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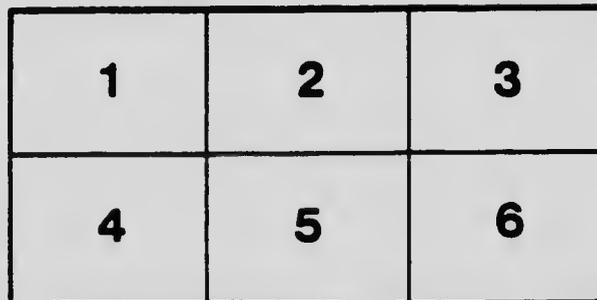
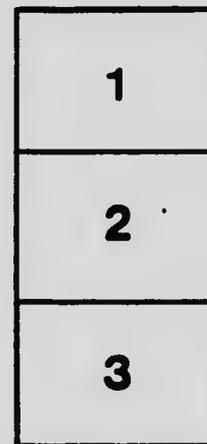
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LITERARY CONTENTS

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
Extract from the Speech of His Majesty the King at the Opening of the Union Jack Club, July 1st, 1907		3
Il y a Cent Ans	George Meredith, O.M.	4
The Marred Drives of Windsor	Rudyard Kipling	7
Physical Phenomena	W. Pett Ridge	12
England	Marie Corelli	23
The Lady in the Plaid Shawl	Sir W. S. Gilbert	25
Jack and Jill	W. Clark Russell	32
The Mystery of Max	Lord Montagu of Beaulieu	33
The Flag of England	Alfred Austin	43
"Marshy"	Edgar Wallace	44
Chief Hiki's First Christmas	Sir Gilbert Parker	50
The Philosopher Underground	Mostyn T. Pigott	54
Uncle Peter	Jean Middlemass	57
The Grey Dress	Sir Arthur Conan Doyle	66
Per Mare, Per Terram, Per Aëra	"Linesman"	68
The Stars in their Courses	John Strange Winter	73
The Acting Editor	W. A. Horn	88
The Sphinx and the Player	Robert Hichens	90
Drawing-Room Charade— "Dumb-Bell"	W. W. Jacobs	97
The Union Jack Club— What We Want	Colonel Sir Edward W. D. Ward, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.	108
Scouting	Lieut.-General R. S. S. Bader- Powell, C.B.	112
Editorial	Major H. F. Trippel	115

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ART CONTENTS

TITLE	ARTIST	PAGE
Cover Design - - - - -	Mr. Joseph Simpson.	
"Melodie del Mare e dell' Amore" -	Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, O.M., R.A. - - - - - Frontispiece <i>(Reproduced by the Marshall Engraving Co.)</i>	
His Majesty the King in the Grounds of Buckingham Palace - - - - -	From Photographs taken by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra - between 2 & 3 <i>(Reproduced by the Art Reproduction Co.)</i>	
"The Old 'Victory' saluting as we pass"		
"The Fleet off Cowes, 1907" - - - - -		
The Marred Drives of Windsor - - - - -	Byam Shaw - - - - -	6
	<i>(Reproduced by the Art Reproduction Co.)</i>	
A Chip of the Old Block - - - - -	Dudley Hardy - - - - - facing	12
	<i>(Reproduced by Sir J. Causton & Sons, Ltd.)</i>	
Chorus from the Street Singers - - - - -	A. G. Forrest - - - - - facing	16
	<i>(Reproduced by Sir J. Causton & Sons, Ltd.)</i>	
Our Volunteers - - - - -	L. Raven Hill - - - - -	24
	<i>(Reproduced by Sir J. Causton & Sons, Ltd.)</i>	
Resting - - - - -	W. Lee Hankey - - - - - facing	32
	<i>(Reproduced by Anglo Engraving Co., Ltd.)</i>	
The Six Mile Limit - - - - -	Arthur Hogg - - - - -	42
	<i>(Reproduced by John Swain & Son, Ltd.)</i>	
Nonplussed - - - - -	Lawson Wood - - - - - facing	48
	<i>(Reproduced by A. E. Dent & Co., Ltd.)</i>	
Gossips - - - - -	Frank Reynolds - - - - - between 56 & 57	
	<i>(Reproduced by John Swain & Son, Ltd.)</i>	
Homeeward - - - - -	T. Austen Brown - - - - - between 56 & 57	
	<i>(Reproduced by Sir J. Causton & Sons, Ltd.)</i>	
A Long Journey - - - - -	Tom Browne - - - - - between 56 & 57	
	<i>(Reproduced by Sir J. Causton & Sons, Ltd.)</i>	
Madam Columbine - - - - -	E. Fortescue-Brickdale - - - - - between 56 & 57	
	<i>(Reproduced by the Art Reproduction Co.)</i>	
Run out of Scent - - - - -	R. H. Buxton - - - - - between 56 & 57	
	<i>(Reproduced by Sir J. Causton & Sons, Ltd.)</i>	
Phillada flouts me - - - - -	Stephen Reid - - - - - between 56 & 57	
	<i>(Reproduced by the Art Reproduction Co.)</i>	
At the Zoo - - - - -	Carton Moore-Park - - - - - between 56 & 57	
	<i>(Reproduced by Sir J. Causton & Sons, Ltd.)</i>	
Priscilla - - - - -	Lewis Baumer - - - - - between 56 & 57	
	<i>(Reproduced by the Art Reproduction Co.)</i>	
Traffic - - - - -	B. S. De la Bere - - - - - facing	64
	<i>(Reproduced by André & Sleight)</i>	
The Poor Artist - - - - -	René Bull - - - - -	72
	<i>(Reproduced by Sir J. Causton & Sons, Ltd.)</i>	
Fuzzy-Wuzzy - - - - -	John Hassall - - - - - facing	80
	<i>(Reproduced by the Marshall Engraving Co.)</i>	
Love at First Sight - - - - -	Lance Thackeray - - - - - facing	96
	<i>(Reproduced by Sir J. Causton & Sons, Ltd.)</i>	
Spent - - - - -	Harry Rowntree - - - - - facing	104
	<i>(Reproduced by André & Sleight)</i>	
Scouting - - - - -	René Bull and Lawson Wood - - - - - 112-114	
	<i>(Reproduced by Sir J. Causton & Sons, Ltd.)</i>	

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Union Jack Club*



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ART EDITOR - P. G. KONODY

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His Majesty the King in the Grounds of Buckingham Palace

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"The Fleet off Cowes, 1907"

2

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Extract from the Speech of
HIS MAJESTY THE KING
at the Opening of the Union Jack Club
July 1st, 1907

IL Y A CENT ANS

By GEORGE MEREDITH, O.M.

I.

THAT march of the funereal Past behold ;
 How Glory sat on Bondage for its throne ;
 How men, like dazzled insects, through the mould
 Still worked their way, and bled to keep their own.

II.

We know them, as they strove and wrought and yearned ;
 Their hopes, their fears ; what page of Life they wist.
 At whiles their vision upon us was turned,
 Baffled by shapes limned loosely on thick mist.

III.

Beneath the fortress bulk of Power they bent
 Blunt heads, adoring or in shackled hate ;
 All save the rebel hymned him ; and it meant
 A world submitting to incarnate Fate.

IV.

From this he drew fresh appetite for sway,
 And of it fell : whereat was chorus raised,
 How surely shall a mad ambition pay
 Dues to Humanity, erewhile amazed.

V.

'Twas dreamed by some the deluge would ensue,
 So trembling was the tension long constrained ;
 A spirt of faith was in the chirping few,
 That steps to the millennium had been gained.

VI.

But mainly the rich business of the hour,
 Their sight, made blind by urgency of blood,
 Embraced ; and facts, the passing sweet or sour,
 To them were solid things that nought withstood.

VII.

Their facts are going headlong on the tides,
 Like commas on a line of History's page ;
 Nor that which once they took for Truth abides,
 Save in the form of youth enlarged from age.

VIII.

Meantime give ear to woodland notes around,
 Look on our earth full-breasted to our sun:
 So was it when their poets heard the sound,
 Beheld the scene: in them our days are one.

IX.

Will there be rise of fountains long repressed,
 To swell with affluents the forward stream?
 Will men perceive the virtues in unrest,
 Till life stands prouder near the poets' dream?

X.

Our hopes, in battling acts embodied, dare
 Proclaim that we have paved a way for feet
 Now stumbling; air less cavernous, and air
 That feeds the soul, we breathe; for more entreat.

XI.

What figures will be shown the century hence?
 What lands intact? We do but know that Power
 From piety divorced, though seen immense,
 Shall sink on envy of a wayside flower.

XII.

Our cry for cradled Peace, while men are still
 The three-parts brute which smothers the divine,
 Heaven answers: Guard it with forethoughtful will,
 Or buy it; all your gains from War resign.

XIII.

A land, not indefensibly alarmed,
 May see, unwarned by hint of friendly gods,
 Between a hermit crab at all points armed,
 And one without a shell, decisive odds.

Joseph W. Smith



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ACT II SCENE 3 THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN IN EASTCHEAP



Enter FALSTAFF (habited as a motorist). Here's all at an end between us, or I'll never taste sack again. Prince or no Prince, I'll not ride with him to Coventry on the hinder parts of a carbonadoed stink, not though he call her all the car in Christendom. Sack! Sack! Sack!

HOSTESS. I spied her out of the lattice. A fizzled and a groaned, and a shook from the bones out, Sir John, and a ran on her own impulsidges back and forth o' Chepe, and I knew that there was but one way to it when I saw them fighting at the handles. She died of a taking of pure wind on the heart, and they be about her body now with tongs. A marvellous searching perfume, Sir John!



FALSTAFF. He hath called me ribs; he hath called me tallow. There is no name in the extremer oiliness of comparison which I have not borne meekly. But to go masked at midday; to wrap my belly in an horse-hide cloak of ten thousand buttons till I looked like a mushroomed dunghill; to be smoked over burnt oils; to be enseamed, moreover, with intolerable greases; and thus scented, thus habited, thus vizarded to leap out—for I leaped, mark you. . . . Another cup of sack! But there's vengeance for my case! These eyes have seen the Lord's Anointed on his knees in Chepe, foining with the key of Shrewsbury Castle, which Pains had bent to the very crook of Nym's theftuous elbow, to wake the dumb devil

in the guts of her. "Sweet Hal," said I, "are horses sold out of England, that thou must kneel before the lieges to any petrol-piddling turnspit? Then he, Poins and Bardolph, whose nose blanched with sheer envy of her bodywork, begged a shoulder of me to thrust her into some alley, the street being full of Ephesians of the old church. Whereat I . . .

Enter PRINCE and FLUELLEN. Whereat thou, hearing her once twice tenderly backfire—

FALSTAFF. Heaven forgive thee, Hal! She thundered and lightning ened a full half hour, so that Jove himself could not have bettered the instruction. There's a pit beneath her now, which she blew out of thy father's highway the while I watched, where Sackerson could stand six dogs.

PRINCE. Hearing, I say, her gentle outcry against Poins' mis-handling, thou didst flee up Chepe calling upon the Sheriff's watch for a red flag.

FALSTAFF. I? Call me Jack if I were not jack to each of her wheels in turn till I am stamped like a butter-pat with the imprint of her underpinnings. I seek a red flag?

PRINCE. Ay, roaring like a bull.

FALSTAFF. Groans, Hal, groans—such as Atlas heaved. But she overbore me at the last. Why hast thou left her?—Faugh, that a King's son should ever reek like a smutty-wicked lamp upon the wrong side of morning!

PRINCE. There was Bardolph in the buckbasket behind, nosing fearfully overside like a full-wattled turkey-poult from Norfolk. There was Poins upon his belly beneath her thrice steeped in pure plumbago, most despairfully clanking of chains like the devil in Brug's Hall window; and there were some four thousand 'prentices at her tail, crying "What ho!" and that she bumped. Methought 'twas no place for my father's son.

FALSTAFF. Take any man's horses and hale her to bed. The laws of England are at thy commandment, that the Heir should not be made a common stink in the nostrils of the lieges.

PRINCE. She'd not stir for all Apollo's team—not though Phaeton himself, drunk with nectar, lashed 'em stark mad. Poor Phaeton!

HUESTESS. A was a King's son, was a not, and a came to's end by keeping of bad company.

FALSTAFF. No more than a little horseflesh. I tell thee, Hal, this England of ours has never looked up since the nobles fell to puking over oil-buckets by the side of leather-jerkined Walloons.

PRINCE. He that drives me now is French as our princely cousin.

FALSTAFF. Dumain? Hang him for a pestilent, chicken-chopping, hump-backed, leather-hatted, poke-eyed, muffle-gloved ape! He hath been fined as oft.n as he hath broken down; and that is at every tavern 'twixt here and York. Dumain! He's the most notorious widow-maker on the Windsor road. His mother was a corn-cutter at Ypres, and his father a barber at Rouen, by which beastly conjunction he rightly draws every infirmity that damns him in his trade. *Item*: He cuts corners niggardly and upon the wrong side. *Item*: He'll look behind him after a likely wench in the hottest press of Holborn, though he skid into the kennel. *Item*: He depends upon his brakes to save him at need—a death-bed repentance, Hal, as hath been proved ere this, since grace is uncertain. *Item*: He is too proud to clean the body of her, but leaves the care of that which should be the very cote-armour of his mechanic knight-hood to an unheedful ostler. Thus, at last, he comes to overlook even the oiling; and so it falls that she's where she must be, and not where thou wouldst have

her. Ay, laugh if thou wilt, Hal, but a round worthy knight need not fire himself through three baronies in eight hours to know the very essence of the petard that hoists him. Dumain will one day clutch thee into Hell upon the first or lesser speed.

PRINCE. Strange that clear knowledge should so long outlive mere nerve! I'll dub Dumain knight when I come to the throne, if he be not hanged first for murder on the highway. 'Twill save the state a pension.

FALSTAFF. So the lean vice goes ever before the solid virtue. (*Confused noise without.*) What riot's afoot now?

FLUELLEN. Riots, look you, by my vizaments, make one noise, but murders another. There's riots in Monmouth; but, by my vizaments, look you, there's murders in Chepe. Pabes and old 'oomen—they howl so tamnably.

FALSTAFF. Rebellion rather! Half London's calling on thy name, Hal, and half on thy father's. Well, if it be successful, forget not who was promised the reversion of the Chief Justiceship. Ha! Unquestioned rebellion, if broken crowns signify aught.

Enter HERALDS (wounded). Most gracious lord, the car that bore thy state,

Too long neglected and adjudged acold,
Hath, without warning or advertisement,
Risen refreshed from her supposed stand
In unattended revolution.

PRINCE. This it is to be a King's son! That a pitiful twelve-horse touring-car cannot jar off her brakes but they must rehearse it me in damnable heroics. Your pleasure, gentlemen?

HERALDS. The blood upon our boltered brows attests
'Twas Bardolph's art that waked her, whereat she
Skipped thunderously before our mazed eyes,
Drew out o'er several lieges (all with God!),

Battered a house or so to laths, and now

Fumes on her side in Holborn. Please you, come !

PRINCE. Anon ! Seek each a physician according to his needs
and revenues. I'll be with you anon. (*To Falstaff.*)
The third in three weeks ! These whoreson German
clock-cases no sooner dint an honest English paving-
stone than they incontinent lay their entrails on the
street. Five hundred and seventy pounds ! I'll out
and pawn the Duchy !

HERALDS. The Lord Chief Justice waits thy princely will,
In thy dread father's Court at Westminster.

FALSTAFF. A Star Chamber matter, Hal—a Star Chamber matter !
Glasses, Doll ! We'll drink to his deliverance.

HERALDS. You, too, Sir John, as party to these broils
And breakings forth, in like attainder stand
For judgment : wherein fail not at your peril !

FALSTAFF. I do remember now to have had some dealings with
this same Chief Justice. An old feeble man, drawn
abroad in a cart, by horses. We must enlighten—
enlighten him, Hal. (*Exeunt.*)

Rudyard Kipling

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA

By W. PETT RIDGE

STANDING on tiptoe—more from force of general habit than from present necessity—he looked at the contents of the newspaper shop. A remark made by Miss Hawes just before she had bent to say good-bye was clinging stubbornly to the memory, and endeavours to dislodge it by humming loudly after leaving her had only resulted in gibes from fellow passengers in the tram-car; they said to each other it was a voice which should be devoted to the selling of coals; men who such gifts ought to be at Covent Garden—meaning the market. Usually he could hold his own in conversation, and Miss Hawes more than once in the earlier stages of their acquaintance, before he became her slave, had repeated to him complimentary remarks made by her family in this regard. But here was her latest statement, obliterating all else.

“‘What I admire most,’” he quoted to himself once more, “‘what I admire most in people is strength.’” He sighed. “And she meant it too. I could tell that from the tone of her voice.”

The picture in the magazine facing him represented a man whose features, if you desired to be polite, you would term rugged; if not afraid to speak your mind, you would call brutal. The bare arms were bulgy in form, the neck short; first impressions were corrected by the title underneath, “THE PERFECTION OF MANHOOD.” Mr. Walker went into the shop and purchased the magazine; the newsagent recommended him to buy several others of a like nature, remarking that they were all selling well, mentioning also that they contained many wrinkles, and tips, and words of advice on the subject of physical development. “Just what you stand in need of,” said the newsagent, frankly, “if you don’t mind my saying so!” Young Walker, annoyed by this insistence, declined to disburse further,

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A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK
By DUDLEY HARDY

2

and went out fiercely ; the newsagent called through the window that customers were not obliged to take the door with them.

His recently improved position at office had enabled him to give to a bedroom something of the appearance of a sitting-room, and his landlady frequently expressed wonder that he could tear himself away from it ; with such a bookcase and such a rocking-chair there was, said the landlady, precious small advantage in a young gentleman thinking about getting married. The book on a table in the corner had an inscription : " To Robert from Lily ;" a thick volume, and working at it steadily since his birthday he had only reached page three hundred and eight ; it occurred to him now that girls were changeable in their views. At the time of this gift she had argued in favour of improving the mind. He opened the magazine.

" We are sometimes asked by our correspondents," he read, as he rocked to and fro, " to give them bills of fare, indicating the dishes that may be taken usefully when in training. We have pleasure in doing so herewith. It is scarcely necessary to warn our readers that they must not deviate from these instructions by a hair's breadth. An egg too much may undo the work of months. We now proceed to give the information desired."

Reading the particulars with so much interest that his chair ceased to rock, he saw at once that in the list were none of the dishes for which he had a special affection ; no suggestion of the meals provided for him when he went to Totteridge ; his mother there was never satisfied until he announced he had eaten too much. Also, he observed food for which he had an antipathy that amounted to loathing.

One of the first circumstances which had brought Miss Hawes and himself together at the boarding-house at St. Leonards-on-Sea in August, was a common dislike of porridge for breakfast. This was not the worst. To rise at six every morning appeared to be looked upon as a minor detail ; a cold bath and half an hour with the dumb-bells mere preliminaries ; it seemed taken for granted

that every one took an hour's walk before breakfast. Apparently, you devoted your entire day to the task of building up the system, for there was no recognition anywhere of the fact that some people had to be at office by nine and stay there, with an hour's rest at midday, until six in the evening. Bed, if you please, at ten.

"Simply ridiculous," cried Mr. Walker, throwing down the magazine violently. "If she can't take me as I am, she needn't take me at all. So there!" He half closed his eyes and saw her again at the corner of her road, looking around first and then bending to him for a brief moment. Went back from this and found himself running against the remark that she had made solemnly at an earlier hour. He looked at his watch; it reported ten minutes past ten.

"I'm off to roost," he said.

A few athletic youths were to be found at office, men who thought of little but cricket in the summer, whose minds were completely filled by football in the winter. These Mr. Walker had hitherto avoided, considering them below him in regard to intellect; their openly expressed contempt for books had shocked. One of the clerks, on the morning following the purchase, found the magazine on Mr. Walker's desk, and was about to invite the others to share in the humour of the discovery.

"What d'you think little Walker, London, has bought?"

When the owner returned from consultation with the chief, and Marlowe, replacing the magazine hurriedly, slipped back to his stool, transferring his interest briskly to the subject of through way-bills. Marlowe hoped the incident had escaped observation; he assumed a look of deep apology when, on going out at one o'clock, Mr. Walker, who was buying an apple from the old lady who had a stall just inside the entrance, beckoned to him. Mr. Walker purchased another apple, and lobbed it to him as he came.

"Want a word with you, Marlowe!" The other resumed his appearance of contrition. "About this magazine."

"It was only a lark," urged Marlowe. "I happened to catch sight of it as I was passing by your desk."

"That's all right. Very glad you did. Because I want your advice. Is this concern any good?"

The advertisement gave a picture of an enormously developed youth, rather good-looking, breaking with his hand two stout iron railings at the area entrance of a house. "Would You Like To Do This?" the advertisement asked, "If So Try Our Grippers!" One you could have for two and nine; the pair might be obtained for four and nine. Marlowe shook his head knowingly, and Mr. Walker turned to another. "A Complete Course of Physical Culture. By Post. One and Five." Marlowe said this was too cheap. "The Ju-Jitsu System of Self Defence." Marlowe said he did not hold with foreign dodges. The two walked along Barnby Street, and in the quiet of the square went through the book. Mr. Walker had placed double crosses against an expander which guaranteed to develop the deltoids, the triceps, the rhomboids, the biceps. "Use for a Few Minutes only," said the advertisement, "and You Will Be Astonished."

"Would it be a rude question to ask why?" inquired Marlowe.

"Yes," replied the little man, "it would."

"Business is business," said the athletic youth. "If I help you in this, will you do what you can to let me get away this year for my holiday the first fortnight in July?"

Mr. Walker offered his hand; the two in grasping exchanged a look which showed that they understood each other. Marlowe took the little man's arm and, in confidential tones, gave his recommendation. Mr. Walker was to purchase certain of the muscle-producing articles on which he had set his mind, and Marlowe would first give those unknown to him a trial, in order to see whether they possessed any virtue; this discovered, Mr. Walker could safely apply himself without waste of time. They were near to the Cobden Statue when a clock struck two and they had to return at a run.

"I don't say, mind," remarked Marlowe, as they hurried along, "that you are going to grow taller."

"Scarcely," panted Mr. Walker, "expect—that!"

"But there's no reason why you shouldn't improve a good deal. You ought to get these exercises fixed up as soon as ever you can. I'll come round this evening to your place and help fix 'em."

"Awfully obliged."

"The dumb-bells can be got at once. And the Indian clubs. And the boxing gloves."

"I don't want," gasped young Walker, as they reached the entrance to the offices, "to overdo it!"

Marlowe was good as his word; better. Mr. Walker sent a note to Miss Hawes to say that some work of a special and urgent nature would engage his evenings for a time; he hoped she would not consider herself neglected, but it would be impossible for him to see her until the work was completed. He promised to write frequently; added that he knew he could trust her to think of nobody else until they saw each other again. Feeling the letter had a touch of familiarity that might prejudice him in the eyes of the recipient, he wrote an impassioned, rapturous postscript, and indicated a spot which he had kissed. Carried away by enthusiasm he placed in the corner "*Tout-à-vous!*" And this proved a master-stroke, for, as Miss Hawes said, on reading the letter to her mother, when a young gentleman had to go to a foreign language to express admiration, then you might be sure he was pretty far gone. All the same Miss Hawes announced her intention of sending a cold reply.

Mr. Walker's landlady, coming up during the evening to see what all the row was about, asked at once: "Why, whatever on earth are you up to?" On Mr. Walker urging that all he desired to do was to become strong, the landlady replied that she had heard before this of a house being brought down about one's ears; she quoted an incident to prove her case.

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CHORUS FROM THE STREET SINGERS

By A. G. FORREST

“ When you were in distress yourselves
You know we helped you through,
But now we're in distress *ourselves*
We don't know what to do—o.”

124

"Whether I let them furnished, or whether I let them unfurnished," said the landlady, speaking with great deliberation, "it's me that's got to get the rent together at the end of the quarter, and I will not have nails drove in, not if you were the Prince of Wales and I was your mother. Understand that, please!"

"But don't you see——" began Marlowe.

"Do I let these rooms to you, sir?" Marlowe gave an admission. "Very well, then. *My* mother taught me to speak when I was spoken to."

"Just three screws on the inside of the door, ma'am!"

"So much as look at that door," cried the landlady, giving up all pretence at composure, "and I'll telegraph to Scotland Yard. Mind, I've given you fair warning! I'm not the sort of woman that speaks twice."

"Tell you what it is, old man," announced Marlowe when the lady had gone. She simulated a descent of the staircase that sounded unconvincing. "You'll have to join a class!"

Began, for Mr. Walker, a term of hard labour. He made some effort to defer the commencement by attempting to perform silent exercises in his room; but one of the Indian clubs slipped, and he had to bring in a new water-jug secretly in a portmanteau; the chest expander was sent away by error to the laundry. The occupant of a room below was wrestling with difficulties of inorganic chemistry, and sent word by the servant to say that a little less jumping about would be all in favour of his studies. Nothing to do but to take Marlowe's advice. At the gymnasium the first sight of muscular youths going up ladders made Mr. Walker dizzy; the work on the horizontal bar caused him to turn pale. The Professor showed him a set of photographs of young men as they entered Dalby's School of Physical Culture, and young men as they went from Dalby's School of Physical Culture; they differed so much, that the new pupil remarked he could scarcely believe them to be the

same men. The Professor retorted that no one ever made that comment twice, and Mr. Walker did not trouble to repeat it.

"I think I impressed them," said Mr. Walker, reporting progress to his friend in Seymour Street the next morning. "They all stopped and cheered when I changed and came out in the costume. One chap asked me whether I was a blood relation of Sandow's, or only connected by marriage."

"They were getting at you," said Marlowe.

"As a matter of fact, I asked the Professor if that was so, and he said 'Certainly not!' And he would have known."

"You mustn't allow yourself to be chaffed. Punch their heads if they begin that."

"Don't think I shall punch their heads," said Mr. Walker doubtfully. "I should be more inclined to use satire. Satire's a wonderful weapon if you only know how to use it properly."

"Heard from your young lady?"

"Had a letter from her this morning, saying she couldn't quite understand my conduct, and that she hadn't known what it was to have a wink of sleep since she saw me last. It's worrying me frightfully."

"You won't forget about my holidays!"

"I wish to goodness," cried Mr. Walker heatedly, "that you wouldn't be so selfish, Marlowe. There are other people in the world besides you."

The office did not dare to express amusement during office hours, but the spectacle of Mr. Walker seizing every opportunity for physical exercise was one that tempted. If he had to take down a heavy ledger, he carried it with outstretched arm; he would take up his stool and hold it as long as possible by one of the legs. He no longer stepped over waste-paper baskets; instead he jumped them, and when a junior was struggling with a copying-press, ordered him aside, saying, "This is the way you ought to do it," pulling until he became purple in the face. Down near Euston Station, during a luncheon hour, two betting

men stood in his way, and he seized one of them by the elbows, in order to put him aside ; the betting-man had in his earlier days been a pugilist, and Mr. Walker had to explain elaborately to every one that he had, by some extraordinary blunder, run his face against an obstacle. "Silly place to put a lamp-post, just on the very edge of the pavement!" The black eye proved but the prelude to more serious disasters, for at the School of Physical Culture, on the instigation of some tall, muscular student (who assured him that little men made the best boxers in that you never knew where to hit them), he made a fresh departure. He had always understood that a cold key was a certain remedy, but although the others obligingly put whole bunches down his back, he reached home with his face and pocket handkerchief in such an astounding state, that his landlady said he resembled a battlefield, and expressed a stern hope that Mr. Walker would stop ere he gave the street a bad name.

"Accidents will happen," urged Mr. Walker.

"Yes," said the lady, with haughtiness, "to people that go in search of them. I think me and you had better part before we come to words. A fortnight to-day, if you please."

"Oh, Mrs. Bell," he cried, "don't you turn against me, please!"

"Well, then," said the landlady, relenting at signs of distress, "tell me all what's the matter."

"I can't!"

"Oh yes, you can, if you try," she contested, in a motherly way. "Just you set down in my easy chair and I'll make you a nice hot cup of cocoa!"

"But it's a secret."

"If it wasn't I shouldn't want to know it."

"You won't let it go any further?"

"Mr. Walker," said the landlady, solemnly, "if you think I'm a gossip, say so outright."

Good to be able to confess to some one more sympathetic than Marlowe ; the landlady wept on hearing of Mr. Walker's trials,

and said it went to prove the truth of a remark that she had once made to the effect that one half the world did not know how the other half lived ; this she looked on now as one of the best and wisest statements she had ever made. When, repeating the story backwards, he informed the landlady of the incident which led to these proceedings, she took sides in a manner that at first consoled him.

“What right, I sh’d like to know, has she got to dictate to you? If I was a young gentleman, I wouldn’t endure it for a solitary, single moment. Never heard of such a thing in all me life. What next I wonder. ‘Pon me word,” went on the landlady—“drink your cocoa whilst it’s hot, Mr. Walker—to hear some of these girls talk nowadays, you’d think they were the only pebbles on the beach.”

“I suppose most young ladies would rather a tall husband than a short one,” he remarked, thoughtfully.

“You don’t get husbands as you get calico,” retorted the landlady, “by the yard. She can take you or she can leave you, can’t she? Very well then, that proves my argument.”

“We can’t all be a Hercules,” he admitted.

“You were born short, Mr. Walker, and short you will be to the end of your life. You may put things inside your boots, you may hold yourself upright and stick out your chin, but no man—” The landlady again quoted from the Bible. “Excuse me one moment, I’ll just send the girl down to the chemist and get something for your face. Have you looked at yourself in the glass yet, Mr. Walker? As I say,” the landlady returned with another argument, “she isn’t everybody. And if a young gentleman, paying his rent regular as you do, doesn’t know when he’s got a comfortable second floor back, why then he won’t know when he is comfortable. And if ever you want to screw or nail anything into the door, why I should be the last person to prevent it. Goodness knows—as I was remarking to the girl only this morning—the room’s yours; surely you have a right to do what you like with it.”

"I'm going to sell all these exercising things, Mrs. Bell. Or else give them away." He spoke desolately.

"Mr. Walker! You must be dreaming."

"I wish I was—I mean were. I'm going to give it all up. I'll write a note to her now."

"You'll want the ink," said the landlady with sagacity.

"A pencil will do," he remarked hopelessly. "It'll give her a better idea of the state of mind I'm in."

"I happen to know where she lives," said the landlady, "because you've now and again left her letters about. You write the letter, and the moment the girl comes back from the chemist's she shall run off with it like a shot!"

* * * * *

If you had seen Mr. Walker going down Eversholt Street the next morning at ten minutes to nine, you would have felt, with Marlowe, that an explanation was required. Mr. Walker was whistling a cheerful air, whistling softly, but clearly whistling. He wore a necktie hitherto kept for Sundays; his silk hat was at the nice angle which intimates cheerfulness. Marlowe, oppressed by the knowledge that his young lady and her people had suddenly changed their minds—deciding to go to St. Leonards in the last fortnight of August instead of the first fortnight of July—Marlowe was caught up by Mr. Walker and saluted.

"That's my shoulder," said Marlowe, gloomily, "when you've done with it."

"Jolly nice morning, isn't it?"

"No," retorted Marlowe. "It's raining."

"I hadn't noticed," declared young Walker. "Doesn't do to bother about trifles. I've learnt that by experience."

"What new games have you been up to with your face?"

"Mere child's play," he said lightly.

"I should want to talk to that child. Just to prevent any further misunderstanding."

"Has it ever occurred to you, Marlowe, how easy it is for people to misunderstand each other?"

"I can give you a case in point," said Marlowe eagerly. "My young lady's people——"

"Miss Hawes came round to my place last night——" Marlowe said that some girls possessed a cheek enabling them to do anything——"to see my landlady. My landlady had sent a verbal message asking her to call, thinking apparently the sight of me and the sight of my face would put her off me altogether. Instead of which——"

The two entered the doorway. Other clerks were hurrying up the stairs, and Mr. Walker, lowering his voice, continued the explanation.

"But," demanded Marlowe, when this finished, "if by her remark she only meant strength of character—which you've got, and not strength of muscle, which you haven't and never will have—why in the world didn't she say so at the time?"

"Ah," said Mr. Walker, speaking as an expert. "That's what you always want to remember, Marlowe, in regard to the fair sex. They never do say quite all they mean."

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ENGLAND

By MARIE CORELLI

LIFT up thine eyes, Queen-Warrior of the world !
Stand, fearless-footed on Time's shifting verge,
And watch thine everlasting Dawn emerge
From clouds that thickly threaten thunderous War !
Lo, how thy broad East reddens to thy West,
The while thy thousand-victoried flag, unfurl'd,
Waves to thy North and South in one royal fold
Of tent-like shelter for an Empire's rest ;
O Queen, sword-girded, helmeted in gold,
Strong Conqueror of all thy many foes,
Look from thy rocky heights and see afar
The coming Future menacing the Past,
With clamour and wild change of present things,
Kingdoms down-shaken with the fall of kings !
But fear not Thou ! Thou'rt still the first and last
Imperial wearer of the deathless Rose,—
Crown'd with the sunlight, girdled with the sea,
Mother of mightiest Nations yet to be !

Marie Corelli.



OUR VOLUNTEERS

By L. RAVEN HILL

OFFICER OF THE DAY (*who believes in making sure that every man knows his work*):
"Ah! What are you?" (*No answer.*)

"Er! What are your orders?" (*No answer.*)

"What the dooce are you doing here?"

RECRUIT (*on sentry-go for the first time*): "Please, zur, I be waitin' for they to tell I to come to tay!"

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THE LADY IN THE PLAID SHAWL

A SCRAP OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By Sir WILLIAM S. GILBERT

[NOTE.—*The following anecdote is literally true in every detail, even to the singular coincidence at the end.*]

IN the autumn of 1870, a fortnight before the German army reached Paris, I was appointed war correspondent to the *Observer*, and required to start for Paris at six hours' notice. I should state that, at that time, the rule as to passports was strictly enforced.

I reached Dover at midnight, and found a heavy gale blowing. As I was going on board I heard an altercation between a young and rather attractive lady, who wore a red plaid shawl, and one of the steamer's officers at the gangway.

"They'll never let you land at Calais without a passport," said the officer.

"But I *must* go," replied the lady. "My husband is at St. Valérie, at the point of death, and I must go to him at any cost."

"Very sorry, ma'am," said the officer. "We can take you across, of course; but they certainly won't let you land unless you have a passport."

"Nevertheless, I must go and take my chance, as it is a matter of life and death."

I happened to be furnished with a passport made out in the names of my wife and myself, and, as I was travelling alone, it occurred to me that it might be useful in this emergency. So I said to the lady: "I happen to have a passport which will carry two. If you like to go on shore in the assumed character of my wife, I shall be very pleased that you should do so."

The lady expressed her thanks, and I saw no more of her until we met at the gangway when we were alongside Calais pier. My

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passport covered the lady, and she was permitted to land without question.

We found that we had about an hour to wait before the train started, and I offered her some supper at the *buffet*, which she gladly accepted, as the rough crossing had seriously inconvenienced her, and she stood in need of substantial restoration. After we had supped we had still about twenty minutes to wait, and we passed them in a carriage of the train.

So far my story is, I believe, almost identical with the opening pages of a novel called "My Official Wife," which was published some fifteen years ago, but which I have never seen. Possibly my story may have reached the author's ears, and he may have found it adapted to his purpose. This, of course, is mere conjecture, based on the vivid similarity of the two incidents. At this point, however, the novelist's story and my own diverge.

As we were waiting in the train the lady explained to me that she would be my fellow passenger only as far as Boulogne, as she would have to change at that station into another train that would take her to St. Valérie, where her husband, whom she described as a post-captain in the Navy, was lying seriously ill. She asked me to be so good as to get her a ticket for Boulogne or St. Valérie, I forget which. I bought the ticket and it cost five francs. When I returned to the carriage, she explained that she had come away in such a hurry that she had only brought a few shillings of change with her, and that this had been expended on the journey. I begged her not to distress herself about so small a matter, and she went on to explain that all the money she had with her was two ten pound notes, and she was afraid she would find it difficult to get them exchanged at St. Valérie. It so happened that, in the belief that I should be detained in Paris for some weeks, I had brought with me a hundred and twenty gold sovereigns, and I offered to give her twenty of these in exchange for the two notes. She gratefully accepted my offer—the train started, and on arriving at Boulogne she left me after we had exchanged addresses.

On the journey to Paris I had a narrow escape of being arrested as a spy. I had with me a leather handbag upon which my name, "W. SCHWENCK GILBERT," was printed in unnecessarily conspicuous gold letters. At Amiens a couple of Frenchmen of the *commis-voyageur* type entered the carriage and, after a time, they began to mutter mysteriously to one another, and eventually one of them said to me :

"*Mais Monsieur est Prussien ?*"

I denied the soft impeachment, and assured them that I was English to the backbone.

"*Pourtant,*" said my interrogator, pointing to the unhappy name "SCHWENCK" on my gold-lettered bag, "*voilà un nom allemand.*"

I admitted that the name was German, and explained that it was given to me by my godfathers and godmothers at my baptism, and that I had not been consulted when they took that liberty, or I should certainly have declined to present myself at the font. As they still muttered, I concluded that my explanation had not been considered satisfactory and as I had no ambition to be handed over to a posse of infuriated soldiery on arriving at Paris, and possibly shot then and there, I thought it better to explain the business upon which I was travelling. So I produced a visiting card upon which I had written the name of the newspaper I represented, for use in getting through *cordons* and into public buildings.

"*Voilà, monsieur,*" said I. "*Cela vous expliquera mon affaire.*"

They looked at the card rather doubtfully, and, after a little more muttering, one of them said to me (in the tone of a General of Division addressing troops) :

"*Mais, monsieur, 'Observer'—cela veut dire espion.*"

I admitted, not without some trepidation, that the word might possibly be considered to bear that construction, but I suggested to them that even they, imbued as they were with all the prejudices that, at that time, animated their countrymen, might understand that, if I were really a Prussian spy in pursuit of my

vocation, I should hardly be so imprudent as to advertise the fact on my visiting card.

"*Monsieur,*" said my friend, "*un Prussien est capable de tout !*"

However, I succeeded eventually in making my position clear to them, and we became very good friends. They explained to me that every Frenchman in Paris would shed his last drop of blood in its defence, and that the women would give their back hair to make bowstrings—which seemed to argue an imperfect acquaintance, on their part, with up-to-date methods of defence. I asked him if he proposed to remain in Paris and assist in its defence. He replied, "*Non, monsieur, je pars ce soir pour Marseilles.*"

When I reached Paris I put up at the Grand Hotel, and after I had been there a few days I proposed to pay my bill. With this object I went to the bureau, and presented one of the two ten pound notes I had received from the post-captain's wife in exchange for my twenty sovereigns, and I was rather taken aback when the clerk, after examining the note, expressed his belief that it was a forgery. I was on the point of offering the other, when it occurred to me that if the clerk should be of opinion that that also was a forgery, I might find myself in an unpleasant predicament. So I paid in gold, and there was an end of that incident. I left the hotel in order to visit the ramparts and outworks, and on my way to the Arc de l'Etoile I met a journalistic friend who had also come to Paris to remain through the siege. He was in very low spirits because, wanting money, he had drawn a cheque for twenty pounds and presented it at a bank where he was well known; but the bank declined to cash it, on the ground that telegraphic or other communication between Paris and London might be cut off at any moment, and, for the present, at all events, no cheques except those drawn by their own customers could be cashed. Thereupon I told him that I was the possessor of two ten pound notes, one of which had been refused by the cashier of the Grand Hotel as doubtful, and that, as to the other, I knew nothing, but if he liked to take them in exchange for

his twenty pound cheque he was welcome to them, but it must be distinctly understood that I did not guarantee their honesty. My friend jumped at the suggestion ; he took my notes and I took his cheque (which was duly cashed in London), and there the incident ended. He got rid of the notes without difficulty, and they may have been perfectly genuine for anything I know to the contrary.

After I had passed about ten days in Paris, waiting for the Prussians, I was recalled by telegram, as the proprietors of the *Observer* had reason to believe that no letters from Paris would be likely to reach them after the investment. Accordingly, I packed up my traps and left Paris by the last train that *did* leave Paris. In point of fact, the French engineers obligingly waited until we had crossed the bridge at Creil, and then they blew it up. I heard the explosion. On arriving at Boulogne I called at Merridew's Library for newspapers and letters, and told Mrs. Merridew that I had just arrived from Paris. "That is impossible," said the lady, rather rudely, "for the bridge of Creil was blown up this morning." "Exactly," said I, "I heard it."

While I was waiting for the Folkestone steamer to start, I met an old friend, Admiral Hathorn, on the *port*. I told him of my adventure with the lady in the plaid shawl and the two ten pound notes.

"I can tell you a good deal about that lady and her husband," said the Admiral. "They are two notorious swindlers. He was a second officer of a merchantman, and he has assumed the rank of a post-captain in the Navy, for purposes of deception." He told me other things about them, but as they do not bear upon my story I need not repeat them.

A few weeks after this I received a letter from the so-styled post-captain, written upon paper which was headed (in manuscript) "Army and Navy Club," stating that he was anxious to meet me, in order to thank me for my attention to his wife, and generally to cement a friendship which had begun so auspiciously. He stated that he was then in London, but was on the point of starting for St. Valérie (to which place my reply was to be

addressed), but that on his return, later in the year, he would do himself the pleasure of calling on me. I at once called on the secretary of the Army and Navy Club, and showed him the letter. He confirmed Admiral Hathorn's statement that the man was a notorious swindler, who had frequently dated letters from the Club for nefarious purposes, and that the Committee were extremely anxious to find him. He took charge of the letter, but I never heard the result of any investigations that he may have made.

Some months later I was on my way to a performance at the Princess's Theatre, accompanied by my wife and a lady who is the wife of an accomplished and highly esteemed actor-manager. As we were driving to the theatre I happened to tell to this lady the history of my adventure with the lady in the plaid shawl, very much as I have told it on this paper. My friend, who is not unacquainted with a certain talent for imaginative romance, with which I have sometimes been credited, threw some doubt upon its details, under the impression that I was concocting a "cock-and-bull" story for her amusement, and as she spoke we reached the box we were to occupy. "Not only is my story absolutely true in every detail," said I, "but there," pointing to a box immediately opposite to me, "is, by a most amazing coincidence, the very lady in question!"

Sure enough there she was—the lady, no longer in a plaid shawl—accompanied by a tall, burly-looking man, wearing bushy ginger-coloured whiskers! The coincidence was quite uncanny. At the end of the first act a box-keeper knocked at the door.

"Gentleman wishes to speak to you, sir."

I went into the box lobby, which was full of people who had left their places during the *entr'acte*, and I found the tall, burly, ginger-whiskered gentleman waiting for me.

"I believe, sir," said he, in a loud, quarter-deck voice, "that you addressed my wife on board a Channel steamer six months ago."

The sauntering people, anticipating a row, stopped and gathered round us as I admitted that I had been guilty of that imprudence.

"I am deeply indebted to you, sir, for your great kindness to her on that occasion."

The sauntering people, finding that there was to be no row, dispersed.

"I believe you were good enough," said he, "to pay for her railway ticket."

I replied that it was a small matter of four shillings, and not worth mentioning.

"I must insist upon getting out of your debt as far as a mere money payment is concerned," said he, and he gave me a couple of florins.

"And now, sir," said he, "it will afford me the greatest pleasure if you will allow me to call on you. My wife is especially anxious to have an opportunity of thanking you for your great kindness and courtesy to her at a very trying crisis."

"Nothing," said I, "would give me greater pleasure, but I have ascertained, unfortunately, that you are a professional swindler."

"What do you mean, sir? Who has presumed to describe me in such terms?"

"Well," I replied, "my first informant was Admiral Hathorn, who told me that your rank was that of a rank impostor—a former mate in the merchant service, who assumed the rank of a post-captain in the Navy; and my second was the secretary of the Army and Navy Club, to whom I showed the letter that you were good enough to send me three months ago."

"I see," said he, thoughtfully.

"You appreciate the difficulty of my position?" said I.

"Perfectly," said he.

"If it had been otherwise——" said I.

"Not another word, I beg," said he.

"——it would have given me the greatest pleasure ——"

"You are most kind."

"But—a swindler!"

"Out of the question," replied he.

"You acquit me of intentional discourtesy?"

"Absolutely. I quite understand. Good evening."

And so we parted, and so ended my adventure with the Lady in the Plaid Shawl.

W. Clark Russell

JACK AND JILL

A DOCKS GATE ECLOGUE

By W. CLARK RUSSELL

JILL. "WHERE are you going to, my pretty Jack?"

JACK. "Going to sea, and don't mean to come back."

JILL. "Ha'n't you got nothing upon you that chinks?"

JACK. "How's a brass farden to stand you in drinks?"

JILL. "Pawn that new weskit—it's good of its kind."

JACK. "Take off my weskit and nothing's behind."

JILL. "What of that 'ankerchief tied round your neck?"

JACK. "What's left to wear when I'm called up on deck?"

JILL. "I counts in your boots twenty whiskies in pegs."

JACK. "That 'ud be right if I wore wooden legs."

JILL. "Say, pretty Jack, what's to do with my thirst?"

JACK. "Pop your false teeth, you might try that on first;

Next take your wig to old Levi the Jew,

He'll give you enough to stand glasses for two."

JILL. "Git on, you scowbanker! You rogue to the ground:

'Ow I hope in a few days to larn that yer drown'd!"

W. Clark Russell

the Lady

Robert.

nd :
!"

mm



RESTING

By W. LEE HANKEY

2

“THE MYSTERY OF MAX”

By LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

MAX SCHMIDT was an inventor all his life long. Patent bottle stoppers, match lighters, and various other inventions came from his fertile brain. I met him once or twice when he came to consult me on more or less practical models of flying machines.

He began life in the unsavoury purlieus of New York City, where his genius for acquiring the toys of his fellow playmates, and fitting them with mechanical devices, won for him many cuffs and kicks. Later on, he migrated to Hamburg, where he produced a gun-powder which some experts stated excelled any other explosive for penetration, smokelessness, and absence of noise. Finally, in an open space in the Bavarian forests, some forty miles south of Munich, he constructed his first aeroplane, about which the world still knows so little but wonders so much. It was in 1920, however, that Max disappeared in such a mysterious way as to lead to the hoardings being placarded with, “Where is Max?” while the Press daily devoted columns, speculating as to where the missing man had gone to. All that was known for certain, however, is that he was hovering over London one afternoon, and that pieces of his aeroplane were picked up in Whitehall, after the tragedy at the War Office. But Max himself—as Max—has never yet been found; and now, writing two years afterwards, it seems unlikely that anything will be known as to what really happened to this daring scoundrel. That is, always providing that Bertha Lustein still refuses to tell me her ideas. She may, however, some day.

Max Schmidt's origin was obscure. His mother was said to be an Irish girl, named Murphy, from Tipperary, while his father was apparently called Max, or Lanky Joe, in New York, according to who greeted or cursed him—Teuton or Anglo-Saxon. It should

be mentioned also that he was acquainted with the chiefs of the Clan-na-Gael in the U.S.A., and his friends say he had only one passion, that of a bitter hatred for England. Later on in life came his love for the little German fair-haired *fräulein*, Bertha, whom he induced to run away with him from New York City to the Bavarian forests. But one thing is certain, that England owes Max a great debt of gratitude, as will appear later on.

The history of Max, from March, 1918, to June, 1920, can be traced, to some extent, in the journals of the time. First of all, in March, 1918, an obscure paragraph appeared in a Vienna newspaper, the *Neue Freie Presse*, to the effect that an aeroplane of novel design, which could move with immense swiftness, and seemed to be capable of carrying much heavier loads than the majority of such machines, had been seen hovering over the neighbourhood of Linz, a town about a hundred miles west of Vienna, on the banks of the Danube. "Another one of these mad inventors," said every one, and but passing attention was given to him, for, after 1914, when aeroplanes had become more or less common objects, owing to the adaptation of the gyroscope, which gave equilibrium, the one thing needed, enthusiastic aeronauts were common enough on the Continent, and it was only near fortifications that any one troubled about their presence or their falling. The paragraph, however, contained some elements of interest, and ran thus :

"An aeroplane, moving at a rate of swiftness almost incredible, apparently propelled by an engine with considerable power, passed over this town yesterday afternoon heading north-west. From calculations made by a motorist who happened to be travelling in a motor-car in the same direction as the air machine, it was estimated that the speed was at least 80 kilometres an hour. It is understood that the machine belonged to the German inventor who has recently located himself near Munich. He is said to be under the special vigilance of the Bavarian military authorities."

The next incident worth recording in Max's history was his appearance near the fortified camp of Chalons-sur-Marne, and his air-ship was then described as circling round in wide rings, like a hawk hovering in search of prey. After a while it rose to some height above the undulating ground between Chalons and the German frontier and disappeared. The eyes of many a watchful sentry, and the field-glasses and telescopes of anxious officers, were turned upon the object; but, as it was manœuvring at a considerable height, it was difficult to understand whether the aeronaut was really in trouble and unable to manage his machine properly, or whether the movements were voluntary. Nearly all the Continental papers reported the incident, but professed to see no military or political significance in it. About a year after this there were rumours of secret trials by representatives of the manufacturers interested in such appliances, and their complete satisfaction with the Max Schmidt aeroplane as an engine of war. It was stated to be capable of carrying a considerable quantity of dynamite or melinite, and that a single machine would be able to discharge enough explosives to wreck a large city, such as London or Paris, in a few hours. No one, however, took much notice of Max.

But the crisis in England's history and in Max Schmidt's career happened in a most dramatic fashion. Early in the month of June, 1920, a large air-ship was reported by the coastguards at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, as being seen off the English coast. Apparently, without any effort, it turned away again towards the Continent in an easterly direction, moving at a great speed. A few days later one of the General Steam Navigation Company's steamers, bound from Bordeaux to London, reported that as she entered the mouth of the Thames, in the early morning, some six miles east of Ramsgate, an air-ship swooped down quite close to the vessel, and after performing some curious hawk-like flights it disappeared again, heading south-east.

It was also in the beginning of this month, as all the world knows, that the Prime Minister had brought forward a great Government plan for the increase of the defensive forces of this country, including a plan whereby every citizen over and under a certain age was bound to serve for a short time every year, and thus qualify for the defence of his country. The country was in a turmoil, and public feeling was greatly excited in favour of and against the idea. Many of those who wished to deny the duty of every one to take a part in the defence of their country urged that the progress of science and the multiplication of military air-machines rendered increase of personnel unnecessary. Said they: "Just build a few more air-ships, which can in a few hours wreck any town or destroy any army, and we are safe." "Neither ships at Portsmouth or men at Aldershot will be any good," they argued, "for even with untold millions of soldiers you may be powerless to avert a national disaster."

"Let us strengthen our aerial navy," said the Leader of the Opposition in the House; "let us make our battle-ships invulnerable from above, and re-arm the artillery with the new guns capable of shooting at these awful machines flying above, and leave our toiling masses free from the horror of conscription. All this training of men will but provide material to be destroyed by the thousand, while they are incapable of defending themselves."

There was some force in these arguments, and if it had been for Max Schmidt the Government might have been defeated. Curiously enough, also, the catastrophe of June 18th to some extent proved the correctness of the argument. But, writing some two years later, I thank God for Max Schmidt and his villainies.

The actual day of the outrage at the War Office was the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, June 18th, 1815, 105 years before. On the morning of that day the Premier had presided over a somewhat agitated Cabinet Council, for the temper of the House of Commons was uncertain, and there were threatenings of riots in London and in several of the larger provincial cities, and

the situation was one which required a firm hand and a united policy. Luckily, the Prime Minister was a strong man and cared not for popular clamour, but only for the best interests of his country. At any rate, at this crisis, as in the Boer War, some twenty years before, he did not fail in the hour of trial. After the Cabinet Council at noon, the chief Ministers adjourned to the War Office, and there, in the magnificent room fronting Whitehall, the Council was held which was to decide the great question on which the fate of England and other nations of the world depended, while the Continental nations, with their large conscript armies, were waiting most anxiously for the result.

The morning had broken cloudless and fine, but towards noon some heavy clouds appeared in the north-west, and suddenly the wind shifted almost imperceptibly round to the north-east, and one of those thick, smoky hazes, not uncommon in summer in London, came on. It was vital that a final decision should be come to before the War Minister had to meet the House of Commons and explain the decision of the Government at 3 o'clock, and at 2.30 p.m. the Army Council and the chief Ministers were still discussing the plans and policy of the Government. One after another the electric lights had been turned on, and, looking out into the streets at 2.45 p.m., it might have been an evening in December instead of a June afternoon, for the gloom was intense. A great murky pall hung over the City. Suddenly a distant thunder clap was heard, and a vivid flash of lightning came out of the clouds above. A moment or two afterwards some telephone men, working on the roof of Whitehall Court, close by, saw what might have been a gigantic bird coming from the direction of the river. There was a crouching figure seated in the framework, and so closely did the air-ship pass that they saw distinctly the whirling propeller of the machine and the anxious, strained face of the manipulator. As to exactly what happened afterwards no two people agree. It seems that suddenly the roof of the War Office

was perforated by some infinitely strong corrosive fluid, which, wherever it came into contact with wood or anything inflammable, caused flames to burst out. There was no noise or report such as would be caused by a bomb or anything of an explosive nature. Simply a fluid dark in colour pierced the roof and fell through into the large room below, luckily over only one end of the large table at which sat the Cabinet Ministers and their military advisers. Had the main stream fallen centrally no sinner at that table could have escaped. The few splashes, however, which fell upon the now honoured victim worked with deadly effect. Vitriol, or even the most concentrated acids known to science, were as nothing compared with this powerful, death-dealing liquid. Moreover, its slightly smoky fumes were intensely poisonous as well, for General Stanton, an old friend of mine, who was one of the survivors, told me afterwards that the skin on his face and even inside his mouth peeled off.

But to return to the proper narrative. Wherever the fluid touched the stonework it made channels in it just like hot water would make when poured over a block of ice. Eventually some fell or ran out on to the pavement, burning and killing two passers-by—a War Office clerk and a poor woman—and, eating a hole through the wood pavement at the edge of the road, disappeared into the earth. Almost simultaneously a crash was heard—here I take my narrative from Police Constable 143 A.R., who was on duty in Whitehall, and who on seeing two persons fall down had rushed out into the street—and the flying machine of Max Schmidt fell headlong, half enveloping a newspaper cyclist, who, heedless of the tragedy, was passing by, pedalling for dear life. Every one near the spot had fled, and traffic, both vehicular and pedestrian, at once stopped as if by magic. Underneath the fragile-looking, twisted steel rods and flapping canvas the police, rushing up, looked for the body of a man, bruised or dead. But there was no body, living or dead, to be found; nothing but hot machinery and some

petrol escaping from a cracked aluminium tank. There were also fragments of some highly glazed pottery. Where was the aeronaut? Skywards and roofwards turned the eyes of all. The haze was now clearing and the sky was plainly visible. But no one was in sight. It is clear that Max could not have fallen and escaped unhurt; besides, human beings don't fall a hundred feet or so on to roofs or pavements and walk calmly away. In short, where was Max?

To return to the inside of the Council-room at the War Office. Three men lay dead—struck down as if by a flash of lightning. Their flesh was discoloured and pock-marked as if burnt with acid. Four more in addition were unconscious, while the remaining four, including the Prime Minister, seemed dazed and incoherent. In less than two minutes after the liquid had touched the roof the firemen had rushed up through the sky staircase and searched it. No one was there. Water was played on the smoking rafters and all danger of fire at once averted. The floors lower down were pock-marked with splashes of the liquid, like the bodies of the dead. But no Max was in the War Office, on the roof, floors, or basement.

Ten minutes afterwards a cordon of police was formed, and a systematic and regular search began of houses and roofs, persons and vehicles within a radius of 300 yards, from Trafalgar Square to the Foreign Office, and from the Horse Guards to the river. No trace of anything was found. Experts, hastily summoned declared that the acid—if acid it was—was unknown to them. Liquid nitrogen in some manner combined with radium salts was a random suggestion. They opined that the author of the outrage had surely been blown to pieces. But where were the pieces, said a shrewd inspector of police, after this theory had been half accepted. Just so: where were the pieces?

* * * * *

The House of Commons, when it heard the news, was horror struck, and adjourned till six o'clock. Crowds surged round the

public buildings till the Guards had to be doubled out from Wellington Barracks to assist the police.

At six o'clock, however, the Prime Minister was sufficiently recovered to go down to the House of Commons.

Every available space was filled in the Chamber, while the galleries had never been so crowded in the memory of man. For a while there was the buzz of excited conversation. The Opposition felt themselves paralyzed in face of the afternoon's events. In fact, party spirit was to a great extent annihilated for the moment. Just after six had struck on Big Ben the Speaker took the chair, and a moment afterwards in walked the Prime Minister from under the Press Gallery, paler than his wont, but with a sort of sad smile on his refined features. Obviously still suffering from the shock, he looked like a man aged ten years in an hour. The silence succeeding the cheers which greeted his appearance was profound. The packed benches were tense with excitement. "Whatever, sir, was the intention," the Prime Minister began, "of the perpetrator of the extraordinary outrage this afternoon, as to the cause of which I know no more than any other member of this House, I am determined that nothing shall prevent me from recommending to this House and the country the absolutely necessary steps by which we hope to institute National Service for the defence of the country. (Loud cheers.) Personal intimidation, if that was the object of the scoundrel, has no effect upon me." (Prolonged applause.)

The Leader of the Opposition then rose and formally congratulated the Premier on his escape, and tactfully agreed, under the circumstances, to the second reading being taken, adding, however (as is usual in such cases), he and his friends reserved their right to amend the Bill during the Committee stage.

A bold member rose to protest against the weakness of the accredited Opposition, but his speech was drowned in angry tumult.

Ten minutes afterwards the House, hardly realizing the change which had come over its feelings, had passed by 484 to 13 the second reading of the National Service Bill.

Thus Max Schmidt, as later events proved, saved England. His spite had achieved what all the eloquence of many great men had been unable to accomplish. Thus does Hate sometimes defeat its own object.

* * * * *

No one on the Continent seemed to know whence Max had come, though there is little doubt that he must have started from some coast adjacent to the North Sea or Channel. His preparations must have been carefully guarded from prying eyes, for speculation in the Continental Press was as wild as that in British journals. As for Bertha Lustein, she was, as I have since found out, living in Southampton at the time, where she had arrived two days earlier from Bremen; and when she left for New York the day after the events in Whitehall, Bertha sent me a letter, with plans of the gyroscope, which Max had promised a year before. That is how I got to know something about Max Schmidt's later history, and why I think he still lives. Some day I shall be able to tell you more, when I have seen Bertha Lustein again. But I am sure that Max is not dead.

But what happened to Max on the 18th of June, 1920, when his air-ship fell? and what was his object in perpetrating the outrage?

The mystery of Max is as yet unsolved.

Montagu of Beaulieu



THE SIX-MILE LIMIT
By ARTHUR HOGG

"Going far?"
"No. Just up to the 'Ritz' for a liqueur."

12

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND

By ALFRED AUSTIN, Poet Laureate

I.

UNFURL the Flag of England,
And fling it to the breeze,
Beloved by British hearts at home,
And those Beyond the Seas ;
The symbol, as in ages gone,
Of reverence for the Right,
That leads men ever on and on
Through Liberty to Light.

II.

Its folds to all of Friendship speak,
Of enmity to none,
Protection for the wronged and weak,
Wherever shines the sun.
And when the " Union Jack " is seen
Rippling o'er wave and wind,
Men hail it, for its tidings mean
Peace unto all Mankind.

III.

God guard the Flag of England,
The Empire, and the Throne,
And sister Nations far away
In every sea and zone !
And when at freshening dawn it flies
Anew beneath the sky,
Vow we once more, should need arise,
To strike for it, and die.

Alfred Austin

" MARSHY "By **EDGAR WALLACE**

"MARSHY," said Private Smith, "was a bit out of our class. Claud was bad; an' Horace, whose father drove his own brougham, was bad; but Marshy was the limit.

"It wasn't that Marshy put on side, or talked religion, or anything like that, but 'e was a born policeman. Used to read detective stories, and prowl about the town seein' who got drunk, an' come an' tell the provost corporal. One night there was a bit of a row in town. Nobby Clark and one or two young fellers in 'B' Company had a little dispute with the landlord of the 'Rose an' Crown.' Nobby said he'd paid an' the landlord said he hadn't; and Nobby said that a man who robbed a widder was bad, but a man who robbed a soldier was no man at all; an' Nobby asked if this was the beer they used to poison the rats with, an' if it was, it was cruel; and Nobby said, 'Well, you'd better come over an' put me out.'"

Smithy recited all this breathlessly, and proceeded, leaving the gaps to be filled:

"Nobby said 'e hoped it'd be a lesson to the landlord, an' it was all his own fault, an' advised him go an' bathe it with cold water, an' then me an' another feller got Nobby away an' took him back to barracks.

"That night, about twelve, when we was all asleep, in come the provost corporal with a file of the guard an' pulls Nobby out of bed an' put him in the guard room.

"'What for?' said Nobby, very sleepily.

"'Creatin' a disturbance in town,' sez the policeman, an' then it come out that Marshy shadded Nobby back to barrack an' gave him away.

"We was so flabbergasted," admitted Smithy, frankly, "that we said nothin' to Marshy; no more did Nobby when he came

back from orderly room with seven days' C.B. and pay stopped for the glass he broke.

“All the fellers gave Marshy the cold shoulder when 'e came into the canteen for his dinner pint, but Nobby walked up to him an' looks at him very admiring.

“‘So you're a detective, are you, Marshy?’ 'e sez.

“Marshy looked uncomfortable, but gave a grin. ‘Only in a small way, Nobby,’ 'e sez, and Nobby nodded his head.

“‘How do you do it,’ sez Nobby. We had all gathered round expectin' the fun. Nobby always talks nice to a feller before he hits him, so we waited; and Fatty Green peeped out of the door and said that the Sergeant on Canteen duty was talkin' to his girl at the other end of the building—so *that* was all right. But to everybody's surprise Nobby didn't do anything. In fact, he was as pleasant as pleasant could be, an' got Marshy talkin' about his rich relations before we'd recovered from our surprise. So the fellers sort of melted away, an' Spud Murphy, who isn't a bad feller at heart, said that he thought Nobby was losing his dash. I thought so too when I sat there listenin' to Nobby askin' questions about the detective business.

“An' the end of it was that Marshy and Nobby got quite good pals, and Marshy lent Nobby books about detectives. I got rather fed up with Nobby, especially when he started going out in the evenings with Marshy. It appears that Marshy was a sleuth hound, an' having taken a fancy to Nobby, was teaching him the business, and they used to go out sleuthing together.

“Of course, I knew that Nobby had some game on, and when one day he comes to me, an' sez that Marshy had made a big discovery about one of the officers, I saw trouble ahead for Marshy.

“‘What do you think of Rinky?’* sez Nobby, solemnly one day.

“‘He's a very nice chap.’

* I gather that Captain S. H. Rink, D.S.O., 1st Anchester Regiment, is here indicated.—E. W.

"'Ah!' sez Nobby, mysterious as anything; then 'e sez;

"'Have you noticed his hunted look?'

"'No,' I sez, surprised, 'what's hunting him?'

"'Ah,' sez Nobby, more mysterious, 'what about his wild eyes?'

"I thought a bit.

"'He was wild at kit inspection yesterday, certainly,' I sez, 'but mostly he was wild with his mouth—I 'eard him saying to you——'

"'Never mind about that,' sez Nobby, hastily, 'if the shirt belonged to you, and if the number was rubbed out, I don't know how it came on to my bed—it's one of the mysteries that even old Marshy can't find out.' It came out from what Nobby said that Marshy had found out something about Captain Rink. Just at that time we were havin' a bit of quarrel with Germany, an' it appears that Marshy found out that Rinky was a traitor—yes, you can laugh, and so did I inside me, but Nobby was as glum as an owl, and I couldn't make out whether he was serious or not. It came about this way. Tiny White, who is Rinky's servant, was took ill, an' had to go into hospital, and Marshy got the job till Tiny came out again.

"One mornin' when he was tidyin' up, an' sniffin' round the Captain's rooms, he made the discovery. Marshy's great line of business is blottin' paper. With a bit of blottin' paper and a few footprints he can tell whether it was a man or a woman who committed the crime, and how long ago it was since it was committed. He'd nosed through the Captain's correspondence, tried all the drawers in the desk, and was looking about the room when he spotted a letter standing on the mantelpiece waiting to be posted. He took it down and looked at it. And then he gave a start. It was addressed to

"SCHMIDT AND ECHARDSTEIN,

"Upper Thames St., E.C.

“ ‘Hello,’ sez Marshy, ‘Germans!’

“You see, he knew in a minute. It had just been written. Marshy being a born detective could tell that. Besides he’d seen the Captain writin’ it. So Marshy looked round for footprints, and there bein’ none owing to the carpet on the floor, he examined the blotting paper. And then he made the biggest discovery of all, for tearing off the top sheet and holdin’ it up to the light he made out these very words :

“ ‘. . . but I will send the plans to-morrow.’

“Marshy was beside hisself with joy an’ came and told Nobby, and Nobby said it was very serious.

“ ‘It’s the plans of these bloomin’ barracks, an’ he’s going to sell ’em to Germany!’ sez Marshy very excited.

“ ‘I shouldn’t wonder,’ sez Nobby, ‘we shall be in a nice hole if Germany gets them plans—what with them knowin’ which is the quarter-master’s stores, an’ which is the gymnasium, an’ which is the front gate, an’ which is the married quarters. If Germany gets them plans, the first thing they’ll do will be to shell the Canteen, and half the bloomin’ regiment will be decimated.’

“So they laid their heads together to see what they would do. Marshy had got a plan, but wouldn’t tell Nobby what it was—but that was Nobby’s fault because Nobby would keep on talking about halving the reward they were going to get, and Marshy said that if there was any rewards floating about he could very well look after them single-handed.

“And that’s how Nobby got out of it,” explained Smithy, admiringly.

“Marshy’s plan was to wait till the next day, an’ when Rinky wrote the letter, to snaffle it, and take it straight to the Colonel.

“It was a most anxious day for poor old Marshy.

“When the Captain came in from the ten o’clock parade, he found his room all tidied and spick and span.

“You see, Marshy had got so excited that he couldn’t sleep, and was up at daybreak.

"The Captain was very pleased, and said so.

"'You needn't wait, Marsh,' he said, sittin' down to his desk.

"'Beg pardon, sir,' sez Marshy, very agitated, 'can't I stay, sir.'

"'Why?' sez Rinky, astonished.

"'I want to see you write, sir,' sez Marshy, all of a tremble. 'It's so pretty, sir.'

"The Captain stared.

"'Get out of this, you big-footed rooster,' he roars, being very short in his temper, an' Marshy bolted.

"He waited about in the corridor for a while, then plucking up his courage he tiptoed back and opened the door without knocking.

"What Marshy saw brought his heart into his mouth, so to speak, for there was the Captain, with a big blue plan on the table before him, and he was busy making marks on it. Rinky heard Marshy gasp, and turned round quick. He didn't say anything, but Marshy told Nobby that he gave a glare like a true criminal, and before Marshy could ask if there was any letters to post, Rinky had caught him a whack on the head with the 'Manual of Military Law (*with amendments*).'

"Marshy spent the next ten minutes in a horrid state of mind. Suppose the Captain didn't give him the letter to post? That was the fear; and when he heard Rinky shouting over the balcony of the Officers' quarters: 'Marsh! come here, you foolish fellow'—not exactly them words, but meanin' the same—he wondered what was goin' to happen.

"'Take this letter to the post,' he sez, an' handed him a fat envelope.

"Marshy had just time to look at the address. It was to the Germans, and was marked 'Urgent.'

"'Yessir,' mutters Marshy, and bolts away as hard as he could. He had to pass the orderly room, an' as luck would have it, the Colonel and the Adjutant were just coming out.

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NONPLUSSED

By LAWSON WOOD

"'Beg pardon, sir,' sez Marshy, bursting up to them. He was all of a shake.

"'The Colonel looks at him an' said nothin'.

"'What the devil do you mean by this?' sez the Adjutant.

"'A plot, sir,' gasps Marshy.

"'A what?'

"'A plot—sellin' the bloomin' plans to Germany, sir,' sez Marshy, shakin' like jelly.

"'The Colonel looked at the Adjutant, and the Adjutant looked at the Colonel, and then something occurred to the Adjutant.

"'Oh, I see—you're the detective man?'

"'Yessir.'

"'And you've discovered somebody selling plans?'

"'Yessir,' sez Marshy, gettin' his breath.

"'Plans of what?'

"'The barracks, sir.'

"'The Colonel got red in the face tryin' not to laugh.

"'Who's the villain, Marsh?' he sez.

"'Rinky—I mean Captain Rink. Here they are, sir,' and Marshy handed over the envelope.

"'Both the officers looked at the address, and both of them laughed till Marshy thought they was never going to stop.

* * * * *

"'That night, when me and Nobby was sittin' together in the canteen, Marshy came in.

"'Marshy,' sez Nobby, sadly, 'we're goin' to give you a barrack-room Court Martial,' he sez. 'We'd like to wait till the new patent refrigerator comes from the German chap in Upper Thames Street; an' we'd like to wait till the new meat store, what you found the plans of, is built; but on second consideration we've decided that you've got to go through it to-night.'"

E. J. Wallace.

CHIEF HIKI'S FIRST CHRISTMAS

A MEMORY OF THE SOUTH SEAS

By Sir GILBERT PARKER

WE were very good friends. Hiki was amiable, and I was interesting—that is, I was interesting to Hiki. I had tales to tell of lands which Hiki had never seen, and he had a receptive, if primitive, mind. I was not wholly selfish in cultivating Hiki's friendship, though I confess to an underlying resolve to get from him the inner history of certain foreign dealings with his country when he was Chief-Counsellor to King Kono. For Hiki was no longer Chief-Counsellor. He had been dismissed, and another counselled in his stead. But he was also a prisoner now. So far as could be seen, he was an amenable, if not contented, prisoner. Assisted by all the arts of a skilful civilization, I could not break down his guard of secrecy. He was ever smiling in face, in flesh bountiful and joyous, and he had an air of singular simplicity; but he was no babe in intellect, no bird in the net of the fowler: he had a mind not to be seduced.

I had come to visit him with the consent of King Kono, who, if he suspected my purposes, never sought to frustrate them. He knew Hiki better than did I. Defeated on every hand, there came a time when I lent myself to enjoying Hiki as a man and not as a combination-lock. This was better; for, though Hiki had ever been placid, he was henceforth more spontaneous, less deliberate in his words. I noticed that when I came to see him, in my honour he flourished a *lia-lia* of flowers on his brawny chest, and a gay pandanus flower in his ear; that the *kava* which he gave me was touched to his lips first; and that he laughed a low, soft laugh which shook his ample sides when he saw me drink. On these occasions he met me with the happy greeting, "*Talofa! Talofa!*" and dismissed me with an "*Ofa! Talofa! Ofa!*" and we

sat at each other's feet, each Paul and each Gamaliel. I grew ashamed of my past, and he of his future. I learned the greatness of the only pure communism that the world knows—this that these Whitsunday Islands held—the severe simplicity of justice ; of *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, in an unwritten constitution, but given in word of mouth by the gods that made the Man of the Cosmos, the forefather of this race. In return he heard, for the first time, the sacred legend of the Beginning, and the Prophets, and the Messiah, and art, and science, and clothes and Christianity ; and, hearing, he grew ashamed of his ignorance and his nakedness—for behind Hiki's sensuous face was a great heart, a mind big with primitive conceptions.

"Master," he said to me in his own mellow tongue, "my ears are open, and my heart keeps thinking. Like the bird of the yellow wing you have travelled far. You have seen the cities where houses are as bees in the almond tree, and where there be dwellings for Alatoa the Great One, and the Three Gods, for whom let the world rejoice ! . . . Beloved, once proud dreams came to me, but they passed away. The stone received them not, nor the white tappa-cloth the tracing of them. Of the thing of iron that cries, and wanders, never tiring, though it bears mighty burdens, of stamping horses and of mighty council halls, we have none ; and nothing is written, and the old men forget. The white heathen has passed us in the race. We are foolish : but our bodies desire the sun, and our children have loved us, and we make battle and we die . . . and we die."

And I, sick at the moment of many products of civilization, replied, not profanely : "*Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?*" And I praised him and his people, and the flush of the forest about us, and the paradise-birds that perched above us, and the slumber of days on this opal shore. And I said : "O, Hiki, my brother, the things that be written, or hewn in stone, or trailed with rainbow brush upon the tappa-cloth, and the smoke of the iron that cries, and the earthy temples

of the Three Gods, they are as dust beside the thoughts in the mind of him who lieth on the breast of nature, and knoweth her voice; or the sharp battle-cry of men who strain flesh to flesh till blood be spilt and one hath victory. And is not our God thy Alatoa the Great One, though we add unto His household? And is not love, and the begetting of children, and the hospitable land, pleasant and righteous before all things?"

But Hiki shook his head, and his eyes sorrowed, though his mouth laughed low. Afterwards I knew that Hiki's wife and child had been carried from him when he was made captive, and that a sickness had fallen on them and they died. Wherefore he had put earth upon his head, and, when the time of mourning was passed, laughed again. How should I know what was in his mind when he asked me to tell him over and over again the Legend of Christmas, and all we ken of the wise pilgrims and the Kings who came out of the East to lay gifts before Him that told men they should live for ever, and cry *Taiofa!* to each other beyond the swinging portals which we call Life! I told him what he wished to hear; and his face was mirthful, and he said: "The day of Christmas, is it near at hand, my brother?" and I answered: "Seven times the sun shall rise and fall, and then is that day."

I saw him again soon after, and he drank much *kava*, and said the island was a prison, and that he would travel. And I smiled at his humour, as I thought it, and replied that King Kono's guards had spears of mickle edge and keen; but he waved his hand towards me, then put it on his heart and said: "The will of Hiki is strong, and his soul is sick for travel. It is my will, and I will go in peace. I shall go, because it is my will."

And I answered: "The heart of Hiki is light; he hath a jesting tongue," and after pleasant words I left him.

Then it chanced that I wandered to another portion of the island, and did not return until the eve of Christmas Day, when I learned that King Kono would, early in the morning, offer

pardon to Chief Hiki, if he promised fealty. So, in the early morning, the King's Talking-man with myself and many people, idle and blithe, went to Hiki's prison-house.

Outside, the Talking-man called to Hiki to come forth and hear the command of the King. The people of his island also called jocundly for their fat Chief, their well-beloved Hiki. There was no answer. The guards drew aside the tappa curtain, and we entered.

With his face turned towards the East, Hiki sat with a calabash of *kava* in his hands. And the people were merry at the sight—they did not know at the moment that the bowl was full—and they cried: "Hiki of the joyful bowl! He sleeps!" They laughed and called him; but he did not wake. And he never waked—never.

It was his will to go, and he went because it was his will; neither sickness nor disease, nor any other thing had prevailed, but only the will of his soul.

William Barter

THE PHILOSOPHER UNDERGROUND

By MOSTYN T. PIGOTT

I'VE noticed ev'ry now and then
That people in a train
Survey their fellow-countrymen
With icicle disdain,
But though this sort of thing is done
In manner rudely cool
Last Saturday I met the one
Exception to the rule.

'Twas mine to see my vis-à-vis,
While travelling on the Tube
Bestow as sweet a smile on me
As sugar known as "cube."
He smiled and smiled, and I, in view
Of Shakespeare's famous line,
Said 'neath my breath, "I see in you
A villain superfine."

He beamed on folks on either hand
As towards "the Bush" we went;
Each station saw his smile more bland
And more benevolent.
I could not stand this chucklehead
For any longer while
And so I leaned across and said,
"Pray tell me why you smile."

- His grin impinged on either ear
As thus he made reply,
"I smile because the current year
Contains but one July.
The world is such a pleasant place
In which to sit and sit
That smiles envelope all my face
Whene'er I think of it.
- "I smile because in classic phrase
The porters do not speak
And smile because the quarter-days
Don't come three times a week.
I smile because a saveloy's
Ingredients are unknown
And smile to think that the Savoy's
Not in the Torrid Zone.
- "I smile because the Cabinet
Their salaries are paid
And smile because my paroquet
No egg has ever laid.
I smile to think that guiltless men
Are frequently discharged
And that the Zoo's hyana-den
Has lately been enlarged.
- "I smile to think long pedigrees
Keep people nice and warm
And smile because the A. B. C.'s
Not in three-volume form.
I smile to think that skipsome lambs
Have never heard of mint
And that most prepaid telegrams
Are of a pinkish tint.

"I smile to think that the result
Of three *plus* three is six
And that the average adult
Possesses candlesticks.
I smile because the Earth's as round
As e'er it was before
And smile because the Underground—
Do you want any more?"

Although I felt, I don't deny,
My patience sorely tried
I chivalrously said that I
Was more than satisfied.
Lest his philosophy should push
Me to some harsh remark,
Although my goal was Shepherd's Bush,
I left at Holland Park.

MORAL:

Acquaintance, this shall show to you,
Should not be lightly scraped,
For you may hit on someone who
From Bedlam has escaped.

Mosby T. Riggall.



GOSSIPS
By FRANK REYNOLDS

27



HOMeward
By T. AUSTEN BROWN



A LONG JOURNEY

By TOM BROWNE

Very slow train on a local line

GUARD (during a dispute with a sarcastic passenger): "Well, sir, I've been on this train, boy and man, for thirty-five years—"

PASSENGER: "Good heavens, man! What station did you start from?"

24



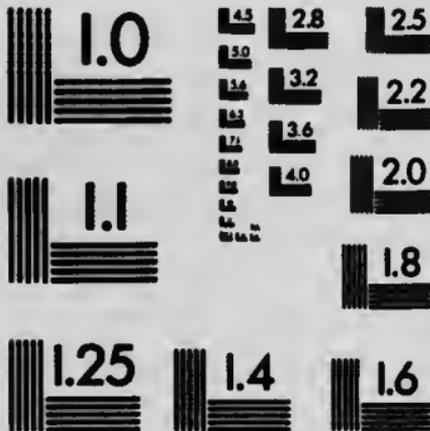
MADAM COLUMBINE

By E. FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE



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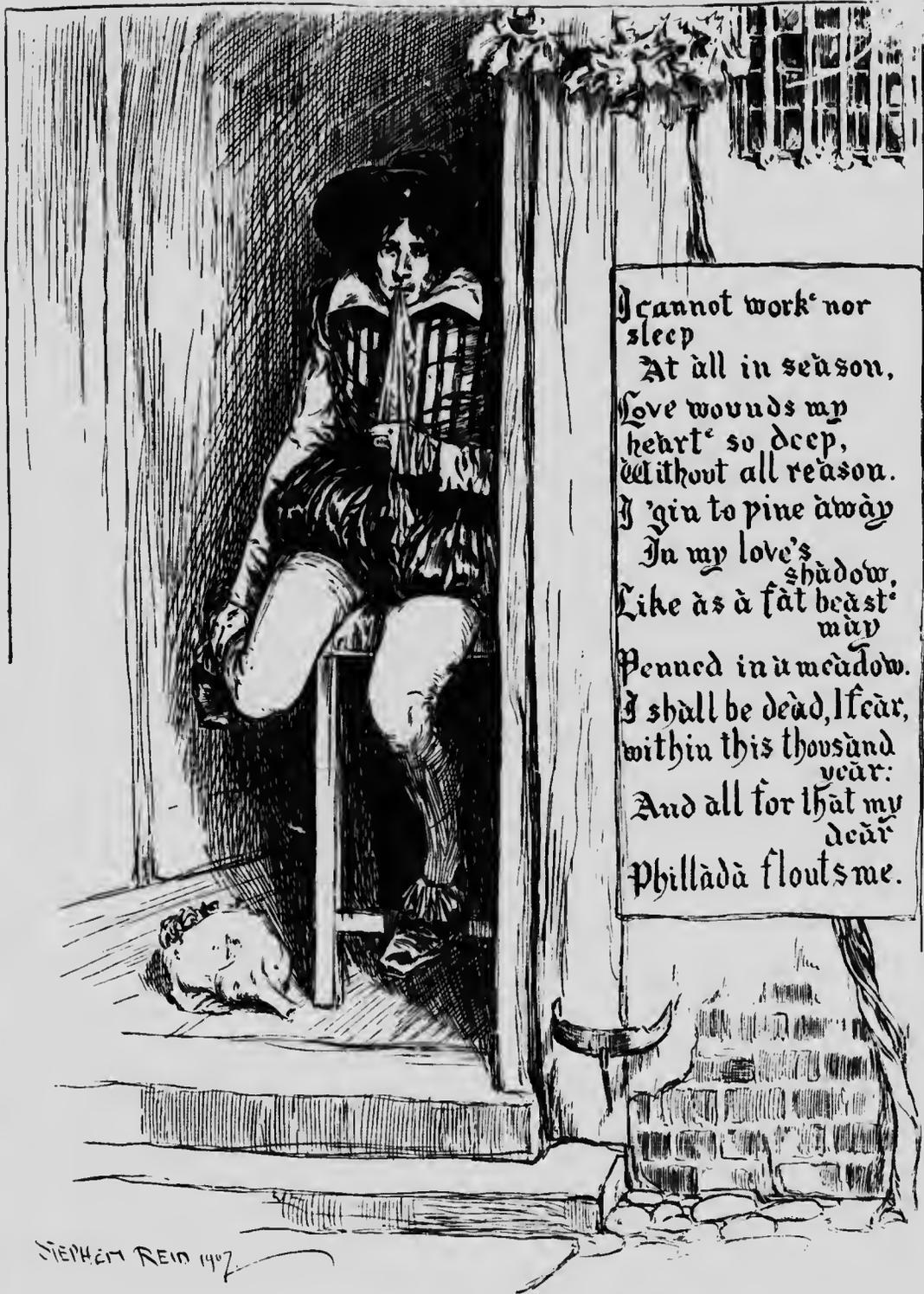
101.



RUN OUT OF SCENT

By R. H. BUXTON

21.



I cannot work nor
sleep
At all in season,
Love wounds my
heart so deep,
Without all reason.
I gin to pine away
In my love's shadow,
Like as a fat beast
may
Pinned in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
within this thousand
year:
And all for that my
dear
Phillada flouts me.

STEPHEN REID 1907

PHILLADA FLOUTS ME

By STEPHEN REID

W.



AT THE ZOO

By CARTON MOORE-PARK

Ethel: "Gran'dad, is the Baby Elephant born very old?"

N.



PRISCILLA
By **LEWIS BAUMER**

3

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UNCLE PETER

By JEAN MIDDLEMASE

"He has asked me to marry him, Uncle Peter. Oh, I am so happy—so happy! I do love him—love him with all my heart."

She danced round the table as she spoke, then she put her arm round an elderly man, who was standing against a bureau in the window, and kissed him.

She was a blithesome, fair-haired little beauty, who was the joy of her father, and of, the so-called, Uncle Peter, who lived with them.

"You are not half pleased, Nunk; and yet you and father have always said that if I and Bert Symons came together the old feud between the Symonses and the Blandys would be forgotten, and friendship riveted for aye."

"Just so—just so. There could be no further feud if love and marriage came to quench it. Symons is a well-to-do young architect. You are doing well for yourself, Annie."

"Why do you talk in that dry, cold way, as if you were discussing the sale of a bale of goods? If Bert is a well-to-do architect, isn't my dad a well-to-do engraver? Hasn't he got quite as much money as Bert—perhaps more?"

"Just so—just so," repeated Uncle Peter. "Engraving pays well—and the old quarrel, fifty years ago, was about the engraving of a picture."

"For gracious' sake, Uncle Peter, don't refer to that old quarrel now. I do not believe Bert knows anything about it. Please—please be glad. It quite damps my joy to see you look so grave and glum. Get out of the past and live once more in the present, dear, good Uncle mine."

Again she threw her arms round him and kissed him, but Annie's kisses scarcely seemed to bring the look of satisfied content they had been wont to bring. There was a trouble lying athwart

old Peter's usual geniality, which Annie Blandy could not penetrate—a trouble, too, which had apparently come to him since she went out love-making in the meadow about an hour asyene, but of which, though the signs were evident, he did not feel as if he could trust himself to speak.

"Oh, Uncle Peter, are you not glad that I am going to marry Bert?"

"Very glad, little Annie."

The tone was so cold that the girl stared at him. What had happened to change him?

"I wish Dad would come in—he would be glad and give me joy," she said.

"Yes; I wish Dad would come in," he echoed, in the same spiritless tone.

"Has anything happened to Dad? Do you know anything?" she asked, anxiously.

"Happened to Dad? Oh, no; what should have happened? Why do you ask?"

"Uncle Peter, if you go on like this I shall shake you," she cried, excitedly.

"Dear child—dear child—pray don't give way. Quite time enough when—but there, there, Dad is all right."

"I am quite sure there is something dreadfully wrong. You wicked old man, not to tell me what it is; and I, who was so madly, gloriously happy—to have all my bright hopes shattered."

"Stop, little Annie—don't begin to cry, there is a good, dear girl. Your hopes shall not be shattered if Uncle Peter can help it. Always faithful—little Annie—always faithful—never falters or falls away. Kiss me again, little one."

"I can't make you out a bit. What on earth does it all mean? Explain the riddle to me, for mercy's sake."

"There is no riddle—everything is plain as the stars in Heaven or the ebb and flow of the tide—only old Peter at fault, only old Peter. How could he have diverged out of the straight way?"

With every word he said Annie was becoming more and more mystified and frightened. She was beginning to fear that the old man had gone out of his mind. Several times she looked anxiously at the door, hoping that she heard her father's step on the stair, as it was his usual time for coming in to tea.

Peter noticed her anxious glance, and said, bitterly :

"Not to-day, little Annie—he will not come to-day. He has gone to London on some important business"; and he laughed, a shrill, false laugh that filled the girl's heart with awe.

The town in which the Blandys had for more than a century carried on the art of engraving with unique success was some twenty miles from the metropolis. Peter, when a boy had, being a foundling, been adopted and taught by the then reigning Blandy. He had become as great a proficient in turning out first-class work as was his master.

During the wear and tear of years he had drifted into "Uncle Peter," and was the honoured and well-loved representative of all that was creditable and respectable and solid in the well-known and artistic business. But for Peter it would have been difficult to say how things might have gone. It was his head and strong financial capabilities that kept affairs together, for, though Andrew Blandy—little Annie's father—had inherited all the cleverness of generations of first-rate engravers, he was a bit of a spendthrift and somewhat unreliable in money matters. Now, if old Peter was losing his head, God help the long-established firm!

So thought Annie as she looked at him, for she knew full well how matters stood, and, as she gazed on the old man's pallid face, noticed his shaking hands, and heard him gibbering what seemed to her as incoherent nonsense, she trembled.

Yet Peter's brain was in as active a condition as ever, quite as ready to grip a difficult situation as it had been twenty years earlier; only emotion shook the vigorous frame, so frightening little Annie that, able no longer to endure the strain, she ran downstairs—into the street, away to the architect's office, where

she knew she would find Bert, as he had told her he had some work to finish.

"Bert, Bert—do come. Peter is so odd and strange. I am quite frightened. I believe he is going silly."

"Nonsense, Annie. Peter silly—why, he has the cleverest head in Dalstoke. Sit down a bit, dearie, while I finish this drawing; then we will go and interview Peter together. You will not be frightened if I am with you—eh, girlic?"

Bert Symons was a good-looking, self-reliant young fellow, who loved a dependent woman.

No suffragettes or up-to-date girls for him!

Annie's answer pleased him, as while he bent over his drawing she smoothed his hair and whispered:

"Darling Bert, of course I am quite safe if you are by, with your strong arm about me. I will stay a little if you do not mind. Peter says the Dad has gone to London."

"So."

"He never told me he was going."

"Men don't always publish their intentions, girlic."

"Which means you will not tell me half you intend to do, and yet I shall want to know all about you, Bert."

"So you shall, dearest; you shall always know how much I love you."

Thus the oft-repeated lover's vows babbled on—vows which only the issues of the future could verify—till at last the lengthening shadows on the window-panes reminded them how long a time had passed. Bert pushed away his drawing, since the light was fading, and Annie, springing to her feet, exclaimed:

"Gracious, how late it is! I quite forgot Uncle Peter's tea. Come along, Bert, let us go and see how it is with the old man."

Bert rose to follow her, as he asked:

"I wonder why you are so taken up with Peter, as if he were your grandfather or your real uncle—whereas he is nobody at all—only a foundling."

"But so good—so good. And to think I had forgotten him. Come on, Bert."

Through the shop, full of rare engravings and queer, oddly-shaped frames, they passed up the staircase to the dwelling rooms; but neither in the shop nor in the upper rooms was Peter to be found. He, the usual stay-at-home worker, was gone.

Whither?

They looked at each other in some dismay. It was so unlike Peter to absent himself without a word.

Little Annie began to cry; she blamed herself for leaving him.

"Don't cry, cherub," said Bert, cheerily. "He is all right. Get your tea. I'll go and ask the neighbours if they have seen him."

It was so long before Bert returned that Annie was well-nigh distraught with anxiety.

Neither Peter nor her father in the house—what could it mean?

When Bert did at last come back it was with no cheery intelligence. The last seen of Peter was at the railway station, some hours ago; the porter thought he had gone to London.

Bewilderment became tense.

"Peter has not been in London for years. Why had he gone to-day without a word? Her father, too—why was he in London? Had these two visits aught in common?"

Bert Symons did not know. He was as mystified as Annie. Seeing that neither of the men were in the habit of absenting themselves without previously making a full announcement that they intended to do so, it was, at the least, a strange coincidence that they should both be away. Annie was so upset and hysterical, that what could Bert do, as a true lover, but stay with her till some development brought news of the absentees.

Fortunately for their patience, and perhaps for her reputation, since Dalstoke was a gossiping place, they had not long to wait before "the Dad" was heard coming up the stairs, whistling.

When he entered the room it was at once evident that he was on good terms with himself and all the world. He was somewhat surprised at the excited question as to whether he had seen Uncle Peter.

"Why should I have seen him? What has happened?"

"He has gone away; they think he has gone to London."

"What rot! He is in the workshop."

"Have you seen him?"

"No, but there's a light."

"The doors are locked."

"We'll open them. Come on, Annie, you are a little hysterical fool. If you encourage her in this nonsense, Bert, when you are married, you will have a life of it."

Annie was a bit surprised at her father alluding to marriage, since she had not been told that he and Bert had talked it over, and settled it before the question had been put to her. She was, however, too much taken up about Peter to seek explanation; she merely clasped the hand Bert extended to her, and they followed Andrew Blandy down to the workshop, which was on the other side of a courtyard at the back of the house, and from which a narrow lane led into the High Street.

It was when passing along the High Street that Andrew Blandy had seen the light.

He inserted the key he always carried, and they all three went in.

Peter was sitting at the table usually occupied by the master, and before him lay a number of plates and other engraving utensils; two drawers, always kept locked, were wide open, and from the strange expression on Peter's face it scarcely seemed as if he was following the everyday line of his business with pleasure and satisfaction.

"Annie is right, the old man has lost his wits," was Bert's decision when he saw him; but before he had time to speak, Andrew Blandy shouted out, in an angry, fierce voice:

"D——n you, Peter, what are you about—meddling——?"

Peter rose. He was a tall, angular man, and he looked almost majestic, as in an awe-stricken voice he said :

"Hush, Andrew—for God's sake keep silence."

In truth he had indeed silenced all three. They seemed petrified, and looked from one to the other in dismay. Peter, as he stood there, his face pallid, his eyes staring, and great beads of perspiration on his brow, as though the agony through which he was passing was almost more than he could bear, was a sight to sadden and bewilder any onlooker.

It was he who spoke again.

"Why have you come here? Go back to the house, and leave me to pass through the evil hour alone."

Annie, still under the impression that he had gone mad, terrified, clung to Bert.

Andrew took two steps forward, as though to expostulate, but the movement was at once arrested by the raising of Peter's arm, signifying that he alone had the right to dictate what should be done.

Suddenly a shadow fell athwart the threshold of the door, and a man walked into the work room with a determined stride.

He was well known to all present, being the head of the Dalstoke Constabulary.

"I have a warrant to arrest Andrew Blandy, for manufacturing and circulating false bank-notes."

The words rang loud and clear, and pierced like stabs, but Peter's tones vibrated even more distinctly as he said :

"I am the criminal—I engraved the notes. If Andrew Blandy circulated them, he was ignorant that they were false."

Annie screamed and fell fainting on Bert's shoulder. Andrew went forward towards Peter, and with blanched, trembling lips tried to speak, but he was stopped by the whispered murmur :

"For little Annie's sake."

Ay, for Annie's sake he was making this great sacrifice, and

placing the martyr's crown on his head, as he said in his usual calm, pleasant, everyday manner.

"I am ready to go with you, Mr. Jenkins. You did not think the day would come when you would take old Peter to jail; but no man knows how or when he may be tempted. Caught, too, in the very perpetration of my clever deception—for it is clever, that you will admit. See, here are the condemning plates, etc. Of course, your men will take possession of them. Good-bye, Andrew. Keep up a brave heart, my boy—for Annie's sake—poor little troubled Annie."

He kissed her white brow as she still lay unconscious in her lover's arms.

"Be kind to her, Bert, and don't let her sorrow over old Peter's sin."

"How the devil did he find it out? Deuced sight too sharp, by Jove. A shame, though, that he—but I could never face it—and then, for Annie's sake. Peter is right."

Such were Andrew Blandy's thoughts, as he stumbled up the stairs into the dwelling-house. He was not whistling now—only wondering how, without personal incrimination, he should get through the ordeal of Peter's trial and conviction.

Nor was it an easy matter. By perjury alone could he keep from self-conviction; but he managed neither to give himself away or the equally guilty chum, who had dealt more or less successfully with the water-mark, and fabricated the paper for the fictitious notes, about which there was a severe cross-examination. At last, however, it was over. Good old innocent Peter passed out of their lives and out of Dalstoke talk. "After all, he was only a foundling, and the marriage of Annie Blandy with the well-to-do young architect was a far more interesting subject than Peter's trouble."

After a brief honeymoon the young couple settled down, as it was hoped, to affluence and happiness; but their lives were scarcely as united as those who had watched the ardent love-making were led to expect.

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plates,
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The spectre of Peter stalked between them.

Both had a suspicion of the truth—neither dared to voice it. Each time Bert went to see Peter this suspicion was increased, and he went as often as he was permitted to do so, a duty which Annie, from the very suspicion that lay cold at her heart, invariably shirked, receiving frequently a few stern words of admonition from Bert, who wrongfully ascribed her neglect to disapproval of the wrong the unhappy Peter had done.

It was not till Andrew Blandy—miserable, unhappy man—died alone and very suddenly in London—he had sold his business and gone away to London, to hide his feelings from his Dalstoke friends—that Annie and Bert spoke out heart to heart; and never had Bert taken his little wife in his arms and kissed her more affectionately than when she acknowledged all she had suffered and believed about Peter. As soon as he could get permission he went off to the prison; but Peter, firm to his purpose—martyr and hero—was as adamant, only giving himself unwittingly away by the oft-repeated refrain:

“For the sake of little Annie.”

Ay, and there was another little Annie now, whom Peter had not seen; and when, some six months later, his term of imprisonment having expired, Bert insisted on bringing him “home” to the Dalstoke house, it were difficult to say which of the two Annies worthy old Peter loved the best.

And as years passed on, truly a fairer sight the sun has rarely looked upon than old Peter sitting in the house-porch—pipe in mouth—with a bevy of bright-eyed children clustering about his knees; the mother, tears in her thankful eyes, Bert’s arm round her waist, watching them from an upper window, while the old man, now passing into the hoary winter of life, would occasionally murmur:

“It was well done—well done—for little Annie’s sake.”

Le com. M. d'Allemant

THE GREY DRESS

UNPUBLISHED DIALOGUE FROM "A DUET"

By Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

MAUDE had made up her mind that she would order her new spring dress, and that it should be of grey. But she wished to consult Frank about things and to ask his opinion. It was pleasant for him to observe that even when their views differed it was always his judgment which prevailed in the end. It was a perpetual joy to him to notice the dear, gentle, feminine way in which she rapidly adapted herself to his view. She had told him about the dress and asked him what colour it should be.

"Any colour but grey," said he, "I can't bear grey."

She was far too good a wife to tell him that her intention had been grey. Of course, if he felt that about grey, it would be unkind to insist, but she would like to talk a little.

"What would you suggest, dear?" she asked. "I do love to feel that I am following your suggestions."

"Pink," said he, "I love pink."

"You are so wise, dear," said she. "There is no colour so dainty as pink. Of course, it shall be pink if you wish it. I wish now I had not had pink last year, for I do like people to know that it *is* a new dress."

"Stupid of me!" said Frank. "Yes, of course. Pink is off. How about blue? I love light blue."

"What taste you have, dear," said she. "I do think there is no colour on earth so artistic as light blue. I often wish I had not had the drawing room done in that particular tint of green, for it does make it so difficult not to jar. But, of course, we can try."

"No, you're right," said Frank, "of course, it would be a little difficult. How about black and white?"

"My darling! half mourning——"

"Black, then, with a little red."

"But my evening dress is that. They would think I was so limited in taste. But, of course, if you wish——"

"No, no! dear. I would not dream of insisting. After all, you will have to wear it. Let us see now, how about brown?"

"Don't you think it is rather an Autumn colour, dear?"

"Well, yes, I suppose it is. Well, now, what is a Spring colour? Yellow?"

"Oh, Frank!"

"Well, then, white."

"Oh, you dear! What could be sweeter than white?"

"Well, then, that's settled—it shall be white."

"But it does soil so soon. I assure you that when you have worn it once you feel that it should go to the cleaners."

"Dear me! that's awkward. Couldn't you get an off-colour, white-cream for example?"

"Really cream shows as much as white. Elsie had a cream this Autumn, and she was so sorry she had chosen it."

"Well, make it a little darker," said Frank.

"You mean a sort of grey?"

"Yes, exactly."

"You darling, your advice is always so good. I am sure you are right. I will do exactly what you tell me. Come with me this morning to Madame's, and we will choose the grey dress together."

Arthur Conan Doyle.

PER MARE, PER TERRAM,
PER AËRA

By "LINESMAN"

I. *Per Mare*—THE BATTLESHIP

WAKE thou Leviathan! Roused from thy sleep,
Rush to thy battlefield out on the deep!
Thy flag that flew o'er British oak,
And, like a star, above the smoke,
 Danc'd high o'er seas of glory,
Still floats as leal o'er British steel
 As e'er in story.

What if that side is mailed not as of yore?
Thy heart is island oak, oak to the core:
For island sailors tread thy planks,
The sons of they who trounc'd the Yanks,
 Strong hands still lay thy cannon,
Thy rage controll'd by souls as bold
 As Broke, of "Shannon."

Still as a part of us, held in devotion,
Deep in the heart of us swings the broad ocean;
Long have our mothers borne its sons,
And now, ye twenty thousand tons,
 A thousand mothers' honour
Bear on the tide, to say with pride,—
 " My boy's upon her ! "

II. *Per Terram*—THE SIEGE GUN

Weight and power ! Power and weight !
Crushing the doom, and heavy the fate
Of the soldier struck by thy curse !
No need has he of hearts,
Who stands in the track of the train from that tunnel,
O ! deep, black, cavernous, smoke-chok'd funnel !

Power and weight ! Weight and power !
Castle and fortalice, steeple and tower
Topple and wilt at thy breath,
O ! roaring voices of death !
Down fall the fighting men, flat to the sward,
When o'er the battlefield swelleth that chord.

Weight and power ! Power and weight !
Cowards and heroes, little and great,
Sons of the palace or fen,
All are but mice, so they're men ;
All are but meat, so they've bodies and souls,
To be hurl'd to the Angels, or ground to the moles.

Power and weight ! Weight and power !
There's a night for each day, and an end to each hour,
A death for each life, and a tomb
For all that lay live in the womb.
But when sounds the bugle for Heaven or Hell,
Save us, O Lord ! from the nine-inch shell !

III. *Per Aëra*—THE AIRSHIP

Now ever since most ancient times, when Atkins was a
bow-man,
E'es 'ad a bloke opposin' 'im, called by them poets—"foeman";
A bloke of every size and shape, of every breed and colour,
O'os run from every British toff from Boadicea to Buller ;

O'os took the thrashings what we gave with every sort of wepping,

On every field and sea, and well nigh every wood, but Epping.

We've gorn for 'im with every tool created for destruction,

We've blown 'im far and wide with gas, and drawn 'im in by suction,

We've blasted 'im with 'lectric shocks, we've numb'd him with explosions,

We've torn 'im to a thousand rags, and patch'd 'im up with lotions—

At first we played the part of men, and faced him on the level,

And next, from under ground and sea, we played the very devil ;

But since the 'Ague 'as taught us peace, and universal love,

We've ta'en the place of Gawd 'Imself, and plague 'im from above !

* * * * *

Up where rose the soldier's prayer sails a gurgling drum,
You've 'eard of "trouble in the air," why 'ang it ! now it's come !

You've 'eard of "wings" of regiments, and of a "flying" column,
They've both been often needed bad, but now they're wanted solemn !

You've 'eard (at least *I*'ave, I know, until I'm well nigh balmy)
Of Mr. 'Aldane's miracle, the Territorial Army :

But lor !—it almost makes me larf—for purposes imperial,
The miracle's too late by 'arf—we want an Army Aerial !

Ho ! no more buildin' parapets, nor miles of tough Martellers ;

Ho ! 'list a corps of Angels armed with bomb-proof umberellers ;

Ho ! teach us scoutin' in the sky, and 'ow to sap the moon,

And 'ow to pack the baggage on the wheels of a typhoon.

I think I 'ear the Captin' shout, when things is gettin' warm,

"Ye silly fools, lie down at once behind that thunderstorm !"

"Why can't ye see them 'ostile scouts on one of Saturn's suns ?"

"And blow me ! if Orion's Belt don't 'old a line o' guns !"

"Now, 'andy with them dial sights ; aim low, pull trigger steady ;"
"At the squad of stars on the edge of Mars—at ninety million—
ready!"

* * * * *

Well ! Gents, what next ? Since all in turn we've tried earth,
air, and water,

Invent a brand new element for a brand new "mark" of slaughter.
Find something really subtle, something Psychic, Cosmogonic,
Let "Majors" be mere "premises," and "sections" mainly
"conic,"

Let "Batteries" be charged no more by anything but Volts,
And "*earth and ohm*" the war-cry be of him who once trained
"Colts."

Now crush the foe by mental blow as flat as any wafer,
'Tis infinitely more profound, and infinitely safer.
Feint at his strong nerve-centre, whilst you flank his weak volition,
Then cut his logomachic line, and turn his main "position."
And should his sly sub-consciousness dig deep beneath your
leg, oh !

Countermine instanter, and annihilate his *ego*.
Drill the men in dialectics ; let one teleologist
Be attached to each battalion on the active service list ;
Put muscle on their Geists by philosophical gymnastics,
And mould their minds by many kinds of "cellular" proplastics,
Instruct them how, opposed to mind, material forces scatter,
Until the man who doesn't mind is sure it doesn't matter ;
And when the troops are ordered out to drive th' invader hence,
Let them do it all by proxy, or at least by inference !

Dr. H. Grant



"SPACE A TRIFLE, KIND SIR TO A 'GREAT ARTIST' WHO SUPPORTS 'IS POOR FATHER'!"



"I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT!"



THE POOR ARTIST
By RENÉ BULL

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER

*Author of "Bootes' Baby," "The Truth Tellers," "Beautiful Jim,"
"Heart and Sword," "A Blameless Woman," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER I

SARAH had never known any other home. She had come to Baynham Courtney a little child, wearing a pathetic little black frock which told the story of her orphaned condition, and to all intents and purposes Lady Baynham had been her mother. She was only a little second cousin of the house, Sarah Courtney, with no real claim upon Lady Baynham's care; but the circumstances of her bereavement had been exceptionally sad, both her parents dying in India within a few hours of each other, from cholera. One of the Courtneys had proposed to Lady Baynham that they should hold a family council to know what was to be done with the one little child left behind. But Lady Baynham, though not a Courtney born, had longed and longed in vain to have a little girl of her own, and it seemed to her as if Sarah had been specially sent so as to fill that vacant place in her heart.

Not that Lady Baynham was not absolutely devoted to her boy; but, after all, a boy is a boy: the necessities of his education take him away young and keep him away late, and the mother is only able to feed her heart by occasional draughts at the fountain of love. When Sarah came home in charge of her ayah the young lord was already a boy at Eton, and the widowed Lady Baynham was all alone at Baynham Courtney.

How excited she was at the child's coming. She went herself to London to meet her, putting up at the town house, and even there making quite elaborate preparations for the child's reception.

"You dear little thing!" she exclaimed, as the child was lifted down from the train while the ayah grinned nervously in the

background. "You know who I am, darling? I am going to be your—" she hesitated here—"I am going to take your own mummy's place."

"Did you mean my mother?" said Sarah, shrinking back a little.

"Yes, darling, your mother. Didn't you call her 'Mummy'?"

"Never," said Sarah.

"Then perhaps, darling, you will call me 'Mummy' instead. It will be a nice name for you to give me, won't it? Yes, this way. Johnson, you see to the luggage. Come, Ayah, let us get into the carriage out of the cold." She drew the child towards the carriage and lifted her in. "You are tired, my little chick, you are cold," she exclaimed pitifully.

"No," said Sarah deliberately, "but I was frightened."

"Frightened?" said Lady Baynham, "why, my poor little darling, what were you frightened of?"

"Of you," said Sarah Courtney promptly.

"Of me? Why, my darling, nobody was ever frightened of me in my life. What can have put such an idea into your head?"

The child gave a great sigh and slid her hand into that of her new protector. "I think you will be a very nice—mummy," she said, with a curious little hesitancy before the word, "a very nice mummy."

"And I am sure you will be a delicious little Sarah to me," said Lady Baynham.

Well, from town, after a few days, they went down to Baynham Courtney, and Sarah, accustomed as she was to the spaciousness of an extensive Indian bungalow, began in her childish way to understand why she had been a little in awe of Lady Baynham; for, very unjustly, Lady Baynham had been used by the poor mother who was lying in her quiet grave out in Muttrapore as a sort of bogey man whenever Sarah's high spirits led her into some semblance of naughtiness.

"If you do that, Sarah," she used to say, "and you go home to Baynham Courtney, and Lady Baynham sees you—why, it will be all up with you."

It was with some difficulty that Lady Baynham arrived at this particular bit of information, which, so far from vexing her, only made her the more tender and gentle to the orphan child. What pleasure it was to her to have this little creature all for her very own! The letter she wrote to the young lord at Eton was very characteristic of her feeling at that time.

"Sarah Courtney has come from India," she wrote to her son, "and henceforth she will be my daughter and your sister. You will remember when you come home, dear Geoffrey, that before all things you must never feel the tiniest pang of jealousy if I seem to spoil her. Remember that with me, your mother, you are absolutely the first; not only the first, but the everything in this world. After you I have given the next place in my heart to this little orphan girl. She is very pretty, extremely intelligent, and, frankly speaking, she was terrified of me. Her natural good sense soon got over that, and showed her what a really charming person your mother is. She is not terrified of me now; she calls me 'Mummy' just as you do. I gather that she never called her own mother by any diminutive. She is nearly seven years old, can read a little and write less; but she is a fearless horsewoman, already seems to do what she likes with the dogs and other animals about the place, rules the stable with a rod of iron, and is altogether a most delightful little personage who will rejoice your heart unless I mistake you very much. It is a dreadful thing, Geoffrey, for a child, particularly a girl child, to be left without father or mother at six years old, and it will be for you and me, my dear boy, to make up to this child in the future for what she has lost. Write to me as soon as you receive this, so that I may know that you do not in any way resent the new comer into our home and into your mother's heart. There is plenty of room in both for both of you.—Always your own MUMMY."

In reply to this letter Lady Baynham received a few hours later an ill-spelt, ill-written, blotted, and exceedingly untidy scrawl from her only child.

"Darling Mummy," it began, "how could you be so intensely silly as to imagine I should be jealous of a poor little kid who has come all the way from India after losing her parients. Nothing will ever make me change towards you, Mummy darling, and I am not such a beest as to think that you are at all likely to change towards me. Poor little kid! It will be awfully jolly for me when I come back in the holidays to have a girl who is not nymyny pymyny—it looks queer, darling, I don't know how to spell it, but you will know what I mean—and who gets on with the boys in the stable. By the way, dearest, if you could send me a couple of quid or so I should really be downright grateful. I have been a bit extravagant this term, but the feeding has been beestly. Give my love to Sarah, and tell her she is to love you very much until I come back.—Your own GEOFFREY."

Lady Baynham laid down the letter with a sigh of relief. So that was all right. She was glad she had written, because whatever happened it would make the boy feel that his mother had not in any sense forgotten him. After all, charmed as she was with Sarah, full of the joy of having a little girl to arrange for and dress, even though she was in deep mourning, she never lost sight of the fact that her own boy was her boy, and not even for Sarah would she have caused him a single pang. Still, it was like him to take it just as he had done. Yes, she felt that it was like him—dear, sweet, unsuspecting, unselfish, delightful boy.

And in due course young Geoffrey, in all the importance of his Eton life, came home and the children met.

"Oh," said Sarah, "you are a big boy. I thought, somehow, that you were a little boy."

"Didn't Mother tell you that I am thirteen?" he demanded.

"Yes, I believe she did—yes, I am sure she did; but, you see, we don't have boys of thirteen out there; they have all gone

home by the time they get to as old as that. I didn't know what they look like. I know what little boys look like, and I know what big men look like, but it was not any guide to me to say you were thirteen."

"Guide," echoed Lady Baynham under her breath, "guide!"

"I thought: perhaps—well," Sarah went on in her high-pitched, confident voice, "well, I thought perhaps you might not like me. I have been very uneasy about you, Geoffrey."

"About me? But why? Uneasy about me! Has Mother given me such a bad character?"

"Oh no, oh no! She i-dolizes you. Didn't you know that?"

"Well, I thought something of the kind," said Baynham with a smile lurking somewhere about his ingenuous face, "I thought something of the kind, certainly."

"I see, you were not quite sure. Well, I can tell you Mummy just i-dolizes you."

"And how do you get on with Mummy?" he demanded.

"Oh, just fine," said she, "just ripping, you know. She's so—she's so go-ahead, is Mummy. Still, I don't think you would like me to ride your pony, and I have. And I may as well make a clean breast of it at once."

"My dear kid, why shouldn't you? Besides, little Dolly is getting too small for me now. I told the boys when I went away at the beginning of term, that I didn't think I should be able to ride her again. You had better have her for your own."

"O-h! O-h, Geoffrey, do you really mean that you will let me ride Dolly now you are back? They all said, you know, that I could have her because it was good for her while you were away; but now that you are back, are you sure you don't mind?"

"No. We will talk to Mummy about it. I think she is just about up to your weight. I am getting too heavy for her." As a matter of fact, Baynham was little more than skin and bone, but that is neither here nor there. "Oh, I say, Mummy!" he said,

suddenly remembering that his mother was still with him, "Sarah says she has been riding Dolly."

"Yes, dear."

"Well—er—she had better have her, don't you think? I wanted to ride Peter these holidays."

"I think Peter is more up to your weight, Geoffrey," said Lady Baynham in quite a serious tone.

"Oh, you do? So do I. I hate to see a man riding anything under his weight. Nothing to my mind looks more beastly cad. Pretty near as bad as expecting the coachman to get down and open the door for you. Well, that is settled, eh, Mummy? That Dolly is to belong to Sarah in future?"

"Oh, you are good," said Sarah. "I—I can't think—I am sure my mother didn't mean it, but I—I never thought any of you would be like this. I was frightened of Mummy when I came home. I was—yes, I was; just terrified, and she's such a dear. And then—I thought—that you were a boy, an'—er—perhaps you would not care to be bothered with me, and you would think I was in the way, and er—and—er——"

"And you were frightened of me," he said with a gay laugh.

"No, I wasn't exactly frightened of you, Geoffrey, not frightened, you know, but just—er—I—didn't know how we should hit it off."

"Well, I have not been near a stable for three months. Let us go round now, and see what is going on."

"Oh, do!" she cried, "do!"

"Sarah, you must have your coat on. Now, now, this is not India, and it is Christmas time. Now remember, Geof, at any time at all that Sarah goes out with you during these holidays she is to be clothed; she is not to get into a habit of running in and out just anyhow. It doesn't matter whether you do it or not. Sarah is not to."

"Now, Mummy," said Sarah, "I want to ask you a plain question. If Geoffrey may, why may not I?"

"Well, dear child, I will give you a plain answer. Geoffrey was born in England, the worst and the best climate in the world; you were born in India, the most enervating, or almost the most enervating, in the world. You have got to get seasoned. You have to learn—that is to say, your body, your constitution has to learn to accommodate itself to the changes, the dampness and the general chilliness of the English climate. Now, are you satisfied?"

"Thank you, Mummy, quite satisfied. I fully understand."

"I fully understand!" echoed Lady Baynham, *sotto voce*, "I fully understand!"

CHAPTER II

THE years went by. From the moment of their first meeting Baynham and Sarah had been the best of friends, as Baynham expressed it himself when speaking on the subject of Sarah to a chum. "You see, Sarah is one of us; nothing girlish about her, and yet she is not a bad imitation of a boy. You know what I mean. Not like the girls over at Sparkswell, who are never satisfied unless they are making believe to be ploughboys or stable-helpers; but ripping good at everything she touches, and yet a soft little thing with it all. I won't say exactly that I am glad her father and mother died, but I'm awfully glad that my mother adopted her. She's a little brick, there's no mistake about that."

So for years the friendship so auspiciously begun continued and flourished apace. Then, of necessity, they drifted a little apart. For one thing, Baynham had a fancy to go into the Army, which was sufficient to take him more from home than he had ever been before. I am sure that nobody at Baynham Courtney ever guessed how much Sarah missed him, or how disappointing to her his choice of a profession was. She had so counted upon his being always at home when he should leave Oxford; but Baynham never went to Oxford, for the reason that he decided

to go into the Army. They did not see so much of him after he became one of the Black Horse as they had done in his Eton days, for, devoted as he was to his mother and his own place, he yet did not spend every day of his leave at Baynham Courtney. And yet, as Lady Baynham herself was well aware, Eton and the Army combined to have an excellent effect upon him.

"I consider," said Lady Baynham one day to her son's trustees, "that my son has absolutely escaped all the worst dangers of his position."

"The worst dangers, Lady Baynham?"

"Yes, the worst dangers. Left so young as he was, without a father's head to guide him, the only son of an adoring mother, the only person of importance in all his sphere, he might have grown up to one of two terrible things, a prig or a puppy. That he has done neither is, as you can well imagine, the most absolute satisfaction and pleasure to me. I consider that Baynham is the most manly young man that I know or ever have known. There is nothing rough or conceited or cruel about him. He is as kind as a woman and as brave as a lion. I dare say you will laugh at me——"

"No, no ; no, no !" cried the trustees in the same breath.

"I am glad of that ; I should not like you to think me too silly. But it is quite true, all that I say."

"And Baynham has to thank his mother most of anybody," interposed one of her hearers solemnly.

"Oh, nonsense ! I have done my best ; after all, no one can do more than that," she said, smiling. "And, any way, I am thoroughly glad that my son is as he is, and not as he might have been."

This conversation took place at the time of Baynham's coming of age, and the three years which followed served to amply justify his mother's opinion of him.

It was in the winter following his twenty-fifth birthday that Baynham spent the whole of his long leave at home, as he desired



"WE NEVER GOT AN 'ADORTH'S CHANGE OF 'IN'."

FUZZY-WUZZY

By JOHN HASSALL



to entertain several large parties of friends during the two months that lay before him. He broached the subject to his mother as soon as he reached home.

"Mummy, dear," he said—he had always called her 'Mummy, dear,' from his earliest childhood—"I want to have some fellows down to shoot this winter."

"Well, dear?"

"I hope you don't mind."

Lady Baynham burst out laughing. "My dear Geoffrey," she said, "how could I mind? Your own house! You do as you like in it."

"Now, look here, Mummy, that's not nice of you!" he said quite vexedly. "It is your house. Don't talk such nonsense. It vexes me."

"Darling boy, I wouldn't vex you for the world," she replied quickly. "The only thing is, it is your house, not mine. There will come a day, dear boy, when you will get married. Of course, I know, darling, you have always treated me exactly as if it were my house, exclusively mine and not yours at all; but there will come a day when you will marry, and then I should have to give everything up. That is why I always keep it well in front of me that the house is yours. I am only its mistress for the time being."

"It is all nonsense, Mummy, dear; it is all rubbish. Later on I shall marry Sarah, and then we shall all live happily together."

"You will marry Sarah?"

"Not a doubt of it. I have never seen anybody a patch on her yet. Why, Mummy, dear, you wouldn't mind?"

"My dear boy!" she said, flinging her hand to him, "I have been hoping for it."

"And you never even hinted at it," he exclaimed.

"No," she said, "I do not believe in interfering with marriages. If I had hinted at my wish to either of you, I should only have served, perhaps, to put you both off. I have always believed in letting patience have its perfect work."

"And you are patient, you know, Mummy," said Baynham. "I will say that for you, you are patient."

"Yes, I know I am. But tell me, now, Geoffrey, whom are you asking? Do you want to have just men and no women, or how do you wish?"

"Well, dear, I thought if I provided the men you would provide the women. We have lived so awfully quietly ever since I could remember anything. Let us have a few real big house parties, and do it well; fill the place from roof to cellar, lay ourselves out to give our guests a good time. I should like it awfully since you don't mind."

The result was that nearly all the Black Horse came in turn to visit at Baynham Courtney. The shooting was superb, the weather was open, and the hostess ideal. There was, however, so far as Sarah Courtney was concerned, one very decided drawback, which was that so many of Baynham's comrades fell victim to her charms.

"Mummy, dear," she said to Lady Baynham when the house was clear of the second party and the third one had not yet begun, "I shall be glad when all these people get away and the house is quiet."

"Why, darling, you have had such a gay time. You ought to have enjoyed yourself every moment of the time. I should have done when I was your age."

"Would you, dear? You see, I am much quieter in my likings than you are."

"Nonsense!"

"Well, if not that, Mummy, I think almost like that. At all events, I am not used to these great house parties. They are awfully fatiguing, and Baynham is so taken up with everybody we seem to see nothing of him."

"Oh well, people in our position must do a certain amount of entertaining. We must live for others as well as ourselves. Baynham is quite right to have these parties; they are good for him, and they are good for you if you only knew it, Sarah."

"Perhaps; but what is good for one is mostly not very palatable."

"You are very young to have found that out, dearest," said Lady Baynham pitifully.

Now it happened that very afternoon that Lord Baynham, coming suddenly into his mother's boudoir, found her alone.

"Oh, you are here!" he remarked. "One hardly catches a glimpse of you nowadays. Do you know, Mother, I am almost sorry I ever asked these people."

"Are you, dear? Why?"

"Well, the net result is that about half the regiment is in love with Sarah."

"Well, Sarah is not in love with half the regiment."

"No, I suppose not," said he in rather an offended tone. "If she is in love with one it will cook my goose for me."

"My dear boy," said Lady Baynham with a laugh, "you should have made sure of her before you let this horde into the house."

"Which might have been worse," said Baynham, "it might have been worse. I can't imagine anything more dreadful than being engaged to a girl who afterwards saw somebody she liked better."

"No, you are quite right. But I am quite sure, Geoffrey, if Sarah once makes up her mind, nothing will make her change it."

"You—you think that?"

"I am certain of it. Sarah is a most steadfast character. Have you never noticed how she will hang on to a little mongrel dog because it is hers? Take that miserable little monstrosity that follows her round now. Do you think if you went up to town to-day and spent fifty guineas on a Blenheim that she would love it as she loves that small creature that's not worth ten shillings? Certainly not. You don't understand Sarah yet, Geoffrey."

"Evidently not," said Geoffrey, as he laughingly beat a retreat.

It happened that among the guests for the third house party was Baynham's greatest friend. He had already been to Baynham

that winter with the very first set of people that had been entertained there. This young man, Osmond Vansittart by name, had practically invited himself for this second visit. Of course, he was on sufficiently intimate terms with his host to be able to do so, and Baynham realized, with a pang of dismay, that Sarah was in no wise insensible to his charms. Well, as he well knew, he had no one but himself to thank for it. "If I hadn't wanted to bloom out and make a precious ass of myself," he muttered savagely to himself as he saw Sarah and Vansittart go floating down the room together, "this would never have happened—never. My own stupendous folly! I say, Sarah," he said sharply, as they passed him, "aren't you going to dance with me to-night?"

"Of course I am," said Sarah, "but not till I am asked."

"Next dance," he said hurriedly, as Vansittart drew her along.

"All right!" She smiled at him over her partner's shoulder, and he moved off somewhat mollified.

He was ready the moment that the dance was over to pounce upon Sarah and carry her off from Vansittart.

"Look here, old chap," said Vansittart, "you are in too great a hurry altogether. Miss Courtney is going to have an ice with me."

"Oh, that's as may be; any way, the next is my dance. I have not danced with her before this evening, and I am going to hang on now so as to miss none of it. Sarah," he said presently, when they were swinging along the polished floor, "does Vansittart's step suit you better than mine?"

"I don't know that it does," she replied, "but he dances awfully well."

"Does he dance better than I do?"

"I don't know that he does."

"Nonsense, you must know."

"I don't; you both dance very well."

"Which would you rather dance with—Vansittart or me?" he demanded.

"Ah! Now you are asking questions," she replied coquettishly.

"Of course I am asking questions; one can't ask anything but questions, can one?"

"I don't know; perhaps not. Take care, Geof, take care," as they came perilously near to a big vase.

It seemed to him as if, try as he would, he could not get any nearer to Sarah, as if she were trying to ward off any attempt at intimate conversation; and it was with a hideous shock that, an hour later, he saw Sarah, muffled up in a great white fur cape, disappear through one of the conservatories, followed, not many minutes later, by his comrade Vansittart. "Geof, my boy," his thoughts ran, "you've overstayed your market."

The days came and went, and Baynham found himself watching his cousin with painful eagerness. He began to understand how a man feels when he is watching for a reprieve, and every day he expected that Vansittart would come and ask him for his consent to their engagement. Still, nothing happened between them. Vansittart was evidently as much or more in love than ever, but Sarah seemed to wind her way in and out between the two encouraging each a little.

"Geof," said Lady Baynham, "if you don't speak out soon Mr. Vansittart will take Sarah away altogether."

"I—I can't, Mother. It would not be decent in my own house to cut another chap out. I must give him a fair field."

"I really fail to see it," said Lady Baynham, "honestly I do."

"No, Mother, I can't do it. Vansittart must have his chance."

"And break Sarah's heart in giving it to him," said Lady Baynham rather tartly.

"I must take the chance of that," said he.

Well, the days drifted on, and eventually Vansittart left Baynham Courtney with every outward appearance as if he and Sarah had not come to an understanding at all. And that very night Baynham was sitting in a conservatory in a deep old chair

almost hidden by a large table and a couple of huge palms, smoking a cigarette, when to his astonishment he saw Sarah come softly out of the drawing-room, catch up a big fur coat, and slipping it on over her evening dress, go quietly out into the night. "Gad!" he said to himself, "Sarah of all people." He was still there when she came back; indeed, he took care that he should be.

"Been out, Sarah?" he exclaimed, with a very well simulated air of surprise when she came in.

Sarah gave a great start. "Yes, I—I've been out. I like going out in the evening, Baynham."

"Oh, do you? This cold weather?"

"I nearly always go out at night," said Sarah defiantly, "just for a breath."

"Yes, I know you do, but I didn't think when Vansittart left that you would continue the practice."

"Vansittart?"

"I spoke plainly, didn't I?"

"Oh, quite plainly, though your meaning is obscure."

"You don't mean to say," he burst out, "that there is some one else?"

"Some one else? Geoffrey, what do you mean? You—you don't mean to tell me that you dared—dared, Geoffrey—to imagine for one moment that I went out—out on to the terrace—" she spoke in spasms, she was so angry—"to meet Mr. Vansittart, or—or anybody else? How dared you, Geoffrey?"

"If it comes to that," said Geoffrey coolly, "I have a perfect right to think what I like."

"No, not about me. I—Geoffrey, I have never given you a— a moment's cause to believe that I—I, Sarah Courtney, would do such a thing. I am very angry with you, Geoffrey. I have never been so angry with anybody in all my life."

"Well," said Geoffrey rather mildly, "on the face of it, when a young woman steals out, even from a ballroom, as I have seen you do, and muffles herself up in furs and goes out on a bitter cold winter's night, one doesn't as a rule imagine that she does it for health's sake."

"And you have been spying upon me?" said she.

"No, not spying. That is a very ugly word, Sarah, you should not use it. I have been interested in you—I have always been interested in you ever since that time I came back from Eton and found you here, having adopted my mother as yours. You might confide in a fellow, Sarah, and tell me what makes you go out on the terrace every night—only at night."

"I can't tell you," said Sarah.

"But there is a reason?"

"Yes, there is a reason," she said, looking down, her face crimson with blushes.

He went a step nearer to her and caught hold of her hand. "Sarah," he said, in a very tender voice, "you and I have always been pals, the best of chums. You might tell me."

She hesitated a moment. "Well, Geoffrey," she said at last, "it is such a silly thing. You would only laugh at me."

"Laugh at you! By Jove, that I wouldn't! If you knew the load it would take off my mind to know."

"A load off your mind? Why, do you care?"

"Care! Oh, Sarah!"

"Well, then, I will tell you. But it is silly. I go out every night, and have done on so many nights, to see the stars."

"To do what? To see the stars?"

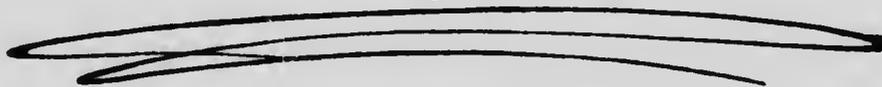
"Yes. If you won't ask me what it is I want I will tell you the rest."

"Go on," said he.

"They say if you can count nine stars nine nights running, and wish the same wish all the time, you will get what you want," said Sarah.

"And I mayn't ask you what you want?" said Baynham, "or can I—guess, Sarah? It evidently is not Vansittart, or he wouldn't have gone away. Is it—Oh, Sarah, Sarah—you darling!"

John George Winter.



THE ACTING EDITOR

By W. A. HORN

"I WAS on a lecturin' tour out West, and a friend of mine who was runnin' a newspaper was called away suddenly, and he asked me to run the next issue. Naow, I'm not a man as likes to sit twiddlin' his thumbs an' doin' nothin'. I made up my mind to make that issue one that would ketch on. So I set down an' wrote a sub-leader on some of the local gold bugs that I thought would make 'em sit up some. On the mornin' of the issue I was sitting in the editorial sanctum when a fellar come to the door, lookin' 'bout as mad as a wounded grizzly. Says he: 'Is the editor of this darned rag on the premises?' Naow I guessed there was goin' to be trouble for somebody right away, an' I didn't want that somebody to be yours truly. So I says: 'Waal no, he ain't right here naow, but if your bizziness is pressin' I'll find him and send him up.'

"Says he: 'My bizziness is urgent, and won't admit of no delay whatsoever. I want to see that editor right now, an' I guess I'll make him squirm like a speared eel.' 'Take a seat,' says I, 'an' I'll try and find him,' an' with that I went out an' shut the door. You bet your bottom dollar I didn't waste no time goin' down them stairs. No, sirree, I went down like a streak o' greased lightnin', but when I reached the front door I run kerslap into another fellar just comin' in. He was about six foot high, an' he had a three-foot cowhide quilter in his hand; his eyes was blazin' like a darned catamount with his tail jammed under a cart-wheel.

"Says he: 'Is that dawg-gawnd skunk of an editor in?' Naow, sir, the presence of mind I displayed on that re-markable occasion was worthy of the best traditions of our great country. Yes, sirree, I grasped the potentialities of the persition. Says I: 'He's upstairs sittin' in the room on the left of the top landin'.' 'Thanks,' says he, an' up he goes three at a time. I waited till I

heard sounds as if somebody was dancin' a highdalgo, or a fandango, or one o' them Spanish things, and then I didn't chase myself round my feet; no, sirree, not me. I guess I beat Deerfoot's record for a hundred as I sprinted across the street an' hid behind a coal wagon waitin' developments. Presently Number Two comes strutting down the street, hummin' the 'Star-spangled Banner,' an' lookin' as proud as a Shanghai rooster in cluckin' time. I noticed that his cowhide was kind o' bulged in the middle. Then I ketched sight of Number One staggerin' along, with his necktie round under his left ear; his eyes was bunged up, an' his nose was all skinned, an' he was soppin' the blood off his mouth with a bandanner. I noticed that one of his coat-tails was missin'. I didn't run after him to ask if he'd found the editor, or to take his temperature, or to offer to look for the missin' coat-tail. No, sirree, you bet I didn't do none of them things. I guess I just vamoosed the ranch, in case either of 'em come back; but I didn't edit no more papers in that town, not much!"

W. A. Horn

THE SPHINX AND THE PLAYER

By ROBERT HICHENS

I WAS camping out one winter near the Sphinx, close to the Arab cemetery that lies in the desert beyond Cairo, the Nile, and the long plain that is divided by the high road that leads to Mena House. It was very early in the season. The rush of tourists had not set in. The hotels were nearly empty. Few tents dotted the pale expanse of sand that stretches towards Sakkâra. I had come into camp in the afternoon, and as I rode down the hill from the Pyramids I had only noticed one. It was very small, and was just beyond the hollow in which the Sphinx reposes. As I passed it, at some little distance, I saw, seated before it on a folding chair, the figure of a man clad in a white suit and a helmet. I could not see his face, only his figure, thin, bending forward, the hands lying on the knees. The chair was turned towards the Sphinx, and I remember thinking to myself, "There, I suppose, is the first Sphinx-worshipper of this winter." And I rode on till I had reached the sycamore and palm trees by which my tent was pitched.

I was alone. That is, I had no European companion with me; no one but a native cook, and a dragoman who acted as my servant. They both slept in a tent a little apart from mine. Soon after I had gained the camp, had unpacked my few things and set them in order, the night began to fall—the clear and starry night of Africa—casting its delicate magic over the lonely place, the great graves that lifted their blocks of stone towards heaven on the high ground above me, the tiny graves that lay almost about my feet. The strange places of death were very near me. The solemnity of the night was very deep.

When the little moon rose I dismissed my dragoman, telling him I would fasten down the canvas flap that formed my tent door, and that he need not watch. I had no fear of anything, and

wished, if possible, to imagine, and to feel, that I was entirely alone. I saw his tall figure, clad in a sombre, floating robe, vanish over the sand, which muffled the sound of his footsteps. Presently the light in his tent was extinguished. The voices I had heard in low and continuous converse died away. Soon I was able to forget that any man was near me. I was able to draw into my soul the night silence of the desert.

For a time—how long I do not know—I sat still, scarcely thinking, but feeling, feeling the peace, the almost mystical remoteness, that seemed flowing in upon me from the far spaces I could not see—the spaces beyond the Pyramids, where a man may journey on and on, day after day, till the days are numbered in weeks, and still be in the desert. At last I was conscious of the touch of the cold that comes by night to the sands, and I got up reluctantly. I got up, I lifted the canvas, I stood with it in my hand; but I could not make up my mind to shut out the wonderful night, to forgo just yet all this strangeness that lay around me, this strangeness that called to me, that seemed saying to me, "Come nearer! Give yourself more completely." And, presently, I let the canvas fall and I walked forward into the night.

I had no definite intention. It is difficult to have a definite intention in the desert. But something drew me in the direction of the Sphinx. I passed the little group of trees. I left the Arab graves behind me. And presently I knew where I was going, and what I wanted to do. I wanted to see the Sphinx alone by night.

Softly I traversed the sand, and though it was so soft I trod very gently in it, like one who fears to waken a sleeper. I went on, not quickly, keeping to my left, until I was leaving the flat, and felt a slope beneath my feet. The silence was intense, and seemed to grow, like sound. Almost there was something awful in it. I loved it, and yet—did I not fear it, too? It was like the hush of that day when the world has

come to an end. Now I was creeping forward. I saw the sickle of the moon, very pale, almost furtive, with its gentle curve dividing the black purple of the sky; and the great multitude of the stars—one large, red, and shaking, as things shake informed by violence, beyond the black summit of the pyramid of Khufu. And then I saw the huge bulk of the Sphinx. And I sat, I almost crouched down, in the sand.

Do you know the silence that lies about the lonely Sphinx when the night of Egypt is deep? Have you ever been steeped in it, been taken by that ocean? If you have not, think of the greatest silence, the greatest loneliness, you have known. Increase it a thousandfold—by the force of your imagination. Prolong it till you seem to be fading into it, becoming one with it. Then conceive the pain, the horrible pain of a near, sharp, dreadfully human sound, tearing you from its arms, with your nerves shuddering, your very flesh protesting.

What that sound had been, for a moment—or was it an hour?—I did not know. I only knew that it had been human, that it had seemed sinister in its humanity, that it had conquered the Sphinx, the desert, the night, the sickle moon, the shaking and angry star beyond Khufu's Pyramid.

Then it came again—and I knew; a hoarse, grating cough, followed by a sort of hissing, like an indrawn, labouring breath. I got up, I think I sprang up, from the sand. My flesh stirred. I looked around. At a little distance I saw a small and steady light, near it a shadow. And as my soul, that had been taken by the silence of the Sphinx, seemed to rush back into my tremendously definite body, I remembered the afternoon, the little tent, the bending figure beside it.

Some poor consumptive was near me, waking, suffering in the night. Now all my humanity was with me and alive. I heard the sad and hideous sound again. I went towards it. I stood before the tent, and within it I saw a man, alone, sitting on the edge of a camp-bed, bending forward, coughing,

trying to draw a full breath, but frustrated by his malady. The lamplight fell on cheeks with mounds of bone showing above pathetic hollows. And the red patches on those cheeks made me think, I knew not why, of the red star beyond the Pyramid.

The man looked up and saw me.

"Hassan! It isn't——!"

He stared with brilliant, tragic eyes.

"I am camping near. I came out to see the Sphinx by night. I—I heard you."

He smiled. His smile was like tears, almost like groaning.

"Are you all alone?"

He nodded.

"No Arab even with you?"

"I've got one—Hassan. He drinks. I think he's gone to the village to drink."

"May I come in?"

He pointed to the one chair in the tent.

"But you?"

"It's too low. I can breathe better on this. Sit down, sir."

I obeyed, and looked at him.

He was a man about twenty-eight or thirty, clean shaven, with what people sometimes call "an actor's face." There was something in his whole appearance, in the way he had said "Sit down, sir," which made me think of the stage.

"I'm pretty bad," he said.

"I'm sorry."

He reached out to a tiny, folding table, took a bottle from it, and a glass, poured out some dark liquid, and drank it off.

"So that I can talk to you a bit better!" he explained.

"You oughtn't to be alone."

"I'm not accustomed to it. All my life I've lived in London. Never been anywhere—till I came here. They got up a benefit to get me out here."

"A benefit?"

"I'm an actor, sir."

Suddenly he pulled himself up almost erect on the bed.

"Always been an actor, and always in London. I wouldn't go on the road, no provinces for me you understand——"

The draught had done him good, and perhaps the fact that here was another human being in the desert.

"I was willing to Super rather than go. And so I managed somehow, and at last I began to get on a bit. I got lines to say. I've said lines at 'Drury Lane,' and at 'His Majesty's,' too, and other theatres where only the best people go. I've said lines before King Edward and Queen Alexandra."

"Have you?"

And the Sphinx was just outside! If I looked through the opening, from which the canvas was drawn back, I could see its mighty and sleepless form, terribly motionless, yet, surely, terribly alive, regardless of us because it was regarding the distances of the ages that were past and were to come.

"And before other crowned heads, too, I've played in pantomime, but I've played in big drama also. As I told you, I've said lines with Mr. Tree on the stage. It's a funny thing, but the last drama ever I appeared in we had the bally Sphinx!"

"Did you?"

"We did. It was 'Antony and Cleopatra.' You know—by Shakespeare!"

"I know."

"Yes, but not every one does, though of course no one likes to say so. Not that I mean you, sir. Anyone can see——"

He looked at me apologetically.

"That's all right."

He was reassured.

"And we began the play with the bally Sphinx and ended it with the same. Just shown, you know, on a back cloth,

but very real, very effective. The idea was—let's see!—Oh yes, the idea was—we had it explained to us at the rehearsal, not every one understood it, but *I* did!—The idea was that there the Sphinx is, and people comes, and people goes, that's to say are born, and die, and all that, and fall in love, like Antony did with Cleopatra, and are mad for each other, and think, 'this is going on for ever, this is,' and kill themselves p'raps, like Cleopatra did, *you* know, with the asp—very effective that, on the stage!—And the Sphinx just lies there in the sand, and takes not a bit of notice."

Suddenly he stopped.

"I've thought of that these days, and specially these nights," he added. "You—bet!"

"Poor fellow!"

I could not help saying it, and from my heart.

"Thank you, sir. I never thought to see the real thing—the Sphinx, you know. But I was impressed at the dress rehearsal. The curtain went up—and there was the Sphinx, and never a word said. And then we went right along with the play. And then at the end, when it was all over, and they were dead, the two of them—there was the Sphinx again. And again never a word said. And down comes the curtain!"

"Down comes the curtain!"

"Yes. It was fine. It gave me a lump in the throat. But then I'm sensitive. I think Mr. Tree noticed that. He said one day: 'No reason, D'Arcy'—my stage name, Rex D'Arcy!" he paused—

"A splendid name!" I said, seeing it was expected of me. He looked pleased.

"'No reason at all, D'Arcy, why you shouldn't some day make an actor.'"

Again he paused.

"Good!" I said.

"Wasn't it? That Sphinx gave me a lump in the throat. But I never thought to see the real thing. And then I fell ill. And the doctor said only a winter away could save me. And one was kind and another—I was a bit of a favourite, sir, that's the truth—and the end of it was they got up a benefit—I'd

just played a real part, almost a big one, and made a success in it—and it brought in enough to send me out here. And I'd got so sweet on the Sphinx that, thinks I, I'll live for a while close to it. So here I am not a stone's throw off of it. But it is lonely to one who's been always accustomed to the footlights. And yet I wouldn't move away, I don't think. Somehow the Sphinx is like company to me. And then it reminds me of that big production of 'Cleopatra,' and of what Mr. Tree said to me: 'D'Arcy,' he said—Rex D'Arcy was the full name—'D'Arcy, no reason at all why you shouldn't some day be an actor.' Whenever I look at the bally Sphinx I think of that. And if ever I get back to London——”

Suddenly he coughed, stretched himself up, his eyes stared, the bones of his cheeks seemed to push themselves almost out of the skin that covered them, he opened his mouth wide.

The sand that was the only carpet within the little tent was stained with blood. He did not speak again.

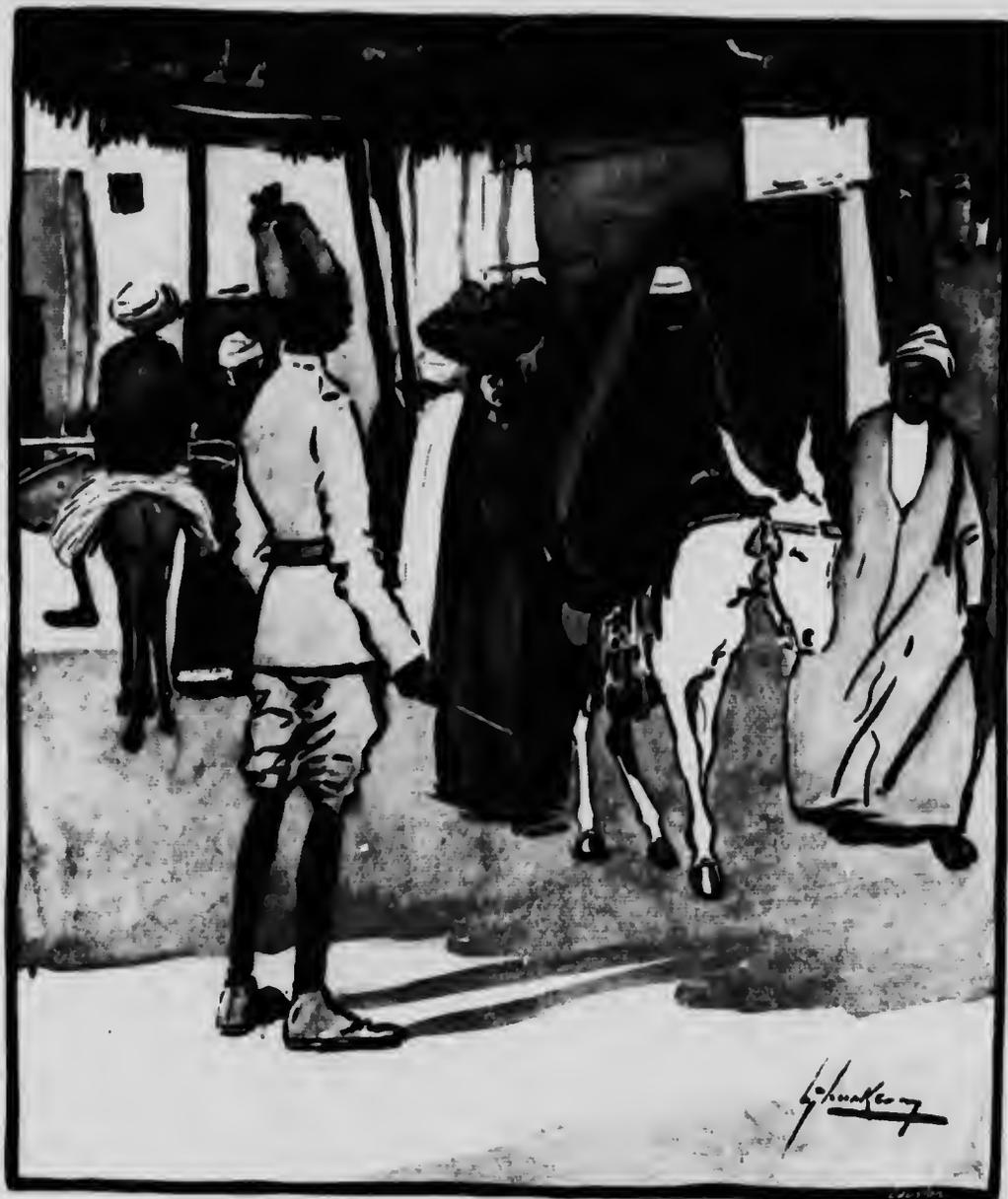
I stayed there all the night. I did not dare to leave him, even to go for help. Better to stay, I thought, and do what I could.

Hassan came towards dawn, and I sent him to Mena House for a doctor. But the doctor arrived too late. And through the opening of the tent, where the canvas was pushed up, I saw the dawn steal over the huge, calm face of the Sphinx, and I thought of the Player's words:

“And then at the end, when it was all over—there was the Sphinx again. And never a word said. And down comes the curtain.”

Yes, “there was the Sphinx again”; Horus gazing towards the East, towards the light—perhaps towards the world where, with the souls of the countless dead, that had passed away through the centuries, was numbered the soul of the Player.

Robert Kichens



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

By LANCE THACKERAY

DRAWING-ROOM CHARADE "DUMB-BELL"

By W. W. JACOBS

CHARACTERS :

AUGUSTUS SEMPER	<i>Retired</i>
MRS. AMANDA SEMPER	<i>His wife</i>
DOLLY SEMPER	}	<i>His daughters</i>
CISSIE SEMPER					
THOMAS	<i>A soiled page</i>
SCENE	<i>Parlour at Chestnut Lodge.</i>		

ACT I.—DUMB

(Enter MRS. SEMPER, crying, followed by DAUGHTERS and THOMAS.)

- MRS. S. (*Tragically.*) No, don't tell me, it's his mind that's gone, not his tongue. No sane man would go on like that.
- DOLLY. But it can't last, ma. He must ask for food, and all that sort of thing.
- MRS. S. But he doesn't ; he takes it. Or else writes down what he wants on a piece of paper ; and he cuts his pencil all over the place.
- CISSIE. But what made you vex him so, ma ?
- MRS. S. I didn't vex him. I'm sure I didn't say anything a reasonable man could take objection to. I was telling him about those nice relatives of Mr. Johnson's, and how polite one of them, the young man, was to me, and he turned round suddenly, in the most offensive fashion, and said that my tongue would be the death of him. We had words, naturally. I said he talked too,

and I told him how tired we all were of hearing that little tale of his about how he frightened the tramp by speaking to him gruffly, and he got in a frightful temper, and said he could go without talking for a year. Of course, I—I laughed at that, and then he hit the table with his fist, and said: "Woman, if I speak one word during the ensuing year I will give you fifty pounds!" And he hasn't spoken since.

DOLLY. Fifty pounds!

CISSIE. (*Shaking her head.*) He wouldn't pay, ma.

MRS. S. It's very dreadful, girls.

CISSIE. Well, ma, what does it matter?

MRS. S. Matter? Of course it matters. I keep forgetting. Only just now I asked him to go down and give Susan a good talking to. You should have *seen* the look he gave me.

THOMAS. (*Modestly.*) I see it, mum.

MRS. S. Hold your tongue, sir.

THOMAS. (*In surprise.*) Wot, is there to be two of us?

MRS. S. Don't answer me, sir! Are you aware of the fact that your face wants washing?

CISSIE. And that you have got two buttons off?

DOLLY. And that you are not fit to open the door to people?

THOMAS. I'll go down to the gov'nor. He don't keep saying these nasty things to me.

(*Exit as MR. SEMPER enters the room.*)

DOLLY. Oh, papa, dear, we've come back, you see.

CISSIE. Home is the best place after all.

DOLLY. It's nice to see fresh places, but one soon gets tired of them.

CISSIE. When I go away I always feel as though I want to take everything and everybody with me—except Thomas.

DRAWING-ROOM CHARADE—"DUMB-BELL" 99

DOLLY. It's been so dull without you, papa. We have been positively longing to hear the sound of your dear voice again.

(MR. SEMPER glares at them suspiciously.)

MRS. S. Ah, it's only in the shape of a nasty worrying cough you'll hear it now, girls.

(MR. S. stalks solemnly to arm-chair L., and sitting takes up the newspaper.)

MRS. S. People think that he is mad, dears. Poor old Mrs. Jones says that it is softening of the brain. The late Mr. Jones had it, and he used to walk about the streets dragging a little wooden gee-gee after him. She says that if we could only get your father to cry it might save his reason. She says she's afraid his brain must be in a melting condition.

CISSIE. (With handkerchief to her eyes.) I'm afraid it's too late, ma.

DOLLY. He ought to see a doctor.

(MR. SEMPER snorts and turns his paper violently.

THOMAS enters cautiously.)

MRS. S. He is always making that strange noise, girls. It's his way of asking for food now, but I don't take any notice of it.

CISSIE. Poor pa!

DOLLY. Poor papa!!

MRS. S. (Wringing her hands) Poor, poor Augustus!

THOMAS. Boo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!

MRS. S. (Tearfully.) Thomas, don't make that noise.

THOMAS. I ca-can't 'elp it, mum, when I see the master so different. An' 'e's so patient, too—that's what upsets me. P'r'haps he don't know it's 'is 'ead!

(MR. SEMPER suddenly starts from his chair, and THOMAS hastily quits the room.)

- CISSIE. It's very awkward, just at present especially. Tell ma, Dolly.
- DOLLY. (*Bashfully.*) We met Mr. Cox while we were away, ma, and he—we saw a good deal of him—and he is coming to have a few words with papa.
- MRS. S. Oh, you *will* speak now, won't you, Augustus? Such an admirable young man! I'm sure you'll like him.
- CISSIE. Well, if he doesn't, silence gives consent, you know, Dolly.
- MRS. S. (*After regarding MR. S. critically.*) We must hide your father, girls, and if Mr. Cox does see him (*indignantly*), I'll tell him it's waxworks.
- (*Voice of THOMAS outside.*) Ho, ho, ho—ha, ha, ha—he, he, he!
- (*MR. SEMPER starts up furiously and dashes out after THOMAS. MRS. S. and GIRLS catch him by the coat-tail, and exit crying imploringly: Papa, papa!*)

ACT II.—BELL

(*Enter MR. S., and seats himself L. He sniffs in a determined fashion, and glowers before him. Enter MRS. S., who stands with her hands clasped, gazing at him yearningly. MR. S.'s face indicates the wildest impatience and rage.*)

- MRS. S. (*Tenderly.*) Gussie!
- (*MR. S. opens l.'s mouth to speak, remembers himself, and closes it again.*)
- MRS. S. Gussie, you must come down and see this gentleman. Consider; perhaps all Dolly's future career hangs upon one word from you. Just one or two tiny little words. If you don't like to break your word, Augustus—and I know how firm and unquenchable your spirit is—let me wrap your face up in this handkerchief (*produces huge red bandana*), and pretend you have got a swelling

DRAWING-ROOM CHARADE—"DUMB-BELL" 101

in the mouth. See; here is a piece of apple to put in your cheek. It's a nice apple—Ribston-pippin.

(Produces piece of apple and tries to place it in his mouth. MR. SEMPER rises and stamps madly round the room, pursued by MRS. SEMPER with piece of apple in one hand and handkerchief in the other.)

(Enter CISSIE.)

CISSIE. Pa, don't be so foolish! It's getting very awkward; Mr. Cox is waiting in the breakfast-room, and Dolly is in hysterics in her bedroom. How can you be so absurd? You make me wish I'd never had a father!

(MR. S. produces small handbell from his pocket and rings it violently. Enter THOMAS hastily. MR. S. makes signs that he wishes to write. Exit THOMAS nodding sagely.)

MRS. S. He is going to write his consent.

CISSIE. Pen an apology, perhaps. He ought to.

(Enter THOMAS with jug of beer and tumbler on tray, which he places before MR. S. MR. S. stares at it ferociously, and pushing it from him repeats pantomime while THOMAS gazes at him with a troubled expression. Business.)

MRS. S. *(Impatiently.)* Writing materials, Thomas.

(Exit THOMAS. MRS. S. crosses, and in a slow, dreamy fashion takes beer and drinks it just as MR. S. is about to take it. THOMAS returns with writing materials, and MR. S., after writing a short note, hands it to his daughter.)

CISSIE. *(Reading slowly.)* "Is it possible that I should have lived long enough to hear a child tell me not to be so absurd!" Oh! I—I——

(She throws the paper on floor, and flings herself indignantly from room.)

MRS. S. AU-GUSTUS! Don't try me too far. Don't presume too much upon my forbearance. I shall explain to this young gentleman that you are unwell.

(Exit. THOMAS is about to follow her when MR. S. rings bell violently, and motions for him to stay.)

THOMAS. (*Aside.*) It's all very well being shut up here alone with master and that bell. I don't believe 'e's right in 'is 'ead. Do you want me to stay 'ere, sir ?

(MR. SEMPER *nods.*)

THOMAS. 'Cos I was just going to take some wine into the gentleman when you rang, sir, an' I've left it standing on the kitchin table.

(MR. S. *raises his eyebrows.*)

THOMAS. An' I've left cook standing there too, sir. Not on the kitchin table, I don't mean, but in the kitchin, close to the wine. Can I go and look after it, sir ?

(MR. S. *shakes his head.*)

THOMAS. (*Aside.*) Oh, Lor' ! I b'lieve he wants to murder me. Look at 'is eye ! I've 'eard that mad people always want to murder those they used to like best. Missis 'll be all right ; that's one thing. I wonder whether he'd get frightened if I pretended to be mad. P'r'aps he'll speak and ask me what's the matter. Then missis 'll get the fifty pounds. Fiere goes. (*Aloud.*) I'd like to go out, sir, if you don't mind.

(MR. S. *shakes his head.*)

THOMAS. I want to go out, sir ! I can't keep still. Ever since that little dog of Mr. Hall's bit me I feel as if I want to jump about.

(MR. S. *ignores this appeal.* THOMAS *begins to run round and round the room, MR. S. making grabs at him as he passes.* THOMAS *makes a choking noise, and, bounding along on all fours, runs up and snaps at MR. S.'s ankles.* MR. S. *jumps up on chair, and kicking at him as he approaches, rings the bell incessantly.* MRS. S. and DAUGHTERS *burst hurriedly into the room to find THOMAS gazing with much amazement at MR. S.)*

MRS. S. Thomas ! Thomas ! Augustus, what is the matter ?

DRAWING-ROOM CHARADE—"DUMB-BELL" 103

- THOMAS. I dunno' mum, I'm sure. It's dreadful. First, master went on all fours, barking round the room, and then he suddenly jumps up on that chair and rings the bell.
- Mrs. S. Augustus, come down! Pray, pray, come down! How can you, with your gout, go on like that?
- (Mr. S. jumps down and makes a rush for THOMAS: THOMAS flies into corner and the three ladies stand in front of him. Mr. S. makes ineffectual attempts to get at him, the ladies meanwhile imploring him to restrain himself.)
- Mrs. S. It's not safe for this poor boy to be left alone with your father, girls. Thomas, you are not to answer that bell again under any consideration. And don't let your master see you more than you can help. He seems to have taken a most unaccountable dislike to you.
- THOMAS. Yes, mum! (*Dashes for door and disappears.*)
- Mrs. S. Now, Augustus, be calm. Be calm!
- CISSIE. It's dreadful! Poor Mr. Cox doesn't seem to know what to make of such treatment. He was quite limp when he left.
- Mrs. S. It's shameful. Well, I've asked him to call to-morrow; perhaps your father will have found his tongue by that time.
- DOLLY. Poor pa, I know he wants to speak. You want to tell us something about Thomas, don't you, pa? I am sure you do. I can see it in your face.
- Mrs. S. Now, Augustus, I wish you to understand that until you pull yourself together and ask for things in a proper manner you will have to wait on yourself. It's no good your stamping and ringing like an unseasonable muffin-man. Nobody will answer you. And if you write anything we won't read it.
- (Mr. S. begins to talk to them on his fingers. They all elevate their heads and look coldly away. Mr. S., with a gesture of supreme despair and rage, dashes from room.)

MRS. S. Come along, girls, quick. He's gone after poor little Thomas again!

(Exit all.)

ACT III.—DUMB-BELL

(Enter CISSIE and DOLLY, laughing and talking.)

CISSIE. Oh, the instructor is a dear; you must join, Dolly. The musical drill is beautiful, and the Indian clubs give one a most delightful backache.

(Enter MR. and MRS. S. MR. S. goes over to his old seat L., at back of stage.)

CISSIE. Oh, mother, you must try and persuade Dolly to join the Gym.!

DOLLY. I don't want to!

CISSIE. Oh, you would if you only went once. Of course, just at present you've got your head full of Mr. Cox. I'll show you some of the musical drill if you like. It'll cheer pa, perhaps. *(Exit.)*

MRS. S. *(Sniffing.)* Perhaps.

DOLLY. *(Shaking her head.)* I don't think we ought to humour him.

(Re-enter CISSIE with a pair of dumb-bells.)

MRS. S. *(Aside.)* Do something to shock your father and make him speak. You know how he hates athletics for women.

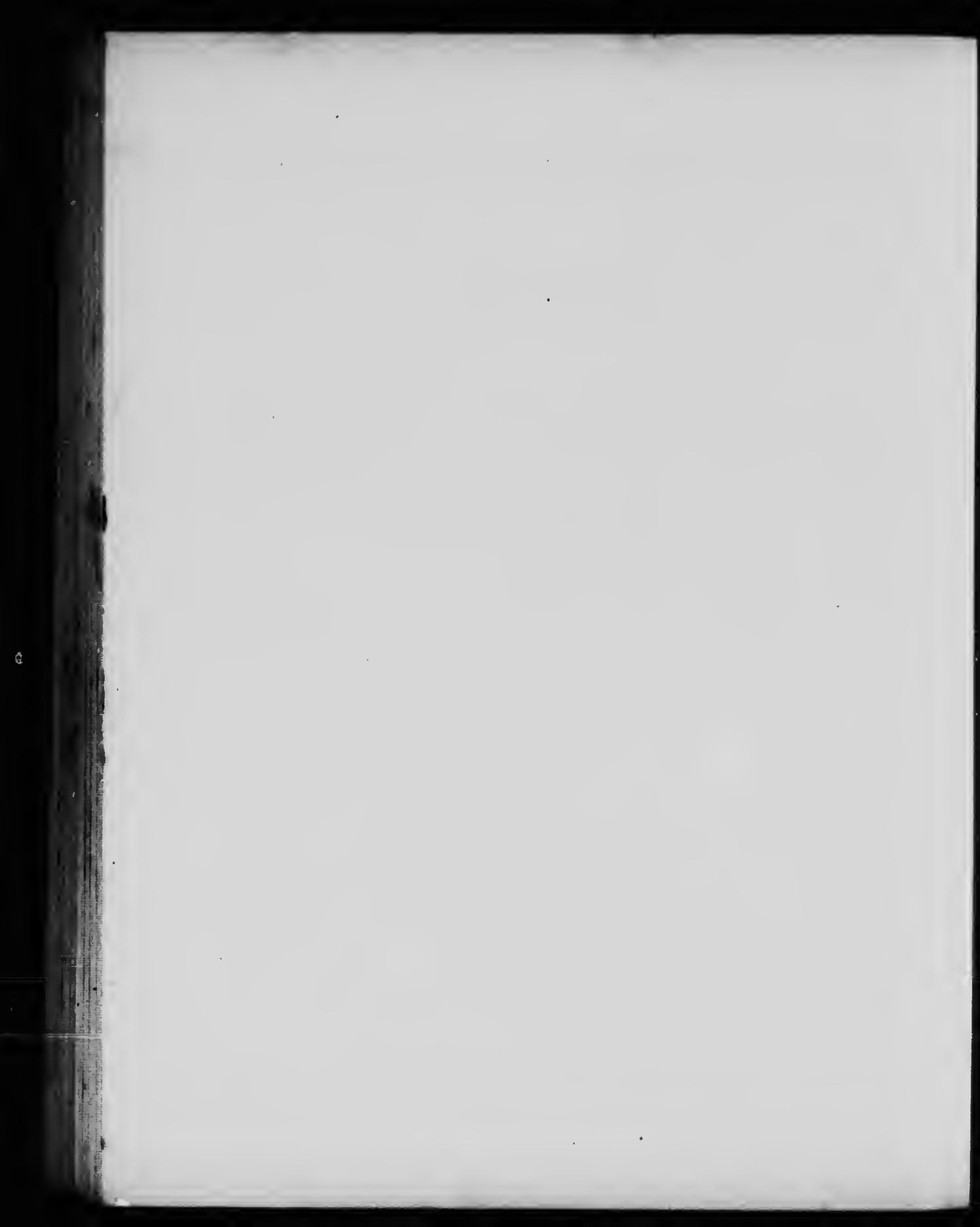
DOLLY. Oh, Cissie, you tomboy!

CISSIE. I'm not, miss. I'm merely doing it to improve my figure. Oh, who is going to provide the music? Pa, will you whistle something? Something slow and measured.

(MR. S. looks at her haughtily.)



"SPENT"
By HARRY ROWNTREE



DRAWING-ROOM CHARADE—"DUMB-BELL" 105

CISSIE. Oh, you needn't stare like that, pa. I didn't ask you to speak ; only to whistle.

MRS. S. Do it without, dear ; it's no use asking favours of your father. Thomas, come inside if you wish ; don't stand there, thrusting your head in at the door.

(THOMAS enters and stands just inside the door.)

CISSIE. Can you whistle, Thomas ?

THOMAS. Whistle, miss ? Rather !

CISSIE. Well, whistle something for me to keep time to. *(Aside.)* That ought to annoy papa.

(THOMAS whistles popular air slowly, while CISSIE keeps time with dumb-bells. THOMAS ceases abruptly.)

CISSIE. Go on, Thomas.

THOMAS. I can't, miss ; not while the gov'nor's a-looking at me like that.

MRS. S. Thomas, if you don't whistle you can take a week's notice. *(Aside.)* Perhaps that will make Augustus speak.

THOMAS. Very well, mum, but would you mind asking the gov'nor to turn 'is 'ead away.

(MR. S. rises and THOMAS gets behind Mrs. S.)

THOMAS. It's no use, mum, you'll have to do without the music. I can't do it.

DOLLY. Oh, what a shame. Are they heavy, Cissie ?

CISSIE. No, not very. We've been practising holding the two out at arm's length and seeing who could do it the longest. Like this ! *(She holds them out, standing close by MR. S.)*

(MRS. S., THOMAS, and DOLLY count ; DOLLY and MRS. S. slowly, THOMAS rapidly.)

MRS. S. and DOLLY. Fifteen.

THOMAS. Forty-nine.

106 DRAWING-ROOM CHARADE—"DUMB-BELL"

CISSIE. There, forty-nine. Now you try, Dolly.

DOLLY. (*Advancing.*) It was only fifteen; Thomas gabbled.

(*Takes dumb-bells and stands in CISSIE'S place.*

MR. S. looks angry and impatient.)

MRS. S., CISSIE, and THOMAS. (*In measured tones.*) One, two, three, four—

DOLLY. Oh, I shall drop them.

MRS. S., CISSIE, and THOMAS. Five, six, seven, eight, nine.

DOLLY. Oh!

MRS. S., CISSIE, and THOMAS. Ten, eleven.

(*DOLLY drops dumb-bells with crash by MR. S.'s feet. He springs up with wild scream, and sitting down again grasps toe in hand.*)

DOLLY. Oh, pa, dear, did I hurt you? I'm so sorry.

MR. S. Ow, ow, ow!

CISSIE. Are you hurt, pa?

MR. S. (*Very fluently.*) Hurt? Hurt? You silly, unwomanly creatures! What do you mean by coming into a sitting-room, and prancing about with your absurd gymnastics while that idiotic boy whistles to you? How dare you do it, miss? How dare you allow it, madam? Is this my house or not? Are these my daughters or not? They've smashed my toe between them.

MRS. S. Perhaps, Augustus—

MR. S. Don't speak to me, madam, I won't have it. I say they've smashed my toe with their nonsense. They've demoralized my house. As for that monkey-boy—

THOMAS. (*Haughtily.*) Sir!!

MR. S. Don't talk to me. Don't dare to answer me, any of you, I won't have it.

MRS. S. (*Smoothly.*) We don't wish to talk to you, dear. We

DRAWING-ROOM CHARADE—"DUMB-BELL" 107

are only too glad to hear the sound of your dear voice again.

(MR. S. stops as if shot, looks reproachfully at them, and leans back in chair.)

MRS. S. *(Softly.)* I'll take it in bar--notes, dear.

DOLLY. I think I ought to have the money, ma. I dropped them.

CISSIE. I brought them home, Dolly.

THOMAS. *(Modestly.)* I did the whistling, miss. I think that's what worked him up more than anything.

(MR. S. smiles feebly and produces his purse; they crowd round and THOMAS in anxiety gets his head under MRS. S.'s arm. MR. S. stops and stares at him. THOMAS backs slowly away endeavouring to release himself, taking MRS. S. with him.)

MR. S. There you are, there's five pounds; I'll give you the rest some other time. I suppose I must see this Mr. Cox, but if everything else is satisfactory I shall only give my consent on condition that Dolly takes Thomas into her service.

(To the AUDIENCE.) Of course, I could have continued to hold my tongue, but, like most young actors, I am ambitious, and the desire to have a "speaking part" overcame my prudence!

CURTAIN.

Mr. S.

THE UNION JACK CLUB WHAT WE WANT

By Colonel Sir EDWARD W. D. WARD
K.C.B., K.C.V.O.

ON the 1st July, 1907, His Majesty the King, accompanied by Her Majesty the Queen, opened the UNION JACK CLUB, thus placing before the nation a mark of their approval of a scheme in which they had from its inception taken a deep and personal interest. Since that date the Club has fully justified its existence, and has provided sleeping accommodation in the first nine months of its life for 16,575 sailors, 22,101 soldiers, and 3,290 Royal Marines ; while a very much larger number have used the building as an ordinary club, and have partaken of creature comforts in its coffee room, or used the library, reading and writing rooms, or smoked the pipe of peace within its spacious lounge hall.

It may not be out of place to state that the Club is purely undenominational, and that it provides for our sailors and soldiers all the requirements which are to be found in the best of London clubs.

It possesses 204 bedrooms, a well-stocked library, a reading and writing room, a billiard room with six tables, a coffee room 140 feet by 20 feet, barbers' shops, hot and cold baths, while even shoeblacks are provided so that the stain of travel may be removed from the feet of those who enter.

The Club is practically self-supporting, and its affairs are conducted by a General Committee on which there are representative sailors and soldiers elected by their comrades. The more intricate business matters of the Club are in the hands of the Union Jack Club Association, which is an incorporated body. In order to meet the legal qualifications rendered necessary by the

Licensing Acts, a system has been adopted by which every man desirous of using the Club pays through his unit the small subscription which entitles him to the privilege of membership. The sailors and soldiers of our Colonial Forces who arrive in London become honorary members of the Club, while those of foreign nations become its guests.

The Club-house is open from 7 a.m. to 12.30 a.m., after which hour no one except those staying at the Club or wishing to occupy a bedroom are admitted. Bedrooms are "booked" at the Club offices immediately upon entering the building. When this formality has been accomplished, the member is conducted to his room, which is furnished with everything necessary for his comfort. Having deposited his baggage which, if he so desires, he can "put away" in the chest of drawers in his room, he is at liberty to make use of the other comforts provided. He may have arrived from some distant part of the United Kingdom, and may therefore require tonsorial attention. He finds a barber who will carry out the removal of superfluous hair either from head or chin, and that being accomplished, he proceeds to a well-equipped bathroom, where he can enjoy the luxury of a hot bath. Clean and refreshed, he returns to his bedroom, whence he shortly emerges to seek the food which awaits him in the coffee room—a room furnished with tables each capable of accommodating four persons, and where a liberal menu is provided for every meal of the day.

Having refreshed the inner man, the member now proceeds to the lounge hall, where he finds many a sailor or soldier man also resting, and where the soothing weed may be smoked. A quiet writing room, well supplied with the necessary stationery, next awaits him for the disposal of his correspondence. Adjoining it is the library and reading room, where novels or more instructive literature, daily papers or magazines attract him. Having dallied there awhile, he visits the billiard room, which is probably the best of its kind in London. If fortunate, he will find one of

the six excellent tables disengaged and a comrade awaiting an opponent. We have now followed him through his first few hours in the Club, and leave him, satisfied that the ambitions and aims of those who created the Club have been fulfilled.

There is, however, another aspect of this visit, and one which is so painful to the Council of the Club that they are now endeavouring to obtain sufficient funds to remove its disadvantages. The picture is one which may be seen unfortunately every "week end," namely, the arrival, at the Club office, of many a sailor or soldier member who only finds to his chagrin that he is one of probably a couple of hundred or more who cannot be accommodated because every one of the 204 bedrooms is occupied.

The Council trust that they may be able to remove from themselves this sorrow by the proceeds of this book. "THE FLAG" will, they hope, produce by its sale a sum sufficient to cover the cost of the new buildings, which will provide some 150 additional bedrooms, and will also enable us to permit members to continue their association with the Club after they leave the active list.

When this extra accommodation has been secured, the first Union Jack Club will stand as perfect a club as can be required — a complete and noble national memorial to the sailors and soldiers who have given their lives for the Empire.

The great success of this undertaking has given a further ambition to those who, under Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Patron and Patroness of the Club, are struggling to complete this most successful Club to its full number of 350 bedrooms.

They hope that it may be possible to establish in every big naval station or garrison town a Union Jack Club conducted under the same principles as the first Club, and affiliated with it, but controlled by local and representative committees. The Council of the Union Jack Club would feel that their labours had been

THE UNION JACK CLUB

111

entirely crowned with success, when it will be possible for every sailor and soldier arriving at a naval or military station of

Extension Building Fund.

Extension Building Fund.

Union Jack Club

SIR EDWARD WARD, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.,
WAR OFFICE, WHITEHALL, S.W.

Dear Sir,

Herewith I enclose Cheque value £ _____ : _____ , as a Donation

to the Extension Building Fund now being raised for the UNION JACK CLUB.

Yours truly,

Signed.....

Address.....

Cheques to be made payable
to SIR EDWARD WARD.

NOTE.—A Subscription Form is enclosed, which should be filled up by any readers who wish to contribute to the "EXTENSION BUILDING FUND."

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entirely crowned with success, when it will be possible for every sailor and soldier arriving at a naval or military station of importance to proceed to his own club. This dream is ambitious, but attractive. The obstacles which had to be overcome by the Council are by no means as formidable as those which had to be faced when they hardened their hearts and took the first leap over great difficulties—a leap which landed the promoters of the Club in the absolutely essential, though crowded and expensive, neighbourhood of Waterloo Station. They trust that the sympathizers with their own local sailors and soldiers will assist. We cannot and do not require many clubs of the dimensions of the parent Club, and we look to those who have shown their sympathy with us in our struggles to continue supporting us in carrying out the extended scope of our work.

Union Jack Clubs throughout the Empire will be a sign that a nation has recognized, and does recognize, the service of its warrior sons. Will the nation whose great heart, once stirred, has never failed to care for the wants of her sailors and soldiers, still further support this extension of benefits which are so worthy both of those who give and those who receive?

We know that she will.

E. W. D. Ward

NOTE.—A Subscription Form is enclosed, which should be filled up by any readers who wish to contribute to the "EXTENSION BUILDING FUND."

SCOUTING

By Lieut.-General R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL, C.B

I HAVE got a fad, and I have got it badly—Scouting.



Have you ever tried it? Well, if you have not, take my advice, and "Don't." You will never get quite sane again. It gets hold of you, and you cannot drop it. As you go to your office through the Park you read, from matches and footmarks and umbrella digs, that he sat here after his evening meal (because his feet were stretched out in front of the seat, not tucked in underneath it like those of an unfed man); also he had lit and lost three matches in lighting his cigarette (probably when that wind was blowing about 9 p.m.) It was a cigarette because none of the matches showed much burning, as would have been the case in lighting a pipe or a cigar; moreover, the end of the cigarette lies yonder where he threw it—before he had finished it too! Why? Ah! I see. She had been sitting some distance from him, digging her umbrella into the ground, up to then rather embarrassed. Oh! then she had drawn rather more his way, had she? (That side drag of the small foot—the mark is very telling.) Then he——

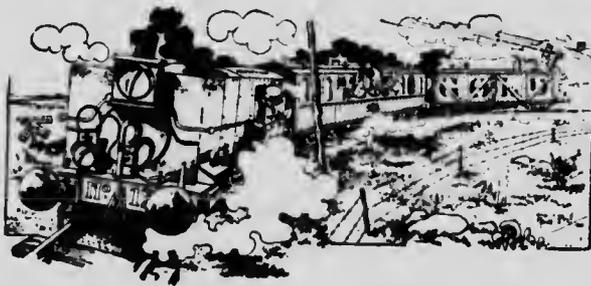
Well, I think I must be getting on, or I shall be late for office. Seagulls flying over; hard weather coming.

That man in front is not fitted for City work; by the outside wear of his heels he should be an explorer or adventurer.

Hullo ! that is a curious horse that has passed along here : a fat cob going lame, lameness of old standing too ; you see the foot that makes the short pace and lighter impression is shod differently to the other three feet, shod for lameness in the heel. He was being led, not ridden, as his tracks continue and turn alongside those of another horse, and on the offside of it.

The cob probably belongs to a stout, self-made, old gentleman. Well-to-do, because it is led by a mounted groom. Belongs to a man because ladies do not ride heavily-built cobs. The owner is old and fat to require so stout a cob. He is not a good horseman, as he likes to keep his lame animal, which suits him, in preference to getting a new and sounder one ; so it is probable that he did not ride much as a young man. Therefore altogether he may be presumed to be a stout, well-to-do, self-made man of over middle age. And then——

Hullo ! that clock must be wrong ; no, it is right ; I am ten minutes late for office. That is the sort of thing that happens if you once begin to practise scouting.



Hence my advice, "Don't."

Nevertheless, I was going to have written an article on the subject for this book, but something went wrong with the illustrations. My method of writing the article was this : I meant to get some artist friends to draw me a few pictures on the subject generally, and then I would write "copy" to suit the

illustrations. But what is one to do in this case? I write to René Bull, and ask him for "a picture on scouting for the Union Jack"; he reads my handwriting to say "a picture on scouting from the Union Jack." I don't think I write such a very bad



hand as to account for that. Then I apply to Lawson Wood, the great historian, and he sends perhaps one of the earliest instances on record of scouting to illustrate the title of "Scouting for Boys." He too has misread me, and he makes that awful-looking animal scouting after boys instead of the boys tracking *him*. So altogether I find so many difficulties about furnishing the desired article on the subject of Scouting that I beg you will excuse me.

Robt Baden-Powell

EDITORIAL

When I conceived the idea of "THE FLAG" and submitted the scheme to SIR EDWARD WARD and the Council of the Union Jack Club as a likely means both of raising the funds for the much-needed extension of the club and of creating a source of annual revenue from which similar clubs might be founded in other parts of the Empire, I little knew the difficulties of the task. It seemed easy of accomplishment, and I boldly volunteered to act as honorary managing editor. Now—after six months of strenuous work—I know better, but considerations of space prevent me from telling the whole story. To save staff expenses, I became my own secretary, advertising manager, and canvasser.

I was fortunate in finding enthusiastic helpers, whose assistance has been of the greatest value.

First and foremost stands SIR EDWARD WARD, at whose invitation many famous authors and distinguished artists have sent contributions to "THE FLAG." I am, moreover, greatly indebted to him for his ever ready co-operation from the very inception of the undertaking.

Special thanks are due to MR. P. G. KONODY, who kindly undertook the art editorship and further assisted me in seeing the book through the press.

I have also to acknowledge the services rendered in many ways by MR. S. H. BENSON and MR. JOSEPH CAUSTON, especially in connection with the advertisements.

To the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB I am indebted for having placed an office at my disposal.

Finally, I owe a grateful tribute to the Press for the preliminary notices of this volume.

The first edition of "THE FLAG" is a unique event in the annals of publishing, as it has been produced free of expense, owing to the following facts:—

All contributions (which, with one exception, appear in the order in which they were received) have been most kindly presented by the authors and artists. The whole of the

paper has been generously given by the firm of ALBERT E. REED & Co., LIMITED, of 50, Cannon Street, E.C. The composing, printing and binding are done at cost price by SIR JOSEPH CAUSTON & SONS, LIMITED, and the expense thereof is borne by a great benefactor of the club, who wishes to remain anonymous. The art contributions have been reproduced without any charge by various firms of engravers, to whom acknowledgment is made on the "Art Contents" page. The advertisements have been obtained at a minimum rate of £100 a page and without any payment of commission; acknowledgment will be found on "Our Advertisers" page. The publishing in the United Kingdom is undertaken free of cost by the *Daily Mail*, and in India by the proprietors of the *Times of India*.

MESSRS. W. H. SMITH & SON and MESSRS. WYMAN & SON, LIMITED, have liberally offered to pay the full price of one shilling per copy, so that every copy sold through their agency means one shilling for the Union Jack Club.

That "THE FLAG" appears on the eve of "Empire Day" is in keeping with the patriotic object which the book is intended to serve. It will be for sale throughout the Empire, and several great steamship companies have promised free carriage.

The King, in his speech at the opening of the Union Jack Club last year, expressed the hope that the funds for its contemplated extension would be speedily forthcoming. The anniversary of that speech is July 1st. And I am confident this hope will be fulfilled before that day.

A. F. Trimwell

London, April 13th, 1908

NOTE.—MR. DON J. JARDINE, The Park, Nottingham, has kindly presented the UNION JACK CLUB with the copyright of the Title, "THE FLAG," which he held.



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"The motor took me right up to the top, and did as well in the end as if it had been through no exertion. I must say I am delighted with it. It does an immense amount of work for me, but this trial was so unusual, I write to congratulate you and your mechanics on your excellent work."



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Many young friends, healthy and happy children, have in the past contributed to the successful work of rescuing and restoring to health the disease-stricken children of our slums. Many are well acquainted with the splendid work being carried out in connection with the Cripples' Home at Alton, where the poor helpless mites, taken from their poor and squalid surroundings, are tended by experienced nurses, treated by the most skilful surgeons and educated by experienced teachers, fitting them in mind and body to take their proper places in the world, giving back their individuality, making them useful and worthy citizens of the Empire.

It is with the idea of banding together such happy and healthy helpers, extending their number and of adding more personal interest to this great work, that the Queen Alexandra League has been formed.

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the personal interest of Her Majesty in a striking manner by the facsimile of the Queen's Signature, specially written for this Badge—it will be gathered that a distinctive decoration is presented to ladies who form a local association. Valuable assistance can be given by every interested lady in arranging Meetings of the League and Lantern Lectures showing the work done at Alton, promoting the formation of branches in churches, chapels, Sunday schools, etc., and by keeping the young folks thoroughly interested in all the details of this noble work.

Every one is invited to help.

It is the direct wish of Her Majesty the Queen.

All applications for particulars or subscriptions to the League should be addressed

The Secretary, QUEEN ALEXANDRA LEAGUE,
123 Mansion House Chambers, London, E.C.

The Qualification of Membership

Every boy and girl, in whatever station of life, is invited by the Queen to join the League. There is no restriction of birth or creed. Every member is required to subscribe or collect one guinea per annum; when this amount has been forwarded to the Secretary, Queen Alexandra League, 123 Mansion House Chambers, London, E.C., a Badge (which has been personally approved by the Queen) is forwarded to the new member.

This will be your passport, your bond of sympathy with other members of the League. You will be enrolled in the army of Queen Alexandra's helpers. You will be doing a noble duty in the cause of charity.

Local Associations

Thirty-five members will constitute a local branch or association; each such association of fully-paid members will maintain one child for a whole year; the cot will bear the name of the branch, and members can get into personal touch with their own little cripple friend. Surely it will be worth the little trouble involved to have a message at your monthly meeting, telling of increased and increasing strength, of thanks from a grateful little heart, of hope awakened on a once hopeless outlook. Members then have an incentive to greater exertions. Keep your association always beyond the required strength, "go out and compel your friends to come in."

An Appeal to Ladies

Every charitable organization depends largely for support on ladies, and the Queen Alexandra League is no exception to the rule; indeed, its whole success or failure is almost entirely in their hands. Ladies in all localities are earnestly requested to apply for full particulars of this great institution. From the reproductions of the "Companion Badge"—which shows

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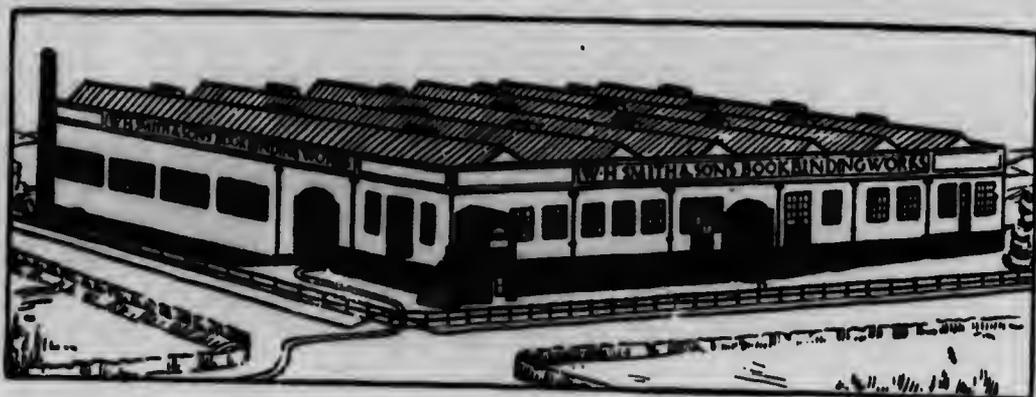
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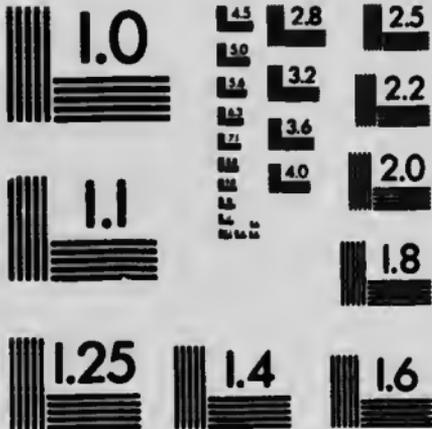


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not only as a symbol of Empire, but as the sign of supremacy in fields other than sovereignty and war. In business it stands for much—for there are no goods so honest, so true, as those made under the old Flag.

The World's finest Fountain Pen is British made

The "ONOTO" Safety Fountain Pen, which does not leak, and which fills itself in a flash from any ink supply, is made in England by British labour.

It will enable you to write anywhere, any time, without fatigue. It neither splutters nor scratches—nor does it blot the paper. The ink-flow can be regulated to suit any style or speed of writing. It fills itself in a flash and cleans itself in the act of filling. The nib is gold, iridium pointed, and can be obtained to suit any hand.

Get an "ONOTO" PEN to-day and help "The Flag" Fund in a practical manner. Read the offer below

If you will send us P.O. for 10/6 enclosing the Coupon in the corner of this page, we will send you a pen by return and will at the same time donate to "The Flag" Fund 1/- for every pen you purchase. This means that you will get your "ONOTO" PEN at the ordinary price (and you are sure to have one sooner or later), and that you will at the same time be contributing to the welfare of our Sailors and Soldiers without incurring any extra personal expense.

Send the Coupon and 10/6 to—
T. DE LA RUE & CO., LTD.,
298 BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.

CUT OFF THE COUPON & send it now
It means a Shilling for "The Flag" Fund



COUPON U. J. I.

Please forward me an "ONOTO"
Fountain Pen. I enclose 10/6

My Stationer is.....

My Name is.....

Address.....

To Stationers We are inviting direct applications for the "ONOTO" Pen in this instance to simplify matters and to save time and work only. **IN EVERY CASE** where a sale is made, the stationer whose name is on the Coupon will be credited with the full amount of the profit he would have made had the sale gone through him instead of direct to us, and if no stationer's name appears a stationer in the district will be credited.



