. The effect of the light and shade on the indentations of the rock further enhances the resemblance to a human profile.

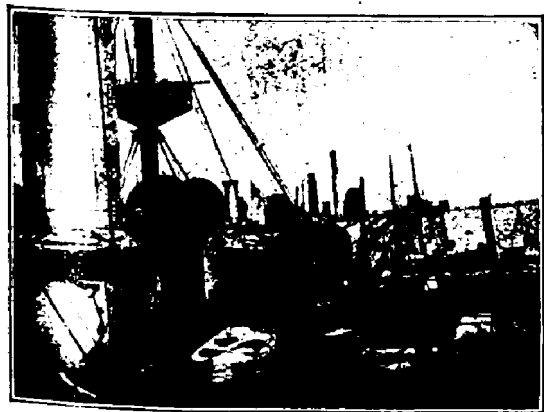
Photo. by A. T. Belfrage.

A Day on board a Battleship.

I. A LIEUTENANT'S DAY.

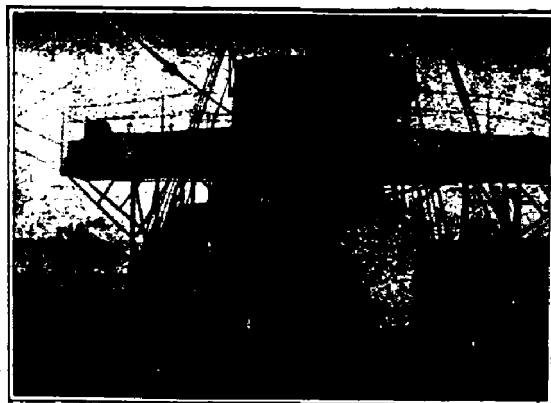
WHAT'S that? Oh, go away! What, my morning watch?" "Yes, sir, ten minutes to four, sir," says the corporal, as he dangles a boat's lantern before your face, and you finally turn out with an unpleasant consciousness that another day's work has begun. You go up on deck and find it (in all probability) drizzling with rain. You shout to the corporal to get you some cocoa, light your cigarette, and begin to think the service is not so very bad after all, especially when you have the infinite pleasure of sending down for the midshipman of the watch, who should have been on deck but who hasn't turned out yet, and, addressing him in a sepulchral voice, point out the enormity of his offence, and send him shivering into the fore upper top. Then you carry on with your cocoa again conscious that you have begun the day satisfactorily.

Everything goes on quite well till 7 bells (7.30), when the officer of the watch is relieved. Your relief is probably late, but comes up so full of excuses that you can't very well say anything. Then, having turned over to your relief and told him everything of interest going on, you go down below to dress and have breakfast. After that, perhaps you are allowed a smoke, or perhaps the gunnery Jack, *i.e.*, gunnery lieutenant, tells you off to take some class for gunnery. Inwardly swearing, you do this till about 11.20, when the secure, or pack-up for training-classes, is sounded, and you go below for a well-earned drink and smoke. In the afternoon you have some peace, or perhaps you don't. Being your day off, if you have no job to carry out you either caulk, *i.e.*, sleep,



SPRING CLEANING ON BOARD A BATTLESHIP.

Photo. by H. Stanley.



THE FORE BARBETTE AND CONNING-TOWER,
H.M.S. "GOOD HOPE."

Photo. by E. L. Goodman.

or else go ashore at 1.30 and stay there till 11 P.M. So ends the day for a lieutenant.

II. A MIDSHIPMAN'S DAY.

The life of a midshipman is, in his own eyes, a very hard one, as everybody seems to be doing his best to make himself objectionable.

We will just take a short look at his day's work. At 6.15, guard and steerage hammocks is sounded in close proximity to your ear. Crowds of steerage hammock men keep shaking your hammock, and saying in an audible undertone, "Steerage hammocks, sir, please." This is repeated several times, and you eventually turn out. Then, at 6.30, you are supposed to be in flannels and on deck for half an hour's gymnastics. This you bounce out of on all possible occasions. Drill being over, you bath and dress, and go up to signals at 7.45, where you play about with morse or semaphore flags till eight o'clock, when you pack up with joyful heart and have breakfast. At 9 A.M. you proceed to the school-place and do school (fearful drudgery) with the naval instructor till 11.30 or thereabouts. On board you always have lunch at noon. At 1.30 you proceed to do more school, only this time you do gunnery or torpedo or seamanship instruction. At 3.15 you pack up from afternoon instruction and, if you have no watch or your boat is not duty boat, you can go ashore. At 7.30 you have dinner, and at about 9 P.M. you have more signal exercise, this time with a flashing lamp.

This practically constitutes an ordinary day in the life of a midshipman. Of course, during the day a midshipman is always in peril of having his leave stopped by somebody. He can never do right apparently. There is not much more to be said about midshipmen, except that the service could certainly not get on without them.

O.H.M.S.

COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

Last day for sending in, March 19. (Foreign and Colonial Readers, May 18.)

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.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. Only those articles actually offered for competition will in future be awarded as prizes.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burrell Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by March 19.

The Results will be published in May.

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.—“**Alternative Titles.**”—The following twelve books, you will observe, were called after the hero or heroine, as the case may be:

Jane Eyre	Lorna Doone
Nicholas Nickleby.	Barnaby Rudge.
Oliver Twist.	Doctor Nikola.
John Chilcote, M.P.	Adam Bede.
She.	Quentin Durward.
Jess.	Hereward the Wake.

We want you to suggest a title for each of these books which would convey to a person who had never read them an indication as to the nature of their contents. The title suggested should be as brief as possible. As this is likely to be a very popular competition, we shall award as prize a Billiard Table, value £8 8s., manufactured by Messrs. Calvert and Co. (See Prizes page.)

One age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 2.—“**Photographs of the Daily Round.**”

—We should like to see photographic competitors more enterprising. This month we want them to send us a photo. of a person engaged in his or her daily work—a coachman, a laundress, a schoolboy, a painter, &c. &c. Prizes (in each class): Photographic Apparatus or Materials to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I.	. . .	No age limit.
Class II.	. . .	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	. . .	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—“**A United Cabinet.**”—This is a competition which will possibly appeal only to our older readers, but as they are many in number we hope there will be plenty of entries. Imagine that government by party had disappeared and that the Cabinet was formed, irrespective of Conservative

or Liberal opinions, of the leading politicians in the country. The posts to be filled are as follows:

Prime Minister.
First Lord of the Treasury.
First Lord of the Admiralty.
President of the Board of Agriculture.
Secretary of State for the Colonies.
President of the Board of Education.
Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.
Secretary of State for Home Department.
Secretary of State for India.
Chief Secretary for Ireland.
President of the Local Government Board.
Lord High Chancellor.
Lord Chancellor of Ireland.
Lord President of the Council.
Lord Privy Seal.
Secretary for Scotland.
President of the Board of Trade.
Secretary of State for War.
Postmaster-General.

Prize: Books to the value of 10s. 6d.

No Age limit.

No. 4.—“**Illumination.**”—Draw in pen, pencil, or water-colours some article that affords light—by means of electricity, gas, oil, or candle. Prizes: Three of Messrs. George Rowney and Co.'s Paint Boxes. (See Prizes page.)

Class I.	. . .	No age limit.
Class II.	. . .	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	. . .	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—“**Best Twelve Short Stories in Volume XIV.**”—Send on a post-card a list of what you consider to be the best twelve short stories in the volume which is concluded with this number. A short story is a story which is completed in one number. By way of showing our appreciation of his talents, we shall forward the author of the story which tops the list Volume XIV. bound and suitably inscribed.

Prizes: Three Columbia Graphophones. (See Prizes page.)

Class I.	. . .	No age limit.
Class II.	. . .	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	. . .	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—“**March Celebrities.**”—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in the month of March. Prizes: Classes I. and II., a “Boundarie” Cricket Bat, by Frank Sugg, value £1 1s.; Class III., a No. 2 “Scout” Camera, by Houghtons, Ltd., value 10s. (See Prizes page.)

Class I.	. . .	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	. . .	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	. . .	Age limit: Twelve.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to **May 18.** 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 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

The Game of Trip-Ball.—I have read somewhere that a million people turn out every Saturday afternoon in this country to watch football matches, and I can quite believe it. The other day I was one of a crowd of fifteen thousand at Stamford Bridge, and the play was of a nature to rivet the attention of the most casual spectator—keen, hard, brilliantly clever. It was the second professional football match I had ever attended, and I could quite understand why football as a spectacle has become so tremendously popular. It is thoroughly worth the money one has to pay for it; it is a magnificent sixpennyworth. Watching a football match is a much more amusing experience than watching the average theatrical entertainment, and one takes one's fun under far more healthy conditions than one does in a theatre or music-hall. But there is one feature about professional football that is downright distressing. Is the foul play one sees at nearly every professional football match an ineradicable vice? Professional football is degenerating into TRIP-BALL.

The Science of Tripping.—One professional side is not worse than another. Each side tries to trip the other, and the average professional footballer must not only learn how to trip, but how to trip so scientifically that he will not be detected by the referee. If he becomes a past master in the art of tripping he will not only stop dangerous opponents, but also save his side from being penalised for his offences. Professionals would, no doubt, be perfectly willing

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to play in a straightforward and honest manner, but they know that their team has got to win and that individually they must employ every means in their power to enable it to win. Hence all this foul play. The professionals know that if their side doesn't win, their prestige as public athletes will suffer, and that their failure will very materially, in course of time, affect their pockets. How many times every Saturday afternoon is a player prevented from scoring by being tripped? This sort of thing is occurring all over the country. A forward who is dribbling towards the goal, we will say, has passed the half-backs and reaches one of the two backs. This player doesn't "take the man" while the other "takes the ball," as was the way in the old days, but, failing to stop the man, puts into practice the last expedient known to him and—trips the man. (Not invariably, of course, but far too frequently.) If the referee observes the foul a penalty kick will be granted, but the back takes his chance of that. It is a sort of gamble. It is just possible that the referee will not see the trip, in which case he will not give a penalty kick, and the goal is saved. It is a national disgrace that a million people should pay their money every Saturday to watch players who deliberately resort to such devices. We turn out to watch Trip-Ball, not football.

An amateur who has played against some of the best professional teams tells me that this fouling will never be put a stop to. That is a nice thing to be said about a sport which has taken a greater hold on the British public than anything in the history of games! Britain, the home of fair play and good sportsmanship, calmly turns

out Saturday after Saturday to watch football players endeavouring to gain an advantage by foul methods. How different is it at an amateur match! I saw the Corinthians play Oxford University at Queen's Club. The scientific accuracy of the professionals was lacking, of course, but instead we witnessed a fine, free, open game, long passing, robust but fair charging, and no fouling of any description whatever. There were no linesmen, and the referee seemed to be having a pretty light time of it. There was a small crowd—two thousand, possibly. Yet, not very far away, we could hear the roar of the multitude watching Fulham at Craven Cottage, but Queen's Club was the precise spot in that part of London on that afternoon where play of the most honourable and upright kind was to be seen. Well, well—what I want to know is—will professionals always continue to trip, if by so doing they can gain an advantage? And tripping is not their only sin. The insidious hack on the ankle sends some player limping off the field in a good percentage of matches every Saturday. Those players who foul would not dream of stealing a kipper off a stall or a packet of tobacco off a shop counter, and yet they do not hesitate to steal an advantage by trying to lame the star man of the opposing team. A good many of you will guess whom I mean when I mention that a very distinguished amateur centre forward who turns out with a professional team once thought of giving up playing football with professionals altogether because he was so persistently tripped and hacked on the ankle; in fact, he developed in time a sort of jumping run as a consequence of his endeavours, after beating one of his professional opponents, to avoid the latter's outstretched foot. The American Football authorities are putting a stop to the murderous style of play that has been the vogue in the States, and now it is time that the Football Association of this country made a real effort to reform the methods of professional footballers.

Things must have come to a pretty pass when a football reporter goes out of his way to remark that there was no unfair play in a particular game. It would seem that there are teams which *can* play the game fairly. Our old friend Blackpool, for instance, Blackpool played the Crystal Palace three times in the first round of the English Cup competition. The deciding game was played

on the Aston Villa ground, when Blackpool won luckily by 1 to 0. Commenting on this game, the *Daily Chronicle* representative observed: "It was a match full of interest from start to finish, and it was quite refreshing, after the many disgraceful incidents in Saturday's meeting between the Villa and Birmingham, to find two clubs who could play the game in all seriousness without descending to anything that was mean or unsportsmanlike. There was no lack of vigour about the tackling, and no one hesitated to use his weight, but there was never a suggestion of anything unclean." So, I repeat, it would seem that professionals *can* play a keen and yet a clean game.

A Great Referee's Opinion.—I had written the foregoing remarks when I came across an article by Mr. John Lewis, in the *Football Evening News* for February 3, bearing on this very subject. Note what Mr. Lewis says:

The opinion expressed by the editor last week that it is high time the F.A. took drastic steps "to rid the game once and for all of the mean, unfair, and brutal player" will meet with acceptance from every lover of the game.

It is not impossible, as things are, for a determined referee to check foul play, but the law does not give him sufficient power to stamp it out altogether. The most hopeful way of combating practices which threaten the complete degradation of professional football is the education of players, spectators, and club managers to regard such tactics as not merely illegalities but "bad form." That, however, will be a slow process, and in the meantime I would suggest that referees be given power to treat hacking, ankle tapping, shin-scraping, elbowing, tripping, and all such intentional offences as not merely grounds for free kicks—which mostly come to nothing—but as "ungentlemanly behaviour" or "violent conduct" which, if persisted in, would incur banishment from the ground and suspension.

Mr. Lewis further remarks that the way to bring about an improvement in this state of things is to make the directorates of professional football clubs responsible for the foul play of the men they employ. If a player persists in utilising the unfair methods which Mr. Lewis catalogues above, he should be suspended by his directorate. All directorates must bow to the laws laid down by the Football Association, and it is upon this all-powerful body, therefore, that the responsibility rests of ridding the game of Association football of the many abuses which have crept into it.

Football Crowds.—Several letters have reached me criticising "J. W. M.'s"

remarks in our December number about football crowds. Mr. A. K. Shapcote, of Paignton, submits the following arguments in favour of the crowds:

(1) A large number of spectators are those whose football days, in a playing sense, are over.

(2) If the rest wanted to play, it would be impossible for them to do so owing to lack of grounds. As it is, in populous centres clubs are being disbanded owing to the impossibility of obtaining grounds.

(3) The establishment of a professional "Soccer" team in a district tends to increase the number of clubs and not to decrease it.

These arguments are reasonable enough. A good many men who watch football matches are certainly past their football days. As regards argument number two, I contend that it is quite possible for anybody who wants to play football to play it. It is always possible to get a ground if you go out far enough for it, and the man who really wants to play football doesn't mind how far he goes to play it.

Argument number three: my correspondent is also quite right when he says that the establishment of a professional soccer team increases the number of football clubs in the district. The professional soccer teams, unfortunately, set anything but a good example with the kind of game they play. Minor clubs which come into being through the establishment of a professional club in their district are strongly advised to play the game as fairly as possible, for the good name of English sport and for the moral effect such a process will have on themselves.

My correspondent has also something to say on the subject of unfair play: "With reference to the low tricks practised by soccer professionals, I contend that the pro. is not one whit worse than the amateur in this respect. Indeed, of the many games I have watched during the last twelve years, the one which remains in my memory on account of its 'dirtiness' is that played by the Corinthians at Devonport about six years ago."

As I did not witness this match, I cannot challenge the accuracy of Mr. Shapcote's statement. Amateur combinations are not always innocent of unfair play, but it is rank nonsense to say that "the pro. is not one whit worse than the amateur." The desperate rivalry between professional clubs is sufficient alone to make the "pro." sin a thousand times oftener than the amateur.

The Old Fag's Dinner Fund.—In addition to the contributions acknowledged last month, the following subscriptions were received during the first two weeks in January:

	£	s.	d.
G. H. C. and "Old Merchant Taylor Boy," per Jack L.	2	0	6
J. E. Cranstoun Bell	0	5	0
Collected by H. West	0	5	0
Collected by Gwendolen Oke-			
den	0	4	6
Jack L.	0	4	0
Gwen. and George Campbell	0	2	6
H. Crump	0	2	6
T. Gibson, sale of autographs	0	2	0
Two Shillings each: Frank			
Torpey, "Battersea," G.			
Mayd	0	6	0
Eighteenpence each: J. H. &			
J. F. Bentley, L. J. H., A. H.			
Eustace-Jones	0	4	6
Constance Moorsom	0	1	0
Sixpence each: "Platypus,"			
L. D. B., G. L. A. Field, May			
Cross, "A CAPTAIN Girl in			
Canada," Fred. Hill	0	3	0
Amount previously acknow-			
ledged	34	17	0
Total	£38	17	6

Particulars as to the manner in which the Fund was distributed were published in the February number, since the issue of which number I have received the following letter:

TOWER HAMLETS MISSION,
GREAT ASSEMBLY HALL,
MILE END, LONDON, E.,
January 24, 1906.

To the Editor of THE CAPTAIN.

DEAR SIR,—According to your desire, I beg to inform you how the £5 was spent which you kindly sent us as a contribution from your readers.

A dinner was not given on Christmas Day, for the reason that our poor people receive materials for a Christmas dinner in their own homes from a fund that has been in existence many years in connection with our work. It was given in the New Year, when the pinch of poverty was again being felt. Our Children's work being the largest in London (a Sunday School of over 1500 scholars, and a Children's Service, entirely separate, of over 2500 attendances weekly), there was unfortunately no difficulty in finding the 200 children for the feast. The only difficulty was in excluding many who really were deserving. This was eventually overcome by confining the dinner to those children under twelve years of age whose fathers were out of work, and to those whose fathers were dead, the mother being the only breadwinner. On Wednesday, January 3, the two hundred gathered in our Small Hall. The fare consisted of roast beef and vegetables, bread, and plum pudding. Many of the children were very young, especially where several of one family participated, but the selection had been so carefully made that even the youngest were so hungry that nothing was left. Several of the bigger boys and girls, after a plentiful supply of meat and vegetables, had three or four helpings

of pudding. It would have been just as easy to have given dinner to twice the number, as for every one that participated there was another equally deserving.

Yours faithfully,

EDWIN H. KERWIN.

School Sports Results, 1905.—In forwarding the results, given below, of the sports held last year at Wellington College, New Zealand, O. J. Reid informs me that their champion sprinter, F. W. B. Goodbehere, "is locally regarded as a marvel, his authentic record for the hundred yards being $10\frac{1}{5}$ ". At the Shrubbs-Duffey Meeting held here last March, he was given $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards start off Duffey in a 50 yards' race, and won by one foot on the line." I also append the results of the sports at the Boys' High School, Napier, New Zealand, together with those of two English schools only just to hand.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE, NEW ZEALAND.

Mile.—F. W. B. Goodbehere, 4 min. $58\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
 Half-Mile.—J. Bennett, 2 min. 11 sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—F. W. B. Goodbehere, $55\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
 220 Yards.—F. W. B. Goodbehere, $24\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
 100 Yards.—F. W. B. Goodbehere, $10\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
 Hurdles.—F. W. B. Goodbehere, 18 sec.
 High Jump.—E. Mackenzie, 4 ft. 10 in.
 Long Jump.—F. W. B. Goodbehere, 20 ft.

BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, NAPIER, NEW ZEALAND.

Mile.—Watts, 5 min. $2\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
 Half-Mile.—Pettit, 2 min. $17\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—Dobbie, $57\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
 220 Yards.—Pettit, 25 sec.
 100 Yards.—Broad, $10\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
 Hurdles.—Leyland, 22 sec.
 High Jump.—Bogle, 4 ft. $11\frac{1}{5}$ in.
 Long Jump.—Pettit, 17 ft. 6 in.
 Cricket Ball.—Gibbons, 80 yd. $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.
 Weight.—Grant, 25 ft. 6 in.

CLAYESMORE SCHOOL.

Mile.—Lewis, 6 min. $9\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
 Half-Mile.—Hochapfel, 2 min. 27 sec.
 100 Yards.—Naili, $12\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
 Hurdles.—Pepper, $18\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
 High Jump.—Hochapfel, 4 ft. 4 in.
 Long Jump.—Pepper, 15 ft. $10\frac{1}{5}$ in.
 Cricket Ball.—Weldon, 85 yd. 1 ft. 10 in.

SOUTH SHIELDS HIGH SCHOOL.

Mile.—Dow, 5 min. 46 sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—Wait, 59 sec.
 220 Yards.—Wait, $28\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
 100 Yards.—Gowans, 11 sec.
 High Jump.—Keatinge, 4 ft. 1 in.
 Long Jump.—Gowans, 18 ft. $6\frac{1}{5}$ in.
 Cricket Ball.—91 yd. 2 ft.

Advice to a Young King.—In "The Diary of Henry Greville," published last year by Messrs. Smith, Elder, there is a very amusing reference to the present King of

Greece. In 1863, the throne of Greece was going begging. It was offered to, amongst other dignitaries, the late Duke of Cambridge, who said he would rather sweep a crossing than take it. At length it was accepted by a young Danish prince, who, after a prosperous reign of forty years, visited this country last year and was banqueted by the Lord Mayor. Here is an anecdote from Henry Greville's "Diary" which manifests how suspiciously every great Power was then regarded by every other great Power:

When the boy-king had gone to St. Petersburg to pay his respects to the Tsar, Alexander II., the latter said he had only one piece of advice to give him, and that was to beware of the intrigues of France and England in Greece; and when he thereafter came to London, Lord John Russell said the only advice he could offer his Majesty was to be on his guard against the intrigues of Russia; while in Paris he was told by the Emperor Louis Napoleon that the only counsel he would venture to give him was to beware of the intrigues of Russia and England.

I gather from the *Daily Chronicle's* review that "The Diary of Henry Greville" makes extremely good reading, and my older readers might do worse than get it out of a library, for they will find in it some excellent pictures of court life in the middle of last century.

For Rowing and Running Men.

—"Rowing and Track Athletics" (Macmillan) is the title of a book by Samuel Crowther and Arthur Ruhl, price 8s. 6d., which traces from the earliest times the doings of American oarsmen and athletes. International contests are dealt with in full, and the whole work is most instructive and interesting. The following note on climatic influences will serve as an example of the readable style and informative nature of the book:

The enervating effect of the English climate on American athletes has been shown on various occasions ever since 1869, when the Harvard four-oar was sent over to compete on the Thames. With the same amount of work that would have been sufficient at home the men became so stale that two substitutes had to be put in the boat. In the race the "subs"—probably because of the brevity of their training—pulled the strongest oars in the boat. The Yale track team which met Oxford in 1894 had a similar experience—accentuated probably by the fact that instead of training at Brighton or elsewhere on the coast they trained in the warm Thames Valley. Cornell and Yale crews which have rowed at Henley have suffered the same sorry experience. The Harvard-Yale team, which went abroad in 1899, got their land legs at Brighton in comparatively bracing sea air. Instead of attempting to acclimate themselves in England, they did their hard training in this country, tried to keep in fair shape while on

board ship, and only took a few days for preparation and for getting the feel of the Queen's Club track. As a result the team was in better shape than any other team that had been sent abroad, and had not one man been actually ill, it would almost certainly have won. The acknowledged superiority of English distance runners would suggest that in the long run the English climate assists in producing staying power. Certainly the Englishmen have that quality, and in the acquiring of it an atmosphere which discourages speed and conserves rather than excites nervous activity may well be assumed to play a part.

Volume XV.—In our next volume "Cox's Cough-Drops" will continue gently on its way, while in place of Mr. Wodehouse's serial I am publishing a most thrilling tale of the Australian Bush entitled, "The Track of Midnight," by G. Firth Scott, the principal figure in which ("Midnight") is the leader of a gang of bushrangers. You will be pleased to hear that our old friend "Jungly," Mr. E. Cockburn Reynolds' weird creation, will also reappear. Of other contents, one of the most interesting will be a description of the Schoolboys' Rifle Meeting at Bisley. The National Rifle Association, as many of you will have heard, has arranged with the headmasters of the principal public schools to hold a meeting especially for school-boys at Bisley. A miniature pattern of the service rifle will be used, and the week's camp will be held in July or August.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sisterless, who started the "Boy and Girl" correspondence, is wroth with "Rossallian" for suggesting that athletic girls are "ugly, flat-chested, third-sex creatures," and proceeds: "They are fully as good-looking as non-athletic ones, and generally more graceful. Good looks, in my opinion, have to do with a girl's health and character. Health and strength are the natural *rights* of every girl, and nervous weaklings are a mistake, though they appeal to a certain kind of fellow because he unconsciously feels his own strength flattered. If a girl is a good sort, healthy in body and mind, she will look it, and that is beauty enough for *this* boy. As for the kind of girls that schools like Hickson's turn out, well, Sir, is not every nation ready to acknowledge the beauty, grace and intellect of the American girl? Do not her pictures and types flood our English market? Hickson's is an American school, and as there are plenty like it in America, any one of those charming American studies in our picture shops may be a portrait of a grown-up Florence Louise, Mary Baker, or Isabel Urdge."—After our Canadian friend's frank avowal with regard to the looks of Western girls (*see* "More about Hickson's," on the next page), I am afraid I must tell "Sisterless" that the charming studies of American girls that one sees in English shop windows are not to be taken as representative of

the average American girl's looks. Like English girls, some are pretty and some are not. The majority pass in a crowd, and that is about as much as can be said for them or, if it comes to that, for the girls of any country. And now I suppose some Irish reader will inform me in furious language that *his* fellow-countrywomen do by no means "pass in a crowd." Another injustice to the Old Country!

Gwendolen asks me whether I am a graphologist, and if so whether I will be good enough to tell her her character from her handwriting. I am not a graphologist, but it is very easy to distinguish certain traits of character from a person's handwriting. I should say that my correspondent is generous and very communicative—tells all her troubles to other people, &c.; that she is of a happy and rather harum-scarum disposition; that she is the sort of girl who revels in ping-pong, and will some day make some gentleman (CAPTAIN reader, I trust) a very affectionate wife. In case some of my elderly readers should up and say I ought not to be putting such things into a "young girl's" head, I will hasten to add that Gwendolen mustn't think about any young man until she is twenty-eight or thirty. This is all I can tell Gwendolen about herself from her letter, except that I should surmise she is rather good at making up accounts, and can do most things well *when she tries*. For instance, her parents have told her that her writing is illegible; all I can say is that the letter she has sent me is very clearly written, the writing being quite good enough to get her along through this life satisfactorily.

"**LII**" writes: "With reference to the Hickson question, may I say that I think 'Old Rossallian' is wrong in assuming that all athletic girls are the flat-chested, third-sex creatures that he imagines them. I myself know a few of that sort, but the majority of athletic girls of my acquaintance are bright, bonnie girls, with clear complexions and well-developed figures, the results of their athletic training. Mind, I don't hold with girls going in for athletics and leaving household duties, sewing, and the other little things that tend to make a woman womanly, completely alone. If you remember, dear Old Fag, I wrote to you a long time ago as 'E. S. (a girl)' on the 'Boy and Girl' question, and I still hold the same opinions, though I am twenty now and have put my hair up and let my skirts down. I *love* tennis, cricket, and hockey just as much as I did then, and—if you don't mind my saying it, I am *not* a flat-chested, slouchy girl, and I generally get on very well indeed with boys. I'd like to introduce 'Old Rossallian' to some of the athletic girls I know, and I think he would change his opinion."

K. D. Murray.—In writing an essay for a CAPTAIN competition you may, of course, consult books in order to collect your facts, and then you should write the essay in your own language. In the event of your taking a passage word for word from a book, you should mention the source of your information either before or after the passage. Begin with the phrase, "Macaulay tells us how, &c.," or end with: "As Gibbon finely puts it," &c. I am sorry to say that now and then competitors are so dishonourable as to send essays which are very slightly altered passages from famous works. This, of course, is a most mean thing to do. It is not possible for us to be always playing the detective when judging essays of this sort, and we have to

rely on the honour of our readers. I have nothing but contempt for a reader who can calmly make a bid for a prize by sending in what is practically another man's work. A prize gained by dishonourable methods can never give any satisfaction to anybody equipped with the average amount of conscience.

Molly Rickman.—I wonder what sort of people tell you to "chuck" *THE CAPTAIN* because you are twenty! What kind of magazine do they think you ought to read now? If you like to read a magazine for boys until you are ninety it's no affair of other people's, and you will probably find it fresher and more inspiring than the magazines which follow no programme other than printing stories and articles which are calculated merely to amuse and interest the public. *THE CAPTAIN* has, at any rate, an object of a somewhat worthier nature than this; it tries, in a mild way, to exercise a bracing effect on its readers by inserting matter of a kind to inspire and encourage those travelling along the hard road of life to get the best out of themselves, whatever their occupation may be.

Wanted: Officers for the Church Lads' Brigade.—The Rev. Claud C. Wood writes: "Thank you for your kind mention of our little paper, 'The Ninth.' I have been a regular reader of *THE CAPTAIN* from its start, and find that it is very much appreciated by our C.L.B. boys. The C.L.B. endeavours to find for lads of another class what the public schoolboy finds in his school. I sometimes wonder whether perhaps your magazine might not do more to stimulate the interest of public schoolboys, past and present, in the welfare of their less fortunate brethren. There is room, for instance, for a lot of good work to be done by old public schoolboys with the C.L.B. As officers in that society they would find opportunities of influencing for good lads of another class, who need all the help they can get."

"F. D."—I am exceedingly pleased to hear that *THE CAPTAIN* has been so influential in forming your character. It is my object to make *THE CAPTAIN* a friend and a helper to its readers, and my readers reward me by sticking to the magazine through thick and thin. We cannot always hit on a serial story which is agreeable to every reader, but, after all, there are many other features, and the most sportsmanlike thing for a reader to do if he doesn't like a serial is to wait for better times. You will be interested to hear that *THE CAPTAIN* is one of the steadiest magazines in the country from the point of view of the bookstall clerk and the newsagent. That is to say, its circulation doesn't wobble as does the circulation of many of its contemporaries. This is a sign that its readers stick to it and buy it regularly every month.

G. B. Hindmarsh writes: "I have noted with some satisfaction your answer to a correspondent, Harry French, in the December number, in which you say that you are 'thinking of discontinuing the Club before long, and starting some League in connection with *THE CAPTAIN* which will be of some practical use to readers.' I have thought for some time past that, while *THE CAPTAIN* Club is, in itself, an excellent institution, promoting as it does a healthy spirit of camaraderie between readers, making us think that we are all members of a big family with our one and only Old Fag as our paterfamilias, yet that something more concrete, more practical, such as the League you have in your mind, would be an advantage. I, for one, shall watch with

great interest the further development of your idea."—I fear my idea has not developed very much yet, but I hope to hit on a scheme which will, as G. B. H. suggests, take a more concrete and practical shape than the *CAPTAIN CLUB*.

More about Hickson's.—Jack L. writes from Vancouver, B.C.: "Allow me to get my oar in with regard to this topic. In New Westminster was a College of the Hickson type, but last year it was decided, as a step forward, to have separate boys' and girls' classes, and to forbid the boys and girls to lunch together in the lunch-room. The Hickson idea may be good, but it was not the outcome of Yankee progressiveness so much as the result of necessity. The West was but newly populated, and, as is done in the Government schools at home, the classes were mixed to save expense. In addition, I may say that calf-love is utterly unknown in the West, for the reason that, sad to relate, the girls here are exceedingly unlovely. Exceptions there may be, but they only prove the rule."

Would-be Author.—There is no special training for the profession of authorship, an author being a man who is naturally gifted with a talent for writing, who is observant, imaginative, and endowed with the artistic ability to blend comedy and tragedy in the form of romance. If you have all these qualifications, by all means start in and be an author, but you will find it a very difficult vocation to succeed in. The people who succeed as authors are those who have absolute confidence in their ability, and go on trying in spite of all rebuffs. There is no special line of study for this profession, but one should read all the best books that have been written; one should see as much of the world and one's fellow creatures as possible, and be always observing.

Paddy suggests that we should have a series of articles on the great British railway lines. This would be most interesting, and I will bear the suggestion in mind. Paddy also jokingly proposes that as our girl readers would not be very interested in railway articles, we should publish a paper on "How to Darn Stockings" for their benefit. Much as we like to cater for all sections of readers, I am afraid that no member of our staff can tackle this seemingly simple subject. I certainly do know one man—a Rugby football player—who darns his own stockings, but he does it so badly, never by any chance making the wool match, that I fear I cannot commission him to write an article on the subject.

"The Abbess" is advised to consult my answer to "Would-be Author," as also are other people with literary aspirations who write to me in a somewhat despairing vein. One of Marion Crawford's characters—a literary man—remarks that when people ask him whether they shall go on writing he always advises them not to, being sure that if they are going to be writers they will go on in spite of all the advice he or any other man may give them to the contrary. As regards the particular contribution "The Abbess" sends me, entitled "Peace," it seems to me on the whole to be rather nonsense. What the girl wanted was plenty of hockey and a few healthy girl companions.

L. T. (Ontario, Canada).—No, you were not last man in with your subscription to the Dinner Fund. Another Canadian reader sent along a one dollar and a five dollar bill the week after we heard from you. The latter he procured by means of an advertisement which he was enterprising enough to insert in a

Vancouver paper. A total stranger to himself and THE CAPTAIN sent along an old greenback. Judging from the condition of both bills I should say they must have been knocking about for ten years or so. Still, they are quite good money, and they will help to make many youngsters a good deal happier than if they had never been sent.

Success of Captainites.—Quite a choice selection of young people who first spread their wings in our CAPTAIN Club pages are now going ahead in the world and selling their tales, poems, and sketches to well-known papers. I now observe that H. L. Dobree, who started reading THE CAPTAIN when it first came out and did very well in our competition and Club pages, is forging ahead as a dramatist. He has had a couple of plays produced in the provinces, his latest being a romantic drama called "Jessica," which no doubt various CAPTAIN readers will have an opportunity of witnessing in the course of its travels round the country.

Proposed "Captain" Club at Harborne, Birmingham.—Readers of THE CAPTAIN living in the district referred to who wish to form a Club should write to T. S. Oldfield, 19 Lonsdale Road, Harborne, Birmingham. We wish all readers to understand that we absolutely disclaim any responsibility with regard to CAPTAIN Clubs formed by them. The idea is that CAPTAIN readers should get to know each other by means of clubs of this kind, but we cannot undertake to draw up rules or to assist in their formation beyond inserting these notices.

Bullying in Schools.—After perusing "A Little Schoolboy Sixty Years Ago," a CAPTAIN reader recently sent me an article on his experiences ten years ago. These experiences did not seem to me representative of the average school, so I had to decline the article, but after reading it the thought occurred to me that the bullying described was distinctly of a private school nature. I think there is far more bullying in private than in public schools. Perhaps some of my readers may like to forward me their views on this subject.

An Acknowledgment.—"DEAR SIR,—I am writing to thank you for the bound volume of THE CAPTAIN which you offered to give the competitor who got most marks in classes 98 to 101 at the 'Keighley Kindergarten and Industrial Exhibition.' I got most marks and got the book. It is the best book I have ever had and I think it is the best you could give a boy for a present. Thanking you for giving such a good book.—I remain, yours truly, L. Gavins."

"Nervy."—A correspondent takes exception to our recent interpretation of the word "nervy," as meaning "subject to nerves." The word, you may remember, was made use of in the celebrated Hickson Controversy. This correspondent says that by a "nervy" girl he would imagine a girl who was able to look after herself when attacked by a tramp or chased by a bull, and certainly I agree with him that that construction can be put upon the word.

Hearty Well-wisher.—I thank you for your out-spoken letter. If we were to drop any one of the "Corners" which you so object to, a great many readers would be disappointed. I have no doubt that there are many others like you who would like to see the "Corners" swept away and stories inserted in their place, but the majority of our sub-

scribers like these "Corners," and are willing to be content with just the number of stories that we can find room for.

Tennahoe (Canterbury, New Zealand).—For really good photographs we always have space in the CAPTAIN Club pages. I hope your three brothers don't hurt one another when they "scrap" among themselves for THE CAPTAIN, or I shall have to come along with my club. The author you mention begs me to give you his kindest regards.

A Correction.—Mr. Walter Dexter writes to say that the photograph of Lant Street, Borough, reproduced on page 429 of the January Number, should have been described as, "Where Dickens Lived Whilst Working in the Blacking Factory," and adds that the blacking factory itself stood where Charing Cross Station now stands.

Mr. Winston Churchill's Portrait.—Several readers have written protesting against the insertion of this photograph and accusing me of exhibiting political bias. I need hardly say that I published this portrait merely as a portrait likely to interest readers apart altogether from party views. The accompanying letterpress from the *Star* must not be regarded in any sense as a reflection of my opinions.

"Boy and Girl" write a joint letter asking me whether I think a boy and girl of sixteen ought to be sweethearts. My answer is that young people of that age ought to be chums and nothing more. They are too young to be sweethearts. Let them put aside such sentimental ideas until they are a few years older.

George Falconer, of Edinburgh, sends me a picture of a lion and a hunter which he executed in five minutes. It is a creditable piece of work, and I am reproducing it herewith. If George Falconer can draw a picture like this in five minutes I should be interested to see what sort of a picture he can produce in five hours.



W. Rayner asks, "if a person is thirteen" can he go in for an "age limit twenty-one" competition as well as for an "age limit sixteen" one? Why, certainly. Some boys are so smart that they are able to carry away the prizes in any sort of class.

Book Wanted.—"The Two Legacies: A Book for Boys." By Jeannie Gwynne Bettany. Originally published at 1s., by Ward, Lock and Co., in 1886.—(Editor, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C.)

Letters, &c. have also [to be acknowledged from: J. F. Harris, D. G. Fraser, Zeugma, Iris, F. B. Julian, Joseph Boase, Stella Bobb, Leslie Morgan.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of January Competitions.

No. I.—“What I Hope to do in 1906, and Why.”

Age limit: Twenty-one.

WINNER OF NEW COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE: Ernest Kleinjung, 28 Endericher Allee, Bonn, Germany.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: James Bland, 6 Windsor Street, Glasgow; Andrew B. Whitehill, 8 Grafton Square, Glasgow; Emerson Barker, 76 Southgate, ECKINGTON, Nr. Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Horsfall, Alfred Plumley, Reginald Waller, Frances Whittingham, R. Nicholson, Percival Dacre, Evan J. Lewis, P. Eustace Petter, Evelyn K. Bales, D. H. Champion, W. B. Kitching, Benjamin Corbyn, Eric Moore Ritchie.

No. II.—“Missing Building.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF STANLEY PEARCE “ACME” TELESCOPE: W. H. Braddell, Parkfield, Park Road, Ipswich.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Constance Moorsom, Gregor McGregor Jr., Henry A. Barrett, W. Cornell, L. W. Wood.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF STANLEY PEARCE “ACME” TELESCOPE: Alfred Gasston, 20 Havelock Road, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William Bernard Shurrock, James Charles Walton, Meredith Spalding.

No. III.—“January Celebrities.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF BRIGHT AND SON'S “ALDWYCH” STAMP ALBUM: Claude H. Auld, 66 Sandgate Street, Ayr.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Frances Whittingham, Kimberley, Kinnaird Avenue, Bromley, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George Fry, P. Eustace Petter, C. Ingham, G. A. Raistrick, F. C. Rogers, T. D. Spikin, G. B. Hindmarsh, Bernard Weaver, John B. Sisson, Henry C. Hall, P. G. Bales, D. E. Foll, L. Spero, D. E. Tyler.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BRIGHT AND SON'S “ALDWYCH” STAMP ALBUM: Winburn S. Cherry, 20 Finlay Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: George E. Lexow, 33 Newington Road, Brocco Bank, Sheffield; Edwin G. Urwin, 7 Albert Street, Milarow, nr. Rochdale.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. A. Birkett, H. Gordon Holmes, N. L. Thomson, R. O. Merton, Edmund Snell, R. E. Thomas, R. C. Andrade, E. O. Jones, G. E. R. Gedge, G. H. Schofield, J. D. Homiam, Evelyn Siddons.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF BRIGHT AND SON'S “ALDWYCH” STAMP ALBUM: William G. Fuller, 238 High Road, South Tottenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. P. Macmeeken, S. H. Clarke, H. L. Sackett, Harold Bartley, A. Brain, G. Lampard, S. Lomax, H. S. Thirkell.

No. IV.—“What to Make during the Holidays.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF MESSRS. W. C. HUGHES' RUSSIAN IRON MAGIC LANTERN: Bernard Weaver, Schoolhouse, Swanton Morley, East Dereham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Nora Bryant, 35 Hampton Park, Bedland, Bristol; Nora French Blake, Eythorne, Nr. Dover.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. M. Puper, G. Coffin, Wallace A. Lewis, A. Armour, A. Needham, Alfred Corum, Guy S. Dawkins, G. Austen Taylor, C. A. Wright, Wm. Poppleton, A. G. Collins, John Bennett.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: Willie L. Thomson, 199 Great Brunswick Street, Dublin.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: K. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. C. Stevens, H. B. Champion, D. C. Mason, E. Collingwood, W. de Zough, J. Barlow, R. C. Andrade, J. Browne, Lionel M. Hunter, H. Gattford, H. L. Crawford.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: S. H. Clarke, 112 Cemetery Road, Beeston Hill, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles Hunter, B. Barnes.

No. V.—“Photographic Competition.”

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Charles J. Hankinson, Bergen, Branksome Wood Road, Bournemouth West.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: M. F. Harvey, Synwood, Polworth Road, Streatham, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. E. T. S. Hilton, E. S. Maples, S. W. Barnes, Harry W. Witcombe, R. W. Copeman, Ernest B. Holman, George Herbert Beale.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: A. R. Nicholson, Home Mead, Lynton, Hants.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: W. J. Jones, 14 Telford Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Edward White, Charles Beaumont, E. S. Foden, T. H. Stern, Frank L. Lees, Ernest Townsend, Lewis E. Whitfield.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: S. H. Mytton, 1 Moffets Terrace, Holywood, Co. Down.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: J. Shelley, 24 Carlisle Street, Dresden, Longton, Staffs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alan Lea, E. K. Wyatt, A. Cyril Geates, H. L. Barrow, T. L. Baylis, Frank Chesney Clubb, Vivian R. Poole, John Herbert Williams, O. W. Callard.

No. VI.—“Drawing of an Ornament.”

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.'S PAINT BOX: Olive C. Harbutt, The Grange, Bathampton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis Square, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Mortimer, Sibyl O'Neill, Olivia M. Harvey, Hilda Gilling, J. Protheroe.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.'S PAINT BOX: James C. Anderson, 33 Cambridge Road, Lee, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Douglas Bell, W. T. O. Zeroni, H. B. R. Thompson, G. W. Bailey, Constance Henderson, Dorothy M. Gibson, John S. Small, Freida E. Myers, N. W. Davis, Edwin Cawthron, Violet Bellamy.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.'S PAINT BOX: D. Carrington, 40 De Parys Avenue, Bedford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Frances C. Ware, Bouillant, Avranches, Manche, France.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Leslie Appleton, Norman Lea, D. H. Nicholson, A. Gladys Holman, Rachel M. Tancock, Gerald Poston, Edith M. Scales, H. C. Osborne, Frances E. Belfield, Dora Evans, A. J. Ternouth, Girlie Almack, Stanley W. Lefeaux, William H. Saxton.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(November 1905.)

No. III.—WINNER OF 5s.: Frank Brierly, 13 Stanmore Avenue, Port of Spain, Trinidad.

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: Hugh Millar, c/o James Millar, Esq., Box No. 1 G.P.O., Warwick, Queensland, Australia.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. V. Hunter (British Guiana), R. V. Maitra (India), Cecil Guthrie (Trinidad), Alfred L. Solomon (Jamaica).

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 Greghouse,” “Acton’s Feud,” “The Heart of the Prairie.”

Comments on the January Competitions.

No. I.—To pass a certain examination or win a certain scholarship is the avowed object of most of our competitors; others have determined to work hard at languages, art, or games; while one or two have set themselves the hardest task of all—that of conquering themselves. All these objects are most praiseworthy, and every one has our best wishes for their fulfilment during 1906.

No. II.—Very heavily contested. Most competitors placed the pieces correctly, but failed to achieve the neatness of arrangement which distinguished the prize-winning efforts.

No. III.—The usual large number of excellent essays were sent in, the favourite January heroes being Burns, Charles James Fox, Pitt, Lord Curzon, the German Emperor, and the Bishop of London. One or two competitors forfeited any chance of gaining the prize by exceeding the 400 words limit.

No. IV.—This was a most interesting competition to judge, and we must compliment competitors on their ingenuity and resource. Suggestions were sent for the making of all kinds of useful articles from a bookcase and table to a plant for making acetylene gas. Many of the plans drawn were most workmanlike and neat, but, in some cases, the two points of simplicity and cheapness were not sufficiently considered.

No. V.—A pretty study of puppies was successful in Class I, while in Classes II. and III. a statuary group and an interior respectively gained the prizes.

No. VI.—Some clever sketches, both plain and coloured, were submitted, the work of the prize-winners in each Class being particularly good.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR

OCTOBER

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THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS"

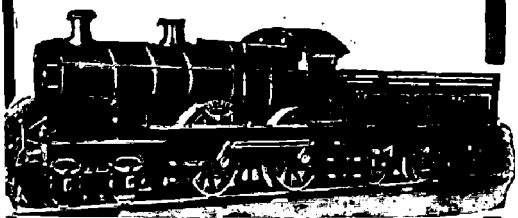
EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG" ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F. WARNER.

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Vol. XIV. No. 79.

OCTOBER, 1905

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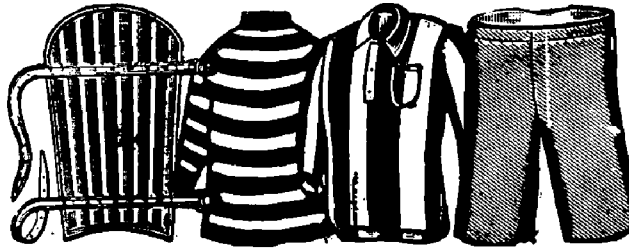
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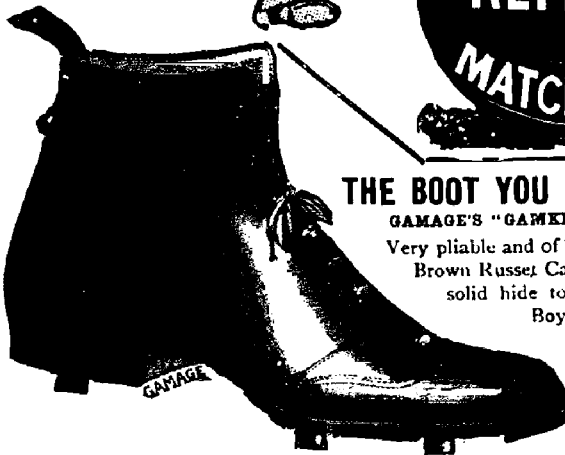
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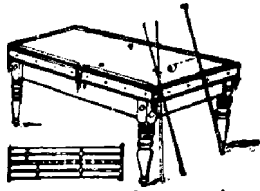


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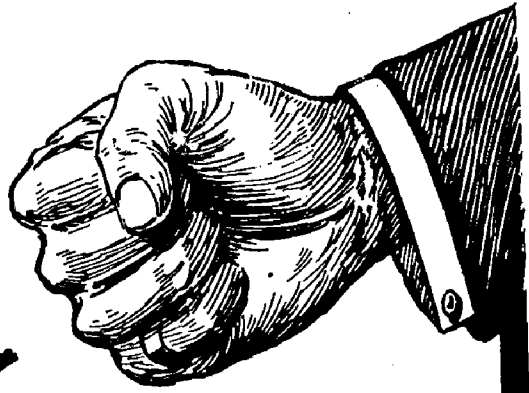
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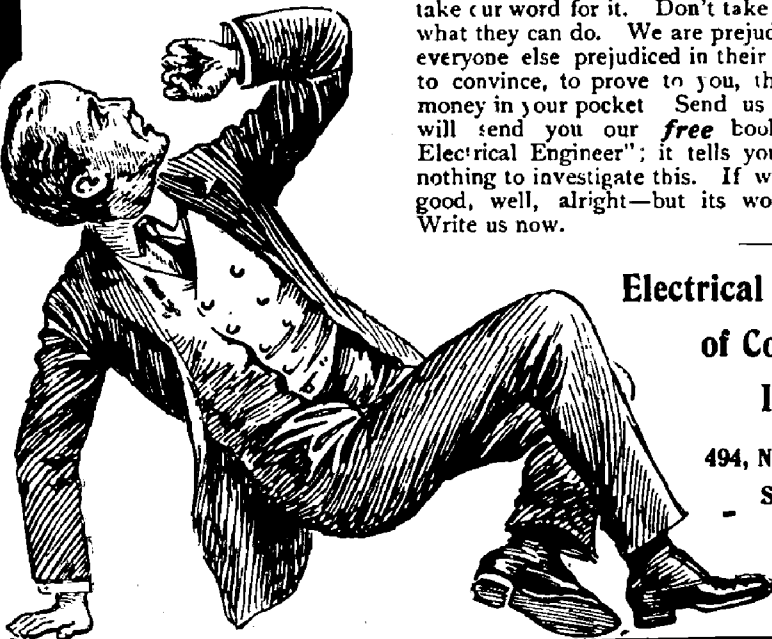
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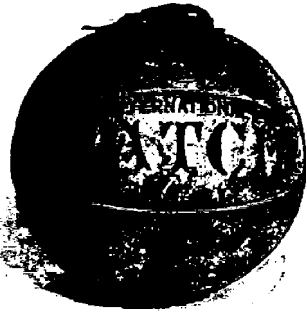
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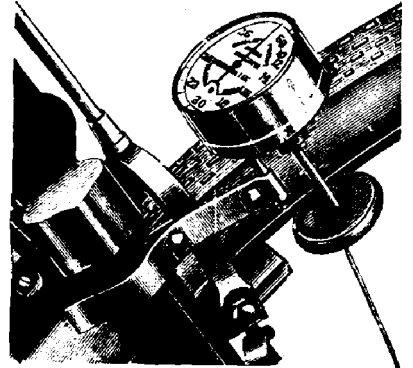
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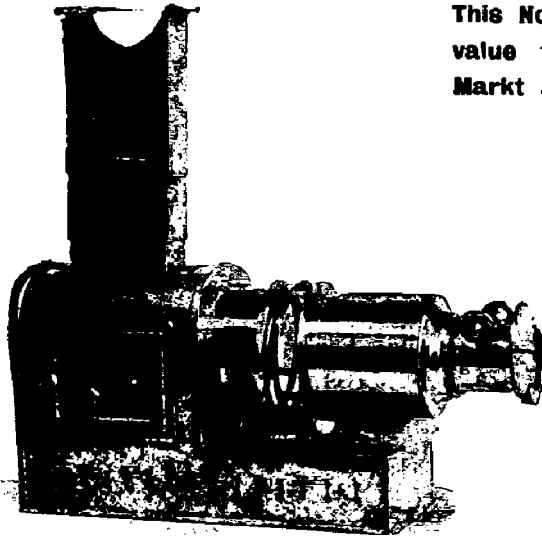
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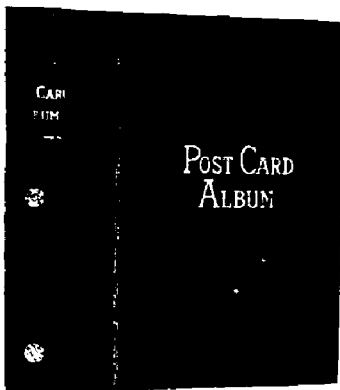


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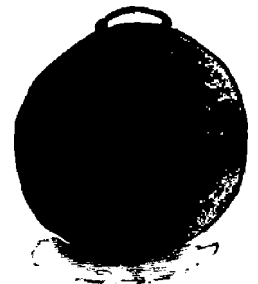


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See page
84

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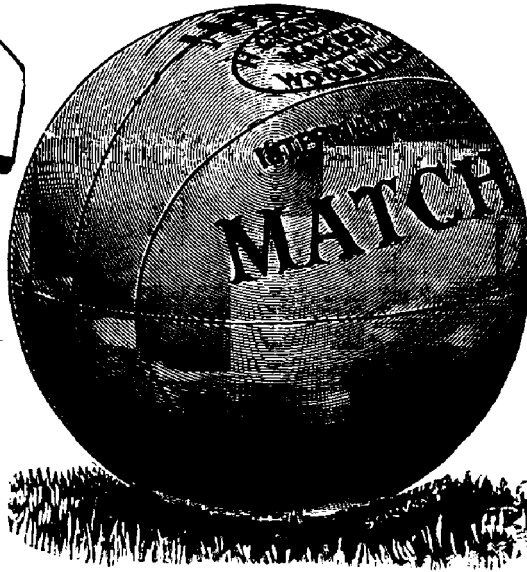


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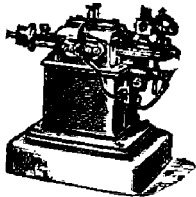
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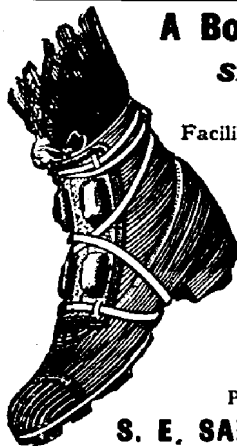
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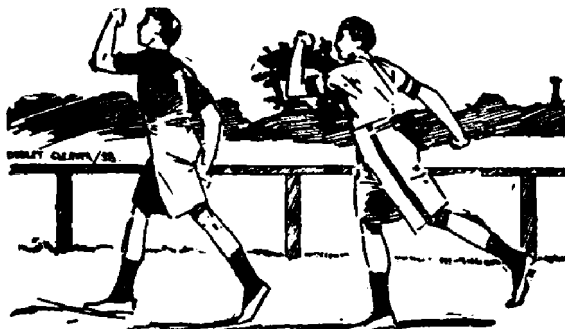
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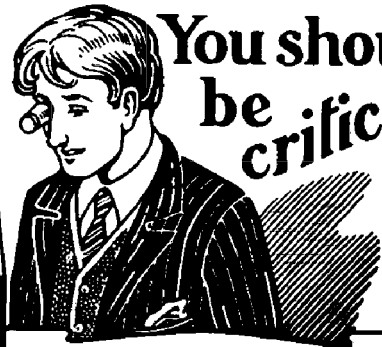
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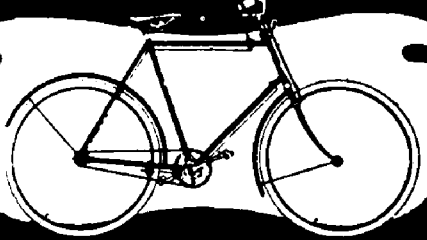
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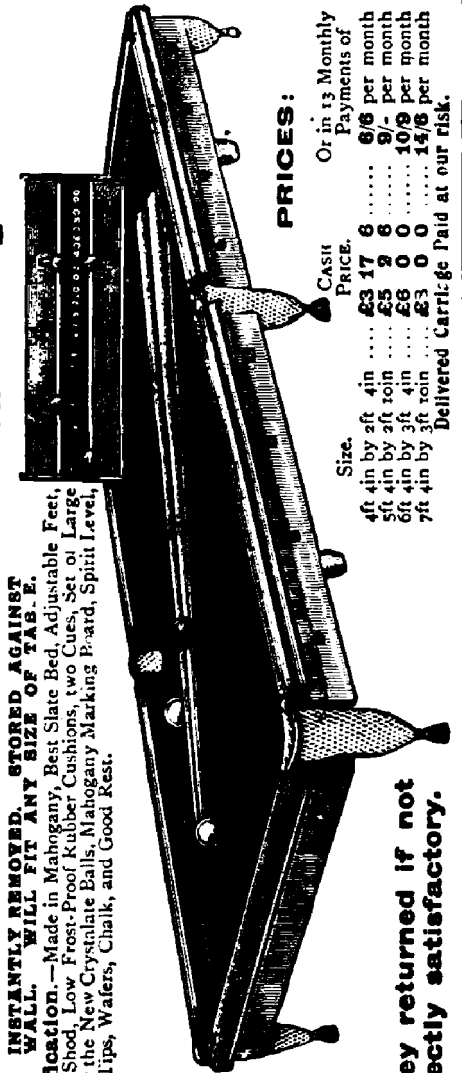
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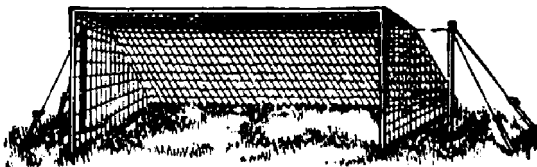
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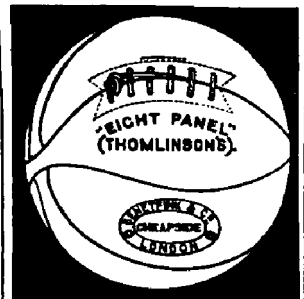
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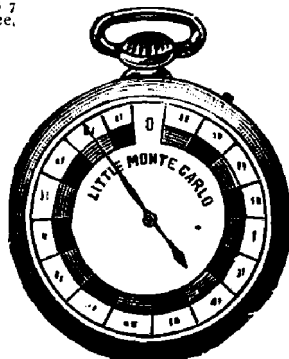
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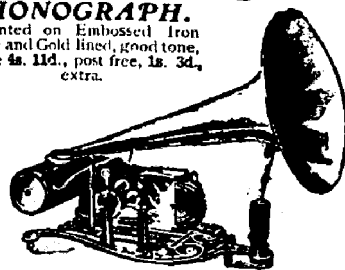
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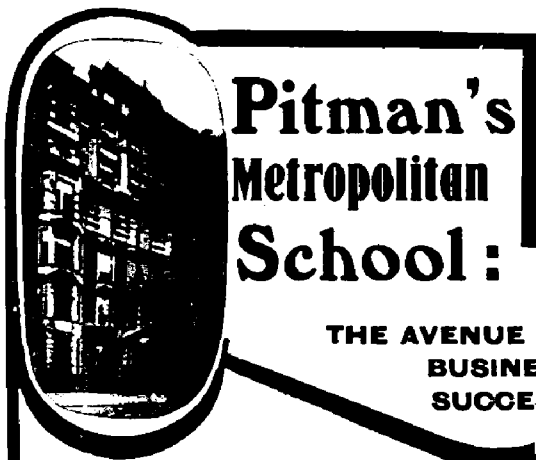
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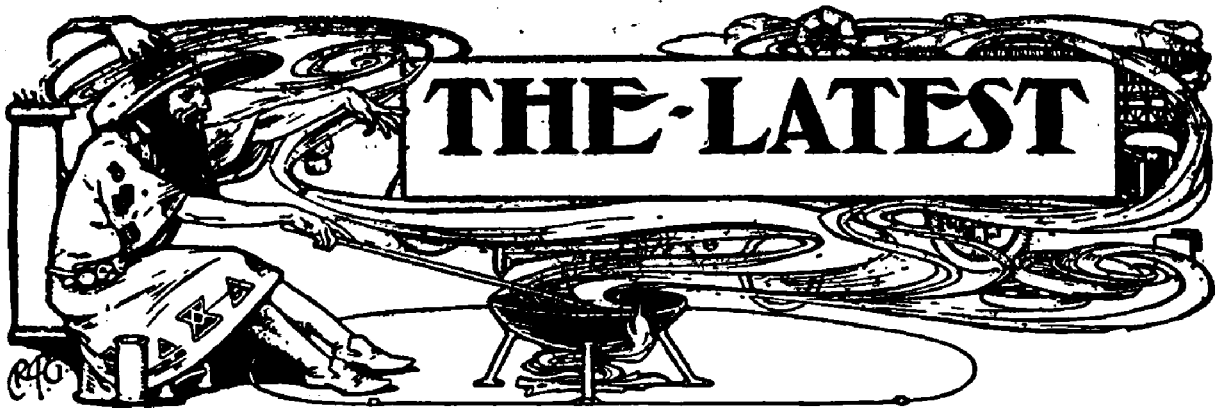
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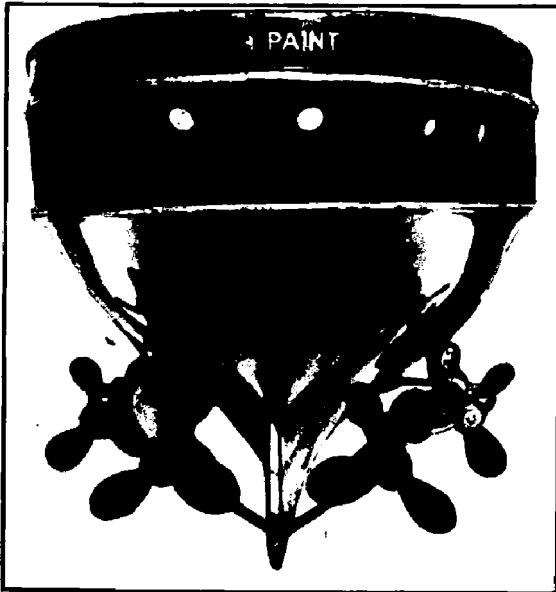
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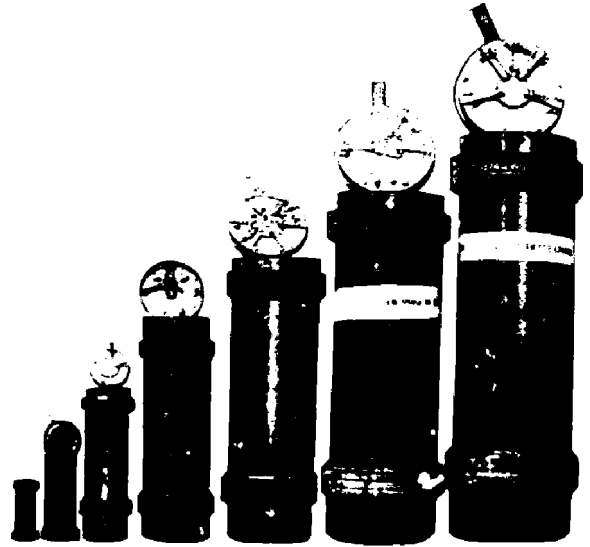


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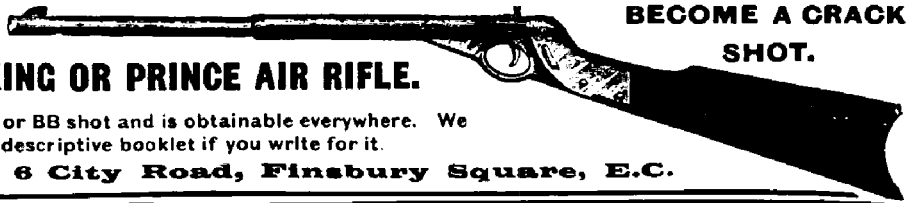
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Size of Billiard Table	Size of Dining Table	CASH	Or in 13 Monthly Payments of
5ft. 4in.	5ft. 8in.	£13 10 0	24s.
6ft. 4in.	6ft. 6in.	15 0 0	26s. 6d.
7ft. 4in.	7ft. 5in.	18 10 0	32s. 6d.
8ft. 4in.	8ft. 5in.	24 10 0	42s.

DELIVERED CARRIAGE PAID AT OUR RISK.

FREE. Full detailed Catalogue with illustrations of all kinds of Home Billiards, Billiard and Dining Tables, all kinds small and full size Tables and Sundries.

THE RECORD BREAK in 1904 was 788 by Stevenson, and in 1905, 821 by Roberts, both on RILEY'S Tables.

London Showrooms—

147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

All Correspondence to Works and Head Offices—

E. J. RILEY, Limited,
Accrington.

A SUCCESSFUL CAREER

SCHOOLS

For Boys and Girls,
England and Abroad.

"The child is father of the man," says Wordsworth, and so well recognised has the truth of this become that the words now pass as an axiom of our language.

Future success depends on present-day training. How vitally necessary, then, that parents should give the most careful attention to the choice of schools for their sons and daughters.

Messrs. Marshall & Farrar have an intimate knowledge, acquired by personal inspection, of all the leading schools. They will be pleased at all times to send (entirely free of charge) prospectuses and all information required on receipt of enquiry stating age and sex of prospective pupil, district preferred, and the approximate fees parents are willing to pay.

MARSHALL & FARRAR, (Dept. C.) 119 Victoria St., Westminster, London, S.W

A Storm in a Swimming-bath.

IN Munich, Germany, there is a large bath where the sea is imitated by means of sea salt added to fresh water, and an ingenious electrical contrivance which beats the water at frequent intervals, causing big waves to roll along the bath. The size of the waves is regulated by the switch controlling the electric machine.



THE LATEST IN SWIMMING-BATHS.

A Correction.

Mr. Alfred Huth, Fosbury Manor, nr. Hungerford, writes: "I am obliged by your notice of my spring bicycle tyre in 'The Latest' department of your magazine for August, but must, however, request you to be so good as to correct the last paragraph, which is calculated to do me an injury. The invention was made long before the anti-sideslip trial was ever thought of, and you altogether ignore the fact that the competing devices had afterwards to go through an endurance trial of 400 miles in four successive days, in which my tyres proved their all-round efficiency. There is nothing a pneumatic can do, except puncture, that the Syrxn tyre does not do better."

We must express regret for hav-

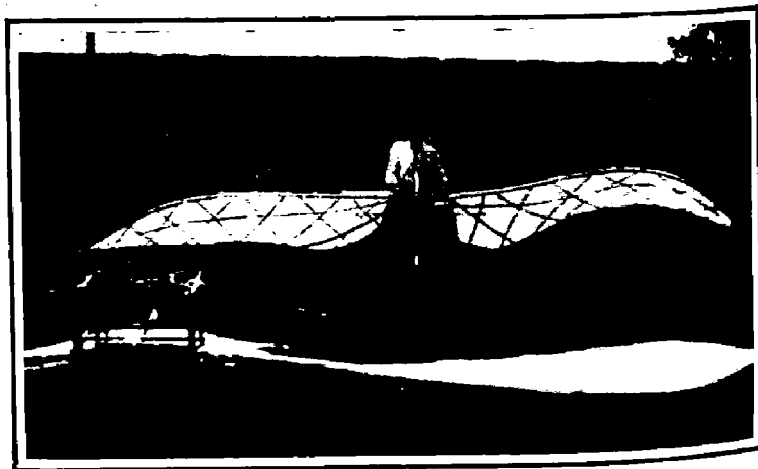
ing criticised Mr. Huth's invention in the manner referred to. Had we been in possession of the facts the inventor now sends, our comments would naturally have been of a different tenour.

Our Biggest Battleship.

THE *Dreadnought*, the building of which is to be begun at Portsmouth Dockyard this month, will be the biggest battleship belonging to Britain or any other country. Her displacement will be 18,000 tons, and her speed twenty knots an hour; her engines being driven by turbines. In the design of this great warship full advantage has been taken of the lessons taught by the naval battles in the Far East. She will carry ten 12-in. guns of the latest type, each throwing three 850-lb. shells every two minutes with a muzzle velocity of over 2500 ft. a second. No battleship has hitherto been fitted with more than four of these weapons. Her striking power will thus be more than equal to that of any two warships now afloat. This vessel, the largest and most powerful in offence and defence ever constructed, will be built, from the laying of the keel plates to the hoisting of the pennant, in a period of sixteen months. This will be very quick work, for from thirty to thirty-six months is the average time taken to build a large battleship. The cost will be nearly two millions sterling.

Experiments in Flying.

The bird-like apparatus on this page is not a new flying machine, but an interesting contrivance with which Mr. Edgar Wilson has recently been experimenting at Wembley Park, near London. He hopes soon to build a real flying machine embodying new ideas in aerial navigation.



"EDGAR, THE EAGLE."

KENSINGTON COLLEGE

GUARANTEED APPOINTMENTS

One may enter upon a course of instruction, under the personal direction of Mr. Munford, with the absolute certainty of securing a profitable Secretarial or Commercial appointment when proficient. So thorough is the system of training—covering, as it does, such subjects as shorthand, typewriting, book-keeping, modern languages, office management, and secretarial technique—that pupils from this College instantly obtain larger salaries and secure appointments more readily than do pupils of any other institution. WE claim—and we are prepared to prove our assertion—that for the past eighteen years we have found a satisfactory position for EVERY ONE of our qualified students. Such a claim cannot be made by any other college. For this reason, therefore, Kensington College should be given the earnest consideration of parents and guardians and of every young man or woman desirous of entering upon a successful career. Write for "Booklet C."

"... for the services of the students had exceeded the total number in the College by 30. All the students sent up for the different examinations had passed."

Times, July 17, 1905.

KENSINGTON COLLEGE
143 QUEEN'S ROAD,
BAYSWATER, LONDON, W.

AND ITS GUARANTEED APPOINTMENTS.

GRL

Established 1789. Model Makers to the Admiralty.

WORKING MODEL STEAM ENGINES, RACING YACHTS, ETC.

Tested under Steam and Guaranteed



SCALE MODELS of the Principal Express Engines (British made) of L. & N. W. Ry., C. Ry., L. & S. W. Ry., G. N. Ry., M. Ry., &c., gauge 2 1/2 in., length 25 in. Fitted with pair outside D.A.S.V. Cylinders, Eccentrics, Guides, Connecting Rods, Cross Heads, Brass Tubular Boilers, with Smoke Box, Steam Whistle, Glass Water Gauge, Dome, Wheel Steam Valve, Safety Valve, Steam Pressure Gauge, Reverses from Foot Plate, complete with Tender, Spirit Tank, &c., 95/6, 77/6, 75/6, and 70/-, carriage free. 30ft. oval railroad, 10/- extra. Ditto, 2in. gauge, without Pressure Gauge, 22 1/2 in. long, 60/- . Ditto, 1 1/2 in. gauge, 16in. long, 22/-, carriage free. 25ft. oval railroad, 7/6. All run backwards or forwards, straight or circular. Send to-day for our **Special Illustrated Catalogue**, over 150 Engravings of above and other Engines, Rails, Signals, Bridges, Stations, Coaches, Waggon, and all Rolling Stock, also Clyde Built Model Racing Yachts, &c., and latest novelties, free on receipt of stamp for postage.

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT,
Model Yacht Builders, Engineers, and Electricians,
Argyll Arcade, Glasgow, N.B.

Learn to Write ADVERTISEMENTS

Your Success Rests on Your Advertising Ability.



THE REASON why some men and women earn more money now than previously is because they recognised the possibilities of the Advertising Profession, and used their spare moments in learning advertising from the Page-Davis School.

This applies to Mr. W. Rollison, whose occupation was that of gardener. He found time to learn advertising, and the result is that he has established and is now managing the mail order business of the Valley Orchard Co., Evesham.

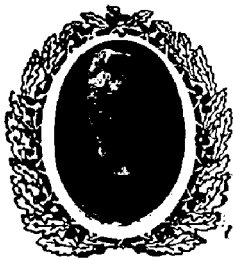
Mr. E. H. Butler, who is now with The Lamson Paragon Co., also earns more money to-day because he went through the Page-Davis Course.

The students who are now earning £200 and £300 per year were, not long ago, in ordinary positions, but they found time to prepare for the positions they now hold.

We absolutely guarantee to teach you the Advertising Business by correspondence, which enables our students to earn from £5 per week. Page-Davis students were not exceptional men and women. They were just ordinary people with Common Sense and the determination to increase their salaries. They became exceptional by reason of their knowledge of advertising.

OUR LARGE PROSPECTUS FREE.

PAGE-DAVIS CO. (Dept. 138), 193 195, Oxford St., London, W.



THE VEN. W. M. SINCLAIR, M.A.
Photo. Mills.

THE BOYS' EMPIRE LEAGUE

*To Promote and Strengthen a Worthy Imperial Spirit
in British Boys all over the World.*



F. C. GOULD.
Photo. News.

MOTTO—*“Many Countries but One Empire.”*

President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. Vice-Presidents, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

LEAGUE NOTES FOR OCTOBER 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.

WANGANUI, NEW ZEALAND.—I have a heavy mail this month from the Antipodes. Hitherto the distance between New Zealand and us seems to have been a bar to the steady progress of the League. But now a regular correspondence has been established, and is kept up with as much steadiness and punctuality as our own.

Every month brings its own pleasant surprises, and this one is not an exception. A short time ago there were only two or three members of the B.E.L. in Wanganui. On “Empire Day” they, with twelve friends, met together and decided to form a branch of the B.E.L. No sooner was this resolution announced in the town than fifty new members were enrolled, and the Club set about appointing officers, as follows: President, Mr. A. G. Bignell (Mayor of Waganui); Vice-Presidents, Messrs. A. D. Willis (Member of House of Representatives), W. Empson (Principal Collegiate School), G. Bridge (Chairman Education Board), W. Bruce (Chairman School Committee), Jas. Aitken, B.A. (Head Master District High School), F. Webb Jones (editor *Wanganui Herald*), and Maurice Spurdle (organiser of the first meeting); Hon. Sec., Clifford Hood, 66 Bell Street; Hon. Treasurer, A. Mackinnon. With such influential support, we can rest assured that the principles on which the B.E.L. are founded will be zealously fostered, and that this, our newest branch, will have no lack of advice and help to gain it the success it deserves.

I have also suggestions from various branches in our Colonies as to the formation of a Camera Club with a view to the exchange of amateur photos. I shall be glad to hear from my readers on this subject, and give them full particulars.

BROMSGROVE.—I have a cheerful letter from the Hon. Sec. of this branch. He writes asking “if there is any objection to a second branch being formed here.” Certainly not. I only wish many more of our larger towns were as enthusiastic. Another pleasing feature of this letter is that the writer “paid Kidderminster comrades a visit and found they have a splendid branch and a very business-like Committee and secretary.” Now this is just the sort of thing I should like to see more universally practised. The winter session is coming on, and I think nothing could be nicer than paying visits to one another. By this means the interests of the League would be kept up and strengthened, to the mutual benefit of all concerned.

Correspondents are wanted in Iver (Bucks), Heaton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Birmingham, Leeds, Blackpool, and many other places, for particulars of which Readers are requested to write to Headquarters.

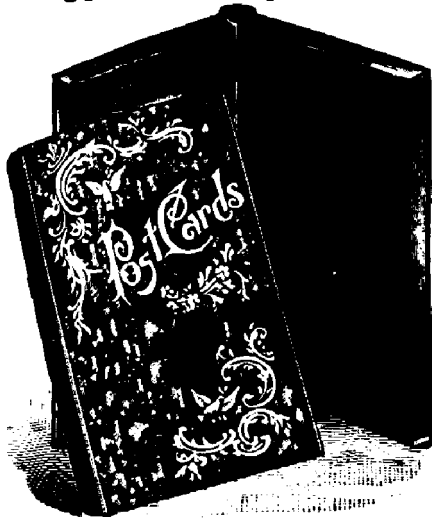
COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE SECTION.—Every week the importance of this section becomes more apparent and extensive. CAPTAIN readers can now be put in communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire. I should like to obtain more correspondents in Japan, and I hope, now that the war is happily at an end, that I shall be able to arrange regular communications between home members and those in the Far East.

For full particulars, send a stamped addressed envelope to Headquarters.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

POSTCARD ALBUMS.

SOMETHING QUITE UNIQUE.



Strongly
Bound in real
Japanese
Covers.
"A Marvel of
Artistic
Finish and
Quality."

*Unsolicited
Testimonials
from all
parts daily.*

Over 50,000
already sold.

Art Colour.

Artistically
Lettered in
White.

3 Cards on a Page.

No.			
261.	to hold 200	1 -	
262.	" 300	1/6	

4 Cards on a Page.

2 Upright and 2 Oblong-
Shape Cards.

No.			
215.	to hold 300	2 -	
216	" 400	2 3	
217	" 500	2 6	

Newest Shades of Dark Green Leaves.

Sent Post Free and Packed in strong box. Approval.

Illustrated Catalogue of other Designs sent Free on Application.

GEORGE TAPLIN,

Manufacturer, Harringay, London, N.

If
you want a
friend on whom
you can always
rely, then possess a

SWAN' Fountain Pen

10/6 to £20. All hands suited.
Of all Stationers. Catalogue free.

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79 & 80,
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FRY'S MAGAZINE

FOR OCTOBER.

Sixpence Net.

Some of the principal contents:

FORTY FOOTBALL PORTRAITS,

including special photographs of THE NEW ZEALAND RUGBY TEAM.

THE GIPSY OF ENGLAND.

A superbly illustrated article of great interest.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE BULL-DOG.

An expert article, strikingly illustrated, dealing with this popular dog which, originally bred for bull-baiting, is now valued for show and as a companion.

MACHINE-MADE MARKSMEN.

Answers the question raised by Lord Roberts: "How to make a Nation of Rifle Shots," and contains many original illustrations, including four of Sergeant Comber, winner of the King's Prize at Bisley, on the range.

THE ART OF PETER LATHAM. By EUSTACE MILES.

ALPINE ICE AXES. MODERN SPORT IN SCULPTURE.

And many other features.

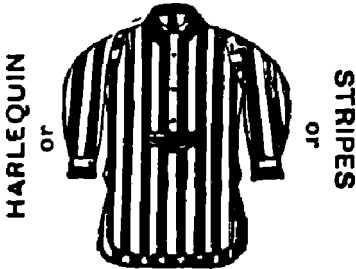
The October **FRY'S** is a powerful number.

JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD.

CLUB OUTFITS.

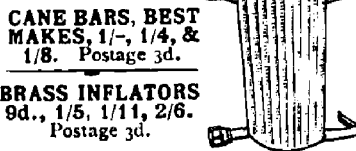
ASSOCIATION GOAL NETS, REGULATION SIZE 24 ft. x 8 ft.. SIZE OF MESH, 5 ins. SQUARE.
 STEAM TARRED HEMP LAID CORD, 30/-, 37/6, & 45/- per SET.
JERSEYS.—Vertical Stripes, Button or Lace Fronts, with Collar.
 Special Quality, 3/9 each, 42/- doz. Cheaper Quality, 2/9 each, 30/- per doz. Postage 3d.

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FLANNELETTE SHIRTS.
 Harlequin or Stripes, 1/10 each.
 2/2 reduction on 1 doz.
 Superior ditto 2/6 each. Reduction on
 1 doz., 3/-.
FLANNEL ditto, 5/6. Postage, 3d.

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**CANE BARS, BEST
 MAKES, 1/-, 1/4, &
 1/8. Postage 3d.**

BRASS INFLATORS
 9d., 1/5, 1/11, 2/6.
 Postage 3d.

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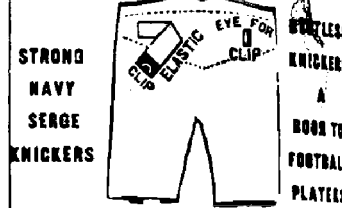


THE "CROWN"	5/- each.
THE "CLUB"	5/8 "
THE "GOAL"	6/8 "
THE BRITON	7/6 "
THE KIKOPH	8/11 "

Postage 4d.

SEND FOR OUR NEW FOOTBALL LIST.
 POST FREE ON RECEIPT OF CARD.

KNICKERS.



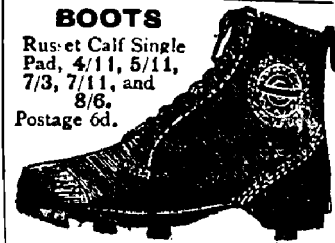
STRONG
 NAVY
 SERGE
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BELTLESS
 KNICKERS
 A
 GOOD TO
 FOOTBALL
 PLAYERS

BELTLESS KNICKERS, with Elastic and Patent Clip, 2/3. **ORDINARY MAKES,** 1/4, 1/9, 2/9, 3/9. **WHITE SWANSOWN,** 1/4, 2/2, 3/3. Postage 3d. 2/- reduction on 1 doz. Pairs.

BOOTS

Russet Calf Single
 Pad, 4/11, 5/11,
 7/3, 7/11, and
 8/6.
 Postage 6d.

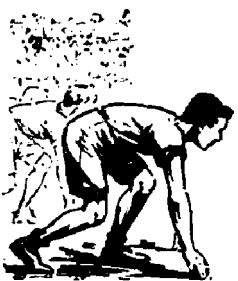


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A GOOD START and A GOOD FINISH

Are assured to all who commence their daily course with a pure, wholesome, and highly nutritive food beverage such as

CADBURY'S COCOA



It gives strength and staying power to the athlete, as well as reliable nourishment to those whose duties call for much mental or physical exertion.

The Lancet describes CADBURY'S COCOA as "the standard of highest purity at present attainable in regard to cocoa."

CADBURY'S—ABSOLUTELY PURE, therefore BEST.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S



BUTTER - SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children).

*"Really wholesome
 Confectionery."*
T. Lancet.

MANUFACTORY: LONDON, W.C.

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THIS
 NAME
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THE
 MODERATE
 PRICES
 DEFY
 THEIR
 USE
 ON EVERY
 RELIABLE
 FACTORY

for

COMFORT & QUALITY

SEND FOR 1905 LIST.

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ALL ADVERTISEMENTS FOR "THE CAPTAIN" should be addressed ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, 7-12 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD.

NOVEMBER

FAMOUS NELSON PICTURES

Stories by Bertram Mitford, P. G. Wodehouse
and Warren Bell

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS"

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG" ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F. WARNER.

Vol. XIV. No. 80.

NOVEMBER, 1905

6^d

THE BEST

beverage to drink
during the autumn is
one that supplies
stamina and vigour, and

van Houten's Cocoa

is that beverage.

It is as delicious as
it is invigorating.
Remember it is not
only the best, it is also
the most economical,
for it

Goes Farthest.



GAMAGE'S

The World's Best and Cheapest House
for Football Outfits.

Quarter of a Century's Reputation.
Caterers to the Foremost Clubs.

Club Colours at a Few Days' Notice.



NEW
SPORTS
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FOOTBALL STOCKINGS. - Gamage's new Stripe Top, Plain Ribbed Legs, or Navy Blue tops to turn down. Special Club Colours to order in a few days. All sizes. Plain Legs, 2-pair; Ribbed Legs, 2/6 pair. Postage 2d.

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The "GAMKICK" as illustrated, a fine pliable boot, expressly designed to give great kicking power. In Scotch Waterproof Chrome, 8/6. Boy's size, 7/6.

Gamage's "FORWARD" has specially-blocked toes, is moderately light, so as not to detract from the player's speed. Very firm and a fine shouter. All Scotch Waterproof Chrome. Price 8/11, Bars or Studs. Makers of the well-known "Universal" Football Boot. In Russet Leather, 5/11. Boys' size, 2 to 5, 4/11. Postage 6d. on Boots under 10/-.



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GIVING
FULL
RANGE
OF
FOOTBALL
BOOTS.



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Two in. Stripes (all colours), Flannelette, 2/1; Superior quality, 2/9; Best Shrunken Flannel, 9/6 each (to order in quantities of 1 doz. only); Boys' Sizes, up to 14 inch neck, 3d. each less.

FOOTBALL JERSEYS.

One-inch Stripes, any two colours.

Chest	Chest
24 in. ... 2/4	32 in. ... 3/-
26 in. ... 2/6	34 in. ... 3/2
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Postage 4d.



KNICKERS.

Boys' and Mens' Navy Serge or Swansdown, 24 to 42 in. waist, 1/4, 1/10, 2/11, 3/11, 5/11.

SHIN GUARDS.

Strong Linen Canvas, cane protected, continuous straps and buckles ... 9½
Leather ditto ... 1-
Leather (lined chamois) 1/6
Postage 3d. on all Shin Guards.



GAMAGE'S CELEBRATED FOOTBALLS

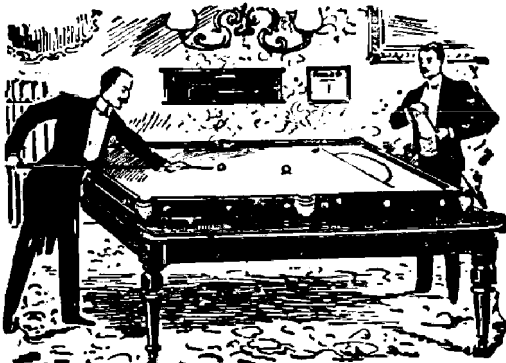
THE "REFEREE" MATCH BALL.
(Regd.)

Made in eight sections. Perfect in shape, will last longer than any other make. Every section stretched and hammered before being made. Welded Seams. The Hides go through a process which renders them waterproof. The Bladders are the celebrated "Referee" (extra strong). Every ball guaranteed. No. 5 (match size), 10/6. Capped or capless. Post free. Rugby shape same price.

Gamage's "HOLBORN" Rugby Ball. Strong cow-hide hand sewn cases. No. 3, 4/6. No. 4, 5/6. Match size, 6/3. Postage 4d.

Full selection of Famous "Gamage" Balls in Games List.

ALL INDOOR GAMES IN STOCK.



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4ft. 4in. x 2ft. 4in.	£3 19s. 6d.)) For fixing to Dining-Room Table.
5ft. 4in. x 2ft. 10in.	£4 17s. 6d.)	
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7ft. 4in. x 3ft. 10in.	£8 10s.)	

Full Particulars of all sizes of Billiard Tables in New List, sent Post Free.

CHESS.—St. George's Pattern Chessmen, Boxwood and Ebony stained, in Rosewood Box, 10/6d., 1/11, 1/8, 2/-, 2/6, 3/3, 3/11. Postage, 3d. set.

FOLDING CHESS BOARDS, 5/6d., 6/6d., 9/6d., 1/-, 1/2, 1/4, 2/-, 2/3, 3/-, 3/9.

DRAUGHTS BOARDS, 5/6d., 1/-, 1/3, 2/-.
DRAUGHTSMEN, 10/6d., 1/11, 1/4, 1/8, 1/11, 4/6, 5/6. Postage 3d.

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A. W. GAMAGE, Limited, Holborn, London, E.C.

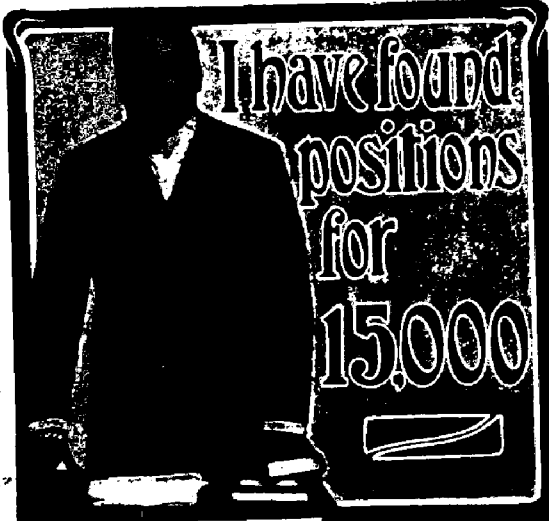
BABY'S SECRET



"If I'm good, I'm to have some

PETER'S MILK-CHOCOLATE

MOURISHING AND SUSTAINING THE BEST FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS



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THE PRINCIPAL.

YOUTHS AND YOUNG LADIES

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By H. Irving Hancock.

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Japanese Physical Training.

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The official Jiu-Jitsu of the Japanese Government, with the Additions of Hoshino and Tsutsumi, and Chapters on the Serious and Fatal Blows and on Kuatsu, the Japanese Science of the Restoration of Life. (In collaboration with Katsukuma Higashi, one time Instructor in Kano Jiu-Jitsu at Doshisha College, Japan).

160 Tricks of Combat, with 506 Illustrations taken from life and Four Charts showing the Serious and Fatal Blows. 8vo, cloth. Net 18s.

Send for our new Illustrated Announcement List.

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and NEW YORK.

An Admirable Food for Cyclists, Footballers, Golfers

EPPS'S

The Cream of Cocoas.

COCOA

and all engaged in outdoor sports and pursuits.



THERE'S REAL FUN IN HOME

MODELLING

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PLASTICINE

The complete modeller, fitted with Plasticine in five colours and all requisites, including fully illustrated instructions.

2/10 Post Free

Wm. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A. (Lond.), DEPT. T. Bathampton, Bath.

IN THE OCTOBER "CAPTAIN"

MR. NANKIVELL includes in Stamp Article a list of the stamps of Sweden, and gives Catalogue Prices for each stamp, amounting to a total of £4 16s. 9d. in the cheapest condition.

He does not quote from our "ABC" CATALOGUE, which prices these stamps at a total value of only £3 13s. 2d. We can supply all these stamps separately at our Catalogue Prices, or the lot for £3 10s.

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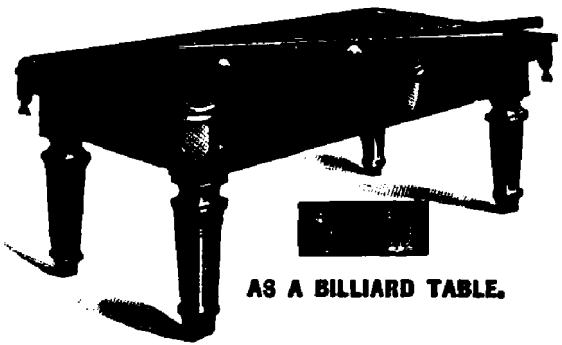
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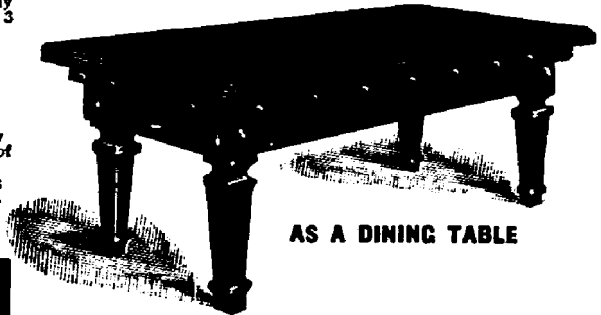
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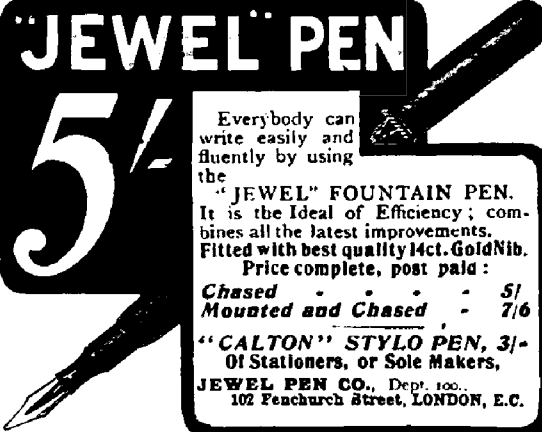
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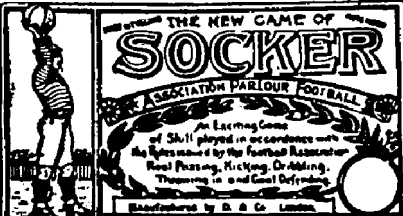
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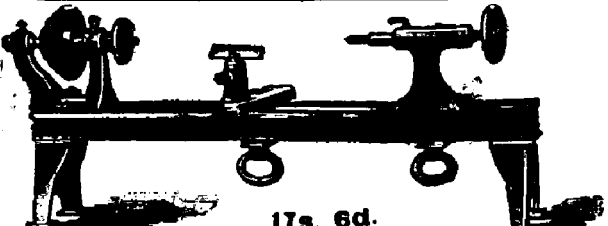
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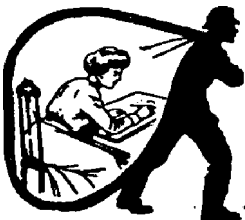
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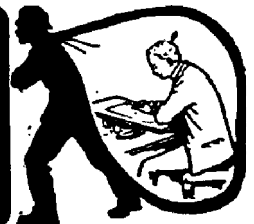
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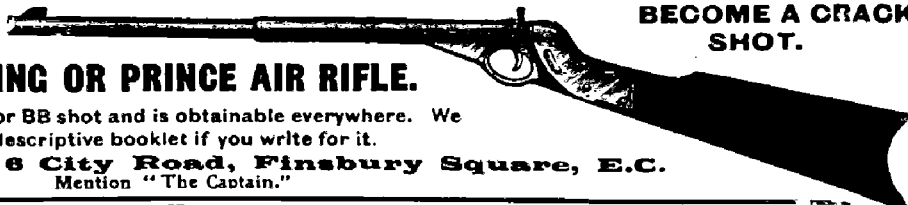
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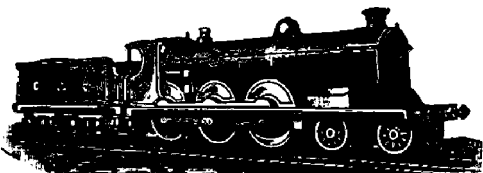
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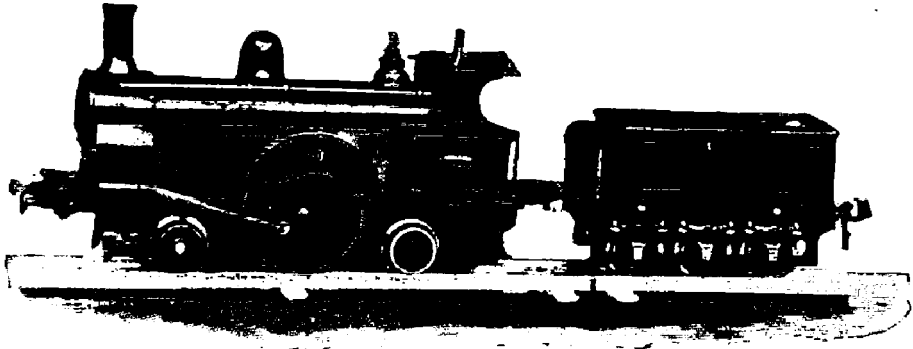
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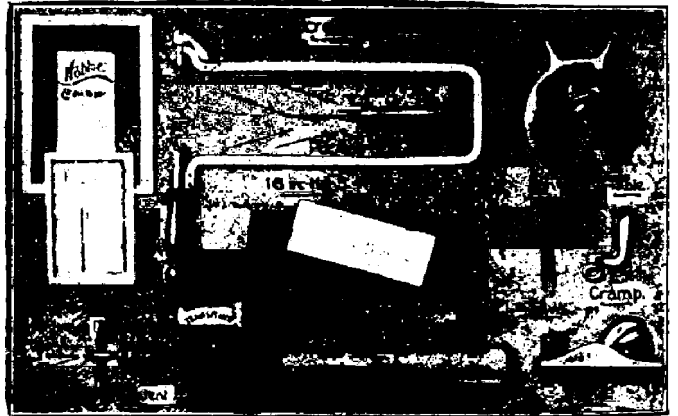
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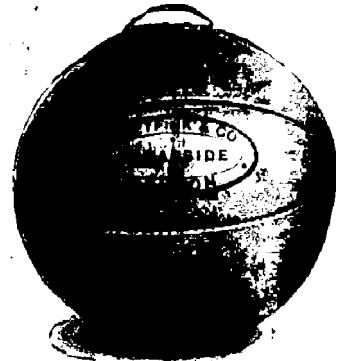
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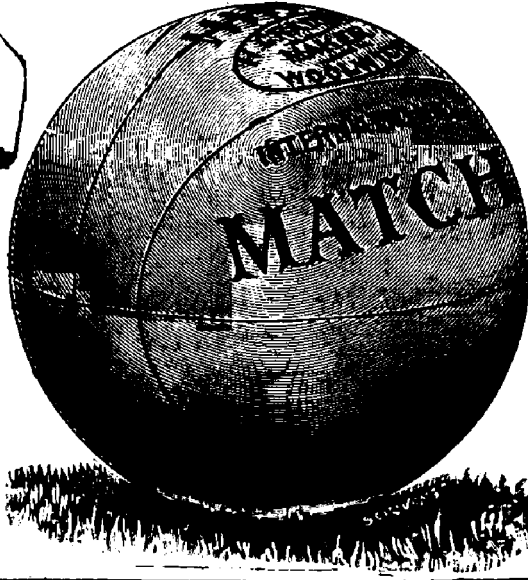


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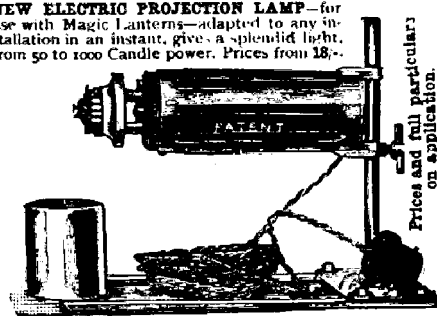


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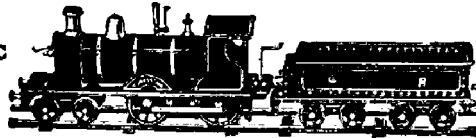
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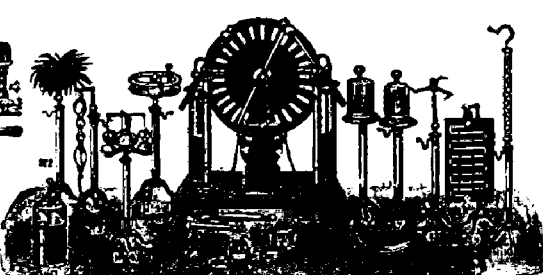
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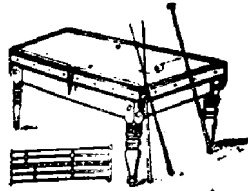
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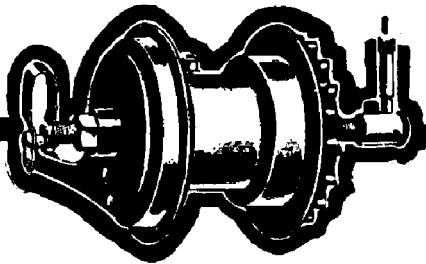
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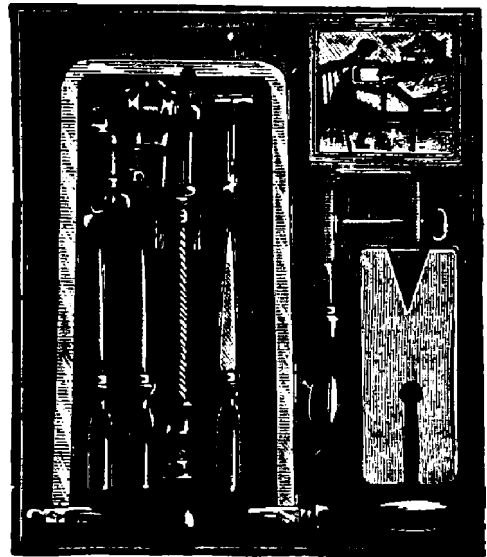
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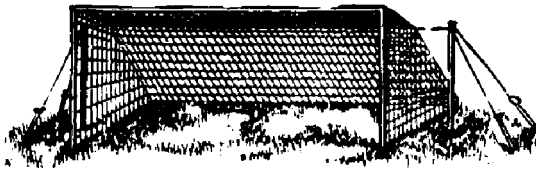
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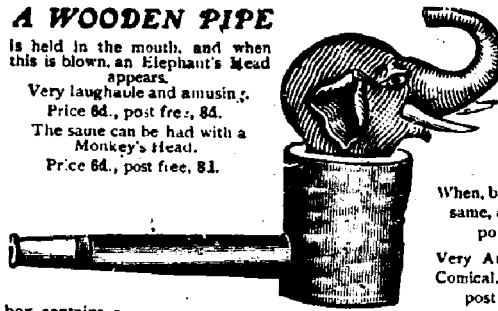
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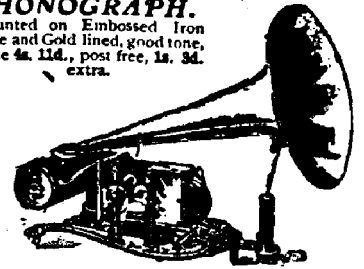
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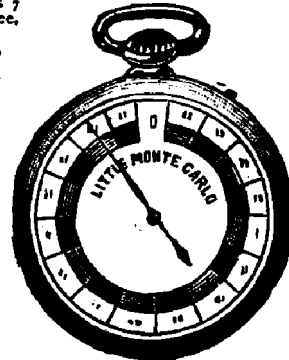
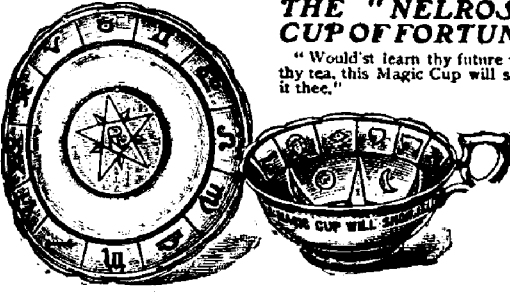
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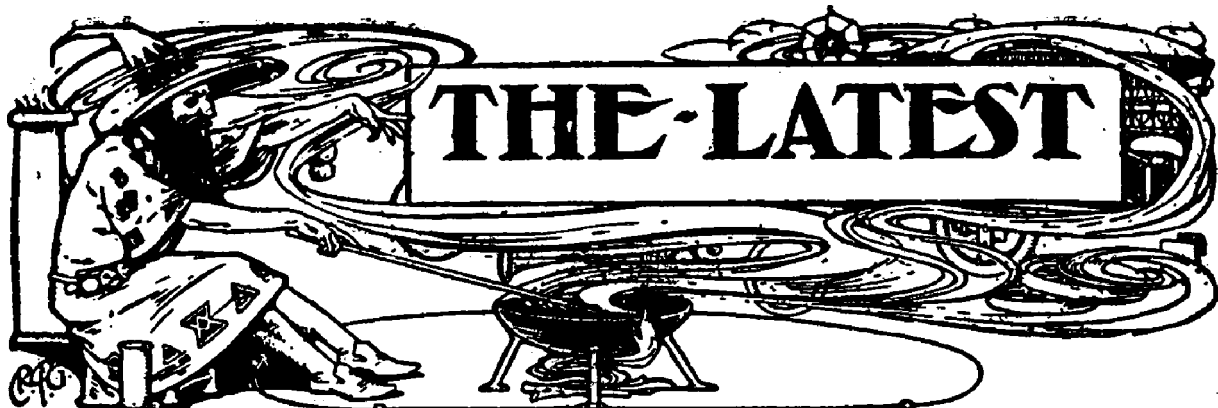
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[Continued on page 22.]

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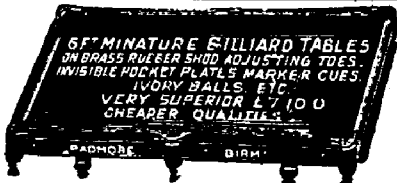
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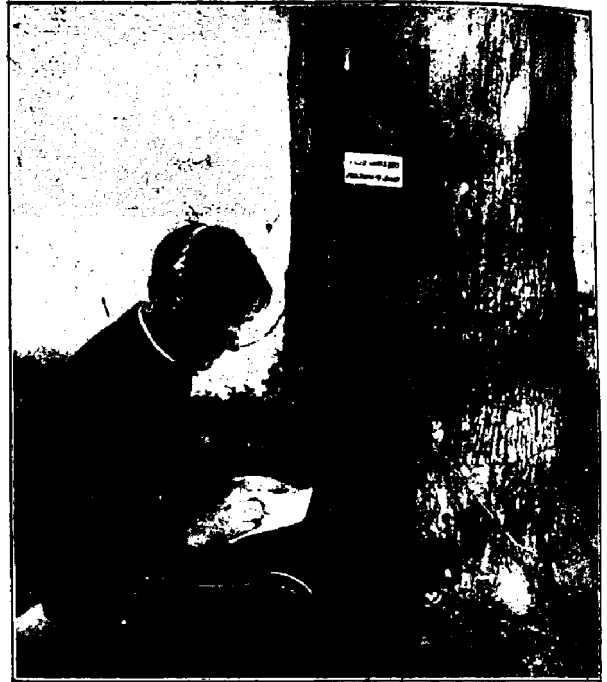


pole or tower; or, in the case of field equipments, by a balloon or kite.

The electrical contact between the tree and the apparatus seen in the photo. was effected by merely driving two ordinary metallic pins or stays into the tree—one in the upper part of the tree, and the other, two or three inches above the surface of the ground (the latter is clearly shown in photo.)—and connecting the wires leading from the apparatus with these pins.

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[Continued on page xxii.]

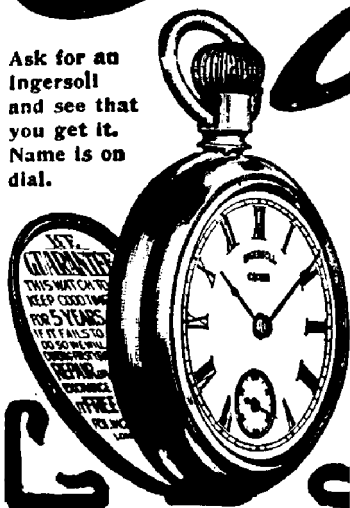
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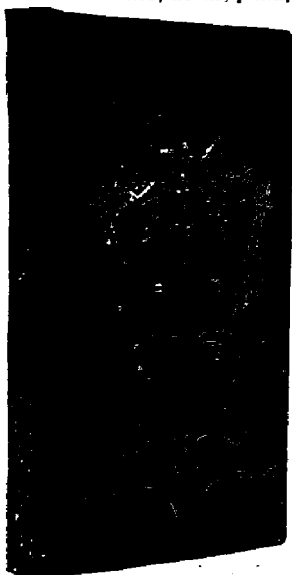
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- Albums to hold 200 Cards, 1s and 1s. 6d. each.
- Albums to hold 300 Cards, 2s. and 2s. 6d. each.
- Albums to hold 400 Cards, 3s. and 4s. each.
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Many of the Superior Albums quoted have padded backs. They make lovely presents.

PICTORIAL POSTCARDS IN PACKETS.

- No. 10. Contains 25 Military & Naval, Warships, &c. 1s.
- No. 12. Contains 25 Good Comic Postcards. 1s.
- No. 21. Contains 12 Illustrated Songs. 1s.
- No. 22. Contains 12 Cathedrals &c., in Colours. 6d.
- No. 23. Contains 12 Castles and Abbeys in Colours. 6d.
- No. 25. Contains 25 Fine Christmas Postcards, 1s.
- No. 50. The Special Packet of 50 different cards as advertised, including splendid named views, &c., for 1s. 6d., post free.

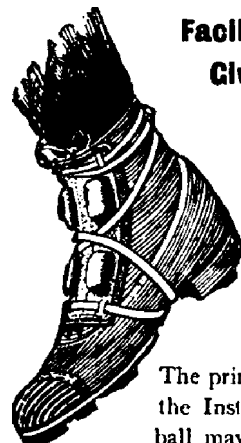
The "Marvel" Gross (122 all different). Including Coloured Views, Comics, Foreign Lands and Life, Animals, Children, and General Subject. Truly a Marvel, price 3s.

BOXES OF AUTOGRAPH CHRISTMAS CARDS, &c.
 12 Exquisite Christmas, with insets and silk ribbons, 1s.
 No. 38. The Excelsior Box of 25 Selected Folding Cards, 1s.
 No. 39. The Beautiful Cabinet of 20 Lovely Cards, including many sold at 4d. and 6d. each, with Envelopes, 2s. 6d. Full List Free.

THE CENTRAL POSTCARD AGENCY,
 90-92 Goswell Road, London, E.C.

A BOON TO FOOTBALLERS.

SAMS'S "PRESTO" KICKING PAD.



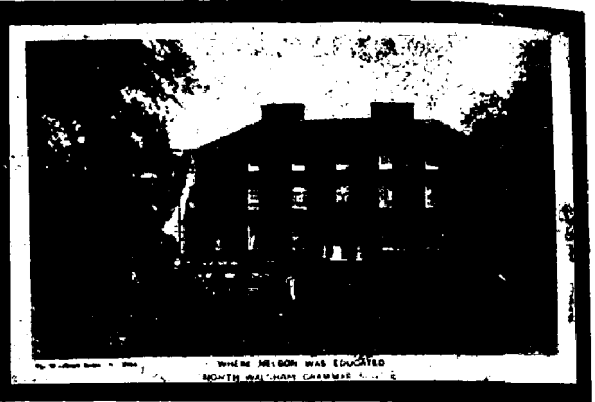
Facilitates Sure Kicking.
 Gives Impetus to the Kick.
 Braces up the Foot.

PROTECTS THE INSTEP.

The principal object of Pad is to bring the Instep into prominence so that the ball may be kicked therefrom without the liability of DIGGING TOE INTO TURF.

Price 1/6 each. Postage, 1d.

S. E. SAMS,
 Stanstead Ware, Herts.



TWO CARDS OF THE NELSON SET.

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

lavished. With regard to choice of subject and manner of reproduction, so much thought and care have been brought to bear, and such improvements introduced, as have resulted in thousands of beautiful productions clamouring for admission to that modern gallery of all the arts—the picture postcard album.

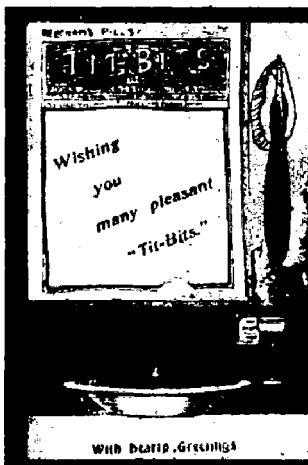
And as to the reason of such widespread success—it can be all summed up in one word—simplicity. The picture postcard is a labour-saving device, and, as doing away with the necessity of letter writing, is entitled to our highest consideration.

THE CAPTAIN has received from several firms an enormous response to inquiries recently made with the idea of ascertaining, if possible, the exact degree of the popularity of the picture postcard. It is, indeed, difficult to make a representative selection from so much good material in so small a space. The Woodbury Series is well to the fore as regards artistic production. We give on this page an illustration of two of the fine Nelson set published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode in this series, which are really well done.

The bright colouring of Japanese subjects will always make an excellently effective postcard. In the "Cardinal" Series of Messrs. F. A. Horle and Co. there are some very fine specimens of real Jap. cards, which are a decided and very beautiful novelty. Our small illustration will give some idea of the way in which these subjects are treated.

From Messrs. Gale and Polden we have received their series dealing with life in the Army and Navy, which is sure to be specially interesting to every boy. We reproduce one of their "Types of the British Army" in the spirited picture of the Dragoon on this page.

We have also received cards from Messrs. S. Oates and Co., The Photochrom Company, Ltd., Mr. Charles Voisey, Messrs. Thornton Bros., Messrs. H. Lindley and Co., Messrs. Davidson Bros., Mr. G. P. Osmond, and Messrs. Blum and Degen.



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Chas. Voisey,



A REAL PHOTO. PICTURE.
Eyre and Spottiswoode,



A NOVELTY IN VIEWS.
Thornton Bros



A MILITARY SUBJECT.
Gale and Polden,

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Depots: 121 WALWORTH ROAD, S.E. and at 9 ST. MARY AXE, E.C., LONDON.

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Assorted Boxes, 6d., 1/-, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-, 21/-, 63/-, 105/-, 210/- and upwards.

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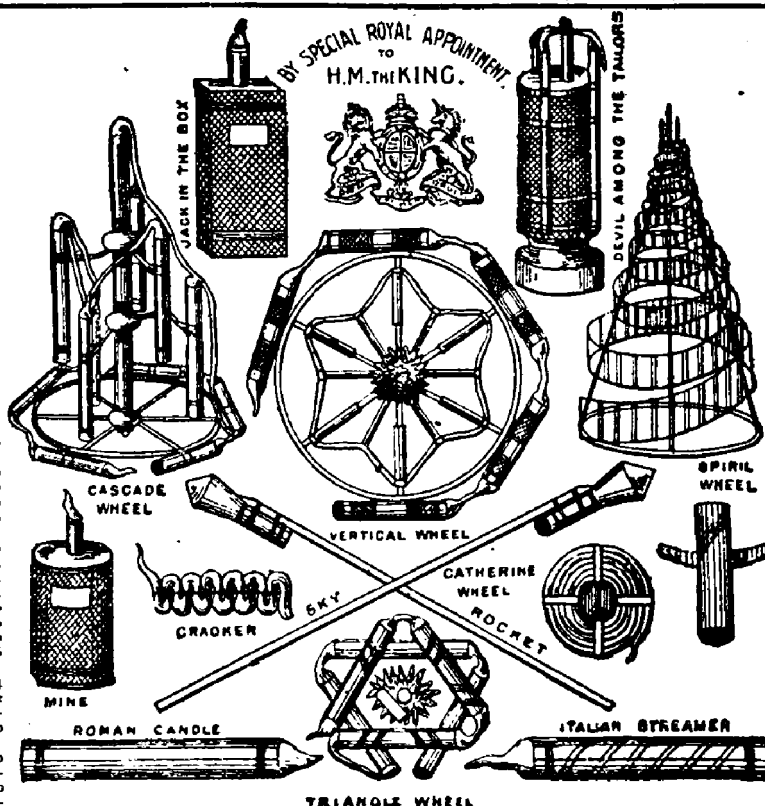
12 Squibs with loud reports	0 6
6 Golden Rains	0 3
6 Crackers	0 3
6 Catherine Wheels	0 3
6 Starlights	0 3
1 Roman Candle	0 4
1 Golden Flower Pot	0 4
1 Packet Crimson Fire	0 4
1 Golden Fountain	0 6
1 Italian Streamer	0 6
1 Packet Chinese Crackers	0 4
2 Large Wheels	0 2
Less Discount added in Fireworks	
	1 6
Nett	2 6

5s. BOX.

2 Electric Wheels	0 6
12 Squibs with loud reports	1 0
12 Golden Rains	1 0
6 Crackers	0 6
6 Catherine Wheels	0 6
1 Catherine Wheel, extra large	0 6
1 Packet Crimson Fire	0 4
1 " Green Fire	0 4
1 " Blue Fire	0 4
1 Mount Vesuvius	0 6
1 Golden Fountain	0 6
3 Roman Candles	1 0
1 Jack-in-the-Box	0 6
1 Packet Chinese Crackers	0 4
1 Silver Fountain	0 2
Less discount added in Fireworks	
	3 0
Nett	5 0

10s. BOX.

1 Pain's Electric Sparkler	0 3
1 Pain's Electric Torch	0 3
1 Pain's Electric Wheel	0 6
12 Squibs with loud reports	1 0
12 Golden Rains	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 Box Green Fire	0 9
1 Box Blue Fire	0 9
1 Roman candle, large size	1 0
1 Roman Candle, Red, Green, and Purple Stars	1 0
1 Jack-in-the-Box (great explosions)	1 6
1 Triangle Wheel	2 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	
	6 3
Nett	10 0



ONE GUINEA CASE.

1 Electric Wheel	0 6
1 " Torch	0 6
1 " Sparkler	0 6
5 Roman Candles, assorted colours	5 0
3 Coloured Lights, 10	1 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 0
1 Golden Fountain	1 0
12 Squibs	1 0
1 Chinese Tree, Silver Flowers	1 0
12 Starlights	1 0
12 Crackers	1 0
12 Catherine Wheels	1 0
3 Large Catherine Wheels	1 0
12 Golden Rains	1 0
1 Pilot Balloon	1 0
1 Italian Streamer	1 0
1 Golden Tourbillon	1 6
6 Coloured Torches	0 6
1 Line Rocket	1 6
12 Port Fires	1 0
Less discount added in Fireworks	
	£1 13 0
Nett	£1 10 0

THREE GUINEA CASE.

Special Assortment Pain's Electric Fireworks	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 Tints	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 Feral Wonders and Mortar, complete	4 0
Less Discount added in Fireworks	
	£4 16 6
Nett	£3 3 0

FIVE GUINEA CASE.

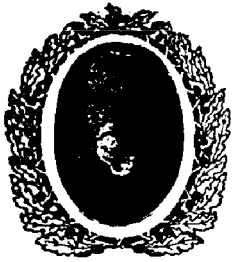
Special Assortment Pain's Electric Fireworks	10 0
1 Jewelled Fountain	2 6
2 Golden Tourbillons, forming Cascades of Fire in ascent and descent	5 0
1 Large Balloon, with Magnesium Light	5 0
1 Double Triangle wheel, forming a Radius of Silver Fire, centred with Crimson Flame	6 0
6 Roman Candles with Brilliant Stars	12 0
6 " " with Carmine, Emerald and Turquoise colours	12 0
1 Jack-in-the-Box, with Eruptions of Varied Amusing Fireworks	5 0
3 Prismatic Lights, giving Varied and Charming Effects	9 0
4 Rockets, with Pearl Stars	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, intersecting each other with pleasing effect	6 6
1 Congreve Mortar, containing a Shell of Stars	5 0
1 Huge Fountain of Golden Spray, forming an Immense Column of Fire, upwards of 20 feet in height	5 0
1 Italian Streamer	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

25 per cent. discount off Loose Goods, for those who wish to choose their own selections. Write for Illustrated Catalogue, post free.

Boxes of special assorted ROCKETTS ONLY with sticks and portfires complete, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-, 21/-, 42/-. All the above prices are strictly nett. In every case we have added upwards of 50 per cent. in Fireworks, and our selections consist of only high class goods. Our customers will at once notice that the above method is cheaper than if they purchased goods to their own selection.

Write for Illustrated Price List, post free. Prompt attention given to all orders sent by post accompanied by remittance.

SCIENTIFIC KITES and AIRSHIP MACHINES, from 1/- upward Write for Illustrated Catalogue. Gratis. Post Free.



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*To Promote and Strengthen a Worthy Imperial Spirit
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MOTTO—*"Many Countries but One Empire."*

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Photo. Neumes.

President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. Vice-Presidents, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

LEAGUE NOTES FOR NOVEMBER 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

KIDDERMINSTER.—This branch has started the Winter season well, and their first Football match, against the Grammar School at Woodfield, resulted in a win for the B.E.L. team by 7 goals to 4. The branch has got some excellent fixtures, and I trust this is a happy augury of their future success.

INVERCARGILL, N.Z.—Mr. Raymond McCarthy writes very enthusiastically of the way in which boys in New Zealand have taken up the League, and suggests the formation of a League Camera Club as a means by which members in the Mother Country can exchange views with others in the Colonies. Photography is a delightful hobby in itself, and would be made still more attractive to B.E.L. members if such a club could be formed. I shall be pleased to forward the names of any readers who would be willing to join it.

TRINITY, Newfoundland.—This branch spent an enjoyable evening at their Club Room last month. Here is the programme, which might be adopted by others with advantage :

- 7.0.—Preliminaries. Introduction of new members, &c.
- 7.30.—Speeches.
- 8.30.—Games, &c.
- 9.30.—Discussion on the entertainment, and suggestions for future evenings.
- Refreshments.

It was decided to close the meeting by singing the National Anthem.

I regret that Mr. Maidment, the founder and late Hon. Sec. of the branch, has been called away to another part of the Island. He has, however, left his branch in capable hands, and still retains a deep interest in its welfare.

LAURA, S.A.—The Hon. Sec. writes: "Our B.E.L. Club is progressing favourably. We gave a free entertainment in the Town Hall, which is used as our Club Room. We had all sorts of games on tables 'rigged' up for the purpose, and at intervals we rendered songs, recitations, and dialogues which took very well indeed, and helped to show the townspeople what our Club was like." Competitions have been in progress, a beautiful banner has been presented to the Club, and quite a variety of interesting events are taking place, all of which show that our Colonial members know how to enjoy themselves, and at the same time uphold the principles of the League.

I have also to thank numerous members for their interesting letters, many of which I have answered by mail. A number of members are desirous of cultivating a friendly correspondence with CAPTAIN readers, and I shall be pleased to send their names and addresses to those who would care to enter into communication with them, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Many of them would be highly delighted with simply a picture postcard, and I can guarantee that such will be courteously and thankfully acknowledged.

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. Up to the present, the success of the Colonial Correspondence-Section has exceeded our expectations, but there is still room for extension.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

SPECIAL OFFER!

To Readers of "The Captain."

PADDED MOROCCO POSTCARD ALBUMS

Newest shade of dark green leaves to hold 300 cards, both upright and oblong shapes, and including 25 beautifully coloured, highest grade quality Pictorial Postcards, copyright views, all different. Sold everywhere retail 1d. each.

THE LOT POST FREE, 2/6
Honestly worth 5 -

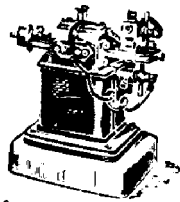
Two parcels and over penny per parcel reduction. Very large demand anticipated. To avoid disappointment **order at once**, as these parcels are not sold for profit, but to advertise new Catalogue.

GEORGE TAPLIN,
Album Manufacturer,
Green Lanes, HARRINGAY, LONDON, N.

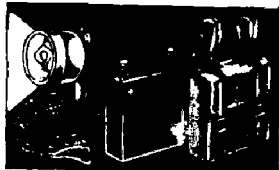
CAN YOU SKETCH? Would you like to draw for the "Captain" and other popular periodicals? **The Press Art School** gives thorough instruction, by correspondence, in all branches of magazine and newspaper illustration. Copyright system. Pupils' drawings placed. Address—Secretary, 128 Drakefell Road, New Cross, London, S. E.

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Electric Alarm Clock.
Price 4 4.
A Marvel.



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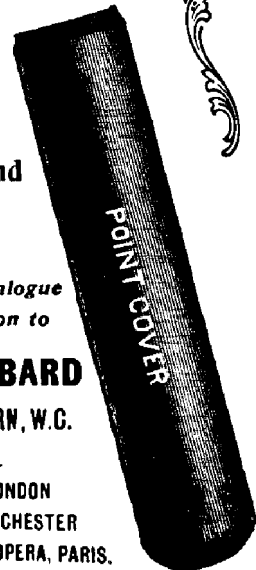
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and it will prove your best friend and remain the companion of your old age. Your school outfit is incomplete without one, and with it writing is improved as well as made easier.



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Stripes or Harlequins
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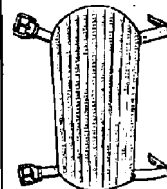
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3.3 " 42- "
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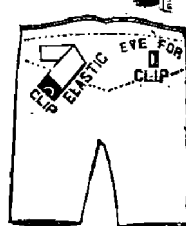


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Cup Tie Ball.

Finest Cowhide.
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BOYS' & YOUTHS' FOOTBALL BOOTS
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Size 2 to 5 5/11. Post. 5.2, 5.11.
" 6 to 11. 4.9.

REFEREE WHISTLE
6d. each.
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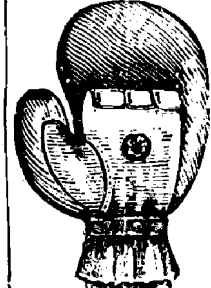
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4lb. per pair. 1.3 10lb. per pair. 3.9
6lb. " 2.3 14lb. " 4.3
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3.3 per set
Super or Stuffed Hair.
4.6 per set
Men's ditto 5.6

"J.P." BANTAM.

Best Gold Cape,
White Palms,
Lace Wrists.
10.6 per set

BOYS' & YOUTHS' GYMNASTIC CLOTHING.

White Knickers, 1.4, 2.2, 3.3 per pair.
" Flannelette Trousers 3.6 "
" Flannel Trousers, 4.6, 5.6, 6.6
per pair.
Postage 3d.
Gym. Vests, White Gauze 1/- each.
" " Trimmed Red or Navy 1.3
each.
" Shoes (White), 1.11 per pair.
" " (Grey) 2.3 "
Postage 3d.

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Are assured to all who commence their daily course with a pure, wholesome, and highly nutritive food beverage such as

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DECEMBER

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS"

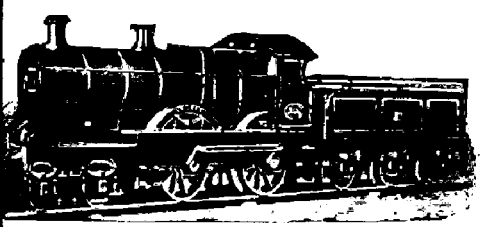
EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG" ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F. WARNER.

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Vol. XIV. No. 81.

DECEMBER, 1905

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LOCOMOTIVES

A CUSTOMER WRITES:

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For fuller particulars of all our Catalogues see page xxiii. of this Magazine.

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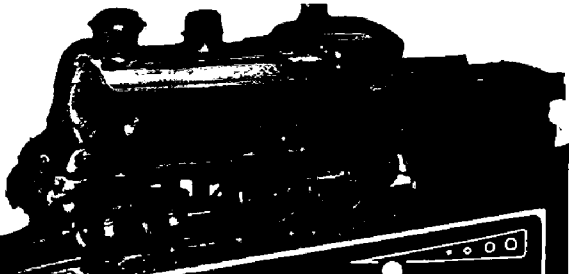
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All the Latest Games for Club and Parlour.

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EARLY! BRING EVERY ONE IN THE FAMILY.
YOU WILL RECEIVE A HEARTY
WELCOME.

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Don't forget to send for
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WHAT MORE SUITABLE PRESENT could you make your boy than that of a really good Model Engine? Can you imagine anything that will give him more genuine pleasure? The various phases and features of railway-work—the generating of steam, the making-up of trains, the signaling, track-designing, etc., afford endless intellectual amusement.

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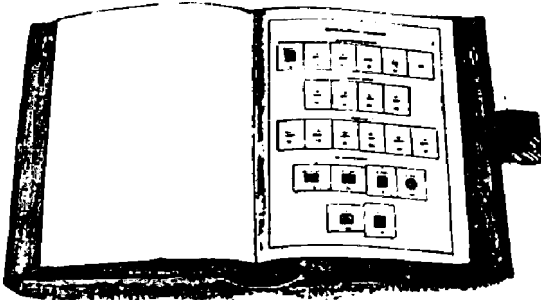
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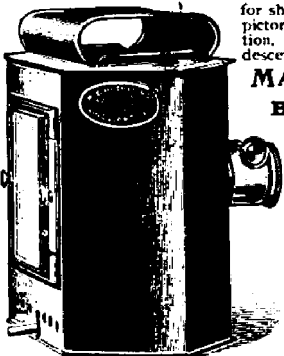
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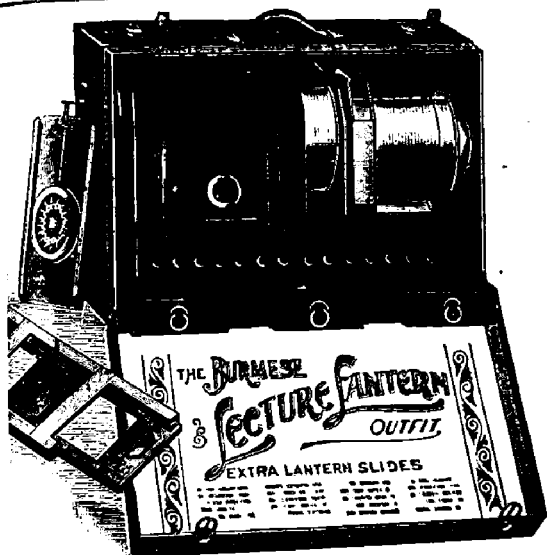
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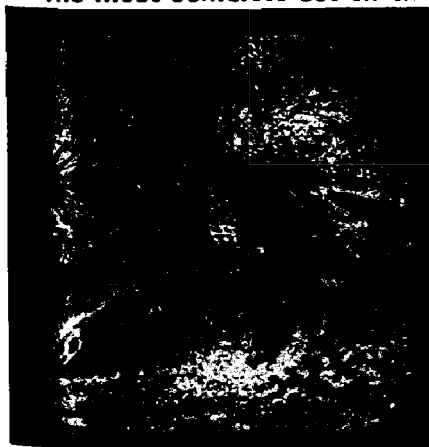
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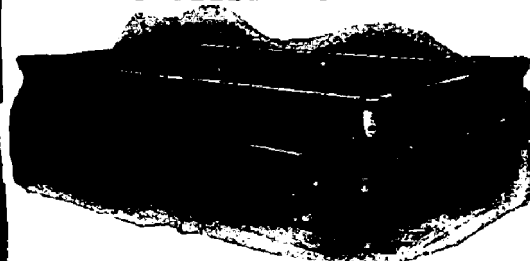
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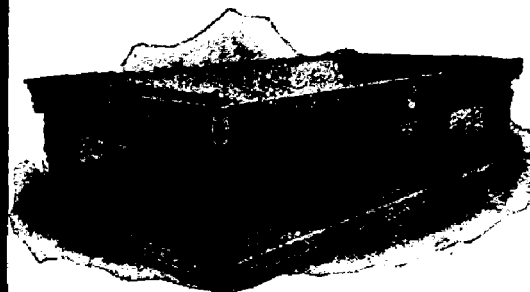
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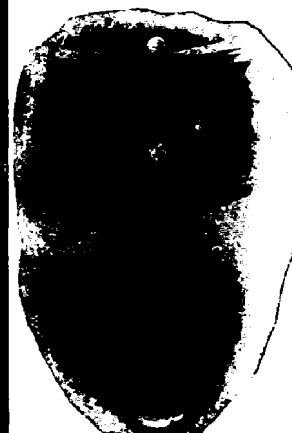
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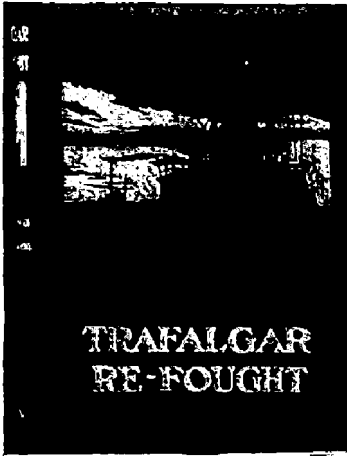
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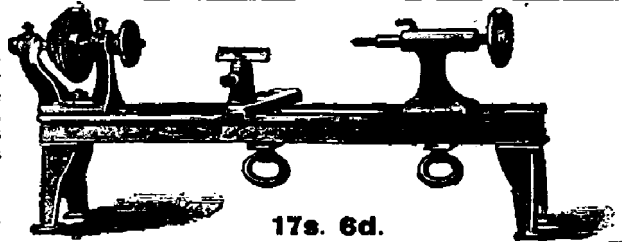
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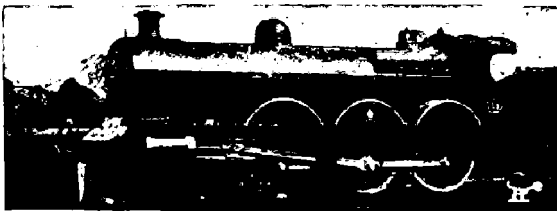
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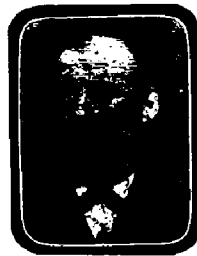
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Sir Lees Knowles, Bart., M.P., describes the duels of German Korps-Students in the December Fry's.

Jack London writes a powerful story, illustrated by Caton Woodville.

C. B. Fry contributes "Kicking Commandments" and "Straight Talk."

Dr. Dabbs writes on Common Sense Pleasures, and gives sound advice.

THE . . .
DECEMBER

FRY'S MAGAZINE.

The December number of FRY'S MAGAZINE is, as the Americans say, "worth while"—that is to say, it is well worth while spending sixpence on a copy. It has the generosity of a Christmas number, but it has *not* an emphatic Christmas flavour. There are plenty of plums inside, but no plum pudding on the cover. As patrons of the bookstalls will immediately see, the cover presents a striking Rugby Football picture in three colours.

A special series of powerful stories, each one complete in itself, by

JACK LONDON,

whose power as a descriptive writer and as a creator of strong situations is pre-eminent, begins in the December number.

"AN OLD INTERNATIONAL"

is the title of another complete story, and is contributed by Mr. Barnes-Austin. It is the tale of a once-celebrated Rugby footballer, who falls from the path of righteousness into the pit of misery and self contempt, and is vividly told.

SIR LEES KNOWLES, Bart., M.P.,

who has recently enjoyed the hospitality of one of the largest Universities in the Fatherland, describes his impressions of

GERMAN STUDENT LIFE

in this issue, and tells readers about the duels, and the picturesque life.

Football, as usual, receives prominent attention. Mr. H. Alexander, the English International, continues his "Points in Rugby Play." His contribution this month deals with

THE ART OF COLLARING,

and is illustrated with a series of remarkably

instructive photographs, quite dramatic in their detail.

KICKING COMMANDMENTS,

(ILLUSTRATED BY C. B. FRY.)

is a feature appealing to Association readers Those who appreciated "Cricket Faults" in the summer will, the Editor hopes, find this series no less useful.

THE PARLIAMENT OF CYCLING

is the title of a contribution from the pen of Mr S. R. Noble, the secretary of the National Cyclists' Union. It takes you behind the scenes of the great administrative body which controls the destinies of wheelmen, makes their laws, and organises many of their great races.

Golfers are served by an article on

CURIOUS GOLF LIES,

which gives instances of many amusing and embarrassing incidents actually experienced on the links. A special portrait of James Braid, the Open Champion, is also included.

Then the army of hockey players will read and follow with great interest a fully-illustrated article on

HOW TO SCORE GOALS,

in which the actual methods of such experts as S. H. Shoveller, T. Pethick and Eric Green are graphically photographed and explained.

Remember, too, that another instalment of famous footballers, to the identity of whom is attached

£50 in Prizes,

is found in the December Fry's.



R. J. Mcreedy writes on coming Motoring and Cycling Improvements.

H. Alexander, the Rugby International, contributes "The Art of Collaring."

S. R. Noble, the Secretary of the N.C.U., deals with "The Parliament of Cycling."

S. H. Shoveller, the English International, co-operates in a hockey feature of interest to every player of both sexes.

Photos, Elliott & Fry, "Fry's Magazine," and F. A. MacKenzie.

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F. MEREDITH CLEASE, Ph.L.D.

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Three years member of Physical Training Staff in British Army at Aldershot.

Director of Exercise Haileybury College, Hertford, England.

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- Incurved Back.
- Weak Ankles.
- Flat Foot.
- *Stomach Trouble.
- *Lung Trouble.
- Stunted Growth.
- Ungainly Walk.
- *Curvature of Spine.
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- Superfluous Flesh.
- Prominent Hips.
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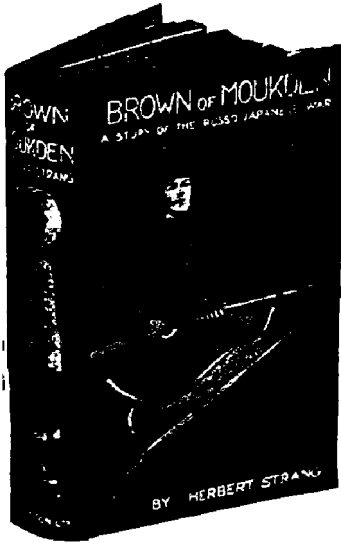
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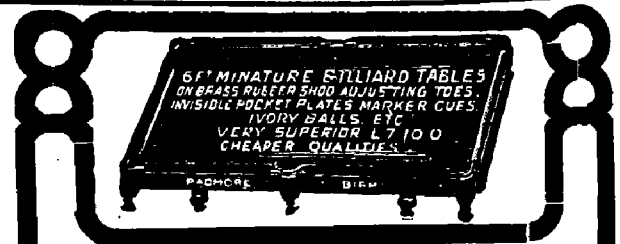
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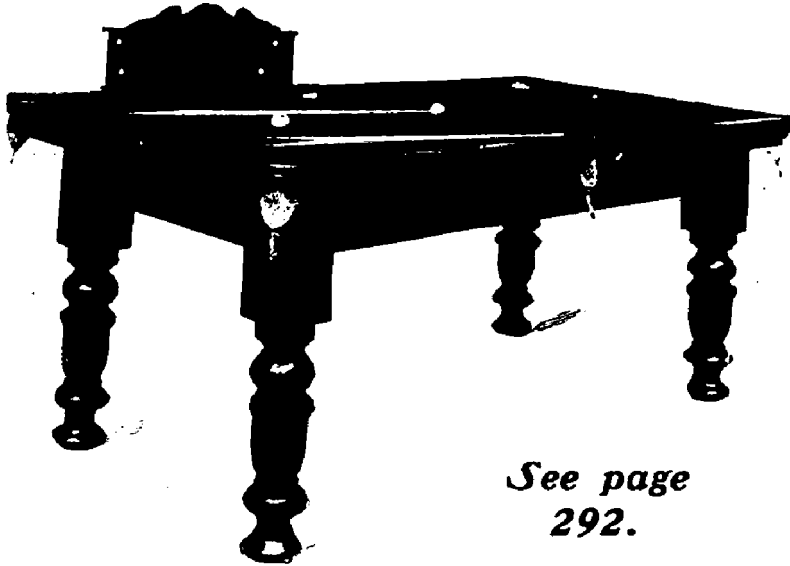
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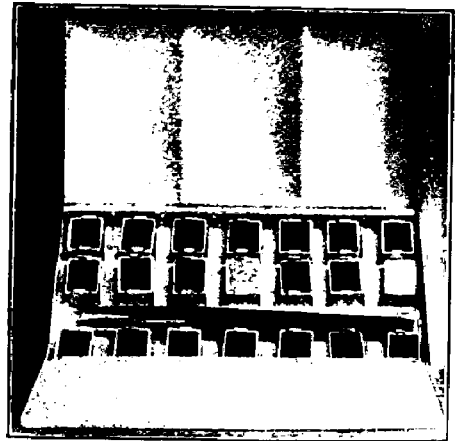
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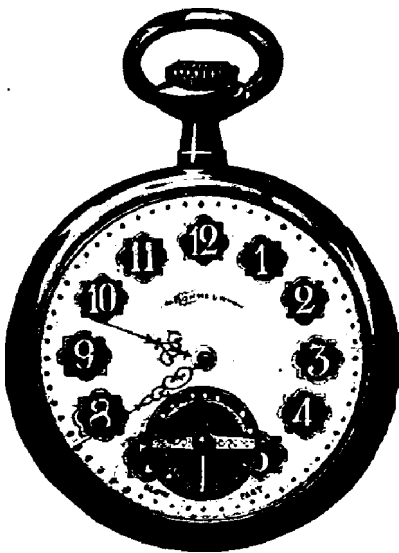
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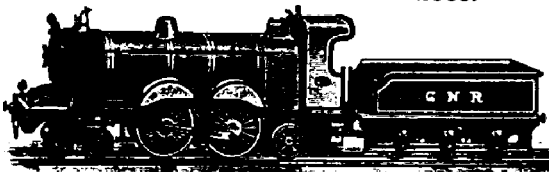
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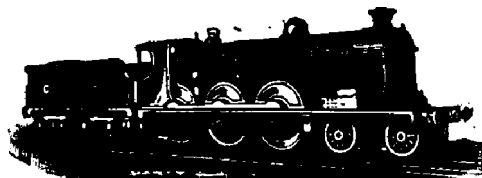
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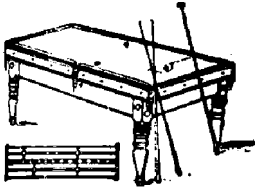
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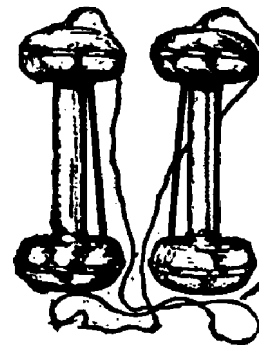
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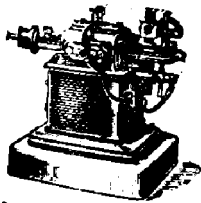
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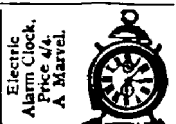


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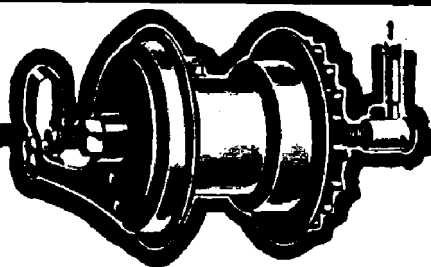
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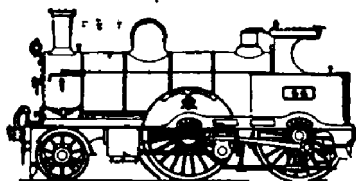
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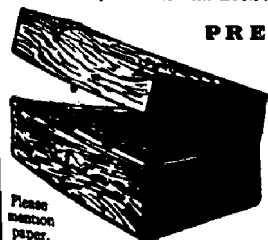
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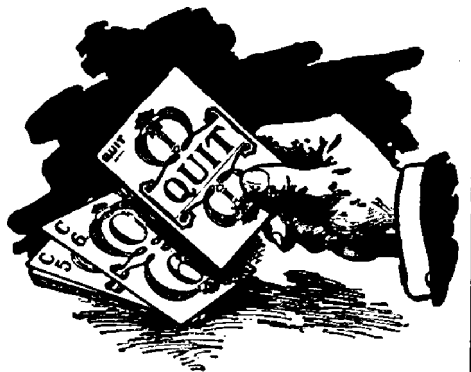
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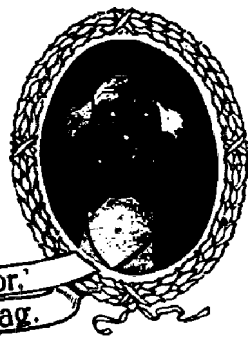
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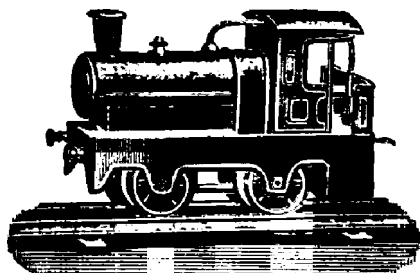
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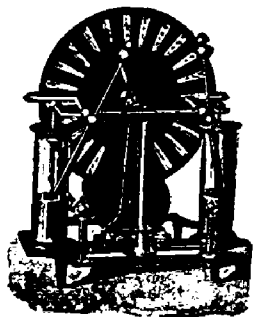
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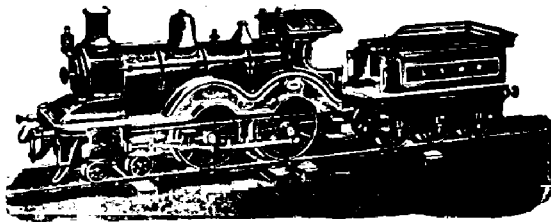
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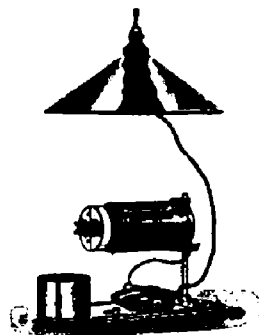
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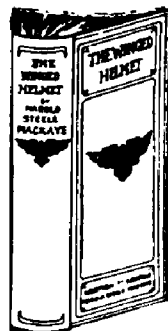
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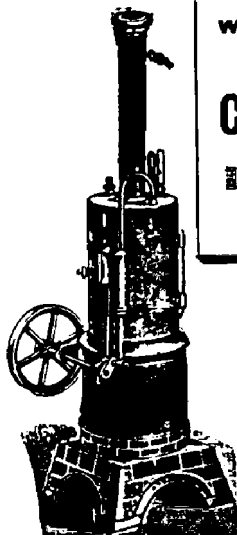
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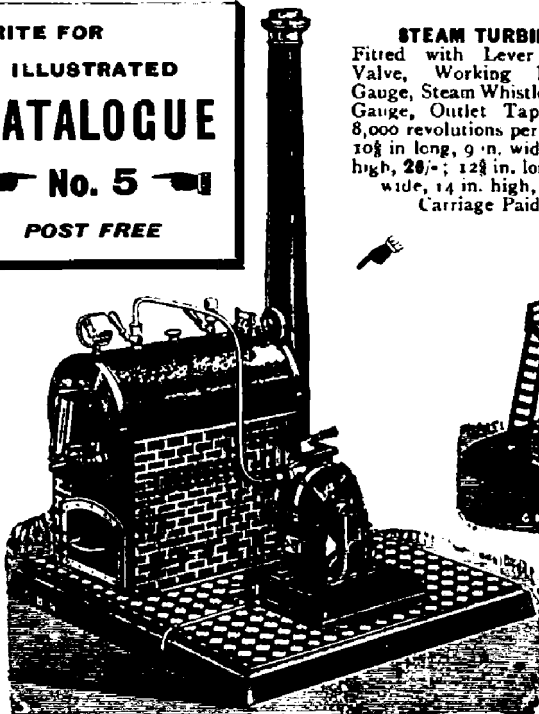
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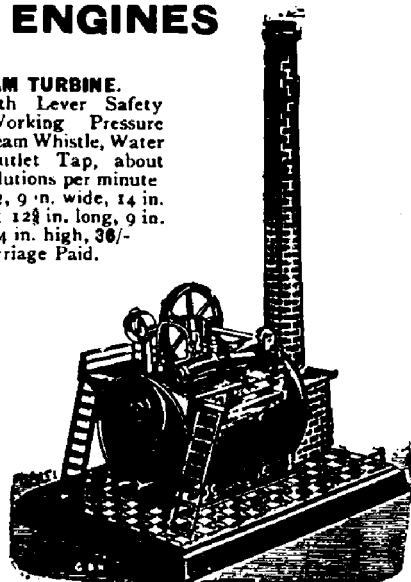


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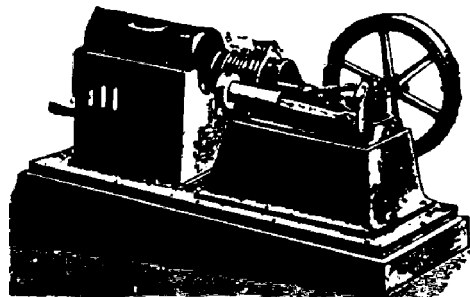
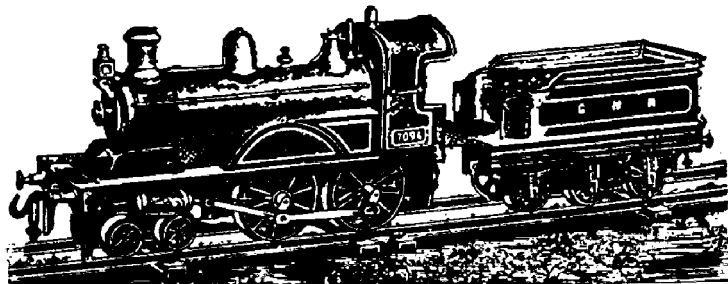
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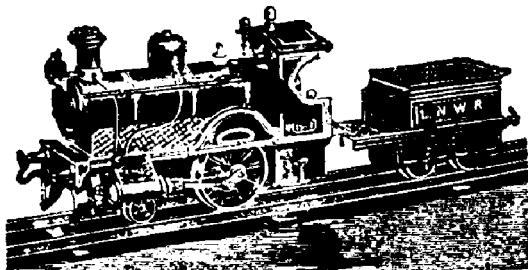
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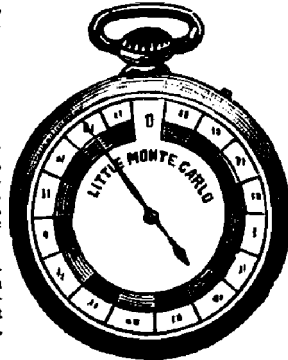
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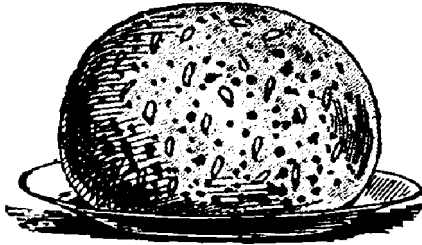
The "Monte Carlo Pocket" Roulette. A very handy little article for a railway journey. Perfectly accurate. Price 9d. each, post free. 1s. Superior quality, price 3s. 11d., post free, 4s. 3d.



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This is a round India-rubber Ball, and when pressed, out pops Punch and Judy. Very funny and amusing. Price 6d.; post free, 8d.

Same as above. **Black & White Cats.** Price 6d. Post free, 8d.

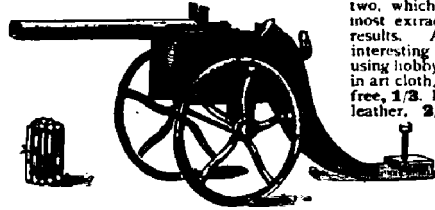


The Christmas Plum Pudding. When uncovered it immediately rises to the ceiling. Price 2/-, Postage 3d. extra.

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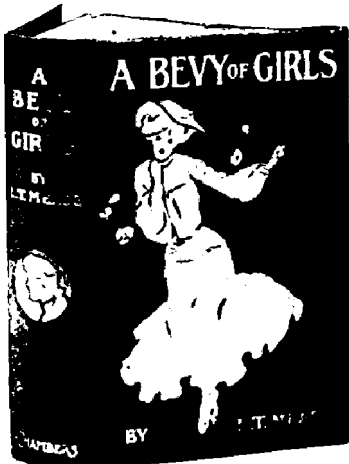


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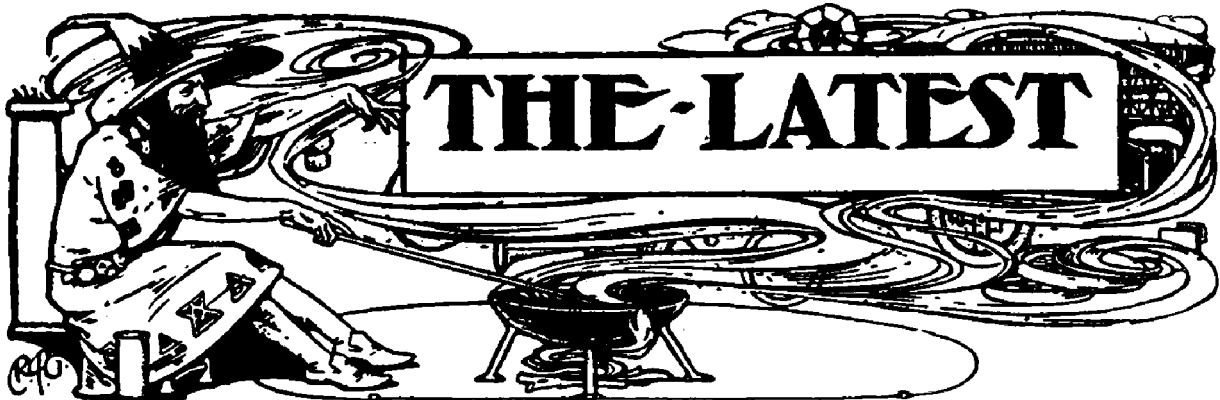
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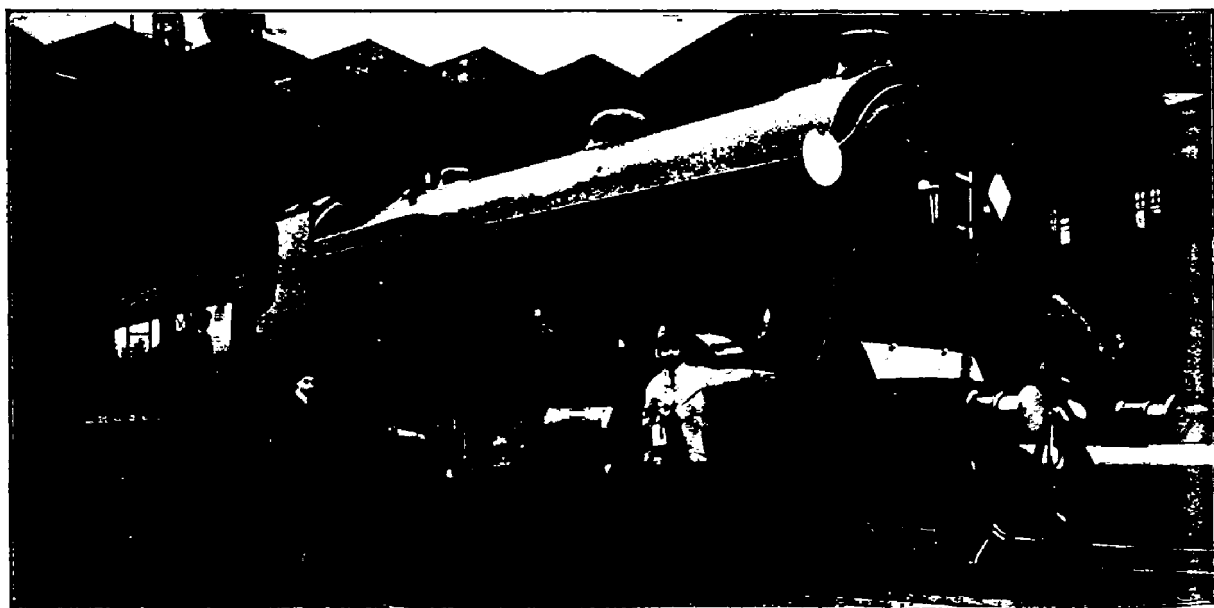
FIVE express passenger locomotives of great size and power have just been built at Nine Elms Works for use on the London and South Western Railway's main line. Each engine has four simple cylinders of equal diameter, the inside cylinders driving the first pair of coupled wheels, and those outside, the second pair. The fire-box is of the water-tube pattern, and a patent spark-arrester and fuel economiser are fitted inside the smoke-box. The heating surface is 2727 sq. ft., the largest yet given to a British passenger express engine. The diameter of the driving-wheels is 6 ft., the cylinders measure 16 in. by 24 in., and the weight of the locomotive without the tender is seventy-three tons.

These engines will work the fast trains to and from Plymouth. Hitherto the Great Western has had the longest route to the West of

England, but by constructing new lines it will soon have a slightly shorter route than its rival. Therefore the South Western has decided to increase the speed of its trains, and that is why the new engines here described came to be built.

Wireless Telegraphy in Miniature.

THE ingenuity of the model-maker knows no end, and almost before the latest scientific inventions are perfected in actual practice, working models of them are produced. Messrs. Richford and Co., 153 Fleet Street, London, E.C., have just introduced a complete model apparatus for wireless telegraphy on the Marconi system. The apparatus, which costs £3 4s., consists of a transmitter with tapping key, Ruhmkorff spark-inductor, condenser, air wire, &c. This model is of really high-class finish, and works accurately and faultlessly over any distances up to about sixty yards.



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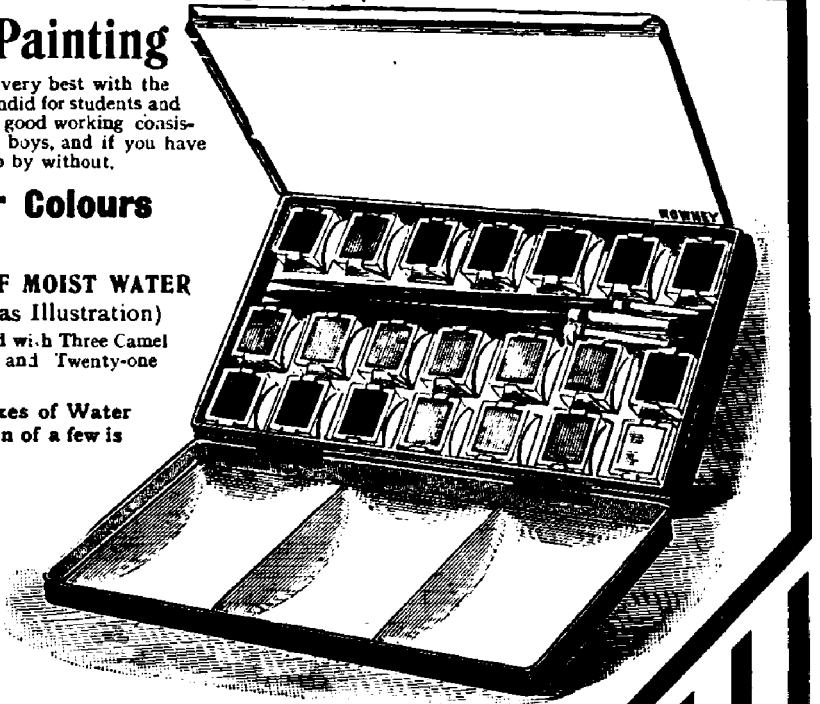
No. 29. FIVE SHILLING BOX OF MOIST WATER COLOURS IN CHINA PANS (as Illustration)

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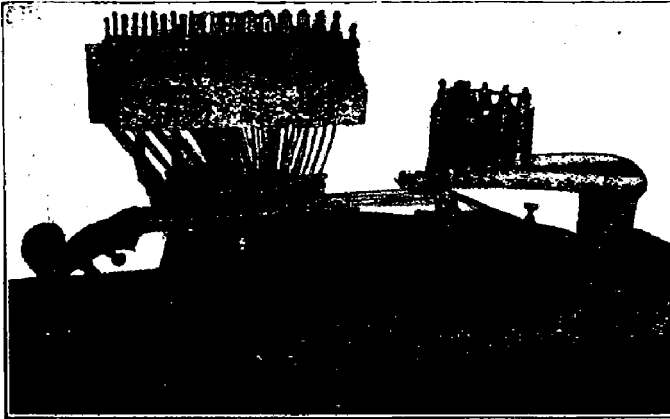
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THE LATEST IN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

An Electric Violin.

THE accompanying illustration of an electric violin shows the very latest development in automatic mechanical musical instruments. Instead of a bow, there are four revolving discs composed of celluloid and rosin. These discs constantly revolve when the machine is running, and one or more of them is brought in contact with the strings, at the right moment, by means of electro magnets. At the instant any disc touches a string, an "electric finger" presses the same string in the correct position, just as a musician would do. The violin illustrated has fifty-eight of these "electric fingers." Wires connected with the discs and the "fingers" pass into the lower part of the case containing the violin. Each of the wires ends in a small brass strip or contact point, which rests on the score (a strip of perforated paper) and this passes over a brass cylinder, thus completing the electric circuit and operating the magnets that control the

movements of the discs and fingers. A long perforation, therefore, produces a long note, and a short perforation a correspondingly shorter note. It is claimed that the electric violin can do what no human player can accomplish, viz., produce a sound on two or more strings at the same instant, thus giving an orchestral effect.

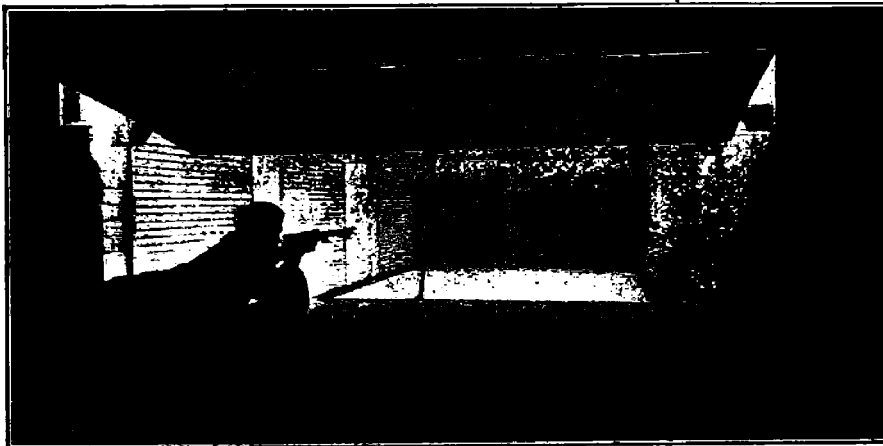
Miniature Rifle Ranges.

Two of the illustrations on this page show how a space between two warehouses in London has been transformed into a shooting-range. This miniature rifle range, which has been built by Dr. Jaeger's Company for their workpeople, is twenty-eight yards in length, and is so pro-



A LONDON CITY ROOF—

Photo. C H. Park.



—CONVERTED INTO A RIFLE RANGE.

Photo. C H. Park.

TECTED by metal shields, shutters, and brickwork, that there is no risk from stray bullets. The range was recently opened by Earl Roberts—his daughter, Lady Aileen Roberts, firing the first shot.

The difficulty of providing ranges, especially for townsmen, is one of the chief obstructions to the spread of rifle-shooting as a sport and pastime. The example of Dr. Jaeger's Company might well be followed by other city firms.

I KNOW WHAT I WANT!

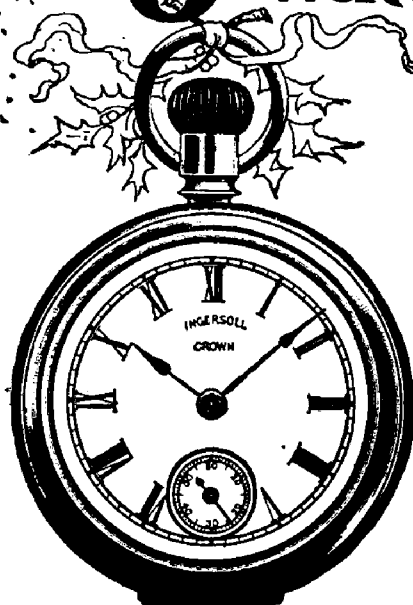
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A QUIET GAME OF "QUIT."

A Tramcar Novelty.

AN American firm of tramcar builders are shipping some odd electric tramcars to Cape Town, South Africa. These cars are divided into three compartments, one for first-class passengers, seating four people, and making a room about 6 ft. by 7 ft.; another compartment for luggage; and a third for third-class passengers. What happens to the second-class passengers is not stated; perhaps they get out and shove. The body of the car is 15 ft. long, with windows that can be pushed out of the way, making a semi-open car in hot weather.

"Quit"—the New Card Game.

"QUIT" is the latest card game that has really "caught on." Our illustration gives some idea of the interest aroused by a game of "Quit," and many people consider it the finest card game invented during the last half-century. Though sufficiently simple for a child to enjoy, there is yet skill enough required in "Quit" to make it interesting to the ablest player of whist. It is full of variety, life, and



A "QUIT" HAND.

spirit, whilst numerous chances are afforded for good judgment. "Quit" may be obtained from any stationers, or direct from the patentees, Messrs. Parker Brothers, Lovell's Court, London, E.C.

Respiratory Apparatus for Firemen.

AN ingenious respiratory apparatus for firemen is now in use in the United States. It consists of a hood lined with oiled silk to cover the face and head, and an air cylinder which is strapped on the back. The cylinder is divided into three chambers, and carries enough air to last one man an hour. The air is conveyed to the headpiece by a rubber tube, the exhaled air passing out through a valve in front of the mouth. The main supply of air comes from the outer cylinders; the middle one is only intended to

be drawn upon after the other two are exhausted, as the air there is more strongly compressed. The apparatus does not impede a fireman in his work, as its total weight is only 23 lb.



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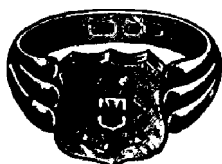
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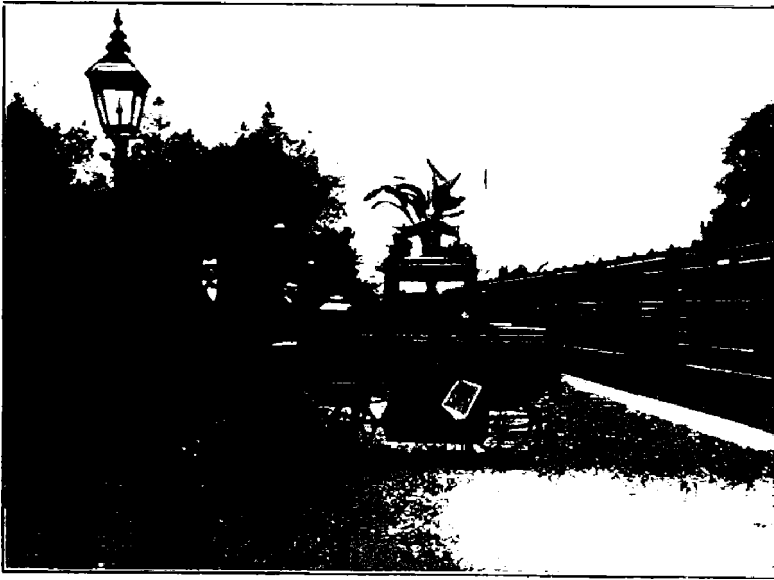
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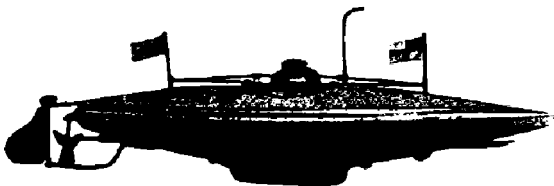
NEW TRAVELLING TEA STALLS ON THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

A Travelling Railway Tea Stall.

THE latest aids to the comfort of railway travelling are the travelling tea and light refreshment stalls which have recently been introduced into this country by the Midland Railway. Our illustration, taken from the *Railway Gazette*, shows what they are like. Their great feature is a gas-heated boiler carried below the body of the stall, which provides boiling water for making tea, coffee, and other hot beverages. Moreover, they save many a hurried rush to the refreshment rooms.

A Model Submarine.

ONE of the most interesting models on the market is Messrs. Hamley's new Model Submarine. It is controlled by clockwork, and, when once wound up, makes a long circular trip, diving and rising alternately. In a word, this model submarine imitates in a surprising manner the movements of its large prototypes. First, it floats for a short time on the surface of the water, then it



A MINIATURE SUBMARINE.

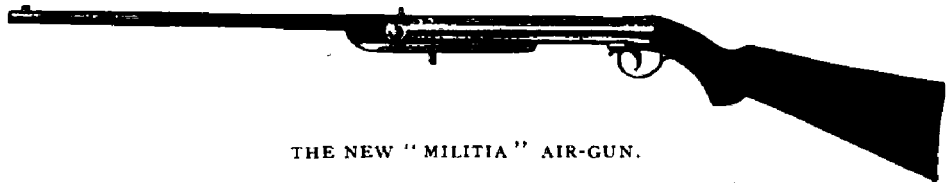
disappears from view, reappearing again at a spot which even the most attentive onlooker cannot determine. Messrs. Hamley Bros., of High Holborn, London, E.C., are the makers of this ingenious model. Another of their latest novelties is the model motor-car, illustrated at the foot of this page.

A New Air-gun.

WE illustrate herewith the new "Militia Air-Gun," made by Messrs. Martin Pulverman and Co., 26 Minorities, E.C., which is one of the most practical and accurate air-guns on the market. It has special sights, and opens and closes automatically. One great advantage is that slugs for it can be obtained from any dealer at a shilling a thousand.

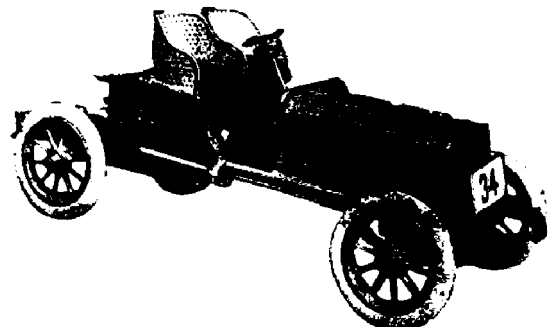
Outline Letters on Glass.

THE following is a simple method of burning outline letters on glass, which will be found very useful by those who may wish to engrave their names upon private property, or affix an indelible inscription upon a window. Write

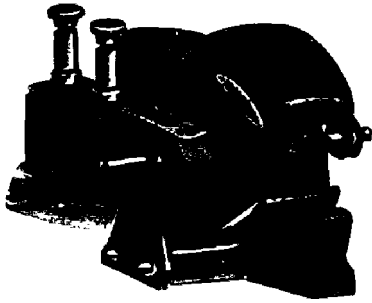


THE NEW "MILITIA" AIR-GUN.

the letters in with a weak solution of white matting acid. This will roughen the surface of the glass. Then gild the letters with isinglass size, bringing the gold beyond the letters in order to obtain a bright margin line. Then write the whole of the letters, centre and edges, with japan gold size and red lead. When dry, the surplus gold can be removed with water.



A NEW MODEL MOTOR-CAR.



NEW ELECTRIC MOTORS

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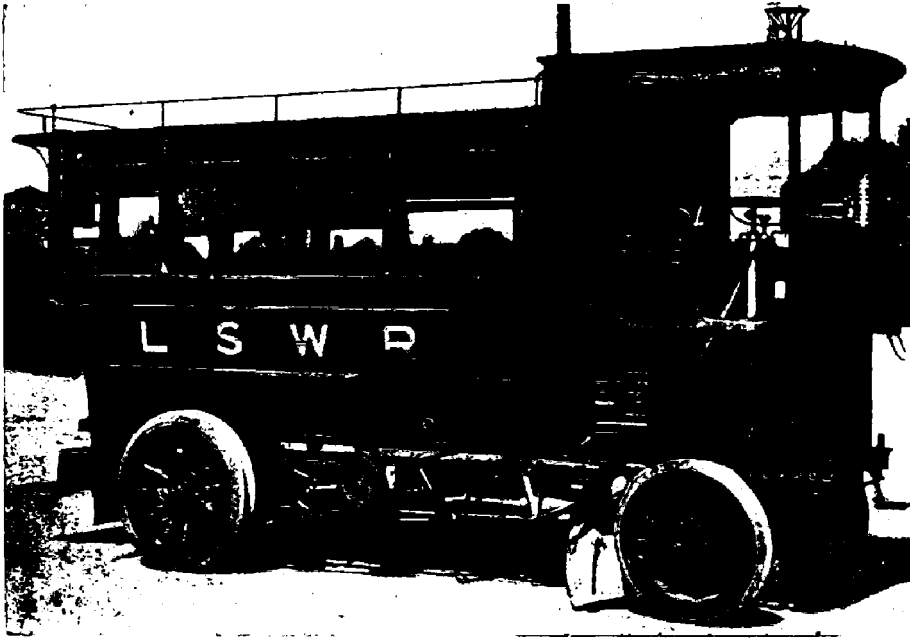
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The DAISY AIR GUN, complete with Slugs, Darts and Targets, 3/- post paid.
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A MOTOR-BUS FOR COUNTRY LANES.

Instantaneous X-Ray Photographs.

THE long exposures required in X-ray photography have been a great disadvantage in its use for practical purposes. After many experiments, however, Professor Rieder and Dr. Joseph Rosenthal, of Munich, have succeeded in taking instantaneous X-ray photographs. The apparatus used includes strong electric currents, especially good X-ray tubes, very sensitive photographic films, and intensifying screens. Photographs of the human chest were recently taken in less than a second, the patient ceasing to breathe in the meantime.

Taking photographs between heart-beats was another important experiment tried. The period of exposure required was measured by a contrivance, consisting of a wooden disc, 39 in. in diameter and covered with lead. A sector, one-seventh of the entire surface, was cut from the disc. The object to be photographed and the sensitive plate were placed behind the disc, and the X-ray apparatus in front of it. The disc was revolved on its centre once in a second, and the open place in it exposed the plate to the rays just

one-seventh of that period.

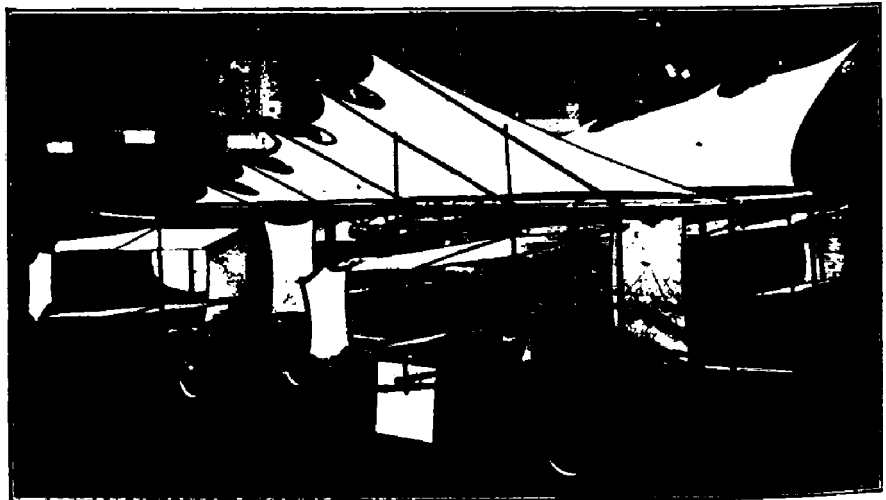
The Motor-Buses.

RAILWAYS steadily continue to link up their branch-lines by the aid of road motor-car services. Some of them have already been illustrated in these pages. The latest road motor-car is that built by Messrs. Clarkson, Limited, of Chelmsford, for the London and South Western Railway. Accommodation is provided for sixteen persons inside, and there are seats for two more passengers in the driver's cab, which is placed un-

usually high in order that he may have a clear view over the hedges. This arrangement contributes materially to the safe working through the narrow lanes with their sharp turnings.

Still Trying to Fly.

THE accompanying photograph shows Dr. Barton's latest aeroplane. It may be said that, though many efforts have been made with a view to solving the problem of aerial flight, they do not seem to bring the solution any nearer. But scoffers would do well to remember that no great scientific discovery has been made without years of constant study and seemingly fruitless experiment.



DR. BARTON'S NEW AEROPLANE.



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7 ft.	11 Gns.	10 ft.	£24 10s.
8 ft.	15 Gns.	Full size (8 legs)	From £36 to £100

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DON'T BUY A **PORTABLE**. It will not keep true, and you can't lift it. These tables can be had without stands, and specially made to go on your own Dining Table, and will then convert into a Dining Table 6 ft. by 3 ft., 7 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in., and so on. **ONCE FIXED, ALWAYS TRUE: WE GUARANTEE THIS.** No injury to your Dining Table. No cumbersome table to lift, or make the room or hall unsightly.

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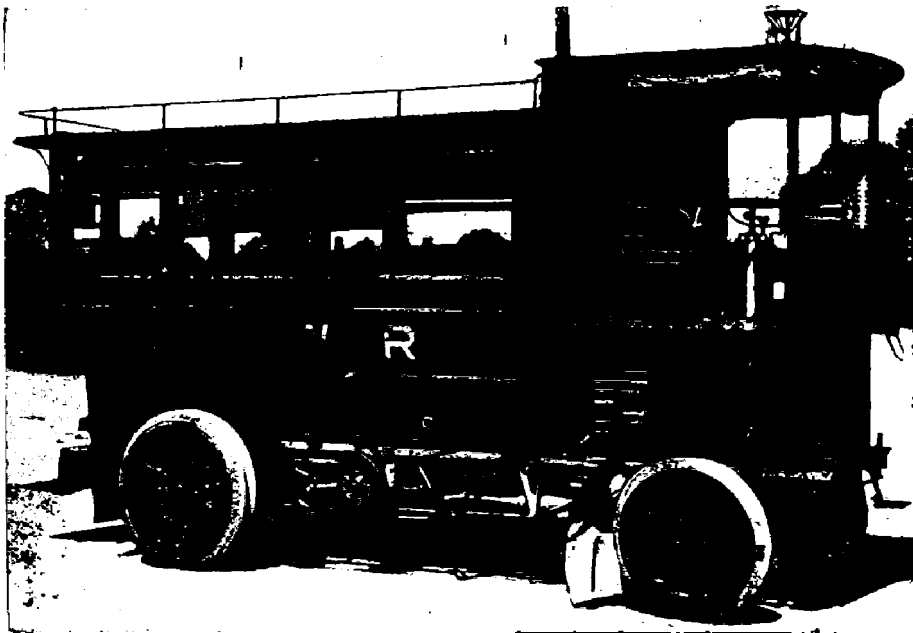
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one - seventh of that period.

The Motor-Buses.

RAILWAYS steadily continue to link up their branch-lines by the aid of road motor-car services. Some of them have already been illustrated in these pages. The latest road motor-car is that built by Messrs. Clarkson, Limited, of Chelmsford, for the London and South Western Railway. Accommodation is provided for sixteen persons inside, and there are seats for two more passengers in the driver's cab, which is placed un-

usually high in order that he may have a clear view over the hedges. This arrangement contributes materially to the safe working through the narrow lanes with their sharp turnings.

Still Trying to Fly.

THE accompanying photograph shows Dr. Barton's latest aeroplane. It may be said that, though many efforts have been made with a view to solving the problem of aerial flight, they do not seem to bring the solution any nearer. But scoffers would do well to remember that no great scientific discovery has been made without years of constant study and seemingly fruitless experiment.



DR. BARTON'S NEW AEROPLANE.



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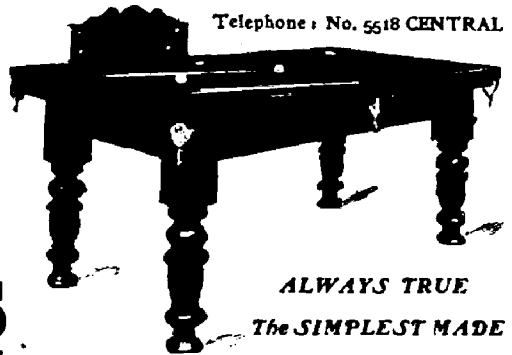
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Photo. Newses.

President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. Vice-Presidents, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE,

LEAGUE NOTES FOR DECEMBER 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.

I have a great many interesting letters this month that I cannot find space to deal with as they deserve, but must hold over for the *B.E.L. Gazette*. On the whole, it is pleasing to note that the League was never in a more promising condition. The branches in the Colonies are most enthusiastic, and new clubs are being opened in every part of his Majesty's dominions.

At home there is every prospect that the local branches will be more active than ever. The Pictorial Postcard and Photographic Clubs, and the Foreign Stamp Exchanges have increased in popularity, and promise to be more extensively used than before. The reduction of the rate of postage to Australia has already caused a great impetus in the exchange of communications between the Homeland and these great Colonies.

The branches in Malta, Canada, Sierra Leone, and the Gold Coast, Newfoundland, British Guiana, Australia, and New Zealand are all in a flourishing condition. Events in the Far East have lately brought this quarter into greater prominence, and there are requests from B.E.L. members to know more of its characteristics and resources. It is hoped that, now the Russo-Japanese War is over, arrangements may be made whereby we shall be able to establish new branches in all the important towns in which Boys of our Empire are interested. The membership of the League is

steadily and surely increasing, and altogether the prospects of the League are rosier than ever. Summer in England, when most boys are giving up their spare time to athletics and out-door games, is usually a quiet time, but it must not be forgotten that our League is world-wide, and that when it is summer here it is winter elsewhere; and there true British boys are working for and maintaining the aims and ideals of the League.

B.E.L. OFFICIAL STAMP EXCHANGE.—Hon. President, Howard H. Spicer, Esq. This flourishing club has now nearly seventy members in Great Britain, and twenty in the Colonies. Splendid monthly packets, average value £15, are being sent out. Sales average 20 per cent., and some superb stamps are being exchanged. New members are wanted, and all stamp collectors will find it to their advantage to join the club. Rules and full information sent post free from W. A. Nixon, General Secretary, 7 Oak Road, Sale, Cheshire; T. W. Thornborrow, London Secretary, 125 Dalling Road, Hammersmith, W.; and P. Wington, Colonial Secretary, Hayse, Uxbridge.

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. Up to the present, the success of the Colonial Correspondence Section has exceeded our expectations, but there is still room for extension. Full particulars of this branch can be obtained by writing to headquarters as above. Readers of THE CAPTAIN, on becoming members of the B.E.L., can now be put into communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

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To Readers of "The Captain."

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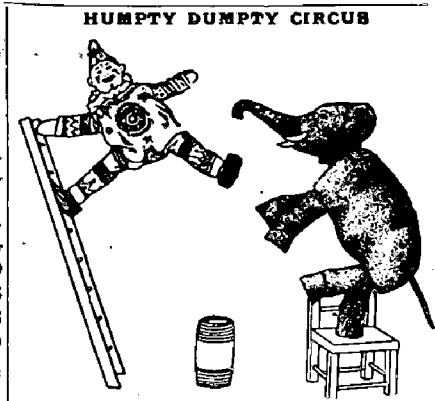
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JANUARY

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By the Rev. J. M. BACON.

THE CAPTAIN

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FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS"**

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F. WARNER.

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Vol. XIV. No. 82.

JANUARY, 1906

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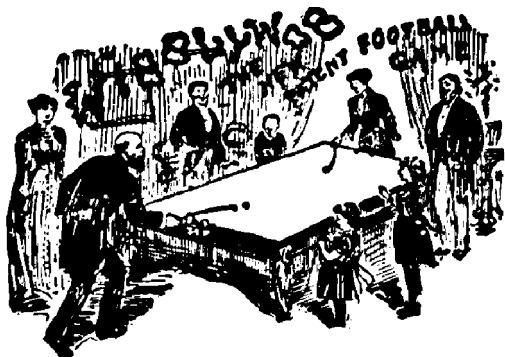
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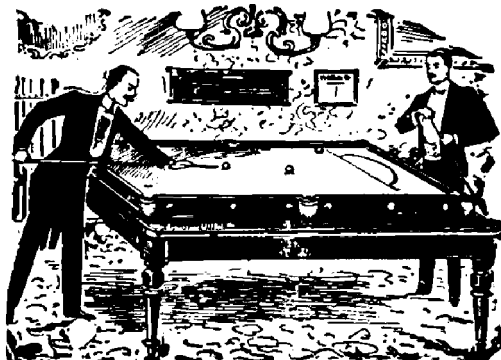
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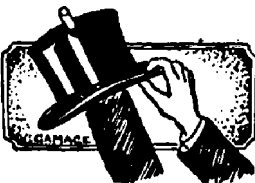
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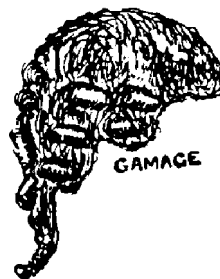


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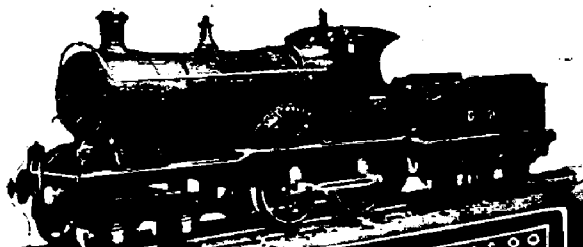
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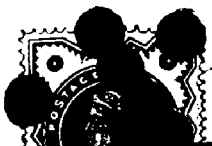
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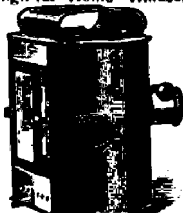
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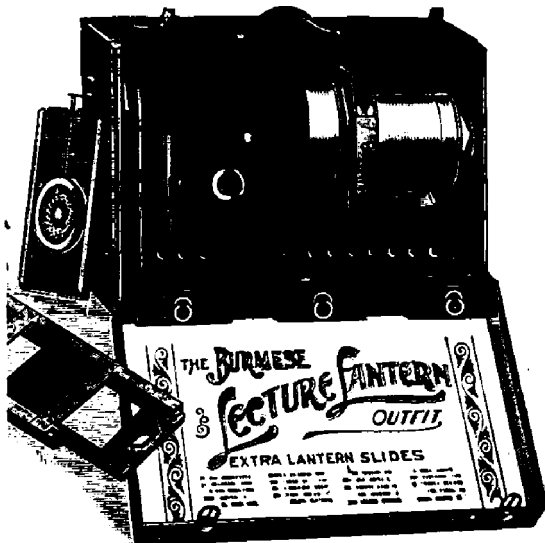
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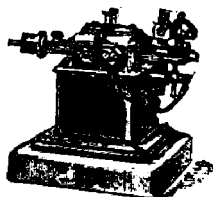
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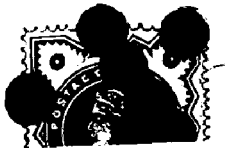
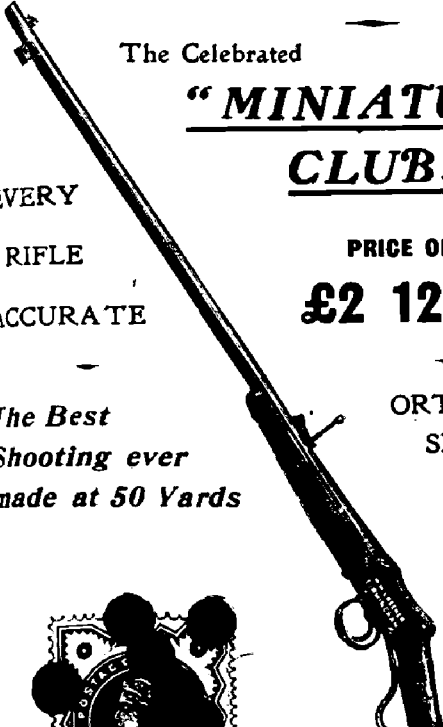
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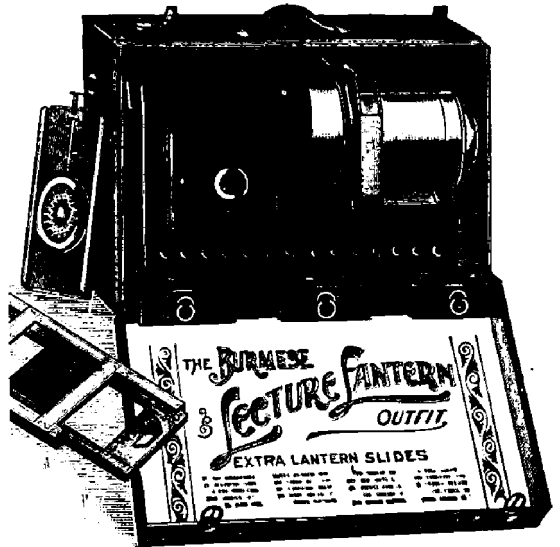
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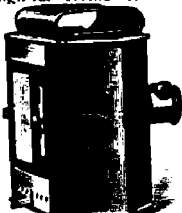
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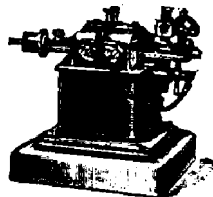
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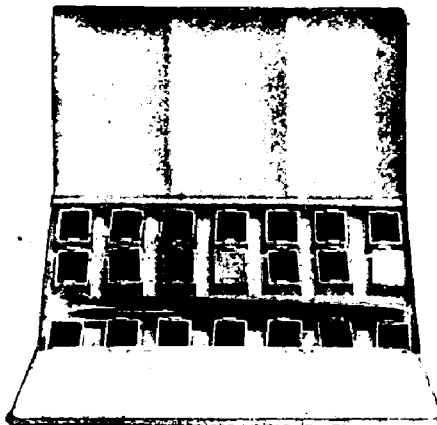
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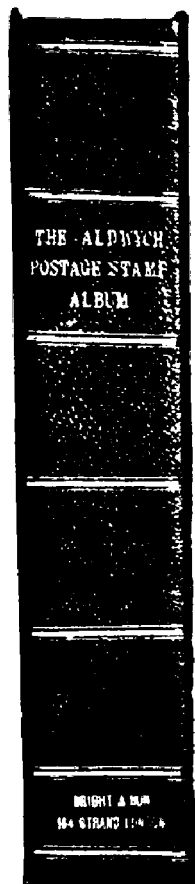
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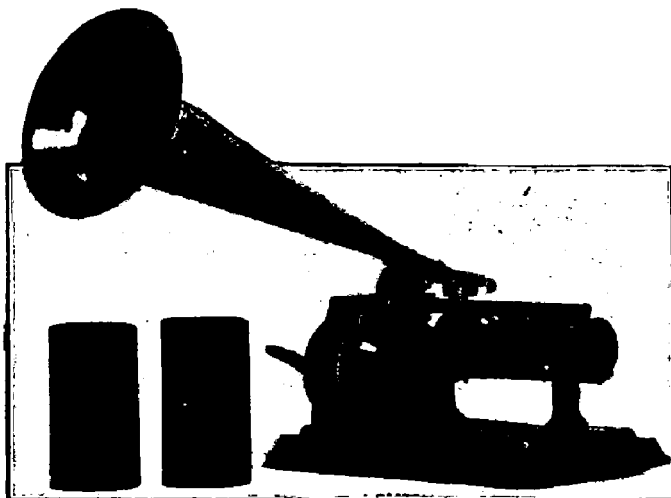
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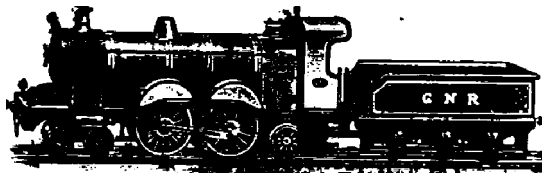
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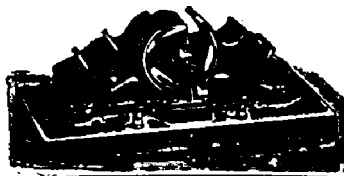
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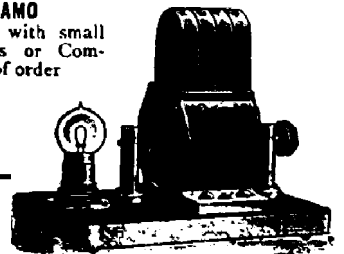
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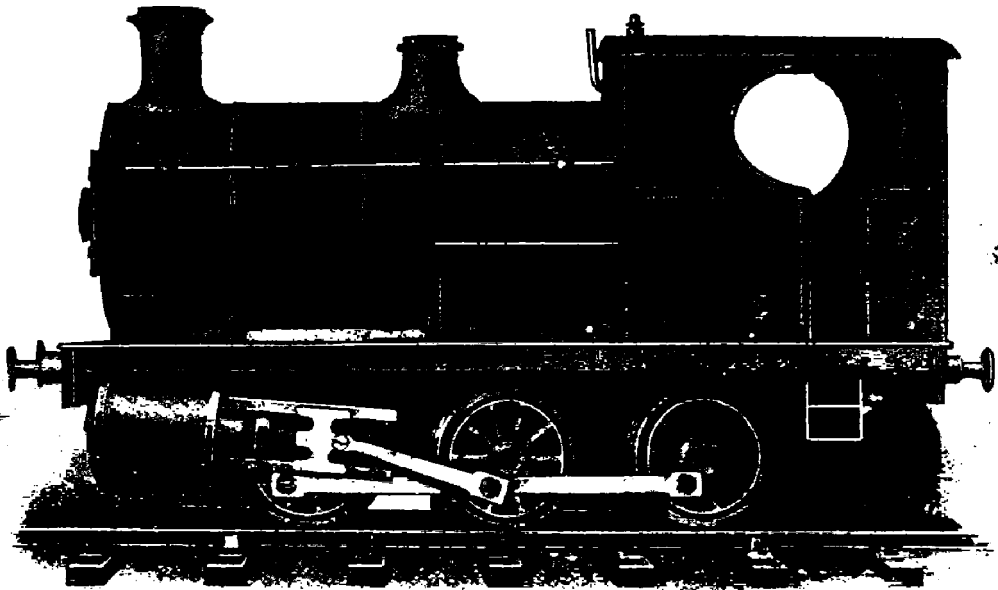
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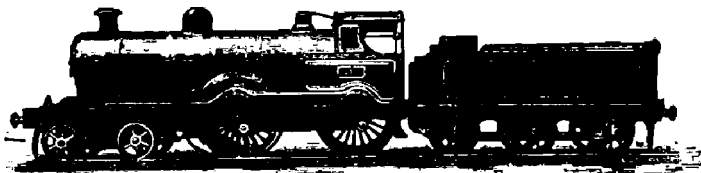


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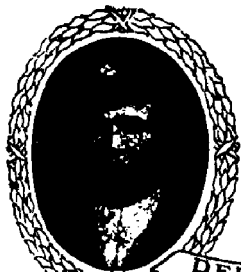
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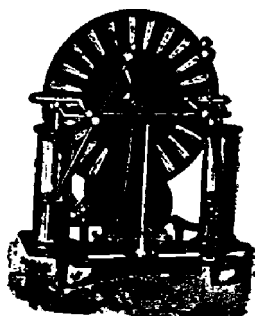
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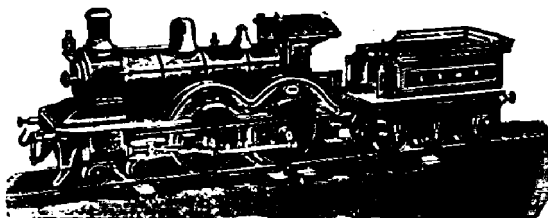
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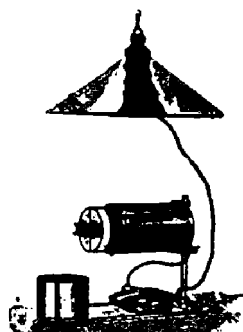
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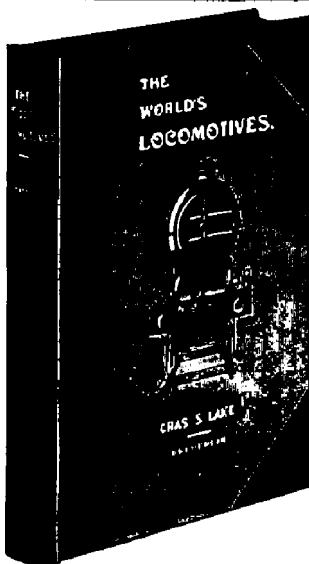
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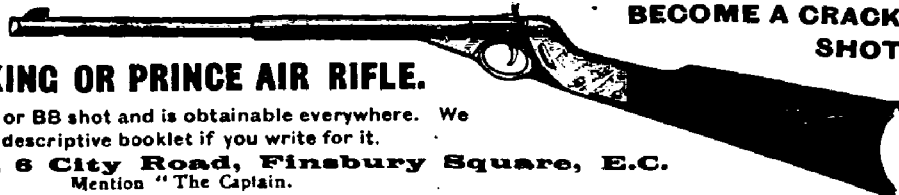
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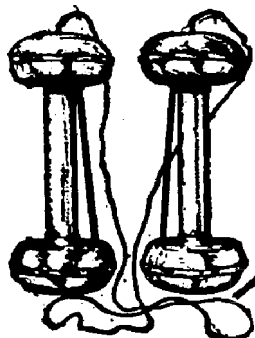
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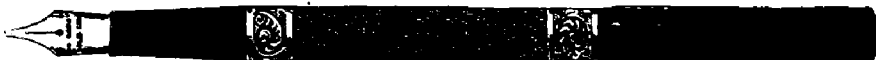
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Length of Engine and Tender, about 24 feet.
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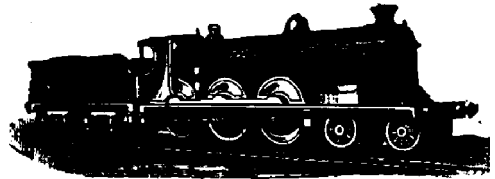
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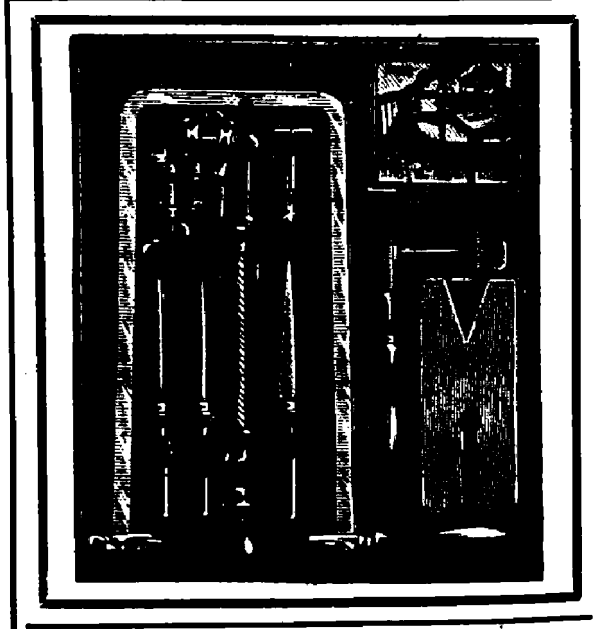
HULL.—As illustrated, 4 feet long, with 4-bladed Propeller, Helm, Patent Steering Apparatus, etc. Weight, with Engine and Boiler, 21 lbs. Price, **£5 5s. 6d.** Engine and Boiler without Hull, **7/6**, Carriage Free.

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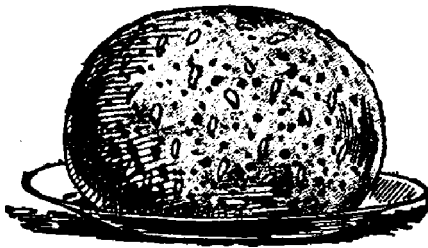
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Made in Gold Beater's Skin for inflating with gas. These puddings are put on to a dish under a cover, and when it is removed fly up to the ceiling, causing much amusement. Price 2/-; Post Free, 2/3.



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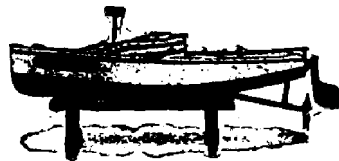
A very clever little Novelty. The animated Jap worked on the fingers. Very laughable and amusing. Price 6jd. Post Free, 8jd.

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A small Camera with a ball inside to fill with water, which when pressed squirts out, causing roars of laughter.

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The New Motor Racing Boat. A Model of the Motor Racing Boat Napier Minor, which winds up and goes by clockwork in the water, very strong and beautifully finished mechanism. As illustrated.

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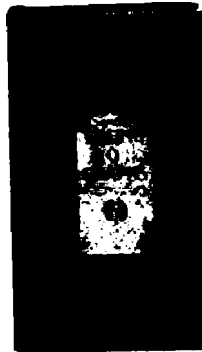
Large size, with brass ventilator, beautifully enamelled. Price 11/0; Post Free, 12/6.

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A nickel tube in the shape of a telescope, with a place to look through at the top. You ask someone to look through it, and regulate it to suit the sight by twisting the screw, when he is surprised by receiving a shower of water in his face. Price 1/-; Post Free, 1/3.



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The Thumbograph, a novel book for collecting the imprints of your friends' thumbs, also their autographs. Price, bound in art cloth, 1/-; Post Free, 1/3. Bound in leather, 2/-; Post Free, 2/3.

Boxes of Drawing Room Fireworks.

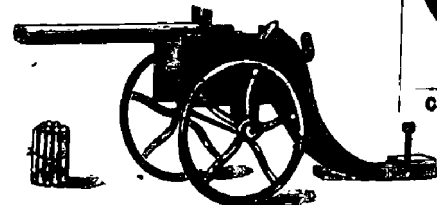
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Boxes of Conjuring Tricks, 1/3, 2/0, 6/-, 11/3, 16/-, 22/6. Post Free.

The Cat Ball.

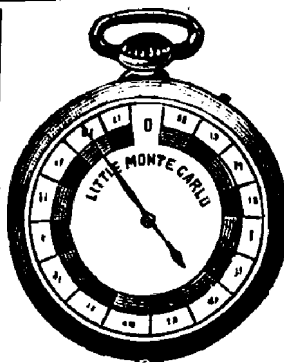
A Round India Rubber Ball, and when it is pressed, out pops a White Cat one side, and the other side a Black one. Price 6d. Post Free, 8d.

Same as above with Punch and Judy popping up. Price 6d. Post Free, 8d.



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A pretty little book, so ruled that you can collect your Friends' Birthdays, Nicknames and Autographs. Price 1/- bound in cloth. Bound in leather, 2/- Post Free, 2/3.

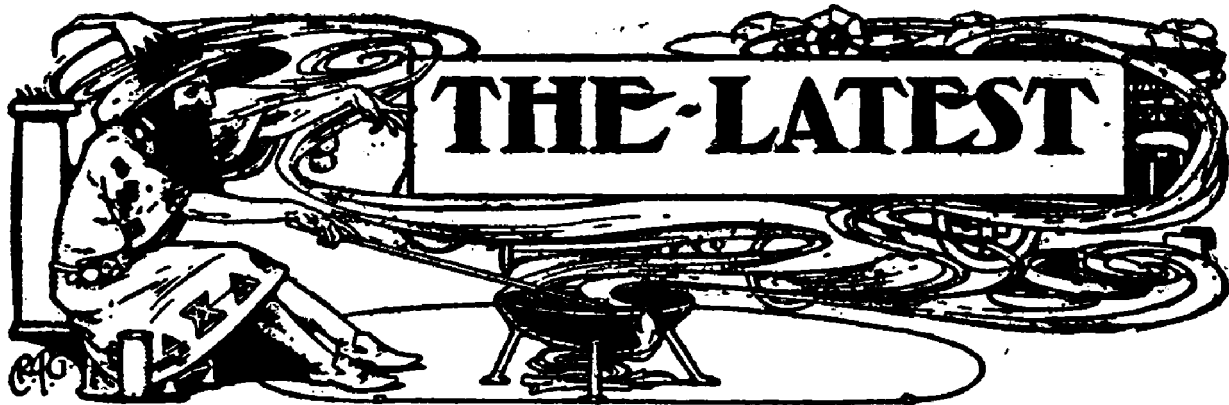
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The New Pictorial Game of Noah's Ark. The pack comprised of 17 Families and Noah. Price 10jd. Post Free, 1/1j.

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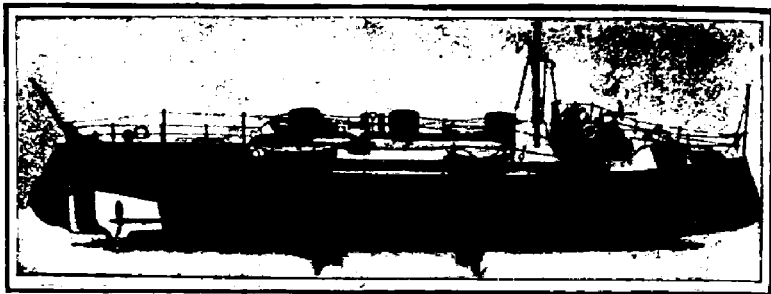
510a, 512 Oxford Street, near Marble Arch; 59 Knightsbridge, near Albert Gate; 202 Regent Street, near Oxford Circus; 35 New Oxford Street, W.C.; 231 High Holborn, W.C.; 86 & 87 High Holborn, W.C.

LONDON.



The Latest in Yawns.

As this number of *THE CAPTAIN* goes to press, the third centenary of "gunpowder, treason, and plot" has not long been celebrated. November 5, however, is not merely the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot: it is likewise the birthday of the Zoo's celebrated Hippopotamus, whose most recent portrait is here reproduced. "Guy Fawkes" (as she was named, despite the fact that she belongs to the gentle sex) was born at Regent's Park in 1872, and is, therefore, 33 years old. But though domiciled in the Zoo for all these years, the unwieldy monster cannot be considered properly domesticated. She is so far tame that her keeper can exact obedience to his commands, up to a



A MODEL DESTROYER.

certain point. She will allow him even to fondle her huge, flabby tongue and hold it in his hand, like a lump of butcher's meat. But wariness is very necessary in dealing with her, and strangers who are admitted into her cage are warned to keep near the gate, lest the treacherous brute, with a sudden rush, should cut off their line of retreat, and then charge. Since the recent death of "Jim," the veteran rhinoceros who had lived in the Gardens for 40 years and more, "Guy Fawkes" has been the *doyen* of the Zoo.

Eighty Yards per Minute.

The latest thing in models is also the completest. This is a detailed facsimile, in miniature, of a torpedo-boat destroyer, fitted with steam turbine engines. The length of the model is 38 inches, and its width 5 inches, being built especially narrow with a view to increased speed. How great this speed is may be gauged by the fact that the boat can travel 80 yards per minute. On removing the deck the whole of the interior mechanism—boiler, lamp, and turbine—can be lifted out, by merely removing a nut. The model is equipped with a real compass, solid brass boiler, torpedo tubes and a number of miscellaneous fittings. It is made entirely in London, and is supplied by Messrs. H. J. Redding and Co., of Argyll Place, Regent St., W.



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The Pleasures of Painting

Our colours enable you to do your very best with the brushes. Those offered here are splendid for students and beginners; they are rich and of a good working consistency. Painting is a fine hobby for boys, and if you have not tried it, do not let this winter go by without.

Boxes of Moist Water Colours for Students

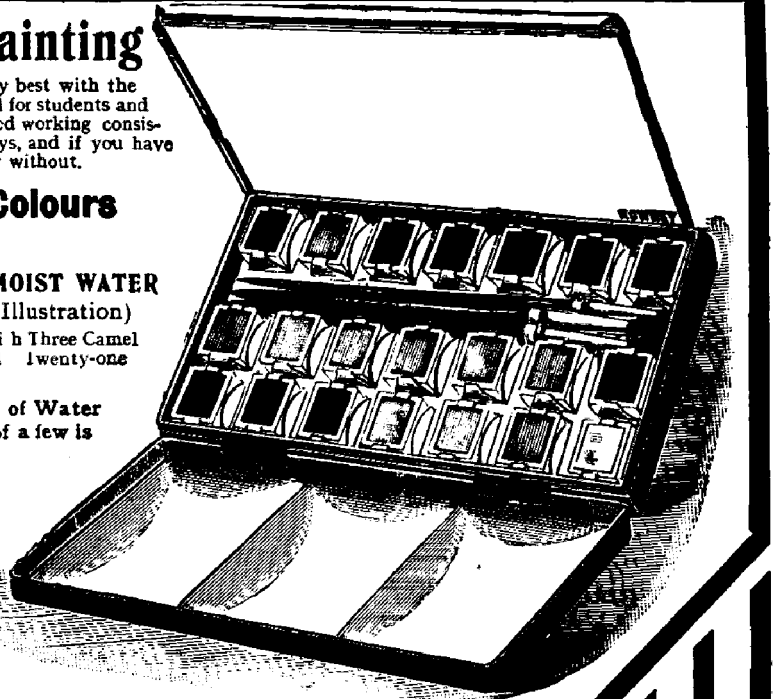
No. 29. FIVE SHILLING BOX OF MOIST WATER COLOURS IN CHINA PANS (as Illustration)

A Japaned Tin Box, with Ring, fitted with Three Camel Hair Brushes in Plated Ferrules, and Twenty-one Moist Colours in China Half Pans.

We also have several Mahogany Boxes of Water Colours for students, and a description of a few is given below.

No.	Each
17. Containing 10 Twopenny Moist Pans, brushes, &c.	2/6
18. Containing 10 Twopenny Moist Pans, brushes, &c., and china palette	3/0
19. Containing 14 Twopenny Moist Pans, 2 tubes, Indian Ink, china slab, brushes, &c., in polished mahogany box	5/0
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And at 1 / and 15/-.



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athletes consistently train

—and more than that they

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all testify to the energy-giving qualities
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HOW TO FIND WHEN YOUR TRAIN IS DUE.

A new train indicator recently introduced on the District Railway.

Is Mine the Next Train ?

THE accompanying photograph shows one of the new train indicators just introduced on the District Railway. These are so simple in operation that a detailed description is unnecessary. The numbers appearing beside the names of the terminal stations or routes are painted on glass and illuminated by electric lights in the rear. These numbers always show the destinations of the next three trains. When the first train indicated has left the station the light behind the figure changes. Thus, if the next train goes to Richmond, figure "1" will be illuminated, or, if it is "the train after next," then figure "2" is lit.

A Railway Yacht.

By the courtesy of the *Railway Magazine* we are enabled to reproduce the accompanying picture of a sailing railway trolley. The trolley seen in the picture is of the ordinary type, as commonly used by platelayers, and when the wind is favourable a speed of from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour can be attained quite safely by means of the mast and sail. The photograph is by Mr. K. Warry-Sibley.



A SAILING TROLLEY.

In use on the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway.

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NEW EDITION

OF

"TALES OF GREYHOUSE,"

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

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"This is one of the best books of school life that we have read for years."—THE ROCK.

George Newnes, Ltd., Southampton St., Strand, W.C.

What do You Get On Pay Day

Just enough to carry you to the next, without a pound for the Savings Bank, or are you laying aside enough to make you independent when old age comes?

The man who works from day to day; from week to week; from month to month without a shilling to show for it is wasting his time. There is no man, no matter what his trade or profession in life; no matter what his education, provided he can read and write, who cannot increase his earning capacity if he will allow the International Correspondence Schools to help him.

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INTERIOR OF THE NEW OERLIKON ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

A remarkable Electric Locomotive.

ONE of the chief objections to the electrification of railways hitherto devoted to steam traction is the fact that, in most cases, the existing rolling-stock and engines have to be scrapped. This was the case, for instance, with the London underground railways. At the Oerlikon Engineering Works in Switzerland, however, a certain Herr Huber has had built a new electric locomotive which does away, it is claimed, with this objection by enabling the trains formerly hauled by steam to be handled by means of the new motive-power, without alteration. In other words, he proposes to accept the existing methods of traffic organisation, and adapt the new locomotives to the requirements of those methods. His proposal, as carried out by the Oerlikon Company, consists of a locomotive taking a high-pressure single-phase alternating current from one single overhead conductor, and converting it on the locomotive by means of a motor generator or rotary convertor, with a system of adjusting the turning movement of the driving motors by adjusting the voltage of the continuous-current generator on the locomotive, a separate excitation being used. Our illustration from the *Railway Gazette* shows the internal arrangement of this interesting locomotive. The presence of a "converting" plant on the locomotive is said not to render the total weight prohibitive; the weight of one having four driving-axles, and developing 700 horse-power at the rails, being 42 tons. This development in the science of electric traction seems to promise great things.



Every man his own Rescuer.

THE latest form of fire-escape is a portable one, which can be carried in a portmanteau without occupying too much space, thus enabling the owner to be independent of the ordinary public escape. Consequently, it is especially valuable to travellers, who might possibly find themselves shut up in a burning hotel and cut off from the ordinary means of exit by a stampede. The pictures which we reproduce of the Luse

Portable Fire Escape almost explain themselves. The hook seen in the first picture is placed on the window sill, where it commands a firm and safe grip. Fastened to this hook is a steel tape, some seventy-five feet in length or more, which is coiled about a roller, and this tape is capable of sustaining a weight of 1000 lb. The speed of descent, it is important to note, can be controlled by means of a friction brake, the band of which surrounds the roller. Thus, as the tape is measured out, the roller revolves within the brake-strap, the latter being controlled by means of a lever gripped in the hand.



THE LUSE PORTABLE FIRE-ESCAPE.

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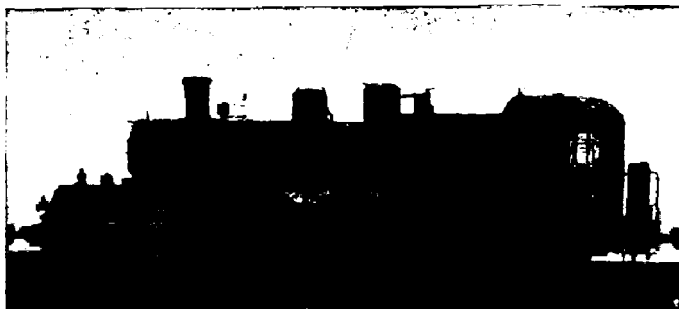
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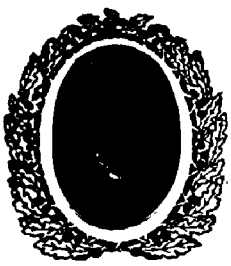
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LEAGUE NOTES FOR JANUARY 1906.

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.

MALTA.—The first indoor meeting of the Sliema Branch of the B.E.L. for the Winter season was held at S. Paul's Institute, Valetta, on the 28th ult. Mr. Savona, the President of the League in Malta, supported by Sir J. Blunt, Mr. Cousin, Chairman of the Management Committee, and other gentlemen, occupied the Chair, and urged the members in a few inspiring words to attend the meetings regularly, and invite their friends to join the League.

We deeply regret to hear that Colonel Gatt, late Royal Malta Artillery, has resigned. Colonel Gatt was a Vice-President of the Malta branch, and took a great interest in its success. Mr. Pullicino, Bc.Litt., and Mr. John Bollanti, both of the Malta University, were unanimously elected Secretary and Treasurer respectively. Several important proposals were discussed and agreed to.

We are always pleased to hear from our comrades in Malta. They do things there in such a business-like way, and withal in a brotherly and kindly spirit that fully bears out the aims and traditions of the League. We heartily commend them for the happy way in which all concerned conduct their branch.

GEORGETOWN, British Guiana.—I have a splendid letter from Mr. Oscar C. Evelyn of 27 Croal Street, in which he laments there is no branch in their Colony of the B.E.L., "which would considerably improve our youths morally, physically, and intellectually."

He can see the great good the B.E.L. effects among boys who have just left school, making them "better citizens, and connecting them with the outside world." Mr. Evelyn has formed a correct conception of the aims and objects of the League, and we will gladly assist him in forming a branch of the B.E.L. in British Guiana. Will CAPTAIN readers wishing to join the League kindly communicate with Mr. Evelyn.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—The Hon. Sec. of the Adelaide branch writes me a long and interesting letter about the daily life of our Colonial comrades in S. Australia. In League matters he is most enthusiastic. He wants "something that would rouse the interests and 'patriotism of all our members the world over.'" He also sends an account of a banquet celebrating the third anniversary of the Adelaide Branch. About fifty members were present.

A gold badge was presented to Mr. W. Hogg, the President, in recognition of the splendid services he has rendered, and the deep interest he still takes in the League.

The Hon. Sec. makes a very good suggestion, which I should like to see carried out. It is that all Club Secretaries should correspond with each other, exchange hints re the managing of the different branches, discuss any points that may affect the welfare of the League, and generally combine in pushing the League ahead. The Colonial members do know how to sustain an interest in the League, and I wish our English branches would take a leaf out of their book. I think the idea of exchanging hints an excellent one, and I hope all our Secretaries will avail themselves of the suggestion. I can assure them prompt and satisfactory replies from all our Colonial Secretaries, whose names and addresses can be got from the B.E.L. Handbook, or on application to headquarters.



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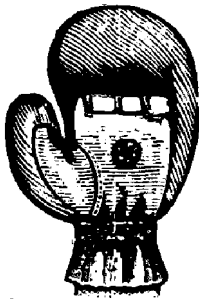
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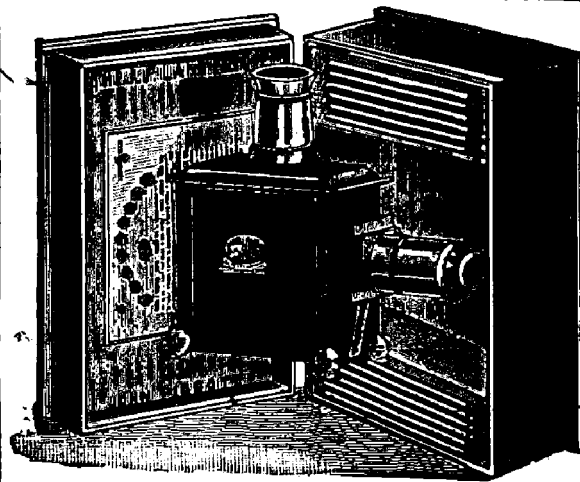


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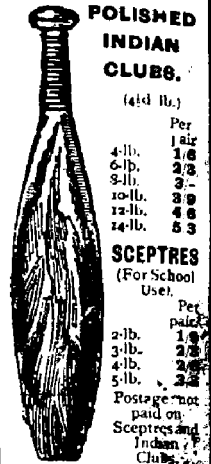


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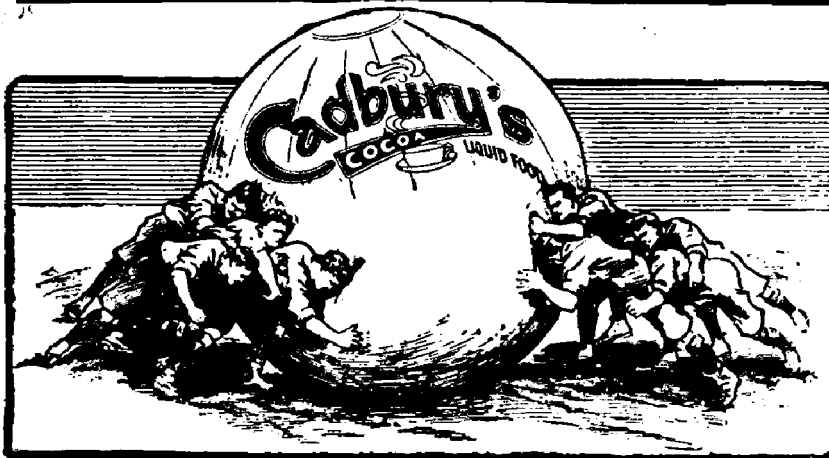
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EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG" ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F. WARNER.

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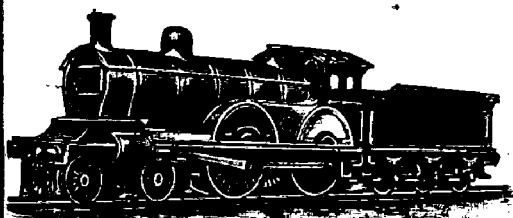
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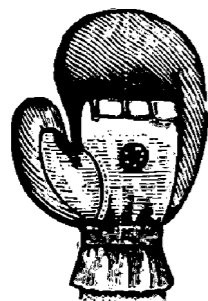
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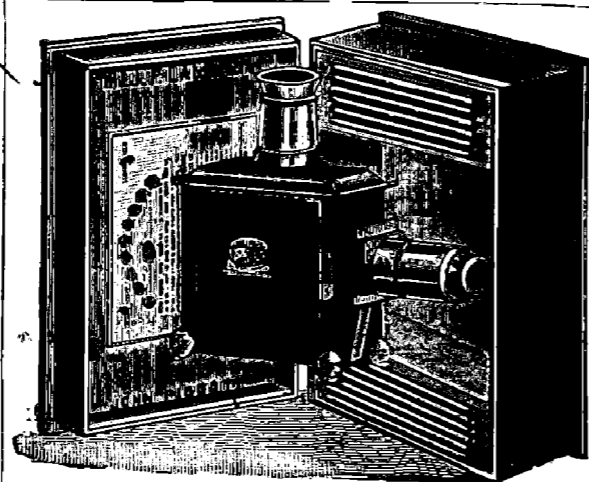


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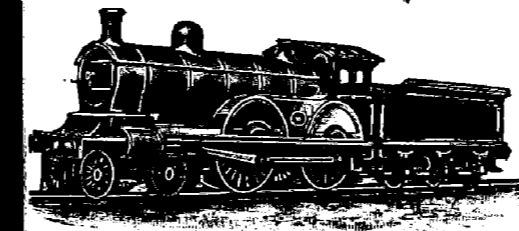
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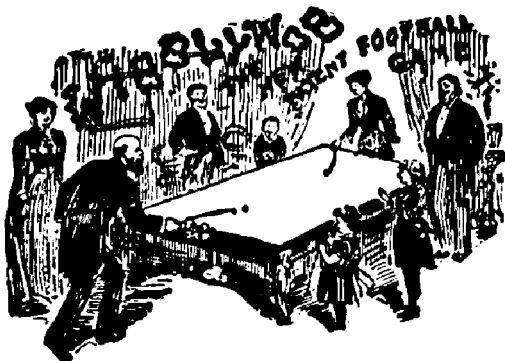
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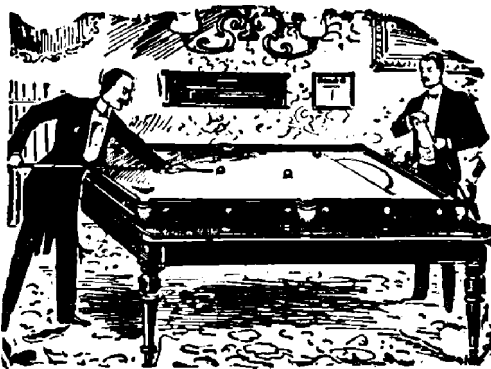
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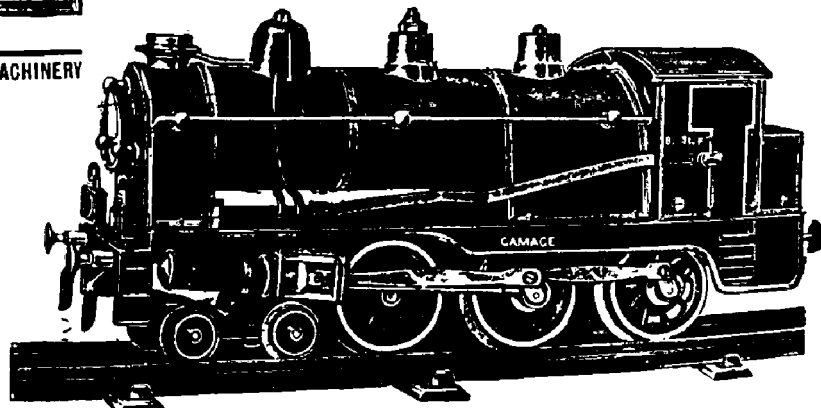
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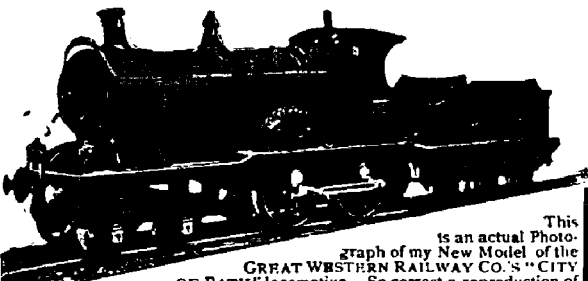
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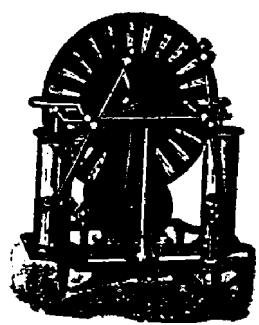
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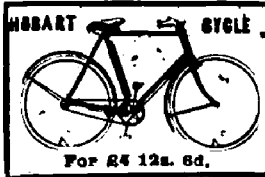
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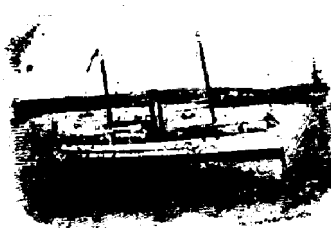
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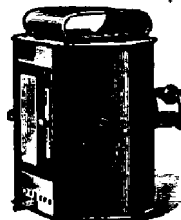
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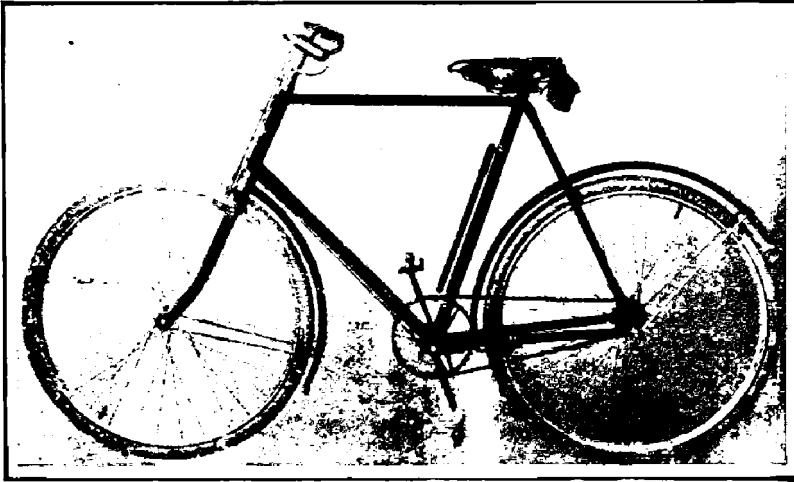
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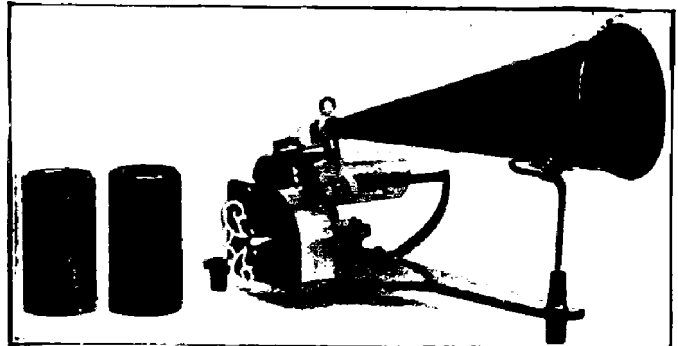
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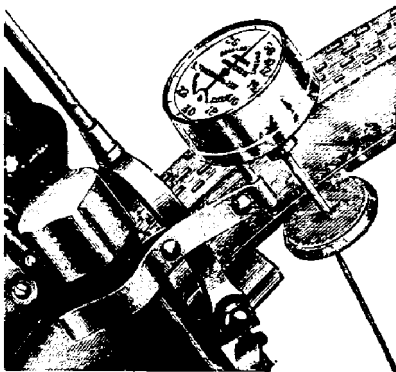
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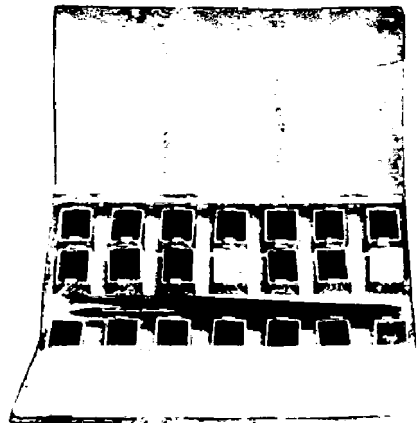
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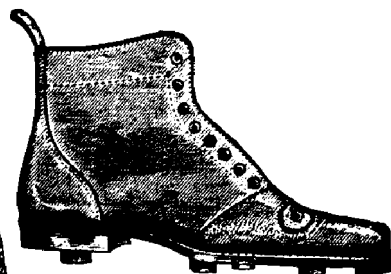


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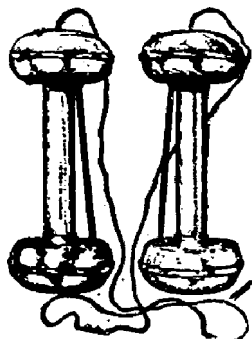
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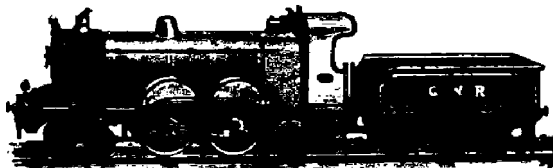
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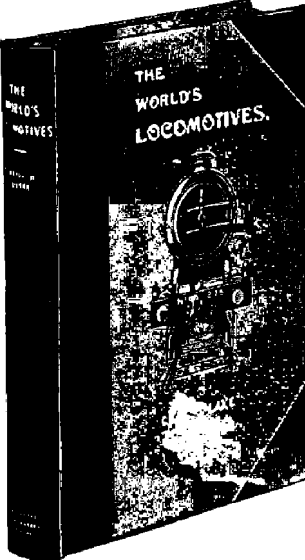
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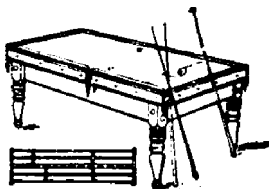
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7	3	10	by 2 1	11	3 7 6	2	10 0 0
8	4	4	by 2 4	11	3 15 0	2	17 6 0
16	4	10	by 2 7	11	4 5 0	3	0 0 0
22	5	4	by 2 10	11	5 0 0	3	15 0 0
32	6	4	by 3 4	11	5 0 0	4	13 6 0
48	7	4	by 3 10	11	8 5 0	6	5 0 0
64	8	4	by 4 4	2	11 10 0	8	15 0 0
72	9	4	by 5 11	2	15 15 0	12	0 0 0
79	10	4	by 5 4	2 1-16th	18 18 0	14	10 0 0

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87	4	4	Compo Board. Bed New	3	15 0 0	2	10 0 0
88	4	4	Cloth slightly faded, otherwise perfect	4	5 0 0	2	17 6 0
89	4	10	Returned from Hire perfect	5	0 0 0	3	10 0 0
90	5	4	Perfect, slightly soiled	6	0 0 0	4	5 0 0
91	6	4	Returned from Hire perfect	8	5 0 0	5	17 6 0
92	7	4	Perfect, good as N. w.	11	10 0 0	8	0 0 0
93	8	4	Been used about 20 times	15	15 0 0	11	0 0 0
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102	5	4	by 2 10	11	7 5 0	5	10 0 0
106	6	4	by 3 4	11	8 15 0	7	0 0 0
118	7	4	by 3 10	11	11 7 6	8	0 0 0
124	8	4	by 4 4	2	20 0 0	12	0 0 0
127	9	4	by 4 11	2	20 0 0	15	15 0 0
130	10	4	by 5 4	2 1-16th	24 0 0	18	10 0 0

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Size of Billiard Table	ft. in.	ft. in.	Size of Dining Table	ft. in.	ft. in.	Lot 133		Lot 140		Lot 148	
						Usual Price	Sale Price	Usual Price	Sale Price	Usual Price	Sale Price
5 4	by 2 10	6 4	by 3 4	7 4	by 3 10	£ 12 0 0	£ 10 0 0	£ 13 10 0	£ 11 0 0	£ 17 0 0	£ 15 0 0
5 8	by 3 2	6 8	by 3 8	7 8	by 4 2	£ 9 0 0	£ 8 0 0	£ 10 0 0	£ 9 0 0	£ 13 0 0	£ 11 0 0
8 4	by 4 4	9 4	by 4 11	10 4	by 5 4	£ 23 0 0	£ 20 0 0	£ 20 0 0	£ 18 0 0	£ 35 0 0	£ 32 10 0
8 8	by 4 8	9 8	by 5 3	10 8	by 5 8	£ 17 0 0	£ 15 0 0	£ 20 0 0	£ 18 0 0	£ 27 10 0	£ 25 0 0

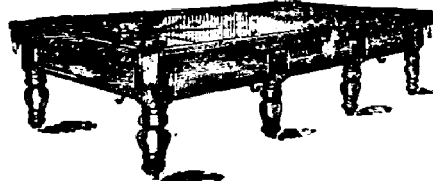
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192	£ 31 10 0	£ 33 10 0	£ 37 10 0	£ 24 0 0	£ 25 0 0	£ 30 0 0	

UNDERSIZED TABLES.—Specification as above

Lot	ft.	ft. in.	on six legs	Usual Price.		Sale Price.	
				£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
207	11	by 5 7	on six legs	£ 28 0 0	£ 21 0 0	£ 21 0 0	
208	10	by 5 1	on six legs	£ 24 10 0	£ 19 0 0	£ 19 0 0	
209	9	by 4 7	on six legs	£ 21 0 0	£ 16 0 0	£ 16 0 0	
210	9	by 4 7	on four legs	£ 20 0 0	£ 15 0 0	£ 15 0 0	
211	8	by 4 1	on four legs	£ 16 10 0	£ 12 0 0	£ 12 0 0	
212	7	by 3 7	on four legs	£ 14 0 0	£ 10 0 0	£ 10 0 0	

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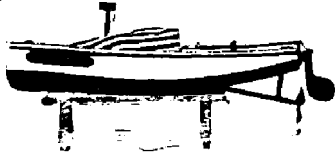
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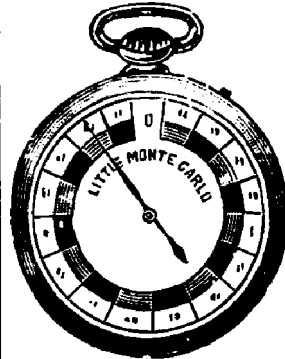


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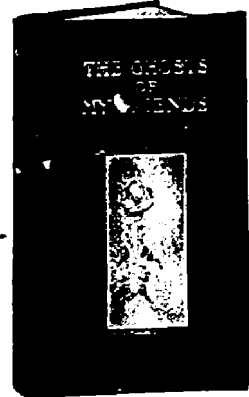
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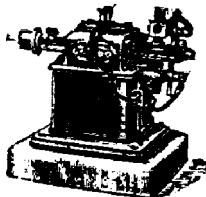
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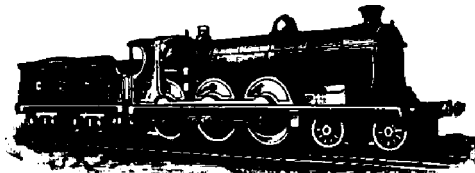
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We expect the lines will be cleared out in a few days, and none of them can be renewed again at these low prices.

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We have a staff of practical and experienced mechanics for repairs of Steam, Clockwork and Electrical Engines, etc., of all kinds, and shall be pleased to receive your enquiry.

MODEL WAR BALLOONS

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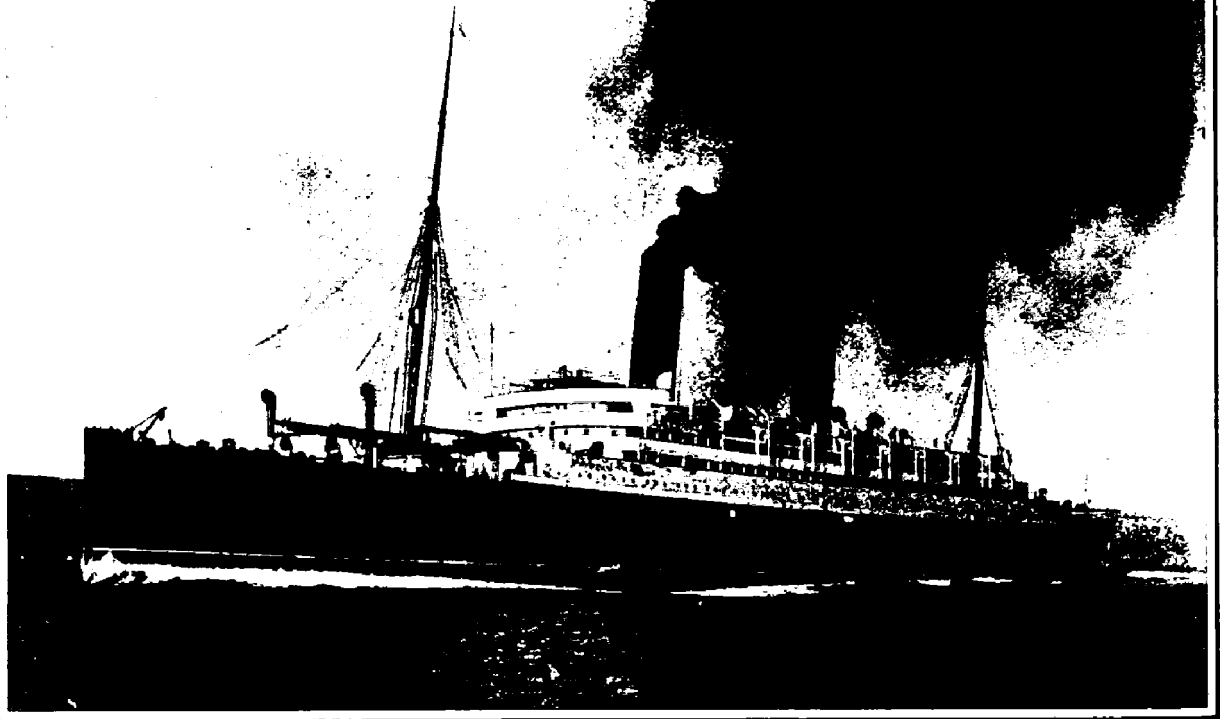
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THE - LATEST



THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE CUNARD FLEET, R.M.S. "CARMANIA."

Photo. by permission of the Cunard Steamship Co.

The Triumph of the Turbine.

ON this page is reproduced a photograph of the Cunard Company's great turbine steamship *Carmania*, which recently made her first voyage across the Atlantic, and arrived outside the bar of New York punctual almost to the second, despite heavy weather encountered during the passage. The *Carmania*, indeed, accomplished not only all that was expected of her, but more. The trial voyage in bad weather was necessarily slow—7 days, 9 hours, 31 minutes—but it is not the policy of the Cunard Line to push their steamships on a maiden passage. The highest day's continuous run was 457 miles, and the lowest 305.

The great advantage of the turbine engine would seem to be the immense increase of stability which it procures; and experts on the *Carmania* expressed the opinion that it had come to stay, and that from this time steamship builders would be forced to adopt it. Not the slightest vibration was felt by the passengers, the screws did not race, and although the seas were high and the gales strong the *Carmania* rode as smoothly and solidly as a

ferry-boat. Witness the fact that out of more than 1000 passengers, not a single case of seasickness was reported! An unique record!

Another remarkable illustration of the *Carmania's* steadiness is furnished by this statement of one of the passengers: "Before we left Liverpool, I filled a glass with water, and placed it on a shelf in my state-room. Not a drop of that water was spilled on the voyage, and we had very rough weather."

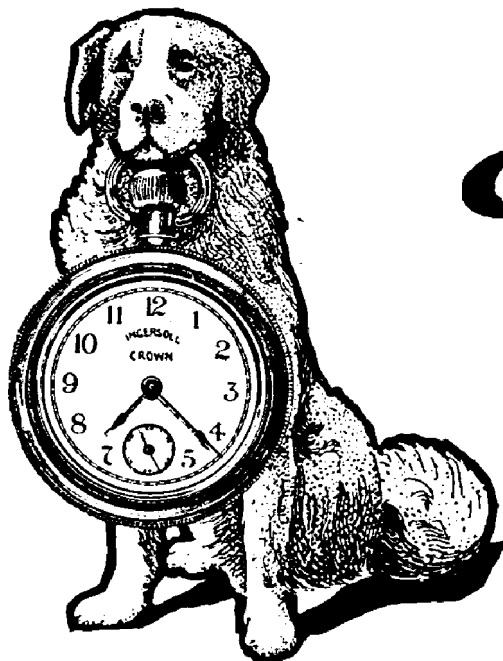
It is expected that the average speed of the *Carmania*, when her machinery is limbered up, will be 18 or 19 knots. With two more great turbine steamers of 25 knots now building, we may surely look to the Cunard Line to wrest from the Germans the coveted blue riband of trans-Atlantic supremacy.

The Latest Catastrophe.

SELDOM has a catastrophe of such appalling magnitude as that at Charing Cross Railway Terminus in December last been attended with such a fortunately small list of casualties. Those readers who did not witness the scene of ruin and devastation for themselves can

Continued on page xvii.

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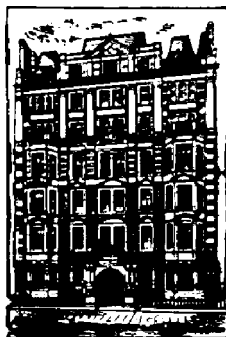
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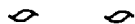
Lieut. H. W. BROADBENT, R.N.R.,
School Ship "Conway," Rock Ferry, Cheshire.



A STRIKING VIEW OF THE CHARING CROSS CATASTROPHE.

Photo. by Park.

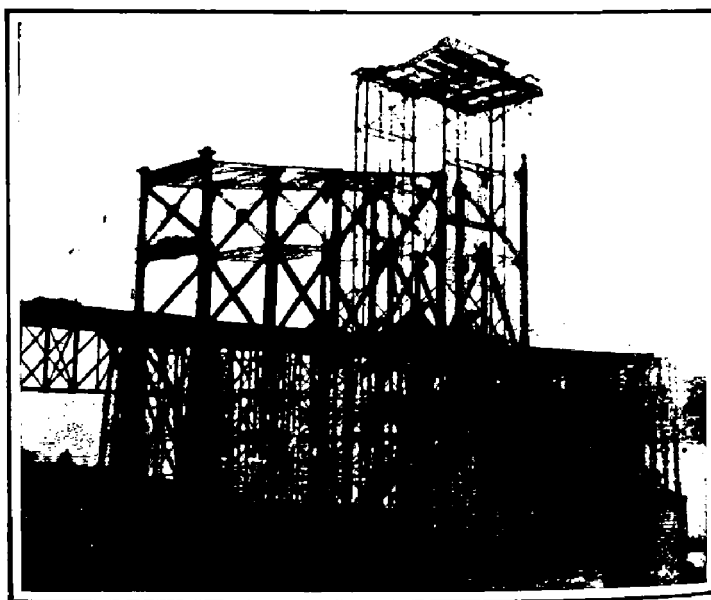
glean some faint idea of the wreckage from the accompanying photograph. It appears that the falling of a large portion of the roof caused the snapping of an important tie, with the result that the walls on either side tottered and were dragged over, crushing beneath their terrific weight a train which lay below. It is lucky, indeed, that the accident should have occurred at the far end of the station. One shudders to think of the result had the collapse taken place over the departure platforms and circulating area.



A Gigantic Bridge Span.

THE accompanying photograph depicts the first stages of a new bridge now in course of construction across the St. Lawrence River, at Quebec, Canada. When completed, the bridge will be the longest single span in the world, exceeding the two middle

spans of the Forth Bridge, each 1700 ft. long, by nearly 90 ft.



THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW BRIDGE AT QUEBEC.

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THE ART SHOP

A Novelty in Home Exercises.

WHAT may be termed a "self-contained" home exerciser has recently been devised by Mr. F. Meredith Clease, a late member of the Aldershot Gymnastic Staff, and, at one period (if we mistake not), director of physical exercise at Haileybury College. The peculiarity of the "Clease-Extensor" is that the simple apparatus does not require to be fixed to the wall or door (as is the case with other exercisers), but is "self-contained"—in the sense that the different parts of the body are made to offer the necessary resistance to each other for the purposes of exercise. Obviously, this system is capable of producing more harmonious results: for it is impossible that one set of muscles should be cultivated and developed at the expense, or to the exclusion, of others. The "Clease-Extensor" apparatus needs no verbal description, the accompanying photograph being self-explanatory. Ten minutes with it before the morning tub is heartily recommended to everybody.



A Monster Christmas Cake.

GULLIVER in Brobdingnag, as he sat at his royal captor's table and watched the giant courtiers shovel huge chunks of food (as it seemed



MR. F. MEREDITH CLEASE OPERATING THE "CLEASE-EXTENSOR" HOME EXERCISER.



A MONSTER CHRISTMAS CAKE.

Photo, by Park.

to him) down their rapacious maws, can hardly have witnessed any table delicacy to exceed in size the monster Christmas Cake, of which we give a picture. This was built by Mr. J. H. Buck, of Leytonstone, and takes the shape of a correct working model of the Barking Windmill. Some idea of its tremendous dimensions can be gained from the following list of ingredients

	lb.		lb.
Butter	152	Almonds	40
Sugar	152	Almond Paste	120
Flour	325	Icing Sugar	100
Raisins	110	Lemon Juice	5
Sultanas	110	Spices	2
Currants	110	Nutmegs	1
Citron Peel	35	Essence of Lemon	1
Lemon Peel	35	15 Quarts of Milk	
Orange Peel	35	3000 Eggs	



Mirth and Magic.

MANY amusing and mysterious tricks are included in the catalogue issued by the City Magical Company, 12 Broad Street Station, London, E.C. Readers who desire quite the latest additions to the *répertoire* of the conjurer would do well to write for a copy.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*(Continued from page 495.)***One Way of Helping the Dinner Fund.**

—"Another sixpence for West Ham" sends me the following idea for extracting sixpences from reluctant pockets. I should hardly have expected, myself, to find many folk entrapped by the simple "catch" he suggests, but as he assures me it "helped to bring in money in Liverpool for the Lifeboat Fund," perhaps it will prove useful to O. F. Dinner Fund collectors next Christmas.

SMITH (*to friend*): "I say, old chap, have you seen the latest conjuring trick?"

FRIEND: "No, what's that!"

SMITH (*producing four pennies and shuffling them about in his hand*): "How many pennies are there here?"

FRIEND: "Four, of course."

SMITH: "Well, I say there are five."

FRIEND: "Rubbish, there's only four."

SMITH: "Will you give me sixpence if I'm wrong?"

FRIEND: "Yes, certainly."

SMITH: "Well, then, I am wrong."

RESULT: Another sixpence for the O.F.'s Dinner Fund.

"**Hugh of the Owl**," who is much interested in lacrosse-playing schools, in referring to the statement of my Hulme Grammar School correspondent to the effect that his school won the North of England School Flags for several years in succession, points out that these flags could only be competed for by "under 15" teams. "Is this public school lacrosse?" he demands. Well, I must confess it hardly appears to be. "Hugh of the Owl" then goes on to explain the origin of his *nom de plume*. "Hugh of the Owl," it appears, was the sobriquet given to Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, who founded the Manchester Grammar School, in 1515. A poem setting forth the virtues of this very reverend gentleman contained the following lines:

Hugh of the Owl was a bishop bold
Born with the gift to rise;
A mitre sat well on his brows when old,
And his motto was "Dare to be wise."
And when he was dead he was laid to rest
With no painting or gilding gaudy,
But a rough-hewn owl on his tomb for crest,
And his motto "Sapere Aude."

"**Pathfinder**" wants to become a book illustrator, and would like to know the way such work is obtained. Well, before work of this kind can be procured, one must be a thoroughly competent black-and-white artist. No publisher would give "Pathfinder" a manuscript to illustrate unless she could show him specimens of her work that have appeared in reputable periodicals. The way to get work in periodicals is to call on the Art Editors of such magazines and papers as "Pathfinder" thinks her work would suit. She should take her best drawings, and make her visits as brief as possible. As a hint to visitors not to stop and chat, our Art Editor has in his office, in a position where it hits the caller in the eye, the legend "*Our conversazione is to-morrow.*" So when a young lady caller who "wants to draw for THE CAPTAIN, don't you know" is trying to inveigle the Art Editor into a discussion concerning the latest novel, her eye, following the direction of his glance, suddenly falls

upon this notice. Whereupon, if she be a wise young lady, she will take up her pictures and—go. Of course, if "Pathfinder" does not live in London, she must post her drawings to Art-Editors, always taking care to enclose stamps for their return.

"**Game for Anything**" tells me he is tired of a sedentary life in the City, and wishes to start afresh in one of the Colonies. He mentions New Zealand in particular, and wants to know if I think it is a "good colony to go to, both to build up one's health and to get on in." As regards the first question, I may tell him that New Zealand is one of the healthiest quarters of the globe, but as to the opportunities this colony offers for getting on, that depends upon the abilities which "Game for Anything" possesses and the grit which backs them up. He had better apply to the Chief Clerk, Emigrants Information Office, 31 Broadway, Westminster, S.W., enclosing 3*d.* for the Government "Professional Handbook."

Oxonian.—In several numbers we have published articles dealing with different phases of University life. At present I have no space for further articles. There are, however, plenty of books to be had about both Universities. Really the best way to pick up information about Oxford or Cambridge is to have a talk with an Oxford or Cambridge man, and you ought not to find that very difficult. Drop a line to Messrs. Alden and Co., Bocardo Press, Oxford, and Messrs. Clay and Sons, University Press, Cambridge, asking them to send you a list of their publications.

Christmas Cards.—Again it is my pleasant task to thank all those who sent me friendly pictorial tokens at Christmas time, among them being: Winifred D. Ereat, Will Tonkin, "Spuddy," John F. Harris, Harold Scholfield, George C. Anne, M. W. Lowry, T. Bones Jr., R. L. Pawlby, T. W. Spikin, P. Monckton, P. Dacre, F. Vincent Griffith, E. H. Manly, C. Fillan, "The Mastiff," H. D. Hemmel, A. L. Kennedy (South Australia), H. F. Collier (Montreal), Jack L. (Vancouver), Eric W. Moorhead (Melbourne), Elsie Rowe, Cecil J. Allen.

A Critical Competitor.—In a competition like "The Twelve Best Authors" one has to use one's common sense. If we ask for the "twelve best authors in this country," the list should not include those who are dead, because in that case they cannot possibly be in this country. As for Nathaniel Hawthorne being one of the twelve best English authors, that would be impossible in any case. He was born in America, lived in America, and died in America.

Photographic Club at Chatham.—R. A. Stigant, The Woodlands, Maidstone Road, Chatham, is about to start a photographic club and magazine for boys between the ages of twelve and twenty, and will be pleased to hear from any CAPTAIN readers in his district who would care to join.

Volunteer Corps.—A communication on this subject will be found in the "Captain Club" pages. Mr. O. T. Dawson, Sergeant of the 3rd City of London Imperial Yeomanry, writes in a similar strain. He will find Mr. Johnson's reply at the foot of the communication in question.

Army Nicknames.—"Nanny-Goat" informs me that the custom of leading a goat at the head of the drum is still observed by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

THE OLD FAG.

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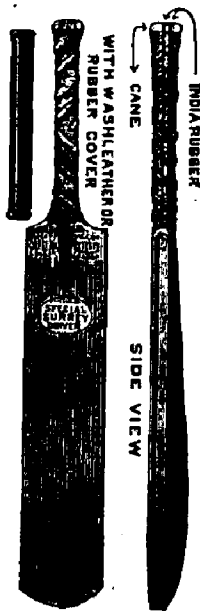
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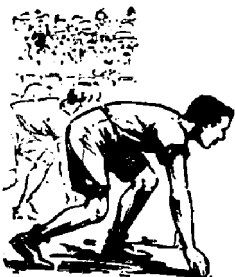
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The Lancet.

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EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG" ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F. WARNER.

Vol. XIV. No. 84.

MARCH, 1906

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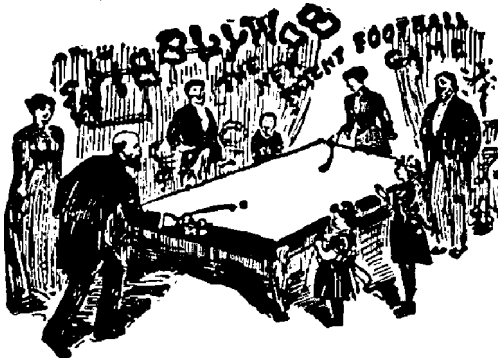
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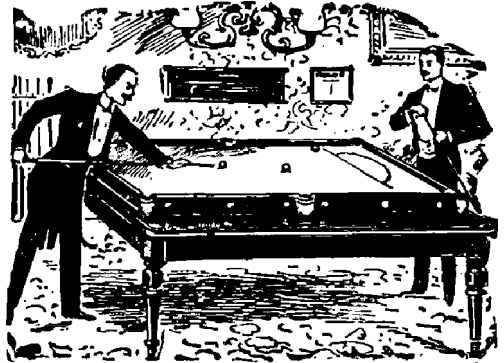
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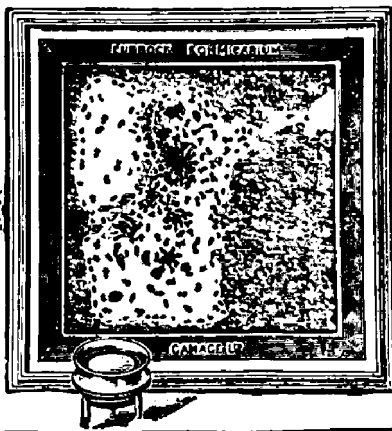
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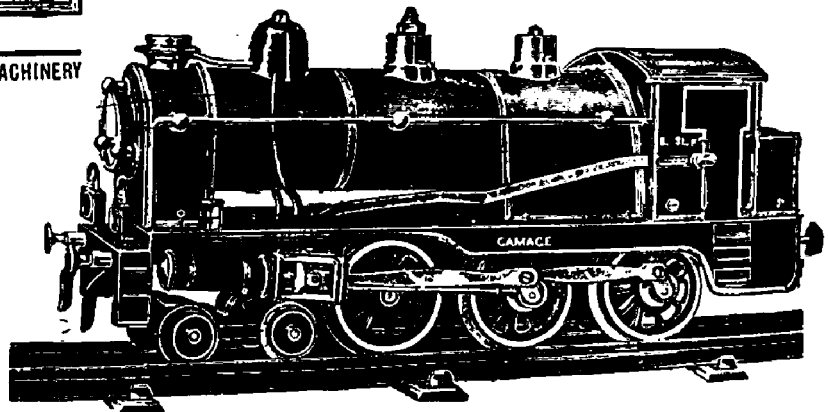
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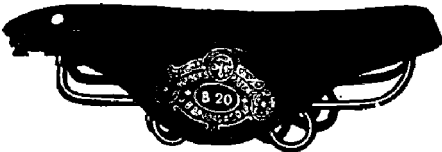
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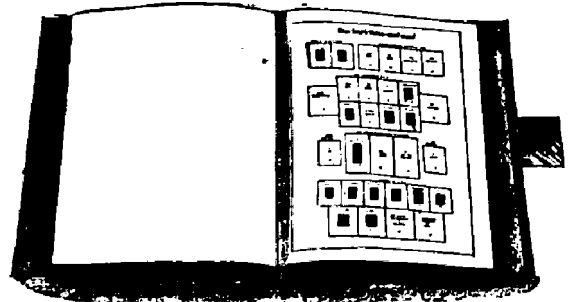
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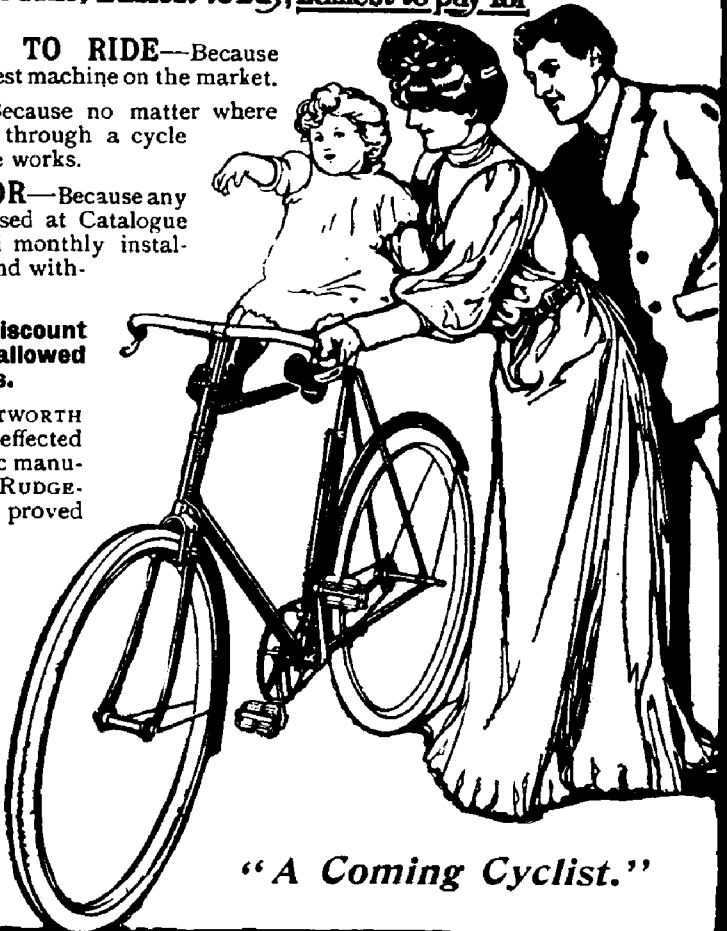
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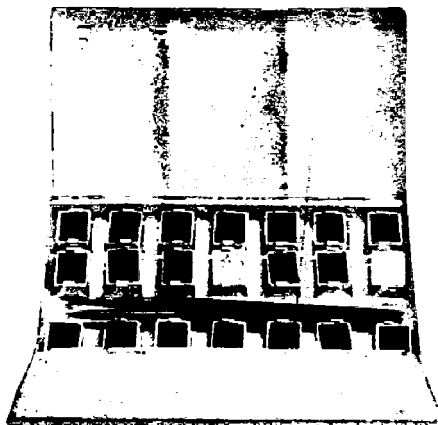
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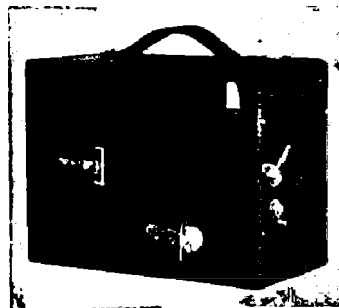
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*See Page 579
for other Prizes*

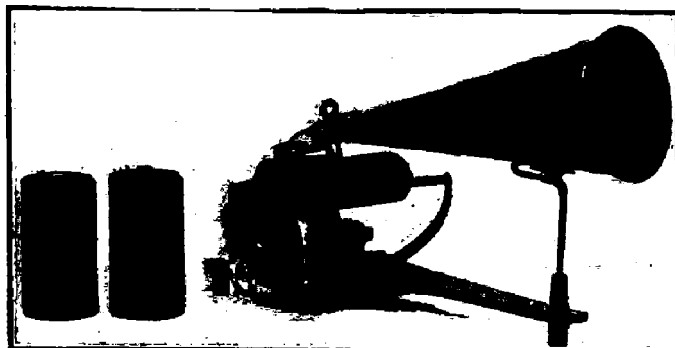
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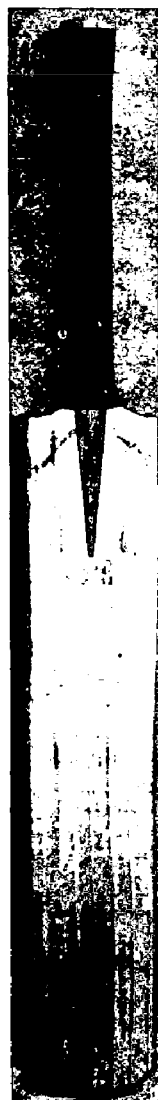
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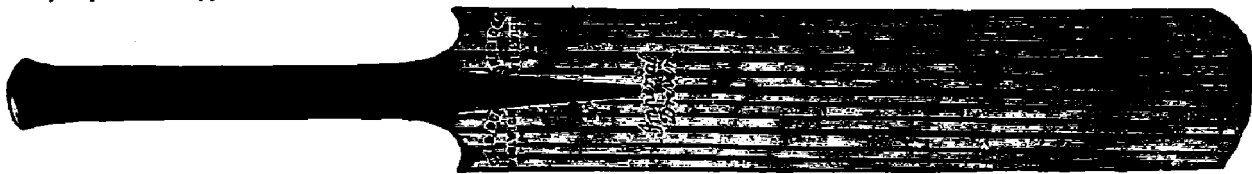
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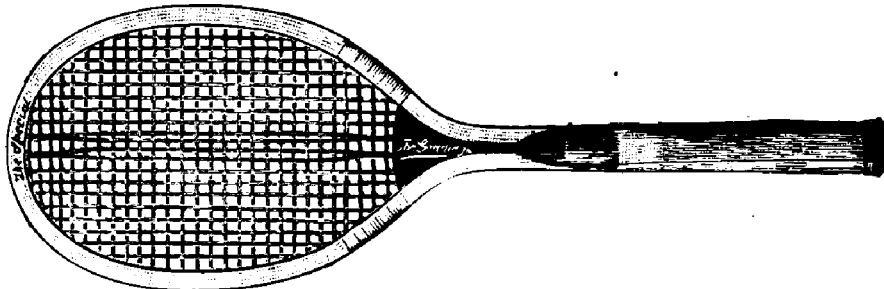
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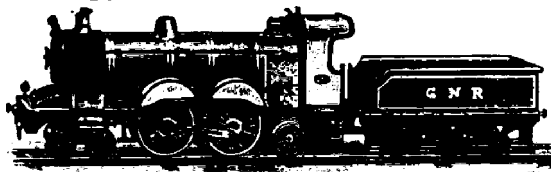
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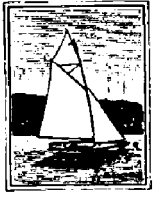


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Athletic Editor.



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THE CAPTAIN is published monthly by the proprietors, GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7 to 12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year, 8s. 6d. Entered as Second Class matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office. Cases for binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 6d.; or post free for 1s. 9d. direct from the Office. Vols. XI., XII., XIII., and XIV. are now ready, price 6s., or post free 6s. 6d. each. Vols. I. to X. are out of print. American Agents in the United States: The International News Company, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York.

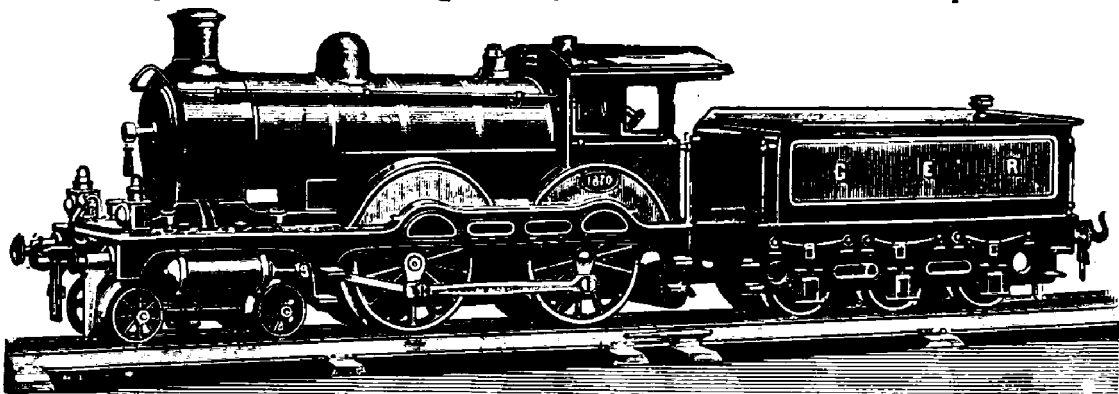
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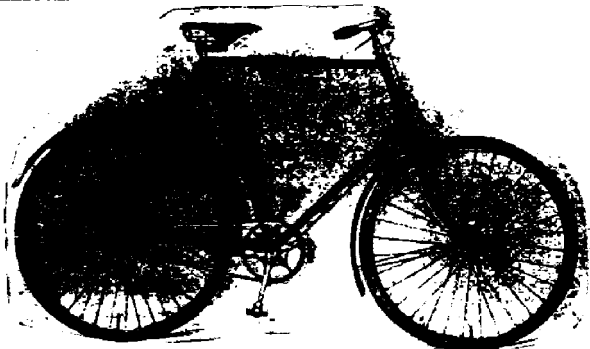
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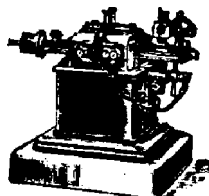
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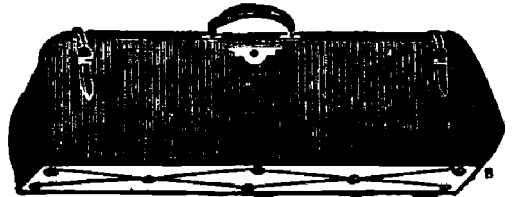


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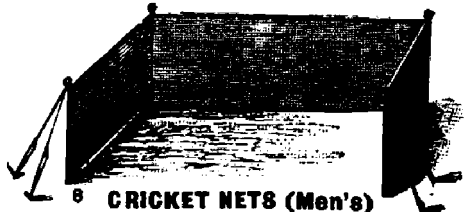
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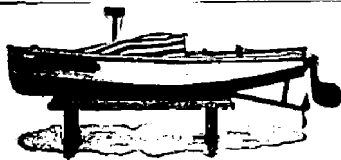
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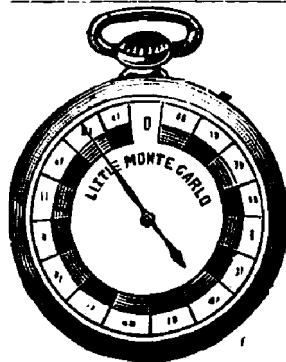
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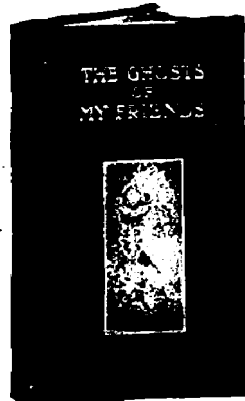
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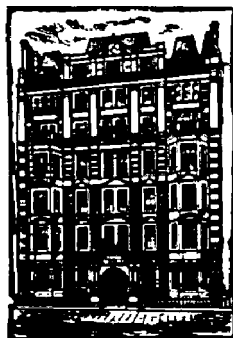
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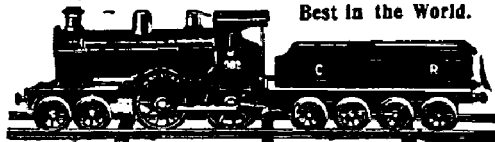
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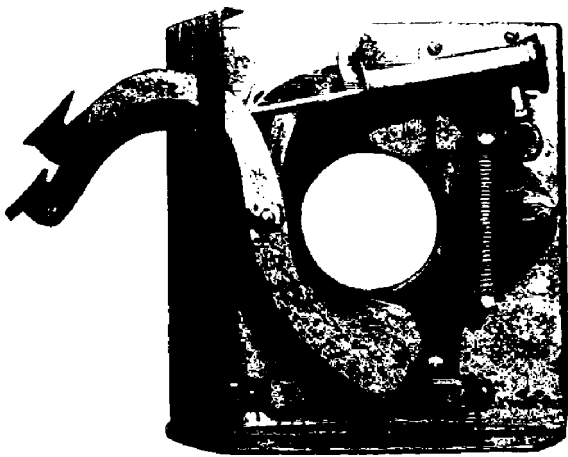
The Cavité Floating Drydock.

OUR heading illustration this month represents the United States battleship *Iowa* leaving the latest American floating dry-dock built for use at Cavité, in the Philippine Islands, and now on its way thither. The *Iowa* has a displacement of 11,600 tons, and was dry-docked four and a half feet out of the water for two days. The dry-dock is being towed to the Philippines by three colliers, and four months have been allowed for the voyage.

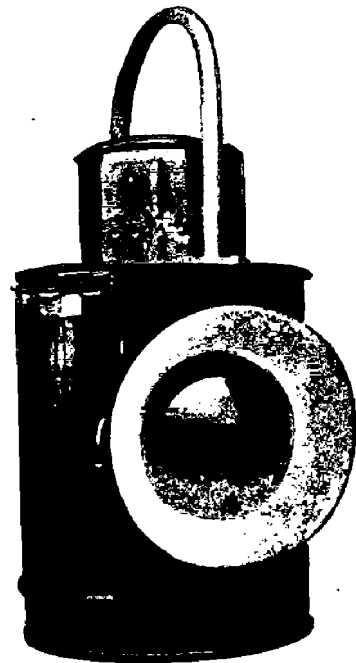
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“ It is a splendid shooter. . . . We stood 20 yards away, and the photo is of my first four shots. Uncle Harry thinks it is very good.”
SO WILL YOU.
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Write to-day for the Art Catalogue of these world-famous Bicycles. It will pay you to do so. We can satisfy the most exacting taste. Singer Cycles are designed on correct lines, soundly built, and exquisitely finished. A grand reputation of 31 years is behind every one of them. Prices run from £8 10s. to £16 10s. Weights from 24lbs. You need not ride a second-grade make.

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THE LATEST



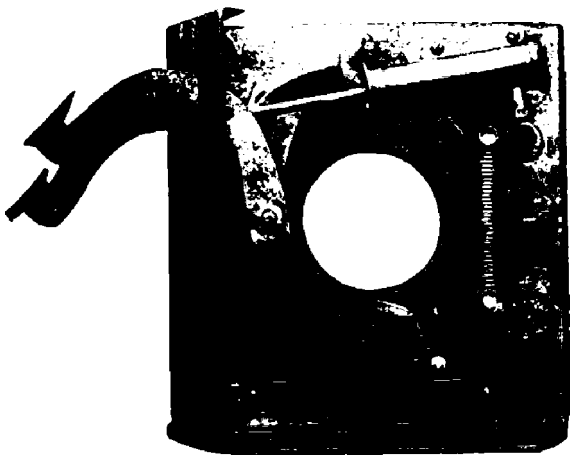
The Cavité Floating Drydock.

Our heading illustration this month represents the United States battleship *Iowa* leaving the latest American floating dry-dock built for use at Cavité, in the Philippine Islands, and now on its way thither. The *Iowa* has a displacement of 11,600 tons, and was dry-docked four and a half feet out of the water for two days. The dry-dock is being towed to the Philippines by three colliers, and four months have been allowed for the voyage.

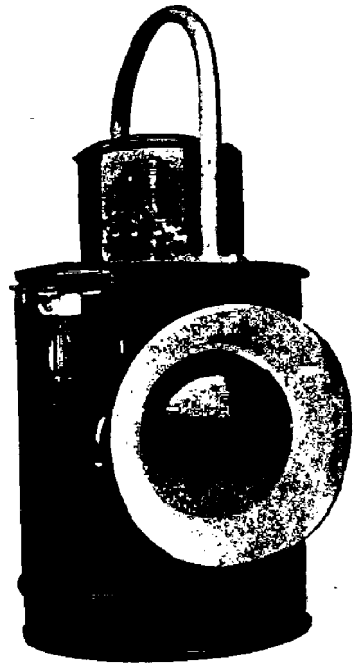
The "Burrill" Signalling Lamp.

This is the invention of an old "Conway" boy, Mr. William Burrill, and is designed for signalling at sea in the Morse Code. With existing lamps for this purpose, the electric

current is turned on and off by hand, the operator having to guess the duration of one second and three seconds respectively—representing the dot and dash of the Morse Code. This method has obvious disadvantages—owing to different operators' ideas of time, and the gradual lighting up and dying away of the light consequent on the low voltage of a ship's electricity—and frequently renders a message undecipherable. Where two ships are passing each other there is not always time for repetition, and the message is lost. The "Burrill" lamp overcomes these objections in that the light is kept burning the whole time a message is being sent, and the length of a flash is determined by the use of a shutter actuated by two levers which keep it open automatically for one or three seconds. The "Burrill" Signalling Lamp is manufactured solely by Messrs. Butler and Forrester, 35 Wapping, Liverpool.



MECHANISM OF LAMP—SHUTTER OPEN.



THE "BURRILL" SIGNALLING LAMP.



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"I said

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**Singer
CYCLES**

"BEST OF ALL."

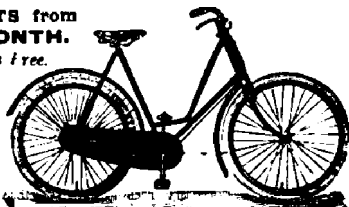
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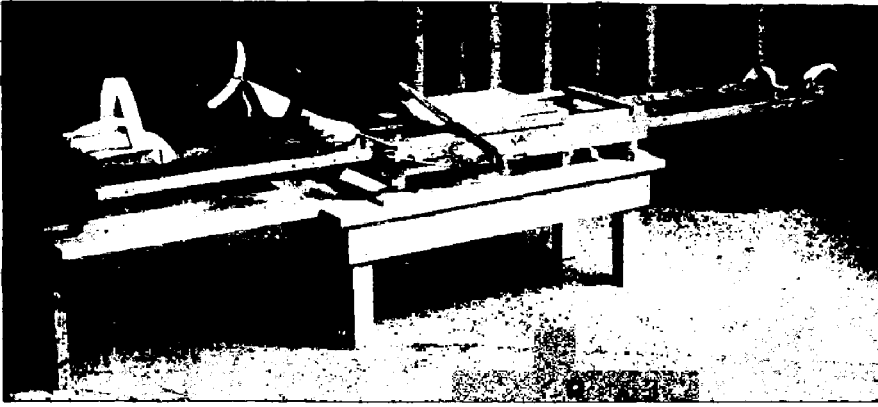
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THE "CLEAVES-CROPP STRETCHING MACHINE."

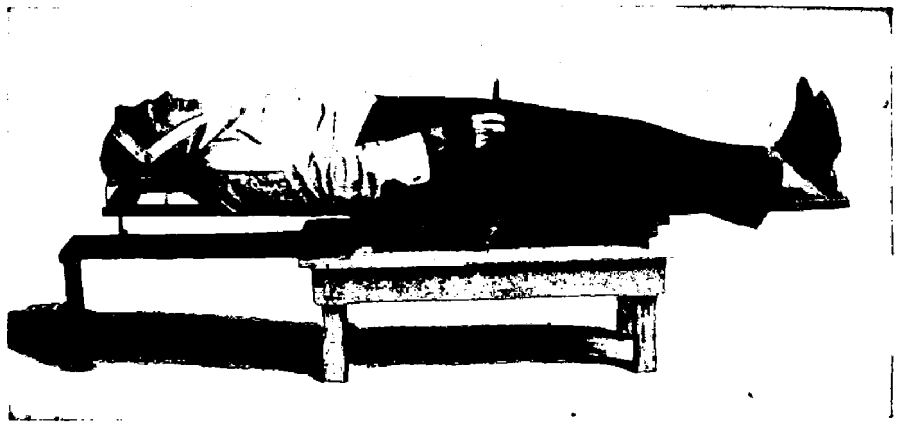
How to Become Taller.

THE pictures on this page are not so terrible as they at first appear; they are not associated with a hospital operating theatre, nor do they depict a certain instrument of torture of the period of the Spanish Inquisition. They illustrate the "Cleaves-Cropp Stretching Machine," and the gentleman in the lower illustration is adding to his stature by means of it. It is well known that weight applied to an arm will, in a surprisingly short time, in-

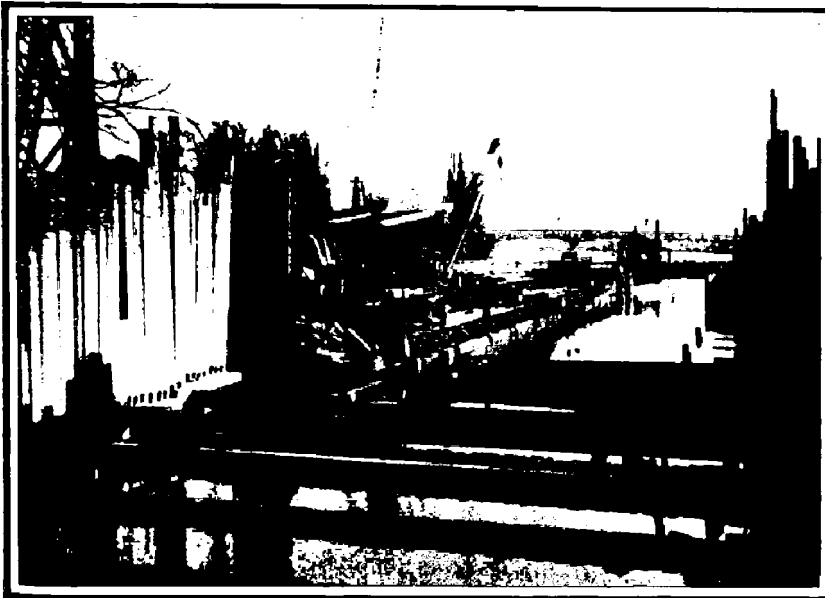
crease the length of it. This machine applies the same principle to the whole body by providing a gradual exercise of the intervertebral cartilages, and, in nearly every case, the treatment has resulted in an increase of two inches in height in eight weeks.

One instance in particular is recorded of a youthful aspirant for U.S. Government service passing the height standard by means of the "Cleaves-

Cropp Stretching Machine."



"GROWING TALLER" ON THE MACHINE.



THE NEW LOCK AT MOLESEY IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

Photo. Park.

Molesey's New Lock.

THE new lock at this popular up-river resort was commenced last October, and, the Thames Conservancy inform us, will be finished by the beginning of the boating season this year, as they are working on it night and day. It will be 267 ft. long, 30 ft. wide at the body, and 25 ft. wide at the gates, thus being nearly 100 ft. longer, and 12 ft. wider than the old lock. While the old lock was built of timber with brick heads, the new one is composed of concrete with granite sills, copings, and facings. It will hold a tug and four barges, and will be very similar in appearance to the new lock at Teddington, but not quite so large.

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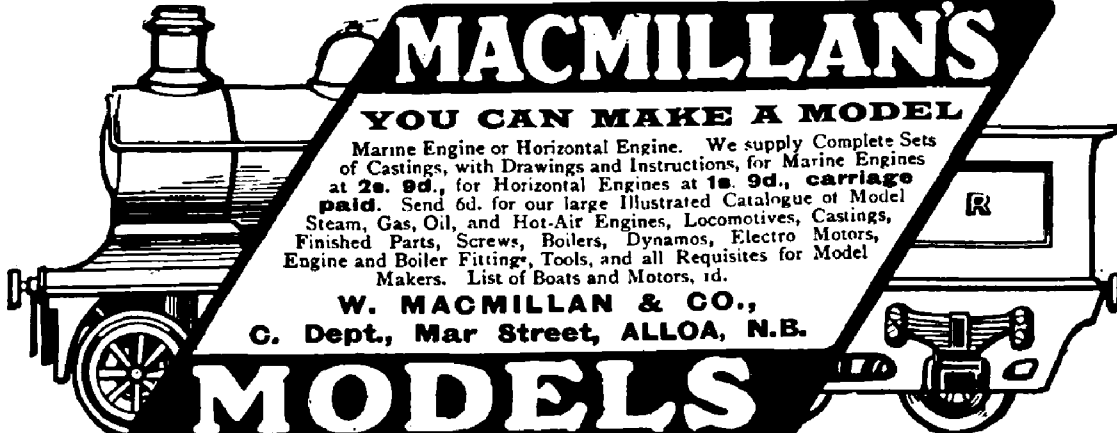
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MODELS

A Telephone for Divers.

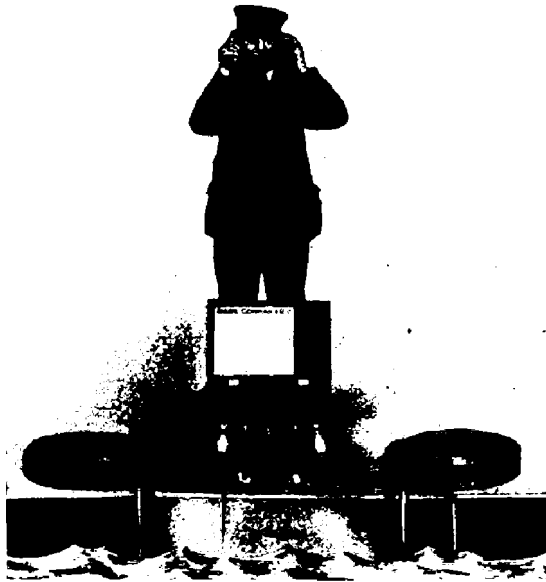
WE illustrate on this page, through the courtesy of Messrs. Siebe, Gorman and Co., Ltd., Submarine Engineers, the latest invention for the use of the diver. This is the "New Patent Loud-Sounding Telephonic Apparatus," by means of which the attendant at the surface may speak to two divers separately or simultaneously, or the two divers be put into communication with each other when under water. When they wish to speak, the divers cause a bell to ring by pressing, with their head or chin, a small electric contact fitted conveniently inside their helmets. The diver in the left-hand picture is searching the ocean bed by the aid of another of Messrs. Siebe, Gorman and Co.'s latest diving specialities—the "Self-Contained Electric Submarine Hand Lamp." This lamp is of the dry-battery variety, and will burn continuously for seven hours, and may be turned on and off without removing the cover.

For Lovers of Milk Chocolate.

MESSRS. CAILLER'S Competition last year was such a great success that they have instituted another, to run during the ensuing year, in which the total value of the prizes amounts to £10,000. Full particulars will be found in each packet of Cailler's Swiss-Milk Chocolate.

A "Model" Society.

ON January 12, the Society of Model Engineers held its seventh annual conversazione at Holborn Town Hall. In addition to the usual musical programme, models of every description were exhibited. Readers with a taste for model-making cannot do better than become members of this society. The



THIS ATTENDANT CAN SPEAK TO—

Honorary Secretary is, Mr. Herbert G. Riddle, 37 Minard Road, Hither Green, S.E.

A Miniature Map.

THE microphotoscope, invented by a Berlin chemist, though no larger than a cigar-case, permits of consulting the map of the whole district by night as well as by day. The map is photographed in miniature on a plate of ground glass, which is illumined by a small incandescent lamp supplied, when required, with current from a battery, while a lens can be adjusted to the observer's sight.

The Latest Flying Machine.

M. SANTOS-DUMONT is having built an aeroplane as well as a flying machine. The former will be a sort of an arrow, nearly 50 ft. long, having a head 26 ft. broad at the base. On the shaft will be fixed two silk wings, having a total surface of 236 sq. ft., stretched on a bamboo frame and curving slightly downwards at the sides. The passenger will be seated in a basket beneath the double wings, below which will also be a 24-h.p. motor working two propellers, each 6½ ft. in diameter. Finally, an articulate tail will act as rudder.

A New Game.

MESSRS. G. WRIGHT and Co., Bayer Street, Golden Lane, E.C., are responsible for the latest addition to the list of indoor games. This is called "Sky," and is a game played with cards, designed very much on the lines of ordinary playing-cards, in which there are six pools to reward both the lucky and the skilful. "Sky" contains just that nice blend of chance and skill which makes the successful parlour game, and costs 2s. and 3s. 6d.



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Photo. Mills.



F. C. GOULD.
Photo. Newman.

President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. Vice-Presidents, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

LEAGUE NOTES FOR MARCH 1906.

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.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—The Hon. Sec. at Adelaide writes to say that after a most successful winter session they are just going into recess for several weeks during the hot weather. His letter, which is far too lengthy to reproduce here, gives particulars of our colonial comrades both at work and play, and shows how intelligently they follow all the doings of the Motherland. Should any reader desire to know more of this wonderful country he cannot do better than join the B.E.L. Colonial Correspondence Club and get his information first hand from one of its members whose integrity can be fully relied on.

NEW ZEALAND.—The success of the League in New Zealand is beyond all expectation. It is not two years since the B.E.L. really became known at the antipodes, and now, I think, its members rival in enthusiasm those of the older colonies and the old country. Already there are branches in every important town. Mr. Raymond MacCarthy sends me a splendid report of the branch at Invercargill, every member earnestly carrying out the aims and ideas of the League with marked success and satisfaction. He would very much like to see an Inter-Colonial Camera Exchange Club formed for the exchange of views, both mental and pictorial, between boys of the Colonies and the Homeland.

GREENOCK.—This old Club is going apace. From the beginning it has always been for-

tunate in having a good secretary and good committees. In November it begun the winter session in earnest, with indoor games, Literary and Debating Societies; while out-of-doors it has been very successful in the football field.

B.E.L. FOOTBALL CLUB.—Mr. H. J. Verrall, Hon. Sec., 47 Thornhill Place, Maidstone, writes to suggest that a match should be arranged between two teams—say, North v. South of the Thames, before the end of the season, the “gate” to be devoted to the benefit of the League funds. I should very much like such a match, or even two, to take place, but am afraid my hands are too full to undertake any part, beyond secretarial duties, in the preliminary arrangement. However, I commend the suggestion to any readers who may be inclined to take the matter up, and shall be glad to consider any communication on the subject.

The Colonial Correspondence section still keeps up its popularity: This month I have letters from Adelaide, S. Australia; Invercargill, New Zealand; Dunedin, New Zealand; Rangoon, India; Iroquois, Ontario; Oya, via Lagos, and Elmina (West Coast of Africa); Sierra Leone; Lindsay, Ontario; Maberley, Ontario; Mataura, Southland, New Zealand; Oamaru, New Zealand; Vancouver, B.C.; Toronto, Montreal, Canada; Humansdorp, Qumbu, South Africa; Port Elizabeth, Natal; Melton, Newfoundland; Demerara; and many other places. To all of these I have replied personally, or placed my correspondents in communication with B.E.L. members in England. I should be glad to have a few more new correspondents in England so as to extend the usefulness of this branch of the League.

THE ORGANISING SECRETARY.

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bad pen

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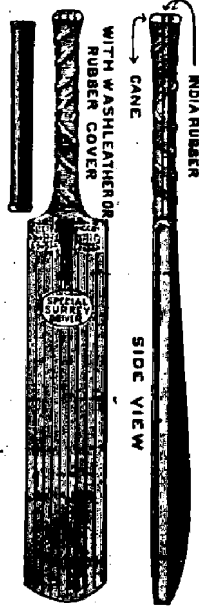
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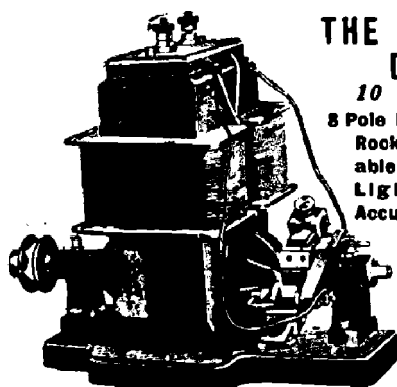
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