OLIDAY NEW SERIES OF AUTOMOBILE STOR
UMBER By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON

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INTRODUCED 1869

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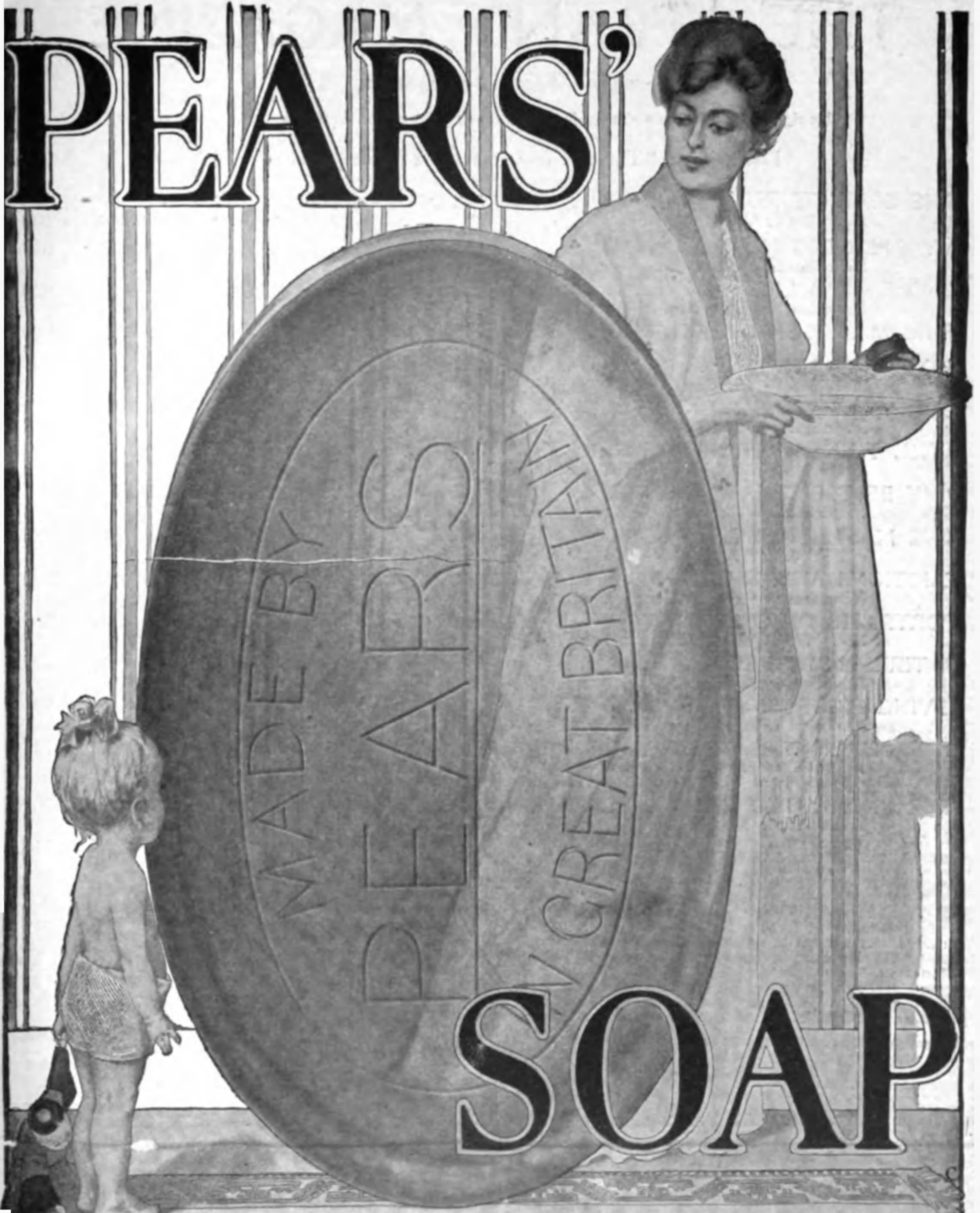
TIME IS THE REAL TEST OF MERIT

SAPOLIO

NEVER CEASES IN ITS USEFULNESS

BIRD.



"As sweet as a peach" and "as smooth as satin"
is baby's skin after a bath with Pears' Soap

Matchless for the Complexion

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."

"THE DOOR FLEW OPEN AND A FOOTMAN STOOD REVEALED."

(*See page* 615.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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The Scarlet Runner.

I.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE CAR AND THE KING.

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

IT was such an unusually beautiful and striking car that everyone looked at it, then turned to look again.

This was what Christopher Race had counted upon.

"Good old Scarlet Runner!" he said, as he drove. "Good old girl, you're making your impression."

Slowly the red car moved up Regent Street as far as Oxford Circus, where it turned to roll back, like some great, splendid beast pacing the length of a vast cage.

It was past seven o'clock; but the sky was a blue and silver mosaic of stars, and electric globes pulsed with white lights that struck and glinted on the rich, scarlet panels of the automobile.

The army of workers pouring home from shop and factory, the army of pleasure-seekers pouring into restaurant and theatre, all looked at the car, straining their eyes to make out the crest—gold and dark blue painted on scarlet; and those among the crowds who were women looked also at Christopher Race.

He drove alone, but he was dressed like a gentleman, not in the glorified livery of a chauffeur He was a thin, dark, eagle-faced young man, with an air of breeding not contradicted by his evident self-consciousness. His mouth—clean-shaven—gave him strength of character, and his eyes a sense of humour and high daring.

The electric globes lit his face with the fierce intensity of theatre footlights, revealing in it not one mean line. But it was not only the good looks of the driver that attracted attention; it was his extraordinary behaviour.

He sharply scanned each passer-by, as if searching the crowd for some lost friend, and whenever he caught the eye of a well-dressed man who might, from his appearance, have a good bank account and a correspondingly good position in society, up went the gloved hand of the motor-driver in evident invitation. At the same time he smiled and slightly lifted his eyebrows, so that his whole face seemed to ask a question.

Those who were thus appealed to took the invitation in varying ways. Some stared, some nodded and smiled nervously, as if wondering where they could have met the brown young man. Others frowned as though vexed with a stranger who dared to play a practical joke. A few half paused, then hurried on again, turning their heads ostentatiously away. A few more grinned foolishly, and continued to take in every detail of the fine automobile, from the fat tyres, which were noticeably new and unsoiled, to the unusually large, luxurious tonneau, with its glassed-in cover, and the glittering bonnet which hid no fewer than six cylinders of latest pattern. But all were equally puzzled by the man's beckoning hand, which must mean either a mistake in identity or a doubtful taste in jokes; and those who saw the car twice, as it passed up Regent Street and down again, probably decided that the driver amused himself while he waited for someone who did not come.

But the scarlet mystery did not repeat its late manœuvres. It hovered as if undecided at Piccadilly Circus, then almost noiselessly threaded through the netted cross-traffic to spin on towards Pall Mall.

The white electric light was full now of silhouettes of men in evening-dress, who darted here and there alertly like small, dark fish in a great globe of sparkling water. Twice in the minute the motorist's hand was raised in invitation to someone whose eyes reached his across the chasm of roadway, but always with disappointing results. No one responded to his agreeable signals, and he arrived at the corner of Charles Street without stopping once.

In this quiet thoroughfare of respectable private hotels and better-class lodging-houses was drawn up an automobile, handsome enough to rival the red car. It was dark green in colour, and it stood silent and sad before a discreet-looking doorway — silent because the motor had ceased to throb; sad because, apparently, there was some malign reason for its silence.

The chauffeur, dressed in a smart but inconspicuous bottle-green livery with brown leather collar, had left his seat, opened one

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"UP WENT THE GLOVED HAND OF THE MOTOR-DRIVER IN EVIDENT INVITATION."

of the side doors of the bonnet, and was anxiously tickling the carburetter with his hand.

Christopher Race had not meant to enter quiet Charles Street, which, apparently, had nothing to offer him ; but at sight of the car in distress he paused and gently swung round the corner from Regent Street. As he slowed down to pass the green car, the discreet door opened and a gentleman came out on the pavement.

He was dressed as an English gentleman should be when he is going to dinner on a winter evening in London, but, though he looked above all things a gentleman, he did not look like an English gentleman.

Under the sleek silk hat, and above the thick, white silk handkerchief that filled in the "V" of the black overcoat, was a face which an observant person could hardly have passed without a second glance.

It was pale, but bronzed by exposure, with a soldier's bronze ; and one might with safety have laid a wager that this man was a soldier. He had keen, light eyes, with thick brows drawn together in a slight frown, and a fair, turned-up moustache, with long ends waxed to a fine point.

Never before had the young man in the red car beheld that face in the flesh, save once, when as a little boy he had been taken to a grand pageant to gaze in awe at those same clean-cut features (or others exactly like them) under a glittering silver helmet. But, unless he were egregiously mistaken, he had seen the face in a hundred photographs, in as many black-and-white drawings in illustrated journals ; he had seen it caricatured in comic sketches, and flashed on to white sheets by biographs at music-halls.

"Could it be the real face?" he asked himself, with a quickening throb of excitement. Then he remembered reading, a day or two ago, that it might presently be expected in England, on an unofficial visit, during which —for all save its distinguished friends—it desired to be *incog.*

For a moment Christopher Race forgot all about his car, his errand with the car, and his interest in the car that was disabled. But the first words spoken by the gentleman with the shining hat and neat overcoat reminded him forcibly of all three.

"No better success?" asked a clear voice, in perfect English, enriched by a slight foreign accent.

"I am very sorry indeed, sir," apologized the chauffeur, "but I haven't been able yet to make out what's the matter. Something wrong with the carburetter or the ignition."

"I'm late already," broke in the gentleman, visibly bolstering up his patience.

It was this moment that the driver of the red car chose for making his habitual gesture,

which he accompanied with the usual inviting smile and questioning lift of the eyebrows.

Instantly the keen gaze of the man with the waxed moustache fixed his. "Why do you hold up your hand?" inquired the clear tones, with the un-English accent. At the same time the speaker tried to mask his face in shadow, backing away from the blaze of the two cars' acetylene lamps.

"I hold up my hand because I'm plying for hire," answered Christopher Race.

"Eh? Plying for hire with *that* car? You are joking, I suppose." Tone and eyes expressed astonishment, perhaps distrust. But the red automobile had come to a dead stop, and the gentleman in the tall hat had stepped to the edge of the pavement to examine it at close quarters, also to examine, incidentally, its driver.

"Not at all," said Christopher Race, "unless life is a joke. I'm out to gain a livelihood. I have no licence to live, but I have a licence to drive, if you would care to see it."

The other stared, though not offensively. There was even a twinkle in his eye, but a word might have kindled it to a spark of fire.

"You look like a gentleman," he remarked.

"I almost believe I am," replied Christopher, and he let his eyes twinkle a little also, but not too much, for now he was sure who it was with whom he talked, though he did not intend to make it known that he knew.

"Ha!" said the other, "you are a remarkable pair, plying for hire—you and your car. May I ask if you are in the employment of some person who sends you out on this business?"

"I'm my own employer—under Fate. I drive my car; Fate drives me."

"Indeed? I'm inclined to think"—and the keen eyes flashed to the tinkering chauffeur—"that Fate intends you to drive *me*. What do you think about it?"

"I should be delighted to think that you are right," returned Christopher Race.

"Very well," said the other; "I will engage you—for the evening. You can take me where I wish to go, and wait. If my chauffeur can bring my car round later, you can go; but in any case you shall have the same money. What are your charges?"

"For the entire evening, five guineas," said Christopher.

"Good; that is settled." The gentleman stepped forward, and the owner of the red car and the chauffeur of the green one both sprang to open the door for him. But he waved them back.

"I shall sit with the driver," he announced, with the air of one accustomed to quick decisions, and never to have them gainsaid.

"Do you know Desmond House?" he asked, when he was in his place, and Christopher ready to start.

The driver was not surprised in the circumstances to hear the name of an historic place, owned by a man whose ancestors had helped to make not only its history, but the history of nations. He replied quietly that he did know Desmond House.

"Then drive me there, if you please, and as quickly as you can," said his employer. "I am late in keeping an appointment, and yet," he added, "I am not sorry that, with the best driving, we shall be at least twenty minutes in reaching Desmond House. Do you take my meaning?"

"I think so," said Christopher, in the same spirit, and careful not to address his employer as "sir," lest he should guess that his identity was at the mercy of a stranger.

"You are not behind your car in quickness. Then you have divined also why I chose to sit beside the driver?"

"You pay me the compliment of feeling some slight curiosity as to my reasons for touting with my car in the streets for passengers," suggested Christopher.

"You have hit it. I should be pleased if you would tell me how such a strange thing came about. But, of course, if you do not choose——"

"Why not?" laughed the young man. "You shall know the whole story, if it amuses you—and not a penny extra, over the fare. The trouble is that you'll be disappointed, for, except in one particular, it's a very ordinary tale."

"Suppose that you begin with the one particular, since you are so obliging?" said Christopher's passenger.

"It is that if I had failed to earn at least the sum of five guineas before twelve to-night, nothing could prevent me from losing another sum, amounting approximately to one hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds."

"You are right," agreed the other. "That one particular is not ordinary."

"You see now why I named five guineas for the job," said Christopher Race.

"I should be delighted to pay ten for such a car," said the gentleman, holding on his tall hat as the car's speed increased.

"Thank you very much. That is a generous *pourboire*," said Christopher.

The other had not expected him to accept

it. But he decided that to do so was of a piece with the young man's originality, not the proof of a grasping nature. And he felt that he was buying an evening of very good amusement at not too high a rate.

He invited Christopher to go on with the story, and Christopher did, in a way perfectly frank, simple, and a little humorous.

"The hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds—or thereabouts—are my uncle's," said he. "Also a rather nice house in the country, and a few other things which I was brought up to believe would eventually be mine. But my uncle heard stories about my life which didn't please him, and they were all true. He heard that I was lazy and extravagant with the allowance he made me; that I never thought of anyone but myself; that I did exactly as I liked; that I'd forgotten half what I learned at the 'Varsity; that I knew only things I'd better not know; that I was in debt; that I was altogether a worthless fellow. So he sent for me, and all my deceitful meekness and sweetness of manner was of no use. He saw through me, and told me I was an incorrigible young scoundrel. Also, he told me his plan for my future. It was, to cut down my allowance from eight to one hundred pounds a year, just enough to keep me fed, clothed, and housed in decency, which, in his opinion—and in mine, when I came to think of it — was more than I deserved. As for the bulk of his money, my uncle had not quite made up his mind where to leave it. The one thing he thought he had decided upon was, not to leave it to me.

"I heard him through to the end, and then proposed a substitute plan. I admitted the young scoundrel, but denied the incorrigible. I said I thought that he might give me a chance to show that I had a backbone. As proof of its existence I refused the allowance, asking my uncle to keep his money and reserve his judgment. Said I: 'If within a year I'm a reformed character—that is, if I've shown that I'm able not only to make my own way in the world, but to make it like a gentleman—will you reconsider, and not leave the family house and the money away from the last representative of your name?'

"'All right,' said he, 'it's a bargain. But I don't believe you can do it.'

"I believed I could. So I sold the furniture, books, pictures, and ornaments in my chambers and got a tidy enough sum. I also sold my motor-car for what I could get, and bought another—for what I hoped to get. Already I was a fair driver; but I disappeared for months from public life and learned, in a good school for chauffeurs, how to be a first-rate one, and an all-round practical mechanic as well.

"My car was my fortune. She was built to please me, and I confess that I love her as Pygmalion loved Galatea. I don't believe she has her superior in beauty, or in the brains she wears under her bonnet.

"HE TOLD ME I WAS AN INCORRIGIBLE YOUNG SCOUNDREL."

"When she was ready to make her *début* I advertised largely, pictorially, and expensively for clients who wished to be conducted on tours round England in particular or the world in general. No serious answers were received. The end of the trial year and the end of my money were drawing to a close, when, to pile Pelion on Ossa, I had a letter from my uncle. He wished to know how much I had earned during my probation. 'Nothing yet,' said I, in my answer. Then came a wire. If I could not earn, and prove to him that I had earned, by my own exertions, at least the small sum of five guineas before the year's end, the bargain was off, and he need wait no longer before deciding on what worthy institution he would bestow his money.

"That wire was sent on two days ago from my last lodgings. I nearly missed getting it, but when I did get it I put pride in my pocket, started out, procured a licence, turned my beautiful Scarlet Runner into a conveyance for public convenience, and—had had two hours' bad luck when I ran across you."

"I am glad to be the one who brings you luck," said the young man's passenger. "I believe you must have bewitched my motor."

"I should certainly not have neglected doing so if I had thought of it," said Christopher Race. "I hope I haven't bored you?"

"On the contrary, you have entertained me," replied the other. "But we are in Kensington already, are we not? It seems impossible."

"In three minutes I shall land you at Desmond House," said Christopher.

And hardly as much time had passed before they were at the gates of that fine old place on the farther verge of Kensington.

As they arrived, so also did several cabs, which came in a bunch, and contained faces familiar to Christopher Race. He had seen them on the music-hall stage, where their owners were shining lights; and he deduced that they were to help provide amusement for the distinguished dinner guests. Evidently there was a good reason for making the dinner-hour early, and it was to be a long affair.

"You are at my disposal for the evening, I believe," said Christopher's passenger, as Scarlet Runner entered the drive and slowed down for its approach to the door. "My car may come, or it may not. In any case, I wish you to wait. And—there is a question I should like to ask before going in—a question I could ask only of a gentleman. I have shown some curiosity in regard to you. Do you retaliate?"

"I have no curiosity," said Christopher.

"You mean——"

"I mean—whatever you would prefer me to mean, sir."

"Thank you. I'm sure you are as discreet as you are original. *Au revoir.*"

Christopher stood by the car with his cap in his hand, as two splendid footmen received the gentleman with the waxed moustache, the shining hat, and the neat overcoat. There was also a flashing glimpse of a welcoming host and hostess; but the door closed, and the glowing picture was gone.

It was only just on the stroke of eight, but no doubt all other guests had arrived; for one does not risk keeping Royalty waiting, even when Royalty is *incognito* and the entertainment informal.

One of the footmen came out into the cold to ask the chauffeur of the great personage to drive his car into the coach-house, where he would find a place for it, though there was no garage, and come himself into the house until the time appointed for departure. But Christopher courteously refused. He did not know at what time he might be wanted, and would prefer to wait near the door, out of the way of other vehicles in case any should arrive. He also declined food, though he had begun to be conscious that it was dinner-time.

After all, he thought, when he was left alone seated in his car, this was turning out to be a tolerably commonplace affair, not so interesting as he had expected it to be when it began. To be sure, the fare he had luckily picked up was one of the first celebrities in Europe. But what was that to him, except that he had had an agreeable and sympathetic companion, and had earned the vitally necessary sum of five guineas very pleasantly?

The idea of mystery which he had scented in Charles Street, he abandoned at Desmond House. To be sure it was a little odd that the great man should have come out from a private hotel in a quiet, unfashionable street, when he was staying—or said to be staying—at his own Embassy. But, after all, why not? Perhaps he had been calling upon friends; or perhaps his motor had broken down in front of the hotel, and he had preferred to wait in a warm room rather than endure the winter cold.

Ten minutes passed, maybe, and the thoughts of Christopher Race had glided from

the affairs of his late passenger to his own. He was wondering when he might expect to get his dinner, when the one thing which of all others he did not expect happened. Close to Scarlet Runner appeared the figure which a few minutes ago had been ceremoniously ushered into the house. There it was—the slim, soldierly form, seeming taller than it was because of its upright bearing. There was the shining hat, shading the clear features; there the folded white handkerchief and the neat overcoat.

Surprised, but hiding surprise at sight of the guest of the evening, unescorted and out of doors when he ought still to have been engaged with his oysters, Christopher sprang from his seat and awaited orders.

"Saunders's Hotel, Charles Street, Pall Mall—quick!" said the crisp voice with the foreign accent. But it was less crisp than before, and betrayed agitation.

Had his passenger's last question been now repeated, Christopher Race could not have answered it truthfully and at the same time decorously, for he was consumed with curiosity.

One had always heard that this celebrated personage was erratic and addicted to making decisions on impulse; but his latest caprice bade fair, it seemed, to break the record. A Royal gentleman is asked to a friendly dinner; he accepts, goes; and before he has had five minutes at his host's table out he pops, unattended, nervous in manner, and demands to be taken promptly back whence he came!

The one explanation which appeared feasible to Christopher was that a thing of importance had been forgotten in Charles Street—a thing of so much importance that no one else could be sent to fetch it, or even trusted as a companion.

"HE STOOD WAITING IN SILENCE FOR THE DOOR OF THE TONNEAU TO BE OPENED, AND GOT IN WITHOUT A WORD."

Unconcerned outwardly, but inwardly wondering what must be the state of mind of the host and hostess, to say nothing of their guests, the amateur chauffeur prepared to start. This time the distinguished fare did not contemplate sitting beside the driver. He stood waiting in silence for the door of the tonneau to be opened, and got in without a word. Christopher helped him pull up the handsome fur rug which was not an "extra," and in another moment Scarlet Runner had whizzed between the open gates of Desmond House.

He had been told to go fast, and he did go fast. It was the "dead middle" of that quiet interval when restaurants and theatres are full and streets are empty, therefore he ran no risk in spinning from one deserted thoroughfare to another on the way back to Pall Mall. But he had not left Desmond House half a mile behind when his passenger tapped imperatively on the front glass. Slowing down, Christopher glanced round, and saw an upraised finger which motioned "Stop!"

He obeyed instantly, and lowered the glass to hear orders.

"You are driving too fast," said the Royal voice; "much too fast. I don't like it."

"I am sorry," returned Christopher. "I understood that you wished——"

"I don't wish to have my neck broken," was the answer. "Get on again, but no recklessness. Put up the window, please."

Again Scarlet Runner started, but this time with no burst of speed, and her driver was more curious than ever.

This was a new trait for the great personage to develop—timidity in an automobile! One

"'YOU ARE DRIVING MUCH TOO FAST,' SAID THE ROYAL VOICE."

might almost fancy him an amateur at the game, instead of an old motorist and a thorough sportsman. Of course, he might fear an awkward contretemps if stopped by the police; but there was no possible danger of such a catastrophe, and as an experienced driver he ought to have known it. He ought to be able to judge speed, and to know that theirs was not excessive enough at this hour of the evening to attract police notice.

However, Christopher drove on, in a reflective mood and at a pace to suit it, until he had reached Charles Street. There, at the door which had given him his fare and his adventure, he stopped.

"Go in and inquire if Lord Thanet and Lady Ivy de Lisle have come," the foreign voice directed, brusquely.

Christopher's face made no comment on these instructions, but that was because he had the habits of a man of the world. Within, he was excited and curious, for the Earl of Thanet and his daughter were distant cousins of Christopher Race, and naturally he would have liked to know the why and wherefore of His Majesty's interest in their movements. If the name of Lord Thanet alone had been mentioned it would not have struck him so oddly, for Lord Thanet had at one time been connected with the diplomatic service, and had spent years on the Continent. But why did one of the first gentlemen of Europe leave a dinner-party in the midst to inquire at an hotel for Ivy de Lisle?

His Majesty had a consort to whom he was devoted, and he was not to be tempted to a flirtation even by such a beauty as Lord Thanet's twenty-year-old daughter, who had been one of the successes of last season. But, then, a man highly placed is occasionally unselfish enough to interest himself in a girl for the sake of another man who needs an advocate. And there were two men whose names Christopher had heard coupled with Lady Ivy de Lisle's.

Either might have persuaded this Sovereign to plead his cause with the girl's father, for both could claim his country as the land of their birth. One was Baron von Hess, the enormously rich inventor of the latest quick-firing gun adopted by the Triple Alliance; the other was young Max Lind—whom Christopher had known slightly and admired greatly at Oxford—the son of a notorious Socialist who had adopted England for a country when discarded by his own. A year or two ago there had been a *rapprochement* between Max the elder and an outraged monarch, and a place in the diplomatic service for young Max had been held out as an olive branch.

Baron von Hess was a good match for any girl below Royalty; Max Lind, on the contrary, would have difficulty in making his

cause good with Lady Ivy's father, unless, indeed, a monarch should turn matchmaker.

As Christopher started to obey orders he hoped that this mysterious visit had to do with Max Lind and Ivy de Lisle. If it had he was glad that he was concerned with it, for Max Lind—all unknown to Max Lind's clever and handsome self—had been the hero of Christopher's two best years at Oxford.

His hand was on the door, when a call from his employer gave him pause. "Stop!" said the great man. "I left a letter here for —let me see—was it for Lord Thanet or his daughter?—one of the two; I really forget to which I addressed it. That letter I want back. I have changed my mind and prefer to write a different one. If Lord Thanet has not arrived, or if he has arrived, but has not yet read the letter, I wish to have it again. Should you learn, on the other hand, that the letter has already been received, I will send a message."

Christopher went in somewhat bewildered, but knowing that somehow he must succeed in accomplishing his errand.

In the entrance-hall stood an old man and a girl, obsequiously attended by all the hotel authorities, from the elderly manager down to the still more elderly head waiter.

The man's back was turned to Christopher, but there was no mistaking the silver sheen of the hair or the soldierly set of the shoulders. The girl, however, faced the front door, and looked up from a bunch of letters which she held in her hand, as the young man entered.

Christopher was only a poor relation, a mere "forty-second cousin," and, moreover, was under the ban of family disapproval. Nevertheless, Lady Ivy gave him a lovely smile of surprised recognition.

She was always more than pretty, and a radiant beauty when she smiled—smiled with grey eyes and pink cheeks, and a pair of dimples that gave new life and meaning to red lips.

"Why, father, it's Christopher!" she said. "Naughty Cousin Kit! Have you come here to see us?"

"I came to see if you were here," he replied, hat in hand for her and for Lord Thanet, who had only the ghost of a smile, with no emphasizing dimples. "I was sent," he added, "by a gentleman who not long ago left a letter to await your arrival."

Lord Thanet's eyes flashed surprise. "Do you mean that His Majesty has asked you——"

"To take him back his letter. He has changed his mind, it seems, and will write another. You have read it?"

"Not yet. We have been in the house scarcely more than five minutes. We have just been given our letters, and on one left by hand this evening recognised His Majesty's handwriting. I didn't know that you had the honour of his acquaintance."

"The story of how I made it would be longer than the acquaintance itself," said Christopher. "But what about the letter—will you give it to me unread? I fancy that is what His Majesty would prefer."

"Oh, no; we *must* see what's in it!" broke in the girl. "I can't wait. Kit, you knew Max Lind at Oxford——"

"Ivy!" warned Lord Thanet.

"Why shouldn't I tell, as Kit's in His Majesty's confidence?" asked the girl, wilfully. "We hope—we think—that Max is to be thanked and honoured for a service —oh, well, I'm not going to say *what*—a secret kind of service, but most important. And if he has succeeded, father's promised that Max and I——"

"Really, Ivy, you are most imprudent—and premature," Lord Thanet cut her short. "As for the letter, of course I take your word for it, Christopher, that you're His Majesty's messenger; but——"

"He's waiting for me in a motor-car," said Christopher Race. He did not think it worth while to add that it was his own motor-car, for that would have meant telling the story. "You can get a glimpse of him if you choose to look through those glass peep-holes in the outer door."

Lord Thanet's proud old face flushed faintly. "Give me the letter, Ivy," he said.

The girl gave it reluctantly. It was the one uppermost in her hand. Evidently father and daughter had just discovered it in their budget when Christopher appeared.

"I will take it to His Majesty myself," suggested Lord Thanet, and went to the door; but in an instant he had returned. There had been no time for him to do more than look through the double squares of glass and learn for himself who sat in the tonneau of the red car. "On second thoughts," he began again, "perhaps it is better not, unless a desire was expressed——" He glanced at Christopher.

"It was not expressed," replied the young man. "But no doubt——"

"You can take him the letter, tell him that my daughter and I have just arrived, that he can guess the errand which has brought us up from the country to town at this time;

"NAUGHTY COUSIN KIT! HAVE YOU COME HERE TO SEE US?"

that I am completely at his service should he wish to speak with me instead of writing; and we will remain here in the hall awaiting his message."

Sympathetic now as well as puzzled, Christopher took the letter and carried it out to his passenger, who all but snatched it in his eagerness. "Good!" exclaimed His Majesty. "Now let us get away."

"But, sir," said Christopher, "Lord Thanet has come, and——"

The gentleman in the tonneau hastily examined the envelope. "It is still unopened," he muttered.

"Lord Thanet had not yet had time to read the letter. He wishes to know if he may have the honour of coming out to——"

"No," said His Majesty, imperatively. Then, with less abruptness: "Go back, give Lord Thanet my compliments, and say that I regret not having the time to speak with him this evening, as I have an important engagement, for which I am already in danger of being late. My compliments also to Lady Ivy de Lisle, and I am obliged for their courtesy in returning the letter unread. They shall hear from me. That is all; and remember that I am in haste."

The message evidently gave disappointment both to father and daughter, though Christopher guessed that it was for different reasons.

"Oh, Kit, Cousin Kit—you'll be a good and not a naughty Cousin Kit if you will use your influence to make him *kind*," said Ivy, detaining the hand she had taken for good-bye. "Father has brought me to town because we're sure that all will be well—that Max will have succeeded and be in great favour, but—*his* coming and taking back the letter frightens me. How can I wait?"

Lord Thanet frowned and shook his head, but Christopher pressed the girl's hand as he let it go. Once he had come very near falling in love with Ivy, and still he had a tenderness for her. She was an adorable girl, and he felt that he would do anything to serve her interests. But he did not quite like the look on the face of his Royal passenger as he remounted the car. It radiated satisfaction, but it was not genial satisfaction: and Christopher was not sure that he admired the face as much as he had admired it earlier. It was harder and less noble in expression than he had thought it at first.

He did not doubt that the "important engagement" for which his fare had declared himself "in danger of being late" was a continuation of the unfortunate dinner-party at Desmond House; therefore the order

which came from the tonneau gave him a double surprise:—

"The Wood, No Thoroughfare Street, Hammersmith." The words struck sharply on Christopher's ears.

His Majesty was not going back to the dinner-party. He was going to the house of Max Lind the elder—Max Lind, the long-ago banished Socialist.

Once, years ago, when Christopher was an undergrad at Oxford, he had dined there with young Max, who had invited him on a sudden impulse, and he had never forgotten the circle of brilliant, eccentric men who had been his fellow-guests. Above all, he had not forgotten "Father Max," as young Max affectionately called the black-haired, heavy-browed, star-eyed old man who had been both father and mother to the boy whose English mother died at his birth.

Often Christopher had thought of that night, and of the old Socialist's eyes as he looked at his handsome son; and he had been glad, not long ago, to hear that young Max was in favour with the Government which had banished old Max when he, too, was young.

What did it mean, Chris asked himself—that the autocratic head of that Government was going to pay a secret visit to The Wood to-night?

Max senior was away from home and out of England. Christopher Race had read only a few days ago in the paper that the famous Socialist had gone to America on a lecturing tour. And young Max, so far as Christopher knew, was somewhere in the East on a diplomatic mission for his own forgiving country.

It was not, however, the part of a chauffeur to offer unsolicited information to an employer, especially such an employer as this, and Christopher drove towards Hammersmith, decorously keeping his private knowledge to himself.

Nothing could be more unpromising to visitors than the aspect of The Wood when the red car stopped before the tall iron gates. The house was set back from the road a distance of no more than forty feet, but so screened was it with huge old oaks and beeches that by night, unless the windows were lighted, it was invisible to passers-by. Now, not a single cheering yellow ray gemmed the black network of crowding branches, and the heavy iron lantern suspended over the shut gates was unlighted.

There was no drive leading up to the house, and Scarlet Runner must wait at the kerbstone in the deserted street appropriately named "No Thoroughfare." Christopher got down to open the gates, half expecting to find them locked; but they swung apart with a rusty creak, and His Majesty was instantly swallowed up in shadow

Christopher did not go back to the car. but paced the pavement. It was cold, and he was restless. Once he had been hungry, but he had forgotten his dinner now. Was he right, he asked himself, in letting such a person go into that dark house unattended? Was not his a great responsibility, and was he not using it ill?

It was well enough to argue that the affair was not his affair, and that, whatever happened, he must not mix himself in it. But there was no getting round the fact that His Majesty, who was famed for reckless daring, might have been lured to this desolate place for some evil purpose.

The Linds, father and son, were above suspicion of treachery; but Max senior was, or had been, notorious for his anti-Royalist ideas, and some firebrand friend might have taken base advantage of his absence.

What if the man had gone into a trap and should never come out alive?

This idea alone was bad enough; but Christopher could not help thinking of himself in connection with it. If His Majesty were murdered in a house to which he—Christopher Race—had brought him in his car, it might be difficult to prove his own innocence. A fine way of finishing his first evening as a professional chauffeur, if he were accused of complicity in an Anarchist plot to assassinate one of the most powerful Sovereigns in Europe!

Christopher could bear inaction no longer. Leaving Scarlet Runner to look after herself, he slipped through the gates and tiptoed up the path towards the hidden house.

The night was clear, and the moon, sailing high, looked down over the tall tree-tops to strike with a bleak, white glint on the panes of a long row of unlighted windows. Gazing up at the dark, repellent façade, Christopher hesitated.

Ten minutes at least had passed since His Majesty was devoured by shadows. If he had knocked and found no one within, there had been more than time for him to return to the automobile. Someone, then, must have received him, but whether in loyalty or treachery Christopher could not hope to discover by blundering to the front door and ringing the bell.

Treading on grass to avoid gravel, he

skirted the path round the house to the right, and was somewhat relieved to see a sprinkling of light on the frosted lawn. It was thrown from a long French window, which opened to the ground, and as the casements were ajar, the heavy green curtains half drawn back, Christopher could see into the room beyond.

He approached cautiously, absolving his conscience from any less worthy motive than a wish to defend his late passenger if need be, and if all seemed to be well he intended to move away again. But the lighted picture framed by the green curtains arrested him.

His Majesty stood with his back half turned to the window, and facing him was young Max Lind, in travelling dress, his white face carved in stone, his eyes dark with tragedy. The visitor held out to his host a small revolver, and Max was taking it.

"It is the best thing you can do," His Majesty said, and through the open window the words reached ears for which they were not meant. "The only thing left for you to do in honour."

"Very well," Max answered, dully. And he looked at the weapon. But Christopher thrilled as he felt that it was not the revolver which those tragic eyes really saw. "He sees Ivy," Ivy's cousin said to himself.

"You will do it?"

"I will do it, sir. But——"

"There is a 'but'?"

"My God! Yes, sir, there is a 'but'—more than one. There is my father. He was so happy and proud. He believed that I should succeed—that I should be able to satisfy you. And there is—you know well, sir, there is another."

"It is better for them both that you should take this one way of wiping out disgrace."

"Disgrace! It's a hard word. I tried so earnestly. I thought—I was so certain, only a quarter of an hour ago, that I had done well—as well as a man could do."

"And now that I tell you you were utterly fooled, outwitted by men you should never have trusted, don't you see where you stand?"

"I see," said Max. "Perhaps you are right. Why should I go on living when my life's in ruins? And yet—I shall be breaking my father's heart if I do this."

"THE VISITOR HELD OUT TO HIS HOST A SMALL REVOLVER."

"If I know him, he will thank Heaven for your sake and for his that you are out of the world, beyond criticism. If a man pays for a mistake with his life—he pays."

"I have said that I would pay," answered Max.

"When will you do it?"

"Is it your wish, sir, to see it done?"

Christopher started forward, but checked himself. His Majesty put up a protesting hand.

"No, no. But it should be while your blood is warm for it."

"Or cold for it? I ask only time to write two letters."

"Another mistake, and a fatal one," said His Majesty. "Are you mad, Lind? No one must know."

"You misunderstand me, sir. But you may trust me, at least in this little matter, though you say I have failed you in the big one. I shall say in the two letters—only good-bye; with my love; and that it had to be—

nothing else. The writing of each one will take no longer than five minutes. Then—I promise that I won't fail again."

"You are wise. And, after all, what do you miss? What is life? A series of disillusions. I stay—to face those I have not had already. Good night. I trust you."

"Good night, sir. You will learn to-morrow that this time it wasn't in vain."

His Majesty took a step towards a door opposite the window, but Max reached it before him and opened it.

"I prefer to find my way out alone," said the visitor. His host bowed submissively, and stood at the door until the erect figure in the dark overcoat had passed out of sight. Then, softly, he closed the door, and as he came back to a desk which was placed between door and window Christopher Race threw the casements wide open.

"Lind!" he exclaimed, before the other could move or speak, "it's I—Christopher Race. Don't you remember me? There's no time to apologize and explain, except to say that I drove *him* to the house, and—I've heard some things. I thought you were away, and your father. I followed to protect His Majesty in case of a plot; I've stayed to defend you from one."

"There is no plot," said Max Lind.

"I am not so sure. I've seen Ivy to-night—you remember we're cousins. She loves you. This will break her heart, poor child."

"Don't!" stammered Max.

"I wouldn't, if there were no hope, but, believe me, there is. I want you to wait. I want you to promise——"

"One such promise as I've made to-night is enough," Max cut in, his voice like ice. "You don't know——"

"I don't know what it is you tried to do, and failed in, if you did fail. I suppose you were sent on some mission—perhaps one of those which no Government will acknowledge if it fails, and——"

"You are right there. I, stupid fool, thought I had been a brilliant success, and expected a personal letter of congratulation. Ivy, too, and her father—but I cannot talk of it. It seems that I played into the hands of the enemy all the while I dreamed that they were playing into mine. I don't even now understand, but—one takes the word of Royalty. You overheard something, but I know you won't betray it. You meant well—though it's no use. You must forget this scene—wipe it off the slate. To-morrow—you must be surprised, with the rest of the world, when——"

"Yes, *if*. But it's only 'if.' Lind, I ask you to wait till I come back, with news which may make all the difference in the world to you."

The white face flushed painfully and the tragic eyes dilated. "If you mean to fetch Ivy——"

"I mean only to fetch His Majesty. No one else. I will speak to no one else. Give me an hour, just one hour, and then, if I don't bring him here, not to *forgive* you, mind, but for something better than that, it will be because I've had a mad thought, and have failed. Then, if you must, fulfil the promise I heard you make, but not before. Grant me this favour for auld lang syne, or I shall be sick of life and want to go out of it with you."

Max Lind looked at a clock on the high mantel. "Very well; an hour, then," he said, with a smile which Christopher Race would never forget. "But it will be a long hour. I would sooner have got it over within the next ten minutes. You had better go. If you drove him here, he may come back to look for you."

"He'll not think of my being with you. I know what I shall say to him," answered Christopher. "But I'll go. And you—are you in this house alone?"

"Alone," said Max. "The caretaker, an old soldier, has leave for the night. It's New Year's Eve, you know. I shall see the New Year in——"

"You will see it in here with me and another," broke in Max. "You'll see it in joyously—unless——"

"Yes—unless!" And Max laughed—a laugh that was sad on a young man's lips, and the heart in Christopher Race was stabbed by the sound of it. "I think it will be 'unless.' But I thank you all the same. Good-bye."

They grasped hands, and Christopher went quickly out by the way he had come.

There, by the car, stood the neat figure in the dark overcoat, the keen eyes looking this way and that, under a penthouse frown.

"I beg a thousand pardons for keeping you, sir," said Christopher, as he shot out between the half-open gates, "but something's gone wrong with the motor, and I went inside to look for you, just to say that I must get her to the nearest garage before I can take you on. I won't be long; not many minutes are needed for repairs."

"I could not think what had become of you," exclaimed His Majesty, sharply. "I will go with you to the garage."

This was what Christopher had expected, but did not desire. His mind flew back to his passenger's surprising betrayal of amateurishness and timidity in traffic, and a wily thought crept into his brain.

"I'm afraid I ought to warn you that it may be—er—not exactly dangerous, perhaps, but risky," said he. "If you would spare me the responsibility by waiting here for a short time, I assure you I should be most awfully grateful."

"The car seemed in perfect condition when we came," said His Majesty. "What has suddenly gone wrong?"

"I'll show you, sir," replied Christopher, stooping beside Scarlet Runner, with his heart in his mouth. For this was to be a great bluff, and if the strange idea in his head were as mad as it might be, all hope for Max Lind and his life and his love was over.

He bent and fumbled, and with a few turns of a spanner loosened the joint of the exhaust-pipe near the silencer. Then quickly he turned the starting handle, and Scarlet Runner broke into a series of sharp explosions, dry as the barking of giant fire-crackers.

His Majesty stepped back with less dignity than haste, and uttered some exclamation in his native tongue, which was lost among the explosions.

"I'll wait for you," he said. And not a word about the silencer.

Christopher Race could have shouted as he flashed away, the car yelping maledictions.

When he had turned two corners and was well out of earshot from No Thoroughfare Street he stopped and screwed up the loosened joint, then darted on again; but not to a garage.

It was well for him and well for Scarlet Runner that traffic had gone to sleep, and policemen had something more engrossing to think of than springing traps upon reckless motorists, for Christopher drove as if for the winning of a cup; and in eight minutes he was at the door of Desmond House.

There, too, was the green car which, by breaking down in Charles Street, had given him his chance. The chauffeur recognised him and grinned, not knowing, perhaps, that his rival was sure of full money in any event.

The man in green and brown had, like Christopher, refused coach-house accommodation, but preferred to be ready at an instant's notice for any impulsive whim of his master.

The carved oak double doors of Desmond House were closed now, and the superb footmen were no longer in attendance on the porch. All the activities of the mansion were concentrated within, and the many lighted windows were like eyes shining with proud content.

To the extreme surprise of the chauffeur in green and brown, the gentleman chauffeur sounded the big bronze knocker with the self-confidence of a prince.

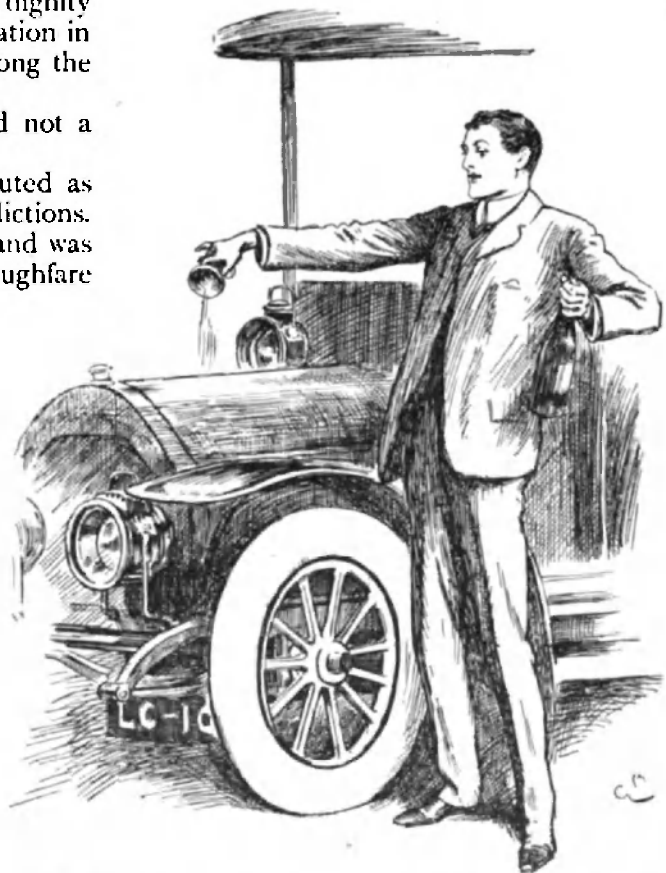
The door flew open, and a footman stood revealed, staring.

Christopher wrote something on a visiting-card.

"This must be given instantly to the gentleman whose name I have written across the top," he said, pointing at an underscored line.

"Impossible, sir," replied the servant, though not without respect for a man so daring; and, then, Christopher was well dressed. "There is a dinner-party, and——"

"I know that," broke in Christopher.



"HE POURED A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE OVER SCARLET RUNNER'S BONNET."

"But the card must be delivered, and without delay."

"It's as much as my place is worth—more, sir," stammered the footman, his respect increasing as the visitor's peremptoriness increased. "I don't see how I could manage it."

"I don't care how you manage it, provided you do manage it; but it will have to be managed," said Christopher. "Give me the card again."

The man gave it, wondering.

Christopher took from his pocket a five-pound note (his last, by the way, but that was a detail) and wrapped it round the card.

"I will wait here," said he, "and I expect an answer in ten minutes at latest."

He got it in six; but it was neither verbal nor in writing. The man to whom he had sent the urgent message appeared himself at the door.

"You are very good," Christopher exclaimed. "But I knew you would come."

"Of course I came. I am not made of stone," said the other. "And you wrote that it was a matter of life and death for a man I valued."

"Do you value young Max Lind, sir?" asked Christopher.

"I do indeed, and intend to show my appreciation. He has just rendered me a great service, in accomplishing a mission tactfully, adroitly, as few other young men could have accomplished it. And I have done my best not only to assure his career, but his happiness for the future as a reward. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Because at this moment Max Lind believes that you have doomed him to death, as a ghastly failure who has compromised the Government for which he was working. He believes that you have put into his hand a revolver and told him the only thing to do is to blow out his brains."

"Great heavens! But this is a madness."

"It will be suicide in less than an hour, unless you will consent to come with me, sir."

"Leave my friends who are entertaining me—to go—where?"

"To The Wood, Hammersmith, the house of the Linds, where a man who usurps your dignity and uses it for his own—or some other's—advantage is expecting me back every moment."

"A man who—— Can you mean Gustav Krokesius?"

"If Gustav Krokesius is the living image of you, sir, has cultivated a voice like yours, and wears clothes copied from yours."

"He does, and for the best of reasons—because he is what you English would call my understudy. A man who naturally resembles me remarkably, and is paid to cultivate every detail of that resemblance, taking my place during my visit here whenever I wish it, before the public, that I may enjoy myself as I please and not be spied upon by reporters or—Anarchists. But he is off duty to-night."

"Officially, perhaps. Yet he has been at work. He went to the Charles Street hotel, got back a letter left by you for Lord Thanet, who is my cousin, and drove out to The Wood——"

"How do you know all this?"

"Because I took him for you, and acted as his chauffeur until I began to suspect. Then I came here to get you to save my friend, Max Lind, from misery and disgrace—my cousin, Ivy de Lisle, from a broken heart."

"That lovely girl! Ah, I guess the mystery. He is paid for this business by Von Hess, who loves Lady Ivy and hates Lind. But Von Hess shall pay more. He shall pay me. As for Krokesius—it's a pity. I shall never again find so valuable an understudy. But his engagement is finished, and his punishment is to begin. Did you say we should find him still at The Wood?"

"I said that I left him there—watching. When he sees you coming with me——"

"We will be too quick for him," said His Majesty, looking pleased.

And they were too quick; for he is a man whose prophecies usually come true.

He made several people happy that night; but Gustav Krokesius was not one of them, nor Baron von Hess.

As for Christopher, he was so charmed with himself and his friends, old and new, but more especially with the car by whose aid he had played his great game of bluff, that just as the bells rang in the New Year he poured a glass of champagne over Scarlet Runner's bonnet.

"That's a libation, my beauty," said he. And he paid for it with His Majesty's money.

MY OPERATIC HEROINES.

BY

ADELINA PATTI

(THE BARONESS ROLF CEDERSTRÖM).

[The following extremely interesting reminiscences by the world's most celebrated cantatrice were suggested by a series of photographs taken of Mlle. Adelina Patti (as she was then) by M. Silvy in London during her first triumphant season at Covent Garden in the summer of 1861.]

MY operatic heroines! I am afraid there never was any proper and formal introduction between Amina, Zerlina, Violetta, Rosina, and myself. To begin with, it was not with me as with other singers who, showing talent in girlhood, are sent abroad to study under a singing-master, and afterwards laboriously become mistress of a *rôle* in opera. No; I was born and brought up in an atmosphere of music. My father and mother were both singers, and in the course of our travels we frequently met the greatest operatic artistes of the day. I never went to school, but was taught at home, nor can I say that I truly studied a part, so I have no tale to tell the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE of hard work and difficulties painfully surmounted. At six years of age I was a *prima donna* of the nursery. When I had been put to bed, on my return home with my father and mother from the opera, I used to make sure that they and the rest of the family were asleep, and then I would hop out from beneath the counterpane and fancy myself a great cantatrice, bowing before the plaudits of a huge audience. I admit my audience was a little apathetic; but, after all, that is not to be wondered at, for they were only a row of dolls which I had ranged on chairs before me. I think my earliest recollection is of "Norma," which was then my favourite. Once, in her absence, I decked myself out in one of my mother's stage dresses, and sang and danced with all my heart. When I had, as I thought, executed a most beautiful aria, trill and all, I cried, "Brava, Adelina!" and threw magnificent bouquets and wreaths at myself until my little bare feet were hidden. When I had bowed and kissed my hands until I was weary the door suddenly opened, and my mother and the famous singers Sontag and Alboni entered. You may judge if they laughed at my magnificent bouquets, which were only made of old newspapers, after all. Alboni, having heard me sing, clapped her hands, and told my mother I would one day become a great singer, and then and there offered to undertake the training of my voice. But my parents would not agree to a parting.

I was only seven years old when I made my first appearance in public. The necessity of providing for a numerous family obliged my father thus early to turn my talents to account. Artistes, you see, were not then paid so well as now, and when the crisis came I remember begging my father to let me appear as Amina in "La Sonnambula." At first he put me aside, saying, "No, little one. What you ask is impossible." But I gave them all no peace until they had granted my request. And so it came about that little Adelina, the daughter of Signor Patti, was duly announced to sing "Una Voce," and in "La Sonnambula," at Niblo's Garden Theatre, New York. How everybody must have laughed at the idea of a *prima donna* of seven summers! I can still see myself dressed for the part on the fateful evening, gazing into the mirror and waiting for the curtain to go up. The house was crowded. When the curtain went down I can still see a great number of men and women clapping and waving their hands and crying, "Brava, brava!" and afterwards my father catching me up in his arms and kissing me, and my mother and all the members of the company petting me as if I had done something wonderful indeed. I wasn't at all nervous or overwhelmed. Child as I was, I felt sure that Heaven was with me and was blessing me.

And so it came about that I regarded the *rôle* of Amina as my lucky *rôle*, and that is

As Violetta in "Traviata."

As Amina in "La Sonnambula."

As Martha in "Martha."

why years later I chose it for my first appearance when I had to face audiences in the great capitals of Europe. From my seventh to my twelfth year I travelled as an Infant Prodigy with my father throughout North America, to Mexico, Cuba, and Porto Rico. The well-known pianist, Gottschalk, took part for several years in our concerts.

In those days I would never consent to go on the stage without a doll, which was occasionally embarrassing to the managers, especially if I happened to notice any children of my own age in front! Even at that early age I sang the leading operatic airs, conquering the most difficult passages, including the prolonged "shakes" and staccati, with perfect ease, and learning to identify myself with Leonora, Ninetta, Adina, Zerlina, Rosina, and Violetta, as I had already done in public with Amina. Contrary to the endless and seemingly authoritative assertions made about me at this time and later, I may say that I never studied with anybody except Signor Ettore Barili, my half-brother, who knew the right method, and who did everything necessary in the way of training my voice and ensuring the best style of production. After a time my mother wanted to send me to Italy, that I might take an engagement there, but my voice already began to tremble, and to avoid ruining it I passed two years without uttering a note. While I was suffering this enforced

As Norina in "Don Pasquale."

As Leonora in "Il Trovatore."

but necessary silence I used to go often to the theatre and meet my operatic heroines there in other forms.

Once Martha was being sung by the celebrated Grisi to the Lionel of Mario. I was profoundly impressed by their singing. After the opera was over I hurried behind the scenes, and, approaching Grisi, in my childish admiration offered her a few simple flowers. But to my infinite mortification the cantatrice, with the deafening applause of the audience in her ears, brushed me aside. The tears welled up in my eyes, and I turned and proffered the poor little blossoms listlessly to Mario. He at once took them graciously and fastened them to his coat. Then, lifting me in his arms, he kissed my cheek and said: "I shall keep these always, little one, in memory of you."

Years later, on the 13th of July, 1861, I myself came to play Martha at Covent Garden Theatre, London. Mario was again the Lionel, and I shyly asked him if he remembered the incident of the flowers. "Remember it!" he cried. "I shall never forget it. I have the flowers yet." It was a few days after this that the photograph of myself as Martha was taken. I still love Mario's memory because of that incident in my childhood long ago.

My next heroine before the footlights was Lucia di Lammermoor, in which opera I

As Margherita in "Faust."

AS ZERLINA IN "DON GIOVANNI."

AS ADINA IN "ELISIR D'AMORE."

AS JULIETTE IN "ROMEO ET JULIETTE."

made my appearance at the Academy of Music, New York, on the 24th of November, 1859, being then nearly sixteen years of age, and which I think should be regarded as the real beginning of my career in opera. When I read Walter Scott's novel I loved Lucia more than ever, and being, as I need hardly tell you, a romantic little girl, I often gazed at myself in the mirror and admired my bridal array. I have sung Lucia hundreds of times. In my first season in London Signor Giuglini was the Edgardo. By some mischance his spur pierced my dress and wounded me, and I suffered great pain; but I resolved the audience should not know, and sang on as if nothing had happened. When the curtain fell, however, my white satin shoe was dripping with poor Lucy's blood.

As to Violetta—ah, dear Violetta!—you may be interested to know that she is my favourite, and "Traviata" my favourite opera. When Verdi heard me in the part he sent me a little token bearing the words: "To the only Violetta," which, as you can imagine, made me very proud. It was as Violetta—who is, of course, the Marguerite of Dumas's famous drama — that His Majesty King Edward (then Prince of Wales) first heard me sing. The Prince was then visiting America as Lord Renfrew, and visited Philadelphia, where a gala performance was

As Dinorah in "Dinorah."

As Ninetta in "La Gazza Ladra."

arranged. Soon afterwards the great Civil War broke out in America and we went to Havana, where I sang. I may perhaps mention that my brother Carlo was wounded in that war, and never recovered from the effects of the wound. It was from the Cuban capital that we—my father, my brother-in-law, and myself—sailed for England, where we arrived in April, 1861.

The next month—the 14th of May, to be exact—I appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, then under Mr. Gye's management. The opera decided upon was again "La Sonnambula," so I should again be Amina. I need not tell you of my success that first night before an English audience. With me appeared Signor Tiberini as Elvino, who, they said, was old enough to be my father, or I young enough to be his daughter. You have heard how a friend, Georgio Ronconi, cried out from a box, "*Adesso abbiamo trovato la nostra prima donna!*" ("Now, indeed, we have found our *prima donna!*")

So far, however, from feeling any sense of triumph or elation, I returned to our little hotel in Norfolk Street in the Strand and burst into tears.

Twice more did I appear as Amina before it was decided that I should appear as Donna Lucia in Donizetti's opera. I remember in the mad scene I put forth all my power, and the house appreciated it.

As Lucia in "Lucia di Lammermoor."

One thing I always tried to do in an Italian opera, and that was to *be* Italian—Italian in accent, in delivery, in execution. In this piece Tiberini was the Edgardo.

As to Zerlina, in "Don Giovanni," I think my proudest memory of Zerlina was when I first sang it in Paris, just forty-four years ago. At the conclusion of the second act the Emperor and Empress summoned me to their box. The Empress greeted me in Spanish, calling me her countrywoman, and then, taking out a splendid bracelet of diamonds and emeralds, fastened it on my wrist. You may imagine if Zerlina was happy! Yet, although born in Madrid, I am not Spanish, but Italian—Italian to the core. My paternal family takes its name from the ancient Italian commune of Patti. A season or two later at Madrid it was as Amina that Queen Isabella of Spain sent for me and greeted me as her compatriot. And Amina had to confess that she was Spanish only in regard to the place of her birth.

I forgot to mention that it was as Martha that I first introduced "The Last Rose of Summer"; while it was as Rosina in the lesson scene of "The Barber of Seville" that I sang the "Home, Sweet Home" which English-speaking audiences love so dearly. It was Rosina who, in 1863, sang at Frankfort, where an Imperial Diet was in progress, literally before an audience of crowned heads, all the German princes, with one exception, being present. Another memory connected with Rosina is the riots in Madrid in 1863, when poor Queen Isabella appeared in the box and the house hissed her, and many thought the opera would not be allowed to proceed. The finishing touches to my Marguerite were administered in Paris, when I studied the part with M. Gounod himself.

Some day, perhaps, I shall write my autobiography, and then I can relate all the incidents of that wonderful first summer in London, of the people I met, and the kindness that was shown me—a kindness that has continued down to the present day, when I am taking leave of English audiences, and which has, indeed, been shown to me all the world over. I think I may also refer with pardonable pride to the splendid fees which have been paid to me in England and America, the highest of which being a guaranteed amount of twelve hundred pounds for each concert, with a half share of the receipts after they reached two thousand four hundred pounds; and, as this was frequently the case during the tour in question, my fee at the end of it was a very pleasant one.

But until that day arrives I can only say —"Wait"!

As Rosina in "The Barber of Seville."

From an Engraving.

UNCLE JAP'S LILY.

By Horace Annesley Vachell.

I.

JASPAR PANEL owned a section of rough, hilly land to the north-east of our cattle ranch in California. Everybody called him Uncle Jap. He was very tall, very thin, with a face burnt a brick-red by exposure to sun and wind. Born in Massachusetts, he had marched as a youth with Sherman to the sea. After the war he married, crossed the plains in a "prairie schooner," and, eventually, took up six hundred and forty acres of Government land in San Lorenzo County. With incredible labour, inspired and sustained by his natural acuteness, he wrought a miracle upon a singularly arid and sterile soil. I have been told that he was the first of the foothill settlers to irrigate abundantly, the first to plant out an orchard and vineyard; the first, certainly, to create a tiny Paradise out of a sage-brush desert. Teamsters hauling wheat from the Carisa plains used to stop to shake the white alkaline dust from their overalls under Uncle Jap's fig trees. They and the cowboys were always made welcome. To such guests Uncle Jap would offer figs, water-melons, peaches, a square meal at noon, and exact nothing in return except appreciation. If a man failed to praise Uncle Jap's fruit, or his wife's sweet pickles, he was not pressed to "call again." The old fellow was inordinately proud of his colts, his Poland-China pigs, his "graded" bull, his fountain in the garden.

"Nice place you have, Mr. Panel," a stranger might say.

"Yas; we call it Sunny Bushes. Uster be nothin' but sun an' bushes onst. It's nice, yas; and it's paid for."

"What a good-looking mare!"

"Yas; she's paid for, too."

Everything on the ranch—animal, vegetable, and mineral—was "paid for." To understand this story you must grasp the fact that Uncle Jap lived with credit and not on it.

His wife, also of New England parentage, had a righteous horror of debt bred in her bone. Uncle Jap adored her. If he set an extravagant value upon his other possessions, what price above rubies did he place upon the meek, silent, angular woman who had been his partner, companion, and friend for more than a quarter of a century? Sun and wind had burnt her face also to the exact tint of her husband's. Her name was Lily.

"And, doggone it! she looks like a lily," Uncle Jap would say, in moments of expansion. "Tall an' slim, yas; an' with a droop of her head. I'd ought ter be grateful to God fer givin' me sech a flower out er heaven—an' I am, I am. Look at her now! What a mover!"

Uncle Jap's Lily, chasing a hen, certainly exhibited an activity surprising in one of her years. By a hair's breadth she missed perfection. Uncle Jap had been known to hint, nothing more, that he would have liked a dozen or so of babies. The hint took concrete form in: "I think a heap o' young things, colts, kittens, puppies—an' the like." Then he would sigh.

We came to California in the eighties, and in about '93, if my memory serve me, Uncle Jap discovered bituminous rock in a corner of his ranch. He became very excited over this find, and used to carry samples of the ore in his pocket, which he showed to his neighbours.

"There's petroleum whar that ore is—*sure*. An' ef I could strike it, boys, why, why I'd jest hang my Lily with di'monds from her head to her feet, I would."

This, mind you, was before the discovery of the now famous oil-fields. Even in those early days experts were of opinion that petroleum might be found below the croppings of bituminous rock by any pioneer enterprising enough to bore for it.

About this time we began to notice that Uncle Jap was losing interest in his ranch. Cattle strayed through the fence because he neglected to mend it, calves escaping were caught and branded by unscrupulous neighbours, a colt was found dead, cast in a deep gulch.

Shortly afterwards we heard that Uncle Jap was frequenting saloons, hanging about the hotels in the county town; hunting, of course, for a capitalist who would bore for oil on shares, seeking the "angel" with the dollars who would transport him and his Lily into the empyrean of millionaires. When he confided as much to us, my brother Ajax remarked:—

"Hang it all, Uncle Jap, you've got all you want."

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"That's so. I hev. But Lily — I dessay you, bein' a bachelor, think that my Lily kind o' wallers in washin' my ole duds, an' cookin' the beans and bacon when the thermometer's up to a hundred in the shade, and doin' chores around the hog pens an' chicken yards. Wal, she don't. She pretends, for my sake; but bein' a lady born an' bred her mind's naterally set on silks an' satins, gems, a pianner—an' statooary."

With that he rode away on his old pinto horse, smiling softly and nodding his grizzled head.

Later he travelled to San Francisco, where he interviewed presidents of banks and other magnates. All and sundry were civil to Uncle Jap, but they refused to look for a needle in a haystack. Uncle Jap confessed later that he was beginning to get "cold feet," as he expressed it, when he happened to meet an out-of-elbows individual who claimed positively that he could discover water, gold, or oil with no tools or instruments other than a hazel twig. Uncle Jap, who forgot to ask why this silver-tongued vagabond had failed to discover gold for himself, returned in triumph to his ranch, bringing with him the wizard, pledged to consecrate his gifts to the "locating" of the lake of oil. In return for his services Uncle Jap agreed to pay him fifty dollars a week, board and lodging included. When he told us of the bargain he had made his face shone with satisfaction and confidence. He chuckled as he added, slyly:—

"I peeked in to some o' them high-toned joolery stores on Montgomery and Kearney Streets. Yas, I did. An' I priced what they call a ti — airy, sort o' di'mond crown. They run up into the thousands o' dollars. Think o' Mis' Panel in a *ti*—airy, boys! but shush-h-h-h! Not a word to her—eh?"

We pledged ourselves to secrecy, but when Uncle Jap's back was turned Ajax cursed the wizard, as the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims cursed the jackdaw. When we saw Mrs. Panel she seemed to be thinner and more angular, but her lips were firmly compressed, as if she feared that something better left unsaid might leak from them. An old sun-bonnet flapped about her red, wrinkled face; her hands, red and wrinkled also, trembled when we inquired after the wizard and his works.

"He's located the lake," she replied. Suppressed wrath boiled over as she added, fiercely: "I wish 'twas a lake o' fire an' brimstone an' him a-bilin' in the middle of it." Then, reading the sympathy in our eyes, she continued, quickly: "I ain't denyin' that Jaspar has a right to do what he pleases with what lies out o' doors. He never interfered with me in my kitchen, never! Would you gen'lemen fancy a cup custard an' a glass o' lemonade? No? Wal—I'm glad you called in, fer I hev been feelin' kind o' lonesome lately."

What Uncle Jap's Lily suffered when he mortgaged all his cattle to sink a well nobody knows but herself, and she never told. The wizard indicated a certain spot below the croppings of bituminous rock; a big derrick was built; iron casing was hauled over the Coast Range; the well was bored.

Then, after boring some two thousand feet, operations had to be suspended because Uncle Jap's dollars were exhausted, and his patience. The wizard swore stoutly that the lake was there — millions and millions of barrels of oil—but he deemed it expedient to leave the country in a hurry, because Uncle Jap intimated to him in the most convincing manner that there was not room in it for so colossal a fraud. The wizard might have argued the question, but the sight of Uncle

"THE SIGHT OF UNCLE JAP'S OLD NAVY SIX-SHOOTER SEEMED TO PARALYZE HIS TONGUE."

Jap's old Navy six-shooter seemed to paralyze his tongue.

After this incident Uncle Jap ranched with feverish energy, and Mrs. Fullalove said that the old man had gotten over a real bad dose of swelled head.

II.

FIVE years later came the oil boom.

Everybody knows now that it flowed in prodigious quantities into the vats of one man, whom we shall speak of, with the respect which the billionaire inspires, as the Autocrat of Petroleum. Let us hasten to add that we shall approach Him in the person of His agent, who, so far as Uncle Jap was concerned, doubtless acted in defiance of the will of the greatest church-builder and philanthropist in the world.

In Kern County oil was struck in pints, quarts, gallons, buckets, and finally in thousands and tens of thousands of barrels. It flowed copiously in our cow-county; it greased, so to speak, the wheels—and how ramshackle some of them were!—of a score of enterprises; it saturated all things and persons.

Now, conceive, if you can, the triumphant, I-told-you-so-boys expression of Uncle Jap. He swelled again visibly: head first, then body and soul. The county kotowed to him. Speculators tried to buy his ranch, entreated him to name a price.

"I'll take half a million dollars, in cold cash," said Uncle Jap.

The speculators offered him instead champagne and fat cigars. Uncle Jap refused both. He was not going to be "flim-flammed," no, sir! Not twice in his life, *no, Siree Bob!* He, by the Jumping Frog of Calaveras, proposed to paddle his own canoe into and over the lake of oil. If the boys wished him to forego the delight of that voyage, let 'em pungle up half a million—or get.

They got.

Presently, after due consultation with a famous mining engineer, Uncle Jap mortgaged his cattle for the second time, and sank another well. He discovered oil sand, not a lake. Then he mortgaged his land, every stick and stone on it, and sunk three more wells. It was a case of Bernard Palissy. Was Bernard a married man? I forget. If so, did he consult his wife before he burnt the one and only bed? Did she protest? It is a fact that Uncle Jap's Lily did not protest. She looked on, the picture of misery, and her mouth was a thin line of silence across her wrinkled, impassive countenance.

When every available cent had been raised and sunk, the oil spouted out. Who looked at the fountain in the patch of lawn by the old fig trees? Possibly Mrs. Panel. Not Uncle Jap. He, the most temperate of men, became furiously drunk on petroleum. He exuded it from every pore. Of course, he was acclaimed by the county and the State (the Sunday editions published his portrait) as the star-spangled epitome of Yankee grit and get-there.

At this point we must present, with apologies, the Agent of the Autocrat, *the* Agent, the High-muck-a-muck of the Pacific Slope, with a salary of a hundred thousand a year and *perks!* In his youth Nat Croucher smelt of onions, and he changed his lodgings more often than he changed his linen. Now you meet him as Nathaniel Croucher, Esquire, who travelled in his private car; who assumed the God when the God was elsewhere; who owned a palace on Nob Hill, and some of the worst, and therefore the most paying, rookeries in Chinatown; who never refused to give a cheque for charitable purposes when it was demanded in a becomingly public manner; who, like the Autocrat, had endowed Christian churches, and had successfully eliminated out of his life everything which smacked of the Bowery, except his prejudice against soap and water.

Nathaniel Croucher visited our county, opened an office, and began to lay his pulpy white hands upon everything which directly or indirectly might produce petroleum. In due season he invited Uncle Jap to dine with him at the Paloma Hotel, in San Lorenzo. The old man, with the hay-seed in his hair and the stains of bitumen upon his gnarled hands, ate and drank of the best, seeing a glorified vision of his Lily crowned with diamonds at last. The vision faded somewhat when Nathaniel began to talk dollars and cents. Even to Uncle Jap, unversed in such high matters as finance, it seemed plain that the Amalgamated Oil Company was to have the dollars, and that to him, the star-spangled epitome of Yankee grit and get-there, were to be apportioned the cents.

"Lemme see," he said, with the slow, puzzled intonation of the man who does not understand. "I own this yere oil——"

"Subject to a mortgage, Mr. Panel, I believe?"

"That don't amount to shucks," said Uncle Jap.

"Quite so. Forgive me for interrupting you."

"I own this yere oil-field—lake, I call it—and, bar the mortgage, it's bin paid for with the sweat of my—soul."

He brought out the word with such startling emphasis that Nathaniel nearly upset the glass of fine old Cognac which he was raising to his lips.

"Yas, my soul," continued Uncle Jap, meditatively. "I risked everything I'd got. Man"—he leant across the gaily-decorated table, with its crystal, its pink shades, its pretty flowers, and compelled his host to meet his flaming eyes—"man, I risked my wife's love an' respect. And," he drew a deep breath," "by Heaven, I was justified. I got there. If I hadn't"—the fire died down in his mild blue eyes, and the thin body seemed to wither and shrink—"if I hadn't struck it, it would hev killed her, the finest lady in the land, an' me too. It was nip an' tuck with both of us. And now"—his voice warmed into life again—"and now you offer me fifty thousand dollars."

"I am anxious to treat you right, Mr. Panel. Another glass of brandy? No. Between ourselves, the market is getting weaker every day. Fifty thousand profit, perhaps, may seem a small sum to you, but I cannot offer more. You are at perfect liberty to refuse my cheque; others, perhaps, may——"

Uncle Jap rose up grim and gaunt.

"I've ate dinner with you," he murmured, "so I'll say nothing more than 'Thank you' and 'Good-bye.'"

"Good-bye, Mr. Panel. At any time, if you have reason to change your mind, I shall be glad to talk business with you."

Uncle Jap returned to his own hotel to pass a restless night. Next day he sought a certain rich man who had a huge ranch in our county. The rich man—let us call him Dives—had eaten Uncle Jap's figs, and taken his advice, more than once, about cattle.

"Who's a-buyin' oil lakes?" demanded Uncle Jap.

"Nathaniel Croucher."

"Who else?"

Dives eyed Uncle Jap keenly. Rich men don't tell all they know, otherwise they would not be rich. Still, those figs and that watermelon on that broiling July afternoon had tasted uncommonly good!

"Look here, Mr. Panel, I think I can guess what has happened. Somebody has tried to squeeze you—eh?"

"That's so."

"Um! You're not the first."

"I wa'n't squeezed."

"Not yet; but—Mr. Panel, I should like to do you a service, and I know you to be an intelligent man. Do you see this sheet of blotting-paper?"

The blotting-paper lay immaculate upon the desk. Dives took a clean quill, dipped it into ink, and held it poised over the white pad. Uncle Jap watched him with interest.

"This," continued Dives, thoughtfully, "represents you and your ranch, Sunny Bushes." He made a small dot upon the blotting-paper. "This"—he made a much larger dot—"represents me and all I have. Now Croucher represents—*this.*"

With a violent motion, quite contrary to his usual gentle, courteous manner, Dives plunged the quill to the bottom of the ink-pot, withdrew it quickly, and jerked its con-

"NOW CROUCHER REPRESENTS—THIS."

tents upon the blotting-paper. A huge purple blot spread and spread till the other small blots were incorporated.

"Drat him!" sputtered Uncle Jap.

Dives shrugged his shoulders, and smiled.

"My advice is — take what Croucher offers."

"Fifty thousand in the hand for millions in them brush hills of mine?"

"Can you touch them, if Omnipotence forbids?"

Dives stared moodily at the big purple blot; then picking up the sheet of blotting-paper he tore it to pieces with his nervous, finely-formed fingers, and dropped it into the waste-paper basket. When he looked up, he saw that Uncle Jap's mild blue eyes were curiously congested.

"You might see So-and-So." Dives named a banker. "I'll write a note of introduction." Then he added, with a faint inflection of derision, "I fear it will be of no service to you, because few business men care to buy trouble even at a bargain."

All this and more Ajax and I heard from Uncle Jap, after he returned from San Lorenzo without selling Sunny Bushes to So-and-So. None the less, he brought back a pair of small diamond ear-rings.

"Lily's ears ain't pierced," he explained; "but she'll hev a reel splendid time lookin' at 'em, jest as I uster hev with my nightie."

"Your—*nightie?*"

Uncle Jap chuckled and rubbed together his bony hands, cracking the joints.

"Yas, my nightie.. Never tole you boys about that, did I? Wal, about a month before Lily an' me was fixin' up to git merried, she made me a nightie. It was a'mos' too dressy fer a lady to wear, let alone a critter like me who'd slep' in his pants an' day shirt. 'Twas of fine linen, pleated, and fixed with ribbons—yaller ribbons. I chose the colour. Lily was kinder struck on pale blue, but I liked yaller best. Lily knew what I'd do with that nightie, an' I done it. I put it away in the tissoo paper 'twas wrapped in, an' I hev it still. I've got more solid satisfaction out of lookin' at it than I ever hev out o' my bank-book. An'," he concluded, warmly, "Lily's goin' ter feel jest that-a-way about these yere sollytaires."

What followed immediately afterwards is county history. Uncle Jap decided to borrow money to develop his bonanza. The Autocrat, with tentacles stretching to the uttermost ends of the earth, may—I dare not affirm that He did—have issued instructions that such money as Jaspar Panel asked for was to be paid. Jaspar Panel asked for a good deal, and got it. He sunk more wells and capped them; he built reservoirs, he laid down pipe line. The day of triumph dawned when an English company offered to take all the oil Uncle Jap could supply, provided it were delivered free on board their vessels. Then came the crushing blow that the railroad would not transport Mr. Panel's petroleum. If they did—this was not the reason given by the shipping agents—the Autocrat might be *displeased.*

Meantime the banks politely requested Jaspar Panel to meet his obligations.

Hitherto Uncle Jap had been a man of simple and primitive beliefs. He had held, for instance, that a beneficent Providence will uphold Right against Might; he had pinned his faith to the flag under which he fought and bled when a boy; he had told his Lily (who believed him) that American citizenship is a greater thing than a Roman's in Rome's palmiest days—a phrase taken whole from the mouth of a Fourth of July orator. Last of all, he had believed devoutly in his own strong hands and will, the partnership of mind and muscle which confronts seemingly insuperable obstacles confident that it can remove them.

And now, hour by hour, day by day, conviction settled upon his soul that in this world one only reigned supreme: the Autocrat of Oil, whose high priest was Nathaniel Croucher. After heartrending months of humiliation, upon the eve of foreclosure by the banks, Uncle Jap wrote a forlorn letter to Nathaniel, accepting his offer of fifty thousand dollars for the lake of oil. Mr. Croucher, so a subordinate replied, *was not buying oil properties!* For the moment he was interested in other matters. . . . Uncle Jap happened to read next day in the local paper that Croucher, treading in the footsteps of his Master, was about to present a splendid church to the people of Lorenzo. Uncle Jap stared at the paper till it turned white, till he saw in the middle of it a huge purple blot ever-increasing in size.

That evening he cleaned his old six-shooter, which had made the climate of the county so particularly pestilential for the wizard with the hazel twig. "Pore critter," he muttered, as he wiped the barrel, "he was down to his uppers, but this feller——"

Mrs. Panel, putting away the supper things, heard her husband swearing softly to himself. She hesitated a moment; then she came in, and seeing the pistol a gasp escaped her.

"What air you doin' with that, Jaspar Panel?"

Uncle Jap coughed.

"There's bin a skunk around," he said. "I've kind o' smelled him fer weeks past, hain't you?"

"I never knowed you to shoot a skunk with anything but a shot gun."

"That's so. I'd disremembered. Wonder if I kin shoot as straight as I used ter?"

For answer his wife, usually so undemonstrative, bent down, took the pistol from his hand, put it back into the drawer, and, slightly blushing, kissed the old man's cheek.

"Why, Lily, what ails ye?"

His surprise at this unwonted caress brought a faint smile to her thin lips.

"Nothing."

"Ye ain't tuk a notion that yer goin' ter die?"

"Nothing ails me, Jaspar." Her voice was strong and steady. "I'm strong as I was twenty year ago, or nearly so. I kin begin life over agen, ef I hev to."

"Who said you hed to?" inquired her husband, fiercely. "Who said you hed to?" he repeated. "One o' yer friends? I'd like ter wring her neck. Oh, it wa'n't, eh? Wal, you take it from me that you ain't a-goin' to begin life agen onless it's in a marble hall sech as you've dreamed about ever sence you was short-coated. Let me hear no more sech talk. D'ye hear?"

"WHY, LILY, WHAT AILS YE?"

"I hear," she answered, meekly, and went back to her kitchen.

III.

NEXT day she came to us across the cow-pasture as we were smoking our pipes after the midday meal. We guessed that no light matter had brought her afoot, with such distress upon her face.

"I'm in trouble," she said, nervously.

"We are your friends," said Ajax, gravely.

"Jaspar's gone to town," she gasped.

Uncle Jap, since the striking of the oil, had been in the habit of going to town so often that this statement aroused no surprise. We waited for more information.

"I'm scared plum ter death," Mrs. Panel continued. "I want ter foller him at onst. Jaspar's taken the team. I thought maybe you'd hitch up and drive me in this afternoon—*now*."

The last word left her lips with a violence that was positively imperative.

"Certainly," said Ajax. He turned to leave the room. We neither of us asked a question. Upon the threshold he addressed me:—

"I'll bring the buggy round while you change."

I reflected that it was considerate of Ajax, knowing as he did my inordinate curiosity, to allow me to drive Mrs. Panel the twenty odd miles between our ranch and San Lorenzo. I nodded and went into my bedroom.

For the first ten miles Mrs. Panel never opened her lips. I glanced occasionally at her impassive face, wondering when she would speak. Somehow I knew that she would speak, and she did. It was like her to compress all she had left unsaid into the first sentence:—

"Jaspar's gone plum crazy with trouble; he took his six-shooter with him."

She said no more till we descended from the buggy in the livery stable where Jaspar was in the habit of putting up his horses.

"You ain't seen Mr. Panel, hev you?" she asked the ostler.

"He's around somewheres," the man replied.

With this information we started out to look for him. Away from the familiar brush hills, confronted by strange faces, confused, possibly, by the traffic, my companion seemed so nervous and helpless that I dared not leave her. Almost unconsciously we directed our steps towards the Amalgamated Oil Company's office.

Here we learned that Croucher was in town, and that Uncle Jap had called to see him.

"Did he see him?" Mrs. Panel's voice quavered.

"No," the clerk answered, curtly; then he added, "Nobody sees the boss without an appointment. We told Mr. Panel to call to-morrow."

We walked on down the street. Suddenly Mrs. Panel staggered, and might have fallen had I not firmly grasped her arm.

"I dunno' what ails me," she muttered.

"Did you eat any breakfast this morning?"

"I dunno' as I did," she admitted, with reluctance.

"Did you eat any dinner?"

"Mebbee I didn't." Her innate truthfulness compelled her to add, with a pathetic defiance: "I couldn't hev swallered a mossel to save my life."

I took her to a restaurant and prescribed a plate of soup and a glass of wine. Then I said, with emphasis:—

"Now, look here, Mrs. Panel; I want you to rest while I hunt up Mr. Panel. When I find him I'll bring him to you."

"An' s'pose he won't come?"

"He will come."

"No, he won't; not till he's done what he's set his mind to do. Was you aimin' to hunt fer Jaspar up an' down this town?"

"Certainly. It's not as big as you think."

"'Pears to me it'd be a better plan to keep an eye on the other feller."

With a woman's instinct she had hit the mark.

"Perhaps it would," I admitted.

"I noticed one or two things," she continued, earnestly. "Near the office is an empty lot, with trees and bushes. I'd as lief rest there as here, if it's the same to you. Then you kin look around for Jaspar, if ye've a mind to."

"And if I find him?"

"Watch him, as I shall watch the other feller."

"And then——"

"The rest is in the dear Lord's hands."

Together we returned to the office, and, passing the door, I could hear the typewriters clicking. Mrs. Panel sat down under a tree in the empty lot, and for the first time since we had met that day spoke in her natural tones.

"Mercy! I came away without feeding the chickens," she said.

I looked at my watch; it was nearly six. One hour of daylight remained. Croucher, I happened to know, was in the habit of dining about half-past six. He often returned to the office after dinner. Between the Hotel Paloma, which lay just outside the town, and the office ran a regular service of street cars. Croucher was the last man in the world to walk when he could drive. It seemed reasonably certain that Jaspar, failing to see him at the office, would try to speak to him at the hotel. From my knowledge of Uncle Jap's temperament and character I was certain that he would not shoot down his enemy without warning. So I walked up to the hotel feeling easier in my mind. The clerk, whom I knew well, assigned me a room. I saw several men in the hall, but not Uncle Jap.

"Does Mr. Croucher dine about half-past six?" I asked.

The clerk raised his brows.

"That's queer," he said. "You're the second man to ask that question within an hour. Old man Panel asked the same thing."

"And what did you tell him?"

"Mr. Croucher don't dine till seven. He goes to the church first."

If the man had said that Croucher ascended to heaven I could not have been more surprised. Then I remembered what I had read in the local papers. I had not seen the church yet. I had not wished to see it, knowing that every stone in it was paid for with the sweat—as Uncle Jap had put it—of other men's souls.

"Where is this church?"

"You don't know? Third turning to the left after passing the Olive Branch Saloon."

"Croucher owns that too, doesn't he?"

The clerk yawned. "I dare say. He owns most of the earth around here, and most of the people on it."

I walked quickly back towards the town, wondering what took Croucher to the church. No doubt he wanted to see if he were getting his money's worth, to note the day's work, perhaps to give the lie to the published statement that he built churches and never entered them. Nearly half an hour had passed since I left Mrs. Panel.

When I reached the third turning to the left I saw the church, certainly the handsomest in San Lorenzo. It stood in a large lot, littered with builders' materials. The workmen had left it at six. The building had an indescribably lifeless aspect. An hour before men had been busy within and without it; now not a soul was to be seen. I had time to walk round it, to note that the doors were locked, to note also, quite idly, that the window of the vestry was open. I could see no signs of Uncle Jap.

Coming round to the front I saw in the distance a portly figure approaching, followed by a thin, dust-coloured wraith of a woman.

"'MERCY! I CAME AWAY WITHOUT FEEDING THE CHICKENS,' SHE SAID."

Although I risked discovery at an inopportune moment, I could not resist the temptation to raise my eyes level with the sill of the window. So did Uncle Jap's Lily. We both peered in. Uncle Jap was facing Croucher; in his hand he held the long-barrelled six-shooter; in his eyes were tiny pin-point flashes of light such as you see in an opal on a frosty morning. Terror had spread a grim mask upon the other; his complexion was the colour of oatmeal, his pendulous lips were quivering, his huge body seemed of a sudden to be deflated. He might have been an empty gas-bag, not a man.

"I'm goin' to tell ye that," continued Uncle Jap, mildly, "I come here to hev a leetle talk with you. Sence I've bin in San Lorenzo County two men hev tried to ruin me: one left the county in a hurry; you're the other."

"I give you my word of honour, Mr. Panel——"

"That's about all *you* would give, an' it ain't wuth takin'."

"Do you mean to kill me?"

"Ef I hev to, 'twon't keep me awake nights."

In my ear I heard his Lily's attenuated whisper, "Nor me neither, if Jaspar ain't caught."

And I had thought that solicitude for Jaspar's soul had sent his Lily hot-foot to prevent the crime of—murder! I learnt something about women then which I shall not forget.

"You propose to blackmail me, I suppose?"

"Ugly word that, but it's yours, not mine. I put it this way. I propose to consecrate this yere church with an act o' justice."

"Go on!"

"This county wa'n't big enough for the other feller an' me, so he had to go; it ain't big enough to-day for you an' me, but this time I'm a-goin', whether you stay in it or *under* it."

At the word "under" Uncle Jap's Lily nudged me. I looked at her. Her face was radiant. Her delight in her husband at such a moment, her conviction that he was master of the situation, that he had regained by this

I slipped behind a tree and waited. Croucher strolled up, bland and imposing. He stood for a moment, staring intently at the outside of his church, now completed. Then, taking a key from his pocket, he opened the vestry door and entered the building, closing the door behind him. I went to meet Mrs. Panel.

"Seen Jaspar?"

"I hav'n't."

"What's that feller"—she always spoke of Croucher as a "feller"—"doin' in a church?"

"It's his church. He built it."

"Good land o' Peter! What's he doin' in thar, anyway?"

"Not praying, I think."

"Shush-h-h-h."

Mrs. Panel touched my arm, thrusting out her lean face in an attitude of intense attention. I strained my own ears, fairly good ones, but heard nothing.

"Jaspar's in there," said his wife. "I hear his voice."

She trembled with excitement. Obviously, Jaspar had concealed himself somewhere in the vestry. No time was to be lost.

Turning the north-east corner of the building, where the vestry is situated, I crawled under the window, followed by Mrs. Panel. The two men were within a few feet of us. Uncle Jap's slightly high-pitched tones fell sharply upon the silence.

"This is a leetle surprise party, ain't it?" he was saying.

Croucher answered thickly, "What are you doing here, sir?"

audacious move all the prestige which in her estimation he had lost—these things rejuvenated her.

"It's a question of dollars, of course?"

"That's it. Before you ask for credit with the angel Gabriel you've got to squar' up with Jaspar Panel."

"With the dear Lord's help Jaspar *has* found a way," whispered the joyful voice in my ear.

"How much?" demanded Croucher. His colour was coming back.

"We've got to figger on that. Take a pencil an' paper an' sit down."

"This is ridiculous."

"Sit down, or——"

Nathaniel sat down. The vestry had been used by the contractor as an office; the plain deal table was littered with scraps of paper. Croucher took out a gold pencil-case.

"Married man, ain't ye?" said Uncle Jap, with seeming irrelevance.

"Yes."

"Ever give your wife a ti—airy: diamond crown, sorter?"

"What the——"

"Answer—*quick!*"

"Yes."

"What did you pay for it? *Quick!*"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Put that down first."

The joy and gladness had entirely melted out of Mrs. Panel's thin voice as she whispered dolefully to me:—

"Jasper *is* crazy, after all."

"No, he isn't," I whispered back.

Jasper continued in a mild voice: "What does a way-up outfit o' lady's clothes cost—sealskin sacque, satins, the best of everything outside and in?"

"I don't know."

"You've got to figger it out—*quick!*"

"Say ten thousand, more or less."

"Put down fifteen; I'd just as lief it was more'n less. Put down a hundred dollars for me; I mean to hev a good suit o' clothes myself. What does that come to?"

"Twenty-five thousand one hundred dollars. Aren't you wasting time, Mr. Panel?"

"Nit. Of course, if we happened to be interrupted it might be awkward for you. If somebody should call, ye'll say, of course, that yer very particlerly engaged, eh?"

"Yes," said Nathaniel. "To oblige me, Mr. Panel, take your finger from that trigger."

"Ah! I'd oughter hev done that before. I'd disremembered 'twas a hair trigger. Now, then, put down Sunny Bushes, includin' the oil lake, at yer own figger, fifty thousand. Got it? Yas. Now, then, for wear an' tear of two precious souls an' bodies—put it all down!—two precious souls an' bodies—that's it!—fifty thousand more. Got it? Yas. How much now?"

"One hundred and twenty-five thousand one hundred dollars."

"Right! What does a marble hall cost?"

"A marble——"

"You heard what I said, plain enough. You live in one yerself. What did that leetle shebang on Nob Hill cost ye?"

"Four hundred thousand dollars."

"Jiminy Christmas! Marble halls come high—but you've a large fam'ly, more's the pity. Me an' Lily—— Say, put down seventy-five thousand. Got it? Yas. Now, then, about statooary——"

"Good Lord!"

"Don't call on the Lord so loud. I reckon He's nearer than you give Him credit fer. Statooary comes high, too, but one don't want overly much of it. A leetle gives a tone to a parlour; put down five thousand. Got it? Yas. Furniture an' fixin's—lemme see. Wal, when it comes to buyin' fixin's, Mis' Panel beats the world. Put down ten thousand more. Total, please?"

"Two hundred and fifteen thousand and one hundred dollars."

"Make out yer personal note to me an' Mis' Panel fer that amount; one day after date. An' consideration—Sunny Bushes, oil, mortgage, an' all—but *not* the stock. I wouldn't sell any livin' critter to sech as you. There's pen an' ink handy."

We heard the scratching of pen on paper.

"Ye look mighty pleased," said Uncle Jap, "an' it's not because yer gittin' a property wuth a million for a quarter its value, nor because late in the day ye've squared an ugly account, but because yer thinkin' that this yere note ain't wuth the paper it's written on. An' it ain't—yit."

Again Mrs. Panel nudged me. Her beatific expression told me more eloquently than words that her Jaspar was the greatest man on earth.

"Notes of hand given by onreliable parties must be secured," said Uncle Jap, slowly. "This yere is goin' to be secured by a confession, dictated by me, written out an' signed by you. When the note is paid I hand over the confession—see? If the note ain't paid prompt, the confession goes to the noospapers of this enlightened land. I shall git something from them for sech a remarkable doccyment. But, first of all, here an'

now, you can make a small payment on the note. Give me that thar di'mond ring, an' the di'mond pin. *Quick!*"

A moment later these coruscating gems were swept into Uncle Jap's hand.

"What did they cost ye?"

"Twenty-seven hundred dollars."

"Suffering Moses! Endorse that as paid on the back of the note. Got it down? Yas." Uncle Jap folded up the note and placed it carefully in a large pocket-book. "Now write out, good an' plain, what I tell ye. Ready? Date an' address first. That's right. Now——"

Obviously he was pulling himself together for a tremendous literary effort. Mrs. Panel had hold of my arm, and was squeezing it hard. Uncle Jap began:—

"'*This is to certify that I, Nathaniel Croucher, the undersigned, have been fooling with the wrong end of a mule, viz., Jaspar Panel, who's as self-opinionated a critter as ever marched with Sherman to the sea——*' What air you doing? by Golly, thar'll be a terr'ble muss to clean up in here to-morrer mornin'. That's better. Lemme see, whar was I? '*Sherman to the sea*'—yas. Now: '*I tried to down Jaspar Panel, and he's downed me. I'm a nateral born hog, and I eat with all four feet in the trough.*' Underline that, it's good. '*I'm big, an' sassy, an' full o' meanness, but what sand I've got ain't to be seen with a double-barrelled microscope. I'm as false as Judas; an' Ananias wouldn't be seen walkin' arm in arm with me in the place whar I'd oughter be to-night. I'd steal milk from a blind kitten an' sell it as cream to my own mother five minutes after.*' Underline that—it's straight goods. Now, then, for the finish. '*I wouldn't offer a fair price fer Sunny Bushes, because I aimed ter git it fer nothing. I wouldn't allow others to buy it fer the same reason. I used the power that the devil give me to prevent a railroad, which I own, furnishin' cars to J. Panel, so as to git him completely under my heel. Also I built a church in San Lorenzy, an' I write these yere lines in the*

"THE MUZZLE OF THE COLT ALMOST TOUCHED THE PERSPIRING FOREHEAD OF THE COLOSSUS."

Croucher had laid down his pen.

"This is farce," he said, sharply.

"We'll hev your criticism after the play is over," retorted Uncle Jap, derisively. "I'm talkin' now. Pick up that thar pen, and don't lay it down agen till I tell ye, or"—the muzzle of the Colt almost touched the perspiring forehead of the Colossus—"or else, *vestry of it as a sorter penance. I swear solemn that this is the first time in my life that I ever tole the truth, an' I'll never do it agen, ef I know myself.*'

"Sign that an' give it ter me," said Uncle Jap.

Croucher, purple with rage and humiliation, signed it.

IV.

At this psychological moment we made our presence known.

"Uncle Jap," said I, "don't you think that document ought to be witnessed?"

"Jee—whillikins! Ef it ain't you. Who's that a-peekin' behind ye?"

"It's me, Jaspar," said Mrs. Panel, meekly.

Uncle Jap unlocked the door of the vestry and let us in. Croucher sat huddled up in his chair. Uncle Jap prodded him with the ancient pistol which he still held in his hand.

"Can't you offer a lady a chair?" he said, testily.

Croucher offered his chair, upon the extreme edge of which Mrs. Panel deprecatingly seated herself. Uncle Jap eyed her with wrinkled interrogation.

"What in thunder brought you to San Lorenzy?"

Mrs. Panel twisted her fingers.

"I looked in the drawer, an' I see that *that*"—she indicated the weapon—"was missin'."

"Did ye? Now, Lily Panel, you don't mean to tell me that you thought I was goin' ter murder this feller?"

Mrs. Panel looked at Nathaniel with an expression which I have seen in the eyes of foothill mothers whose children run barefoot, when they have found a rattlesnake. Then she drawled out, "Wal, I hoped you might, but——"

"Why, Lily, you hoped I *might?*"

"Yas; but I feared you'd git murdered first. Oh, Jaspar, I didn't know you was sech a man." She stood up; her eyes were shining, her face radiant. "Fergive me, but I reckoned you—was—petered—out."

"Petered out—*me?*"

"Yas; I'm a silly, fulish woman."

"No, you ain't. Petered out—*me?* Wal"—he glanced at Croucher—"somebody *is* petered out, but it ain't me. Did ye ever see a man scairt worse'n him? I scairt the wizard some—yas, I did, but he could run; this feller can't crawl, I reckon. An' this yere Colt wa'n't loaded then, an' it ain't loaded—now. Look! What an appetite I hev! Who says supper? Now, mister"—he addressed Croucher—"seein' as the starch is outer you, I'll give ye my arm as fur as the Paloma."

"Leave me," gurgled Nathaniel.

"I'm too good a Christian. In the state yer in it'd kill ye stone-dead to meet somebody else ye've robbed. It's too risky."

"Go, you scoundrel!" Authority was returning to his voice; the old arrogance gleamed in his eyes.

"Scoundrel—hay?" Uncle Jap's voice became savage. "You come along with me—quick an' quiet. This old Colt ain't loaded, but ef I hit you over the head with the butt of it ye'll think it is. Come!"

In silence the four of us marched up to the Paloma and into the big hall, where a dozen men were smoking. Uncle Jap addressed the clerk in a loud, clear voice.

"Mr. Croucher," he said, "has just concluded a leetle deal with me. He's bought Sunny Bushes an' the lake of ile for two hundred and fifteen thousand and one hundred dollars. Here is his note. Put it in the safe for me till to-morrer."

The chatter in the big room had ceased long before Uncle Jap had finished. More than one man present divined that something quite out of the ordinary had taken place. Nathaniel moistened his lips with his tongue. His chance had come. Had he chosen to repudiate the note, had he denounced Uncle Jap as obtaining at the pistol point what could be obtained in no other way, the law of the land would have released him from his bond. But Uncle Jap had read him aright—he was a coward.

"Yes," he said, "I've bought Sunny Bushes."

"An' dirt cheap, too," said Uncle Jap. He spoke to the clerk in his usual mild voice: "Can you give Mis' Panel an' me suitable accommodation?"

"Certainly, Mr. Panel. What sort of accommodation, sir?"

Uncle Jap looked fondly at his wife. I doubt if she had ever crossed the threshold of the Paloma before. I could see her blinking at the marble columns and the electric lights just turned on.

"What sorter accommodation?" repeated Uncle Jap. "Why, anything'd do fer me, but Mis' Panel is mighty particler. We'll take the bridal suit, ef it ain't engaged."

"Certainly; sitting-room, bedroom, and bathroom upon the first floor," said the clerk, striking a bell for the hall porter.

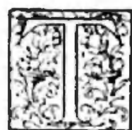
"Come, Lily," said Uncle Jap.

She raised her head, as if she were about to protest; then she smiled contentedly and followed her lord and master out of the old life into the new.

PHIL MAY:

Illustrated by Some Unpublished Sketches.

By Arthur Morrison



THE average man, as well as many persons who should know better, does the late Mr. Phil May a great injustice. To him this very great artist remains no more than a funny draughtsman—a joker, like a score of others of his time, and his pictures more or less interesting as the jokes printed below them chance to amuse the reader. That May was a great humorist as well as a great draughtsman is, of course, a fact, but it is none the less a fact that, just as his humour lay inherent in his pictures, wholly independent of whatever letterpress might be tacked to them, so his pictures were important works of art wholly independent of their inherent humour. Indeed, some of the finest of his drawings that I have seen were not what the reader of a comic paper would call "humorous" at all; that is to say, that fun merely was not their intention. In some the dominant human note was that of pathos; though in all, pathetic or not, there was ever to be discerned that subtle tone of humour that can never be absent from a complete presentation of common life in terms of art. But humour, pathos—all such qualities apart, May's drawing, *as* drawing, is always that of a master, his line extraordinarily expressive, and of a distinguished quality that no imitator has ever approached. And it has always seemed to me that many of his sketches and studies, a few of which from among those he left are here reproduced, are even more interesting than his finished drawings. These sketches were done in all sorts of circumstances; often as memoranda for future use, frequently as preliminary studies for drawings intended for publication, sometimes as notes of curious types seen or remembered, and at other times merely as half-idle exercises—the expression of a passing fancy, an experiment in the expression of form, or even the trial of a new pen or pencil. But whatever the occasion of these vagrant notes, they were always spontaneous and direct, and they were not executed with an eye to the exigencies of block-making and printing. For that reason they often bring us a more intimate view of the artist's thought and methods than do the completed pictures more familiar to the public.

DAN LENO

As illustrations of the accuracy wherewith the character of a face may be expressed by

original an extraordinarily bold and vigorous sketch almost of life size, the paper being nearly fourteen inches wide. The whole is flung out direct, every touch at the first effort, without anything in the shape of

"THE HOWLING CHILD."

"THE FRIEND OF THE CLERGY."

preliminary mapping or tentative groping for a line. A broad-pointed pen has been used for the blacker lines, helped by a brush of paler ink, and nothing but the most rapid and certain execution could have accomplished the effect.

To follow with a contrast of subject see the sketch of the thick-eared gentleman—pugilist or cabman or what?—who smokes his cigar over against the door-post with the happy inscription, "The Friend of the Clergy." Here is a type of the sort Phil May loved; and it is to be observed that they were ever types that

a few lines and touches placed with the perfect judgment of a great draughtsman, any of the sketches here reproduced will serve; but a beginning may well be made with the sketch of our old friend Dan Leno, contemporary and peer of Phil May himself, whom he survived by little more than a year. Not one who saw the garrulous, restless little figure of poor Dan in his get-up as the Fireman but will see him afresh in this little sketch, and laugh again. The face is admirable in its dozen or so touches; but you may cover the head completely and still recognise Dan Leno in the lift of the foot, the bend of the knee, and the astonishingly characteristic gesture of the right arm and hand.

The howling child in the sunbonnet—how it does howl aloud from the very paper!—is in the

A STUDY OF CONTRASTED TYPES.

he drew rather than individuals. If Phil May drew a knife-grinder it was not some individual knife-grinder, who probably would not have carried the signs of his trade very noticeably about him, but the essence of all the knife-grinders he had ever seen, and therefore unmistakable. In the present case the type is obvious, whatever may be our doubts as to the gentleman's present occupation in life. The accidental inscriptions often introduced into May's compositions are commonly of a very apt character, just as is the one last referred to. It is one of the artist's small tricks that remind one of Hogarth.

The chance mention of Hogarth turns one's attention to another in the little pile of sketches—a pen - and - ink drawing on an odd scrap of paper, with no inscription beyond the signature and the date, 96. I took the subject at first for a county court jury, since the number of heads is five, till I remembered that clergymen do not serve on juries, so that the second head from the near end would be out of place. But wherever the subject may have been found—in an audience at a political meeting or a lecture—the row of contrasted faces is in many ways comparable, in its soberer mood, to Hogarth's "Laughing Audience." Without going beyond the restricted range of middle-aged or elderly middle-class men brought together, no doubt, by a common object, a row of subtly-contrasted types, each complete and recognisable, is presented with very striking effect.

The reticence observable in his work was a habit of May's mind, and just as he kept needless lines from his work, so he avoided needless chatter in his intercourse with others. I knew him very well for the last ten years of his life, but, although we have talked frequently enough on matters of artistic interest, I can only remember one occasion on which he spoke at any length or in any detail of his own work and his view of it.

The largest sketch in our little collection—the original is more than eighteen inches high—is that of the pretty little girl petting a

"POOR LIKKLE DOGGIE; HASN'T GOT ANY FEAVERS ON!"

"IN A GARRISON TOWN."

carries sketches from life of Johannes Wolff, the violinist, of which the standing figure is perhaps the most striking, offering a fine study in pose and gesture of a violoncello player. A less serious study of another musician, an "entertainer" at the piano, catches him on the very turn of his joke, with fingers poised ready to strike the chords that emphasize it, and lead into the instrumental passage that gives the audience time to get their laugh over.

The beautiful pencil drawing of a man in a smock frock seated on an inn settle is another portrait, not of a farm labourer, despite the costume and accessories, but of a very well-known and very able painter, whose name need not be mentioned. For, indeed, the incongruity of the model and his costume is one of the best of Phil May's jokes, as any who can recognise the portrait will testify It is the pictorial parallel – rather the superior, indeed – of the Parliamentary whimsey, "Sir, I am not an agricultural labourer!" to which

poodle. "Poor likkle doggie," runs the legend scribbled beneath; "hasn't got any feavers on!" This is a strong but a very elegant study, brightened with faint washes of colour, and it is one of the many evidences that Phil May was more than a draughtsman of the grotesque and comic merely. The drawing gives us another of the many innocent and pleasant faces of children that one remembers to have met scattered about in May's published drawings. Altogether a very simple, though charming, composition.

I have an idea that a finished drawing based on the study, "In a garrison town," has been printed somewhere, but I am not sure of it. All four of the figures are admirable, but the little clown in the ulster, walking beside the "strong man" of the circus, is an especial delight, and the heads of the confabulating loafers in the background are touched with wonderful truth.

A sheet of Bristol board

JOHANNES WOLFF.

"AN ENTERTAINER."

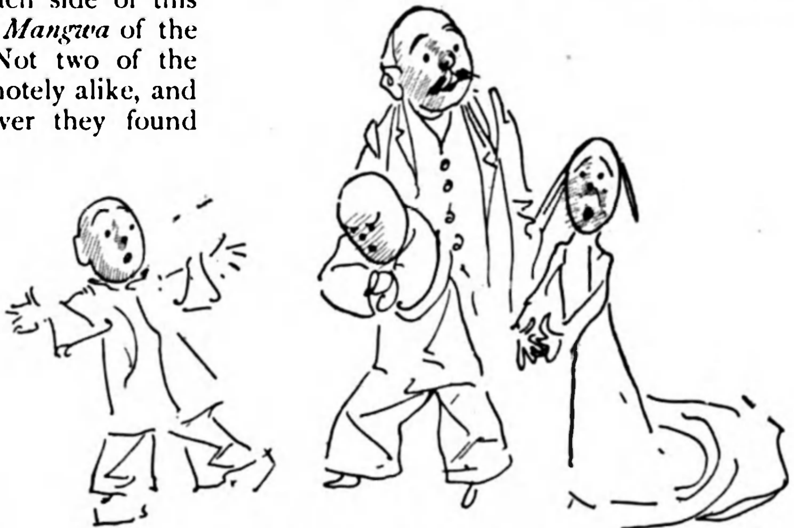
A FANCY PORTRAIT IN PENCIL.

complete reference is unnecessary. Joke or none, however, makes no difference to the drawing, which remains a particularly fine one.

But perhaps the most interesting of the score or so sheets before me is a card of ten or eleven inches square, which is covered on both sides with pen-and-ink notes of all sorts, though chiefly of heads, to the number of eighty or thereabout. Each side of this card is like a page of the *Mangwa* of the great Japanese, Hokusai. Not two of the faces or figures are even remotely alike, and all, scratched in just wherever they found room — upright, sideways, upside down — are alive with spirit, motion, and truth. One pensive, bony head is barely three-sixteenths of an inch across, yet as accurately modelled and as humorously expressed as any of them. There is a ballet-girl two inches high, who springs across the sheet with more than the dash and fire of the living subject ; there is the head of a pretty woman singing, with her mouth at its widest and her voice at its topmost, but a pretty woman still; there is a suave ventriloquist, with his three dolls at the crisis of their drama: these three subjects are reproduced on this page. On the next page is shown a portion of the sheet ; there are a grinning boy, a startled boy, a placid fat man, an angry thin man ; there is a lady in a fur cape, wherein the artist has fantastically worked out the big face of a ragged old man—unless the cape and the lady's head above it were fanciful additions to the old man's head, which, indeed, is more likely ; there are half-a-dozen men in fancy dress ; there are old faces, young faces, jolly faces, frozen faces — faces of all sorts, expressing all emotions ; and a number

A BALLET-GIRL.

A WOMAN SINGING.



A VENTRILOQUIST WITH HIS DOLLS.

it otherwise. But I fear that no available process will preserve the wonderful subtlety and finish of the drawing in the face.

Just before his death May made quite a number of costume studies—cavaliers, swashbucklers, men-at-arms, and the like, mostly from one model. These drawings were indeed the last of his work, and the fact gives an interest of its own to the exquisite little study of a cavalier's head, next reproduced from an odd scrap of paper, which was one of the last scraps Phil May used.

There is a melancholy interest, also, in the wildly funny though admirably-modelled head of poor Phil himself as, in his days of health,

A PORTION OF A CARD OF SKETCHES.

of the little sketches have been photographed to embellish this article. Any intelligent person could amuse himself for an hour with that crowded card, and if he were a lover of fine drawing it would interest him for weeks.

There is another card, less crowded and with larger figures, on which are noted some of the humours of an election, whereat it would seem that many enthusiastic partisans celebrated the day with fluid assistance. One unsteady gentleman in a white waistcoat, enlivening his progress along the street with a public speech and appropriate action, genially proceeds in complete disregard of an angry elector whom he has capsized in the mud.

A study of a farmer in gaiters is a very neat and precise sketch, carried much farther than most of these drawings. Again the type is unmistakable, and though the figure stands alone in the midst of white paper the rest of the scene is obvious. It is an agricultural show, and this connoisseur is well pleased with the pig before him. Nobody could read

A CAVALIER'S HEAD.

he professed to conjecture he would appear in old age. "That's me when I'm old" he has inscribed above, but, alas! the toothless, hairless grotesque was to remain a figure of fancy, for Phil May's life-work — and it was a good life's work in quantity as well as in quality—was cut short when he was barely thirty-nine. There have been few indeed who, having done half as much as he with the chances so adverse, could leave behind the personal reputation of Phil May—namely, that his only faults were a too ready generosity and a too easy good nature.

CELEBRATING THE ELECTION.

Perhaps this may be a suitable place in which to offer the warning that a great number of forged drawings purporting to be the work of Phil May got on the market a year or two ago, and are probably still in existence. They were bought in perfect good faith by booksellers and other dealers, though, indeed, they should not have deceived anybody with a sense of quality. Those which came under my notice were all copies, mostly of single figures taken from well-known groups in his published works, and very poor copies too; the only passable imitation, in fact, being that of the signature.

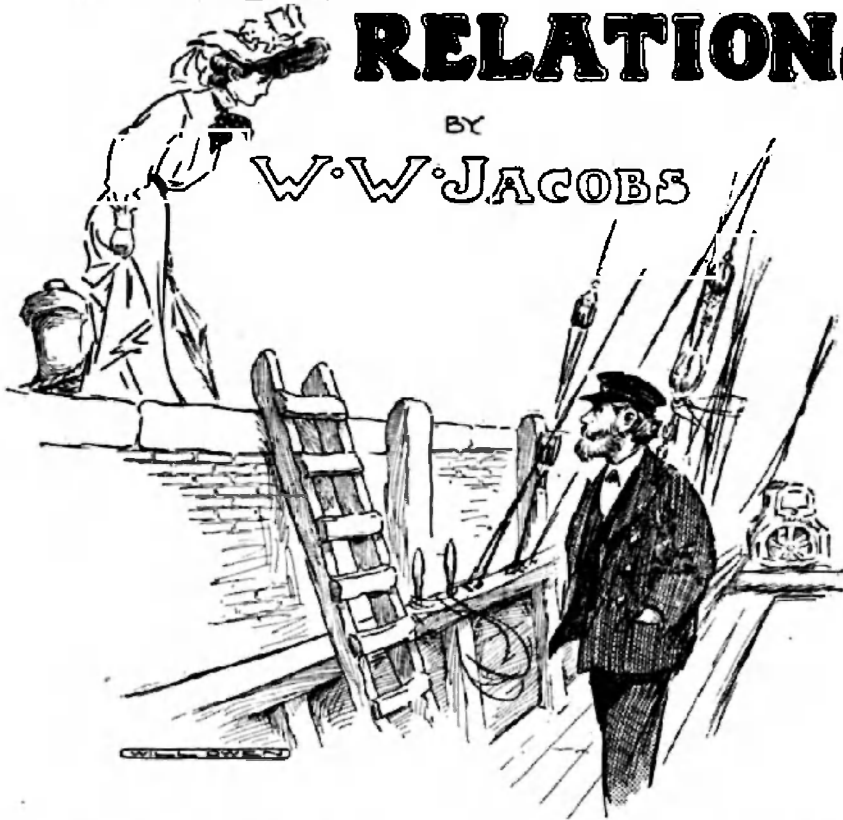
A STUDY OF A FARMER.

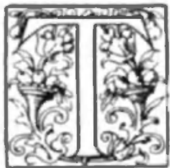
"THAT'S ME WHEN I'M OLD."

MIXED RELATIONS

BY

W. W. JACOBS





THE brig *Elizabeth Barstow* came up the river as though in a hurry to taste again the joys of the Metropolis. The skipper, leaning on the wheel, was in the midst of a hot discussion with the mate, who was placing before him the hygienic, economical, and moral advantages of total abstinence in language of great strength but little variety.

"Teetotallers eat more," said the skipper, finally.

The mate choked, and his eye sought the galley. "Eat more?" he spluttered. "Yesterday the meat was like brick-bats; to-day it tasted like a bit o' dirty sponge. I've lived on biscuits this trip; and the only tater I ate I'm going to see a doctor about direckly I get ashore. It's a sin and a shame to spoil good food the way 'e does."

"The moment I can ship another he goes," said the skipper. "He seems busy, judging by the noise."

"I'm making him clean up everything, ready for the next," explained the mate, grimly. "And he 'ad the cheek to tell me he's improving— im-proving!"

"He'll go as soon as I get another," repeated the skipper, stooping and peering ahead. "I don't like being poisoned any more than you do. He told me he could cook when I shipped him; said his sister had taught him."

The mate grunted and, walking away, relieved his mind by putting his head in at the galley and bidding the cook hold up each separate utensil for his inspection. A hole in the frying-pan the cook attributed to elbow grease.

The river narrowed, and the brig, picking her way daintily through the traffic, sought her old berth at Buller's Wharf. It was occupied by a deaf sailing-barge, which, moved at last by self-interest, not unconnected with its paint, took up a less desirable position and consoled itself with adjectives.

The men on the wharf had gone for the day, and the crew of the *Elizabeth Barstow*,

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after making fast, went below to prepare themselves for an evening ashore. Standing before the largest saucepan-lid in the galley, the cook was putting the finishing touches to his toilet.

A light, quick step on the wharf attracted the attention of the skipper as he leaned against the side smoking. It stopped just behind him, and turning round he found himself gazing into the soft brown eyes of the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

"Is Mr. Jewell on board, please?" she asked, with a smile.

"Jewell?" repeated the skipper. "Jewell? Don't know the name."

"He was on board," said the girl, somewhat taken aback. "This is the *Elizabeth Barstow*, isn't it?"

"What's his Christian name," inquired the skipper, thoughtfully.

"Albert," replied the girl. "Bert," she added, as the other shook his head.

"Oh, the cook!" said the skipper. "I didn't know his name was Jewell. Yes, he's in the galley."

He stood eyeing her and wondering in a dazed fashion what she could see in a small, white-faced, slab-sided——

The girl broke in upon his meditations. "How does he cook?" she inquired, smiling.

He was about to tell her, when he suddenly remembered the cook's statement as to his instructor. "He's getting on," he said, slowly; "he's getting on. Are you his sister?"

The girl smiled and nodded. "Ye—es," she said, slowly. "Will you tell him I am waiting for him, please?"

The skipper started and drew himself up; then he walked forward and put his head in at the galley.

"Bert," he said, in a friendly voice, "your sister wants to see you."

"*Who?*" inquired Mr. Jewell, in the accents of amazement. He put his head out at the door and nodded, and then, somewhat red in the face with the exercise, drew on his jacket and walked towards her. The skipper followed.

"Thank you," said the girl, with a pleasant smile.

"You're quite welcome," said the skipper.

Mr. Jewell stepped ashore and, after a moment of indecision, shook hands with his visitor.

"If you're down this way again," said the skipper, as they turned away, "perhaps you'd like to see the cabin. We're in rather a pickle just now, but if you should happen to come down for Bert to-morrow night——"

The girl's eyes grew mirthful and her lips trembled. "Thank you," she said.

"Some people like looking over cabins," said the skipper, confusedly.

He raised his hand to his cap and turned away. The mate, who had just come on deck, stared after the retreating couple and gave vent to a low whistle.

"What a fine gal to pick up with Slushy," he remarked.

"It's his sister," said the skipper, somewhat sharply.

"The one that taught him to cook?" said the other, hastily. "Here! I'd like five minutes alone with her; I'd give 'er a piece o' my mind that 'ud do her good. I'd learn 'er. I'd tell her wot I thought of her."

"That'll do," said the skipper; "that'll do. He's not so bad for a beginner; I've known worse."

"Not so bad?" repeated the mate. "Not so bad? Why"—his voice trembled—"ain't you going to give 'im the chuck, then?"

"I shall try him for another voy'ge, George," said the skipper. "It's hard lines on a youngster if he don t have a chance. I was never one to be severe. Live and let live, that's my motto. Do as you'd be done by."

"You're turning soft-'arted in your old age," grumbled the mate.

"Old age!" said the other, in a startled voice. "Old age! I'm not thirty-seven yet."

"You're getting on," said the mate; "besides, you look old."

The skipper investigated the charge in the cabin looking-glass ten minutes later. He twisted his beard in his hand and tried to imagine how he would look without it. As a compromise he went out and had it cut short and trimmed to a point. The glass smiled approval on his return; the mate smiled too, and, being caught in the act, said it made him look like his own grandson.

It was late when the cook returned, but the skipper was on deck, and, stopping him for a match, entered into a little conversation. Mr. Jewell, surprised at first, soon became at his ease, and, the talk drifting in some unknown fashion to Miss Jewell, discussed her with brotherly frankness.

"You spent the evening together, I s'pose?" said the skipper, carelessly.

Mr. Jewell glanced at him from the corner of his eye. "Cooking," he said, and put his hand over his mouth with some suddenness.

By the time they parted the skipper had his hand in a friendly fashion on the cook's

"THE MATE SMILED TOO."

shoulder, and was displaying an interest in his welfare as unusual as it was gratifying. So unaccustomed was Mr. Jewell to such consideration that he was fain to pause for a moment or two to regain control of his features before plunging into the lamp-lit fo'c'sle.

The mate made but a poor breakfast next morning, but his superior, who saw the hand of Miss Jewell in the muddy coffee and the cremated bacon, ate his with relish. He was looking forward to the evening, the cook having assured him that his sister had accepted his invitation to inspect the cabin, and indeed had talked of little else. The boy was set to work house-cleaning, and, having gleaned a few particulars, cursed the sex with painstaking thoroughness.

It seemed to the skipper a favourable omen that Miss Jewell descended the companion-ladder as though to the manner born; and her exclamations of delight at the cabin completed his satisfaction. The cook, who had followed them below with some trepidation, became reassured, and seating himself on a locker joined modestly in the conversation.

"It's like a doll's-house," declared the girl, as she finished by examining the space-saving devices in the state-room. "Well, I mustn't take up any more of your time."

"I've got nothing to do," said the skipper, hastily. "I—I was thinking of going for a walk; but it's lonely walking about by yourself."

Miss Jewell agreed. She lowered her eyes and looked under the lashes at the skipper.

"I never had a sister," continued the latter, in melancholy accents.

"I don't suppose you would want to take her out if you had," said the girl.

The skipper protested. "Bert takes you out," he said.

"He isn't like most brothers," said Miss Jewell, shifting along the locker and placing her hand affectionately on the cook's shoulder.

"If I had a sister," continued the skipper, in a somewhat uneven voice, "I should take her out. This evening, for instance, I should take her to a theatre."

Miss Jewell turned upon him the innocent face of a child. "It would be nice to be your sister," she said, calmly.

The skipper attempted to speak, but his voice failed him. "Well, pretend you are my sister," he said, at last, "and we'll go to one."

"Pretend?" said Miss Jewell, as she turned and eyed the cook. "Bert wouldn't like that," she said, decidedly.

"N—no," said the cook, nervously, avoiding the skipper's eye.

"It wouldn't be proper," said Miss Jewell, sitting upright and looking very proper indeed.

"I—I meant Bert to come, too," said the skipper; "of course," he added.

The severity of Miss Jewell's expression relaxed. She stole an amused glance at the cook and, reading her instructions in his eye, began to temporize. Ten minutes later the crew of the *Elizabeth Barstow* in various attitudes of astonishment beheld their commander going ashore with his cook. The mate so far forgot himself as to whistle, but with great presence of mind cuffed the boy's ear as the skipper turned.

For some little distance the three walked

"THE MATE SO FAR FORGOT HIMSELF AS TO WHISTLE, BUT WITH GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND CUFFED THE BOY'S EAR."

along in silence. The skipper was building castles in the air, the cook was not quite at his ease, and the girl, gazing steadily in front of her, appeared slightly embarrassed.

By the time they reached Aldgate and stood waiting for an omnibus Miss Jewell found herself assailed by doubts. She remembered that she did not want to go to a theatre, and warmly pressed the two men to go together and leave her to go home. The skipper remonstrated in vain, but the cook came to the rescue, and Miss Jewell, still protesting, was pushed on to a 'bus and propelled upstairs. She took a vacant seat in front, and the skipper and Mr. Jewell shared one behind.

The three hours at the theatre passed all too soon, although the girl was so interested in the performance that she paid but slight attention to her companions. During the waits she became interested in her surroundings, and several times called the skipper's attention to smart-looking men in the stalls and boxes. At one man she stared so persistently that an opera-glass was at last levelled in return. "How rude of him," she said, smiling sweetly at the skipper.

She shook her head in disapproval, but the next moment he saw her gazing steadily at the opera-glasses again.

"If you don't look he'll soon get tired of it," he said, between his teeth.

"Yes, perhaps he will," said Miss Jewell, without lowering her eyes in the least.

The skipper sat in torment until the lights were lowered and the curtain went up again. When it fell he began to discuss the play, but Miss Jewell returned such vague replies that it was evident her thoughts were far away.

"I wonder who he is?" she whispered, gazing meditatingly at the box.

"A waiter, I should think," snapped the skipper.

The girl shook her head. "No, he is much too distinguished-looking," she said, seriously. "Well, I suppose he'll know me again."

The skipper felt that he wanted to get up and smash things; beginning with the man in the box. It was his first love episode for nearly ten years, and he had forgotten the pains and penalties which attach to the condition. When the performance was over he darted a threatening glance at the box, and keeping close to Miss Jewell, looked carefully about him to make sure that they were not followed.

"It was ripping," said the cook, as they emerged into the fresh air.

"Lovely," said the girl, in a voice of gentle melancholy. "I shall come and see it again, perhaps, when you are at sea."

"Not alone?" said the skipper, in a startled voice.

"I don't mind being alone," said Miss Jewell, gently; I'm used to it."

The other's reply was lost in the rush for the 'bus, and for the second time that evening the skipper had to find fault with the seating arrangements. And when a vacancy by the side of Miss Jewell did occur, he was promptly forestalled by a young man in a check suit smoking a large cigar.

They got off at Aldgate, and the girl thanked him for a pleasant evening. A hesitating offer to see her home was at once negatived, and the skipper, watching her and the cook until they disappeared in the traffic, walked slowly and thoughtfully to his ship.

The brig sailed the next evening at eight o'clock, and it was not until six that the cook remarked, in the most casual manner, that his sister was coming down to see him off. She arrived half an hour late, and, so far from wanting to see the cabin again, discovered an inconvenient love of fresh air. She came down at last, at the instance of the cook, and, once below, her mood changed, and she treated the skipper with a soft graciousness which raised him to the seventh heaven. "You'll be good to Bert, won't you?" she inquired, with a smile at that young man.

"I'll treat him like my own brother," said the skipper, fervently. "No, better than that; I'll treat him like your brother."

The cook sat erect and, the skipper being occupied with Miss Jewell, winked solemnly at the skylight.

"I know *you* will," said the girl, very softly; "but I don't think the men——"

"The men'll do as I wish," said the skipper, sternly. "I'm the master on this ship—she's half mine, too—and anybody who interferes with him interferes with me. If there's anything you don't like, Bert, you tell me."

Mr. Jewell, his small, black eyes sparkling, promised, and then, muttering something about his work, exchanged glances with the girl and went up on deck.

"It is a nice cabin," said Miss Jewell, shifting an inch and a half nearer to the skipper. "I suppose poor Bert has to have his meals in that stuffy little place at the other end of the ship, doesn't he?"

"The fo'c'sle?" said the skipper, struggling between love and discipline. "Yes."

The girl sighed, and the mate, who was listening at the skylight above, held his breath with anxiety. Miss Jewell sighed again and in an absent-minded fashion increased the distance between herself and companion by six inches.

"It's usual," faltered the skipper.

"Yes, of course," said the girl, coldly.

"But if Bert likes to feed here, he's welcome," said the skipper, desperately, "and he can sleep aft, too. The mate can say what he likes."

The mate rose and, walking forward, raised his clenched fists to heaven and availed himself of the permission to the fullest extent of his vocabulary.

"Do you know what I think you are?" inquired Miss Jewell, bending towards him with a radiant face.

"No," said the other, trembling. "What?"

The girl paused. "It wouldn't do to tell you," she said, in a low voice. "It might make you vain."

"Do you know what I think you are?" inquired the skipper in his turn.

Miss Jewell eyed him composedly, albeit the corners of her mouth trembled. "Yes," she said, unexpectedly.

Steps sounded above and came heavily down the companion-ladder. "Tide's a'most on the turn," said the mate, gruffly, from the door.

The skipper hesitated, but the mate stood aside for the girl to pass, and he followed her up on deck and assisted her to the jetty. For hours afterwards he debated with himself whether she really had allowed her hand to stay in his a second or two longer than necessary, or whether unconscious muscular action on his part was responsible for the phenomenon.

He became despondent as they left London behind, but the necessity of interfering between a goggle-eyed and obtuse mate and a pallid but no less obstinate cook helped to relieve him.

"He says he is going to sleep aft," choked the mate, pointing to the cook's bedding.

"Quite right," said the skipper. "I told him to. He's going to take his meals here, too. Anything to say against it?"

The mate sat down on a locker and fought for breath. The cook, still pale, felt his small, black moustache and eyed him with triumphant malice. "I told 'im they was your orders," he remarked.

"And I told him I didn't believe him," said the mate. "Nobody would. Whoever 'eard of a cook living aft? Why, they'd laugh at the idea."

He laughed himself, but in a strangely mirthless fashion, and, afraid to trust himself, went up on deck and brooded savagely apart. Nor did he come down to breakfast until the skipper and cook had finished.

Mr. Jewell bore his new honours badly, and the inability to express their dissatisfaction by means of violence had a bad effect on the tempers of the crew. Sarcasm they did try, but at that the cook could more than hold his own, and, although the men doubted his ability at first, he was able to prove to them by actual experiment that he could cook worse than they supposed.

The brig reached her destination — Creekhaven — on the fifth day, and Mr. Jewell found himself an honoured guest at the skipper's cottage. It was a comfortable place, but, as the cook pointed out, too large for one. He also referred, incidentally, to his sister's love of a country life, and, finding himself on a subject of which the other never tired, gave full reins to a somewhat picturesque imagination.

"SARCASM THEY DID TRY, BUT AT THAT THE COOK COULD MORE THAN HOLD HIS OWN."

They were back at London within the fortnight, and the skipper learned to his dismay that Miss Jewell was absent on a visit. In these circumstances he would have clung to the cook, but that gentleman, pleading engagements, managed to elude him for two nights out of the three.

On the third day Miss Jewell returned to London, and, making her way to the wharf, was just in time to wave farewells as the brig parted from the wharf.

From the fact that the cook was not visible at the moment the skipper took the salutation to himself. It cheered him for the time, but the next day he was so despondent that the cook, by this time thoroughly in his confidence, offered to write when they got to Creekhaven and fix up an evening.

"And there's really no need for you to come, Bert," said the skipper, cheering up.

Mr. Jewel shook his head. "She wouldn't go without me," he said, gravely. "You've no idea 'ow particular she is. Always was from a child."

"Well, we might lose you," said the skipper, reflecting. "How would that be?"

"We might try it," said the cook, without enthusiasm.

To his dismay the skipper, before they reached London again, had invented at least a score of ways by which he might enjoy Miss Jewell's company without the presence of a third person, some of them so ingenious that the cook, despite his utmost efforts, could see no way of opposing them.

The skipper put his ideas into practice as soon as they reached London. Between Wapping and Charing Cross he lost the cook three times. Miss Jewell found him twice, and the third time she was so difficult that the skipper had to join in the treasure-hunt himself. The cook listened unmoved to a highly-coloured picture of his carelessness from the lips of Miss Jewell, and bestowed a sympathetic glance upon the skipper as she paused for breath.

"It's as bad as taking a child out," said the latter, with well-affected indignation.

"Worse," said the girl, tightening her lips.

With a perseverance worthy of a better cause the skipper nudged the cook's arm and tried again. This time he was successful beyond his wildest dreams, and, after ten minutes' frantic search, found that he had lost them both. He wandered up and down

for hours, and it was past eleven when he returned to the ship and found the cook waiting for him.

"We thought something 'ad happened to you," said the cook. "Kate has been in a fine way about it. Five minutes after you lost me she found me, and we've been hunting 'igh and low ever since."

Miss Jewell expressed her relief the next evening, and, stealing a glance at the face of the skipper, experienced a twinge of something which she took to be remorse. Ignoring the cook's hints as to theatres, she elected to go for a long 'bus ride, and, sitting in front with the skipper, left Mr. Jewell to keep a chaperon's eye on them from three seats behind.

Conversation was for some time disjointed; then the brightness and crowded state of the streets led the skipper to sound his companion as to her avowed taste for a country life.

"I should love it," said Miss Jewell, with a sigh. "But there's no chance of it; I've got my living to earn."

"You might -- might marry somebody living in the country," said the skipper, in trembling tones.

Miss Jewell shuddered. "Marry!" she said, scornfully.

"Most people do," said the other.

"Sensible people don't," said the girl. "You hav'n't," she added, with a smile.

"I'm very thankful I hav'n't," retorted the skipper, with great meaning.

"There you are!" said the girl, triumphantly.

"I never saw anybody I liked," said the skipper, "be—before."

"If ever I did marry," said Miss Jewell, with remarkable composure, "if ever I was foolish enough to do such a thing, I think I would marry a man a few years younger than myself."

"Younger?" said the dismayed skipper.

Miss Jewell nodded. "They make the best husbands," she said, gravely.

The skipper began to argue the point, and Mr. Jewell, at that moment taking a seat behind, joined in with some heat. A more ardent supporter could not have been found, although his repetition of the phrase "May and December" revealed a want of tact of which the skipper had not thought him capable. What had promised to be a red-letter day in his existence was spoiled, and he went to bed that night with the full conviction that he had better abandon a project so hopeless.

With a fine morning his courage revived, but as voyage succeeded voyage he became more and more perplexed. The devotion of the cook was patent to all men, but Miss Jewell was as changeable as a weather-glass. The skipper would leave her one night convinced that he had better forget her as soon as possible, and the next her manner would be so kind, and her glances so soft, that only the presence of the ever-watchful cook prevented him from proposing on the spot.

The end came one evening in October. The skipper had hurried back from the City, laden with stores, Miss Jewel having, after many refusals, consented to grace the tea-table that afternoon. The table, set by the boy, groaned beneath the weight of unusual luxuries, but the girl had not arrived. The cook was also missing, and the only occupant of the cabin was the mate, who, sitting at one corner, was eating with great relish.

"Ain't you going to get your tea?" he inquired.

"No hurry," said the skipper, somewhat incensed at his haste. "It wouldn't have hurt *you* to have waited a bit."

"Waited?" said the other. "What for?"

"For my visitors," was the reply.

The mate bit a piece off a crust and stirred his tea. "No use waiting for them," he said, with a grin. "They ain't coming."

"What do you mean?" demanded the skipper.

"I mean," said the mate, continuing to stir his tea with great enjoyment—"I mean that all that kind'artedness of yours was clean chucked away on that cook. He's got a berth ashore and he's gone for good. He left you 'is love; he left it with Bill Hemp."

"Berth ashore?" said the skipper, staring.

"Ah!" said the mate, taking a large and noisy sip from his cup. "He's been fooling you all along for what he could get out of you. Sleeping aft and feeding aft, nobody to speak a word to 'im, and going out and being treated by the skipper; Bill said he laughed so much when he was telling 'im that the tears was running down 'is face like rain. He said he'd never been treated so much in his life."

"That'll do," said the skipper, quickly.

"You ought to hear Bill tell it," said the mate, regretfully. "I can't do it anything like as well as what he can. Made us all roar, he did. What amused 'em most was you thinking that that gal was cookie's sister."

The skipper with a sharp exclamation leaned forward, staring at him.

"They're going to be married at Christmas," said the mate, choking in his cup.

The skipper sat upright again, and tried manfully to compose his features. Many things he had not understood before were suddenly made clear, and he remembered now the odd way in which the girl had regarded him as she bade him good-night on the previous evening. The mate eyed him with interest, and was about to supply him with further details when his attention was attracted by footsteps descending the companion-ladder. Then he put down his cup with great care, and stared in stolid amazement at the figure of Miss Jewell in the doorway.

"I'm a bit late," she said, flushing slightly.

She crossed over and shook hands with the skipper, and, in the most natural fashion in the world, took a seat and began to remove her gloves. The mate swung round and regarded her open-mouthed; the skipper, whose ideas were in a whirl, sat regarding her in silence. The mate was the first to move; he left the cabin rubbing his shin, and casting furious glances at the skipper.

"You didn't expect to see me?" said the girl, reddening again.

"No," was the reply.

The girl looked at the tablecloth. "I came to beg your pardon," she said, in a low voice.

"There's nothing to beg my pardon for," said the skipper, clearing his throat. "By rights I ought to beg yours. You did quite right to make fun of me. I can see it now."

"When you asked me whether I was Bert's sister I didn't like to say 'no,'" continued the girl; "and at first I let you come out with me for the fun of the thing, and then Bert said it would be good for him, and then—then——"

"Yes," said the skipper, after a long pause.

The girl broke a biscuit into small pieces, and arranged them on the cloth. "Then I didn't mind your coming so much," she said, in a low voice.

The skipper caught his breath and tried to gaze at the averted face.

The girl swept the crumbs aside and met his gaze squarely. "Not quite so much," she explained.

"I've been a fool," said the skipper. "I've been a fool. I've made myself a laughing-stock all round, but if I could have it all over again I would."

"That can never be," said the girl, shaking her head. "Bert wouldn't come."

"No, of course not," asserted the other.

The girl bit her lip. The skipper thought that he had never seen her eyes so large and shining. There was a long silence.

"Good-bye," said the girl at last, rising.

The skipper rose to follow. "Good-bye," he said, slowly; "and I wish you both every happiness."

"Happiness?" echoed the girl, in a surprised voice. "Why?"

"When you are married."

"I am not going to be married," said the girl. "I told Bert so this afternoon. Good-bye."

The skipper actually let her get nearly to the top of the ladder before he regained his presence of mind. Then, in obedience to a powerful tug at the hem of her skirt, she came down again, and accompanied him meekly back to the cabin.

"'GOOD-BYE,' HE SAID, SLOWLY; 'AND I WISH YOU BOTH EVERY HAPPINESS.'"

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No. III.—A CENTURY OF BEAUTY.

1807
Duchess of St. Albans.

1814
Countess of Tankerville.

IS beauty in woman really a fixed standard, or is it a fashion, a caprice in public taste, changing from century to century, even from decade to decade? In spite of the theory of the learned German that the lovely Cleopatra was only four feet high, had red hair and a snub nose, yet in modern times, at least, the beauty of 1907 is only a modification of the beauty of 1807. Beauties may die, but beauty still remains. The style of features, like the fashion of coiffure, jewellery, or corsage, may alter. Undoubtedly it does alter. Blondes give way to brunettes, tall women replace short women, the Leech girl yields to the Gibson girl, but whosoever traverses our long gallery of leading beauties of the nineteenth century can have no doubt that English beauty is really perennial.

The reigning beauty of the year! Looking back over Court and society memoirs for the year 1807 one finds that she was then the Duchess of St. Albans. Following her Grace two other duchesses, of

1808
Duchess of Richmond.

1813
Lady Charlotte Campbell.

1809
Duchess of Rutland.

1812
Countess of Euston.

1810
Lady Langham.

1811
Countess Cowper.

1815
Lady Catherine Howard.

1828
Countess Blessington.

1827
Marchioness of Londonderry.

1826
Miss Croker.

1816
Miss Barton.

1825
Countess of Rosebery.

Richmond and of Rutland, enjoyed an almost regal pre-eminence. One reads in the fashion journals of the day—*Le Beau Monde* and *La Belle Assemblee*—of the charms of Lady Langham, Countess Cowper, and the Countess of Euston. In those days, indeed, beauty was almost a patrician privilege, although now and then, as at all times, extreme perfection of form and feature raised the most lowly-born into high places.

On the fair Lady Charlotte Campbell, on the Countess of Tankerville, and on Lady Catherine Howard many encomiums were passed by noted connoisseurs in female beauty. In 1816 Miss Barton was considered the handsomest young woman of the day, while in the following year Lady Augusta Baring was undeniably the belle of the season.

On the beauty of the Hon. Mrs. Howard, Miss Selina Meade, and Mrs. Marjoribanks it is needless to dwell at length. No one who sees their pictures can fail to fall a victim to their charms. The beautiful Lady Lyndhurst and the Lady Maria Theresa Lewis, the latter a sister of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, inspired Sir Thomas Lawrence with two of his most striking portraits; while in the

1817
Lady Augusta Baring.

1824
Miss Wilson.

1818
The Hon. Mrs. Howard.

1823
Lady Maria Theresa Lewis.

1819
Miss Selina Meade.

1820
Mrs. Marjoribanks.

1821
Lady Lyndhurst.

1822
The Lady of Ilkdale.

1829 Lady Suffield.

1842 Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope.

1841 Mrs. Lister.

1840 Viscountess Folkestone.

1830 Lady Agnes Byng.

1839 Lady F. Cowper.

year 1825 the stately Countess of Rosebery, grandmother of the present Earl, shone unrivalled in a firmament of stars.

Few who read of the recent death of Lady Barrow will be able to recall to their minds the year 1826, when, known as the beautiful Miss Croker, she was, without exception, acknowledged to be the most lovely woman of her day.

Beauty continued to follow beauty in rapid succession, until in 1835 we find another Countess Cowper occupying the place of honour. Lady Frances Cowper, daughter of the fifth Earl, and the Viscountess Folkestone were among the eight lovely train-bearers at the Coronation of Queen Victoria, while the accomplished Mrs. Anderson held at that time the position of pianist to her late Majesty.

Mrs. Lister was the acknowledged belle of the '41 season, while the next year Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, one of Queen Victoria's bridesmaids and the mother of the present Lord Rosebery, won all hearts by her youthful charm.

The Hon. Charlotte Augusta Flower, a daughter of the fourth Viscount Ashbrook, was the reigning beauty of the year 1844, while in the following season Lady Victoria Talbot, one of a family noted for

1831 Marchioness of Clanricarde

1838 Hon. Letitia Vivian.

1832 Viscountess Barrington

1837 Mrs. Anderson.

1833 Baroness le Despencer.

1834 Lady Ernest Bruce.

1835 Countess Cowper.

1836 Lady Frances Fletcher.

1843
Lady Caroline Capel.

1856
Miss Vyner.

1855
Mrs. Ffyshe.

1854
Duchess of Wellington.

1844
The Hon. Charlotte Augusta Flower.

1853
Marchioness of Ailesbury.

the beauty of its womenkind, had all London at her feet. Lady Ashley, Miss Craven, and Mrs. Rose were among the next to captivate society, until in 1849 the beautiful Mrs. Verschoyle eclipsed all others by her exquisite perfection of form and features. The Countess Rossil, with her dark, almost Spanish type of beauty, was the next to compel the admiration of the connoisseur, while in 1853 the celebrated Marchioness of Ailesbury was undoubtedly the most lovely woman of the day.

In these days, when it is apparently the fashion to belittle and decry anything and everything English; when a section of the Press takes delight in opening its columns to those who would point the finger of scorn at our national heritage of comeliness of form and feature, nor hesitate to draw invidious comparisons between this and other nationalities, invariably to the advantage of the latter, it is a welcome relief to the patriot to gaze upon the portraits of the beautiful

1845
Lady Victoria Talbot.

1852
Anna Maria Porter.

1840
Lady Ashley.

1851
Countess of Surrey.

1847
Miss Craven.

1848
Mrs. Rose.

1849
Mrs. Verschoyle.

1850
The Countess Rossil.

1857
Lady Louisa Hamilton.

1870
Mrs. Wheeler.

1869
Mrs. Berens.

1868
Miss Adelaide Neilson.

1858
Countess of Malmesbury.

1867
Mrs. Gore.

women and lovely damsels who flourished but a generation or two ago, and to reflect that, so long as England maintains the high standard of beauty reached by the belles of the fifties and sixties, she never need fear the rivalry of other nations in this respect.

What country, for example, could produce fairer women than Lady Caroline Capel, than Lady Louisa Hamilton, the Countess of Malmesbury, or than Miss Goodlake?

Even in the seventies and early eighties, when the cult of ugliness was at its zenith, the ugliness was not of Nature's making, and Englishwomen still continued to maintain their high reputation for beauty—a beauty sadly handicapped, however, by the hideous fashions of dress and of coiffure which were then in vogue.

In the year 1868 that great tragedienne, Adelaide Neilson, although barely twenty years of age, had already established her claim to rank with the leading actresses of the last century. Her Juliet, according to the eminent critic, Joseph Knight, was perfect, while her Julia has never been surpassed. Although of humble birth, the daughter of an obscure actress, she nevertheless achieved

1859
Lady Peel.

1866
Lady Borthwick.

1860
Lady Dufferin.

1865
Countess of Dudley.

1861
Miss Goodlake.

1862
Lady Poltimore.

1863
Lady Slade.

1864
Lady Tenterden.

1871. Miss Kate Vaughan.

1884. Miss Violet Cameron.

1883. Mrs. Coleridge Kennard.

1882. Mrs. Robert Webster.

1872. Mrs. Moncrieff.

1881. Mrs. Langtry.

many brilliant successes in society, where her striking beauty and rare charm of manner rendered her an ever-welcome guest.

Two other actresses, Kate Vaughan and Kate Santley, were among the next to swell the ranks of beauty, while in 1874 Mrs. Cornwallis West was undeniably the most beautiful woman of the season. The graceful Mrs. Bolton, who was the belle of 1875, was succeeded in turn by Lady Lamb and Lady Gormanston — two ladies of a very similar type of beauty; and they in their turn had to yield place to the charming young actress, Maude Branscombe, whose histrionic talents must still be familiar to the majority of present-day playgoers. In 1881 Mrs. Langtry, the "Jersey Lily," and the pampered pet of society, made her first bow to the public from the stage of the Haymarket Theatre. Mention of Miss Violet Cameron, who in 1884 was considered the most beautiful woman of the year, must inevitably remind us of the palmy days at the old Savoy, where this gifted singer appeared in so many of Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful operas. In 1885 that popular cantatrice, Miss Florence St. John, was at the

1873. Miss Kate Santley.

1880. Mrs. Plowden.

1874. Mrs. Cornwallis West.

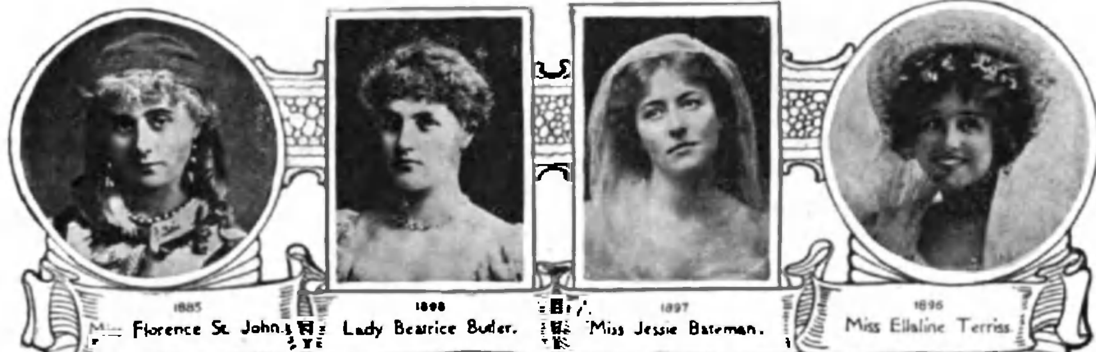
1879. Lady Ribblesdale.

1875. Mrs. Bolton.

1876. Lady Lamb.

1877. Viscountess Gormanston.

1878. Maude Branscombe.



1885 Miss Florence St. John. 1898 Lady Beatrice Butler. 1897 Miss Jessie Bateman. 1896 Miss Ellaline Terriss.

1886 Miss Mary Rorke.

1887 Miss Coralie de Vere.

1888 Duchess of Leinster.

1895 Miss Violet Wood.

1894 Miss Marie Studholme.

1893 Countess of Annesley

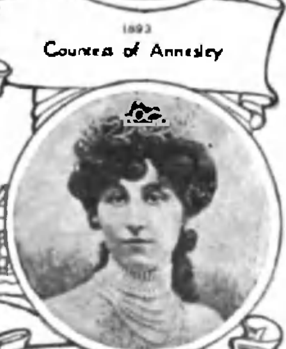
height of her fame ; while a year later the distinguished actress, Miss Mary Rorke, was tasting the sweets of a well-deserved popularity.

There is no need to recapitulate the charms of the Duchess of Leinster or the Countess of Warwick ; the fame of their beauty is world-wide. In 1891 the pretty young actress, Miss Mary Ansell, leapt suddenly into public favour, and was shortly afterward wooed and won by the popular author of "The Little Minister."

The beautiful Countess of Dudley has proved one of the most popular Vicereines Ireland has ever had. She is, moreover, an ideal hostess, and Dublin Castle —the scene of many a historic *fete*—has never perhaps entertained such a brilliant company of guests as those whose privilege it is to attend the Viceroy's receptions. The Countess of Annesley, who, as a *debutante*, made quite a sensation, will be familiar to many as a most accomplished and popular leader of Irish society.

1889 Miss Mabel Love.

1890 Countess of Warwick 1891 Miss Mary Ansell.



1892 Countess of Dudley.

1899
Viscountess Castlereagh.

1906
Miss Phyllis Dare.

1900
Miss Ruth Vincent.

1905
Miss Zena Dare.

The beauty of Miss Marie Studholme is well known to the present-day theatre-going public. In 1896 Miss Ellaline Terriss appeared with signal success in "The Runaway Girl" and other popular productions. Miss Jessie Bateman is not only a stage beauty; she is, in addition, an accomplished actress, and has scored many successes at the Haymarket and other theatres. The Viscountess Castlereagh, daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, is still one of the most beautiful women in society. Miss Ruth Vincent succeeded in capturing all hearts in the world of light opera. Both the Duchess of Westminster, the charming daughter of Mrs. Cornwallis West, and Miss Gwladys Wilson are well known as society beauties.

The lamented death of Miss Gaynor Rowlands robbed the stage of a true type of English beauty. Of Miss Gabrielle Ray and those two clever sisters, the Misses Zena and Phyllis Dare, there is little need to speak.

1901
Duchess of Westminster.

1904
Miss Gaynor Rowlands.

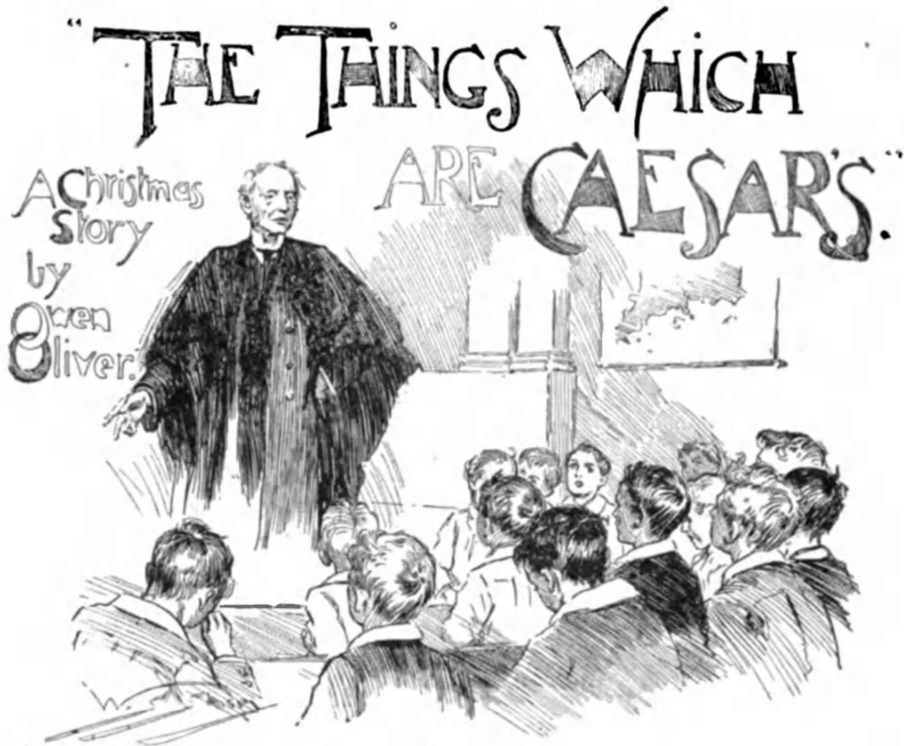
1902
Miss Gwladys Wilson.

1903
Miss Gabrielle Ray.

Miss Adelaide Neilson, Mrs. Langtry, Miss Florence St. John, Miss Mabel Love; Photos. London Stereoscopic Co. Miss Kate Vaughan, Miss Kate Santley, Miss Maude Branscombe, Miss Mary Ansell, Miss Violet Cameron, Miss C. de Vere, Miss Mary Rorke; Photos. Elliott & Fry. Duchess of Westminster, Countess of Annesley, Lady Beatrice Butler; Photos. Lafayette. Miss Gabrielle Ray, Miss Marie Studholme; Photos. W. & D. Downey. Miss Violet Wood, Miss Gwladys Wilson; Photos. Langfier. Miss Gaynor Rowlands, Photo. Johnston & Hoffmann. Miss Zena Dare; Photo. Foulsham & Banfield. Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss Ellaline Terriss; Photos. Bassano. Miss Jessie Bateman; Photo. Dover Street Studios. Countess of Dudley; Photo. Lallie Charles. Duchess of Leinster; Photo. Ellis & Walery. Miss Ruth Vincent; Photo. Sarony. Viscountess Castlereagh, Countess of Warwick; From Paintings by Ellis Roberts.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE CAESAR'S."

A Christmas Story by Owen Oliver.



"OLD CÆSAR" was not the man to flinch at adversity. There was no tremor in his voice when he addressed the boys before they broke up for the Christmas holidays, and said good-bye to the school which he had governed for thirty years.

"You may get a better head master," he concluded, "or one you like better"—the furious shouts of denial drowned his voice for some minutes—"you will never get one more anxious to do well by the school." He paused again during the outbreak of cheers. "If you think that of me—Yes, yes; I believe that you do—remember one thing about 'Old Cæsar,' and pass it on to the new boys to keep in the school. 'We called the old head "Cæsar,"' you can tell them, 'because he was always preaching to us to give Cæsar what is Cæsar's. He meant that we were to be fair to one another, and to everyone; that we were never to deny the debts that we owe for kindness or help; that we were to do good and not merely do well.' Remember that all through your lives and you won't go far wrong. You mayn't climb so far up the ladder of life, but you won't pull anybody else down. Good-bye; and God bless you all!"

His voice did not break even then; and he was cheery—almost jovial—when he shook hands with the boys, one by one, as was his custom. Some of the elder lads were a trifle inarticulate in their farewells; a few of the juniors rubbed their eyes with their cuffs; Jenkin, the scapegrace of the school, snivelled undisguisedly; but Old Cæsar never faltered.

He still kept a brave countenance when they had all gone and he strode away to his sanctum to write the reports, and after he had closed the study door; and that day and the next, till the afternoon of Christmas Eve, when he received a present, bought with a hasty subscription that the boys had raised in the train. Their kindness hit him in a soft spot which adversity had missed.

He was writing the last report when the parcel came, and the sun was just setting over the long fields of snow which he saw from his window. The snow kept the day-

light after its time; but it was almost dark before he ceased blinking at the new gold watch and the accompanying card:—

Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.
With much respect and great regret,
From the School.

"The young rascals!" he said, in a voice which tried vainly to be calm. "They know I've always set my face against presents to the masters. The young rascals! We understood one another!"

"We understood one another," he repeated, with a shaky note of triumph, when it had grown too dark to re-read the card; and sat a long time, staring at the quiet snow and pondering over the understanding between him and his boys. Sometimes he pushed back his scanty grey hair, and sometimes he sighed, and sometimes he smiled, for the understanding had been shown on occasions in curious ways. Once the upper classes had a "book tea," and the prize went to Ravenhill, who carried a battered old Latin volume without a cover—"*C. Julii Cæsaris. De Bello Gallico.*" It stood for "Our respected head master," of course! On another occasion the lower school secret society (which was no secret to *him*) had passed a resolution: "Old Cæsar is a beast, but no one is to say so, because he's fair." They understood one another. That was the sum total of it all. "The things which are Cæsar's!" Yes, he had fairly earned this tribute from his boys—his boys no longer.

His boys no longer. He paced slowly up and down the study, with his hands under his coat-tails, his long, lean fingers wrestling with one another, wondering who would buy this charge of three hundred young souls, and how he would deal with them. Would he keep a watchful but kindly eye upon Jenkin? Would he foster the queer, perverse talent of White? Would he allow for the constitutional nervousness of Smith? Would he guard against the outbreak of bullying in the lower school? Would he understand when *not* to interfere—the hardest lesson that a schoolmaster has to learn? In short, would he aim at turning out scholars or men?

Graham would have grown men in the school, if he could have handed it on to him as he intended. He had been with him for eighteen years, and had been his second for twelve. He would have had no uneasiness in giving over the reins to Graham. But he had not meant to resign them to anyone for some years yet. He was only sixty-two, and hale and hearty; and the school was doing better than ever. He had contemplated an addition to the west wing. He had eleven thousand pounds in sound stocks before those swindling bucket-shop circulars tempted him to put it in a salted gold-mine. Now he could barely pay his loss, even by selling the school. His lawyer had hinted at "composition" and "arrangement," but he would have none of it. The school was no longer his, but his creditors'; though his loss was more than their gain. To them it was only money; to him it was—the school! The school that he had made what it was; that he had enlarged six-fold; that year by year he had improved and altered; for which day by day he had thought and planned. Anyhow, he had made the school one to be proud of. He would look round it now to see the work of his hands, and know that it was good.

The lights were not lit in the empty rooms and corridors, but he knew every inch of the place in the dark; knew where each individual boy worked, and played, and slept. He could always locate a disturbance by the ear, and tell what boys were there, and how they would behave. "Hassall's dormitory," he would mutter, listening to the sound of a pillow-fight. "He won't let them go too far"; and he would walk away. "Ward's room and Legge's. There's bad blood between them," he would conclude, and burst upon them like an outraged Providence. He knew the inner life of the school better than anyone but Graham suspected; for to him the school was wife, and child, and friend.

This was the general room for the masters. The enlargement which he had made five years before began at this board that he felt in the dark with his foot. The small billiard-table was his last year's Christmas present to them. The queer-shaped, tall arm-chair had come from his own room. Graham said that it just fitted his back, so he gave it to him; and he left it "to keep a place" in the old room when he married and had a house of his own. The consequences of his folly were hard on Graham. He had never told him that he was to have the school, but he must have understood. Who but Graham had a right to succeed to it? And who was so fit to rule it as good-humoured, ruddy, burly old Graham? How slowly he spoke, and how his mind *leapt!* And how he understood boys! Boys and the making of men. Old Cæsar sighed and frowned at himself in the dark.

The rocking-chair was Dale's present to the room when he left. "Dandy Dale" they called him. He was still a dandy when he

came down last summer, though twenty years had passed and he had grown prosperous and middle-aged and fat. Old Cæsar saw him still as a tall, slim young man, languidly stroking his well-groomed moustache. *He* had the knack of managing boys. The school would have been safe with him. Carroll, Lewis, and Handley were good men, too. He had been lucky with his masters. The dusk seemed peopled with them. He almost whispered "Good night" as he closed the door.

The new baths and gymnasium that he had spent a year's profits on were here, but the doors were locked; the carpenter's shed, built to his own design, was outlined against the snow; this was the class-room for the very little boys. He seemed to see chubby faces, and hear shrill, eager voices as he entered: "Oh, *please*, sir!" "*Do*, sir!" Little Edwards, who ailed so long, sat in the third row next to the stove; and after he moved up the place belonged to little orphaned Ryatt, who came youngest of any, and used to toddle beside Old Cæsar, holding his hand. Now Ryatt was Ambassador at Berlin. And fierce, red-haired little Batchelor, whose hot temper gave him so much anxiety, but who grew up such a fine lad; and Mason, the dearest little curly-headed chap; and Payne, who would have been his top boy if he had stayed; and so many others. The room was full of them —the children of a childless man.

He went through many other class-rooms, and stood for a few minutes in each, looking round in the darkness, with his thin chin on his thin hand. Sometimes he stood by the windows, gazing thoughtfully over the stretch of untrodden snow. The snow-fields were not bare to him, but crowded with boys—boys who grew under his eyes to men. It was out there that they learnt, through their sports and games, the lesson of self-government, as he planned that they should. He had always insisted that they should manage their affairs for themselves. If he or Graham intervened it was only with an unobtrusive hint—a few words that seemed unpremeditated, but which they had often discussed for hours! "We must make men of them, Graham," he would say—"men!" And

"HE SEEMED TO SEE CHUBBY FACES, AND HEAR SHRILL, EAGER VOICES AS HE ENTERED."

Graham would draw away at his pipe and nod.

He came at last to the big hall, where his footsteps echoed hollowly. A single fire was alight to keep out the damp. He paused in front of it to warm himself. The flames blazed up intermittently and cast a monstrous shadow across the vacant benches, carved with a medley of initials. They were not vacant to him, but full of boys—boys at prayers, boys at work, boys at play, boys laughing with upturned faces, boys cheering, as they had cheered him the other day.

"We understood one another," he cried, almost fiercely, "my boys and I!"

The sound of his voice in the hollowness startled him. He shut his mouth sharply, frowned at himself for dropping even to himself his Spartan mask of restraint, and strode sharply away. He did not think where he was going. It was mere habit that took him to his own class-room — the room where he gave a few lessons to the most advanced boys; for, busy as he was with the management of the school, he could never quite forego the pleasure of teaching; and the boys who liked learning loved to have a lesson from "Old Cæsar," for he was a rare scholar, though humanity overrode scholarship in him.

"HE STOOD WITH HIS HAND ON THE DOOR-HANDLE FOR A FULL MINUTE BEFORE HE ENTERED THAT ROOM."

He stood with his hand on the door-handle for a full minute before he entered that room. He must collect himself, he felt, before he faced the ghosts in here; the boys who knew and understood him best, and who had been almost friends to him; the boys who were old enough and clever enough to be critical of his doings. He seemed as if he were going to judgment before them. And who else could fairly judge him? He would stand or fall by the judgment of his boys. He drew himself up and stalked into his place, leaving the door ajar. He could almost hear the rustle of books and the boys' voices greeting him; almost see Stanley, his last head boy, jump up and place his chair. A well-natured, clever lad that, and likely to do well. He placed his hand on the back of the chair and faced the form. A row of keen faces was watching him from the empty benches. He could not see the benches in the dark, but he could see *them*—his best boys!

Saunders caught his eye first — the earliest of his really brilliant boys. He was leaning back lazily, as usual; a short, sleepy-looking lad, with a girlish face and very light hair. He held his head a little on one side as he asked a question. There never was such a boy to put awkward questions. He would spend hours looking up a point to pose Old Cæsar, but Old Caesar found the way to pose *him*. He smiled now as he went over the scene again in the dark class-room.

"You have evidently looked up this point with the unkindly object of posing me, Saunders," he had said, dryly — and Old Cæsar could be very dry. "Perhaps you will put your knowledge to the more commendable use of instructing me. I do not know the answer. What is it?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," Saunders had said, promptly; and from that time the posers ceased. Saunders was a good boy, and now he was the leader of the Bar. He had to thank Old Cæsar for his prosperity, he always said, when he made his annual visit to him.

The next was Merrill, who was top of the school for nearly two years; a laughing,

jesting boy, as good at work as at play; making play of work rather. *He* was a famous comedian now and owned his theatre, and didn't remember a word of his school lessons—only the out-of-school lessons, he had told Old Cæsar—"the lessons that made men of us, sir!"

"You'd have been a man, anyhow, Merrill," he told the empty benches. "You couldn't help it. I had only to drum learning into *you!*"

Then there was Richards, who had passed from knowledge, and Temple, who became a missionary and died of fever, and Nugent—frank, handsome Nugent, who went so suddenly to the bad. Old Cæsar had spent a summer holiday finding him and setting him on his feet again. Now he was a prosperous and respected citizen. He would help readily enough if he knew of this trouble, and so would the rest of them; but it was out of the question that he should ask help from his boys. They owed him nothing; he had only done his duty to them; but he wanted to be clear that he had given them good measure.

There was Mason also; never the top boy, but perhaps the cleverest, and now a painter of renown.

"I'm sorry I didn't get top, sir," he had said, when he left, "but lessons aren't in my line. I'm afraid I've disappointed you a bit: but—you haven't had a fellow here who's thought more of you, sir."

He had thought a lot of Mason, too—a *lot* of Mason.

Topliffe and Wainwright were good boys also. They were all good boys, all of them—unless—he had never been quite sure about Harwood.

Harwood had become a millionaire—the president of trusts and the chairman of "rings." If the world gave him credit it was for turning out Harwood; but Harwood wouldn't give any of the credit to him. He had no respect for the things that belonged to Cæsar—or anyone. If he wanted a thing he would have it; and Old Cæsar was not sure that he was always scrupulous about the means. He had never known him absolutely dishonest or untruthful; but he sailed near the wind sometimes. He had talked to him seriously upon several occasions, but Harwood had received the admonitions sullenly; and though he had improved, or seemed to improve, during his last term, Old Cæsar had feared that this was rather from policy than from conviction, and their parting had not been a happy one.

"I hope, Harwood," he had said, "that you will turn out a good man. I am sure you will be a successful one."

Harwood had looked at him in his obstinate, broad-shouldered way.

"Cæsar will have to look out for his own!" he had said. "For succeed I will!"

Old Cæsar had never seen him since, and did not want to. That a boy should leave him despising his favourite counsel was an outrage, and such a boy could come to no good. But it was not *his* fault. He had done his best for Harwood—for all of them. He leaned forward to the empty benches and held up his hand.

"Boys!" he said, solemnly, "I did my best with you. The results of my work have gone from me; but the work that I put into you remains, and the world is richer for it. I have made *men*. And I shall make them no more!"

"No more!" There comes a time to every man when these words are more than words to him. It came then to Old Cæsar.

He groped for his chair in the dark, and sat down on it with his face in his hands. The door that was ajar opened softly, but he did not hear.

"My dear old chief!" It was Saunders's voice grown older. "Why didn't you send and tell us?"

"*We'll* see you through!" That was Wainwright.

"We have a right to, sir." That was Topliffe.

"The prodigal sons, come home rich, and all that sort of thing, you know!" He would have known it was Merrill said that, if he hadn't recognised the voice.

"Why, hang it all, sir," cried Nugent, "all I have is yours!"

"My *dear* old chief," said Mason, huskily, "we owe it to the *world*—the men who've got to be—that you should go on here. Good old maker of men!" Mason had always understood him best.

They wrung his fingers and put substantial hands on his shoulders, these ghosts; tall, sturdy ghosts with moustaches and beards. Some of them had grown portly and some of them were a trifle bald; but they laughed like boys, and boys they were to him.

"My dear lads!" he said. "My dear lads! So you have heard? And you come—of course you come—to offer help to me. I can't take it; but you are kind, most kind! You've wives and families, and I can't rob them. 'The things which are Cæsar's!'"

"Most of what we have is Cæsar's," said a decisive, broad man in the background; "and Cæsar has no right to refuse the tribute that is his."

The old man gave a sudden cry.

"THE DOOR THAT WAS AJAR OPENED SOFTLY, BUT HE DID NOT HEAR."

"Harwood!" he said. "My boy!"

"Harwood," said the broad man.

And in the dark their hands found each other.

"There's nothing on my hand that you need mind shaking it," said the blunt voice. "It's due to you that I've made my pile cleanly, and I don't mind who hears me own it. Graham wrote and told me; and I dug out the other fellows and brought them, because—well, they were better chaps at school than I was, and I thought you'd like to have them round you. 'The things which are Cæsar's!'"

"You, too, Harwood!" cried Old Cæsar, eagerly. "You, too! Everybody who was ever at the school! I—I—confound it all!—I'm growing into a snivelling old man! My boys!—my boys!"

"MY BEST PICTURE."

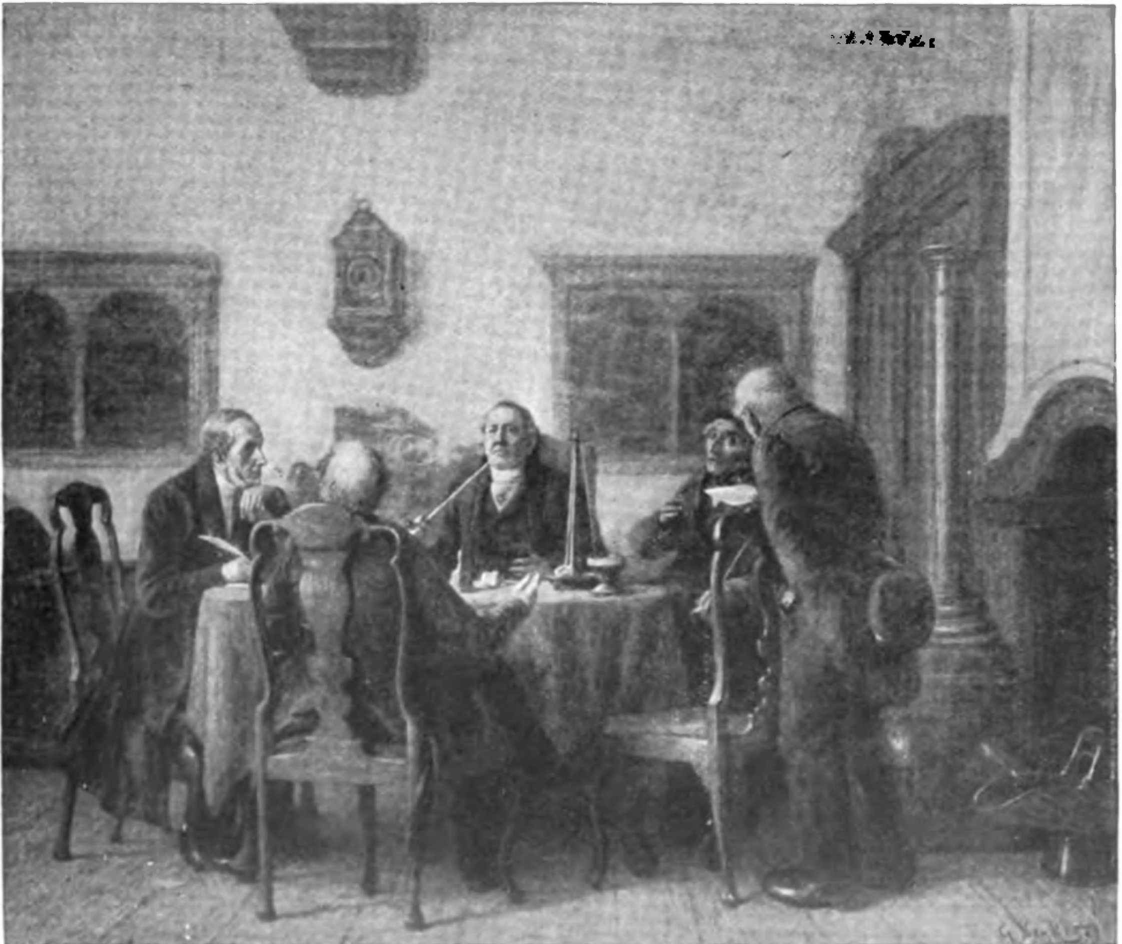
No. VII.—THE CHOICE OF EMINENT DUTCH PAINTERS.

By Adrian Margaux.

THERE is no other country whose art to-day is more distinctively national than that of Holland. Extraneous influences count for very little with the Dutch painters, who are content to work on in the spirit and method of the great fellow-countrymen whose names are writ large in the history of art. This strong feeling of nationality, however, necessarily carries with it some limitation in purpose. In the present, as in the past, classical and imaginative subjects — the poetry and fantasy of life—have little attraction for Dutch painters; their efforts are almost entirely devoted to the representation of their land and its people in their more familiar and homely aspects. As will be seen from the examples the most eminent of their number have chosen as best representing them to the readers of The Strand Magazine, the quiet scenery of their native country and domestic incidents within its simple habitations continue to be their favourite themes.

Of Dutch "interiors" Josef Israëls has been by far the most famous creator during the past thirty years. Although in his eightieth year Israëls is still in active work, but, unfortunately for the purpose of this article, was unable to express a preference for any one of the numerous pictures he has produced in the course of his long career. "I take them all at the same value," the old man declared to me.

Among the disciples of Israëls the first place is usually given to Gerke Henkes, who has, however, developed some distinctive qualities of his own. The picture of his choice, "In Committee," was painted in 1892, when he was just achieving the reputation he has ever since enjoyed, the original



"IN COMMITTEE." By GERKE HENKES.
Selected by the Artist as his Best Picture.

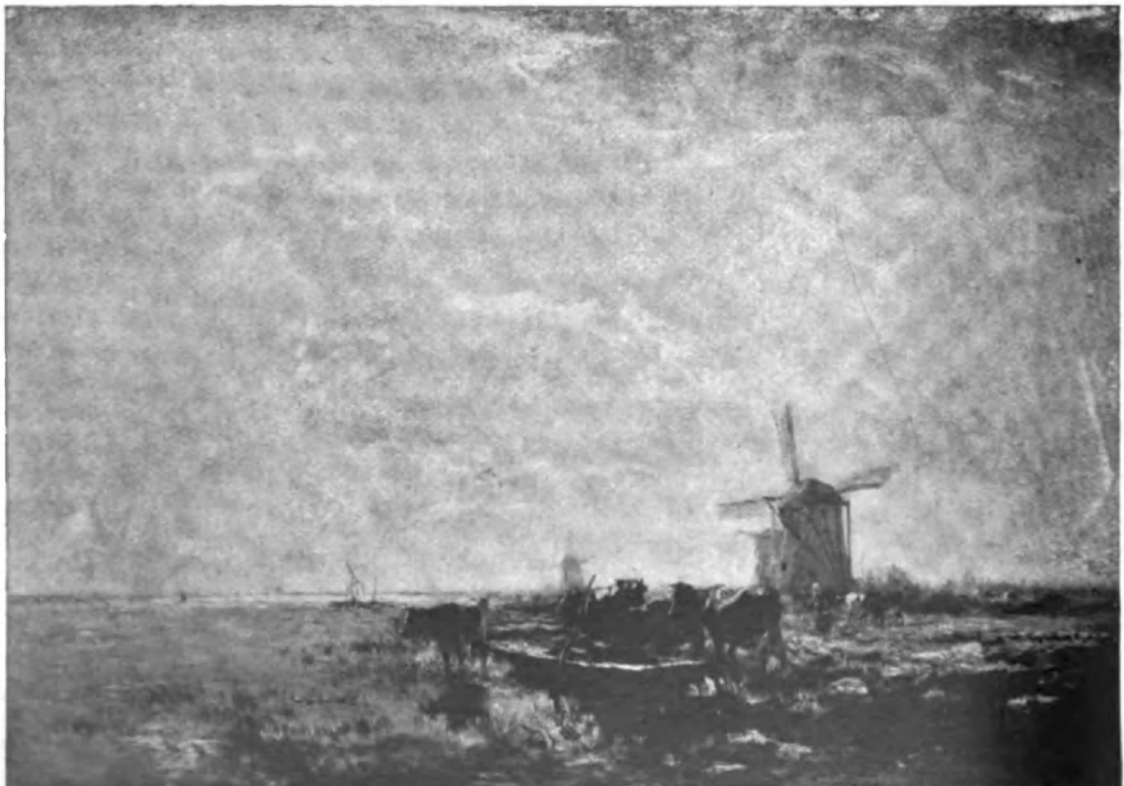
sketches, however, being made several years earlier. It was awarded a gold medal at the Amsterdam Exhibition by a jury of which Josef Israëls was at the head. The artist has since retained the picture in order that he might be represented by it at all the important foreign exhibitions to which he is invited to contribute.

The committee portrayed by the picture is that of one of the orphan homes that are such excellent institutions in Holland, and its members are typical of the grave and reverend fathers to which the affairs of such places are always entrusted. The picture incidentally illustrates the Dutch love of tobacco, which tolerates smoking as an accompaniment of all kinds of business. The old gentleman who is acting as chairman, it will be noticed, is already enjoying his "churchwarden"—as we should call it—whilst pipes for the other members are readily at hand in a rack on the table, which also contains a jar of tobacco. The stove with the tall pillar and the clock suspended on the wall should also be noted as characteristic articles of old Dutch furniture. Henkes makes a feature in all his pictures of accessories such as these, and in his house at Voorburg, a suburb of The Hague, he has a large store of them, collected from old houses of all kinds in the course of sketching tours.

Gerke Henkes is a native of Delfshaven, near Rotterdam, where he was born sixty-two years ago. He studied at the academies of Rotterdam and Antwerp, and afterwards in Paris and Germany for some time, but in spite of this foreign training his work has always been purely Dutch, both in style and subject. Among his other best-known pictures are "The Deacons' Pew," "A Friend's Advice," and "Leaving Church."

As Gerke Henkes is to Josef Israëls, so William Maris—it may, perhaps, be said—is to Anton Mauve, the distinguished landscape painter, whose death occurred two or three years ago. In "A Dutch Meadow" the cattle are not so conspicuous as they usually were in the work of Mauve, but in other respects this favourite picture of William Maris reveals similar powers. "A Dutch Meadow," it may be added, occupied the place of honour at a recent exhibition of modern Dutch art in Lefevre's Gallery, St. James's.

William Maris is one of three brothers who have won distinction as painters. Jacob, who paints both landscapes and interiors,



"A DUTCH MEADOW." By WILLIAM MARIS.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

(By permission of Messrs. Lefevre, King Street, St. James's.)

and Matthys, who abandoned the brush after producing some imaginative works of brilliant promise, were trained in the best French ateliers, and it was from his two elder brothers that William received all his instruction in the technique of the studio. His first important landscape was produced in 1868, at the age of thirty-one, and now hangs in The Hague Museum. M. Maris, who, except for a voyage to Norway, has never quitted Holland, lives near the Dutch capital, amidst the rich meadows and silvery streams he delights to depict. This peaceful life contrasts with that of his brother Matthys, who lived for some years in Paris and took an active part in favour of the Commune.

"THE HARBOUR OF HARDERWYK." By W. B. THOLEN.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.
(Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Wallis & Son, The French Gallery.)

In the opinion of some good judges the coming man in Dutch art is W. B. Tholen. Exceptionally versatile for a Dutch painter, he has won a reputation with sea pictures and canal pictures, street scenes and landscapes, interiors and figures, which is already extending far beyond the Netherlands. In his own opinion, it will be seen, the best piece of work he has produced up to his present age of forty-six has for its subject the harbour of Harderwyk, a small seaport on the Zuyder Zee, with its fleet of barges and smacks. Among the boats are scattered a number of picturesque figures, whilst a huge windmill provides a characteristic background on one side, and on the other the open sea is visible through the masts of the shipping. It was as "a representation of the neighbourhood of the sea" that the subject attracted Tholen, and the happy inspiration to paint it came to him, he tells me, in the course of a sailing tour a year or two ago. The picture, it may be added, is now in the possession of Messrs. Wallis and Son, the London art dealers.

Although comparatively young, Tholen has won medals and other distinctions in most of the European art centres, including Paris, London, Munich, Brussels, etc. For the last ten years he has lived at The Hague, on the edge of the famous wood between the capital and Scheveningen.

"The reason for my choice," says M. N. Van du Waay, in reference to the picture, "A Friendly Circle," reproduced on the next page, "is, in the first place, my sympathy for the persons represented in it, and, in the second place, because it seems to me that I have tolerably well succeeded in giving good portraits and at the same time the picturesque intimacy of a friendly evening assembly.

"The gentlemen represented are the mem-

bers of a small society of friends (under the initials M.A.B.) who came together first when in their teens nearly thirty years ago, and keep together still in excellent friendship, meeting every fortnight at the house of one of their number, and entertaining themselves in discussing fine arts and music. They are all of them painters and musicians.

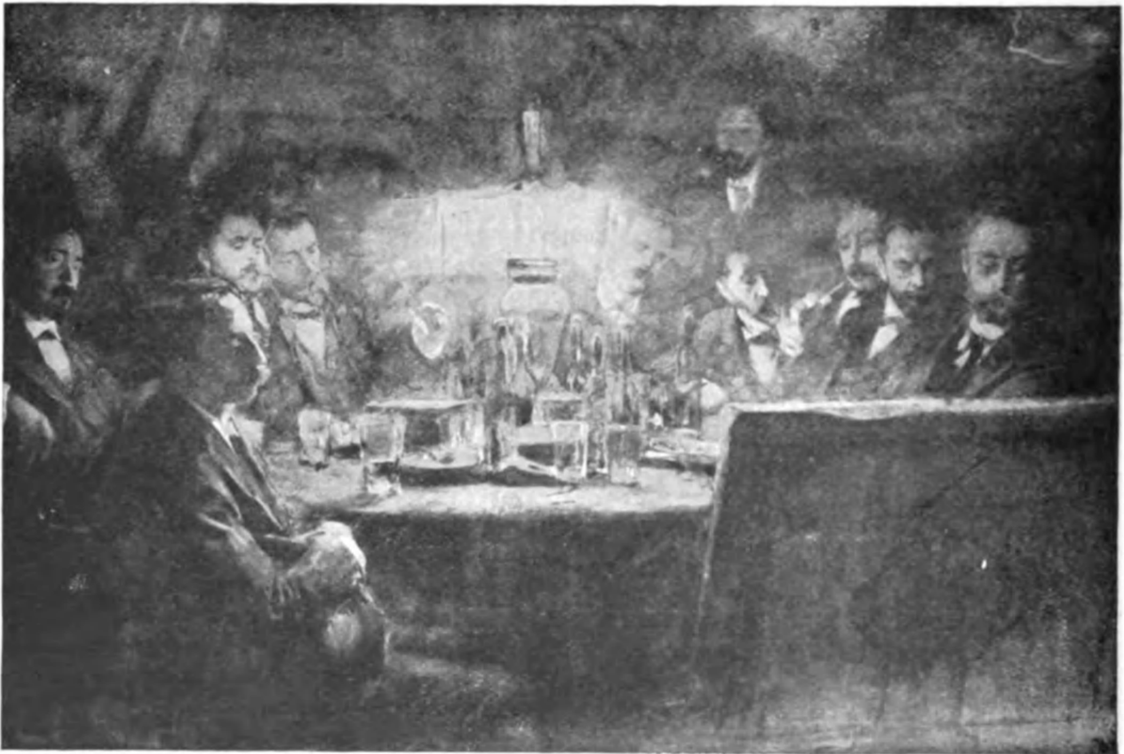
"The figure standing in the background is the owner of the studio, where the company sit round the table and examine one of his works. I gave him that position because I wanted a standing figure in the composition, while it gave him, at the same time, the air of awaiting and listening to critics of his picture. The sitting figure, half concealed by the lamp, is my own effigy at the time (1895)."

"A Friendly Circle" has been exhibited at Amsterdam and Brussels, and is now on view at the Crystal Palace, Munich.

M. N. Van du Waay, who has just turned fifty, won the gold medal of the Paris Salon last year with his picture, "Orphan Girls Going to Church." He is a professor at the Amsterdam Academy, where his earliest training in art was obtained. Subsequently he studied in Italy, and from year to year has visited all the principal art galleries of Europe. At the annual exhibitions in Munich his figure-paintings have been as successful as at those of Amsterdam, where he resides.

M. Louis Apol has become famous in Holland as a painter of snow and ice, and the picture by which he is represented gives us what is doubtless the best view of the country under its winter aspect to be found in contemporary Dutch art.

Apol has been painting since the age of fifteen, and his first exhibited picture—curiously enough, in the light of his subsequent career—was "A Summer Idyll." This was painted at the age of nineteen. Shortly afterwards Apol won the Royal Art Scholarship, and this ensured him an artistic education. He might have remained an undistinguished painter, however, but for the circumstance of his volunteering for the Dutch expedition in search of the North Pole, in 1880. The young artist did ordinary sailor's work on the *William Barents*, but in the Arctic regions, nevertheless, he had the opportunity of making studies and sketches which, on his return, were worked up into pictures that became very popular. Some years later he painted a huge panorama of Nova Zembla, which attracted large crowds in Amsterdam and other cities in which it was on view. His work, it should be added,



"A FRIENDLY CIRCLE." BY N. VAN DU WAAY.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

has won Academic as well as popular appreciation, Amsterdam, Liége, Munich, and Philadelphia having bestowed medals upon him for pictures exhibited in those cities.

Apol now has his studio at The Hague, where he was born fifty-six years ago. But for some years he resided in the Guelderland, that delightful district in Central Holland which was once the duchy of Guelders, and it was here, I believe, that he painted the picture to which he has given preference.

In the case of the painter, M. Willy Martens, who has been a frequent exhibitor at Bond Street picture-shows, we are obliged to give only his "second-best." "Feeding the Chickens" was his first choice, but this canvas happened to have been sold recently by a London art-dealer and its present possessor could not be traced. In reference to this picture the artist remarked: "It represents a woman and child feeding the chickens. The general tone, although a shadow-tone reflected by sunlight, is kept as clear as possible. It is this effect of light which I prefer to paint on account of the special difficulties to surmount—*i.e.*, to keep *the shadow clear* against the brilliant sunlight in the background."

"Gathering Brambles," the artist's second choice, is also an example of this kind of painting. "In this," he says, "the figures are taken in the full sunlight, and I tried to give the full brilliancy of it together with the blonde character of the Guelderland tone of the landscape."

"WINTER IN HOLLAND." By LOUIS APOL.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

Martens is the son of a Java merchant and was born at Samara in 1850, but was brought to Holland before he was six months old. Educated at the Commercial School of Amsterdam with a view to his father's business, he soon showed a stronger inclination for the studio than the counting-house. The merchant consented to his son becoming a painter on condition that he first passed through the full commercial course, and this condition the young man successfully fulfilled, becoming an exceptionally good linguist in a nation of linguists. After a term at the Amsterdam Academy he proceeded, in 1881, to Paris, where Bonnat and Cormon were among his masters. Martens settled for eleven years in Paris, during which time he acted on the Hanging Committee at the Salon and was appointed to the Legion of Honour. For many years past he has resided at The Hague, where he is one of the most popular members of the Pulchri Studio, the leading Dutch art club. Among

other work, he has painted panoramas of Pompeii and the Commune, as well as a number of portraits, including that of the Queen of Holland.

W. C. Nakken is one of the few Dutch artists who have sought their subjects chiefly in foreign countries. M. Nakken's favourite hunting-grounds have been the orchards and woods of Normandy and the forests of the the woodcutter's hut, where they are having a little food and rest, are employed in the conveyance of wood which is used for the making of *sabots*, the wooden shoes commonly worn in this part of France. The method by which they carry it to adjacent villages is illustrated in the case of one of the animals, who is bearing his accustomed burden across the big wooden saddle.

"GATHERING BRAMBLES." By WILLY MARTENS.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS ONE OF HIS BEST PICTURES.

Ardennes, in Belgium. The subject of his choice was painted in the woods of St. Gatien (Calvados Department) nearly thirty years ago. The original sketch was made on a summer day, but the picture was not painted till the following winter, some time after his return home to The Hague, when he converted it into a winter scene by means of studies made on a snowy day at the back of his house, where there is a big garden containing a large shed.

"The Wood-Carriers" needs a little explanation, perhaps, to those who have not travelled in Normandy. The horses grouped around

This picture, which was purchased for the collection of modern art in the Amsterdam Museum, won a medal for M. Nakken at the Philadelphia International Exhibition in 1876, whilst a companion picture, showing practically the same scene in summer-time, was awarded the gold medal of William III. of Holland.

M. Nakken, who is a native of The Hague, has passed his seventieth birthday, but is working with unabated vigour. The placid tenor of his successful life has been disturbed by at least one dramatic episode. This happened at Beuzeville (Eure) during

"THE WOOD-CARRIERS." By W. C. NAKKEN.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

the Franco-Prussian War. M. Nakken was peacefully sketching, when he was taken for a German spy, and he had a narrow escape from being shot.

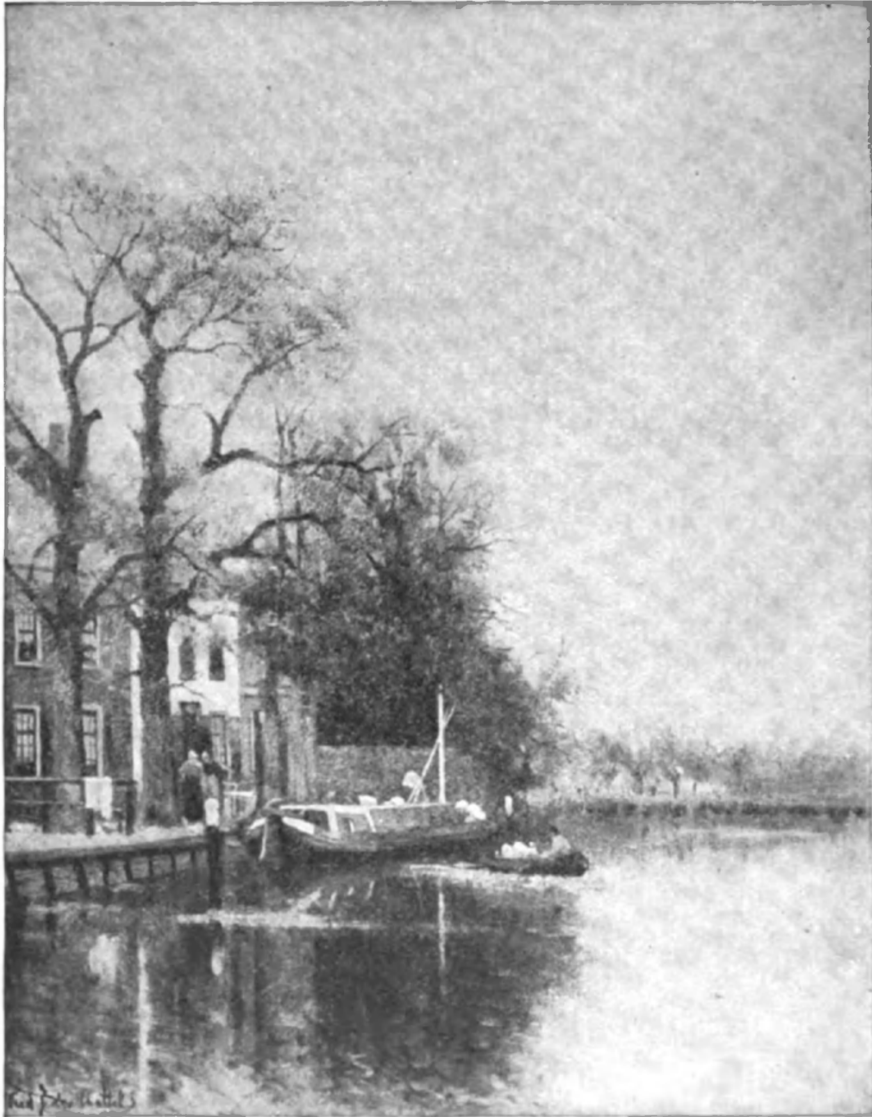
Motherhood has been the special theme of H. J. Haverman, although he has painted pictures of some variety, including scenes witnessed during a tour of Spain, Algiers, and Morocco. Motherhood, as portrayed by M. Haverman's brush, has the characteristic gravity of his nation. In the eyes of a French artist the mother is usually a coquettish young woman dandling a laughing infant. M. Haverman's mother, as exemplified in the picture he has chosen for reproduction, is full of the cares of maternity, taking a passionate pleasure in her child whilst oppressed by anxiety for its welfare. It is a mother of the people whom he prefers to paint, whose children are not born with silver spoons in their mouths and have to be brought up by the stress and striving that bring the lines of age prematurely upon the woman's face.

"MOTHER AND CHILD." By H. J. HAVERMAN.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

This "Mother and Child" was painted four or five years ago, when M. Haverman, who is forty-seven, had already made his name for pictures of this kind. A native of Amsterdam, a course of training at its

Academy was followed by some years of study in Antwerp and Brussels, and travel in the South of Europe. M. Haverman, who lives at The Hague, has been awarded several foreign orders and medals, and has exhibited more than once at the Fine Art Society, London.

Among Dutch landscape painters, M. Fred du Chattel is distinguished for the varied beauty which, without leaving Holland, picture is on the River Vecht, at the village of Vreeland, between Amsterdam and Utrecht. Moored by the little pier is the sailing-barge which conveys passengers and goods every day between the village and Amsterdam. The picture was painted direct from Nature in the early morning before the boat started, the artist, it may be supposed, taking up the same position with his easel day after day.



"THE VILLAGE BOAT." By F. DU CHATTEL.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

he has been able to introduce into his work. In his search for subjects he has wandered over three provinces—Guelderland, Drenthe, and North Holland—which are declared to be "as different in character as the fair-haired Swedish maiden, the Italian black-eyed beauty, and the French piquant coquette." The scene of his favourite

For twenty-five years Du Chattel, who has just turned fifty, has been in the habit of spending part of the spring and autumn on the banks, stopping with his family at the village inn, and diversifying his sketching with fishing and rowing. "The Village Boat" is consequently selected from a large number of pictures of the district. It has

apparently not won its painter any distinction, although M. du Chattel has been the recipient of numerous orders and medals, besides being honoured by the purchase of his pictures for the national collections at Amsterdam and The Hague. The son of a Leyden picture restorer, the success of M. du Chattel—as all the fellow-artists among whom he lives at The Hague would readily admit—is the result entirely of his own unaided exertions, and of a profound love and careful study of Nature coupled with a remarkable talent.

Among the younger artists of Holland no one is likely to have a more brilliant future than Isaac Israëls, a son of the great veteran Josef Israëls. His father has the most unbounded faith in the young man's talent, and declares that at the same age he himself did not paint nearly so well. Impartial critics have formed high opinions of young Israëls's work, but are inclined to think that his success is due to his father's training, a view which the old man will not allow to pass unchallenged. Isaac Israëls, like his father before him, has studied in Paris, and he still has a studio on the Boulevard Clichy, where he spends part of the year. He paints interiors also, but is beginning to develop an individuality of his own, as is evidenced, I think, by the picture, which he regards as the best he has so far produced.

"THE WORKROOM." By ISAAC ISRAELS.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.
(Reproduced by kind permission of J. B. Van Stolk, Scheveningen, owner of the picture.)

"The Workroom" is a vivid piece of realistic painting in a world far removed from the simple Dutch homes with which his father's fame was associated. It was painted at Paquin's famous dressmaking establishment in the Rue de la Paix, every girl's face in the picture being studied, I believe, from life by means of the facilities which M. Paquin readily granted to the promising son of a great artist.

THE MASTER OF THE "STYX."

A STORY OF A SUBMARINE.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

[A brief outline of this story and of the daring attempt by the Swedish officer, Gustavos, to reach the shores of America in a submarine were referred to very recently in the columns of a prominent French newspaper. It has since been my privilege to interview Mr. John Adamson, the English co-partner in the venture, and to relate in his own words a full account of one of the most amazing exploits in the history of submarine navigation.—M. P.]

I.

YES, it is perfectly true. I set sail from the port of Le Havre on the third day of May, and was fifteen days at sea in the Swedish submarine, to which the inventor has given the name *Styx*. Call me any name you please for going, say that I was as mad as a March hare, and madder, and you shall find me silent. The thing was Folly crowned, imbecility made glorious. I have never attempted to deny it, and shall not do so now.

Then, how came it that I went at all? Why did I desert my comfortable chambers in Clement Danes, forget I was to be married to the dearest girl in London in six weeks, sacrifice my business prospects, my happiness, my future—why did I do this while reason remained to me and some glimmering of common sense was still among my possessions? Sirs, I will tell you in a word. That word shall be "Gustavos."

You do not know Gustavos, perhaps, though certainly you will have heard of his boat. I was in your happy position twelve months ago; would to Heaven I had remained there! A free man in a free country, contented, prosperous, hopeful, I will not attempt to divine those whims of destiny which brought Gustavos (and a letter of introduction) to my office. Let it suffice to say that he came. Let it be enough that he fixed his eyes upon me, and that eight months of skilful manœuvring on the part of office-boys and clerks did not suffice to remove the tentacles of his optimism from me. Gustavos came and saw and conquered. I was up to my shoulders in his schemes before a year had passed. The very fortunes of the Rothschilds threatened to pale before the riches which were to become ours.

Imagine a man of medium height, ridiculously thin, with shining black eyes and an umbrella as glossy to match them perfectly. Say that he wore a light brown dust-coat whatever the state of the weather. Give him very big boots, a pointed beard, a mass of curly black hair, and a voice like the whisper of a dove. Say that he had a pocket-book—"big as that"—packed to bursting-point with the schemes which were to make our fortunes. Do this and you have Gustavos in your mind's eye. His other name need not concern you. I myself did not know for many months that he had another name at all. He was just Gustavos, and that was enough for me.

There were many schemes, I remember, which, as Gustavos said, were to "make the Rothschilds feel the draught"; but the particular scheme that chained my interest was that of the "cabin" submarine, so small that it could be carried aboard the least important Government warship, so wonderful in its capacities for endurance that Gustavos invariably maintained his ability to cross the Atlantic in it whenever such a feat should be required of him.

"My vessel is by petrol driven," he would declare, "but more I shall not say to you. I have engine of hundred horse-power, and yet I shall carry of the essence sufficient to cross the Atlantic Ocean when to that the mind is given. The Governments, attracted by the minuteness of my ship, shall contract freely for his supply. I am to be inspected by all the world. Nothing do I fear neither of the expert nor of the 'know-littles.' I, Gustavos, say that the boat is good. I fear no contradiction."

Let me admit graciously that this was not all bunkum, as the casual reader might infer. I went down to Plymouth, at Gustavos's invitation, and there witnessed a demonstration which convinced me of the justness of many of his claims. His boat, the *Styx*, though Heaven knows why he gave the name of an unpleasant river to a very bright-looking little ship—the boat, I say, was handy to a degree, exceedingly ingenious in her mechanical design, and full of the promise of commercial success. Three of us had lunch in her cabin and descended afterwards to the bottom of the dock. She rose to the surface like a cork, was capable of the neatest handling, and certainly seemed to satisfy all

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"I, GUSTAVOS, SAY THAT THE BOAT IS GOOD."

Government requirements. In the end I got up a little syndicate of five thousand pounds—and, woe is me, I made Gustavos a friend for life.

Now, was there ever such a man to write letters, to call, to send telegrams? I used to be kept busy all day merely reading the magnificent effusions which Gustavos poured out. Had his boat been a sick child, he could not have displayed a more tender interest in her welfare. Day by day, almost hour by hour, came some report of her bodily condition, the state of her behaviour, and a new promise of her success. Our efforts in Throgmorton Street were all too slow for Gustavos. We could do nothing to satisfy him.

"The Governments of the world shall buy this ship," he would write, "but first the British Government. I beg you, my dear comrade, that this matter be raised in Parliament as soon as with convenience it may be done. Let the Prime Minister be spoken to, and the First Lord also if it shall be wise. We have merits, but why do we hide ourselves under the bushel? Be up and doing, *en avant*—we are in sight of the fortress and the golden city has called us to enter therein."

To this amazing rigmarole I wrote an answer that the Admiralty was considering the matter, but that there were so many submarines in the market that a striking demonstration of the capabilities of ours would be necessary if we were to compel the authorities to hear us. The answer to this was a triumph even for Gustavos. I think it filled five sheets of note-paper in a handwriting almost indecipherable. A demonstration was needed! Then the world should have a demonstration! The universe should ring with it. He thanked me for my candour.

"The die is thrown to Fortune," he wrote. "I go to America in my boat. Be at Le Havre on Tuesday next without fail. Wednesday morning shall find me on the Atlantic."

II.

I MUST tell you that I was very busy at the moment, and naturally so, in view of the fact that I was to be married in six weeks' time. The routine work at the office had been unusually exacting that month, and, one way or the other, I came to the conclusion that it was absolutely impossible to go to Le Havre. So I wrote to Gustavos and told him as much. Unhappy day that sent the letter! His retort was altogether worthy of him. It consisted, I think, of eight telegrams in the space of four-and-twenty hours. There were two letters by most posts and more by others. The telephone went all day. Do you wonder that I succumbed? Are you surprised that I ransacked my mental dictionary for all those terms which might fittingly describe Gustavos and his ship? The *Styx!* He would have gone there speedily if my wish could have made the deed. In the end I went to Le Havre like a lamb—by the night boat from Southampton. Twenty-four hours later Gustavos was to sail.

I must be candid enough to admit that directly the annoyance this persistency caused me had passed away I found myself enormously interested in so daring a venture. The idea of reaching the shores of America in a submarine has dazzled the engineers of

many countries. They have talked of it, pooh-poohed it, invited it, alike vainly. I alone had found an inventor plucky enough to put his claims to the test and to risk his own life in their achievement.

It must be granted that the boat to be used was somewhat larger than the one we were trying to sell to the British Government. She had a cabin worthy of such a man and his schemes. Her engines, six-cylinder petrol — of one hundred and twenty-five horse-power, to be accurate — looked neat and workmanlike enough for anything. A great admirer of the late Jules Verne, I could not but praise this twentieth-century conception of his *Nautilus* and the realistic achievement of the amazing Gustavos. For the man was above all things an artist. The cigar-like shape of his vessel was a triumph of sweet curves and graceful outline. There was even a small deck, on which, as he told me, "there shall be a cigar smoked after dinner."

As to the petrol necessary to carry him across the Atlantic, the storage of that remained his secret. I am sure that he employed every square inch of room for the purpose. Seats and tables, bunks and cupboards, there was a petrol tank hidden away in every one of them. And, as he added, triumphantly, "I do not propose that there shall be undue rapidity—it is my purpose to cross the Atlantic. What shall forbid me to hoist a sail when the wind blow therein?"

I said that nothing forbade, and pledged him in a bottle of villainously sweet champagne. We had dined together at the Hôtel de France, and I had promised him to sleep on the *Styx* afterwards and to leave for London by the midnight train. How it came to be I do not know, but my company seemed to be almost indispensable to this man of undoubted genius. We had not two ideas in common—I the man of markets, he the dreamer—and yet he clung to me as though I had been the very fount of all his inspiration.

"You shall come to the ship and afterwards to London, Mr. Adamson," he said. "I have great resolution while you remain. Sir, I make your fortune and that of your friends, but it is more to me to have your personal esteem. If we fail—I admit the possibility—if we fail, it will be enough that they say of me, 'He did his best for Mr. John Adamson.'"

He was not a little affected, and I said what I could to put him at his ease. It would have been about eight o'clock at night when we quitted the hotel, and a quarter of an hour later when we arrived at the quay off which the *Styx* was moored. Comparatively late as the hour was, a small gathering of spectators testified to the interest this seafaring community felt in our venture, and perhaps a general wonder at its madness. I have always thought that, in spite of the French newspaper the *Echo de France*, no one took us very seriously. There have been many sensational accounts of intended voyages in submarines; the conquest of the Atlantic is the earliest thought of many an inventor who has yet to put his boat into the sea. Who can blame the good people of Le Havre, then, if they exclaimed, "Ah, this brave Gustavos! He is like the others—but we will believe when he has done it"?

For myself I hardly knew what to think. There was this cigar-shaped vessel lying in the estuary—here was my friend Gustavos, as solemn a man as ever I have seen in all my life. Everything, he told me, was ready to the last bolt and the smallest nut. His crew was not less determined, certainly no less voluble than he. A giant nigger, christened Caleb; a mite of a Frenchman, by name Revel, served him with stanch devotion. These two good fellows squatted upon the steel deck as I went aboard. They were ready, they told me, to sail when and where Gustavos wished. I asked them no questions, nor did their presence convince me that this daring voyage would ever be embarked upon seriously.

I shall never forget that scene in the port of Le Havre, or the remarkable hours that followed upon it. The night was one of summer twilight, which lingered upon the spreading waters; but with it there mingled the red and green lights of ships, and the twinkling stars which denoted anchorage. Behind us the great seaport of Le Havre lay half in shadow, a splendid outline, suggesting untold mysteries of a city's life and the beginning of those nocturnal gaieties which are so much more amusing in conception than realization. Gustavos himself was at the very zenith of hope and enthusiasm. A hundred times he narrated to me the exact sequence of his plans, the daily routine he would follow, and the course he would pursue upon his arrival in America. I listened patiently and with wonder that grew from hour to hour. How if this mighty attempt were crowned with success, I asked myself! What, indeed, if this splendid man did really make the shores of America as he had promised to do! Would not the whole world ring with the story of his achievement? Would not every official tongue hasten to

cry, "Great is Gustavos and his boat"? Truly it appeared so, and, the financial aspect of such an achievement presenting itself suddenly to the eye of my greed, I dreamed for an instant of a fortune so great that the Rothschilds should be as children before me.

I say that I dreamed, and the statement is not wholly a figurative one. Few men could have long resisted the soporific influences of the worthy Gustavos's tongue; he had not been talking (without a break) for more than one hour and a half when I fell fast asleep upon the bunk he had allotted to me, and knew no more until a fierce ray of sunlight fell blindly upon my eyes, and I awoke with a start to discover that a new day had dawned. This by itself was no disquieting fact, but turning upon my bed and raising myself suddenly upon my elbow I was conscious that the lamp in the cabin no longer preserved a sober perpendicularity and that the yacht rolled horribly to the music of swishing seas. But half awake and wholly failing to understand the situation, I climbed from my bunk to the floor, and thence through the manhole to the small steel deck which had been Gustavos's greatest boast. And there I learned the truth—that the *Styx* had sailed, and that the port of Le Havre lay already far behind us.

III.

I SHALL not here dilate upon the scene which passed between Gustavos and myself when I discovered in what manner he had tricked me. I am a strong man and he is a weak one. If there be any argument which can unnerve me, it is that of tears. And these the worthy fellow shed abundantly.

"Mr. Adamson, sir," he protested, "how shall you be angry with me? Are you not my mascot? Will we come to America for the fortune of the Vanderfellers if you are not go with me? Sir, you are a brave man and will forgive me. Yonder is the great Atlantic Ocean. We shall cross him together—we shall dare all, as Columbus have dared him. And then the peoples shall cry, 'Here is Mr. Adamson, who have crossed the ocean to come to us.' Ah, sir, you will not be angry with me?"

It is impossible to be long angry with a man whose every word brings a smile to your lips. The whole adventure had been so cunningly planned, the prospects were so dazzling, my own situation so odd, that I did what ninety-nine of every hundred Britishers would have done under the circumstances, and boldly took my chances with Gustavos. Sink or swim, it should be America now, I said. For good or ill, I would throw in my lot with him. If I needed a spur, vanity

"THERE I LEARNED THE TRUTH—THAT THE 'STYX' HAD SAILED."

supplied it. Let this voyage succeed, and the whole world would ring with the story. So much it was impossible to deny. Even my love at home must delight in such a triumph. The monetary rewards would atone a thousand times for all my seeming neglect of her.

In this mood I could but shrug my shoulders and remain silent when Gustavos pleaded with me. Here we were, far out in the Channel. The wide sea about us showed neither the shores of England nor of France. A glorious day of sunshine, a delicious breeze from the open ocean, stimulated a man's courage and brought the good colour to his cheeks. America—why not? Had Gustavos named the Poles I would as cheerfully have set out with him.

Now, all this was a good enough beginning, and the days that immediately succeeded did not belie the promise of the outset. The puny Frenchman, Revel, was our navigating officer, I discovered, and made himself responsible for the course and all pertaining to it. The nigger Caleb served for cook and steward and deck-hand in turn—a merry, grinning rogue, whose "Yaas, sar," was a delight to hear. We had good food in a way and a plentiful supply of excellent Scotch whisky. It had not been Gustavos's claim to sail all the way to America beneath the water, nor did he attempt anything so foolish. From time to time, indeed, we dropped below the surface—and just to show me how easily it could be done he ran right under the keel of the German liner *Bremerhaven*, with which we fell in when off the Scilly light.

The weather, I should tell you, held fair enough for five days after we left the Scilly light; and when, upon the sixth day, a heavy sea rolled up from westward we made no bones at all about it, but sank at once to a depth of thirty or forty feet, and were immediately in a region of the profoundest calms. At this time more than any other the miracle of the submarine boat made its sure appeal even to the unimaginative mind of a London stockbroker. I had grown accustomed at last to the unpleasant sensation of being boxed up in this shell of steel; and although there were moments of absolute cowardice—moments when I felt that I must escape my imprisonment or go mad—these nervous ebullitions gradually passed and, my confidence in the boat returning, I could stand in the conning-tower with Gustavos and watch those depths of the Atlantic as no other but he and I had ever watched them since the story of the world began.

How sublimely green the water was! How strange to see great fish butting at the glass, or to remember that up there above us the mighty Atlantic rollers were washing the decks of brave ships—it might even be were battering them to fragments! This I tried to realize, and yet I do not think that the mind could understand it wholly. The very stillness of the scene inspired an awe which no words can truly depict. We four would squat in that cabin, knowing that the most trifling accident might hold us prisoners to the end of time. The very peril of our situation forbade us to speak of it. Gustavos alone had courage entirely at his command. The ship was as his own child. She would not betray him.

So the hours of storm went until forty-eight were numbered; and then the wind veered southward. There was still a heavy swell running; but all aboard had a terrible craving for the good fresh air, and we came to the surface and breathed at the open hatch in turn as men who are drinking in a very draught of life itself. The long imprisonment had not been without its effect upon the nigger and the Frenchman; and the latter, I thought, developed a fit of sullen silence very foreign to his accustomed manner.

"There shall be trouble with the men," Gustavos said to me, when we returned to the cabin together; "it is the airs that we cannot give them, my friend. That make the violence and the glooms—even the best shall suffer so. Let us pray for the *beaux temps* that shall bring the smile to the cheek. We all go mad if we keep down here long enough."

I asked him if he were serious, and he assured me that he was.

"Too much of the compression spoil the head," he said, quite simply. "I do not joke with you, Mr. Adamson. The storm is our enemy. Let that pass, and I will bring you to America. If it remain—then in frankness I shall say I do not like him."

Let it be confessed that we would have been ashamed of such reflections ashore. But we were not ashore, and for the most part the time was spent in the close atmosphere of that heated cabin. Had the weather been kinder there would have been little opportunity for pessimism, but the swell still rolled heavily above us, our hatches were constantly closed, and we lay as long as three days together, afraid to call heavily upon our store of petrol, yet unable to employ the sail of which Gustavos had spoken so proudly. Such a state of things could not but be provocative of temper and unrest. The

nigger now began to surpass the Frenchman in sullen incivility; both were plainly on the brink of open mutiny and only waiting their opportunity. If Gustavos remained unconscious of the fact, his zeal alone blinded him. For my part, I hardly dared to sleep at all when ten days had passed. The eyes of the nigger were upon me perpetually. I seemed to hear his "Yaas, sar," wherever I turned, but it was a "Yaas, sar," uttered by a man who had an iron grip upon my throat.

This crisis came to a head on the third day after I had first become aware of its existence. We had tried to face the open sea in the early hours of the afternoon, but had speedily abandoned the attempt in face of the great seas that were running. Very tired with long and self-imposed vigils during the watches of the night, I took a blanket after our midday meal, and, the boat being sunk again to the depth of some thirty feet below the surface, I rolled myself up in a corner and quickly fell into a heavy sleep. Somehow or other men are less timorous by day, however unjustifiable their morning confidence may be. I could hardly shut my eyes after ten o'clock at night, and yet now, at two o'clock of the afternoon, I slept like a moujik. If dreams came to me, they were dreams to which my fears had grown accustomed. I saw the Frenchman with his dancing eyes and his odd, distressing manners; I heard the nigger's "Yaas, sar," and did not start because I heard it. So sound, indeed, was my sleep that a man set a heavy foot almost upon my chest before I actually awoke—and that man was Gustavos, my little friend, fighting for his very life.

"CLEARLY THE NIGGER HAD BEEN OVERTAKEN BY A FIT OF FRENZY."

It needed no second glance of mine to take in the situation or to understand how it had come about. Clearly the nigger had been overtaken by a sudden fit of frenzy, resulting from his long confinement in that vicious atmosphere; and, being unable to persuade Gustavos to send the boat to the surface, he had attacked him then and there with a heavy spanner he had just been using upon the engine. Not to be behindhand, what must the little Frenchman do but whip up a hammer and join in the fray as one who had been long determined upon it. No doubt these poor wretches were but half responsible for their deeds. Confinement and rank air had robbed them of their reason—an excuse, but no consolation to those who must either master them or forfeit their own lives in the endeavour.

On my side, when I started up from sleep and beheld my puny friend Gustavos reeling backward from the burly nigger's threatened attack, I did not believe he had the half of a minute to live. The heavy spanner poised in mid-air, the ruffian's grinning, distorted face, the horrible sounds he uttered, were as a nightmare which might well have paralyzed my faculties. If it did not do so, let me

claim nothing of the circumstance. I acted upon an impulse coming to me neither by reason nor reflection—just the flash of an instant, a wild and desperate resource which pulled Gustavos's legs from under him and let the great spanner fall crash upon the steel wall of the cabin with a blow that might very well have sent the whole of us to our doom. An instant later I had dived between the nigger's legs and thrown him headlong over my shoulders. His head struck the corner of the wooden box in which our accumulators were stored, and he lay senseless on the floor, a black, huddled shape in an atmosphere of night.

"I HAD THE MAN'S THROAT IN MY FINGERS AND THREATENED TO CHOKE HIM."

It had all happened while a man might have counted five — the nigger's terrific blow at space, his violent fall, the succeeding silence, and the tense moment of the truce. There were three of us left to continue it, and of these one had plainly lost his reason. I had hardly got upon my feet when the little Frenchman, Revel, sprang upon me with the ferocity of a beast upon his prey.

Biting, scratching, kicking, he had the strength of a baboon and the tenacity of an octopus, and when he got his arms about my body it seemed to me that the very life must be choked out of me where I stood. I have been through the ju-jitsu school, and used fondly to imagine that I could take good care of myself in any such encounter as this; but all the doctrine of non-resistance, the trick of "holds," and the science of the "counter-grip" were gone in an instant before this rabid attack, which would give way to no pain that I could inflict, and persisted even when I had the man's throat in my fingers and threatened to choke him. As for Gustavos, I know not to this day what effort he made to free me or what were his acts before the great coup came. I heard gurgling sounds coming from his throat; I saw him for an instant dancing about us as a Red Indian about a funeral pyre—but of help from him there was none. I must face this human tiger alone—and, God knows, I never believed that I might escape from him alive.

It is a curious fact that we are unconscious of fear in such moments as these. Fully aware as I was that, if no hand snatched those mad arms from me, I should be a dead man before many minutes had passed, I could yet survey my adversary quite calmly, remark the fearful pallor of his face, the madness in his eyes, and the unutterable anger which possessed him. My strength ebbing every instant, I had no desire now to contend with him, but only to have done with it quickly and fall inanimate from those terrible arms. All the dread of the scene, of the dark, rank cabin, all memory of our situation and of the still waters which surrounded us, passed from my mind. I seemed to be sinking down to the very depths, to be falling into an insensibility which was that of a

soothing sleep. Sight and sound and hearing—these plainly were passing from me. And then, in an instant, and as inexplicably, the whole equipment of my faculties returned to me. I lay free of Revel's grip—the hatch above us was open; fresh air streamed into the cabin; a bright ray of sunshine flashed upon our faces; the submarine rolled to the open swell of the ocean, and Revel, the man who would have killed me, stood sobbing like a child because he had not succeeded.

Such was the truth of it. Gustavos—my poor Gustavos—driven to his wits' end by terror of the scene, had cast off the great safety weight from the bottom of the *Styx* and sent us to the surface as a balloon to the skies. We should sink below the waves no more—but what mattered it? There lay the land, clear to our view. We had crossed the ocean and the American shore was ours.

IV.

I HAD got many a bruise in the rough-and-tumble, and for many minutes I lay upon the steel deck, scarce able to utter a single word—even a question—to the man who had saved me. That he had let go the great mass of iron attached, against perilous emergency, to the bottom of his boat, I already understood. Nor did it need a brilliant intelligence to see that the shock of our sudden rising had thrown my adversary off his balance and unloosed his mad grip from me. The sudden coming of the light, the inrush of the sweet fresh air, above all the master's frantic cry, "America! America!" were sufficient, Heaven knows, to account for the reaction which followed. I hardly blame the men; I would bring no public charge against them. Black hours of darkness had robbed them of their reason—the sight of a friendly shore restored it to them.

And so we had succeeded! And so to-day the world would know that a little submarine had crossed the Atlantic safely and made the vast continent of America. Be sure that we said all this many times, turning our eyes fondly to the distant land and imagining already the great reception that awaited us. No one aboard except the nigger had visited America previously, and he still lacked the clear brain to do anything but nurse his head and implore Gustavos to forgive him. Our navigating officer—as hitherto we had called him—the little madman, Revel, had no more idea than the man in the moon as to what part of the American coast we had thus tragically discovered, and he could but surmise that it lay in the vicinity of New Jersey.

Ignorant of America as I am, nevertheless I doubted this assumption. My geography had taught me that the New Jersey shore is exceedingly flat, while here was a coast-

"THERE LAY THE LAND, CLEAR TO OUR VIEW."

line of surpassing beauty—vast cliffs of stern rock rising to great height and sandy bays bewitching in their charm and solitude. The sea itself was fresh and tumbling and almost destitute of ships; but we espied a fishing-boat, distant some two miles from us, and made for her at once, that she might pilot us to the haven so ardently desired. After all, what did it matter where we stood or by what port we should first make the great news known? Did not success go with us now wherever we turned—had not our wildest dreams been realized? No one on earth could rob us of that splendid victory—none deprive us of its fruits. And I do believe that we moved as men on tiptoe, our hearts dancing for very gladness, the joy of victory lifting our ambitions to the very skies.

I say that we steered for the fishing boat, but her reception of us was not a little peculiar. Gustavos had appointed me to be spokesman, for he knew that I was the only man aboard whose English the American people were likely to understand. This I doubted, but I took the task upon me very willingly; and, the *Styx* drawing alongside the smack, I boldly asked her captain if that were the New Jersey coast, and what course we should steer to make New York. To this he responded by staring at me full in the face and then uttering some remark to his mate, which amused that impudent fellow and others aboard considerably. I heard a great shout of laughter, and the captain, coming to the taffrail, had the impertinence to suggest that I was not in full possession of my faculties.

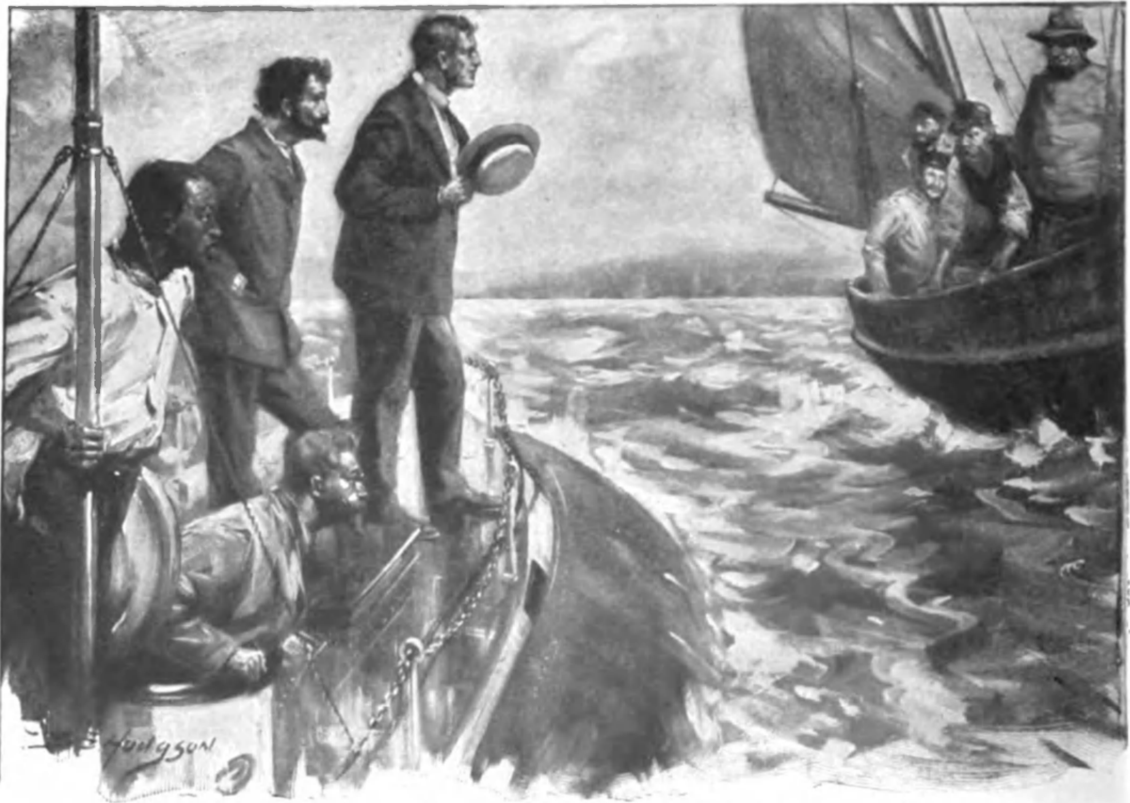
"You'm be from Silly Land, bain't you?"

"That," I said to Gustavos—"that is his American humour. Of course, he cannot understand that a submarine has crossed the Atlantic, and he thinks we are chaffing him."

Gustavos was rather indignant than angry.

"But he shall understand now presently," he exclaimed, defiantly; "his ear shall be filled with the shout and the cheer. Try him once yet again, Mr. Adamson. Say that we from Le Havre have been come, and would into the haven anchor. Of course he have surprise; who would not?"

I tried the burly skipper once more, taking my hat off to him and uttering honeyed words. We had come from Europe, I said, and evidently had lost our bearings. If he had read the papers lately he would understand that the *Styx* left the port of Le Havre some fortnight ago, and that all the world knew of our intended voyage. In conclusion, I begged him to give me what friendly help he could and to pilot us to the nearest


"I TRIED THE BURLY SKIPPER ONCE MORE, TAKING MY HAT OFF TO HIM."

harbour, for which service, I assured him, he should be generously rewarded. Judge then of my disgust—nay, of my anger—when, turning about as a man thoroughly alarmed, he gave some order to his crew and the smack stood right away from us as though we had the plague aboard.

"Well," said I to Gustavos, "the Americans may be a democratic people, but these are the oddest notions of hospitality I ever heard of. What in Heaven's name are we to do now?"

This question Gustavos could not answer. No less surprised than I, he continued to stare after the smack as though her departure had been a jest and she would presently return. The only one among us who discovered his wit was the nigger, greatly revived by the sea air, and as anxious to show his repentance as erstwhile his temper.

"Sar," he suddenly exclaimed, "Caleb very sorry, but, sar, he see the shore and the land, and there is a lilly port over there, sar, by where the smoke am rising."

I looked away to the shore and discovered that he spoke the truth. Clearly this rugged coast-line was cut by an inlet, and some fishing village lay at the head of it. Our impatience to get ashore compelled us immediately to dare the risks of this harbourage, whatever they might be. We started our petrol engines and raced to the land, forgetful of our very triumphs, and desirous only of setting our feet upon the continent of America. Let the felicitations, the whirling messages, the banquets, the plaudits, come afterwards. We had had enough of the *Styx* to last us many a long day, and would quit her with a thankfulness no words could express. So we made for that inlet, regardless of shoals and shallows, of tides and currents. It was a feast for the eyes to see a pretty little town taking shape before us; a joy as of dreams to discern the figures of men and women upon the quay, and to know that they had seen and had signalled us from the headland. Americans though they might be, some of them surely would understand our language. Nor had I any doubt at all of the reception which must await us in that land of superabundant hospitality.

"You see," I said to Gustavos, "they build their villages in the English fashion, and many of them have the look of our own fishing people. Yonder, too, is a church; and as for their houses—why, the man who says that the Americans do not cultivate flowers is just a born liar. Admit that we could give them no points in the picturesque. Admit that they are own cousins and that their coast-line is as beautiful as our own."

I would willingly have continued this discussion upon the manners and the habits of the two people, but, to my complete amazement, a horrible look had come across Gustavos's face while I spoke, a pallor indescribable, the haunting expression of a man who has lost all that he possesses in the world and never may recover it. Astonished beyond measure, I put out a hand to steady my poor old friend, and asked him earnestly if he were ill.

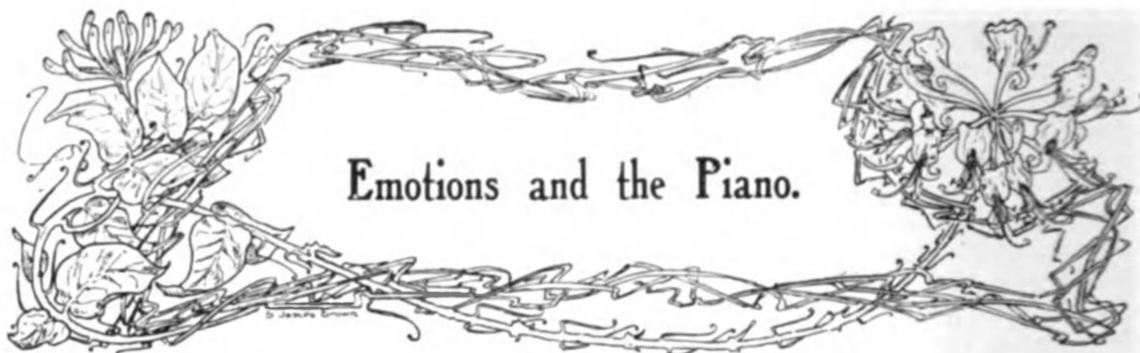
"Mr. Adamson," he said, with pathetic solemnity, "I shall not deceive you—I read him on the little ships. That is the town of Fowey, in Cornwall, and our voyage to fail have been entirely."

V.

Of course, it was all the fault of that little rascal, our navigating officer, the crack-brained Frenchman, Revel. And just like my poor Gustavos to take the fellow on trust and never to test his seamanship at all! I doubt not that we had lost our bearings from the very start of it, and for fifteen days had cruised round and about within a day's sail of the Lizard all the time.

Upon the aftermath of this disastrous undertaking I intend to say but little. My fellow-countrymen have laughed; France has not forgotten to be merry; it would be hard to say that our American cousins have remained entirely serious. And yet, who may blame that worthy Gustavos—who will point the finger at him? Has he not already prepared his ship for a second attempt? Do not his telegrams still litter my desk? All honour to genius — all honour to that masterly imagination which would compass the worlds and make naught of them.

I lost two thousand by the *Styx*, and a quiet wedding must be the consequence. I shall welcome it with gratitude. Let gentle arms shield me from the unjust mockery of a ribald city. Let me find rest where the telephone does not ring and the voice of Gustavos is not heard in the land.



By Mark Hambourg.

TO write an article on piano-playing in such a way that would-be pianists may gather cut-and-dried hints from it would be almost as unnecessary as it would be impossible, since, in the first place, the A B C of piano-playing can be learnt by anyone anywhere, and, in the second place, because the temperament and emotional capabilities of players differ to such an extraordinary degree. All I shall attempt, therefore, in this article is to direct the thoughts of my readers into channels that many of them may have never visited before, in the hope that I may for them throw some new light upon music and induce them to look upon it from a different and from a wider point of view.

It is unnecessary for me to say other than as a matter of course that very real genius, or talent for his instrument, is absolutely indispensable to the pianist with high artistic aims, for the amount of competition in this particular walk of life is almost appalling, and in London alone there are literally thousands of really brilliant pianists struggling for existence. The very word "genius" implies the possession of high and peculiar natural gifts, and it is by exercising these in the best and fullest way that their possessor is usually enabled to show himself or herself superior to others. But in piano-playing talent alone will never raise the performer above that "dead level of mediocrity" which stamps the average amateur. Something more than talent is needed; there must be earnestness, devotion, whole-hearted enthusiasm. These absent, success is scarcely possible; with them, it is well within reach.

And it is in the very earliest stages of his career that the devotion and enthusiasm so essential to the highest success are developed or crushed, according to how the player is handled by those who have charge of him. Indeed, the value of the young pianist's early training cannot easily be over-estimated, for by it he may be made or marred. Devotion and enthusiasm, though essential factors of success, must be kept within reasonable bounds, especially in the early stages of training. More particularly must care be exercised in the case of a child, for it is in childhood that the risk of over-pressure and over-practice is greatest. The remedy lies, of course, with the parent, who should promptly detect, and as discreetly repress, the very earliest symptoms of over-work in his child. Were parents always on the alert for such indications we should, I think, hear less often of genius as synonymous with madness. It is only because the physical and mental structures are so often sacrificed to the development of the one great gift that this libel has attained a certain degree of currency.

I well remember how, as a child, I was always encouraged to take an active part in boyish games, but I am afraid every youthful enthusiast is not blessed with a father so prudent in this respect as my own. In fact, I am well assured that there is many a talented child at this moment undergoing a musical training which will be productive of more harm than good owing to parental indiscretion. Serious practice should on no account be commenced before the child is eight years old.

Readers must not, however, imagine that because I hold these views about the early training of the *very* young, I advocate a lazy life for *all* students of music. On the contrary, no one knows better than myself that it is only the strenuous worker who can hope to succeed in public. That is why I smile when I read, as I sometimes do, that "Mark Hambourg works only for one hour each day." As a matter of fact, I work pretty nearly all day, but, of course, I do not spend

all my time at the piano. As a general rule, my actual practising occupies about three hours, but I pass many more in studying the great masterpieces of literature and in keeping in close touch with current events. The necessity for this will, I think, be apparent on reflection, for, once out of touch with what is going on about him, an artist cannot bring the same breadth of mind to bear upon his art.

To all readers, therefore, I give this advice: Widen your intelligence in every possible way; add liberally to your experience of life; extend your knowledge of travel; make yourself thoroughly familiar with the thoughts and writings of the poets, philosophers, and historians of ancient and modern times. Here is food in plenty for the mind of any-one; the result will find expression through the widened intelligence that will be brought to bear upon his or her own special *métier*. Thus the musician will improve his playing, the artist his painting, and the *littérateur* his writings, and so on.

I advocate the "strenuous life" to all, the more heartily because I realize how peculiarly liable artistes are, as a body, to become lazy and narrow-minded. Not that this laziness necessarily comes out in the purely professional studies of the musician; it is more likely to show itself in the indifference with which he regards everything outside his art. Indeed, I cannot see how an artiste can be other than indifferent if he has but one great purpose in life; there is bound to be a certain measure of lassitude in every department except that of his music, which will itself suffer sooner or later in some degree.

Laziness in an artiste usually denotes lack of balance, and Art is not lazy, though it certainly inclines to luxury and, I think, thrives best on it. There is, I admit, much in the impetus of necessity, and many artistes, I grant, have achieved fame only after a tremendous struggle with adversity; but I cannot help thinking that the physical temperament of these men must have been impaired by the privations they endured, and the incentive of poverty is not, in my opinion, at all necessary for the evolution of the truly great artiste. Given talent, determination, and force of character, the artiste will usually force his way to the front from whatever station of life he comes, but he is more likely to do this if unhampered by worldly cares.

From this point of view, then, I advise every would-be pianist to pay great attention to his bodily comfort and to give every encouragement to anything that is likely to raise the tone of his physical structure, otherwise his mental and emotional conditions will necessarily be impaired; and inasmuch as taste, temperament, and emotion are the very keynotes of artistic success in the sphere of music, it will readily be seen how fatal must be the effect of any cause that tends to pinch or starve the emotions.

Engage, therefore, in everything that will stimulate your emotion, and let emotion direct your playing; in other words, play as you feel, never forgetting that the piano, more than any other instrument, must be played with feeling, since to the average hearer the instrument itself is absolutely soulless.

Similarly constructed phrases should never be played quite in the same way. Thus, if a man were to say, "I love you, dear," three times running, he would not say the words each time in the same tone of voice. There are any number of ways of playing the above set of phrases, all of which are equally correct. Five variations are shown by the expression marks above.

Another point—which, by the way, is often missed by musicians—is that music, being the expression of thoughts in sound, has its grammar, its punctuation, and its syntax, and therefore requires the same means of interpretation as language. The connection between music and language is, indeed, much closer than people usually imagine. For this reason I strongly recommend all musicians to study declamation. We all know that a great actor in undertaking a new rôle strains every nerve to make his interpretation of it perfect. He neglects nothing in the way of contrasts, climaxes, pauses, emphases, and so on—each and all of which play upon the emotions of his audience. Is not the pianist's an exactly parallel case? He, too, must make his contrasts, his climaxes, his pauses, and his emphases—in short, every movement must be rendered with the emotion it calls up.

This explains very largely the shade of difference which usually marks the interpretation of the same passage by different players, and also explains why an artiste never plays a piece twice running in exactly the same way. In the first place, all pianists are not equally emotional, consequently their

interpretations vary in some degree ; in the second, no player is ever swayed by his emotions to exactly the same extent every time he plays a particular piece, the result being that his performance of the work is but an expression, so to speak, of the mood of the moment.

To revert once more to the case of the actor, the parallel will be found in the fact that he rarely, if ever, speaks his most telling lines with precisely the same intonation at every performance, and this for the reason I have given in the case of the pianist. In a similar way the man who makes a speech and has occasion to repeat some particular phrase more than once is certain never to give the words the same intonation each time. And the pianist, who, remember, is expressing his feelings just as much and as plainly as the speaker, will never repeat in the same way any phrase that occurs several times in a piece, unless it is a phrase with a meaning which demands an exact repetition each time, such as the three bass notes that are the chief characteristics of Rachmaninoff's Prelude, and which are intended to represent the regular wail of the peasants as they pull the barges along the Volga in Russia.

I may perhaps be forgiven if at this point I mention the story of the actress who had to kiss her lover ten times, since it is a good illustration of the importance of varying the method of rendering a recurring phrase. She kissed him each time in a different way — and brought the house down.

I am led naturally by these considerations to the question of traditions and how closely they should be followed. In the main they must be accepted by the student, for they are the outcome of years of study and experience from the greatest geniuses in every country, though some artistes have gone so far as to say that "Traditions are the tomb of Art." To declare open war against traditions and to fancy that you are original simply because you break away from them is both unnecessary and unwise. On the contrary, you should study them carefully, and allow yourself to be influenced, though not enslaved, by them ; afterwards, when your mind is fully developed, by all means give them the impress of individuality.

It is during your student days, also, that you should listen to as much music as possible. Some of that music will probably be very poor stuff, in which case I advise you to forget it as quickly as possible. In all probability, however, most of the music which you will hear at this time will be neither good nor bad ; still, you will derive a certain amount of profit from listening to it, with a view to detecting the weak points and making mental notes of anything in the rendering of the piece that strikes you as being capable of improvement. More especially will a mediocre performance be of use to you if you have already heard one or two really fine interpretations of the same piece. You will then easily see what effects have been missed, and will be able to judge the value of such effects.

Some orthodox musicians are dead against all this, and deny the artiste any liberty at all. They insist that music calls for no individual interpretation at the hands of its exponents. "Play the notes as they are written," they say, "and leave the composer alone." Now, that rule may apply very well to five-finger exercises ; but the music which is performed by an artiste on the concert platform requires very different treatment, for it is a language of beautiful sounds in which he has to express his various emotions. Every great conductor puts his own interpretation on the music which he happens to be directing, just as every great actor reads into his part the meaning which best suits his own individuality. Why, then, should the pianist be blamed for giving the stamp of individuality to his interpretation of a musical work? Indeed, the stronger the individuality of the

ABEGG.

Correct accentuation is the stumbling-block of mediocre musicians, who stick to the purely correct metrical accent and omit the rhythmical accent, while, if they make an emotional accent, they do so as a rule quite unconsciously. In the above passage, which is very typical of Schumann, the metrical accent comes on the first note of each bar (2), but the rhythmical accent comes on the last note of the bar (1), because that note marks the commencement of a phrase. In this case the metrical accent has to be sacrificed entirely to the rhythmical accent, since, if music is played without attention being paid to phrasing, it is just as senseless as a sentence without stops.

player the more effective, as a rule, will be his rendering of the piece.

In music and in drama the work to be performed is in the first instance created by the composer and the playwright respectively, but the work of creation does not end there. The musician and the actor are also creators, investing the music or words with the light and shade without which the performance would be stale, flat, and altogether unprofitable.

Can the musician guarantee to his audience that every time he plays a given passage he will be in the same mood? Certainly not; but neither can the conductor or the actor in their respective rôles. In the case of a musical artiste the difference between any two of his renderings will be equally slight—a note accentuated here, a subtlety of meaning emphasized there, and so on; still, it is in this that his originality can be displayed, and there *will* be a difference, although, whatever be the mood of the performer, he must, of course, adapt himself to the style of the composer and the composition.

By all means, then, cultivate your originality. You will find that it is the creative artiste who is appreciated in most quarters; that he is instinctively and spontaneously welcomed, for instance, not only by the masses, but by other artistes—in fact, by all whose minds are quick to recognise the beautiful wherever it exists. You will find, also, that where originality is viewed with suspicion and disapproval, the cause can almost always be traced either to ignorance or to disappointed ambition. None but the most mediocre of musicians will refuse to admit that one artiste may have a very different conception of a piece of music from that held by another player. Again, it is only the mediocre musician, or critic, who somehow fails to see that both performances may be correct, just as, for example, Hamlet may be played quite correctly, though on entirely different lines, by two or three great actors.

On the important subject of technique I could say a good deal, but I must on the present occasion make my remarks as brief as possible. The word "technique" is, I think, generally misunderstood. If a pianist plays quickly, but at the same time with a fair amount of distinctness, the public exclaims, "What marvellous technique!" As a matter of fact, that is not real technique at all. I should prefer to call it a dexterous exhibition of digital acrobatics. The real elements of technique, as I understand them, are power, execution, endurance, tone-production, touch, velocity, intensity, and phrasing.

How, then, is this remarkable combination to be acquired by the student? In the first place he must, as I have already pointed out, at all costs keep physically in the pink of condition; in the second, he must cultivate alertness of mind. Thus equipped he will be able to derive the requisite benefit from the actual practising. I recommend that the two morning hours of practice be devoted to technique, but these hours should be separated by an interval, for benefit ceases as soon as the muscles show signs of fatigue. To practise scales for four solid hours in a state bordering upon physical and mental collapse, under the impression that because your muscles ache you must have strengthened them enormously, is sheer folly, yet I have known this to be done by more than one deluded individual.

Here is another instance in which the metrical accent has to be sacrificed to the rhythmical accent. The latter comes at the commencement of the phrases (1), while the former would fall upon the last note but one of the phrase. There is also an emotional accent in this passage (3), to which, when it occurs, the rhythmical accent is partly sacrificed. This emotional accent occurs also at the finish of the first phrase, though not in so marked a degree. In both cases, however, there should be a slight break afterwards, similar to a pause for breath in a song. The phrasing at the end is slightly different, as will be seen from the marks of accentuation.

There are many who contend that a pianist should never be powerful, and yet these very persons insist that a violinist and a 'cellist must

In Schumann's fourth variation on a theme of Clara Wieck is to be found a very striking example of the almost entire sacrifice of both metrical and rhythmical accents to the emotional accent. The metrical accent would fall on the first bass chord (1), the rhythmical accent would come on C in the right hand (2), but the emotional accent comes on D (3), and this will be the most accentuated note in the phrase in each case, although care must be taken to show the rhythmical accent as well, but less prominently.

have a big tone, just as they expect to find a powerful voice in a singer, actor, or public speaker. They forget that the pianoforte is an instrument of contrasts—the very name conveys the idea—and is a sort of miniature orchestra, which calls for striking dynamic effects.

At the risk of making a slight digression I would here like to call the attention of my readers to a somewhat curious point. It is, I think, something more than a coincidence that emotional piano-playing has been much less developed in countries where the organ is used. If proof be needed we have but to contrast the style of the Russian pianist and that of the player from Western Europe. In Western Europe piano-playing has, as a rule, been developed under the influence of the organ, because the organ is a much older instrument than the piano, and when the latter was introduced pianists naturally turned to the organ—as being a similar instrument—as a pattern for the effects to be produced. But the organist cannot perforce express emotion through the pipes of the organ in the same way that the pianist can through the tips of his fingers and the wires of the piano, and consequently the art of touch, which plays so important a part where the piano is concerned, never had the same importance with the organ, and was not, therefore, cultivated. The pianist who took his example from the organ, then, learnt nothing about touch or emotional playing.

Now in Russia, where organ music is comparatively unknown, pianists have developed quite a different style of playing, for they have acquired their effects by copying the orchestra, the singer, and the actor, so that declamation and variety of colour in their playing were naturally developed. Indeed, I may say that most of the great emotional and imaginative pianists have been either Russians or Poles, or have at least been trained in the Russian school. Such names as Paderewski, Rosenthal, Hoffmann, Essipoff, Leschetizky, and Rubinstein will at once occur to the reader. Emil Sauer, though neither a Russian nor a Pole, was a pupil of Rubinstein, and therefore came under Russian influence.

The study of expression is another very important question. The watchword here should be "breadth." Everything that is broad and noble in the world of art is of assistance. For tone-colour the art galleries may be visited; to understand the relation of words to music and for suggestions of rhythm, visit the Opera—in short, borrow widely from Art to aid your art. There must be no room in your mind for pettiness and sordidness if you would be a great pianist—or a great anything.

To give a few technical hints, I may say that in practising the student should never play a piece right through from beginning to end till it has been thoroughly learned.

Chopin's twentieth prelude is a piece which appeals to the writer's emotions very acutely. It can be played in many different ways, and hardly ever appeals to him on two consecutive occasions exactly in the same manner.

Study the music as you would a piece of poetry which you purpose committing to memory—idea by idea, and so on. When one phrase has been perfected, treat the next in the same way; then play the two together, making any modifications that suggest themselves to you as improving the effect. Proceed in this way till you have mastered the whole piece and have assured yourself that your rendering is as finished as you can possibly make it.

Let the first days of serious practice be devoted to Bach. No other composer teaches one so well the proper control of the hands and fingers. Moreover, one has to be ever on the alert to grasp and execute his meaning correctly; hence you will find in Bach an excellent cure for the moodiness that so frequently makes you feel disinclined for serious work. The attentive student will have no difficulty in grasping at once the meaning of the composer, for Bach's passages are invariably short and well defined.

After Bach I recommend a thorough study of Beethoven's sonatas, followed by a course of the romantic school as interpreted by Schubert, Schumann, and Chopin. Schumann especially will test your capacity for phrasing. In studying Beethoven you must, above all, bear in mind that he was a giant with a soul above conventionalities. To treat Beethoven's compositions as if they were mere technical studies is to violate the very principles of the composer and to bring into disrepute the interpretations of such masters as Liszt, Rubinstein, and Bülow.

I need hardly say that no piece should ever be played in public till after many months of practice. When it is remembered that the late Sir Henry Irving himself confessed that he studied Hamlet for ten years before he ventured to play it, no one will, I think, be prepared to deny that at least a year of preparation should precede the inclusion of an important piece in the programme of a big recital.

Here are three entirely different methods of rendering the recurring phrase in the twentieth prelude. In the first instance the music is played straightforwardly, in the second the right hand brings out the melody by accentuation of the top notes, and in the third case a different effect entirely is produced by accentuating the harmony. In playing the piece the two phrases should never be played in the same way.

Of course, throughout all this period of preparation you must never forget that mere mechanical practice is almost valueless. Your whole heart and soul must work with your fingers; otherwise you had better leave the piano alone altogether.

As regards method of attack, professional pianists have been accused of affectation and posing because they raise their hands and arms high above the keyboard. I might perhaps point out that while in organ-playing this is obviously unnecessary, yet where the piano is concerned the raising of the hand and forearms to different heights above the keys plays the same rôle in piano-playing that lifting and changing the bow does in violin-playing. The motion is used for purposes of phrasing and to secure variety of tone colour. All the great virtuosi—Rubinstein, Liszt, the best pupils of the Leschetizky school, as well as d'Albert, Rosenthal, Busoni, and Sauer—employ this method, and everything a virtuoso does is done for some purpose, since his aim is always to infuse into his interpretation intellect, soul, and life.

MR. MARK HAMBOURG—PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Fischer-Schneevoigt, Berlin.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.

MR. MARK HAMBOURG.

MR. MARK HAMBOURG, whose article on "Emotions and the Piano" occupying the preceding pages will be read with the greatest interest by all lovers of music, is universally known as one of the greatest masters of his instrument now before the public — a master not only in the technique of playing but, as the article in question bears evidence, in that feeling for the emotional power of music without which the highest manual skill is of no value. He was born on May 30th, 1879, at Bogutchar, in the province of Voronezh, Southern Russia. His father, who studied under Nicholas Rubinstein at the Conservatoire at Moscow, is well known as a professor of advanced piano-playing, and was, therefore, able to give the boy from his earliest youth those artistic surroundings which, if not, perhaps, absolutely essential in the case of a natural genius, are nevertheless invaluable accessories to its due development. His musical inclinations were displayed at a very early age, and almost as soon as he could speak he used to sing nearly all the folk-songs of the district. At the age of three the boy began to show signs of unmistakable musical genius, but his father, wiser than most parents, did not allow this unusual aptitude to tempt him into beginning the child's musical education too early. When Mark

From a] AGE 18 MONTHS. *[Photograph.*

From a] AGE 6 (ON LEFT). *[Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 11. *Elliott & Fry.*

AGE 15.
From a Photo. by H. Stiles.

was eight years old he received his first serious lesson in music, and within six months had made sufficient progress to take part in a public concert, where he secured quite an ovation. With a view to increasing the opportunities of preparing him for his future career, Professor Hambourg accepted a professorship at the Moscow Conservatoire. Moscow being one of the great musical centres afforded the young musician many facilities for improvement, and his advance was so rapid that his father soon decided to migrate to London. When the family settled in England Mark was only ten years old, but the few recitals he gave on his arrival so impressed the critics and the public that he was speedily engaged for a provincial tour, upon which he was accompanied by his father, who took special care that he should not neglect his studies. Acting upon the advice of Dr. Richter, Mr. Paderewski, and other friends, Professor Hambourg next sent his son to Vienna, where for three years he studied under the great master, Leschetizky, who from the first took the keenest interest in his pupil, eventually bringing him out at one of the Philharmonic Concerts, then taking place under Richter's conductorship.

Upon his return to London Mark Hambourg, after a few concerts, entered into an engagement for his first Australian tour, which proved a very successful one, while two years later, in 1897, he undertook a second tour in Australia. The two following years were spent in study, and, holding, as he still does, that a true artiste must also be a man of culture, he devoted much of his time to improving his knowledge of general subjects. Meanwhile he gave recitals occasionally at various European centres, and in 1899 undertook his first American tour. Since then Mr. Hambourg has toured almost continually, until he is entitled to rank as almost as great a traveller as he is a musician. He was the first single performer to test the musical appreciation of the South African public, no one-man show ever having been attempted there previously to his tour two years ago. Mr. Hambourg is at present engaged on an English provincial tour, while his recital at the Queen's Hall during last October, and the announcement of his forthcoming marriage, have been two of the most striking events of the present season.

From a] AGE 20. *[Photograph.*

From a] AGE 24. *[Photograph.*

A Tiresome Child.

By Winifred Graham.

I.

EDITHA stood on tip-toe, trying to reach an old picture-frame. At her feet on the oak staircase lay a heap of evergreens, and in one small hand the little girl grasped a spray of variegated holly. Some of the leaves were white and waxen, with the purity of the snow, while their red berries seemed reflecting the glow on Editha's cheeks, rosy from health rather than happiness. The child's eyes held a wistful expression as she looked up again at the stern profile of an ancestor.

"Can I help you, miss?"

Jane, the under-housemaid, had been watching Editha for some moments unobserved. It struck her as singularly sad, the sight of a lonely child decorating a practically deserted house.

"Oh! thank you, Jane," piped the little voice, and the wistful eyes brightened in response. "Your arm is so much longer than mine — or you might lift me up if — if I am not too heavy?"

Editha's consideration was proverbial among the servants, and the stalwart Jane smiled as she hoisted the frail little form on her shoulder.

"EDITHA STOOD ON TIP-TOE, TRYING TO REACH AN OLD PICTURE-FRAME."

"Heavy!" she said, "I wish there was more of you, miss; why, you are as light as a lady-bird!"

Editha placed the holly with care above the plumed hat of a warrior arrayed for battle.

"It wouldn't be a bit like Christmas week if I didn't decorate just the staircase and the hall," she said. "I am sure Miss Cary will like to see it looking gay. Don't you think Miss Cary is very, very pretty?"

Jane considered a moment. Her answers were always slow and deliberate. She was conjuring up the young, delicately-chiselled face of Miss Editha's new governess, features stamped by the hall-mark of breeding, and framed in soft, naturally waving hair.

"Yes," the reply came at last in a tone of decision; "too pretty to be shut up in a school-room — leastways, so we think downstairs."

"Oh, but she isn't shut up; the door is never locked or anything!"

Editha spoke in childish surprise, as Jane put her down on the quaint, shallow steps of oak.

"Shut away from all the festivities other young ladies of

her age enjoy," Jane explained. "You see, miss, it's easy to tell she's a perfect lady. But, there, I oughtn't to be talking to you about such things; it's no business of mine."

With these words Jane whisked away, a long trail of ivy hanging to her skirt. Editha sat amongst the evergreens—thinking.

"Too pretty to be shut up in a schoolroom, kept from all the festivities which other people enjoy." Yes; it was strange, she told herself, comparing in her small but busy brain Miss Cary's life with the lives of the pretty girls who stayed with mamma. Shadows were creeping round the old hall, enveloping this child-philosopher in a grey haze, and with the shadows came whispering voices, which only children hear. Ahead loomed the mystery of Christmas—a season whose very name thrills the baby-heart with wonder and expectation—a time of fantasy, when Santa Claus roams the earth, when fairies steal abroad!

Miss Cary opened the schoolroom door and looked down the staircase. Her Christian name was Marigold, and her hair resembled that harvest flower.

At sight of the holly-boughs her heart gave a little, painful throb, not so much for herself as for the solitary child. She had always looked upon Christmas as the children's season, when older folk gave up their leisure willingly to the entertainment of little people whose eager faces waited for the magic appearance of Father Christmas, or his miraculous tree blossoming with bon-bons and gifts. Yet only a week ago she had been engaged by Mrs. Raglan, a typical society mother, who stipulated that the new governess must come for Christmas.

"My husband and I have a delightful invitation to a large house-party," she said; "and unless you can manage this, our little girl, Editha, will be quite alone. Of course, I could perfectly well trust the servants, but think it would be rather dull for her, and shall feel relieved if you could fall in with my wishes."

Miss Marigold Cary assented gladly enough, for tragedy had stolen a march upon her youth, and she wanted to hide away, far from the pitying glances of all her old friends.

But a few months ago she had known only the sunny side of life, as the one petted daughter of a wealthy widower; then suddenly the crash came, an unexpected loss of fortune, resulting in her father's death.

Editha knew nothing of this sad story, for Miss Cary's kind, bright smile, and the simple little black dress she wore, in no way suggested lugubrious mourning, since her sorrow lay too deep for outward signs or tears.

"The place looks quite Christmassy!" she cried; "but it's cold for you out here. Come to the fire and finish decorating to-morrow."

Editha suddenly realized that her fingers were blue and numb; she ran at the sound of that musical voice—gladly into the glow of a great flaming log.

"Isn't it a story-telling fire?" she said, coaxingly. "Shall we tell each other stories, Miss Cary?"

The face framed in baby curls looked up with subtle entreaty, and the slim, childish figure kneeling on the hearth-rug appeared oddly ethereal.

"As many as you like," replied the soft voice, while loving fingers toyed with the ruddy locks.

"I've been thinking out a story all about you," murmured the child, dreamily, a strange imaginative expression dawning in her face, which Miss Cary had noticed, and marvelled at, before. "There was a lady much too pretty to be shut up in a schoolroom with a little girl, a very sweet lady named Marigold. She'd never been to balls or parties, because she had no nice dresses like my mamma wears, only black ones. Well, when Christmas came the fairies said if the little girl could manage to catch Santa Claus he might give her a wish, so she made up her mind to lie awake all night and watch the chimney."

"What did she mean to ask?" queried Miss Cary.

"Why, of course it was about Marigold. She wanted to tell Santa Claus the pretty lady was shut up. She thought if he was a really nice old man he might get a fairy godmother to take her to a ball, or send a prince to marry her, or do something to make her very happy at Christmas."

A pair of sympathetic eyes were gazing up with such a wealth of feeling into Miss Cary's that she felt a lump rise suddenly in her throat, while a wave of surprise swept over her, with a queer emotional thrill. Her heart had been silently bleeding for the child whose mother was too pleasure-loving to stay at home for Christmas; and all the time the child was quite ignorant of any personal grievance, but merely thought of another's solitude. "Shut up," as she called it (in Jane's language), "with only a little girl for companion."

"If," answered Miss Cary, smiling, "Santa Claus granted the wish, then our little girl,

you know, would be left quite alone. What of her?"

Just for a moment the small fingers clutched convulsively at Miss Cary's skirt; it seemed as though the child had forgotten this terrible sequel. A second only of wavering, and the demon self died down like the blue flames round the log.

"She didn't mind," answered Editha, staunchly, "because she loved the pretty lady; you—you had forgotten that!"

Miss Cary caught the child in her arms.

"We will tell a fresh story now," she said, in a tremulous whisper, "about different people altogether; something to make us laugh."

When Jane brought up tea she subsequently reported downstairs that "anyway they was wonderfully merry in the schoolroom!"

II.

MISS CARY set herself the task of keeping Editha amused. The following afternoon she fell in with the child's suggestion that they should play hide and seek, as the snow kept them prisoners. The game had just

"'CAPTAIN NOBLE!' SHE EXCLAIMED. 'WHATEVER BROUGHT YOU HERE?'"

commenced, when silently up the drive came a station cab, and a moment later Miss Cary found herself face to face in the chilly drawing-room with an old friend.

"Captain Noble!" she exclaimed, a rush of colour mounting to her cheeks. "Whatever brought you here?"

She stood staring at him as if he were a

ghost, while his eyes rested upon her with that unmistakable look which only women who are loved know. She forgot the room was cold and fireless; she only realized that her heart beat to suffocation and her pulses throbbed with feverish excitement.

"I have just set foot in England again," he said. "My regiment returned last week. I heard for the first time of all your troubles, and discovered, after some difficulty, your present address. I could not rest until I had seen you. I have brought a letter from my mother, begging you to return with me to her house. I can't bear to think of you staying here. If you will only let me take care of you; if——"

He did not finish his sentence, but his arms went out to her instinctively, and like a tired child she crept into them, burying her head upon his shoulder.

"Dad was so fond of you; he would have been pleased," she said at last, after moments of exquisite tenderness, which might have thawed the very snow outside. "Oh, you don't know how lonely I felt before!"

He dried the tears which started to her eyes, making plans for the future so rapidly that her head whirled. She could hardly have believed herself awake, only somehow—for the past year—she had vaguely suspected that he loved her, with a mysterious foretaste of this blissful moment.

"Oh, no," she found herself saying quickly, "I could not possibly come back with you for Christmas. Thank your mother from me, and tell her I am staying with Editha. The poor child is quite alone. There's something very pathetic about a child being deserted by her parents at this time of year."

Captain Noble's face fell. His great passion for the woman blurred his sympathy for the small unknown creature who came between them. Love's dominion made for a sudden selfishness unusual to his kindly nature.

"Surely," he protested, in wounded tones, "you could get out of it somehow if you tried. Telegraph to her people; make a push at least to free yourself. It is too maddening that you should be tied here just for the one week, and all through a tiresome child! I have my leave. If you really cared for me you would sweep aside all obstacles!"

He checked his bitter tone as his eyes met Marigold's. Surely they left no room for doubt in his heart, with their love-light turning a grey, cold day into summer. Very softly, in that low, musical voice of hers, she told him how much she cared, what it meant to her to give up those golden days, to put self on one side. She longed with a feverish yearning to clutch quickly—greedily at the happiness within her reach, to greet Christmas, and all its sad memories, under a roof where a new love had dawned. But the child remained between them, a helpless little figure, demanding consideration—the child who, only the night before, had pitied Miss Cary, wishing that Santa Claus might "do something to make her happy."

It almost seemed as if this child's desire had worked some strange spell, and brought her lover to her side.

Marigold roused herself as from a dream, and held out her hand in farewell.

"You mustn't stay. I am sorry, but Mrs. Raglan would not like it. I have just remembered she said I should not, of course, be seeing any friends away here in the country, adding it was as well, since Editha and I were alone! I fear she might resent your visit, for you know it isn't quite the right thing for a governess to receive gentlemen in her employer's drawing-room!"

Marigold threw him a brilliant smile, though her heart sank at the thought of saying good-bye. She wanted him not to know really how hard the struggle seemed, or how impossible it appeared at that moment to live through Christmas without a sight of the face she loved. He caught her once again in his arms, and whispered she was "very unkind," then he tore himself away, to drive back through the sleet and snow, with the glowing recollection of that last embrace.

No sooner had Marigold slipped upstairs in search of her charge than a heavy curtain veiling the drawing-room window-seat was pushed aside by small, tremulous fingers, and a pale, childish face peeped out. This nook had been chosen as an admirable corner for purposes of hide and seek, the interrupted game in full swing when Captain Noble arrived. For a moment Editha stood against the curtain, her slight frame trembling and her hands still clutching the long velvet folds.

The now silent room held a wonderful life-story, which set even her young heart beating faster. But the story had its dark side, portrayed unconsciously by "a tiresome child," as Editha distinctly heard herself called.

"I want Miss Cary, too. Oh! I want her badly!" said the little voice aloud, as if addressing the man who but recently stood

quite near the curtain. "She's very kind, and makes the days go by so quickly. Must you take her away from me?"

A sob rose in Editha's throat, but she choked it back with an effort, for she knew he would not only take her eventually—there was something harder in store. The good angel walking by Editha, making her tender and considerate, whispered of sacrifice, that beautiful flower with its drooping scarlet leaves, only blooming in aching hearts and souls which are strong.

Miss Cary wanted to be with him for Christmas; the man who had looked at her so fondly and kissed her many times. She was staying with Editha against her inclination, out of pity, and, grateful as the child felt, a certain heroism, born of love, made her resolve this should not be. A very shrewd reasoning power for a juvenile intellect warned her also that merely to ask Miss Cary to go would prove mere wasted words. Some deeper plan must be found to work the spell, some scheme which would leave her no loophole for escape from the happy Christmas in store.

"A PALE, CHILDISH FACE PEEPED OUT."

Editha let the curtain go, and only a slight quiver betrayed the excitement of a sudden thought. Swiftly she ran to her mother's writing-table, and in her big childish hand scrawled a hurried letter which began:—

"Please, dear mamma——"

After the opening line the correspondent paused, and bit the tip of dear mamma's pen, but a sound overhead sent the busy fingers off again:—

"I want you please, please, to be very kind and send a telegrame derectly you get this to tell Miss Cary to go away at once. I do so want her to go, and I know she has a place to go to, and I shall engoy my Christmas if she goes. I shall be alright with the servents, and will tell you why I want Miss Cary to go when you come home. If the telegrame does not come I shall be very miserrable. Just say in the telegrame she is to go, dear mamma, and oblige your loving child,

"EDITHA.

"P.S.—I am sending you a Christmas-card panted by myself."

The card was in a big envelope already stamped and addressed, so Editha found no difficulty in adding this private epistle unobserved. As she did so, a wild desire came over her to rush and pull down the holly wreaths which decked the hall with subtle mockery for the pain at her poor little heart. But the wish only lasted a moment, and Editha recalled her words penned in perfect truthfulness: "I shall enjoy my Christmas if she goes."

"Of course," the child repeated, "of course I shall enjoy my Christmas; for Marigold will be so glad!"

III.

To Miss Cary's great surprise, early on the morning of Christmas Eve she received the following extraordinary telegraphic message from Mrs. Raglan:—

"Kindly leave my house at once; wish

you to instantly give up your charge of Editha. The London express leaves Mettlebury at twelve o'clock ; catch that if possible.

"ARABELLA RAGLAN."

For a moment Marigold thought her eyes deceived her. Then a sudden explanation flashed across her mind. There had just been time for a letter to reach her employer since Captain Noble's visit if written and posted that night. Without doubt, she concluded, one of the servants must have told of his afternoon call and the interview in the drawing-room, with the result that, after all, the fates drove her homewards for the merry Yuletide. Henceforth, wherever he dwelt would mean "home" for her — home with its love and sympathy, its thousand unspoken joys!

"Editha, dear," she said, taking the child in her arms, "I am going away this morning."

She held the small, delicate frame close to her heart, with something of mother-love in that long, fast holding.

"'EDITHA, DEAR,' SHE SAID, 'I AM GOING AWAY THIS MORNING.'"

"I shall never forget you, little Editha, though I don't suppose you and I will ever see each other again. Will you think of me sometimes, and say to yourself, 'She wouldn't have left me on Christmas Eve if she could have helped'?"

Editha laid her cheek against Miss Cary's face.

"It's like the story we told the other evening in the firelight," whispered the child, and the whisper concealed the tremor of a sigh. "Santa Claus found out the pretty lady was shut up, and sent a fairy prince to look after her. The fairy prince was not a bit different to any other man ; he wore ordinary clothes and drove in a station-cab instead of a coach. The little girl felt very glad he took the pretty lady away, because everyone ought to be happy at Christmas-time."

"Everyone!" The word came with a pained gasp as Miss Cary saw a single tear trickle from under one of Editha's eyelids.

She wriggled herself free and got rid of the tear, hoping it had escaped Miss Cary's notice.

Beneath that surface-tear a glad sense of triumph — the joy of a battle won — made music in the child's heart. She had pulled the wires of fate in all the simplicity of an affectionate, self-forgetful nature, and the big rewards which are felt, rather than seen, came softly, as the snows on Christmas Eve, with magic balm. Only half realizing the glory of the ascent, those tiny feet mounted a pinnacle above the drear things of earth, and who shall say, as she waved good-bye, whether Editha had not found the greater happiness?

Living Figures—III.

1. The Unwelcome Alien.
2. Foreigners in London.
3. The World's Ships.
4. Soldiers and People.
5. Unhealthy and Healthy Occupations.
6. Lost Property.
7. The Digestion Race.
8. Christmas Puddings—1806 and 1906.

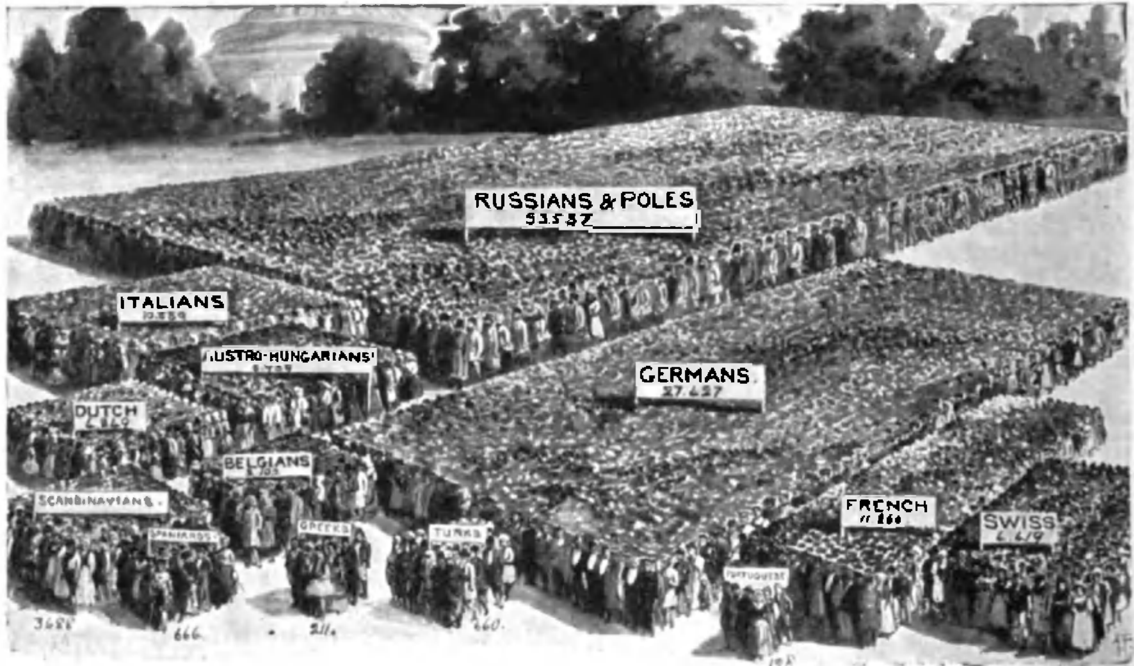
HERE is an impression that the United Kingdom is overrun with foreigners, and to people who live in London, with its seething aliens in the famous East-end, there seems good ground for the impression. Nothing, whoever, is farther from the fact. When the fugacious Aliens Act of 1905 was under discussion it was pointed out that the United Kingdom has the smallest alien population of any country in the world. The percentage to the total population, according to the 1901 census, is ·69, or not more than one-fourth what it is in France, and about one-half that of Germany. In other words, as was said by Mr. Asquith, there are not more than 300,000 foreigners among the 42,000,000 people living in the United Kingdom.

Our picture shows the various European countries from which these aliens come, the statistics being those of 1902. The Russians and Poles, who form the largest number, are principally Jews, and 79 per cent. of these arrived in London. In all 66,471 aliens arrived on English shores, and, making deductions for those who left the country for other parts within the year, 58,488 remained. Besides those represented in the picture, 1,282 arrivals came from Roumania and 4,714 from various other countries.

Were all the people of foreign birth who at the last census lived in London to be marshalled, according to nationality, on the open space in Hyde Park in front of the Albert Hall, they would look something like the monster crowds shown in the second illustration. What they would *really* look like is hard to say, since the field would not hold them all at one time, and for this reason the artist has been content merely to suggest their size. That is to say, while he has represented with perfect

THE UNWELCOME ALIEN.

This picture shows the rush of immigration to England. As was to be expected, the list is headed by the Russians and Poles, the number arriving in one year being 28,511. Next in order come 7,734 Italians; 6,965 Germans; 6,637 French; 5,028 Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes; 3,144 Austrians and Hungarians; and 2,456 Dutch. Aliens of other nationalities to the number of 5,996 make up a total for the year of 66,471.



FOREIGNERS IN LONDON.

The number of people from various European countries living in London was, according to the last census, nearly 130,000, divided as follows: Russians and Poles, 53,537; Germans, 27,427; French, 11,264; Italians, 10,889; Austro-Hungarians, 6,939; Swiss, 4,419; Dutch, 4,249; Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes, 3,688; Belgians, 2,102; Spaniards, 666; Turks, 660; Greeks, 211; Portuguese, 128. In the above drawing each group represents only one-twentieth of the total number indicated by the figures.

accuracy the proportions between the various foreign colonies in London, so far as their sizes are concerned, he has been unable to represent the individual members of those colonies, of whom there are nearly 130,000 born in Europe alone. Hence, in each group, he has represented one-twentieth only of the actual numbers, or, to put it in another way, the number of people in each group, multiplied by twenty, would be, as exactly as possible, the number stated on the banner by which each group is distinguished.

As might be expected, the Russian and Pole dominate this picture. The German population is about one-half and the French a little more than one-fifth the number from the Czar's dominions. No attempt in the picture is made to represent the residents of London who, in 1901, certified to their birth in Asia, Africa, or America. In regard to the number of Americans in London, it may be said that 40,000 has often been advanced as a conservative estimate, but the actual figures of 1901 state that there are only 5,561 Americans in London, of whom 3,100 are males and 2,461 females. If there are 40,000, then 34,000 odd refused to tell where they came from, or could not be found when the census man went round!

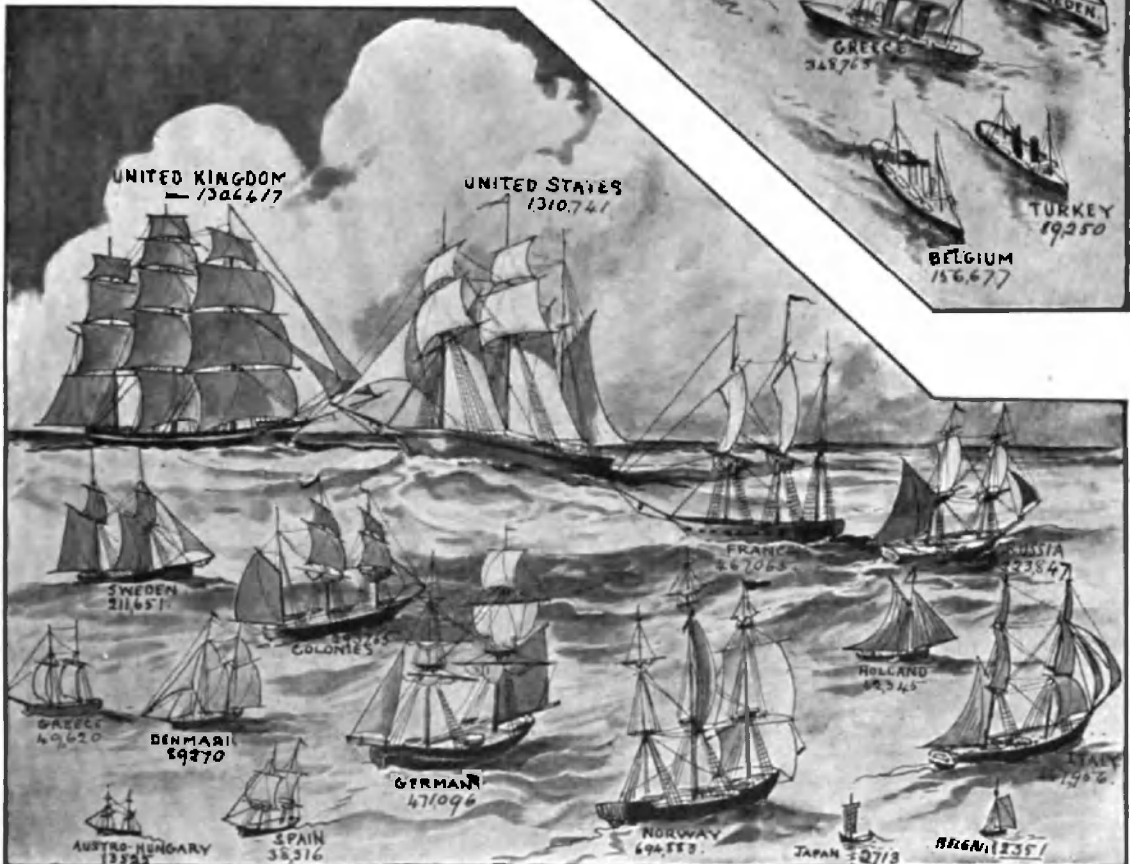
The nation that rules the world, so they say, is the nation with the most ships. If this be true, then Great Britain, so far as steam tonnage is concerned, easily commands the universe, with Germany a very bad second. In sailing vessels the United States possesses in net tonnage but a few more ships than the United Kingdom. Norway, as the figures under our illustration show, stands third, not only in the number of its sailing vessels, but in tonnage.

It is glorious to rule the seas, but inglorious to find that so many English ships are being sailed by so many foreigners. The alien seaman has already been dealt with so critically by alarmists, and even by sober-minded people, that it may be cruel to flay him again. The proportion of foreigners, not counting the lascars, to British on British ships has been steadily increasing since 1870, when the proportion was 10·12 per cent. In 1894 this percentage was 16·95, and in 1904 22·50. In 1904 the British subjects on British ships numbered 176,975. The foreigners numbered 39,832, and the lascars 42,682. These be figures to think over. They should hurt the national pride.

We hear a deal about the cost of armies and the manner in which their upkeep sucks the life-blood of the nations. Let us now look at this subject in another way. Let it be asked, not what the army costs, not what its strength would be in time of war, but how many people each soldier defends, in each of twelve great nations, in times of peace. For

THE WORLDS SHIPS.

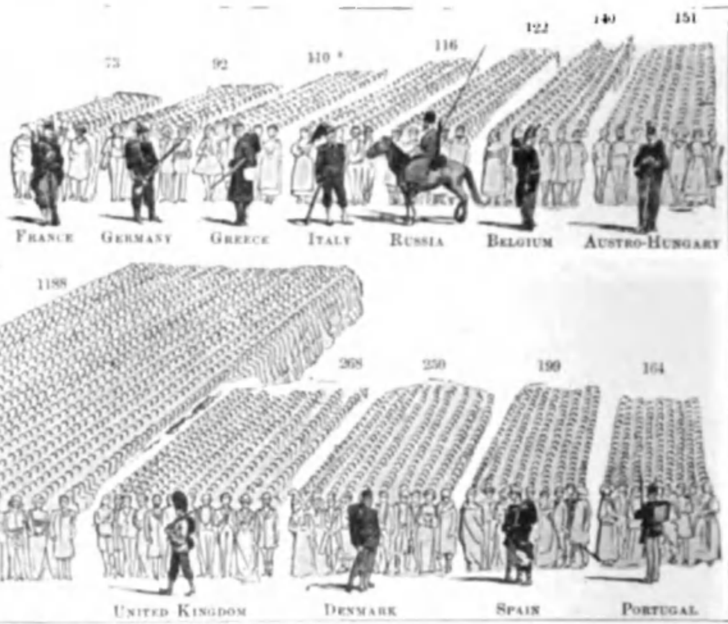
STEAMERS.—The figures in the above drawing represent, in gross tons, the amount of shipping owned by various countries. The United Kingdom, it will be seen, is far ahead of the rest of the world, with Germany a very bad second.



SAILING VESSELS.—This companion picture to the above shows, in like manner, the net sailing tonnage belonging to different countries. Here first place is taken by the United States, very closely followed by the United Kingdom. The figures in both these drawings are taken from Lloyd's Register and are the latest available.

example, how many Britons does the single individual whom we call Mr. Tommy Atkins (who, for the purpose of our illustration, represents both officers, non-commissioned officers, and men) actually guard from attack by his fierce neighbours. Looking at it in this way, the statistics are rather interesting. If we divide the total number of men in the British Army (excluding those on Colonial service) into the population of the United Kingdom, we find one soldier to every 268 people. In the United States there

is one soldier to every 1,188 people, whereas in Germany and France—which, for reasons we may easily divine, are the two most army-ridden countries in Europe—the proportions are one soldier to ninety-two people and one soldier to seventy-three people respectively.



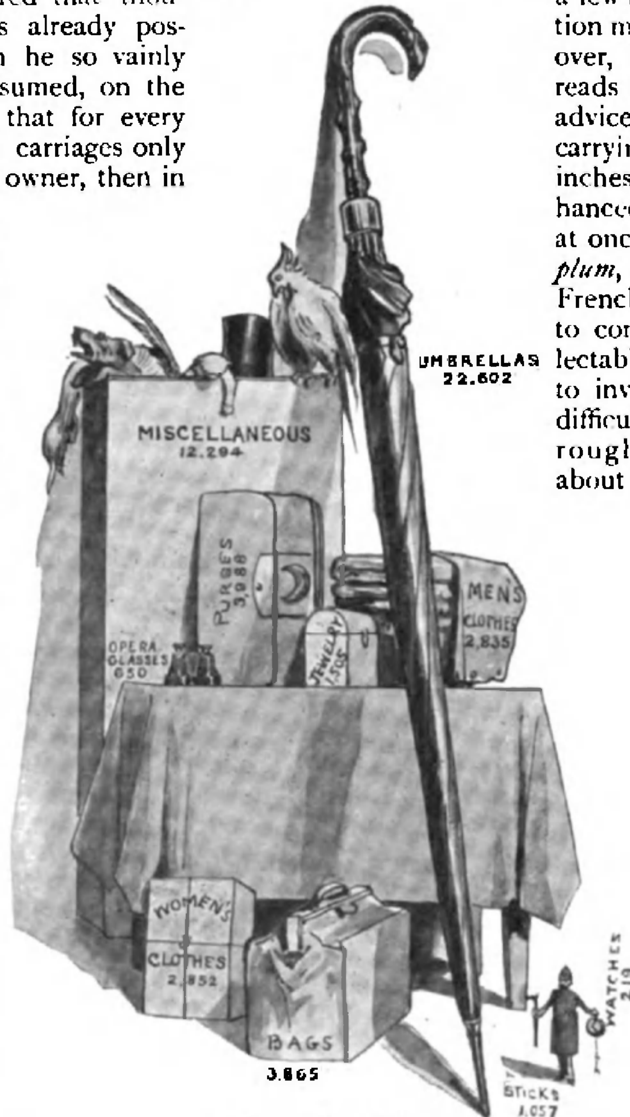
HOW MANY PEOPLE DOES ONE SOLDIER PROTECT?
In the United States, one soldier protects, in times of peace, 1,188 people. In the United Kingdom, one soldier in the home army protects 268 people. In France and Germany, which support the largest armies, the proportions are one to 71 and one to 92 respectively. In other European countries, as the above picture also shows, the numbers of people protected by one soldier are as follows: Denmark, 250; Spain, 199; Portugal, 164; Austro-Hungary, 151; Belgium, 140; Russia, 122; Italy, 116; Greece, 110.

What is your chance of life? To answer this question you need not go to an insurance office. Some years ago there was published a report by the Registrar-General which tabulated the annual deaths per 1,000 between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five in one hundred different professions, trades, and callings. Of these fifteen have been selected for illustration. It is a grave subject, which the artist, with the perversity of his class, has treated with some humour. From his picture we find that the potter and earthenware manufacturer—he who is seen to be falling over the cliff—has the least chance of life, the annual deaths per 1,000 in this industry numbering 52·78. Following him in this sad procession come the coster, the publican, the chimney-sweep, the musician, and others, ending with the clergyman and gardener, who in their callings are known by statistics to have the best chance of a lengthy existence. There is a valuable lesson to be learned from this drawing. It may be briefly expressed in

UNHEALTHY AND HEALTHY OCCUPATIONS.
Is your occupation an unhealthy or a healthy one? This picture, comparing the deaths per 1,000, between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five, in fifteen different callings, will show you at a glance. Potters and earthenware manufacturers, with a death-rate of 52·78 per 1,000, are leading the most unhealthy existence, followed by costermongers and hawkers (42·10), publicans and wine and spirit dealers (41·65), chimney-sweeps ([illegible]), musicians ([illegible]), coal-miners ([illegible]), shoemakers ([illegible]), physicians and surgeons (25·78), barristers and solicitors (24·14), shopkeepers (23·97), artists, sculptors, and architects (23·65), carpenters (22·67), schoolmasters (17·47), clergymen (16·86), and gardeners (16·81).

the words: Look out for your lungs, and live in the open air.

When old Simonides offered to teach Themistocles the art of memory, the great philosopher replied, "Ah! Rather teach me the art of forgetting." Could he have turned into the Lost Property Office of the Metropolitan Police in London, A.D. 1904, he would have discovered that thousands of Londoners already possessed the art which he so vainly sought. If it be assumed, on the figures of that year, that for every article lost in public carriages only there was a separate owner, then in that year there were 52,131 people who ought now to be paying for tuition in a school of memory training. Our artist, in the somewhat formidable illustration herewith, attempts to show the wondrously varied nature of these articles, which included umbrellas, bags, men's and women's clothing, jewellery, opera-glasses, purses, rugs, watches, and sticks, to say nothing of rabbits, pigeons, cats and dogs, and other miscellaneous articles. The exact figures, as supplied in the report of the Commissioner of Police for 1904, show that these miscellaneous articles numbered 12,294. Of all the articles found, 24,620, of the declared value of over £25,000, were restored to their owners, the drivers and conductors of the vehicles in which the articles were found having been rewarded with nearly £3,500.



LOST PROPERTY.

In the above drawing are represented the relative numbers of various articles found in the public carriages of London and deposited in the Lost Property Office of the Commissioner of Police. The exact figures are given on the articles shown. The number of umbrellas lost per year is nearly six times as large as the number of purses; hence the height of the umbrella in the drawing is nearly six times greater than the height of the purse. And so with the other articles. The policeman in the lower right-hand corner is shown merely as guardian of this great mass of lost property.

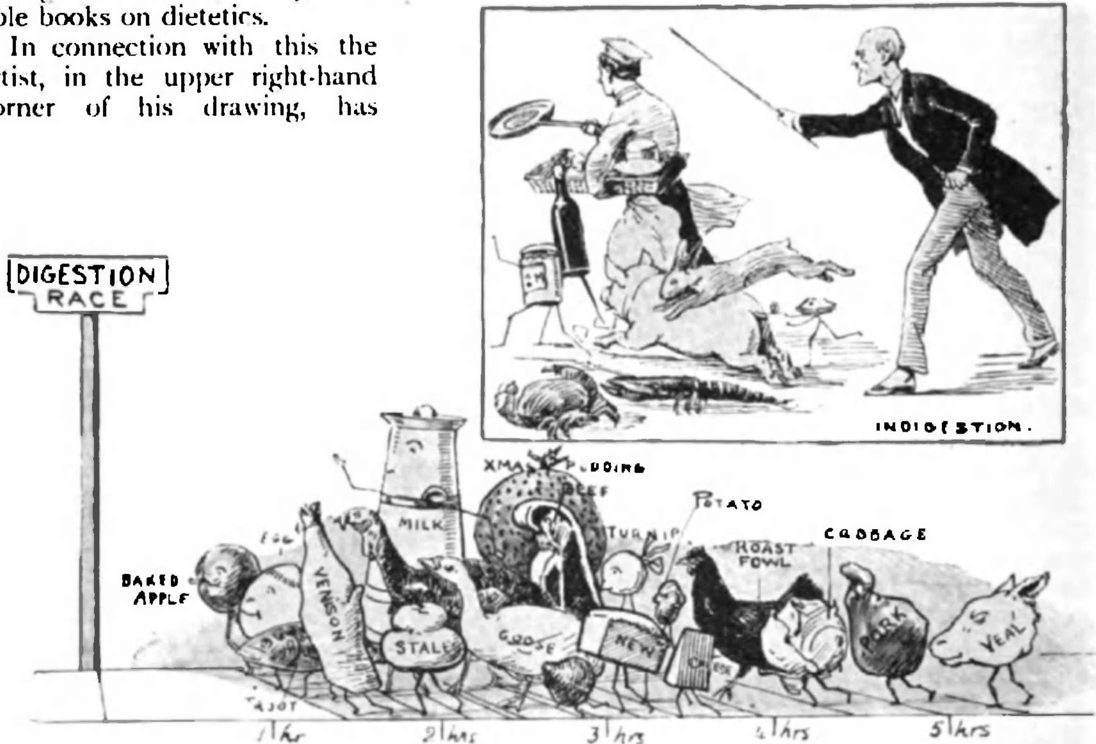
It will be remembered that these figures refer to one Lost Property Office only. If statistics could be gathered from *all* depositories of missing property in London alone, the evidence of forgetfulness would be astounding.

"We do not live to eat," said Diogenes, "but eat to live." At Christmas-time all people seem to do both. Hence, in view of the multifarious elaborate dishes with which the Christmas board is about to be decorated, a few timely words on digestion may be apposite. Moreover, if the small boy who reads these lines follows our advice, he may find his carrying capacity in cubic inches miraculously enhanced. Therefore we deal at once with the *pouding de plum*, as you see it on some French menus. Contrary to common belief, this delectable dish is, according to investigators, not at all difficult of digestion, which, roughly speaking, takes about three hours. It is a far less terrible dish than roast fowl or roast pork, the latter of which often graces the Christmas table of the poor.

Our artist has drawn a genial picture, which he terms the Digestion Race, in which some animals and vegetables may be seen moving helter-skelter towards the winning-post. The meaning of the picture is this: The nearer each figure in the race is to the winning-post the more easy of digestion is the article of diet represented by that figure. The farther away it is the more difficult is it to digest. It is no surprise, therefore, to see the luscious apple and the loaf of stale bread easily in advance of the new bread, cheese, and cabbage, whose periods of digestion are given, among others, under the illustration. Of course, it

may be said that some articles of food are more easily digested by some people than by others. To this argument we can only reply that our digestion table is a table of averages merely, and is not meant to suit every imaginable case. It has been made up with great care from many available books on dietetics.

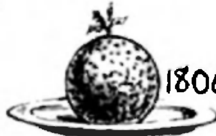
In connection with this the artist, in the upper right-hand corner of his drawing, has represented a dyspeptic gentleman in the very act of kicking out of his door by brute force such articles of food as he, of all men, ought not to eat. These naturally include all sorts of pastry and preserves, rich meats like pork and others difficult to digest, shell-fish, game, and various alcoholic drinks.

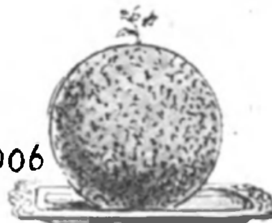


THE DIGESTION RACE.

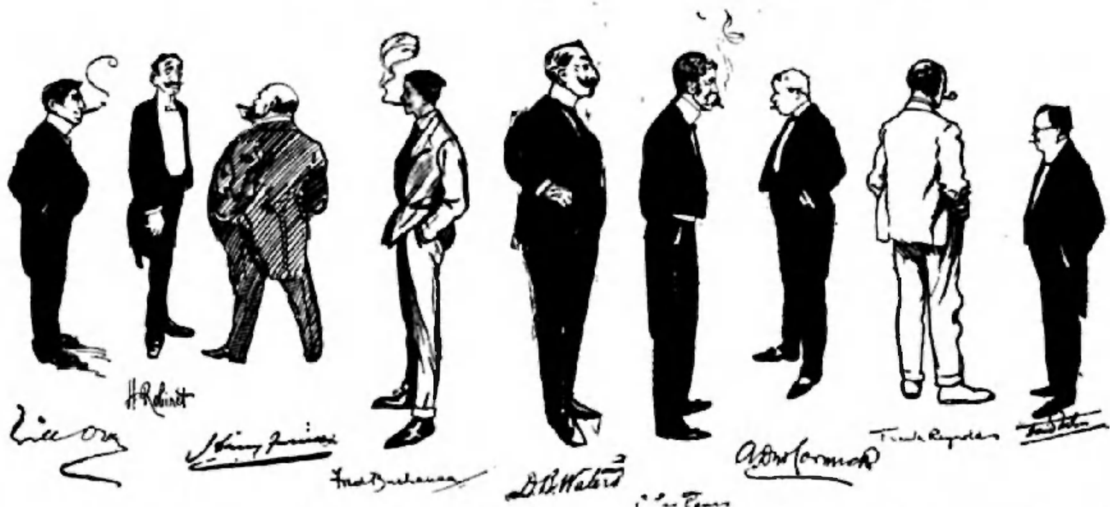
In this fanciful picture of a Digestion Race, the nearer each article of diet is to the winning-post the more easy is it of digestion. Thus baked apples, raw eggs, and trout easily lead the way, while pork and veal, both difficult of digestion, lag far behind. The drawing in the upper right-hand corner shows some of the articles of food and drink which all dyspeptics should avoid, such as shell-fish, pork, all kinds of pastry and preserves, alcoholic drinks, etc.

To return for one concluding moment to the plum-pudding. Careful investigation has been made as to the difference in prices of its ingredients in the two years 1806 and 1906, these ingredients being currants, raisins, peel, sugar, French plums, bread and flour, brandy, suet, and spices, all of which have greatly decreased in price during the past hundred years. For this reason the plum-pudding which, for five shillings, may this Christmas deck your table would have cost about sixteen shillings a century ago. The artist has drawn to scale these two plum-puddings, and they certainly look good enough to eat.





The Chronicles of the Strand Club.



In the above group, a number of Members of the Club have attempted, with more or less success, to delineate themselves. In order that there should be no mistake in identity, each artist has thoughtfully subjoined his autograph.

XVIII.

"IF," explained Garry, "a sense of duty induces the King to celebrate his birthday in May, why should not our sense of duty to the public lead us to celebrate Christmas on November 9th?"

Wornung said the reasoning was absurd. He himself was accustomed to consider Christmas exclusively in August and September, when all his most humorous or pathetic Christmas stories were written. He had no objection to eating his Christmas dinner on the ninth of November, or even the fifth of that month, but was it not dangerous in a subject to make Royalty a precedent?

In spite of this raillery, the Christmas dinner of the Strand Club on the King's birthday was a great success.

Hesketh was the first of the after-dinner speakers.

Hesketh: The worst Christmas experience I ever had was when I took a cottage at Clapham years ago. The roof began to leak disgracefully, and in my distress I sent for the landlord.

"Landlord," I said, "it is all your fault that the roof leaks like this."

"*My* fault! MY fault!" he roared, with sardonic humour. "It's a wonder you don't say Santa Claus did it gallopin' on the roof!" Then he banged the door and went out. It seems that he had seen the miserable little Christmas-tree bearing six-penn'orth of toys from the Lowther Arcade as he ascended the stairs.

We all agreed that this story should most appropriately go to Waters—and accordingly that humorist promptly illustrated the story of the satirical landlord and the impecunious paterfamilias.

WATERS'S IDEA OF THE SATIRICAL LANDLORD AND THE IMPECUNIOUS PATERFAMILIAS.

HARRY FURNISS'S ILLUSTRATION TO LORRISON'S ANECDOTE OF THE ELDERLY SWELL AND THE LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER.

Lorrison: Apropos of landlords, here is a little anecdote you may not have heard before. An elderly buck who still imagined himself to be comparatively juvenile applied to the landlady of an apartment-house for rooms. To his surprise, the landlady refused abruptly to accept him as tenant.

"But why do you object to me?" he queried, in amazement. "I have no children, I do not play the piano, and I cultivate neither cats nor canaries."

"Well, sir, to be perfectly frank with you," replied the landlady, with some asperity, "I don't want to have no funeral in this house. It do give a place such a bad name."

At the request of the Chairman, Harry Furniss proceeded to bring into existence the sketch portrayed above.

Garry related a story about a bachelor friend of his who was on one occasion compelled by force of circumstances to celebrate his Christmas festivities in solitary state at a restaurant. An oily-looking waiter brought him the bill of fare, and having with much anxious deliberation selected his meal therefrom, he leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and waited in luxurious anticipation for the forthcoming feast. An hour or so later he was disturbed by the waiter approaching him with a large plate, in the centre of which reposed three small peas of dubious origin and undoubted antiquity.

"Hi, waiter!" he cried, in astonishment, "what's the meaning of this? I ordered duck and green peas. Where's the duck?"

The waiter looked aggrieved. "The duck, sir?" he replied, with an unctuous bow. "W'y, it's just be'ind that there other pea, sir!"

Will Owen's illustration to the foregoing narrative was voted most realistic.

Then, quite irrelevantly, and with a nervousness which is not unbecoming in a new member of the Strand Club, Frank Richardson interposed. Said he:—

"I can tell you a story. It is a beautiful anecdote of heroism in modern life. The hero of the heroism didn't look at all like a hero as he stood one morning in the dentist's consulting-room. He was a singularly unattractive little man, but without whiskers.

WILL OWEN'S SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE GARRY'S RESTAURANT STORY.

McCORMICK'S ILLUSTRATION TO THE STORY RELATED BY FRANK RICHARDSON.

"'I want to make an appointment with you for some time this afternoon,' he said to the dentist.

"'Half-past three?' was the reply.

"'All right. It's to have a tooth drawn. It's a very bad tooth, with three fangs.'

"'In that case I should advise an anæsthetic.'

"'How much will it cost?'

"'Halfaguinea.'

"'Half a guinea be hanged! I want the tooth drawn out in the ordinary way. I'm not going to waste any half-guineas on anæsthetics.'

"'Quite so,' replied the dentist, surprised at the courage of the weedy little man, who continued:—

"'Don't you take any notice of screams, or groans, or moans.'

"Astounded at his pluck, the other congratulated him:—

"'My dear sir, you are a most extraordinarily courageous man.'

"'*Me* courageous! Don't you think it! It's not *my* tooth; it's my wife's!'

"There is one favour I should like to ask of the artist who illustrates this story," added Frank Richardson, "which is, that I don't want to be drawn as the hero of it."

It may here be mentioned that neither of the figures in McCormick's sketch bears the least resemblance to the author of the foregoing story.

Pears was the next to enliven the proceedings with a rapid sketch upon the drawing-board, which he proceeded to explain in the following manner:—

Pears: Bertie Brown saw Miss Sweetly standing under the mistletoe, so he approached her from behind cautiously, with the intention of stealing a kiss; but one of the children had left a toy lamb (one of those that squeak) upon the floor. Bertie trod upon it, and from its inner parts came the sound of "Baa-a-a-a-a!" and Bertie made use of an unprintable expression as Miss Sweetly turned round.

PEARS'S ILLUSTRATION TO THE MISTLETOE JOKE.

Johns: At an East-end theatre there was a play so weak in plot and character that even an uncritical audience was ashamed of it. But the weakness of the play was nothing to the weakness of the acting. In the middle of the third act a baby in the gallery started bawling, and a gamin promptly called out, "Chuck 'im out!"

"Chuck 'im out!" cried a voice, in affected contempt. "Chuck 'im out! W'y, 'e's the bloomin' author!"

To Robinet fell the task of providing an appropriate illustration to Johns's amusing anecdote.

ROBINET'S ILLUSTRATION TO JOHNS'S THEATRICAL REMINISCENCE.

At this point the Chairman rose from his seat with an open letter in his hand.

"Before these proceedings terminate," he said, "it is my painful duty to read to you a letter I have just received from our erstwhile friend and comrade, Walter Emanuel. It runs:—

"Dear Sir,—I am sorry that I shall be unable to attend the next meeting of the Strand Club, but I have received an invitation to a funeral for the same date, and you will scarcely blame me for choosing the more cheerful function of the two. (Hisses.)

"By the by, apropos of sadness, I should be pleased if you would draw attention to a little beauty appliance which I have just invented. If I can find sufficient fools, I shall probably float a company to run the thing. So please mention it to the other members.

"'Remember,' says a ladies' journal, in an article entitled 'On Making the Best of Oneself,' 'that a cheerful smile will go a long way towards improving the appearance; no woman is really beautiful if her expression is discontented or morose.' This is very true, and my invention is for those who are by nature discontented or morose. A clip, to which is attached a piece of elastic, is fixed in each corner of the upper lip. The elastic is then passed over each ear and drawn tight—and a smile which can scarcely be told from the real thing is the result. The accompanying rough sketch will give you an idea of the contrivance.

"With kindest regards to all the other members, not forgetting those in jail,

"Believe me,

"Yours always respectfully,

"WALTER EMANUEL."

EMANUEL'S DESIGN TO EXPLAIN HIS NEWLY-INVENTED BEAUTY APPLIANCE.

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

BY

E. NESBIT.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER I.

HERE were three of them—Jerry, Jimmy, and Kathleen. Jerry's name was Gerald, and not Jeremiah, whatever you may think ; and Jimmy's name was James ; and Kathleen was never called by her name at all, but Cathy, or Catty, or Puss Cat when her brothers were pleased with her, and Scratch Cat when they were not pleased. And they were at school in a little town in the West of England ; the boys at one school, of course, and the girls at another, because the sensible habit of having boys and girls in the same school is not yet as common as I hope it will be some day. They used to see each other on Saturdays and Sundays at the house of a kind maiden lady ; but it was one of those houses where it is impossible to play. You know the kind of house, don't you ? There is a sort of a something about that kind of house that makes you hardly able even to talk to each other when you are left alone ; and playing seems unnatural and affected. So they looked forward to the holidays, when they should go home and be together all day long in a house where playing was natural and conversation possible, and where the Kentish woods and fields were full of interesting things to do and to see. Their cousin Betty was to be there, too, and there were plans. Betty's school broke up before theirs, and so she got to the Kentish home first, and the moment she got there she began to have measles, so that my three couldn't go home at all. You may imagine their feelings. The thought of seven weeks at Miss Hervey's was not to be borne, and all three wrote home and said so. This astonished their parents very much, because they had always thought it was so nice for the children to have dear Miss Hervey's to go to. However, they were "jolly decent about it," as Jerry said, and after a lot of letters and telegrams it was arranged that the boys should go and stay at Kathleen's school, where there were now no girls left, and no mistresses except the French one.

"It'll be better than being at Miss Hervey's," said Kathleen. "We ought to have some sort of play to keep us going through the holidays. It wouldn't be bad if we could get a cave and keep stores in it, and have our meals there."

"There aren't any caves," said Jimmy, who always took the gloomiest view of everything. "And, besides, your precious mamselle won't let us go out alone, as likely as not."

"Oh, we'll see about that," said Gerald. "I'll go and talk to her like a father."

"Like that ?" Kathleen pointed the thumb of scorn at him and he looked in the glass.

"To brush his hair and his clothes and to wash his face and hands was to our hero but

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the work of a moment," said Gerald, suiting the action to the word.

It was a very sleek boy, brown and thin and interesting-looking, that knocked at the door of the parlour where mademoiselle sat reading a yellow-covered book and wishing vain wishes. Gerald could always make himself look interesting at a moment's notice, a very useful accomplishment in dealing with strange grown-ups.

It was done by opening his grey eyes rather wide, allowing the corners of his mouth to droop, and assuming a gentle, pleading expression resembling that of the late little Lord Fauntleroy—who must, by the way, be quite old now and an awful prig.

"*Entrez*," said mademoiselle, in shrill French accents. So he entered.

"*Eh bien?*" she said, rather impatiently.

"I hope I am not disturbing you," said Gerald, in whose mouth, it seemed, butter would not have melted.

"But no," she said, somewhat softened. "What is it that you desire?"

"I thought I ought to come and say 'How do you do?'" said Gerald, "because of you being the lady of the house."

He held out the newly-washed hand, still damp and red. She took it.

"You are a very polite little boy," she said.

"Not at all," said Gerald, more polite than ever. "I am so sorry for you. It must be dreadful to have us to look after in the holidays."

"But not at all," said mademoiselle, in her turn. "I am sure you will be very good childrens."

Gerald's look assured her that he and the others would be as near angels as children could be without ceasing to be human.

"We'll try," he said, earnestly.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the French governess, kindly.

"Oh, no, thank you," said Gerald. "We don't want to give you any trouble at all. And I was thinking it would be less trouble for you if we were to go out into the woods all day to-morrow and take our dinner with us — something cold, you know — so as not to be a trouble to the cook."

"You are very considerate," said mademoiselle, coldly. Then Gerald's eyes smiled; they had a trick of doing this when his lips were quite serious. Mademoiselle caught the twinkle, and she laughed and Gerald laughed too.

"Little deceiver," she said; "why not say at once you want to be free of surveillance—how you say—overwatching—without pretending it is me you want to please?"

"You have to be careful with grown-ups," said Gerald; "but it isn't all pretence, either. We *don't* want to trouble you, and we don't want you to——"

"To trouble you. *Eh bien?* Your parents they permit these days at woods?"

"Oh, yes," said Gerald, truthfully.

"Then I will not be more a dragon than the parents. I will forewarn the cook. Are you content?"

"Rather," said Gerald. "Mademoiselle, you are a dear."

"A deer?" she repeated; "a stag?"

"No; a—a *chérie*," said Gerald, "a regular A1 *chérie*. And you sha'n't repent it. Is there anything we can do for you? Wind your crool, or find your spectacles, or——"

"He thinks me a grandmother," said mademoiselle, laughing more than ever. "Go then, and be not more naughty than you must. All of you."

"'LITTLE DECEIVER,' SHE SAID."

"How *do* you do it?" Kathleen whispered, admiringly, as they said good night.

"Oh, it's quite easy when you've once got a grown-up to see what you're after. You'll see; I shall drive her with a rein of darning-cotton after this," said Gerald.

Next morning they got up early. It was a ripping day for the woods.

The wide High Street, even at the busy morning hour almost as quiet as a dream-street, lay bathed in sunshine; the leaves shone fresh from last night's rain, but the road was dry, and in the sunshine the very dust of it sparkled like diamonds. The beautiful old houses, standing stout and strong, looked as though they were basking in the sunshine and enjoying it.

"But *are* there any woods?" asked Kathleen, as they passed the market-place.

"It doesn't much matter about woods," said Gerald, dreamily. "We're sure to find *something*. One of the chaps told me his father said when he was a boy there used to be a little cave under the bank on the Salisbury Road—but he said there was an enchanted castle there, too—so perhaps the cave isn't true either."

"If we were to get horns," said Kathleen, "and to blow them very hard all the way, we might find a magic castle."

"If you've got the money to throw away on horns," said Jimmy.

"Well, I have, so there," said Kathleen. And the horns were bought in a tiny shop with a bulging window full of a tangle of toys and sweets, and cucumbers and sour apples.

And the quiet square at the end of the town where the church is, and the houses of the most respectable people, echoed to the sound of horns blown long and loud. But none of the houses turned into enchanted castles.

So they went along the Salisbury Road, which was very hot and dusty, so that they agreed to drink one of the bottles of ginger-beer.

"We might as well carry the ginger-beer inside us as inside the bottle," said Jimmy, "and we can hide the bottle and call for it as we come back."

Presently they came to a place where the road, as Gerald said, went two ways at once

"*That* looks like adventures," said Kathleen; and they took the right-hand road, and the next time they took a turning it was a left-hand one, so as to be quite fair, Jimmy said, and then a right-hand one and then a left, and so on, till they were completely lost.

"*Com*pletely," said Kathleen; "how jolly!"

And now trees arched overhead, and the banks of the road were high and bushy. The adventurers had long since ceased to blow their horns. It was too tiring to go on doing that when there was no one to be annoyed by it.

"Oh, kriky," observed Jimmy, suddenly. "Let's sit down a bit and have some of our dinner. We might call it lunch, you know," he added.

So they sat down in the hedge and ate the ripe red gooseberries that were to have been their dessert.

And as they sat and rested and wished that their boots did not feel so full of feet, Gerald leaned back against the bushes, and the bushes gave way so that he almost fell over backward. Something had yielded to the pressure of his back, and there was the sound of something heavy that fell.

"Oh, Jiminy!" he remarked, recovering himself suddenly; "there's something hollow in there. The stone I was leaning against simply *went*."

"I wish it was a cave," said Jimmy, "but of course it isn't."

"If we blow the horns perhaps it will be," said Kathleen, and hastily blew her own.

Gerald reached his hand through the bushes. "I can't feel anything but air," he said; "it's just a hole full of emptiness." The other two pulled back the bushes. There certainly was a hole in the bank. "I'm going to go in," observed Gerald.

"Oh, don't," said his sister. "I wish you wouldn't. Suppose there were snakes!"

"Not likely," said Gerald; but he leaned forward and struck a match. "It *is* a cave," he cried, and put his knee on the mossy stone he had been sitting on, scrambled over it, and disappeared.

A breathless pause followed.

"You all right?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes; come on. You'd better come feet first; there's a bit of a drop."

"I'll go next," said Kathleen, and went—feet first, as advised. The feet waved wildly in the air.

"Look out," said Gerald, in the dark; "you'll have my eye out. Put your feet *down*, girl, not up. It's no use trying to fly here—there's no room."

He helped her by pulling her feet forcibly down, and then lifting her under the arms. She felt rustling dry leaves under her boots,

and stood ready to receive Jimmy, who came in head first, like one diving into an unknown sea.

"It *is* a cave," said Kathleen.

"The young explorers," explained Gerald, blocking up the hole of entrance with his shoulders, "dazzled at first by the darkness of the cave, could see nothing."

"Darkness doesn't dazzle," said Jimmy.

"Yes, it does," Gerald contradicted—"could see nothing. But their dauntless leader, whose eyes had grown used to the dark while the clumsy forms of the others were bunging up the entrance, had made a discovery."

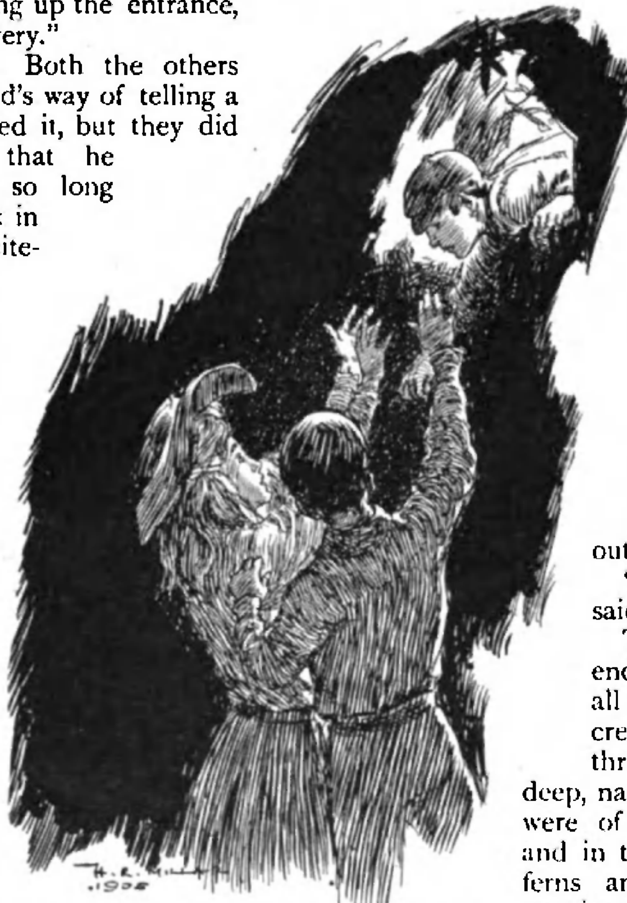
"Oh, what?" Both the others were used to Gerald's way of telling a story while he acted it, but they did sometimes wish that he didn't talk quite so long and so like a book in moments of excitement.

"He did not reveal the dread secret to his faithful followers till one and all had given him their word of honour to be calm."

"We'll be calm, all right," said Jimmy, impatiently.

"Well, then," said Gerald, ceasing suddenly to be a book and becoming a boy, "there's a light over there—look behind you!"

They looked. And there was. A faint greyness on the brown walls of the cave, and a brighter greyness cut off sharply by a dark line, showed that round a turning or angle of the cave there was daylight.



"JIMMY CAME IN HEAD FIRST, LIKE ONE DIVING INTO AN UNKNOWN SEA."

"Attention!" said Gerald; at least, that was what he meant, though what he said was, "'Shun!" as becomes a soldier's son. The others mechanically obeyed.

"You will remain at attention till I give the word, 'Slow march!' On which you will advance cautiously in open order, following your hero leader, taking care not to tread on the dead and wounded."

"I wish you wouldn't," said Kathleen.

"There aren't any," said Jimmy, feeling for her hand in the dark; "he only means, take care not to tumble over stones and things."

Here he found her hand and she screamed.

"It's only me," said Jimmy. "I thought you'd like me to hold it. But you're just like a girl."

Their eyes had now begun to get accustomed to the darkness, and all could see that they were in a rough stone cave that went straight on for about three or four yards and then turned sharply to the right.

"Death or victory," remarked Gerald. "Now, then; slow march."

He advanced carefully, picking his way among the loose earth and stones that were the floor of the cave. "A sail! a sail!" he cried, as he turned the corner.

"How splendid!" Kathleen drew a long breath as she came out into the sunshine.

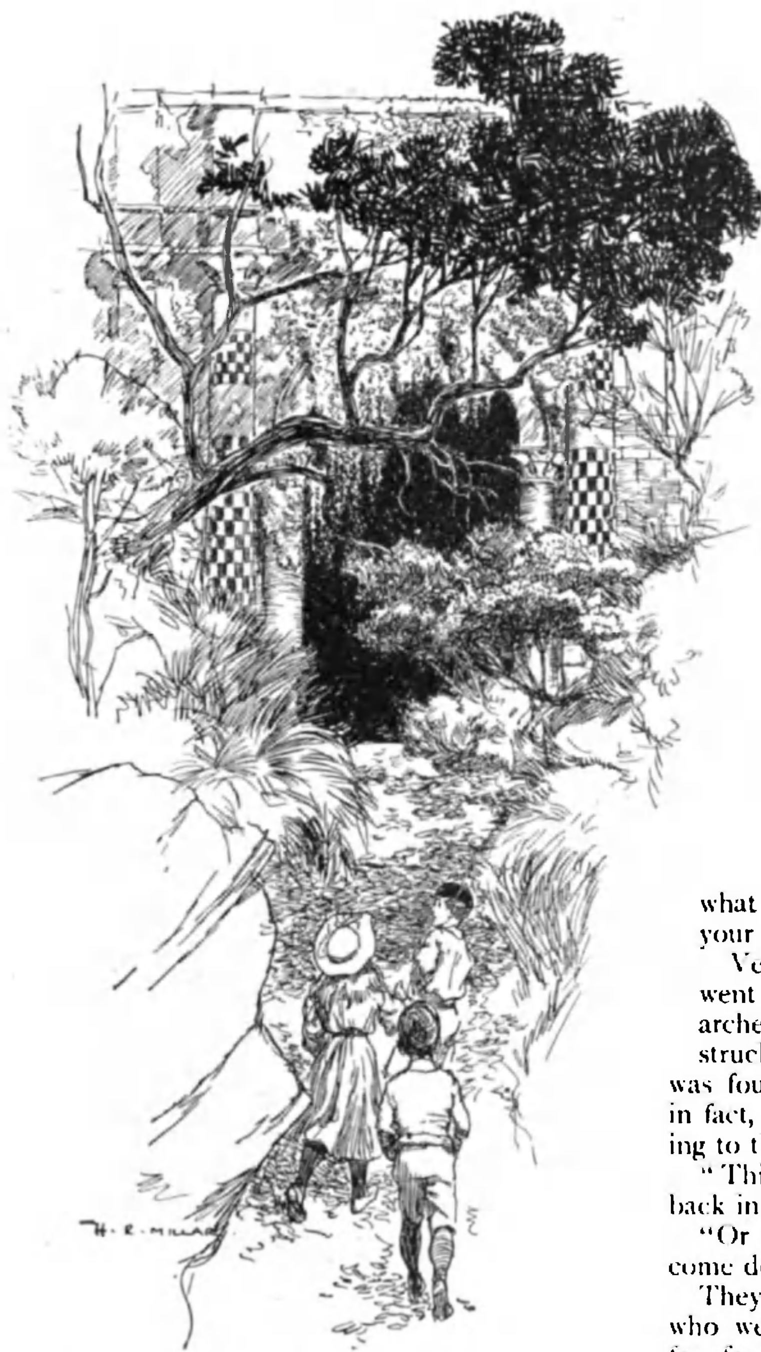
"I don't see any sail," said Jimmy, following.

The narrow passage ended in a round arch all fringed with ferns and creepers. They passed through the arch into a deep, narrow gully whose banks were of stones, moss-covered, and in the crannies grew more ferns and long grasses, trees growing on the top of the bank arched across, and the sunlight came through in changing patches of brightness, turning the gully to a roofed corridor of goldy-green. The path, which was of greeny-grey flagstones, where heaps of leaves had drifted, sloped steeply down, and at the end of it was another round arch, quite dark inside, above which rose rocks and grass and bushes.

"It's like the outside of a railway tunnel," said James.

"It's the entrance to the enchanted castle," said Kathleen. "Let's blow the horns."

"Dry up!" said Gerald. "The bold



"'IT'S THE ENTRANCE TO THE ENCHANTED CASTLE,' SAID KATHLEEN."

England, any way," said Jimmy. "They call bears bars in America," he added, absently.

"Quick march!" was Gerald's only reply. And they marched. Under the drifted damp leaves the path was firm and stony to their shuffling feet.

At the dark arch they stopped.

"Our hero," said Gerald, "whom nothing could dismay, raised the faltering hopes of his abject minions by saying that he was jolly well going on and they could do as they liked about it."

"If you call names," said Jimmy, "you can go on by yourself." He added, "So there!"

"It's part of the game, silly," explained Gerald, kindly. "You can be captain to-morrow, so you'd better hold your jaw now, and begin to think about what names you'll call us when it's your turn."

Very slowly and carefully they went down the steps. A vaulted stone arched over their heads. Gerald struck a match when the last step was found to have no edge, and to be, in fact, the beginning of a passage, turning to the left.

"This," said Jimmy, "will take us back into the road."

"Or under it," said Gerald. "We've come down eleven steps."

They went on, following their leader, who went very slowly, as he explained, for fear of steps. The passage was very dark.

"I don't half like it," whispered Jimmy.

They went slowly and carefully through the dark arch.

Then came a glimmer of daylight that grew and grew, and presently ended in another arch that looked out over a scene so like a picture out of a book about Italy that everyone's breath was taken away, and they simply walked forward silent, and stared. A short avenue of cypresses led, widening as it went, to a marble terrace that lay broad and white in the sunlight. The children, blinking, leaned their arms on the broad, flat balustrade

captain, reproving the silly chatter of his subordinates——"

"I like that!" said Jimmy, indignant.

"I thought you would," resumed Gerald. "——of his subordinates, bade them advance with caution and in silence, because, after all, there might be somebody about, and the other arch might be an ice-house or something dangerous."

"What?" asked Kathleen, anxiously.

"Bears, perhaps," said Gerald, briefly.

"There aren't any bears without bars—in

and gazed. Immediately below them was a lake—just like a lake in "The Beauties of Italy"; a lake with swans and an island and weeping willows; beyond it were green slopes dotted with groves of trees, and amid the trees gleamed the white limbs of statues.

On a little hill to the left was a round white building with pillars, and to the right a waterfall came tumbling down among mossy stones to splash into the lake. Steps led from the terrace to the water, and other steps to the green lawns beside it.

Away across the grassy slopes deer were feeding, and in the distance, where the groves of trees thickened into what looked almost a forest, were enormous shapes of grey stone, like nothing that the children had ever seen before.

"That chap at school," said Gerald.

"It *is* an enchanted castle," said Kathleen.

"I don't see any castle," said Jimmy.

"What do you call that, then?" Gerald pointed to where, beyond a belt of lime trees, white towers and turrets broke the blue of the sky.

"There doesn't seem to be anyone about," said Kathleen, "and yet it's all so tidy. I believe it is magic."

"Magic mowing-machines," Jimmy suggested.

"If we were in a book it would be an enchanted castle. Certain to be," said Kathleen.

"It *is* an enchanted castle," said Gerald, in hollow tones.

"But there aren't any." Jimmy was quite positive.

"How do you know? Do you think there's nothing in the world but what *you've* seen?"

Gerald's scorn was crushing.

"I think magic went out when people began to have steam-engines," Jimmy insisted, "and newspapers, and telephones, and wireless telegraphing."

"Wireless is rather like magic when you come to think of it," said Gerald.

"Oh—*that* sort." Jimmy's contempt was deep.

"Perhaps there's given up being magic because people didn't believe in it any more," said Kathleen.

"Well, don't let's spoil the show with any silly old not believing," said Gerald, with decision. "I'm going to believe in magic as hard as I can. This is an enchanted garden and that's an enchanted castle, and I'm jolly well going to explore. The dauntless knight then led the way, leaving his ignorant squires to follow or not, just as they jolly well chose." He rolled off the balustrade and strode firmly down towards the lawn, his boots making as they went a clatter full of determination.

"THIS IS AN ENCHANTED GARDEN AND THAT'S AN ENCHANTED CASTLE."

The others followed. There never was such a garden—out of a picture or a fairy-tale. They passed quite close by the deer, who only raised their pretty heads to look and did not seem startled at all. And after a long stretch of turf they passed under the heaped-up heavy masses of lime trees and came into a rose-garden, bordered with thick, close-cut yew hedges, and lying red and pink and green and white in the sun, like a giant's many-coloured, highly-scented pocket-handkerchief.

"I know we shall meet a gardener in a minute, and he'll ask what we're doing here.

And then what will you say?" Kathleen asked, with her nose in a rose.

"I shall say we've lost our way—and it will be quite true," said Gerald. But they did not meet a gardener or anybody else, and the feeling of magic got thicker and thicker, till they were almost afraid of the sound of their feet in the great, silent place. Beyond the rose-garden was a yew hedge with an arch cut in it, and it was the beginning of a maze like the one in Hampton Court.

"Now," said Gerald, "you mark my words. In the middle of this maze we shall find the secret enchantment. Draw your swords, my merry men all, and 'Hark forward, tally-ho!' in the utmost silence." Which they did.

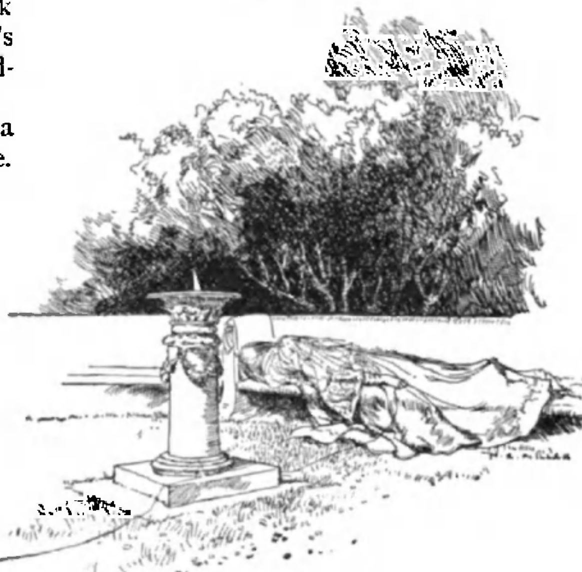
It was very hot in the maze, between the close yew hedges, and the way was hard to find. Again and again they found themselves at the black yew arch that opened on the rose-garden. It was when they found themselves there for the fourth time that Jimmy suddenly cried, "I *am* so hungry."

"Why didn't you say so before?" asked Gerald, sharply.

"I wasn't before."

"Then you can't be now. You don't get hungry all in a minute. What's that?"

That was a gleam of red that lay at the foot of the yew hedge—a thin little line, that you would hardly have noticed unless you had been staring in a fixed and angry way at the roots of the hedge.



"THE RED CLUE RAN STRAIGHT ACROSS THE GRASS AND BY THE SUNDIAL, AND ENDED IN A SMALL BROWN HAND."

It was a thread of cotton. Gerald picked it up. One end of it was tied to a thimble with holes in it, and the other——

"There *is* no other end," said Gerald, with firm triumph; "it's a clue. That's what it is. I've always felt something magic would happen some day, and now it has."

"I expect the gardeners put it there," said Jimmy.

"With a Princess's silver thimble on it? Look! There's a crown on the thimble."

There was.

"Come," said Gerald, in low, urgent tones, "if you are adventurers, *be* adventurers; and, anyhow, I expect someone has gone along the road and bagged the mutton hours ago."

He walked forward, winding the red thread round his fingers as he went. And it *was* a clue, and it led them right into the middle of the maze. And in the very middle of the maze they came upon the wonder.

The red clue led them up two stone steps to a round grass plot. There was a sundial in the middle, and all round, against the yew hedge, a low, wide marble seat. The red clue ran straight across the grass and by the sundial, and ended in a small brown hand with jewelled rings on every finger. The

hand was, naturally, attached to an arm, and that had many bracelets on it, sparkling with red and blue and green stones. The arm wore a sleeve of pink and gold brocaded silk, faded a little in patches, but still extremely imposing, and the sleeve was part of a dress which was worn by a lady who lay on the stone seat, asleep in the sun. The rosy gold dress fell open over an embroidered petticoat of a soft green colour. There was old yellow lace the colour of scalded cream, and a thin white veil spangled with silver stars covered the face.

"It's the enchanted Princess," said Gerald, now really impressed. "I told you so."

"It's the Sleeping Beauty," said Kathleen. "It is. Look how old-fashioned her clothes are, like the pictures of Marie Antoinette's ladies in the history book. She has slept for a hundred years. Oh, Gerald, you're the eldest, you must be the Prince, and we never knew it."

"She isn't really a Princess," said Jimmy. But the others laughed at him, partly because his saying things like that was enough to spoil any game, and partly because they really were not at all sure that it was not a Princess who lay there so still in the sunshine. Every stage of the adventure—the cave, the wonderful gardens, the maze, the clue—had deepened the feeling of magic, till now Kathleen and Gerald were almost completely bewitched.

"Lift the veil up, Jerry," said Kathleen, in a whisper; "if she isn't beautiful we shall know she can't be the Princess."

"Lift it yourself," said Gerald.

"I expect you're forbidden to touch the figures," said Jimmy.

"It's not wax, silly," said his brother.

"No," said his sister; "wax wouldn't be much good in this sun. And, besides, you can see her breathing. It's the Princess, right enough."

She very gently lifted the edge of the veil and turned it back. The Princess's face was small and white between long plaits of black hair. Her nose was straight and her brows finely traced. There were a few freckles on cheek-bones and nose.

"No wonder," whispered Kathleen, "sleeping all these years in all this sun." Her mouth was not a rose-bud. But all the same——

"Isn't she lovely?" Kathleen murmured.

"Not so dusty," Gerald was understood to reply.

"Now, Jerry," said Kathleen, firmly, "you're the eldest."

"Of course I am," said Gerald, uneasily.

"Well, you've got to wake the Princess."

"She's not a Princess," said Jimmy, with his hands in the pockets of his knickerbockers; "she's only a little girl dressed up."

"But she's in long dresses," urged Kathleen.

"Yes; but look what a little way down her frock her feet come. She wouldn't be any taller than Jerry if she was to stand up."

"Now, then!" urged Kathleen. "Jerry, don't be silly. You've got to do it."

"Do what?" asked Gerald, kicking his left boot with his right.

"Why, kiss her awake, of course."

"Not me!" was Gerald's unhesitating rejoinder.

"Well, someone's got to."

"She'd go for me, as likely as not, directly the minute she woke up," said Gerald, anxiously.

"I'd do it in a minute," said Kathleen; "but I don't suppose it 'ud make any difference."

She did it, and it didn't. The Princess still lay in deep slumber.

"Then you must, Jimmy. I dare say you'll do. Jump back quickly, before she can hit you."

"She won't hit him; he's such a little chap," said Gerald.

"Little yourself," said Jimmy. "*I* don't mind kissing her. I'm not a coward, like some people. Only if I do I'm going to be the dauntless leader for the rest of the day."

"No; look here—hold on," cried Gerald; "perhaps I'd better——" But in the meantime Jimmy had planted a loud, cheerful-sounding kiss on the Princess's pale cheek, and now the three stood breathless, awaiting the result.

And the result was that the Princess opened large, dark eyes, stretched out her arms, yawned a little, covering her mouth with a small brown hand, and said, quite plainly and distinctly, and without any room at all for mistake:—

"Then the hundred years are over. How the yew hedges have grown! Which of you is my Prince, that aroused me from my deep sleep of so many long years?"

"I did," said Jimmy, fearlessly, for she did not look as though she were going to slap anyone.

"My noble preserver," said the Princess, and held out her hand. Jimmy shook it vigorously.

"But I say," said he, "you aren't really a Princess, are you?"

"Of course I am," she answered. "Who

"THE THREE STOOD BREATHLESS, AWAITING THE RESULT."

else could I be? Look at my crown." She pulled aside the spangled veil and showed beneath it a coronet of what even Jimmy could not help seeing to be diamonds.

"But——" said Jimmy.

"Why," she said, opening her eyes very wide, "you must have known about my being here, or you'd never have come. How *did* you get past the dragons?"

Gerald ignored the question. "I say," he said, "do you really believe in magic, and all that?"

"I ought to," she said, "if anybody does. Look! Here's the place where I pricked my finger with the spindle." She showed a little scar on her hand.

"Then this really *is* an enchanted castle?"

"Of course it is," said the Princess. "How stupid you are!" She stood up, and her pink brocaded dress lay in bright waves about her feet.

"I said her dress would be too long," said Jimmy.

"It was the right length when I went to sleep," said the Princess; "it must have grown in the hundred years."

"I don't believe you're a Princess at all," said Jimmy; "at least——"

"Don't bother about believing it if you don't like," said the Princess. "It doesn't so much matter what you believe as what I am." She turned to the others.

"Let's go back to the castle," she said, "and I'll show you all my lovely jewels and things. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Yes," said Gerald, with very plain hesitation. "But——"

"But what?" The Princess's tone was impatient.

"But we're most awfully hungry."

"Oh, so am I," cried the Princess.

"We've had nothing to eat since breakfast."

"And it's three now," said the Princess, looking at the sundial. "Why, you've had nothing to eat for hours and hours and hours. But think of me. I haven't had anything to eat for a hundred years. Come along to the castle."

"The mice will have eaten everything," said Jimmy, sadly. He saw now that she really *was* a Princess.

"Not they," cried the Princess, joyously. "You forget everything's enchanted here. Time simply stood still for a hundred years. Come along, and one of you must carry my train, or I sha'n't be able to move, now it's grown such a frightful length."

(To be continued.)

From Other Magazines.

HOW OUR FISH IS CAUGHT.

So enormous are the catches sometimes made, when the trawler happens to strike a shoal of fish, that occasionally the bag of fish is too heavy to be trusted to the tackle on the mast. When this happens, the fisherman resorts to an expedient known as "hooking out." A special opening in the net is unlaced as the bag lies alongside, and the deck-hands stand by with murderous gaffs — long poles furnished with sharp hooks. The opening in the net affords just sufficient space for one fish at a time to escape from within, and as these swim out they are gaffed and jerked on board.—A. E. JOHNSON, IN "THE CAPTAIN."

DOWN THE GRAND CANYON.

It was like descending a Jacob's ladder, zigzagging at an unrelenting pitch; but at the end of two

miles we reached a comparatively gentle slope, some two thousand five hundred feet below the rim—roughly eight times the height of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.—E. W. G. WESSON, IN "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE."

WHAT IS A COLD?

What we designate a "cold" is only in a very small degree due to the effect of cold; the real cause of ailment is rather to be sought in the presence and activity of microbes. This will be apparent to anyone who has been successful in aborting a cold by the employment of suitable antiseptics in the form of sprays or inhalations, these only proving effective owing to their power of destroying the disease-producing organisms. — ROBERT BELL, M.D., ETC., IN "THE GRAND MAGAZINE."

ABOUT GOLF-BALLS.

There is no limit to the vagaries of golf-balls. Not long ago one was driven clean through one window of a passing brougham and out at the opposite one, no doubt much to the alarm of the occupants of the carriage; another crashed through a window of a house and made a neat hole through a picture hanging on the opposite wall; and a third was picked up by a frolicsome collie, who forthwith bolted with it and completed the course in record time; while in another case a grazing cow picked up a ball at the end of a drive, carried it 276yds. nearer the hole, and then restored it to its owner, who promptly claimed to have driven it 397yds., and the right to play where it lay.—FROM "TIT-BITS."

WALKING: THE HOW AND THE WHY.

It sometimes happens that a sudden spurt has to be made—perhaps there is a train to catch; well, a very good "tip" to increase the pace is to hold out a coat or walking-stick at arms' length. The effect of this is, of course, to upset the usual centre of gravity and throw the body forward. It is difficult to explain, but an appreciable increase in speed will be experienced at once. Of course, it is impossible to maintain this position for long, and it is useful only where a big speed is required for a short distance.—MONTAGUE A. HOLBEIN, IN "FRY'S MAGAZINE."

CURIOSITIES.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

CATCHING A MAN-EATER.

I SEND you a photograph of the jaw and tail of a shark caught from the ss. *Degama* while anchored off Progreso, Yucatan. You will also see in the photograph the hook with which it was caught, and the chain attached to it. When cut open we found a pair of boots, a man's hat, and a paint-brush, which are shown also. After half an hour's playing, with the help of the steam winch and fifteen bullets, we were successful in landing him. He measured fourteen feet long and four feet across the shoulders.—Mr. W. H. Hatcher, 7, Merton Road, Bootle, Liverpool.

A "RINGERS' JUG."

A BEER-JUG in a belfry is happily somewhat of a rarity in these days. At the beginning of last century, however, people were not so particular. The ringers' jug at Beccles, in Suffolk, holds six gallons, a sufficiency to sustain the ten weary ringers, though the weight of the bells did exceed six tons. The vessel is made of red earthenware and has three handles, one of which is concealed by the neck. It bears the following inscription, in quaint spelling:—

"When I am fill'd with liquor strong
Each Man drink once and then ding dong.
Drink not to much to Cloud your Knobs
Least you forget to make the Bobbs.

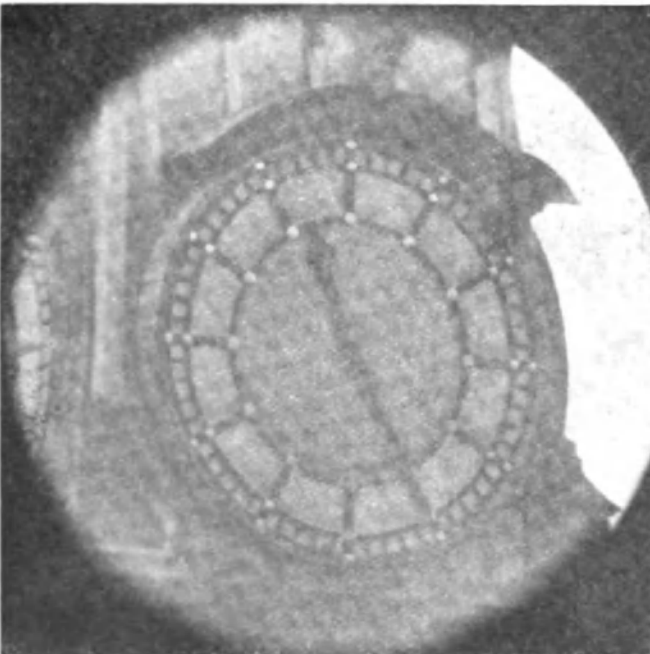
A gift of John Pattman, Beccles." On the reverse side is the maker's name—"Samuel Stringfellow, Potter."—Mr. J. R. White, 31, Cockspur Street, S.W.

"TERRIBLE SUICIDE!"

THIS photograph, which I took in August last, represents a "terrible suicide" which took place in a rain-water butt at the Fox and Hounds Inn, Thurston, Suffolk. It caused considerable alarm in the village, till it was discovered that the supposed tramp consisted of a pair of trousers, two boots, and a stick!—Mr. R. H. Roberts, 13, Redcliffe Gardens, Ilford.

AS SEEN THROUGH A TELESCOPE.

MY brother and I first took in the usual way a photograph of a large building with a clock-tower. We then got a small telescope and arranged the camera in such a position that the lens "looked" through the telescope just as the eye does. The view through



the "wrong end" of the telescope makes the building appear so diminutive that the clock is scarcely visible, but its size as seen through the "right end" is surprising. I also send you a photograph of the building as it appears to the "man in the street." — Mr. Edward Fidduck, 31, Kennington Park Road, S.E.

A UNIQUE LETTER-BOX.

RIGHT in the centre of Cranmere bog, Dartmoor, is one of the strangest letter-boxes to be found in the world. The difficulty of reaching this box makes letters particularly valuable to those who receive them, and this has led to a curious custom. Whoever crosses the bog carries post-cards addressed to friends. On reaching the letter-box they take out any cards they find there and post them at the nearest town, leaving their own in the box, to be dealt with in a similar manner by the next comer. Only agile people, who

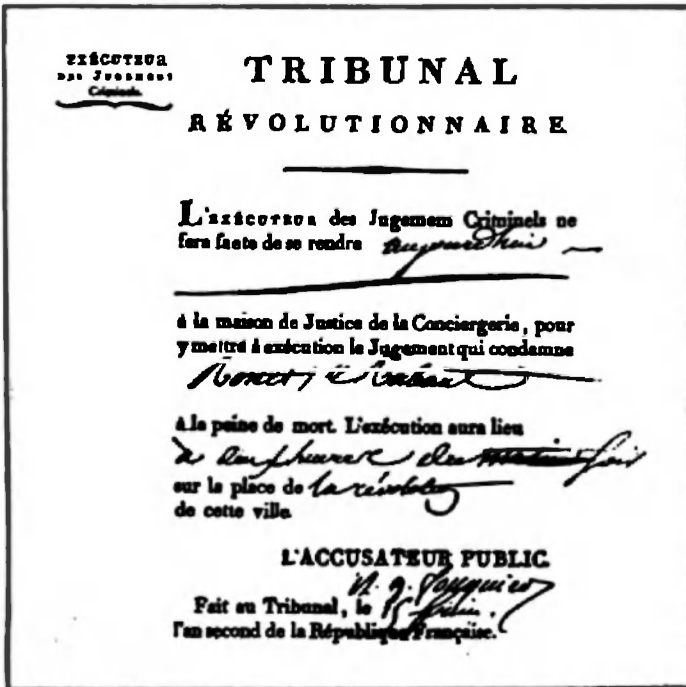
can jump from tuft to tuft over the quaking bog, can act as postmen, and this enhances the value of the cards which have passed through this unique post-box.—Mrs. Forbes William, 2, Bloomfield Crescent, Bath.

A LIGHTHOUSE MONUMENT.

THIS memorial, erected in the Ulverston cemetery, is made of marble and represents a lighthouse. The curious thing about it is that inside the top there is a lamp which is kept burning, day and night. A lady erected this monument in memory of her father, and invested a sum of money, the interest on which pays for the gas and keeps the monument in good repair.—Mr. Charles H. Joy, 11, Hextol Terrace, Hexham-on-Tyne.

A DONKEY ON A CAMEL'S BACK.

THIS photograph shows a donkey having a ride on a camel's back. I took it three winters ago in Mogador, Morocco. One often sees sheep, goats, kids, and even calves having a ride on donkey-back in Eastern countries, but it is seldom that a poor old donkey gets a ride.—Miss A. M. Blackie, Glasgow.



EXÉCUTEUR DES JUGEMENS Criminels

TRIBUNAL

RÉVOLUTIONNAIRE

L'EXÉCUTEUR des Jugemens Criminels ne fera faute de se rendre [illegible]

à la maison de Justice de la Conciergerie, pour y mettre à exécution le Jugement qui condamne [illegible]

à la peine de mort. L'exécution aura lieu [illegible]
sur la place de [illegible]
de cette ville.

L'ACCUSATEUR PUBLIC.
[illegible]

Fait au Tribunal, le [illegible]
l'an second de la République Française.

A DEATH-WARRANT OF THE "TERROR."

THIS is a facsimile of one of the many death-warrants issued by the Revolutionary Tribunal during the Reign of Terror in France. How business-like is its brief and laconic style! A glance at it sets one thinking of the many to whom a similar document must have brought a happy release from one of the most miserable and distressing periods in the world's history. This document is the warrant for the execution of the deputy Rabaut in the second year of the Republic.

A LIVING PURSE.

THE medal of which the following photograph is a full-size copy was found beneath the fore-shoulder of a steer by Mr. W. H. Wyckoff, Port Townsend, Washington, U.S.A., last December. Mr. Wyckoff, an experienced butcher, found the medal lying flat between the shoulder and the ribs, about six inches beneath the skin. A crowd saw the medal before it was removed from its strange hiding-place. The medal is of lead, made in St. Louis, while the steer came from Eastern Oregon. Mr. Wyckoff is unable to account for the occurrence, but believes the

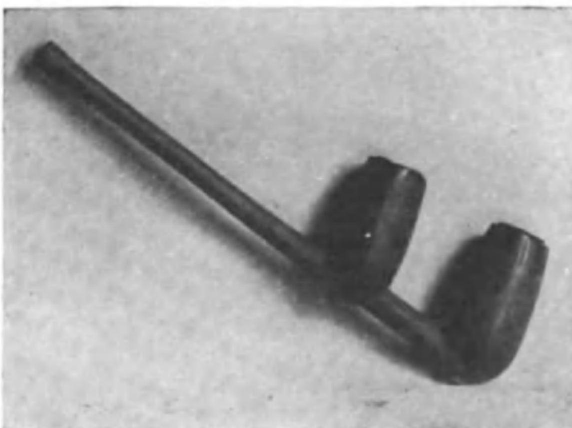
medal was placed there, though by whom, or for what purpose, remains a mystery. —Mr. James G. McCurdy, Port Townsend, Washington.

TO FRIGHTEN POACHERS.

THIS is a photograph of an old alarm gun which I found amongst some rubbish in an outhouse. I thought it would interest your readers to see what our forefathers used to scare poachers with. The flint-lock is still in good working order, which speaks well for the workmanship of years gone by. The only part missing is the cover, which fitted in the grooves by the lock to keep the priming in the pan dry.—Mr. H. C. Wood, Enham, Andover, Hants.

AN ANCIENT "EEL-SCISSORS."

ADJOINING is a picture of a most curious device for catching eels. The arrangement consists of a gigantic pair of scissors hinged about half-way down, with French nails projecting about one inch from the face of each jaw, to make sure the slippery eel will not get free again after being once "hooked." The total length of this "instrument" is about ten feet, and the method of working it thus: Where an eel is located the handles are kept together and the two open jaws placed carefully over the eel. The second operation is simply to open the handles, which shuts the jaws and secures the prey. I may also state that this arrangement is not only a curiosity, but a most practical appliance for securing large "bags."—Mr. Johnson S. Jeffree, 7, Pretoria Avenue, High Street, Walthamstow.



A DOUBLE-BOWLED PIPE.

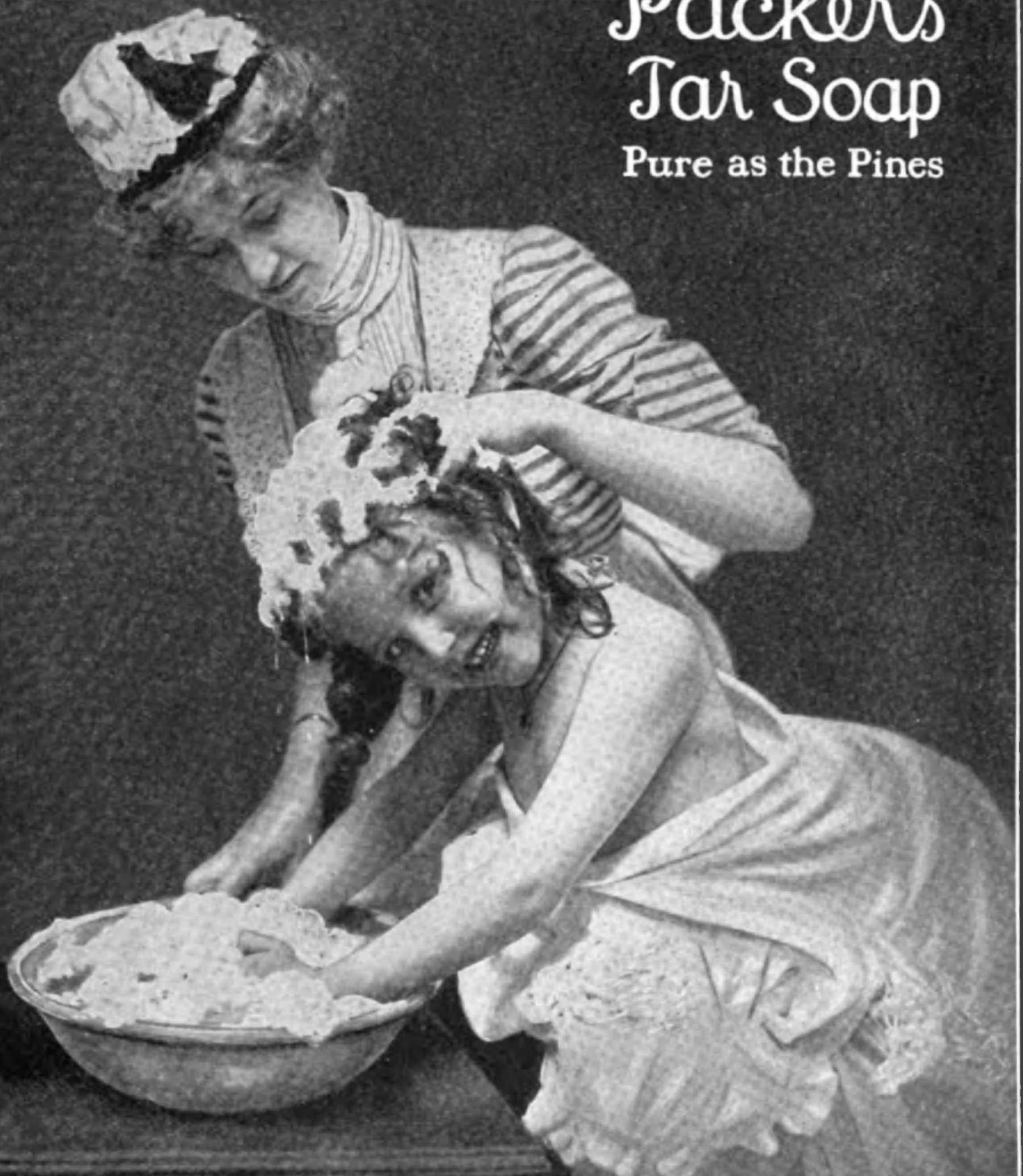
I SEND you a photograph of a curious pipe which was unearthed some three years ago at a place known as the Pepper-box, on the promontory of Fermain Bay, Guernsey, about two hundred feet above sea-level. The pipe, as will be observed, has two bowls on one stem; it was carved from one solid piece of oak, and is lined with iron, the latter being plainly visible to the naked eye at the top of the bowls. Both bowls, if required, may be used at the same time, as the draw is connected, but with a cap on the top of one a comfortable smoke can be had from the other. The pipe, though in a good state of preservation, must be of ancient date, as I have been unable to glean any record of such a pipe being a luxury within the memory of some of the oldest inhabitants of the island.—Mr. R. Bichard, St. Martin's, Guernsey.

A STRANGE HARVEST.

THE bird shown in my photograph had only been dead a few days when I took the picture. It seems evident that just before death it ate a feed of corn, and to the astonishment of everyone the seeds sprouted and can be seen growing through the bird's breast.—Mr. H. Pickard, The Pollards, Stratton, North Cornwall.

A SNAP-SHOT PUZZLE.

I SEND you a snap-shot taken in the street. In developing it I was considerably puzzled. I think your readers may find some amusement in "dissecting" the limbs and apportioning them to their rightful owners!—Mr. T. S. Howes, 15, Serlo Road, Gloucester.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