THE STRAND MAGAZINE

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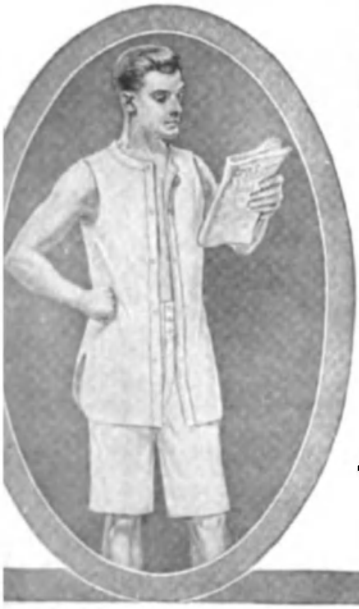

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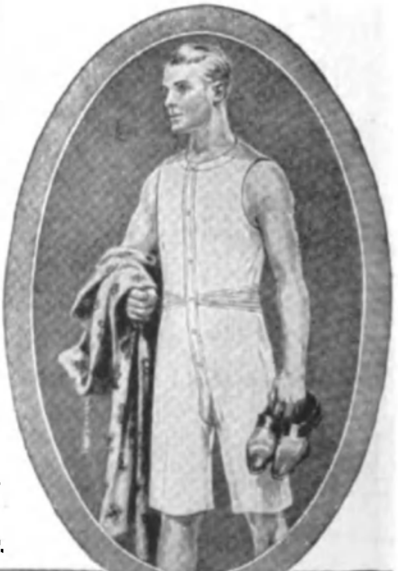

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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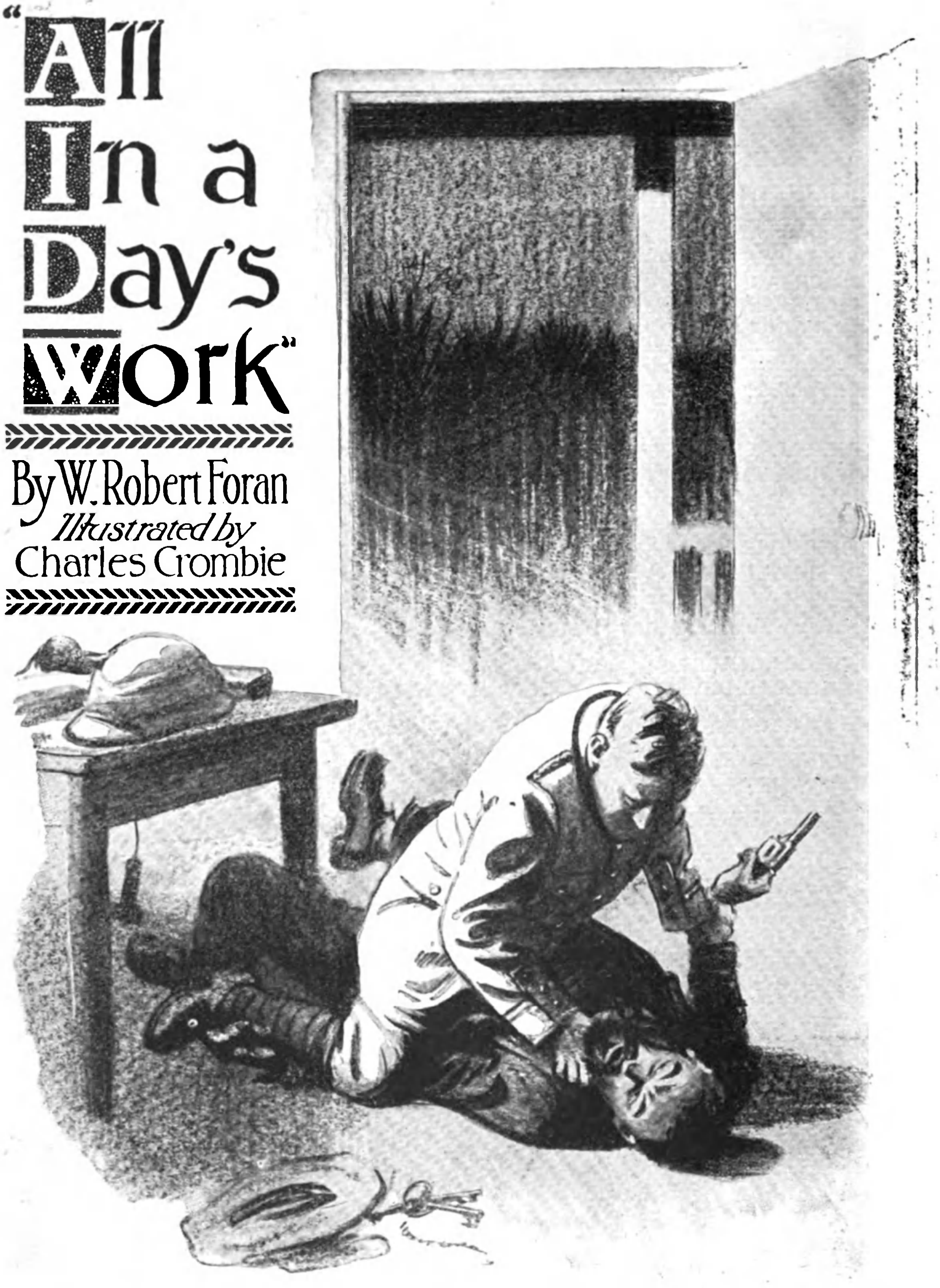
"All In a Day's Work"

By W. Robert Foran

Illustrated by
Charles Crombie

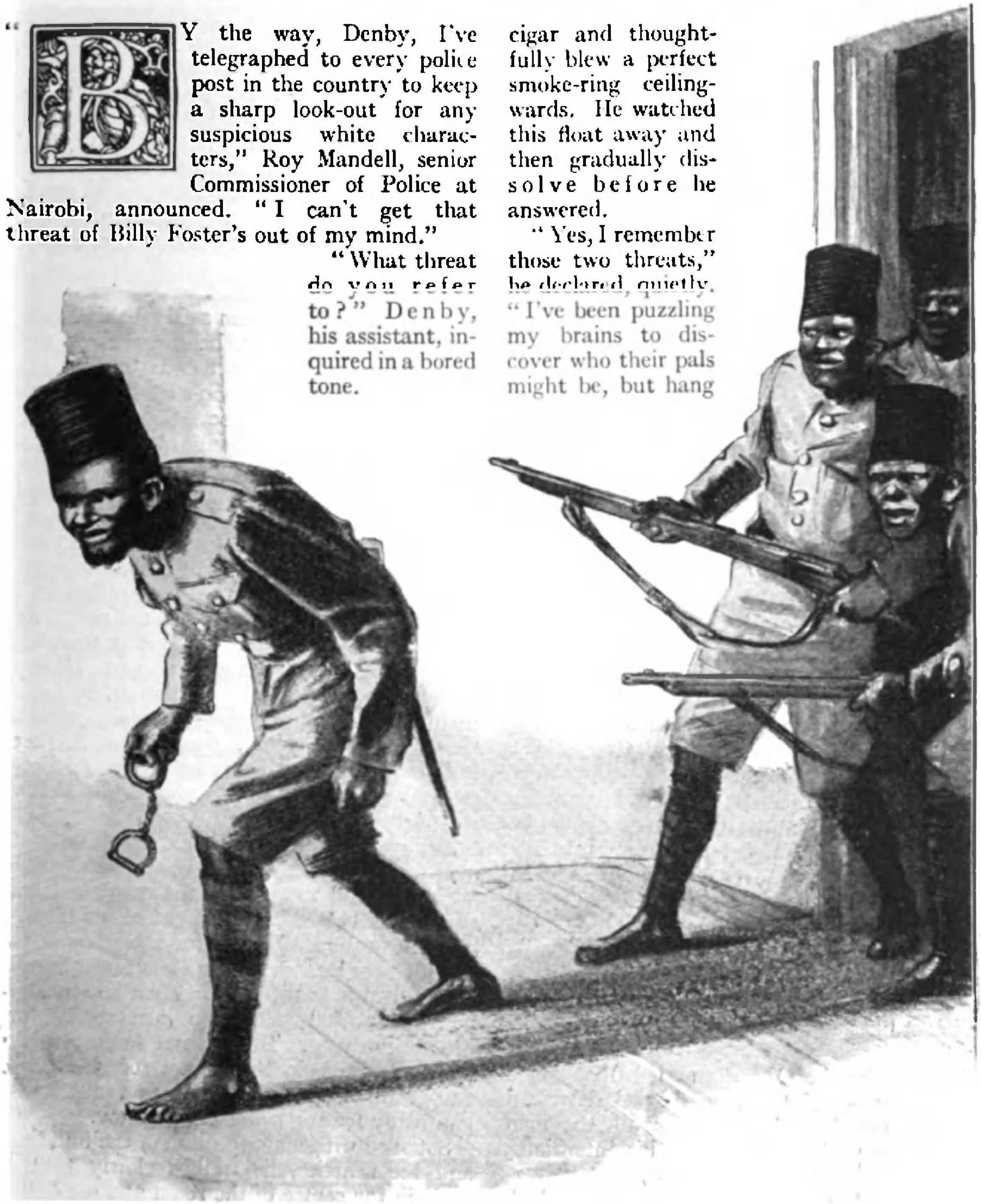


"WITH SHORT, PANTING BREATHS HE THREW HIS FAILING STRENGTH INTO ONE LAST DETERMINED EFFORT TO ESCAPE."

(See page 730.)

"BY the way, Denby, I've telegraphed to every police post in the country to keep a sharp look-out for any suspicious white characters," Roy Mandell, senior Commissioner of Police at Nairobi, announced. "I can't get that threat of Billy Foster's out of my mind."

"What threat do you refer to?" Denby, his assistant, inquired in a bored tone.



"Why, surely you remember that Foster said he'd get even with you for arresting him and Patrick Shannon on a charge of that murder in Johannesburg? He swore some of his pals would get them out of our hands, if I recollect rightly."

Denby took a long pull at his freshly-lit cigar and thoughtfully blew a perfect smoke-ring ceilingwards. He watched this float away and then gradually dissolve before he answered.

"Yes, I remember those two threats," he declared, quietly. "I've been puzzling my brains to discover who their pals might be, but hang me if I can place them. The first threat doesn't worry me at all"—he cracked his fingers flippantly in disdain of it—"but I'll confess the second one does."

"Haven't you anyone in mind at all, then?" Mandell asked, his elbows on the dining-table and his hands supporting his face.

They had just finished dinner and the table had been cleared. The subject of Denby's brilliant arrest of the two badly-wanted murderers in Reeves's bar-room three days previously was still fresh in each mind. Mandell was not a little proud of his young assistant's exploit, for he knew few of his officers would have faced two such desperate characters, armed as they were with revolvers, and arrested them without any damage to themselves.

"There *is* one man, who arrived yesterday from Mombasa," Denby remarked presently, with his face puckered up into a deep frown. "He might answer that question; then again he mightn't. He's an Australian. Stands about six feet two inches, and is heavily built—exceptionally so, in fact. Has large dark eyes, thick black hair, very tanned face, and a weak mouth. His chin protrudes rather, and he wears a short, stubby black beard."

He hesitated for a few moments, undecided as to how to voice his suspicions. Mandell watched his face without speaking. He was plainly interested in the younger man's remarks, and had leaned forward farther across the table, dropping his hands from his face. His fingers twitched nervously as he played with the tablecloth in front of him.

"Mind you," Denby continued, after a short pause, "this is only suspicion—absolutely nothing more than that. I've no real grounds for suspecting him at all, except I don't like his face and general get-up. Came into my office this afternoon over at the police-station and asked about a job in the police department. Appeared to take more than a casual interest in the geography of the office. That's about all I've got against him, except for an instinctive distrust. Funny how one takes violent likes and dislikes at first meeting with a man!"

Denby laughed shortly, as if half-ashamed of his doubts of the man he had described to his superior officer. After all, the man might be perfectly honest in his intentions, and really wanted to join the force.

"Where's he stopping?" Mandell asked, softly, and the expression in his eyes showed more than a casual interest in the answer.

"At Reeves's Hotel in the Government Road. I've got him under surveillance by a plain-clothes native detective. We can't afford to lose our two prisoners, and I'm frankly taking no chances. The reward for their capture means too much to me!"

Mandell nodded his head in approval. "Good boy," he commended. "Keep close watch on his movements and report to me if anything appears wrong."

Denby rose from the table and picked up his Sam-Browne belt, which was carelessly thrown over a chair. He fastened it round his waist and placed his helmet on his head.

"Trust me for that," he declared, with grim terseness. "Think I'll go down to the station and see if all's well there. I've got a premonition something may develop, and I want to be on hand if it does. Good night, Mandell!"

"Good night, then!"

Denby closed the door softly behind him and started away at a brisk walk for the police-station. The night was almost as light as day, for a full moon shed its radiance over the township. As he walked down the road, between the rustling blue-gum trees lining each border, the sound of native drums monotonously beating in the bazaar was wafted to him on a light breeze. And then, suddenly, from far out on the Athi Plains skirting the town, came the rumbling roar of a lion. He knew that the "king of beasts" was at a safe distance, and that the roar only denoted a well-filled belly. But it sounded very savage and majestic; and Denby shivered slightly, in spite of himself.

He skirted the police-barracks, struck across a small swamp, passed the Market Building, and finally reached the police-station. A native sentry saluted him stiffly with his rifle.

Denby unstrapped his belt and threw it over a chair before inspecting the cells. But he was careful to abstract the revolver from the holster before it passed out of his immediate possession. He opened the weapon to see if it were loaded. Then for a few minutes he weighed it in his hand. Then he stuck it into his pocket, with the butt ready for instant grasping. He had not forgotten his lesson learned in the arrest of the two dangerous criminals, and wanted to have the gun ready for any sudden emergency.

Satisfied with his inspection of the building and the sentries, he walked slowly to the table in the centre of the room and sat down before it, facing the doorway. Thoughtfully he pulled open the top right-hand drawer and tenderly laid the revolver in it. For a moment he hesitated, and then viciously snapped the drawer close over the weapon.

The native sentry, on guard outside of the building, brought his Martini-Henri rifle-butt to the "order" position with a bang and stood "at ease." The clash made Denby start.

"Hang it!" he muttered, with disgust at himself. "I'm getting jumpy. This'll never do!"

He pulled his chair closer to the desk and listened to the medley of noise which came to him from the Indian bazaar behind his office. In the cells to the rear all was still. The dreary droning of the native tom-toms never ceased for a moment, and every now and then came the shrill cry of a native dancer enjoying a night of revelry in the villages on the rising land outside the town.

"Sentry!" Denby called, abruptly.

At the command the native soldier sprang to attention, sloped his rifle, and turned to face Denby.

"I want you to be particularly alert to-night," he cautioned the sentry, slowly, speaking in Kiswahili. "Instead of patrolling the front of the building only, you will go round it every quarter of an hour. Examine every window carefully as you do so, for I don't want any of the prisoners to escape. *Sikia?*"

The orders were received by the sentry with an impassive face, and he saluted at their finish to show he entirely understood.

"*Ndio, Effendi, fahamu!*" he confirmed, in a deep-bass voice.

"*Bassi!* See that you do it, then!" he cautioned the sentry, in dismissal.

As the sentry returned to his post and resumed his patrolling of the front of the building in brisk strides, Denby pulled a file of "Men Wanted" towards him, and began to study the photographs and descriptions of each one. The only sounds were now the steady tramp of the sentry outside and the rustling leaves of the pages as Denby continued his industrious search for the face of the Australian which might, perchance, be one of those men sought by the police in other countries. The native drums and other sounds of revelry had now ceased, for the capital town of East Africa had gone to bed.

For ten minutes Denby studied the files carefully, but he failed to recognize in any of the word-sketches or pictures of criminals a resemblance to the man he suspected of being an associate of the two murderers he had now safely under lock and key. Finally he threw the file across the table and rose from his seat, stretching his arms above his head.

He felt very restless, with a sense of coming danger. Yet he could not define what it was. He looked towards the dark passage-way, which divided the cells from the office. Not a sound could be heard. He glanced at his wrist-watch and saw it was ten o'clock. The prisoners must be asleep, he concluded; yet, it might be wise to make a tour of the cells to see all was as it should be.

He walked swiftly down the passage-way with noiseless tread. At the end was a heavy brick wall, and on reaching it he retraced his steps, peering into each black cell as he passed it. Only the sound of deep breathing, regular and contented, greeted his tense ear-drums. Nothing appeared to be amiss, and he tip-toed back to his seat in the outer office.

A few minutes later the quarter struck resonantly on the steel-rail gong in the police barracks near by. Denby watched the sentry start on his rounds about the building. Seeing him disappear round the corner, he rested his head on his arms across the table. He was feeling very tired and drowsy, for he had been very busy all day since the five o'clock parade in the morning. And presently he fell asleep.

How long he slept he did not know, but afterwards when he thought the matter out he was positive it could not have been more than a few minutes. A slight noise made him half-spring out of his seat into sudden wakefulness. He found himself looking into the barrel of a heavy Colt revolver.

Thoroughly awake and alive now to his desperate situation, he intently scrutinized the face behind it. It needed only a brief glance, however, to assure him that it was the Australian who had aroused his suspicions.

The latter was a much larger-built man than Denby, and it would be useless for him to try to rush the man by force. He must play him until the sentry, returning from his rounds, reached the front of the office again. Then he might be able to attract his attention without the Australian's knowledge.

In the guard-room to the right of the office the sergeant and ten native police were sleeping; but to call them now would mean, most probably, disaster for him and them. His mind, trained in his Army service to grapple with sudden emergencies, was working rapidly. He decided to try to bluff this man who menaced him until he could get assistance. He knew this was his only hope.

He began to wonder how long the sentry had been on his rounds and when he would return. His gaze wandered from the face of the Australian to the barred windows of the office. His ears were seeking some hint of the sentry's whereabouts, while his eyes pierced the moonlight outside for some sign of movement.

The Australian noticed the direction of Denby's gaze, and smiled evilly. Denby did not see the smile; if he had done so, he might have felt even more perturbed than he did already.

Slowly Denby brought his eyes back to the face of the Australian, who up to this point had maintained silence since entering the office. And the intensity of the silence was getting on Denby's nerves. Why the deuce didn't the man say something? he asked himself, angrily.

"Well!" he snapped at the Australian, trying to appear calm. "What can I do for you?"

"Where have you got my two pals, Foster and Shannon?" the man parried, insolently.

"Just where you'll be—in the cells!" Denby laughed, shortly.

"Bring 'em out, then; quick!" The Australian took a couple of steps forward as he uttered his command. Still the revolver covered the young police-officer; but Denby did not flinch.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you," he said, "but such a late visit is strictly against the regulations, and I'm a stickler for keeping them. But if you'll leave your card, I'll see they get it first thing in the morning. I'm sure they'll be delighted you called." He grinned at the other ironically.

The Australian frowned, and took two quick strides towards the table at which Denby was sitting.

"No more fooling," he ordered, angrily. "Produce my pals, for I mean to get 'em out o' this. Look alive about it, now."

Denby shrugged his shoulders. "Guess again!" he grinned.

"Look here. I mean business, and the sooner you realize it, the better it'll be for you. See?"

Denby's eyes never left those of the Australian. He was watching and waiting for a sign of weakness or of inattention. In his school and Sandhurst days, Jack Denby had made quite a name for himself as a middle-weight boxer. He had learned, as the result of many a hard-fought battle, never to take his eyes off those of his opponent. He did not forget this lesson now.

"Don't speak so loud, you'll wake the baby," he said, tauntingly.

"Meaning?"

"The sergeant and men of the guard." Denby spoke out loud in the hope that his men might hear him, despite the closed door.

"Where are they?" came the quick rejoinder, but this time in a whisper.

"In that room!" Denby nodded his head in the direction of the guard-room.

The Australian took a quick glance in the direction indicated, and, as he did so, Denby made a swift motion to open the drawer in which he had placed his revolver. But the man was too quick for him.

"Put your hands up!" he whispered. fiercely, and thrust his revolver into Denby's face.

With the cold steel pressing against his face, Denby had no other option than to obey the mandate. He raised his two hands helplessly above his head.

"That's better," sneered the Australian. "No monkey tricks, or it'll go hard with you. I mean to get my pals out o' here, and the sooner you release them, the better I'll be pleased."

Denby's face was like a mask. Still that set smile was on his lips, and if the Australian had known his man better, he would have realized that Denby was not one with whom to take any undue liberties unless prepared to go the limit. Behind that mask of emotions was an indomitable spirit, fearless and unswerving from a strict line of duty.

"You'd much better get out of here," Denby warned him, and his voice had a new note of strength in it. "The sentry will be back here in a few minutes"—he glanced at the wrist-watch above his head—"in fact, he'll be here in a few seconds," he corrected, triumphantly.

"He'll never show up again, never fear," sneered the Australian. "I've cracked him over the head with the butt of my revolver. Smashed his skull in, judging by the sound."

Denby sprang up in his chair with blazing eyes, and uttered a stifled cry of horror. But he sank back again as the man's revolver pressed relentlessly against his head. There was no sense in trying to grapple with a man who could send your soul to eternity in a second or less.

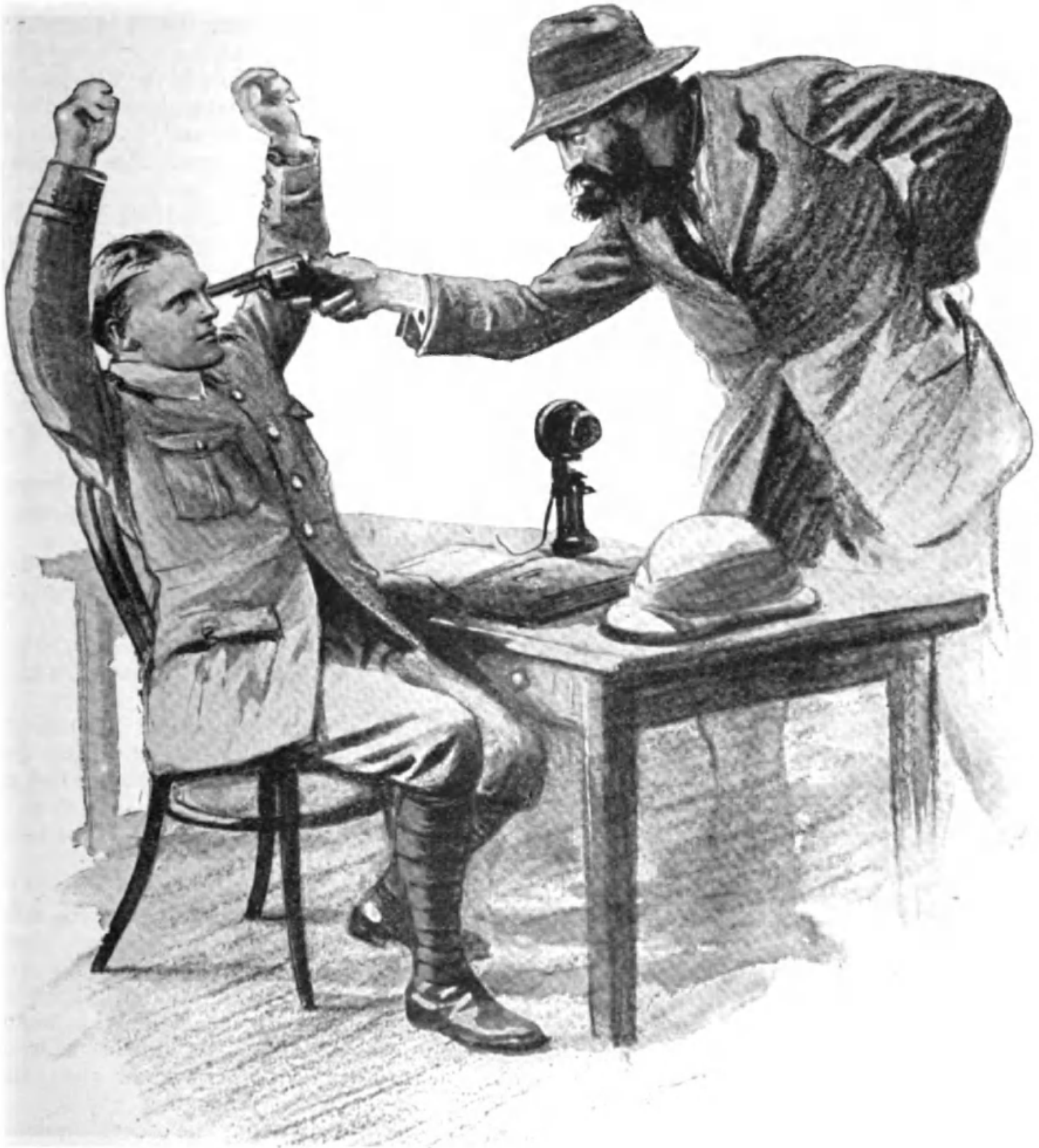
"You unspeakable hound!" Denby shouted, and there was a world of bitter contempt in his voice.

He listened for sounds to denote that his men in the guard-room had heard his raised voice, but all was silent. "You'll pay pretty dearly for that," he added, grimly.

"Curse you, stand up!" the Australian ordered, angrily, in a bullying tone.

Denby had no option but to obey. But in rising, he carelessly knocked his telephone over, and the receiver fell off its hook. The other man did not appear to notice the significance of the action; and Denby breathed more freely.

He had suddenly conceived the idea of



"'PUT YOUR HANDS UP!' HE WHISPERED, FIERCELY, AND THRUST HIS REVOLVER INTO DENBY'S FACE."

unhooking the receiver, if he got a chance, and so warning "Central" there was something amiss in the police-station. When they got no answer from the office, "Central" might suspect something was wrong and call up the police-barracks. And, if he spoke loud enough, they might even hear what was wrong and send immediate help. It was worth a chance.

"Now lead me to Foster and Shannon," commanded the Australian, in a fierce whisper.

"That would be useless, for I've not got the keys of the cells." Denby's smile grew broader. His little plan was gradually creeping toward success.

"Who's got them, then?" the other asked, in a puzzled voice.

"The sergeant of the guard."

Denby was unprepared for the next move.

He had under-estimated the lengths to which this man was prepared to go in order to attain the object of his visit.

"Call him out here," came the abrupt command. And as he spoke he drew another Colt out of his pocket, stepped quickly to one side, and held the two weapons so that Denby was effectively covered and also anyone who should enter the office from the guard-room.

"Sergeant Hamid!" Denby shouted, loudly. His voice gave no indication of any excitement.

There was a sound of movement in the guard-room, and then of footsteps.

"*Hapa, Effendi!* I'm coming."

The sergeant's voice sounded muffled. Both men were listening intently to the movements behind the door. Denby was fervently praying that the men of the guard would come also in answer to his summons, for between them all they could overpower this giant. On the other hand, the Australian was hoping only the sergeant would appear.

The door opened and the native sergeant came swiftly into the room, closing the door behind him. His hand rose to his forehead in a salute, but did not complete the motion. He found himself looking into the barrel of a revolver held in a very steady hand. His mouth gaped open; but he uttered no sound. He looked straight at the revolver, and gradually a look of fear spread over his face, while his black, shiny skin turned a sickly yellow. He did not mind facing the weapons of a native, but to him the white man was as sacred as a god. He felt utterly defenceless against him.

Denby watched the sergeant's face, between his two raised arms. Slowly an idea came to him, and he smiled. He knew by the stillness of the guard-room that the other men had not realized there was an exciting drama under way in the office; otherwise they would have surely come to his aid.

"Sergeant Hamid!" he ordered, abruptly, and there was a quality of encouragement in his voice. There was also that in the tone which made the sergeant close his mouth and spring into a rigid position of attention.

"*Effendi!*" he answered, bringing his hand swiftly to the salute, and then with a sharp smack to his side.

His eyes searched the face of his superior for some sign of what was expected of him. He knew there must be something that he must do—something to help his officer. Now he was the soldier once more, and all fear had left him. It was not for nothing he had fought beside white officers in numberless native wars. He had acquired something of their spirit as the result of the association with them under many trying situations, and had the natural, native-born recklessness of death and of the hereafter. For him they had no terrors.

"Where are the keys of the cells?" Denby asked him, and there was a meaning under the words which escaped the notice of the Australian.

"*Hapa, Effendi!*" Sergeant Hamid's hand sought the bunch of keys at his belt, fumbled a moment, and then closed over them. His eyes still searched the face of his officer, waiting patiently for the cue to the riddle of what was desired of him.

"Throw them here." The command came from the Australian, who still covered them with his revolvers.

Sergeant Hamid hesitated. He was not in the habit of taking orders from any but his superior officers.

"D'you hear what I say?" thundered the Australian, impatiently. "Throw them here at once, you black pig!"

Still the sergeant waited for his officer's confirmation of the order. But Denby was now thoroughly enjoying himself, and had no mind to interfere too soon. He gave no sign, and the sergeant's face showed his complete perplexity.

"You black beast, you! Do what I say!" roared the now thoroughly enraged Australian. "I'll drill holes in you, if you don't obey instantly."

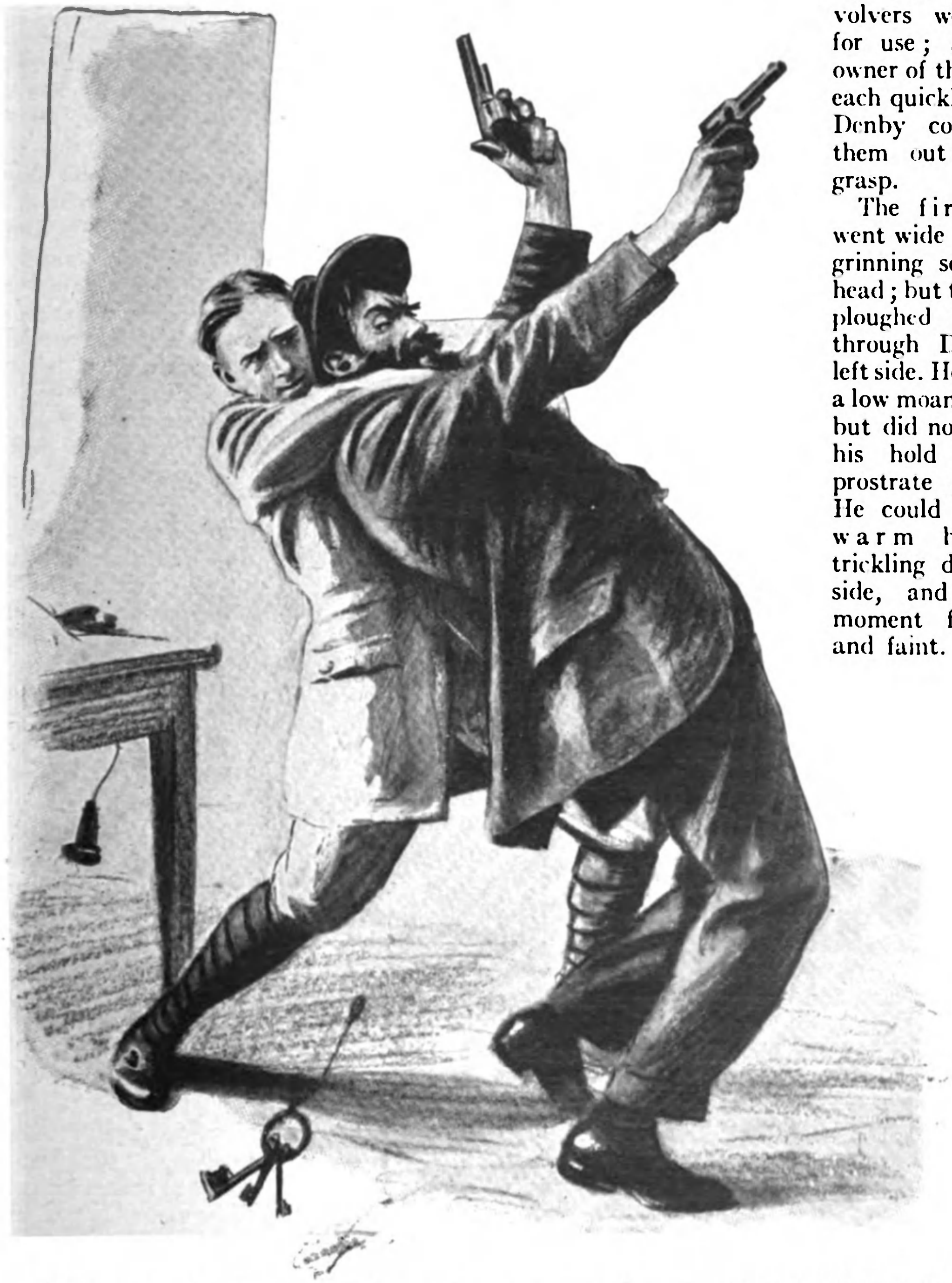
Great beads of perspiration clustered on Sergeant Hamid's forehead, and he looked pleadingly at Denby. But still he made no motion to comply. Denby saw the game had been played long enough.

"*Throw* them at him," he ordered, quietly, and there was deep meaning under the simple words. He uttered the command deliberately, in the hope that Sergeant Hamid would obey him literally.

Slowly the keys were drawn forth and poised ready for the throw. Then suddenly Hamid understood the meaning of his officer's simple command. He threw the heavy bunch with all his force straight in the face of the Australian. The latter saw them coming and instinctively ducked his head.

This was what Denby had been hoping and waiting for. As the keys hurtled through the air he jumped and landed beside the Australian. His right arm closed like a vice round the man's neck, and his left leg tripped him from behind. The man put forth all his strength to escape the grip, but he had been caught off his guard and had lost his advantage.

"Stand where you are, Hamid," Denby called out. And Sergeant Hamid stood still, fascinated by the struggle. A pleased smile cleft his face as he watched the two men wrestle first this way and then that.



"HIS RIGHT ARM CLOSED LIKE A VICE ROUND THE MAN'S NECK, AND HIS LEFT LEG TRIPPED HIM FROM BEHIND."

Slowly Denby bent the Australian's head back and his knees forward, until the man lost his balance and fell to the floor of the office. Denby fell on the top of him, pinning the other's arms to the ground with his knees. But the two revolvers were free for use; and the owner of them fired each quickly before Denby could get them out of his grasp.

The first shot went wide over the grinning sergeant's head; but the other ploughed its way through Denby's left side. He uttered a low moan of pain, but did not release his hold on the prostrate prisoner. He could feel the warm blood trickling down his side, and for a moment felt sick and faint. But he braced himself for a struggle. His knees worked quickly down the man's arms until he knelt upon his wrists. Now the revolvers could be fired as often as their owner wished without possible injury to anyone

At the sound of the two shots Denby had heard the men in the guard-room spring up from their beds and rush to the closed door. A second later they burst pell-mell into the room with excited shouts. And his ears caught the murmur of voices from the awakened prisoners, behind him in the cells.

The men of the guard halted, silent and fascinated, at the doorway. The sight which met their eyes was sufficient to hold them spell-bound in astonishment. On the floor Denby was kneeling astride the form of a giant white man. They were struggling hard, each trying to obtain a decisive advantage over the other.

Denby heard the men enter the office and halt.

"Don't let them interfere, Hamid," he called out, gasping for breath, as he strained every nerve to choke the Australian into insensibility. "Get a pair of handcuffs ready, quick!"

Hamid ran to the wall and pulled down a pair of steel manacles from a hook. He ran with them towards the struggling men on the floor, prepared to clasp them about the Australian's wrists when he was ordered to do so by Denby.

And slowly Denby's hands found a firm grip on the other man's throat, pressing the jugular vein until his prisoner's tongue protruded and face went purple. The struggle was more than half over. Denby felt the prisoner's limbs relaxing, and eased his own hold slightly. Immediately the Australian seized the opportunity to make a fresh effort to release himself.

With short, panting breaths he threw his failing strength into one last determined effort to escape. Denby was lifted bodily off him and fell underneath; but he tightened his hold upon the man's throat.

The prisoners in their cells were clamouring noisily; but no other sound was heard in the room except the irregular and strained breathing of the two struggling men. Great beads of perspiration stood on each man's face, and their veins appeared like whipcords. Neither spoke a syllable; and the native soldiers kept silence, also. The latter were bending forward watching the dramatic struggle for mastery, with an intense interest born of their own love of wrestling.

Suddenly the Australian raised one of his revolvers to fire it at Denby. But this unfair advantage was more than even Sergeant Hamid's sense of obedience to commands could withstand. He ran in and seized the revolver, pointing it upward to the ceiling. The bullet brought a shower of plaster down upon them.

Like lightning Hamid's truncheon flashed forth from his belt and dealt a terrific blow on the Australian's arm. The revolver clattered to the floor, and the man uttered a low moan of excruciating agony. His arm had been shattered below the elbow. It took Hamid only a second to wrest the other weapon from the man, and then he slipped one of the handcuffs over the wrist of the uninjured arm. He leaned across Denby and touched him lightly upon the shoulder.

"*Imekwisha, Effendi!* The work is done," he said, meaningly; and there was a new note of respect and affection in the black's voice which Denby had never heard before.

Slowly he rose from the twisting and moaning man, and stood erect over him. His breath still came in laboured gasps, and his face was bloodless and tense with the pain of his wound.

"Hamid, take charge of the prisoner," he ordered, curtly. "And you, Corporal Fadamulla, quiet those prisoners in the cells."

While each non-commissioned officer jumped to obey his instructions, Denby walked slowly to the table and picked up the fallen receiver of the telephone. He signalled "Central" insistently, and finally they answered.

"Give me the medical officer's bungalow. No—better still—you ring him up and tell him he's wanted immediately at the police-station. What's that? Oh! yes; I'm all right, thanks. Tell the doctor it's urgent! Good night!"

As he placed the receiver on the hook there was a sound of running feet, and Mandell, followed by a dozen policemen, burst into the office.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, breathlessly. His eyes took in the picture of the fallen man, and Denby's tense, white face.

"That!" Denby answered, briefly, pointing to the moaning Australian. "He's the man I told you about. Tried to rescue his pals."

He stood up groggily upon his feet, while his right hand wiped the perspiration from his face.

"Phew!" he muttered. "That was pretty hot work." He paused, to get a hold on the table, for he was feeling suddenly faint.

"But it's all in—a day's work." And he laughed softly, the mirth of a man who has done his duty, and is contented.

SOME CLEVER DETECTIVE FEATS.

By

GEORGE R. SIMS.

Illustrated by Frank Wiles.

WE are all detectives to-day. No sooner does a mysterious crime take place than all the popular newspapers in the land and a very large percentage of their readers begin to look for clues.

In the mid-Victorian novel of the sensational kind the detective was always a popular character. He was generally an unobtrusive person in plain clothes, who strolled about and smoked a cigar within easy gazing distance of the suspected party.

The man from Scotland Yard, the intelligent officer who had, as all Scotland Yard officers must do, risen from the ranks, was temporarily overshadowed when Mr. Sherlock Holmes took up the art of criminal detection along the lines of scientific deduction.

Long before the coming of Sherlock Holmes several weekly papers enjoying huge circulations had provided themselves with a " crime investigator." The newspaper " investigator," while apparently conducting inquiries on his own account, was generally in very close touch with certain official detectives, who, while giving the Pressman a good deal of information that there was no reason they should withhold from him, very frequently used him and his paper for quite legitimate purposes.

The journalist in this country who specializes in criminal investigation has to be far more circumspect than his Parisian *confrère*.

In France the journalist interviews witnesses and publishes their statements even while the case is *sub judice.* The French journalist is even permitted to interview the prisoner immediately after his arrest, and the French Press occasionally condemns the accused person long before the *juge d'instruction* has finished the preliminary inquiries.

Trial by newspaper is not popular with the authorities in this country, and the proceedings in connection with contempt of court are so unpleasant that the editors of our English journals have to curb the zeal of their young investigators. It is largely due to the irritation caused by the curbing of journalistic zeal in the investigation of mysterious crimes that of late years there has been a disposition on the part of certain newspapermen to belittle the intelligence of the detective police, to scoff, more or less good-humouredly, at the English detective system, and to compare it unfavourably with the French system.

The French system is, it may be admitted, more scientifically expert than ours. Many men of science have taken up criminology in France and devoted themselves to its development. We have no Bertillon attached to Scotland Yard. But, apart from their possession of more scientific methods, the official criminal investigators of France have a great advantage over their English *confrères*.

In France every person arrested is at once challenged to prove his innocence. He has not been in custody many minutes before he is closely questioned by the police officers in charge of him.

Here a person is at once told that anything he may say will be taken down in writing and used in evidence against him. He is warned, colloquially speaking, not to "give himself away." In France every effort is made to inveigle the prisoner into a confession of his guilt.

In France the police do not hesitate to arrest half-a-dozen people one after the other, in the hope of finding the right man among them. In England the police, knowing what public opinion is in the matter, hesitate to arrest anyone without they have a certain amount of evidence to justify the arrest.

In connection with many of the crimes which so far as the public are concerned are still " mysteries," long and anxious consultations have been held by the chief authorities before it has been decided not to act on strong suspicion in making an arrest. The English police authorities have always been disinclined to charge a person against whom they are not able to bring evidence which would be likely to satisfy a jury of the prisoner's guilt.

The French police have not the same restraining influence. They can go on arresting and leave it to the investigating magistrate to interview the prisoner, badger the prisoner, examine and cross-examine the prisoner, denounce the prisoner, confront the prisoner with witnesses, inquire into his past life and his present associations, and generally to " turn him inside out " before deciding whether his case shall be submitted to a jury or not.

It is necessary to put the case for the English detective clearly, and to show the disadvantages under which he labours, before dealing with a certain number of cases in which English detectives have shown remarkable skill in solving the mystery of a crime and running the criminal to earth.

In many instances they have solved the mystery to their own satisfaction and to the satisfaction of the chiefs of the Criminal Investigation Department, and yet they have been compelled to leave the mystery unsolved so far as the public are concerned, because of one missing link in the chain, a link which must be supplied if a conviction is to be obtained.

In dealing, therefore, with cases in which conspicuous skill has been shown by our English detectives, I am compelled to omit a number of cases in which the police have solved an apparently baffling mystery, but, owing to their being unable to obtain first-class evidence necessary to justify an arrest and criminal prosecution, have been compelled to leave it, from the newspaper point of view, a mystery still.

One of the cleverest feats of deduction I remember—I am dealing chiefly with cases of which I have some little personal knowledge—brought the detective who performed it nothing but contempt and ridicule. I am referring to the Road murder, which was one of the great sensational crimes of the 'sixties.

At Road Hill House, Road, Somerset, lived Mr. Savile Kent, a deputy-inspector of factories, with his second wife, two children by his first marriage, and three children by his second. The youngest was a little boy aged four, Francis Savile Kent. The little boy's stepsister was a young girl of sixteen when the tragedy occurred which was to remain a baffling mystery for many years.

One June morning the nurse with whom little Francis slept woke up and discovered that the child was not in bed. Fancying that her mistress had come early in the morning and taken the child to her room, the girl went to inquire. Mrs. Kent was astonished. She had not seen her little boy since he was put to bed the previous evening.

Search was made of the premises. The drawing-room window leading on to the lawn was discovered open. Eventually the body of the child was found, with its throat cut, lying in a vault in an outhouse in the shrubbery at the end of the garden, which was rarely used, and to which, in the ordinary way, none of the family would go.

In the locality there was considerable gossip, utterly unjustified as later events proved, concerning Mr. Kent and the nurse, and the nurse was twice arrested and twice discharged for lack of evidence.

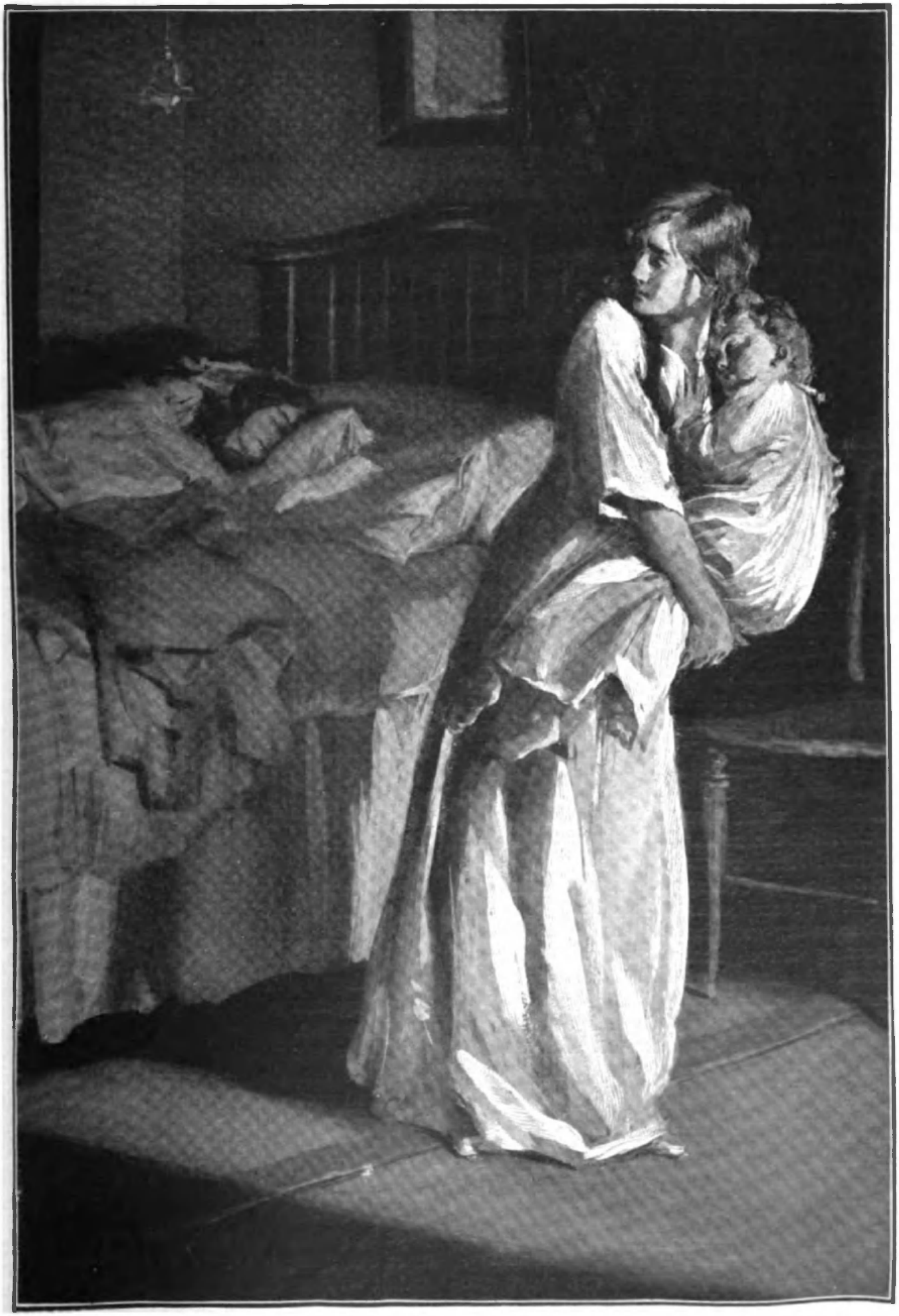
It was when excitement was at its height and the local police had made two false moves that Inspector Whicher, of Scotland Yard, was sent down to take charge of the mystery.

Among the things that came to his knowledge while listening to village talk was the fact that some years previously Constance Kent with her brother William had run away from home, having first of all put on some of her brother's clothes in order to disguise herself as a boy. To complete the disguise, she had cut off her hair.

The detective listened to the story without taking any great interest in it until he heard that the girl, after cutting off her long hair, had hidden it.

When she was brought back and asked by her father what she had done with her hair, she confessed that she had put it in a tin and thrown it into a vault in a disused outhouse in the shrubbery, the very outhouse in which the body of the murdered little boy had been found.

Instantly, Whicher realized that he had got a most important clue. Constance Kent had run away from home because she hated her stepmother. The moment he had heard the story Whicher made up his mind that it was Constance Kent who had committed the crime. She had killed the child because she hated her



"SHE HAD CREPT INTO THE NURSE'S ROOM IN THE NIGHT AND TAKEN THE CHILD FROM ITS BED."

stepmother, and she had concealed the body in the old hiding-place, ***the one she had used before.***

Whicher's suspicion was strengthened by the fact that one of Constance Kent's night-dresses could not be accounted for.

He at once obtained a warrant, and Constance was brought before the magistrate, who, after hearing the evidence, discharged her upon her father's undertaking to bring her up again if called upon.

After the magistrate had come to his decision the crowded little court rang with the applause of the public.

The next day Whicher was taken off the case and recalled to the Yard, and from that day he was a humiliated man.

Five years afterwards Constance Kent, who had become an inmate of a religious institution, confessed one day to a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Wagner, that she had crept into the nurse's room in the night, taken the child from its bed, cut its throat, and concealed the body in the vault in the outhouse.

She was tried on her own confession and sentenced to death, the penalty afterwards being commuted to penal servitude for life.

Here is an instance of a remarkable detective feat resulting in the humiliation of the man who had made it. Whicher did not, unfortunately, live to see his character as a skilful detective vindicated. He was in his grave when the truth was revealed.

It was a clever detective feat performed by two officers of the C.I.D. attached to the police-station at Leman Street, Whitechapel, that solved the mystery of the murder of Miss Farmer. Miss Farmer, a middle-aged lady, who lived in Commercial Road, where she carried on the business of a newsagent and tobacconist, was found early one October morning in 1904 dead in the first-floor front room. A cloth had been forced into her mouth, which suffocated her.

On the morning of the murder a van-boy, who was having his breakfast at an early coffee-house just opposite Miss Farmer's shop, came to the door to see if his horses were all right. At that moment—it was 6 a.m.—he saw two young men walk past the door of the newspaper shop, look at it, walk on a little way, and then turn round and walk past it again.

The boy naturally did not attach any importance to the circumstance, but he noticed that one of the young men was short and stout and walked like a sailor, and that the other was tall and thin and carried himself in a soldierly manner. Having satisfied himself that his horses were all right, he went back into the coffee-shop and finished his breakfast. When the news of the early morning murder got about, the van-boy went to the police and volunteered his information.

The police did not attach very much importance to it. "From information received" they had come to the conclusion that the crime had been committed by a hawker who, early on the morning of the murder, had left a common lodging-house close by and had not been seen since in the neighbourhood.

One evening, while one of the detectives was hanging about near the public-house that the inmates of this particular lodging-house patronized, he strolled into the broad thoroughfare near at hand, and he saw an old woman standing at the side-door entrance to a house the front of which was a little shop. In the window there was a notice, "Rooms to Let," and all the rooms above the shop were in darkness.

The detective would have paid very little attention to the old woman had he not seen her look up and down the street and then suddenly withdraw into the darkness of the unlighted passage. As she did so he noticed a young man slip quietly through the doorway, the door being immediately closed behind him. The young man who had made this cautious and evidently-expected entrance into the little house was short and stout, and walked like a seafaring man.

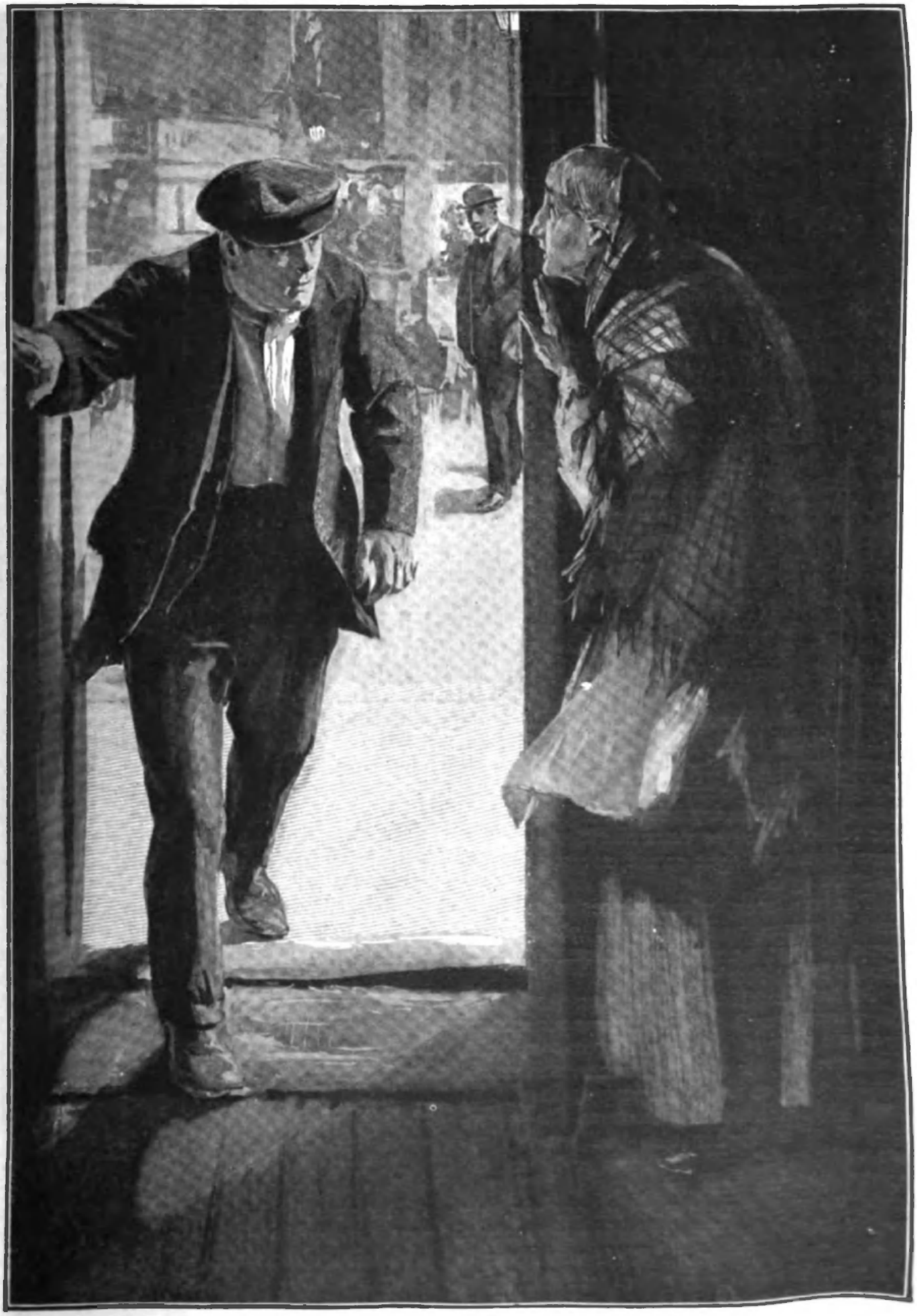
"That young chap was expected by the old woman," said the detective to himself. "She left the door open for him, and he entered the place like a man who wanted to escape observation."

Then the detective crossed the road and looked up at the house. He noticed that a light had now appeared in the front room on the third floor. The detective thought the proceedings were suspicious, and that probably the young man was a thief and the old woman was a receiver.

While he was meditating Detective-Sergeant Leeson came along, and was informed of what had occurred. The two officers decided to keep observation on the house and wait events.

Presently the young man came out and jumped on to a tramcar that was passing. The two detectives also boarded the car; one went inside and the other on the roof. The tram was going in the direction of the docks, and it was at the Dock Terminus that the young man alighted. So did the detectives.

The young man joined a little group which was standing at the corner of a dimly-lighted



"HE NOTICED A YOUNG MAN SLIP QUIETLY THROUGH THE DOOR."

street. The group consisted of two women and a young man. When the young man who had been watched joined his "pal," the detectives noticed that the latter was tall and thin, and bore himself in an upright, soldierly fashion.

After conversing together for a moment or two, the group broke up and disappeared in the network of narrow courts lying at the back of the street.

The next day the detectives took rooms in a shop exactly opposite the one in which the old woman lived who had been visited by the young man with the seafaring gait. The police officers had the van-boy with them. They had now come to the conclusion that, whether the old woman was a receiver or not, she was the mother of the young man, a surmise which proved to be correct.

While they were keeping watch the detectives noticed that every evening at a certain time the old woman came to the door and looked up and down the street as though expecting someone.

On the third evening of the vigil a girl came along while the old woman was watching, said something to her, passed on, then turned round and walked away. One of the detectives ran downstairs and slipped quietly out into the street. He was going to follow the girl.

He followed her, and she unconsciously led the detective to the house in which the stout young man and the thin young man were living. The detective recognized the tall young man as having been through his hands for robbery, and he determined, whether his suspicions were right or not, not to lose sight of them again.

The two men, whose names were Wade and Donovan, and who were stepbrothers, were at once arrested and taken to Leman Street Police-Station.

Among the things found upon them when they were searched was a newspaper cutting. It was a piece of "latest news" in connection with the murder of Miss Farmer, and stated that the police were following an important clue and endeavouring to trace the whereabouts of a hawker who had left a doss-house in the neighbourhood early on the morning of the crime.

Directly the men were in custody, the police had little difficulty in finding plenty of evidence of their guilt. Wade and Donovan were tried and convicted at the Old Bailey in 1904 and executed.

But for the smartness of the two detectives in solving the mystery of the old woman who watched at the front door, and then disappeared, leaving it open, the mystery of the murder of Miss Farmer might have remained unsolved to this day.

Some time after the execution of the two men I was with Sergeant Leeson late one night in a low part of his district—I was writing "Watches of the Night" for the *Daily Telegraph* at the time—when a rough came up to us and, shaking his fist at Leeson, exclaimed, "You're the chap that hangs men, are you? Perhaps it won't be long before you get *your* outing dues!" The man was one of the Wade and Donovan gang.

But it was not one of the gang who tried to give poor Leeson his "outing dues." He was shot by the Sidney Street Anarchists, and so badly injured that he had to retire from the Force.

One of the cleverest detective feats that I can remember was accomplished a good many years ago by Detective-Sergeant Ottway of Scotland Yard.

A little girl of five had been discovered murdered in a wood on the outskirts of London. Lying near the child were some bricks with which the crime had been committed. There were no marks on the child's clothing to act as a guide to its identity.

When Ottway took charge of the investigation he travelled round the district in every direction to endeavour to ascertain where a child was missing.

Eventually he found a woman who lived in a little cottage, and who at once recognized the clothing of the child as that worn by the little daughter of a woman who had lodged with her. The woman had left, taking the child with her.

But the landlady was not able to give the detective any information which would aid him in his search. She remembered, however, that her lodger was in the habit of going away occasionally to meet her "husband," and that when she came back she always brought with her a large bunch of lilies of the valley.

The detective at once made up his mind that the clue to the murder was to be found where the lilies of the valley came from.

At that time the growing of lilies of the valley was a great industry in a certain part of Essex. The lilies of the valley district was not far from the scene of the murder, and so it was to that district that the detective determined to devote his attention.

After visiting all the principal growers he found that the men employed by a certain nurseryman were in the habit of giving a bunch of the lilies now and again to the carman, who said that he wanted them to give to his sweetheart.

The carman was watched, and it was ascertained that he was a widower who had recently married again.

The landlady was brought on to the scene by Sergeant Ottway, and at once identified the carman's new wife as the lodger who had gone away with the little girl, whose body had afterwards been discovered in the wood.

Investigation showed that the woman had killed her child, as she feared it might be an impediment to her marriage with the carman.

The lilies of the valley that had been her lover's gift furnished the clue that enabled Sergeant Ottway to accomplish an excellent piece of detective work.

The brilliant feats accomplished by our English detectives do not always find their way into print. The detective who gives his evidence in court answers the questions put to him. He does not tell the court the frequently romantic series of adventures he has encountered in tracking down the criminal.

George Woolf, who murdered Charlotte Cheeseman on Tottenham Marshes, and was the last criminal executed at Newgate, had covered his tracks after he disappeared with the greatest ingenuity. He had enlisted under a false name unknown to anyone, and Detective-Inspector Martin only succeeded in running him down and arresting him just as the regiment was leaving for South Africa.

Before they succeeded in locating the fugitive, the detectives spent night after night dressed as street hawkers in common lodging-houses in North London. The story of the tracking down of George Woolf is one of the romances of criminal investigation.

In the case of the murder of Mrs. Hogg and her baby by Mrs. Pearcey—the body of the woman and her baby were found in a rough, unmade road in South Hampstead, and near them a broken-down perambulator in which they had been wheeled through the streets, probably with the intention of throwing them into a pond—the mystery was at once solved by the quick powers of observation of the head of the Criminal Investigation Department, Sir Melville, then Mr., Macnaghten.

Several people came to see the body of the woman while it was lying at the mortuary. Among them was a Mrs. Pearcey, who came with Mrs. Hogg's sister.

Sir Melville, who happened to be in the mortuary at the time, noticed a look in Mrs. Pearcey's face as she turned away from the body that instantly aroused his suspicion.

The women who had identified the victim as Mrs. Hogg had given their names and addresses. Sir Melville ordered two officers to proceed at once to Mrs. Pearcey's house and make a thorough search of the premises. The moment the officers entered the rooms occupied by Mrs. Pearcey they found the story of the crime writ large in letters of crimson hue.

In one of the famous "unsolved mysteries" of crime, the detective engaged on the case performed a remarkable feat, a feat which led to the arrest of a man, but carried him no farther.

Some years ago a young woman was brutally murdered in a railway carriage. The body was found lying on the floor of the compartment when the train drew up at the London terminus.

The girl had been killed by heavy blows about the head with some blunt instrument, but a careful examination failed to reveal any motive for the crime. There had been no robbery, nothing but a brutal murder.

The police theory of the crime was that it was the deed of a homicidal maniac who had entered the compartment at some station on the line near London while the girl was alone, and had, in a fit of homicidal mania, murdered her.

The only clue the police could obtain was that at about the time the train would stop at a certain station on the line, a young man had rushed past the ticket-collector at the head of the stairs without giving up his ticket. The police made an active search for this young man, and at the same time followed up various other suggested clues.

Every official at the stations the train had stopped at on its journey was examined, and detectives scoured the districts in the neighbourhood of the various stations in the hope of learning something that would be of service to them.

Weeks went on without result, and the police were denounced for their incapacity.

One day a detective had been making inquiries in a small town in a district near one of the stations at which the murderer might have alighted. He went into a post-office to send a telegram. The post-mistress was busy with a large parcel which had come untied, and which she was making secure again.

"How careless people are," she said, "in sending things through the post! A week or two ago I had a parcel of old clothes sent to an old lady here, and it was so loosely tied that the legs of the trousers were hanging out of it."

"Funny," said the detective, "to send old clothes that way."

"Yes," replied the post-mistress, "and such clothes! They were old and shabby and rain-soaked. Seeing that the young fellow lives with his mother, I can't think why, when he bought a new suit, as he evidently did, he couldn't have brought the old clothes home with him instead of sending them by post. But he's not quite right in his head, that's what's the matter."

That was enough for the detective. He gave the post-mistress his official card and at once obtained the address of the young man who changed his clothes away from home and sent the old ones back by post. The idea had come to him that he was on the track of the train murderer at last.

He made inquiries in the neighbourhood before going to the cottage in which the young man and his mother lived. He discovered that the young man was, as the post-mistress had said, not right in his head, and that he had been away from home at the time of the murder and remained away for some few days after it.

"But he often goes away like that," said the detective's informant. "He hasn't been quite right for a long time past."

"Queer in his head," said the detective to himself. "Goes away and sends his old clothes to his mother."

The detective, feeling confident that he was on the right track, called at the local station, saw the inspector, told him his views, and the two went together to the house of the young man.

The mother, quite a respectable-looking old lady, was at home. Her son was out, she said. The detective had come about a parcel. The postal authorities wanted to know if it had been safely delivered, as it had been found untied at the local post-office.

"Oh, yes; I got it all right, sir."

"Why did your son send you his old clothes?" said the detective, sharply.

"Well, there's no knowing what he won't do, sir. You see, he suffers with his head. He bought a new suit somewhere while he was away, and I suppose he thought he wouldn't carry the old one about with him."

"I see. Have you got it still?"

"No, sir. It was worn out. I burned it."

"Oh," said the detective, "I see. Well, while I'm making inquiries for the post-office I should like to make sure about it. Would you mind showing me his bedroom? Then I can have a look round and see that the clothes are not there, and report."

"Oh, yes, you can see it, if you like, sir."

The old lady led the detective and the inspector into her son's bedroom.

The moment the detective glanced round the room he gave a little cry of astonishment. On the mantelshelf of the bedroom was a photograph.

It was the photograph of the young woman who had been murdered in the train!

The detective took it up and examined it.

"This belongs to your son, I suppose?" he said to the old lady. "Do you know who it is?"

"Oh, yes, sir. That's the portrait of the young woman who was engaged to him, poor boy! She jilted him, and that's what made him queer in his head at times."

"Ah, and where did the young woman live?"

"Oh, quite close here," said the old lady, quietly. "She's in service."

"Where?"

The old lady gave the detective the address. He went there at once, and ascertained that the story was perfectly true. The girl to whom the young man had been engaged was in service at the house. The detective saw her, and was at once struck by a remarkable likeness to the murdered woman.

On these facts being communicated to the authorities, the police at once formed a new theory. The young man had found himself alone in a railway carriage with a woman who closely resembled the girl who had jilted him, and in an access of mania he had killed her.

The young man was arrested and brought before a magistrate and discharged. There was absolutely no evidence to justify his being committed for trial.

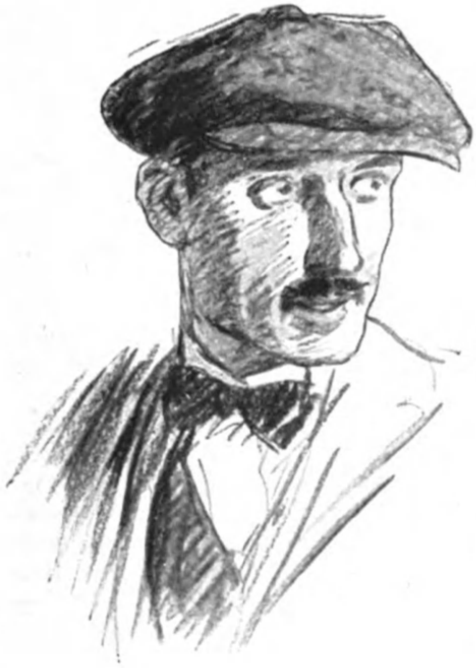
The crime is classed as an "unsolved mystery," but it was undoubtedly a remarkable detective feat, for a detective following up the slender clue of a parcel of old clothes sent through the post arrived at a house in which there was a young man who had in his possession a photograph of a girl who was "the living image" of the victim of the crime into which the police were inquiring.

There are many remarkable feats of detection to the credit of our police, who are so often unjustly accused of being inferior in their ability to their Continental colleagues. With certain of these I hope to deal at some future time.

Adventurous Hubbard

By W. Pett Ridge

Illustrated by W. Williams



A TWEED cap of the pattern worn by golfers, a Norfolk jacket of the kind worn by anybody, trousers turned up at the ankle, a pair of boots with indiarubber soles, and Mr. Hubbard set out, after the closing of his establishment, to seek adventure. He gave a twist to each end of his new moustache, grown during the holidays, and practised an imitation of the German Emperor. In Highgate Village he was known to many people; his reputation there was the reputation of one who would not hurt a fly, and he felt it necessary to get well away from the district. Therefore he went at a good pace down the hill, took a Twenty-seven motor-bus at the Archway Tavern, and, seated outside as it raced along Junction Road and Fortess Road, talked fiercely, denouncing an imaginary opponent in violent terms and challenging him to do his worst.

"You addressing your conversation to me, mister?" A man on the other side of the gangway leaned across clumsily.

"No," said Henry Hubbard, regaining mildness, "not to you."

"Then why not?"

"Because I don't know you."

"Wha's your reason for not knowing me? If my wife, bless her heart, had one like you, she'd drown it. And if she didn't, I'd drown her!"

A squabble on the top of a motor-omnibus would have been something, but Henry assured himself he was out for bigger game. The other passenger repeated the threat with alarming adjectives, and, changing suddenly, argued that he bore no animosity, pleaded that he was entitled to have his joke as well as anyone else, and before getting down at the Britannia pressed upon Hubbard's acceptance his evening journal. "I sh'll tell the wife I lost it," he remarked.

A trifling incident, but it managed to send the young man down into moodiness. Looking back, he endeavoured to persuade himself that he had comported himself with discretion, and only succeeded in regarding his conduct as unmanly. What was the use of the new moustache if it failed to assist him in aggressiveness, if it gave no help to vigorous behaviour? Was he to remain always a timid, gentle-voiced young chemist, only notable for amiability? He made the newspaper into a bunch, and was about to throw it away, when the thought occurred to him that it might hit some innocent person. Henry Hubbard straightened it out, and, in changing (for luck) at Tottenham Court Road, glanced at the column headed "Stop Press."

"Plenty of it about," he remarked, gloomily. "Lots of things happening, but no earthly chance for anyone like myself to have a look in."

A lady passenger came up as the new omnibus reached the Horseshoe. The conveyance gave a jerk and Henry put out his hand to assist; she appeared to think he intended to snatch at the flat basket-trunk which she carried, and, in trying to guard it, slipped. He jumped, rescued her, conveyed her safely to the seat in front of his own. A lamp at the beginning of Charing Cross Road illuminated her startled features.

"Sorry, Miss Emerson," he said. "Merely acted upon the impulse of the moment."

"Oh, it's you, is it?" The young woman regained, with an effort, her self-possession, and held it for a moment only. "Fancy!" she stammered. "Last week, Cornwall; now here. Small world, isn't it?" She laughed in an hysterical way.

"I was thinking of you not so very long ago. Something on the placards——"

Miss Emerson, grabbing at the wicker basket-trunk, made a rush to leave the omnibus, and met the conductor. She explained hurriedly that she had mistaken the number, and he asked her where she really wanted to go. "I'm—I'm not sure!" she answered, glancing apprehensively at Henry Hubbard. The conductor struck twice at the bell, and she went down. "No wonder we love 'em," he remarked, bitterly, to the remaining passenger. Henry, as though to prove that eccentricity was not the possession of one sex alone, descended the steps swiftly, and jumped in a manner that paid no respect to the exhibited rules; picking himself up from the asphalt, he looked around and saw his Bude acquaintance running along a street near the warehouse that made no attempt to hide, from a considerable area, the circumstance that fruit was being preserved within. He followed the scent.

"No," answering her protest at the railings in Soho Square, "I'm not going to go away and leave you. Fate has thrown us together"—he felt he ought to have admitted his indebtedness for this phrase to one of his favourite detective books—"and I can see you are greatly upset about something. Down in Cornwall you were always calm and well-bred and ladylike. People used to say behind your back that you must have come from a good family."

"They were right," she asserted.

"Very well, then. Why is it that I find you in this agitated state? There's some mystery here, and," another quotation came to his mind, "I am determined to probe it."

A policeman went by and looked at them for a moment. Henry nodded to him casually; Miss Emerson held her companion's arm until the constable turned the corner.

"You told me," she said, with vehemence, "that you were a chemist at Highgate. Why couldn't you have been straightforward and spoken the truth? I shouldn't have thought any the worse of you for being a plain-clothes man. Ought to have guessed, I suppose, from hearing you always talk about the queer novels you were reading. Well," resignedly, "it can't be helped, and the only question is now, what are you going to do about it?"

"First of all," he said, gallantly, "I'm going to take charge of this package for you."

"Of course. But what then?"

He held the basket by the handle, and was surprised to find the contents heavy.

"Then," he replied, "I'm going to inform you that, although I may have fancied sometimes that I've got the makings of a detective in me, I am nothing of the kind. I am exactly what I told you I was."

"Is that a fact?"

"When my mother retired, she left the business in my charge. I live over the shop. An old woman comes in to see to my meals. I've got nothing to complain about, only that the life is just a trifle monotonous."

She gazed at him with a look of relief and admiration.

"Then I believe you were the only one down there who didn't exaggerate about themselves."

"But aren't you a society person?"

"I mean," explained Miss Emerson, hurriedly, "that you and I were the only exceptions. And I'm sure anyone who can tell the truth at a seaside boarding-house can be trusted with everything. I am going to ask you to do a favour for me, and if you do it without asking questions, why, you'll be repaid for it."

"Give your orders."

"Take this basket-trunk with you to Highgate. Keep it in some place—a safe if you've got one——"

" I have."

"——where it will be quite secure. Don't undo the straps on any account. In the course of a few days I shall call for it."

" I was expecting you'd suggest a task that meant some exercise of the intelligence. This job won't give me any trouble at all."

" Hope not," said Miss Emerson. " It would be a shame if—— Let me have your address." He put the package down to comply. " Don't let that go out of your hands on any account. Mind, I'm trusting you. If anything happens to it, and all that's inside it, everything will come out."

" Seems to be well fastened," said Henry Hubbard.

To his remark that he would now catch a Tube train home, she gave fresh instructions, and called a passing taxicab ; her hand pressed his wrist with a gratitude that might have been taken for affection. The journey would have been one of unmarred content but for natural anxiety caused by the changing record on the dial.

Henry Hubbard, before breakfast on the following morning, took his keys and, in order to separate dreams from actualities, opened the door of the safe, and made sure that the basket-trunk was there. It occupied nearly all of the space, and he dislodged it in order to find his cash-box. A slight perfume that suggested violets came from it, and sent memory back to an evening at Downs View when the rain outside had given him opportunity of playing bridge patience with Miss Emerson. She wore, he remembered, that night a silk blouse that seemed to him the most attractive of its kind; he could see now the way it moved when she turned one of her last cards on the green table, and found it was the ace of trumps, ready and able to take his king.

" Your breakfast is on the table, sir," announced the housekeeper. " Don't let the coffee get cold ; I'm off upstairs now."

The silk blouse was undoubtedly a part of the contents of the basket, and he yearned to see it. He unfastened one strap, and hesitated ; he loosened the other strap, and the basket yawned. Within was a green morocco case of good size, bearing a monogram. Feeling around the edges, he happened to touch something, and the lid flew open.

Henry Hubbard closed the lid swiftly, fastened the straps with trembling hands, and, thrusting the basket into the safe, turned the lock and sat on the nearest chair. Snatching a handkerchief from his left sleeve, he rubbed at his moist face.

" In the very thick of it," he said, almost exultantly ; " right up to the neck in it, at last."

The first drawback in being connected with romance was that appetite became affected. It had been one of Henry's mild boasts that he always made a good breakfast; he frequently gave this information across the counter, but here, at table, with the morning newspaper leaning against the coffee-pot and the dish-cover removed, he found himself unable to touch food. A glance at the bacon and eggs created a feeling of aversion. Henry Hubbard, turning his chair aside, devoted attention to the journal, and especially to a half column on page five. He read this very carefully, and then, placing the newspaper in the empty grate, applied a match to it.

" My best plan," he said, " will be to know nothing whatever of the circumstances."

The difficulty was to decide where to place Miss Emerson. Was she to remain high up in the topmost storey of his estimation, or would it be necessary to bring her down to the ground floor ? For her sake, and in general interests that included his own, he resolved for the present to do nothing. Masterly inactivity—that was the phrase.

" Morning, sir," said the lad, arriving. " I see by the playcard as I come along that some of the light-fingered gentry——"

" Ponting," interrupted the lad's master, " be so good as to take down the shutters and sweep out with all convenient dispatch. You are, if my watch is to be trusted, three minutes late."

" I'll bet a penny they catch 'em," said Ponting. He brought a shutter. " Onless, of course, it was done single-handed." Another shutter. " Great thing to do is to keep a sharp look-out, and make sure they don't hop off abroad." Another shutter. " Might let me have a look at the paper, sir, when you've quite finished with it."

" The man forgot to leave it."

" I'll skoot round to the shop," said the lad, " and complain."

" Kindly attend to your own work."

Ponting mentioned to the last shutter that the governor was evidently ratty over something.

Henry Hubbard made up his list of orders, interrupting the task when any lady went by the open door; Miss Emerson might call at any moment, and then it would be necessary for him to decide whether to give her a severe lecture or, in sporting vein, demand a share in the profits. Checking the lists, he found them crowded with inaccuracy, retail prices given wrongly, quantities erroneously stated. He put the forms aside as a customer entered the shop.

"Mr. H.," said the caller, speaking in a confidential manner, "I want a private talk with you, if you can spare a few minutes, in the—— What have you smashed? Anything serious? ——in your shop parlour, if you don't mind."

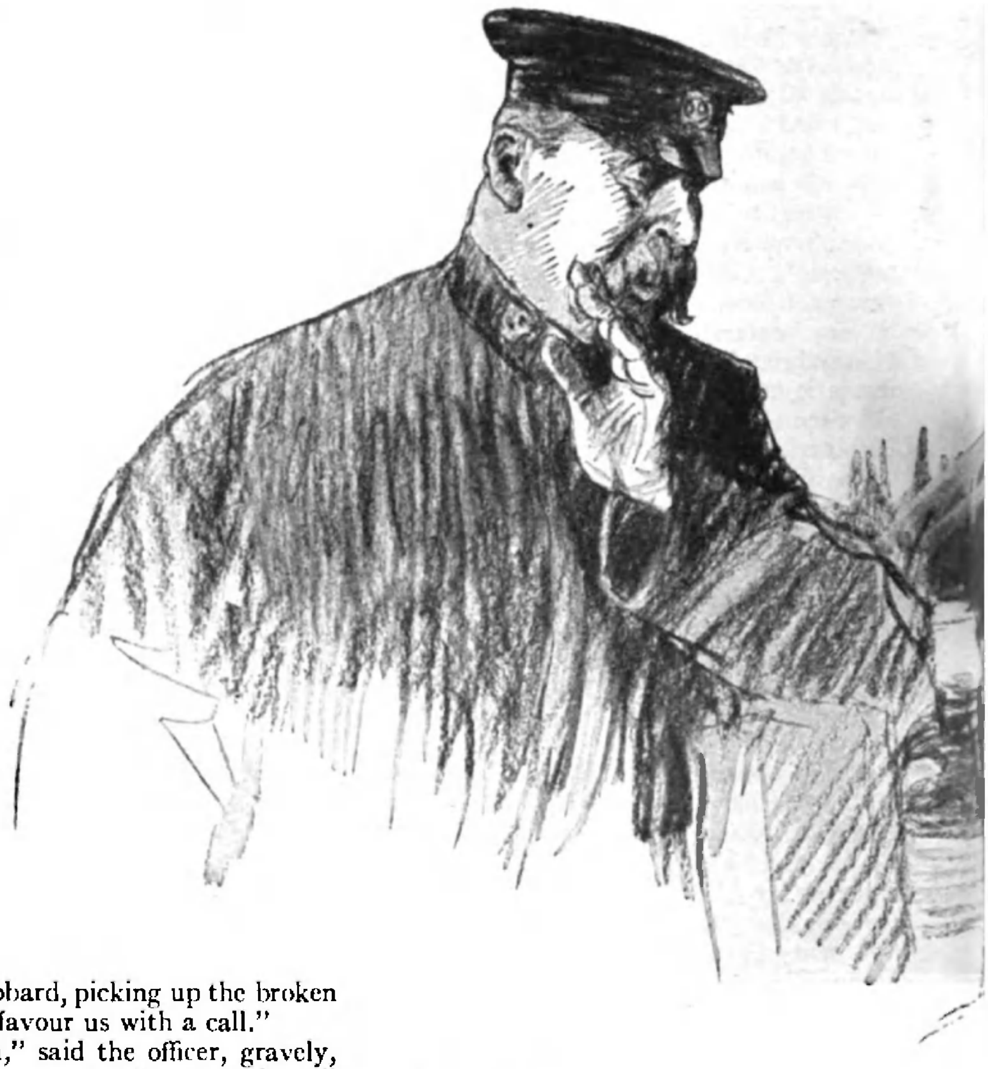
"It isn't often, inspector," stammered Henry Hubbard, picking up the broken glass, "that you favour us with a call."

"It isn't often," said the officer, gravely, "that it becomes necessary for me to do so."

Ponting was called and placed in charge; the two entered the back room, and Henry had some vague idea of stunning Inspector Davison with a single blow.

"Now, what takes place in conversation between us two," said the officer, removing his peaked cap, "must be regarded as strictly *sub rosa*. I'm going to speak with great plainness, Mr. H., and I wish you to be equally frank with me. We've been on nodding terms for a good many years, and I've never heard anything about you that wasn't to your advantage. In fact, I think I can say that we are both of us respected up here, and we meet, therefore, on equal terms."

Henry glanced at the closed door. A sudden rush out through the shop would bring him into High Street, and there he could either take South Grove and Highgate Rise or sprint along Hampstead Lane. And so abroad.



"'MR. H.,' SAID THE CALLER, SPEAKING IN A TALK WITH

"The life of an inspector in a London division," the caller went on, "is not without its troubles and worries, and by all the rules these ought to be enough to meet the case. Last night, for instance, just as I was going off duty, a message came in about this Grosvenor Square business. You've read about it, I dare say, in the morning paper."

"Had no time," declared Henry, in a thin voice.

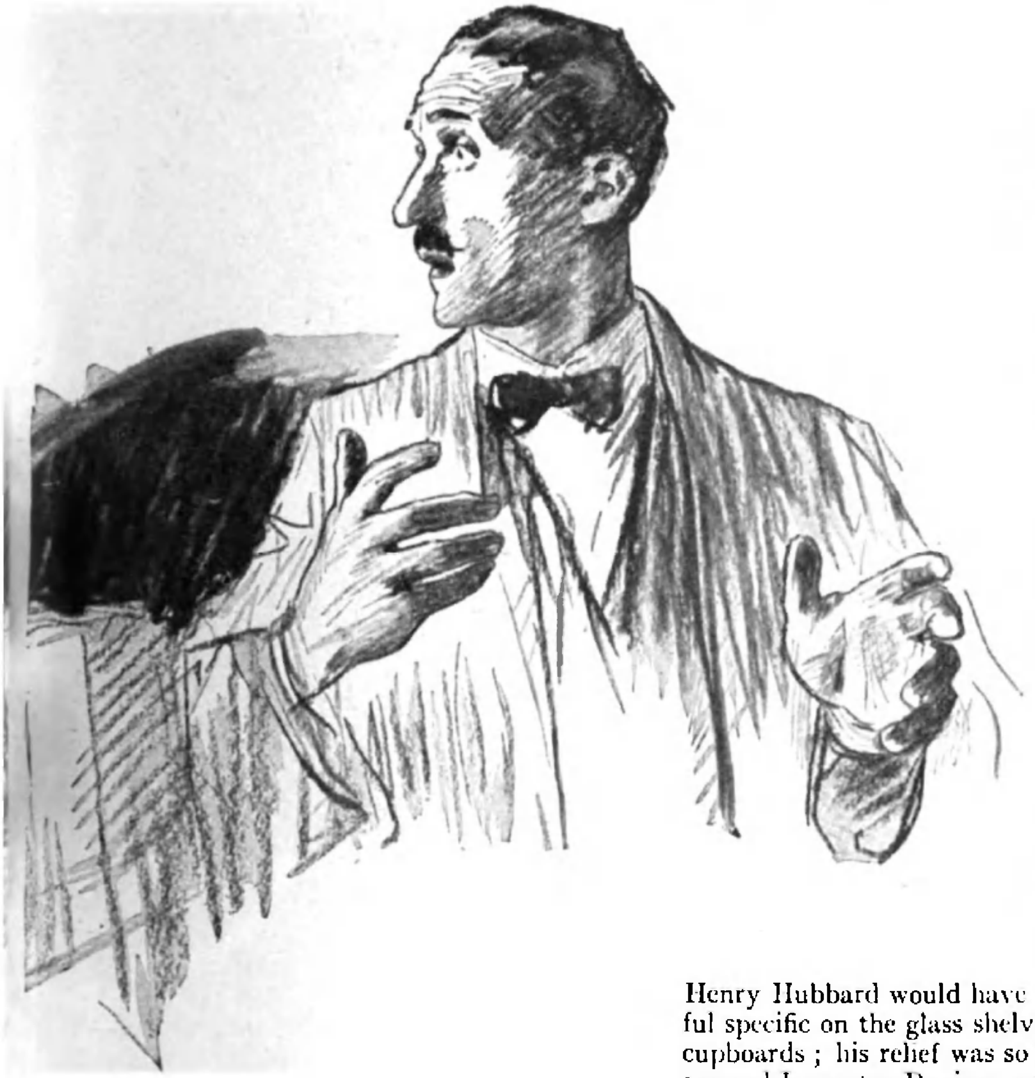
"A startling affair. It appears that——"

"I've been told the particulars."

"Oddly enough," said the inspector, "I know the lady by name and reputation."

"Miss Emerson?"

"No, no; not Emerson. Walstein, the name is. Mrs. Walstein, formerly a Miss Garcia. Very philanthropic, she was, before she married; but I understand her husband put a stop to all that nonsense. 'What we've



CONFIDENTIAL MANNER, 'I WANT A PRIVATE YOU.'"

got we'll keep,' is his motto, and I don't blame him."

"Apparently they didn't carry it out in the present instance."

"That's true," said the inspector, amused. "Someone else did that for them. Only question is, who? That's what we've got to find out."

Henry shivered.

"And"—going on—"as I was about to explain, that job kept me in my office at the station for a good half-hour after the time I ought to have got away. In spite of which, and other anxieties I needn't go into, the fact remains that I'm putting on weight every day, and this very morning I turned the scales at fifteen stone. Now, when a man of my position in the force turns the scale at fifteen stone, it's time for him to look round."

"That surely is just how he does look."

"Never you mind about that," said the inspector, slightly hurt. "The only reason for my call on you this morning is to find out whether or not in this chemist's shop of yours there is anything in a bottle or a box that you can honestly recommend me to take in order to get rid of what, in polite circles, is called superfluous obesity. And I ask you to be straightforward with me and tell the truth."

In any other circumstances Henry Hubbard would have found a wonderful specific on the glass shelves of one of the cupboards; his relief was so genuine that he assured Inspector Davison nothing but wariness in regard to food and drink, and a stern and regular course of exercise, would bring about the process of reduction. The inspector put on his cap, expressed thanks, and sighed his way through the shop.

Customers were rare that morning, and they found themselves received by Mr. Hubbard with a cheerfulness which caused them to declare the holiday had done him a wonderful amount of benefit; some contended the worst thing that could happen was to get into a groove—a complete change was what everyone required; they agreed in offering congratulations on the newly-acquired moustache. The housekeeper found herself repaid for the insult to breakfast by effective compliments to the midday meal. Ponting, restored to favour, only came under the whip of reprimand when, meaning no harm, he offered to shine the brass knob of the safe.

"Well, Harry," said the mother, entering, "and how have you enjoyed your holiday?

And did that man carry on everything all right whilst you were away? And did you meet some nice people, and—— Oh, my goodness gracious, what ever have you done to your face?" She took one of the chairs near the counter and frowned. "Who told you," she demanded, "that you could grow a moustache, I should like to know?"

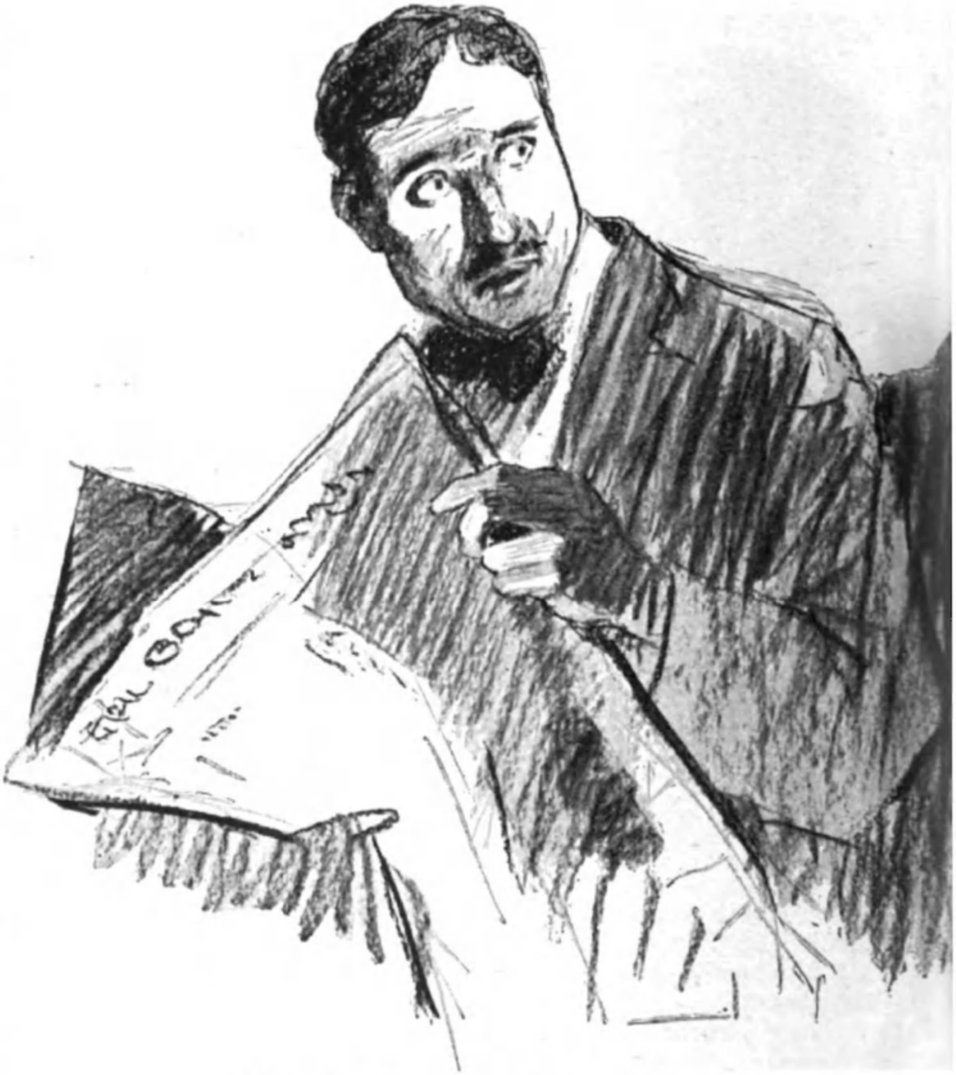
"Always knew I could grow one," he replied, "if I cared to do so."

"Go upstairs and shave it off this minute."

"But I've got used to myself with it on."

"I'm not in the habit of speaking twice," said Mrs. Hubbard, resolutely. "You are well enough acquainted with me to know that. Your poor father was always clean-shaven."

"These matters don't go by heredity," he pleaded. "Absence of a moustache isn't like gout or drink."



"AND DID YOU MEET SOME NICE PEOPLE, AND—— OH, MY

His mother pointed to the inner room and the staircase. Henry paused at the door, and seemed inclined to wave the flag of revolution; his mother, taking off her cloak, lifted the flap of the counter and said, sharply:—

"Don't be longer than you can help."

Twenty minutes later he returned to present himself for inspection, and to gain a few words of approval from his austere parent. Voices, rather shrill, came to him from the shop.

"Is this the gentleman," demanded Mrs. Hubbard, "that you say you gave your so-called travelling basket to last night?"

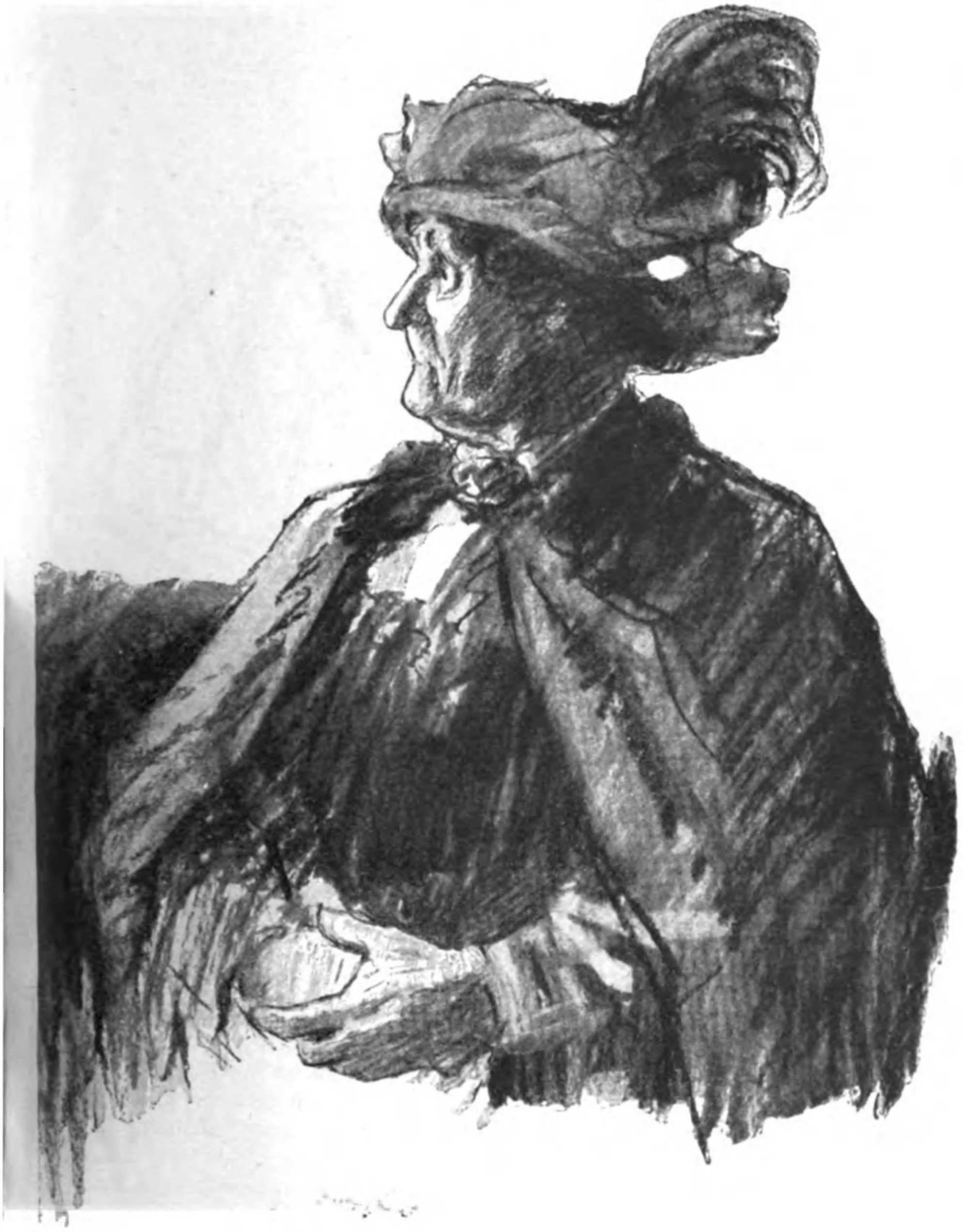
Miss Emerson surveyed Henry in a perplexed manner.

"No," she replied, "that's not the one. It looks like his brother."

"This is my only child, and he never had a brother."

"Are you sure?"

Mrs. Hubbard, declining to answer the



GOODNESS GRACIOUS, WHAT EVER HAVE YOU DONE TO YOURSELF?"

question, explained to her son the amazing nature of the young woman's application, adding that it was evidently a try on, and inquiring of him whether it would be better to send for the police. Henry gave a feeble gesture, intended to convey a preference for not giving advice off-hand on a nice and delicate point. He seemed, by reason of the change effected by the razor, to have lost something of his new powers of decision.

"I simply don't know what to do now," cried Miss Emerson, distractedly; "and I can't explain it to you as I would like to do. What will become of me doesn't bear thinking of."

"But why go around, my dear, handing over articles of personal property to gentlemen you know little or nothing about? I don't want to be harsh with you, because I can see you're upset, but really you're indulging in a habit that I can't find any excuse for."

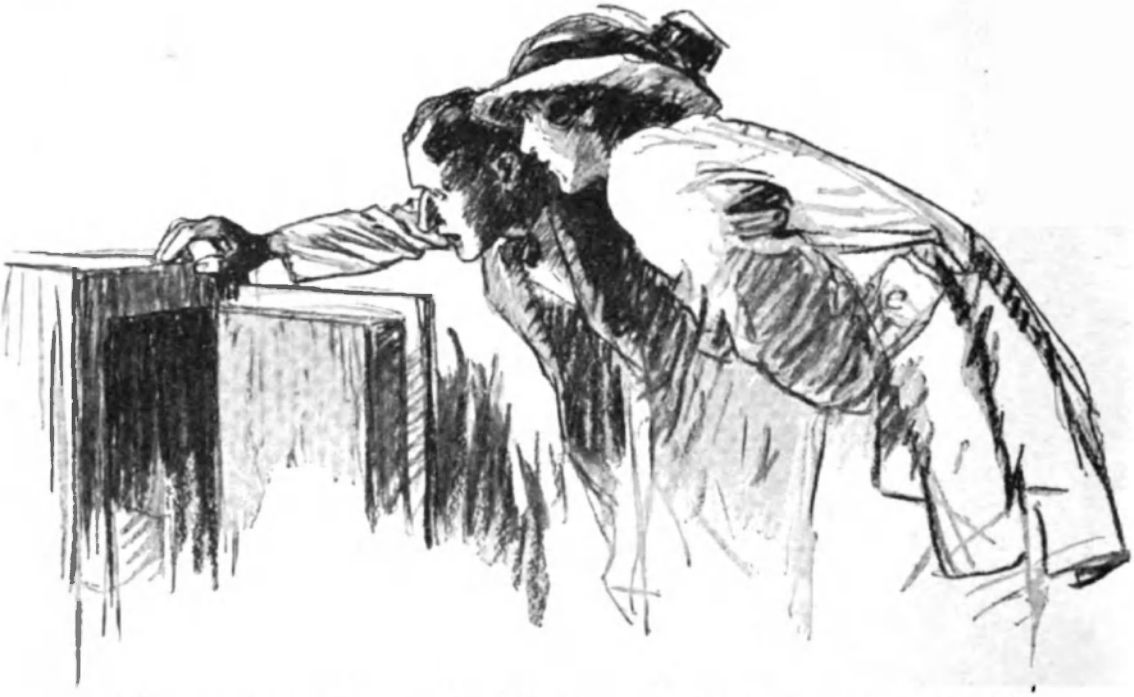
"It isn't a habit," declared the girl, tearfully. "I've never done such a thing before, and I've never had occasion to."

"What was inside the basket, besides a change and so on?"

"Don't ask questions, please; I don't know how to answer them. One thing is quite certain, and that is I don't dare go home to Grosvenor Square."

Mrs. Hubbard leaned across the counter interestedly. "Wasn't aware you came from the West-end, madam. My husband used to be in a firm in South Audley Street when I first ran across him. Come along inside, and let's have a cup of tea together and a bit of a talk. And try to see that it's no use worrying about what can't be helped."

Henry called to Miss Emerson as she was going, somewhat reluctantly, to the shop parlour. "Your handkerchief, I think," he



"'THERE YOU ARE!' HE ANNOUNCED. 'THERE'S THE SWAG, AS WE CALL IT.'"

said, loudly. In an undertone he added, "The stuff is safe enough. Don't give yourself away." He felt proud to be using the word "stuff"; it suggested that he was no amateur.

The two ladies were evidently getting on well together, and he, serving packets of boracic powder and cold cream and magnesia and other items that Highgate required, wondered whether there was anything he would stop at in order to gain another smile of gratitude from Miss Emerson.

"Henry," said his mother, coming from the room, "the poor young lady has been sadly taken in by some scoundrel, but I've made her see that it will be useful in being a lesson to her for the future. It's quite likely I shall ask her to come to midday dinner at Crouch End next Sunday, and, if so, you must come along and meet her, and be as nice as you know how. Anyway, I'm going to see her down to the Archway Tavern and put her on the right motor. Good-bye, Henry, my dear. I should never have let you kiss me with that horrible moustache on."

The useful Ponting, acting upon directions, followed the two, and, overcoming difficulties, brought Miss Emerson back to the chemist's shop. Henry conducted her to the safe, and, first closing the door, took his keys.

"There you are!" he announced. "There's the swag, as we call it. Now the question is, do you know what to do with it? Honestly speaking, I don't. To be quite fair with you, this is the first time I've ever been mixed up in this sort of business."

"The evening papers were full of it last night," said Miss Emerson, inspecting the contents cheerfully; "and the daily papers were full of it this morning. I'm going to take them back now, ring at the door, and run off, leaving the basket there. The footman will take it in to mistress, and she'll open it in his presence. Then she'll telephone all round to the papers and to Scotland Yard, and to-morrow morning the posters will be, 'Missing Pearls Mysteriously Returned.' That's all arranged."

"But what's the advantage—where's the reason. Why don't you explain?"

"Haven't had the chance of explaining. Mrs. Walstein—I've been her lady's-maid for over two years now—she terribly missed seeing her name in print after her husband made her give up social work. This was all my idea, and it's worked out capitally. Thanks to you, partner," she added, brightly.

"I hope your mistress made it worth your while."

"So well worth my while that I shall be leaving soon to get married."

"Who to?" demanded Henry Hubbard, alarmedly.

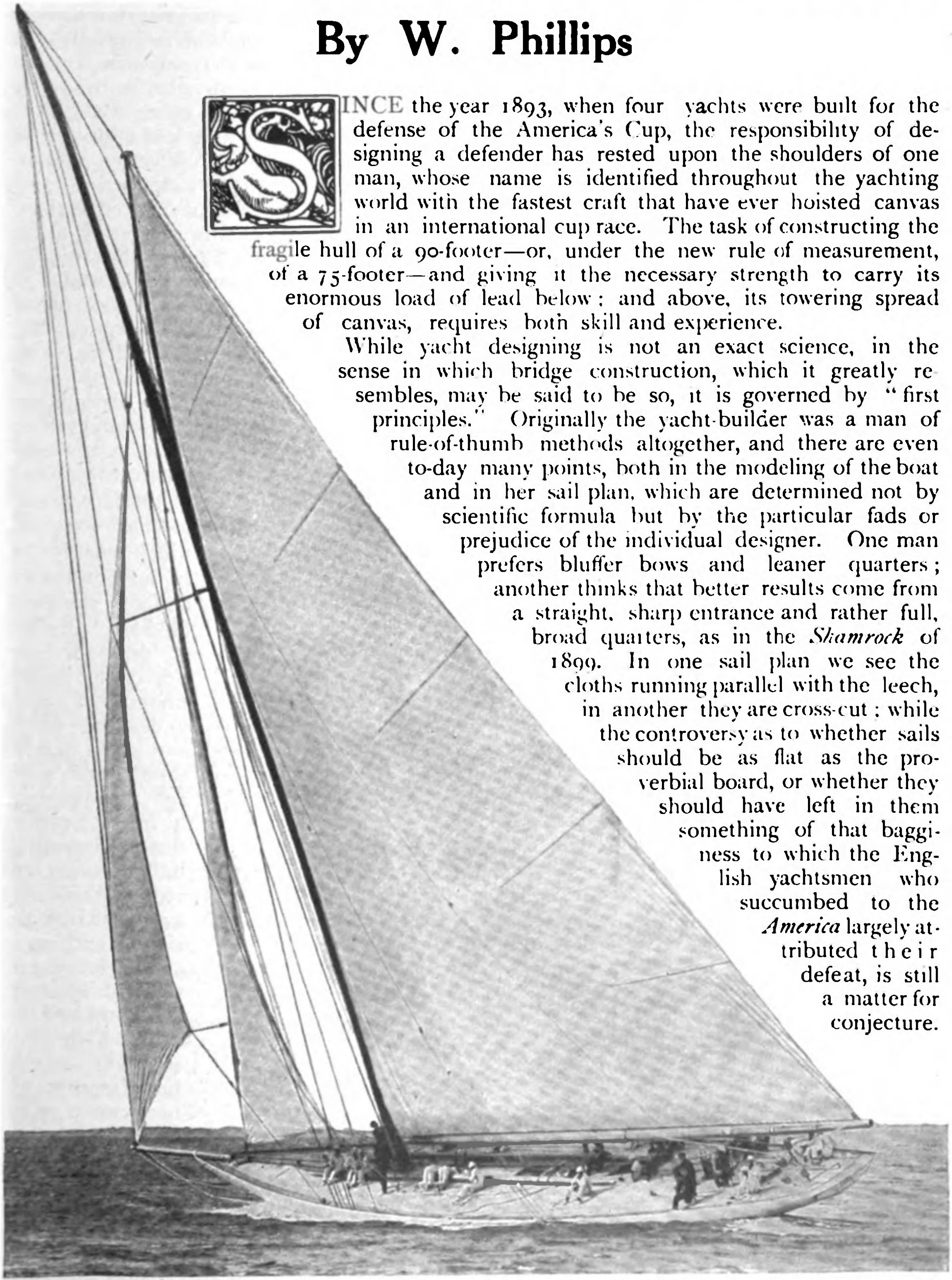
"You!" replied Miss Emerson.

Building the Cup Defender

By W. Phillips

SINCE the year 1893, when four yachts were built for the defense of the America's Cup, the responsibility of designing a defender has rested upon the shoulders of one man, whose name is identified throughout the yachting world with the fastest craft that have ever hoisted canvas in an international cup race. The task of constructing the fragile hull of a 90-footer—or, under the new rule of measurement, of a 75-footer—and giving it the necessary strength to carry its enormous load of lead below; and above, its towering spread of canvas, requires both skill and experience.

While yacht designing is not an exact science, in the sense in which bridge construction, which it greatly resembles, may be said to be so, it is governed by "first principles." Originally the yacht-builder was a man of rule-of-thumb methods altogether, and there are even to-day many points, both in the modeling of the boat and in her sail plan, which are determined not by scientific formula but by the particular fads or prejudice of the individual designer. One man prefers bluffer bows and leaner quarters; another thinks that better results come from a straight, sharp entrance and rather full, broad quarters, as in the *Shamrock* of 1899. In one sail plan we see the cloths running parallel with the leech, in another they are cross-cut; while the controversy as to whether sails should be as flat as the proverbial board, or whether they should have left in them something of that bagginess to which the English yachtsmen who succumbed to the *America* largely attributed their defeat, is still a matter for conjecture.

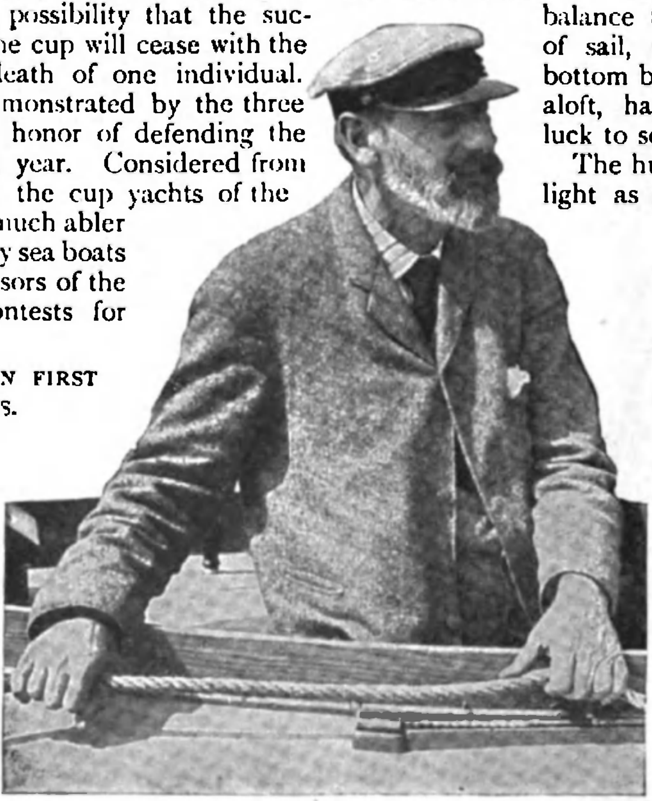


THE FIRST TRIAL TRIP OF THE "AMERICA'S" CUP DEFENSE CANDIDATE, "RESOLUTE," IN NARRAGANSETT BAY, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1914. THE "RESOLUTE," THE HERRESHOFF-BUILT BOAT, IS SEEN LISTING TO PORT AS SHE WAS MAKING THE BEST TIME ON HER TRIAL SPIN. "NAT" HERRESHOFF WAS WELL PLEASED WITH HER BEHAVIOR.

Photograph Copyright, 1914, by The American Press Association.

One yachting sharp believes in setting up his rigging perfectly taut; another will tell you that *Shamrock* lost the races because the rigging was not slacked up to the degree which insures getting the best results out of the sails.

All of which goes to prove that there may be more things in yachting philosophy than have yet been dreamed of, and the steady increase in speed which has taken place of late years gives reason to believe that we have by no means reached in form of hull or in sail plan, the theoretically perfect racing craft. The more proved and reliable data, the more development, and, most important of all, the less possibility that the successful defense of the cup will cease with the incapacitation or death of one individual. This is clearly demonstrated by the three candidates for the honor of defending the America's Cup this year. Considered from every point of view, the cup yachts of the season of 1914 are much abler and more satisfactory sea boats than their predecessors of the last four or five contests for the cup.



"NAT" HERRESHOFF, THE FAMOUS DESIGNER AND BUILDER OF "AMERICA'S" CUP DEFENDERS. HE IS SEEN WITH HIS EYE ON THE STERN OF "RESOLUTE" AS SHE IS SLIDING DOWN THE GREASED WAYS AT HER LAUNCHING PARTY AS SHOWN IN ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION.

Photograph Copyrighted 1914 by Edwin Levick, N. Y.

YACHTS BUILT ON FIRST PRINCIPLES.

"Nat" Herreshoff in his eyrie at Bristol, George Owen in his shop at Bath, and William Gardner in his den at Neponsett, did not disdain to avail themselves of the beautiful lines of the pre-historic canoe, which are exploited in the hulls proper of *Resolute*, *Defiance* and *Vanitie*. Of course, to fit these hulls for the due carrying of an enormous spread of canvas they had to improve on the antiquated methods of our barebacked ancestors, who, so far as tradition tells us, had no other resource than live ballast, and set sail only when the wind was dead aft, or, at the best, a couple of points on the quarter. When the breeze shifted to the beam the Oriental or Occidental wearers of cummerbunds or loin-cloths, as the case happened to be, simply donned the skins of wild beasts that did duty as sails and betook themselves with all the bravery and brawn in their make-up to plying the paddle.

But with the down-to-date naval architect who depends upon sails and not paddles to propel his yacht there was only one course open. He had experimented with every possible type of hull—wall-sided, round-bottomed, skimming-dish and lead-mine. He had found all wanting and defective. Then he went back to first principles. To the primeval hull of the North American aborigine he has affixed what is practically a fin like the ventral fin of a fish. He has weighted the fin with lead in sufficient quantities to balance the gigantic spread of sail, and scraping the bottom below and the skies aloft, has trusted in good luck to see him through.

The hull of birch-bark is light as gossamer, as we all know. It also has a certain amount of tensile strength, which enables it to hold together and also sustain a moderate amount of dead weight. For doing its fair amount of work under the strain and stress of both paddle and portage the apparently fragile, yet artistically beautiful, hull of the ancient red Indian was admirably designed and most cunningly constructed. Its stem, stern-post and ribs of wood, of light specific gravity, but of great toughness, when combined with the skin or bark, formed a vessel of supreme strength and lightness not to be excelled. In addition, its form insured both speed and stability. We of to-day have gone back to first principles. Herreshoff and Owen and Gardner, with frames of nickel steel—the lightest and toughest metal as yet known to scientists—and the skin of bronze, have simply worked out to natural and legitimate conclusions the primeval principles of the so-called savage man of the Orient and the Occident.

WHERE HERRESHOFF AND THE OTHER DESIGNERS GOT THEIR HINTS.

The skin boat of the Esquimau, the wicker-framed coracle of the ancient Briton, with its outside covering of hide, have also given hints to progressive naval architects like Herreshoff and the others, who, while not using exactly the same materials as were made available by ancient sea dogs, have nevertheless utilized analogous types made possible by scientific evolution.

And, again, in the matter of spars, what do we find? The primitive boat-builder, before he delivers his "creation" to her owner, sees that she is equipped properly with spars. He has no machinery to bore out a hollow mast or boom from the solid trunk of a tree. Nor, indeed, does he need any outside or adventitious aid. Nature, in fact, has done the work for him.

The bamboo is an ideal spar. It is light because it is hollow. It is strong and elastic because of its unique fibrous and cellular system of growth. For yards and masts for small boats it cannot be improved upon. The metal masts devised by Herreshoff for use in the international contests have their origin in the old bamboo. In the West Indies the pickaninnies, when they go a-sailing on rafts, use a sugarcane for a mast. But whether sugarcane or bamboo, the principle is the same. The hollow cylinder of metal, with its strengthening struts of steel, is a complete copy from nature—and what better guide can there be?

DUCK SAILS OF THE RACERS.

In the matter of sails, the cotton duck of the Southern States, now used here and in Great Britain, is, of course, a vast improvement on the rude grass-woven sails that the old Viking sailors bent and spread, but our finest and closest weave of duck cannot hold the wind so well as the skillfully tanned skins of beasts that were in vogue before the art of weaving was known.

The ordinary cotton duck used by merchant vessels and fishermen would be as much out of place as burlap for the ball dress of a Newport belle. The down-to-date racer requires the best quality of close-woven duck for her lower sails, while for her "ballooners" and similar marine vanities she craves a silken material of light and close texture, through which no wind can blow, and which is distended in a swelling curve by the softest of zephyrs. This gossamer fabric comes high, its cost being about $1 a yard, but unless a man is rich he should not indulge in the noble sport of racing, but should content himself with the milder delight of cruising, which is economical when you know how.

Regarding the cost of running a racing yacht, it may casually be remarked that a trim cruising-schooner yacht can be bought for the cost of the racing spars of the *Resolute* alone. These spars are always in peril of collapse. The modern cup racer gets rid of her "sticks" with wonderful alacrity. It may be news of interest that the steel telescoping topmast and the spreaders made famous on the *Constitution* have been reproduced on the latest Herreshoff production.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE YACHTS.

The construction of *Resolute* follows in general that type which Herreshoff originated in *Constitution* and *Reliance*. Through their usual and most persistent policy of secrecy, the Herreshoffs endeavored to prevent any information whatsoever concerning the *Resolute* from leaking out, but by courtesy of the *Scientific American* I am able to set forth in full the essential points in the construction, sail plans and leading characteristics of this latest creation of "Nat" Herreshoff, as well as of the other two cup defenders of 1914. The same method of framing that proved such a radical change in cup yacht construction in *Constitution*, which considerably lightened the hull and at the same time gave a decided gain in strength, has been used in *Resolute*. It consists of a series of deep web frames varying in depth from 8 to 12 inches, with lighter frames between, and longitudinal framing following the line of the seams of the bronze plating. The plating is laid on with flush seams and butt joints. It consists of 5-32 inch manganese bronze and the lowest or garboard strake overlaps the lead 2 feet, the lead being covered with brass sheeting 1-32 inch thick. Intermediate with the deep web frames, which extend entirely around the hull, are shorter and lighter frames, three between each web.

"There are two mast steps, spaced 33 inches apart, center to center. The mast is built of nickel steel, stiffened with 2¼ by 1½ inch bulb nickel stiffeners. It is 20 inches in diameter at the foot. The topmast, 12 inches in diameter, is of wood, and it foots up a steel cone within the steel mast and 5 feet below the cap. The lead keel is placed between web frames 29 and 45. It measures 26 feet 11 inches on top and is 4 feet 6 inches deep at the heel and 5 feet 6 inches deep at the nose. The length of the lead on the bottom is about nineteen feet.

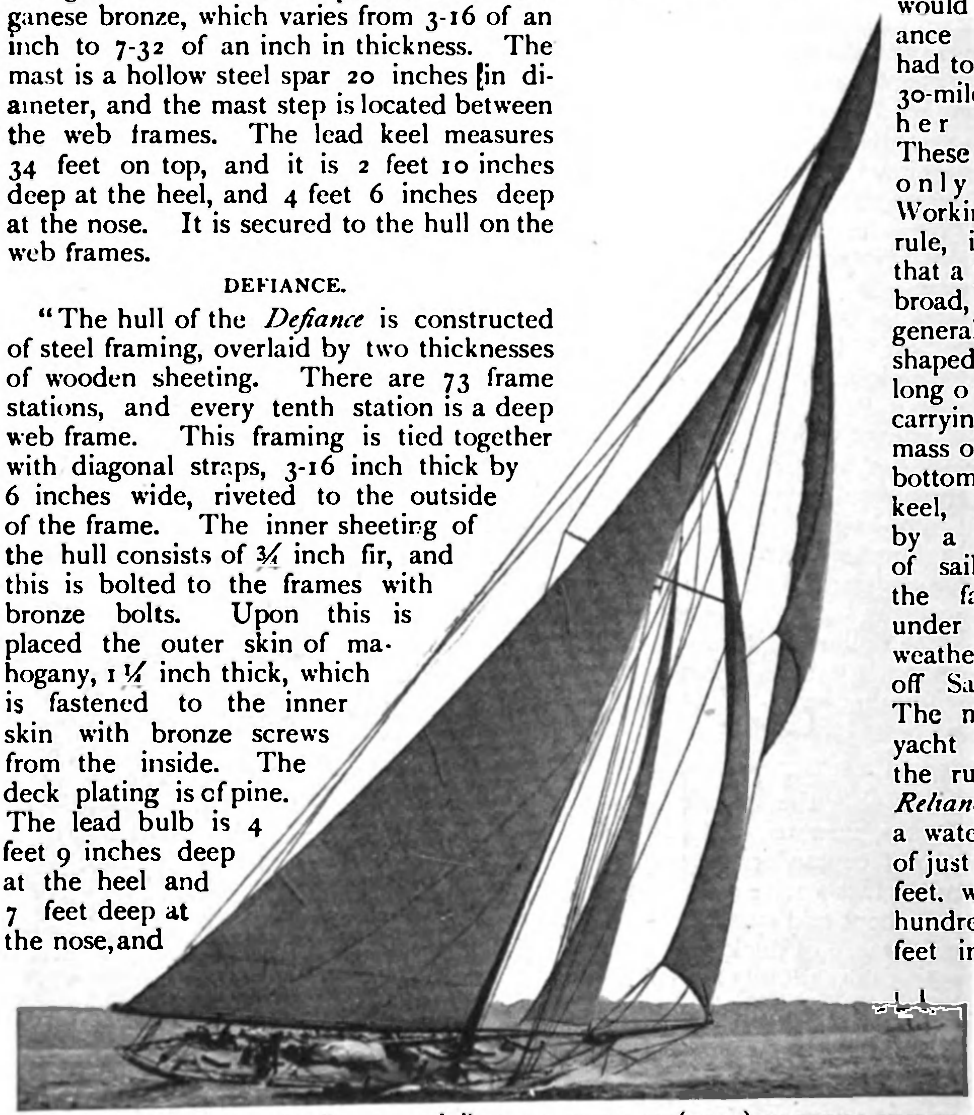
The *Resolute* is decked with aluminum plates 7-32 of an inch thick, the whole deck being covered with canvas, sanded.

VANITIE.

"The framing of *Vanitie* consists of web frames 10 inches deep, eight in all. The framing extends from the keel plate up to the covering boards, and consists in addition to the web frames of 3-inch by 1¾ inch L-angles. The *Vanitie* is plated with manganese bronze, which varies from 3-16 of an inch to 7-32 of an inch in thickness. The mast is a hollow steel spar 20 inches in diameter, and the mast step is located between the web frames. The lead keel measures 34 feet on top, and it is 2 feet 10 inches deep at the heel, and 4 feet 6 inches deep at the nose. It is secured to the hull on the web frames.

DEFIANCE.

"The hull of the *Defiance* is constructed of steel framing, overlaid by two thicknesses of wooden sheeting. There are 73 frame stations, and every tenth station is a deep web frame. This framing is tied together with diagonal straps, 3-16 inch thick by 6 inches wide, riveted to the outside of the frame. The inner sheeting of the hull consists of ¾ inch fir, and this is bolted to the frames with bronze bolts. Upon this is placed the outer skin of mahogany, 1¼ inch thick, which is fastened to the inner skin with bronze screws from the inside. The deck plating is of pine. The lead bulb is 4 feet 9 inches deep at the heel and 7 feet deep at the nose, and it measures about 28 feet along the top."



"RELIANCE," THE LAST "AMERICA'S" CUP DEFENDER (1903) KEELING UNDER A STIFF WIND IN THE RACE WITH "SHAMROCK III."

Photograph Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

NEW RULE OF MEASUREMENT.

The three yachts have been designed under the new rule of measurement which will govern this year's series of races. This rule was drawn up with the object of correcting the defects of the old rule. Under the old rule there was a tax on water-line length and sail-area and on nothing else. Provided the yacht did not exceed 90 feet on the waterline, the designer might make her as broad, as deep, and as long on deck as he pleased; and he was at liberty to give her as large a sail plan as he wished. In determining the rating of the yacht, that is, the allowance she must give to or receive from a competitor, the waterline length and the sail area, only, were taken into consideration. The greater would be the allowance which she had to make over a 30-mile course to her competitors. These were the only restrictions. Working under this rule, it was found that a yacht with a broad, shallow and generally scow-shaped hull, with long overhangs, carrying a great mass of lead at the bottom of a deep keel, and driven by a vast spread of sail, produced the fastest yacht under the average weather conditions off Sandy Hook. The most extreme yacht built under the rule was the *Reliance*, which, on a waterline length of just under ninety feet, was over one hundred and forty feet in length on deck, and spread the enormous sail area of over sixteen thousand square feet of canvas. The bilges were hard and carried well out into the ends, the turn at the garboards from the floor into the keel was sharp; and it was the boast of "Nat" Herreshoff, her designer, that the *Reliance* had the largest sail area in proportion to the wetted surface of the hull of any yacht that had ever been built.

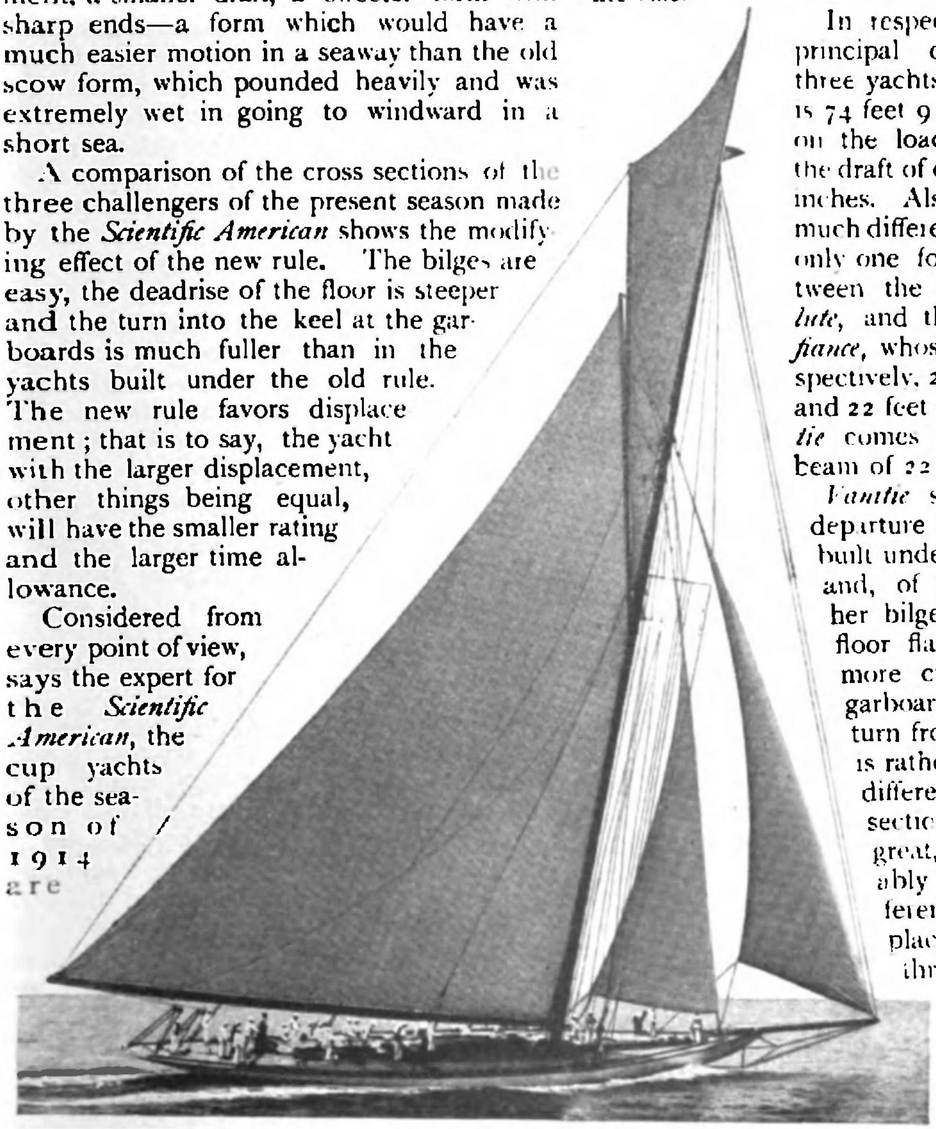
The racing yachts built under this rule

lost their usefulness as soon as the cup contests were over. Their spars were too big, their hulls too shallow, and their draft too great, to render them useful as cruisers; and most of those which were built for the last four series of races had to be broken up and sold for junk.

The changes introduced under the new rule were in the direction of producing a more wholesome boat, with a larger displacement, a smaller draft, a sweeter form with sharp ends—a form which would have a much easier motion in a seaway than the old scow form, which pounded heavily and was extremely wet in going to windward in a short sea.

A comparison of the cross sections of the three challengers of the present season made by the *Scientific American* shows the modifying effect of the new rule. The bilges are easy, the deadrise of the floor is steeper and the turn into the keel at the garboards is much fuller than in the yachts built under the old rule. The new rule favors displacement; that is to say, the yacht with the larger displacement, other things being equal, will have the smaller rating and the larger time allowance.

Considered from every point of view, says the expert for the *Scientific American*, the cup yachts of the season of 1914 are much abler and more satisfactory sea boats than their predecessors of the last four or five contests for the cup. Although the construction is very light, the materials have been so well disposed that the yachts are amply strong for the work they will have to do. Moreover, they will be available, when the races are over, for the regular yacht club regattas which are annually held on our coasts. If their future owners wish to turn them into cruisers, there is sufficient head room to enable the interior of their hulls to be bulkheaded and furnished with the necessary cruising accommodations. A reduction in sail plan can be made without any serious reduction of the speed, and the boats can be handled, under this reduced rig, with crews of moderate size.



"SHAMROCK III.," THE LAST "AMERICA'S" CUP CHALLENGER (1903), AFTER HAVING BEEN PASSED BY "RELIANCE."

Photograph Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood.

In respect of two of the principal dimensions the three yachts are alike. Each is 74 feet 9 inches in length on the load waterline, and the draft of each is 13 feet 9 inches. Also, there is not much difference in the beam, only one foot, in fact, between the narrowest, *Resolute*, and the widest, *Defiance*, whose width is, respectively, 21 feet 6 inches and 22 feet 6 inches. *Vanitie* comes between with a beam of 22 feet.

Vanitie shows the least departure from the yachts built under the old rule; and, of the three boats, her bilge is harder, her floor flatter, and she is more cut away at the garboards, where the turn from floor to keel is rather sharp. The differences in midship section are not very great, and there probably is not much difference in the displacement of the three yachts, which is something over one hundred tons.

The Gardner boat, *Vanitie*, with her harder bilges, shows a more powerful form than "Nat" Herreshoff's *Resolute*, and in reaching and running, or at any time with sheets started, she should be the faster boat. In windward work, and particularly in a confused sea, the *Scientific American* expert is inclined to favor the chances of *Resolute*.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "ERIN," WITH HIS WEATHER EYE ON THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.
From a Photograph.

SAIL PLAN OF DEFENDERS.

The most interesting feature of difference in the three yachts is the sail plan, and it is a matter of surprise that the Herreshoff boat carries a spread of sail which is surprisingly less in area than that of the other two yachts, the *Resolute* spreading 8,188 square feet, *Vanitie* 9,465 square feet, and *Defiance* 9,819 square feet, or 1,631 square feet more than the Herreshoff boat.

The modern tendency to make the rig lofty and relatively narrow is shown in the sail plan of each yacht, and this is particularly noticeable in *Defiance*. *Resolute* on a base line of 131 feet has a vertical height from main boom to topmost truck of 125 feet; *Vanitie* on a base of 144 feet 6 inches shows a vertical height of 131 feet, whereas *Defiance* on a base line of 134 feet 6 inches has the enormous height of 146 feet. Both *Resolute* and *Vanitie* carry double headsails, and the division of the base line for the forward and after triangle is about normal practice. In *Defiance*, however, the mast has been stepped far forward, and the bulk of the sail area is concentrated in the mainsail. Her boom has the enormous length for a 75-footer of 90 feet, as against 85 feet in *Vanitie* and 75 feet in *Resolute*. From the forward side of the mast to the end of the bowsprit of *Defiance* is 42 feet 6 inches, as against 54 feet in *Resolute*, and 57 feet 6 inches in *Vanitie*. It is needless to say that *Defiance* carries only a single headsail.

The concentration of so much of the sail area in one large mainsail has been favored by George Owen, the designer of *Defiance*, in the expectation of securing fine weatherly qualities in going to windward. Theoretically, *Defiance* should point high and foot fast while doing so; but, as everyone who has handled the wheel or tiller of yachts rigged in this fashion knows, she is liable to be a very difficult boat to steer. The possession by *Defiance* of this rig will lend a special interest to the long series of contests which will take place during the present season between these three boats, to determine which of them shall be selected to meet Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock IV.*, which has been designed by Charles E. Nicholson, of Gosport, England, and who has been so successful in designing fast yachts on the other side that he is looked upon as the Herreshoff of England.

THE HERRESHOFF WORKS.

No sooner had the contract been given for a new cup defender than at Bristol the Herreshoffs and their new boat, the *Resolute*, dominated everything else in the town. Naturally this was so, for the building of a cup defender is a big job and the Herreshoffs are big people, dispensing $1,000 a day at their shipbuilding works at such a time. When building a cup defender they employ three hundred men, and these are all high-priced workmen, most of them getting $5 a day.

Bristol once was a flourishing seaport, and got rich in the slave trade and that other questionable trade which sent ships to the Coast of Madagascar loaded with powder and rum, which were exchanged at pirates' rendezvous for the spoils taken by the buccaneers. In this Madagascar trade it was the leading American port and its principal merchants took a lively interest in that type of all gentlemen adventurers, Captain Kidd. The marks of its ancient wealth are everywhere in beautiful colonial mansions—mansions which suggest, somehow, Southern plantations and "cullud pussons." In walking through the town you would know that there was, literally, "a nigger in the woodpile," even if no one told you so.

The Herreshoff shops, at the lower end of the town, look out on the anchorage where once the slavers and the ships laden with pirates spoils anchored, and where now nothing anchors. The present collector of the port is paid in fees which sometimes amount to as much as $14 a year. At the beginning of Mr. Cleveland's first term the collector offered his resignation, which was accepted, to take effect as soon as his successor was appointed. He still is in office, no one being found who wants his job. Nevertheless, the people of Bristol are of the salt, salt sea. The young are webfooted and the old folk die on the ebb tide. The descendants of those who discussed Captain Kidd and the "Guinea trade" now talk Herreshoff and yachts.

The Herreshoff Works are guarded as carefully as ever was the Sultan's harem, and it is as safe to try and enter into the one as it was the other. To be bowstrung and thrown into the Bosphorous by the eunuchs of the Seraglio was a sad fate, from all accounts, but from other accounts it is learned that as sad a fate awaits the adventurous man who is caught lurking within the sacred precincts of the Herreshoff Works by its stern and alert watchmen. So far as is known, no unauthorized person ever has succeeded in penetrating into the forbidden enclosures. If he did he never returned to tell the tale.

"THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE SEAS"---THE FAMOUS "AMERICA'S" CUP.

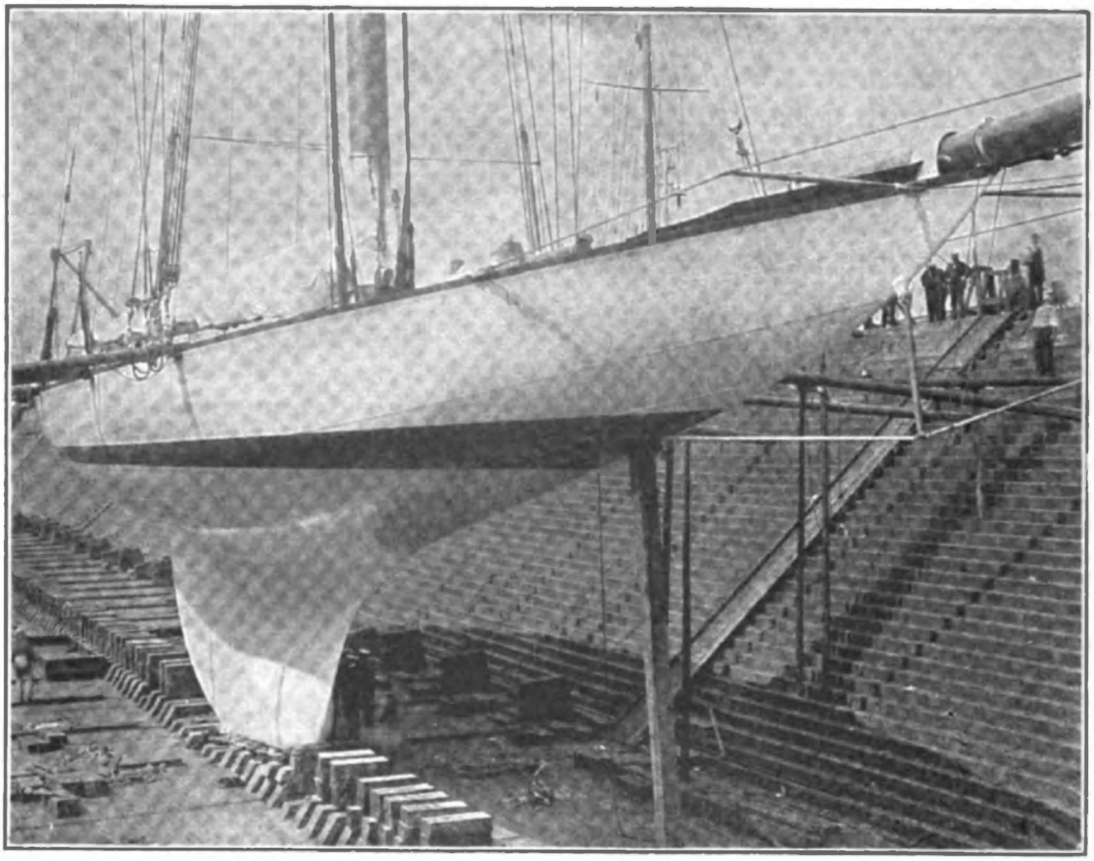
Photograph by courtesy of Tiffany & Co.

When a new cup defender is building a stranger in Bristol is regarded with suspicion by the whole community, and has only to watch the big ship houses whence come the sound of hammers closing rivets up to be confronted by a stern watchman who warns him off the earth. If he hires a rowboat and takes a look at the buildings from the bay a watchman standing on the pierhead waves him off imperiously, or another man in a boat lies in wait for him to smash his camera and drive him away. Even to take pictures on the public highways in the vicinity of the works is regarded by the Herreshoffs as an offense, and "Nat" Herreshoff himself sometimes seizes upon the unfortunate photographer and smashes his camera with force of arms.

A careful watch is kept by the Herreshoffs for any possible "leak" concerning the new cup defender among their workmen. It is a popular belief among the men employed in the shops that working side by side with them are men who are especially hired to keep an eye upon them and to report at headquarters any suspicion of a man selling or giving out information concerning the new boat. This probably is not a fact, but the belief that it is makes all the employees exceedingly cautious in talking of the big boat. Everybody regards everybody else with more or less suspicion. It is said in the town that if a man falls under suspicion he gets his money-envelope when pay day comes and is told that his services are no longer required, nor his presence in the town desired.

To be seen talking to a newspaper man would, they confidently believe, lose them their jobs, and as these are good jobs the appearance of a stranger among them is a signal for flight. Any stranger is avoided by them, for he may be a newspaper man in disguise or else an emissary from "the other side."

This emissary from the other side, come to steal the secrets of the cup defender, has been expected and looked for anxiously by all Bristol people since cup defenders first began to be built there, but so far he has not been "spotted." There are mysterious tales of foreign-looking men who have



THE LAST "AMERICA'S" CUP DEFENDER, "RELIANCE," IN DRY DOCK TO BE OFFICIALLY MEASURED FOR THE RACES OF 1903.
Photograph Copyrighted, 1903, by C. E. Bolles, Brooklyn, N. Y.

appeared in town in the guise of commercial travellers, stayed a while and then disappeared, but no one is able to say with certainty that the "bogey man" ever really visited the place. But he is confidently looked for to appear some day and the stranger visiting Bristol while a cup defender is in process of construction had better leave his English accent at home.

"NAT" HERRESHOFF.

The Herreshoffs, who were born and bred on the shores of Narragansett Bay, inherited a love for boats and seafaring. When John B. Herreshoff became blind at an early age, "Nat" was his companion. The brothers spent all their time in boats about Narragansett Bay. Blind as he was, John could sail a boat as well as any one so long as he had Nat's eye to help him.

The two brothers started in a modest way as boat builders in 1864, founding a company whose renown has spread over the world. John B. Herreshoff was the business man of the concern. For many years he had the credit of being the "blind boat builder of Bristol." This, of course, was absurd. A man must have his eyes to design and build boats. For the drawing of contracts and the exacting of all monetary obligations connected therewith, an amanuensis can do the work. It was "Nat"—Nathaniel G. Herreshoff—who not only designed the vessels, but also superintended their construction.

Forty-three years ago, Captain "Nat" Herreshoff was introduced as a new master in marine architecture. At that time he built the *Shadow*, the fastest boat of her class of the day. Since then the name of Herreshoff has been coupled with the glorious defense of the America's Cup. Captain "Nat" was a friend and pupil of the great master, Burgess. He sailed with him on the *Puritan* and on the *Mayflower* in the international yacht races. In his spare moments he was constantly at work on little models of sailing craft. Engine building and steamer building was his business, but yacht building was the natural bent of his peculiar genius.

The famous centreboard sloop, *Shadow*, the first craft launched in the United States to combine American beam and English depth, was the only craft that competed successfully with the Scotch cutter *Madge*. Edward Burgess further improved on her model by adding outside lead to depth, beam and centreboard, as exemplified with such great success in *Puritan*, *Mayflower* and *Volunteer*, the three great cup defenders.

HERRESHOFF'S EPOCH-MAKING GLORIANA.

But in 1891, nineteen years after the *Shadow's* advent, "Nat" Herreshoff, who in that interval had devoted all his time to steam yachts and steam engineering, designed the keel cutter *Gloriana* for Commodore E. D. Morgan of the New York Yacht Club. This epoch-making craft was built for the 45-foot class, but having abnormally long overhangs, her length over all was 70 feet. In addition to this innovation her model possessed other striking and original features which, after she had come in first eight times in eight races, were appreciated and appropriated by yacht designers the world over. This wonderful boat was the pioneer and prototype of the modern racing machine. Her influence may be seen in the fastest craft that Watson and Fife turned out.

Since *Gloriana's* time the Herreshoffs have had their fill of work. Steam yachts, racing yachts, torpedo boats, have kept the firm busy winter and summer. The great speed of the steam yachts constructed at the yard has made them more celebrated than the beauty of their shape. For many years the flyer *Vamoose* proved invincible.

In 1892 "Nat" Herreshoff exploited the "fin-keel" boat, a type evolved from the English boat *Evolution*, designed by Mr. Bentail. Two of them, *Wenona* and *Wee Win*, carried all before them in British waters. The *Niagara*, which "Nat" Herreshoff built for Howard Gould, was also vastly successful abroad. In fact, the career of "Nat" Herreshoff has been a continued triumph. No racing yacht from his board has ever proved a failure, and no other living naval architect can truthfully say as much. If he is beaten by the creation of Nicholson he, at least, will have the consolation of knowing that all the elements and chief characteristics of the British boat originated with himself and were exemplified in *Gloriana*, *Wasp*, *Defender*, *Columbia* and *Constitution*.

"Nat" Herreshoff has more knowledge of the waters of Narragansett Bay than any professional pilot. When he takes his cup defenders out on their trial trips he makes it a point to be at the helm all the time. The reason wherefore may not be generally known, but "Nat" has a special knack of his own as to testing his boat in both deep and shallow waters. Therefore, in the waters indicated he subjects his craft to the most crucial tests. The tests are unknown to his shipmates, but from them he makes many learned deductions. When he is at the wheel he exacts implicit obedience, and if this is denied him he generally quits company and insists upon his resignation being accepted.

In 1894 he helped to sail *Vigilant* in her international races in English waters. There was perhaps a little too much talent aboard, and this may account for the many defeats of the *Vigilant*. Since that time "Nat" has quite unwillingly participated in international yacht races. He may sometimes be prevailed upon to take a trick at the wheel, but he avoids this as much as possible.

"Nat" Herreshoff is a reserved man, modest to the extreme, a student wrapped up in his art. His sole relaxation is music. The sight of a newspaper reporter is singularly objectionable to him.

ROBERT W. EMMONS, 2D, MANAGER OF THE "RESOLUTE" FOR THE SYNDICATE WHO HAD HER BUILT TO DEFEND THE "AMERICA'S" CUP; MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, WHOSE HUSBAND IS ONE OF THE SYNDICATE, AND MISS GRACE VANDERBILT, WHO CHRISTENED THE "RESOLUTE," ON THEIR WAY TO THE LAUNCHING, APRIL 25, 1914 PART OF THE HERRESHOFF SHOPS ARE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

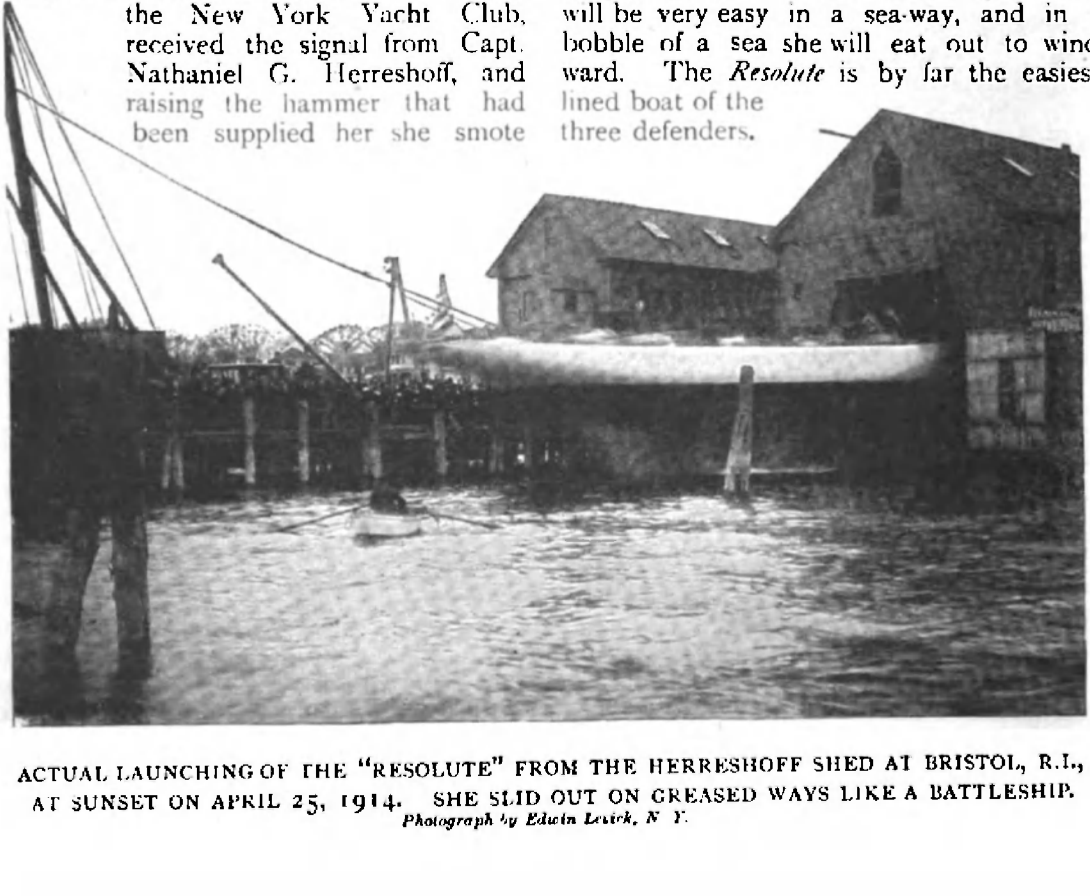
Photograph by Edwin Levick, N. Y.

The *Resolute* was laid down on December 12, but work was suddenly stopped on the 20th on account, it was said, of a change in the plans. It was resumed six days later and progressed steadily thereafter. As in the case of the other cup defense yachts constructed at the Herreshoff Works, a great deal of secrecy regarding the plans prevailed. In line with this policy, the *Resolute* was launched, as were the *Columbia*, *Constitution* and *Reliance*, in the fading twilight. As an additional precaution against revealing her lines, the *Resolute* was permitted to slide down greased ways like a battleship, instead of being lowered into the water in a cradle.

Hardly had the whistle of the Herreshoff Works blasted the time of 6.30 o'clock on the evening of April 25, than the sounds of hammers knocking the blocks from under the ways of the America's Cup defense candidate *Resolute* were heard along the waterfront at Bristol, and a few moments later the yacht started down the ways and out of the north shop of the Herreshoff yard. As soon as her taffrail had cleared the doors of the shop the stars and stripes were sent up and a great cheer went up from the throng that had gathered to see the yacht take her first taste of salt water. At the hour appointed little Miss Grace Vanderbilt, daughter of former Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, of the New York Yacht Club, received the signal from Capt. Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, and raising the hammer that had been supplied her she smote lustily upon the bottle of wine that had been hung over the yacht's stem, and as the sound of the knocking away of the last block was heard and the wedges were driven home to start the bull down the ways, she cried: "I christen thee *Resolute*." Like the cup winners, *Vigilant*, *Defender*, *Columbia* and *Reliance*, *Resolute* has the lucky eight letters!

With Miss Grace Vanderbilt upon the launching stage were Charles Francis Adams, 2d, Treasurer of Harvard College, and one of the most experienced helmsmen on the coast, who will be skipper of the *Resolute*; and Robert W. Emmons, 2d, of Boston, the manager of the defender, representing the syndicate composed of Vice-Commodore George F. Baker, Jr., Rear Commodore J. P. Morgan, former Commodores F. G. Bourne, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Arthur Curtis James, and former Vice Commodore Henry Walters, the members who own the boat.

One look at the hull of *Resolute* is enough to make one wonder at the fearless way in which Herreshoff has cast aside all precedents of speed lines and has gone to the extreme of conservatism in producing a yacht which will have every advantage under the universal rule, and which is expected to show the limit of speed under that rule. She is a yacht that will be very easy in a sea-way, and in a bobble of a sea she will eat out to windward. The *Resolute* is by far the easiest-lined boat of the three defenders.



ACTUAL LAUNCHING OF THE "RESOLUTE" FROM THE HERRESHOFF SHED AT BRISTOL, R.I., AT SUNSET ON APRIL 25, 1914. SHE SLID OUT ON GREASED WAYS LIKE A BATTLESHIP.

Photograph by Edwin Levick, N. Y.

OH! JAMES!

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO TRIED TO PROVE THE GOODNESS OF THE WORLD.

By MAY EDGINTON.

Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

CHAPTER XVII.

CATHARINE walked briskly into her drawing-room.

She kissed Aunt Plummer, shook hands with Tonbridge, and bowed to the man of law.

" My darling aunt," she said, affectionately, " I sent for you to come and do a day's shopping with me. I knew you would like it. Excuse me while I just say a few words to these gentlemen." Then Catharine said a few words to those gentlemen.

" I am so sorry that an unfortunate mistake arose. I do not require your services. You must really accept my full apologies. My aunt and I are just going out shopping, so that I cannot stay to explain further, even if explanations are necessary. You will tell Messrs. Botham and Botham that I sent for you by mistake? And you, Mr. Tonbridge, will forgive me, I know. Good morning—*Good* morning."

The two gentlemen found themselves outside the front door.

" Can you give me any explanation, sir? " asked the man of law.

" I cannot, sir," replied Tonbridge, and hastened away.

Catharine, indoors, was ringing for the housemaid.

" Go to the garage over the road," said she, " and tell them to send a car at once. Something smart. I have to do a day's shopping."

" Cath'rine," twittered Aunt Plummer, " Cath'rine, re'lly this is very extravagant of you——"

" Darling aunt," interrupted Catharine, " excuse me while I fly to put on my hat."

She not only put on her hat, but the collarless blouse, and the ruffled coat, and the patent-leather shoes, and silk stockings. She took the housekeeping purse for small change, and her cheque-book.

It was a beautiful car, with a smart chauffeur, luxuriously upholstered and with a fur rug.

They glided away.

" We are thinking of refurnishing the house," said Catharine now, turning to Aunt Plummer, " and as James is away for the week-end — looking after his Birmingham branch, you know—I thought I would get it done before he returns. I shall be obliged to work very hard, but one does not mind that."

" 'Tch! 'Tch! " said Aunt Plummer, sympathizingly.

" We will look at furniture this morning, I think," resumed Catharine, " and this afternoon I must think about clothes. Is there anything, by the way, that you want, aunt, dear? "

Catharine's aunt was able, like most people, to think of a great many things she wanted, and she thought of them all between Hampstead and Oxford Street. They made a list as they drove.

In an Oxford Street great furnishing house they were received with gratifying deference.

" I wish to furnish a house throughout in the best style," said Catharine.

This fine woman never faltered a moment, nor erred in a choice. She paid fifty pounds for a carpet without blenching, and bought old tapestries for portières at fabulous prices. Her dining-room suite was superb, her drawing-room lounges, Chesterfields, chairs, divans, cushions, things to dream of. She had round mirrors in heavy silver frames, and things were brought from the depths and the heights for her inspection, passed, and purchased, and more came. Often she did not ask the price, but superbly chose the article and proceeded with her morning's errand. Her bedrooms were to be nests of luxury, the new furniture for James's den all that masculine taste could desire. She showed a fine taste in clocks, too, buying "just a grandfather for the hall," as she said, flippantly, for a little matter of two hundred guineas.

"Now we will lunch, aunt, darling!" said Catharine, vivaciously, and she carried the aged one away to the East Room at the Criterion, to which, happily, Mr. Edmund Tonbridge had introduced her.

They ate anything they fancied, whether it were in season or out, and they drank everything they fancied, so that Aunt Plummer had to be lifted into the car again by the commissionaire, to whom Catharine handed half a crown.

For Aunt Plummer's sake they had a few turns round the Park before resuming business.

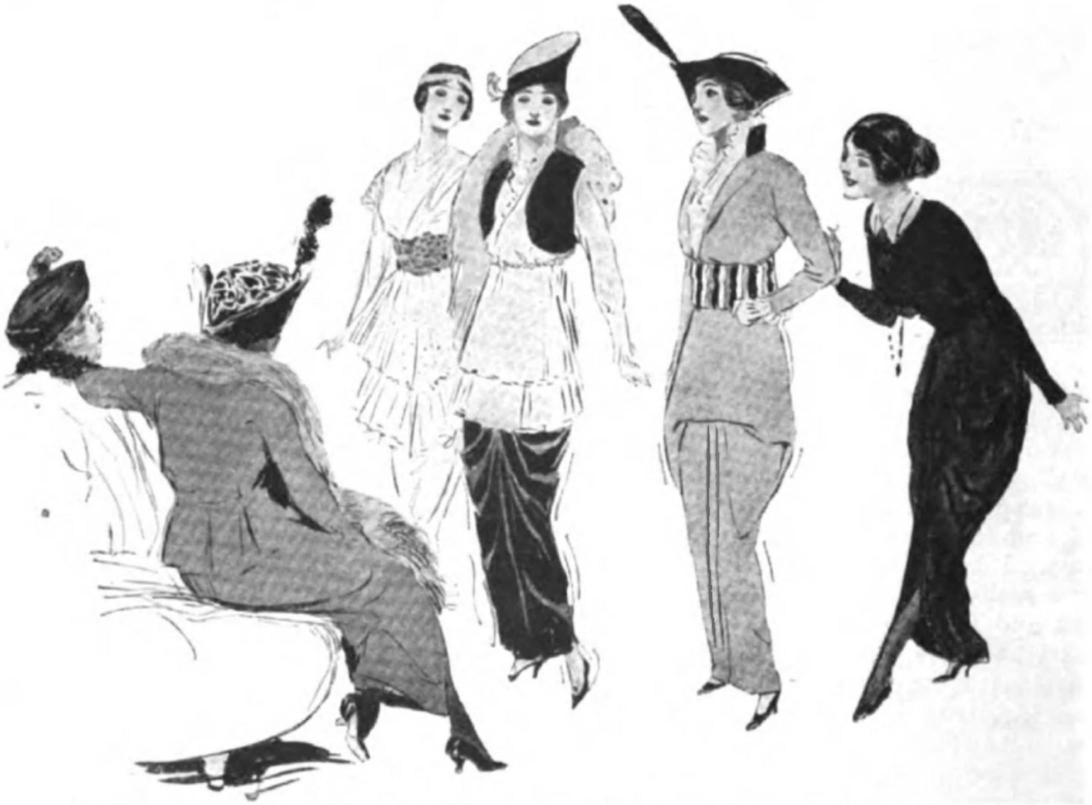
They went now to certain houses in Hanover Square, selected by Catharine (like the furniture establishment) from the advertisements. Here they bought, first, various things for Aunt Plummer, and then for Catharine.

"Afternoon frocks," said Catharine.

Some of the most exclusive models in London were paraded before her. When she liked a gown she just said, "Yes, I will have that one," and it was added to her selection. She said this a great many times. Most of the blouses that she bought were collarless.

"Hats!" cried Catharine.

Hats came. Catharine tried them on, one after the other. Ospreys ran into three figures. No matter. Catharine continued.



"SOME OF THE MOST EXCLUSIVE MODELS IN LONDON WERE PARADED BEFORE HER."

A poignant memory assailed Catharine. It was a memory of silk stockings. She now bought three dozen pairs, and shoes to match all the new dresses. She asked for furs.

One knows what ruin can be wrought by furs. Catharine's were Russian sables of the finest. Enough.

"Petticoats," said Catharine.

James's little thing at four guineas was a bagatelle when Catharine bought petticoats in Hanover Square.

"Lingerie," said Catharine, pronouncing the word carefully and correctly.

Lingerie arrived in billows which, when shaken out, were indecent things of cobweb thickness. And the less there was of them the more they cost.

Catharine bought sets and sets and sets of lingerie.

"Will madame see *robes de nuit?*" asked the saleswoman.

"Certainly," said Catharine.

She filled in her second cheque for the house in Hanover Square for nine hundred guineas, and left to have tea at Rumpelmayer's.

Then she put her name down at a high-class servants' registry office, and returned home smiling with her cheque-book.

CHAPTER XVIII.

James spent a very nice week-end in Birmingham, despite a certain reticence that at first seemed to hang about Nora. This reticence he set himself at once to overcome, and by generous expenditure in cash he overcame it.

He managed to see the Dragon for half an hour or so by excusing himself to Nora on the plea of business. Calling upon the young man at his hotel, the latter appeared to receive a distinct shock on seeing Mr. Bright.

"I told you," said James, humorously, "to expect me at any minute, and here I am. How are you?"

"Perfectly well, sir, thank you," replied the young man, "and I am pleased to report that Miss Patrick is quite well too."

But the young man appeared to feel no pleasure in James's company.

"You may be pleased to hear," James resumed, "that I am making your berth a more permanent one than I at first thought. I had no idea, before I tried it, what a relief it would be to have this young lady practically safeguarded. You are satisfied to remain on my terms?"

The young man thought carefully. Then: "For the present, yes," he slowly answered.

"I am confident that you carry out your work conscientiously," said James. "Your reports have been all I could wish. Would you like a week-end off?"

The young man regarded him with an indefinable expression.

"Because," James continued, "I am staying the week-end with Miss Patrick, and should be happy to release you till Monday."

"Thank you, sir," said the young man; "I am remaining in Birmingham."

The young man certainly remained in Birmingham. When James was seated, with Nora, in the stalls of the theatre, he perceived not far from them his indefatigable *employé*, and when, after the play, James took Nora to supper, the young man, strangely enough, appeared without much loss of time and took a table where he could keep them in view.

"He exceeds his duty," said James to himself. "Grossly exceeds his duty."

It was James's custom, after staying from home for a week-end, to abjure the office altogether on a Monday, and, having lunched with his hostess, if the railway time-table made this possible, to arrive in Hampstead in time for tea. In this instance he did not depart from custom, but, having parted reluctantly from Nora, he travelled back to town on Monday afternoon.

He let himself in with his latch-key, and found himself in a strange hall. A splendid carved chest, a grandfather clock, a chair of the most expensively remote period! James looked at these things as in a dream.

"I suppose," said he, overcoming his first stagger of surprise, "that Catharine picked a little furniture up cheap. Perhaps there was a sale."

James passed on to his den, to see if any letters awaited him there. The house was very quiet; no Catharine appeared. James opened his door.

Mahogany and leather met him; heavy silver ink-pots; a new Turkey carpet; immense easy-chairs; a new brass coal-box.

James sank dumbly into the new chair at his new desk, and found a few letters. Holding them in his hand, he looked round to absorb the wonders afresh.

He began very slowly, with a puckered brow and pursed lip, to open his letters. Somewhere in the road outside the hoot of a motor-horn and the purr of a car sounded faintly and were still.

A firm, quick step came outside his door; a voice cried: "Is that my old James?" Catharine hastened in.

But such a Catharine! She stood garbed in a coat and skirt of black velvet of a fit so perfect as to be almost immoral, silk stockings, patent shoes, Russian sables, ospreys rearing in a marvellous hat, white kid gloves, jangling, dangling gold purse and card-case, and vanity bag and what-not. Her hair was dressed softly, and between the caressing sides of the sable stole one could see her throat rising, bare and white. Her smile was radiant and healthy.

James got up.

"My love——" he began.

"My old James!" cried Catharine, and kissed him. He smelt violets. "I wish I could stay, but I can't. I'm just rushing off to do a little shopping that I positively can't leave. The car is waiting."

"The car!" said James. "What car?"

"Brown's car," replied Catharine. "It occurred to me that I might hire it sometimes until I had one of my own. I really do not know why I had not thought of it before. Bye-bye, dear. I will be back——"

"But——" cried James.

"I can't stop!" said Catharine, moving to the door with all the sinuousness that her immoral coat and skirt could give her. "I'll be back to dinner, and I've told them that you'll ring for tea in here when you want it."

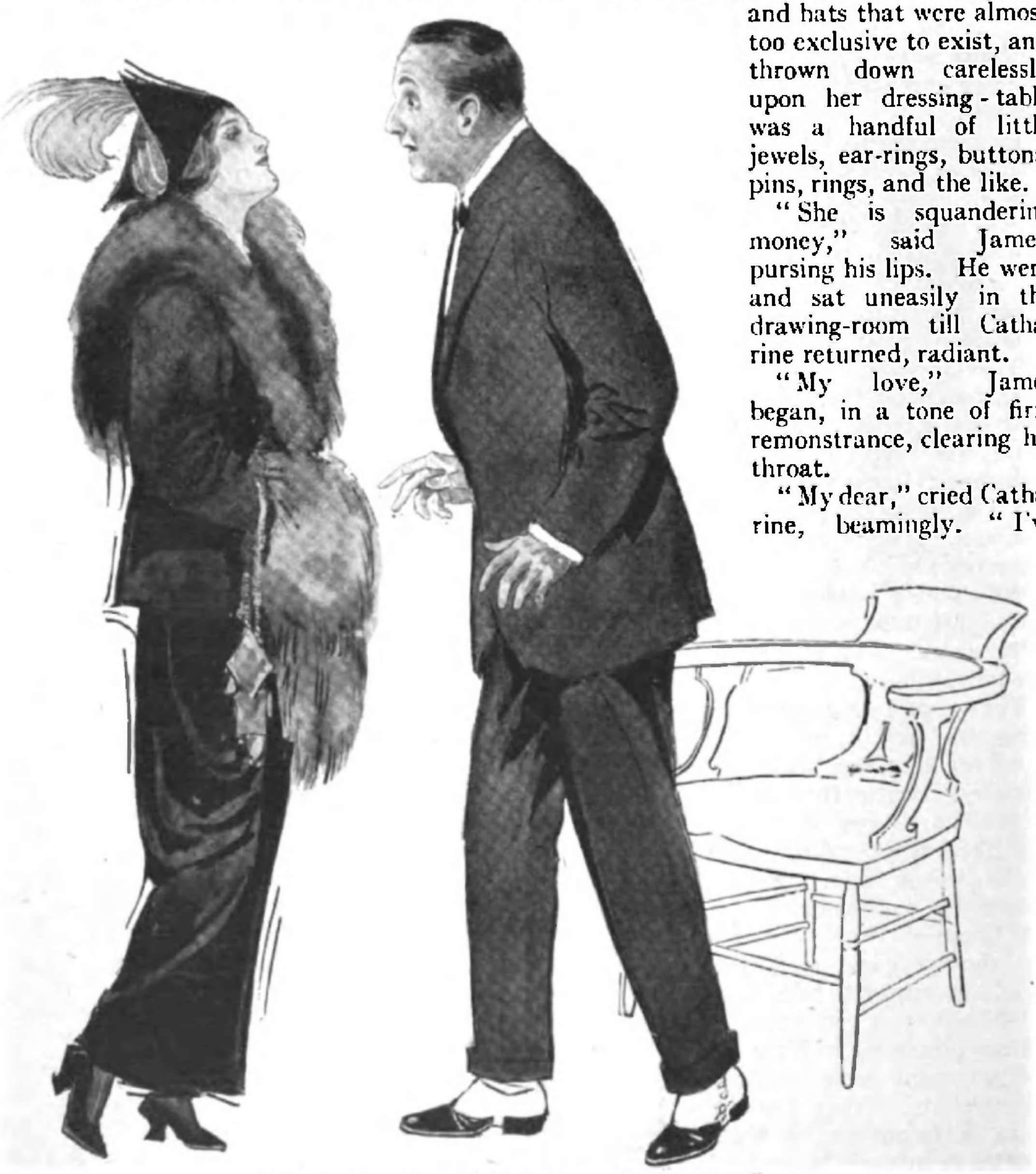
Catharine was gone. The hoot of a horn and the purr of a car could be heard faintly without. James sank back into his chair.

Presently, strengthened, he went to inspect the house, and it was as he had feared. It was refurnished from cellar to garret. Large fires burned at one and the same time in the dining-room, drawing-room, James's den, and the second spare bedroom, which was now appropriated, seemingly, by Catharine as her boudoir. Their bedroom, setting aside the fact of its circumscribed size, was fit for a palace; his dressing-room was fitted with every luxury. James looked at everything; he found pictures and tapestries and antiques of many kinds which must, he knew, be worth a small fortune. Then he went and peeped fearfully into the mysteries of Catharine's wardrobe and cupboards, and he found the finest and softest woman's apparel, and hats that were almost too exclusive to exist, and thrown down carelessly upon her dressing-table was a handful of little jewels, ear-rings, buttons, pins, rings, and the like.

"She is squandering money," said James, pursing his lips. He went and sat uneasily in the drawing-room till Catharine returned, radiant.

"My love," James began, in a tone of firm remonstrance, clearing his throat.

"My dear," cried Catharine, beamingly. "I've



"JAMES GOT UP. 'MY LOVE——' HE BEGAN."

been having such a time! Such a time! I must tell you all. I was going my dreary little household round on Friday when it flashed upon me that instead of a help I was a hindrance to you. A man rising in the business world cannot want a parsimonious wife."

"Indeed, my dear," replied James, earnestly, "I appreciate and applaud your econ——"

"I remembered," Catharine continued, unheeding, "the last time you took me to Gatti's, and how when we came home you said, as if desperate: 'Catharine, there is no need for you to manage. You can have twelve servants. You can be dressed by Worth and Paquin. You can have a flat in town and a place in the country. I want you to spend—spend—spend!' And suddenly, my old James, I understood you. I saw your point of view, and I set about making you a comfortable home. All this I have carried out myself in the week-end."

"You are goodness itself, love," said James, haltingly, "but——"

"I think," said Catharine, "I have managed it all fairly well. I took that cheque-book you gave me, you remember, so that I had no difficulty. All the same, I have been very busy for the last three days."

"Yes, love," said James, "but——"

"Ring the bell, please, dear," added Catharine.

James rang, and the butler came. "Send Bertram," said Catharine. The butler withdrew.

James watched these things passing like magic. A very perfect person appeared.

"Take my parcels upstairs, Bertram," said Catharine, languidly, "I am just coming."

The perfect person obeyed, and Catharine turned to James.

"This place is so small," she said, gathering up her sables, "that one really cannot house a decent staff. I am compelled to combine head housemaid and lady's maid, and let the butler sleep out for the present. Of course I shall soon change all that, but for the present, my old James, I am afraid we shall have to bear it."

"For the present, love," replied James, huskily, "I suppose we must, but——"

"It will not be for long," Catharine continued. "I do not think you have ever found me dilatory when I have made up my mind to do a thing."

"No, love!" replied James; "but——"

"Where is my muff?" said Catharine, looking round vaguely. "Thank you. Do you like the furs?"

"Delightful, my dear," replied James, "but——"

"I gave four hundred guineas for them," said Catharine, critically. "I consider good furs such an excellent investment."

"Love!" said James. "Four hundred—but——"

"By the way," Catharine continued, "will you dress to-night? Because of the butler, you know."

"Certainly, dear," said James, "but——"

Catharine disappeared, leaving a great sense of opulence behind her.

James sank into a chair, put his brow into his hands, and lost himself mercifully in a kind of waking oblivion.

Catharine, dressed from Hanover Square, came down to dinner, still radiant.

"Where shall we go to-night?" said Catharine, while they discussed fish cooked to such perfection as told plainly that she had changed her cook.

"Need we go anywhere?" replied James.

"My old James!" cried Catharine, reproachfully. "His first night home, and he didn't want to take his wife out!"

"Oh, my love!" protested James.

Catharine sent the butler into the hall to telephone for seats at the Haymarket.

"There's only boxes, madam," said the butler, returning.

"Well, take a box," replied Catharine, impatiently.

Catharine and James went to the theatre in a closed car from Brown's, and after the play they supped at Dieudonné's.

CHAPTER XIX.

A FEW days later a mutual acquaintance said to Mr. Edmund Tonbridge in the City, "Poor James Bright is looking very bad."

Tonbridge's really kind heart prompted him at once to look in at James's office. He found, indeed, a change. A pale, harassed, and serious James looked up from his correspondence, and grasped Tonbridge's hand with real affection.

"James," said Tonbridge, "a man told me in the City that you were looking awfully bad. Dear me! I hope that matters at home——"

James silenced him by a gesture, nothing more. Still in silence, after a moment he drew from a pigeon-hole in his desk a foolscap sheet with a long addition sum upon it.

"Edmund," he said, "I am in a ghastly dilemma. How to cope with it I cannot think. Money has simply *gotter-be-made* beyond all human possibility."

Tonbridge looked at the sheet.

"My wife's recent expenses," James explained.

Tonbridge cast up the columns swiftly and staggered.

"After thirteen years of undeviating economy," James continued, "something has happened to Catharine. I came back from Birmingham on Monday to find the whole house refurnished and Catharine going out motoring. She has given a standing order at a garage, and they keep a car exclusively for her use. We also have a butler."

"'Tch! 'Tch!" said Tonbridge.

"She had spent in the week-end," said James, reaching for the figures, "let me see—close upon three thousand pounds, and she is continuing life on the same scale. Two cars are being built to her order, one for country and one for town; plans for a yacht fitted with every luxury are under consideration, and she is looking at West-end houses with a view to moving at once."

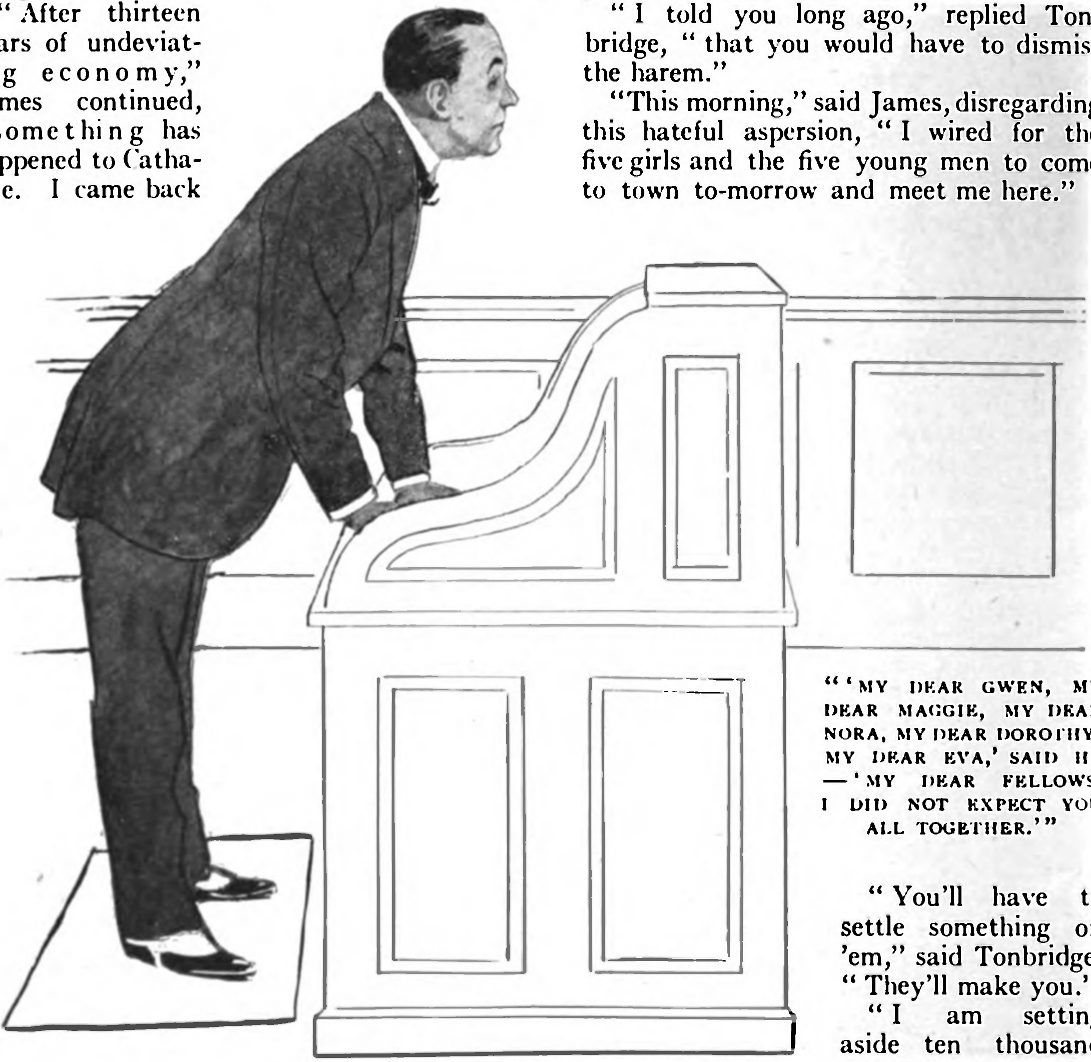
"Indeed!" replied Tonbridge, thoughtfully.

A long silence ensued, broken by James saying, hoarsely:—

"Tonbridge, I can't keep all these girls. One woman like Catharine is quite enough for any man."

"I told you long ago," replied Tonbridge, "that you would have to dismiss the harem."

"This morning," said James, disregarding this hateful aspersion, "I wired for the five girls and the five young men to come to town to-morrow and meet me here."



"'MY DEAR GWEN, MY DEAR MAGGIE, MY DEAR NORA, MY DEAR DOROTHY, MY DEAR EVA,' SAID HE—'MY DEAR FELLOWS, I DID NOT EXPECT YOU ALL TOGETHER.'"

"You'll have to settle something on 'em," said Tonbridge. "They'll make you."

"I am setting aside ten thousand pounds for the purpose," replied James.

A knock at the door heralded the arrival of the office-boy with a cable. James opened it, not without misgivings. It was from the Bombay widow. He read it—exclaimed—crumpled it up, and sat staring before him.

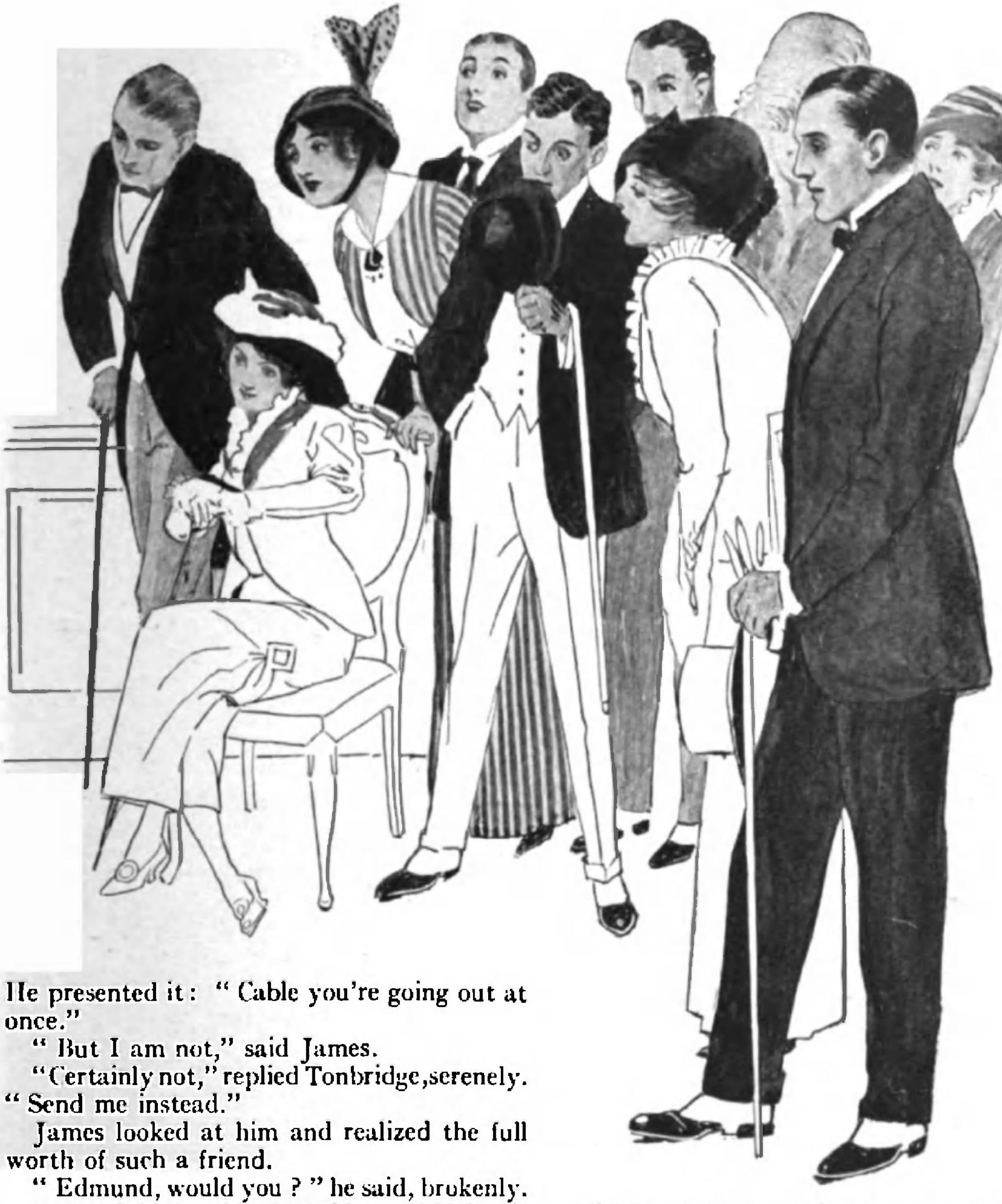
"James!" cried Tonbridge.

"Read," said James, faintly.

Tonbridge read that Mrs. Delaine, apprised by cable of James's renunciation, was determined to have redress. Mrs. Delaine would sue him immediately, and to this end was coming home to place the matter in solicitors' hands and fight the case in England.

"Stop her, Edmund!" cried James. "Stop her!"

"Wait," said Tonbridge. "An idea!"



He presented it: "Cable you're going out at once."

"But I am not," said James.

"Certainly not," replied Tonbridge, serenely. "Send me instead."

James looked at him and realized the full worth of such a friend.

"Edmund, would you?" he said, brokenly.

"Certainly," said Tonbridge. "Make it worth my while. We can settle the terms between us, and I'll go. Indeed, you need a man with some tact and ability to settle an affair like this. I have very little opinion of yours. For a man of your capacity for evil you have amazingly little strategic ability. Now," said Tonbridge, extremely business-like, tapping James on the shoulder, "is this lady quite a young girl?"

"A widow of thirty-five," replied James.

"Ah-h-h!" said Tonbridge, with remarkable astuteness. "She'll be a tough nut, James, very tough. I know her kind—any man of the world does. She'll want heavy compensation."

"I have done nothing to compensate her for," protested James, earnestly.

Mr. Tonbridge gave the mellow, incredulous laugh and passed on easily.

"But it will be my business, as your emissary, to make good terms for you. Trust in me, James; I know her kind, I tell you. I can deal with them. You've no strategic ability, only an abnormal propensity for getting into a most disgusting mess. Well, well, I'll see you through, James!"

"Thank you, Edmund! Thank you!" cried James, wringing his friend's hand.

Tonbridge laughed a laugh of mellow tolerance and perfect ability, and went away.

That evening Catharine wished again to

be taken out. They went to a theatre and had supper at the Ritz. James found her demand for expensive attentions incessant. And with it all she was, strangely enough, just her natural self—healthy, pleasant, vivacious, unflagging, crying :—

" Aren't we enjoying ourselves, old James ? Isn't it a comfortable world ? "

James was awake most of the night, thinking. Not so Catharine, although she breakfasted luxuriously in bed in a satin dressing-sack over her new and priceless *robe de nuit.* James could not breakfast in bed. Money simply had to be made, and he must toil to his office, as usual, to make it.

There also were the five Rogues to be faced, with the tale of an utterly unexpected situation.

They came punctually, all in a body, and with them—not an hour later, as arranged by James—the five Dragons.

These ten flourishing young people seemed to fill up James's office-room, and their mutual appearance caused mutual surprise. The five Dragons looked curiously at each other, and at each other's charges, and the five young girls were very distant in manner as they made a rapid summary of the feminine competition. James, tired, harassed, not to say nervous, faced these beings abounding with energy, all fresh as idle horses.

" My dear Gwen, my dear Maggie, my dear Nora, my dear Dorothy, my dear Eva," said he—" my dear fellows, I did not expect you all together. The girls I fixed for the same hour, wishing to hasten business ; but the men——"

The five young men all looked at James with a repressed fury, a look that plainly set him down as an intruder, an interloper, an impertinent person, and a very suspicious character indeed. James was quick to feel this.

Breaking frantically into the business, he said :—

" My dear girls—I would introduce you, only that by now you will have guessed that all your positions are practically the same, and I am rather too depressed already for formalities—we must part. That is why I sent for you—to say we must part. Something has happened—I am not—or shall not be in future—the wealthy man you think me. I am becoming involved to a frightful depth. All the money I make in future will be—er—dispersed immediately by a call which brooks no denial."

Having hurried out this explanation, James put his head in his hands and, hiding his eyes, sat very still, and waited for someone to speak. He seemed to wait a very long time before out of the dread stillness that ensued one or two Rogues' voices could be heard pattering together :—

" Uncle ! " " Uncle ! " " Uncle ! " " I——"

This was taken up by the young men :—

" We—are—in short——"

" You will be surprised——"

" You cannot have expected——"

" It was only natural that——"

" Leaving a man in a very responsible position——"

The young men paused, and then all the voices took up the chorus in duets :—

" We are engaged."

" We are engaged."

" We are married."

" We are shortly to be married."

" We are determined to be married."

James raised his aching brow from his hands and stared and cried " What ? Who's married ? "

" I, uncle," replied Eva, coming forward with her protector.

" Who is engaged ? " cried James.

" Us ! " replied Maggie and Nora, in chorus with their prospective husbands. The Oxford don, more academic, said, in his charming voice, accompanied by Gwen, " We are ! "

" And who," said James, breathlessly, " is determined to be married ? "

" Me," replied Mr. Baker, who held the hand of Dorothy Dormer ; and very comely she looked as she blushed at James.

James rose.

" My dear girls," he said, " my dear fellows, you surprise me, but—I cannot pretend to be displeased. All you young men have—or will have—the best and prettiest of wives ; all you girls have—or will have—capable and suitable husbands. Er—I hope those of you who have not married will not dream of changing your minds. You must let me hear when the great events will take place ; I am, indeed, deeply interested. I may remark here that I am no advocate of long courtships. Really—really—this is—you have all taken me very much by surprise."

James sat down.

All looked at him in hopeful silence, as if expecting wedding presents and appointments to appear by magic on his person.

" I shall settle two thousand on each of you girls on marriage," said James.

" O-oh ! " cried the girls.

The young men glanced at each other approvingly, but still waited for more. Their trust was heartrending and purse-searching—more, abysmal. There was no bottom to it.

"We know, of course, that you will do something for us," they said, with unanimity truly wonderful considering the shortness of their acquaintance.

"I will double all my managerial berths," said James, "the salary to remain at three hundred and fifty."

"Thank you, sir," said the young men, gratefully, after a brief consultation among themselves.

"Thank you, uncle," cried the Rogues.

"Are you all satisfied?" James asked. "May we shake hands on it all round?"

They shook hands all round, then they turned their backs on James, and made each other's further acquaintance. It was a merry scene. Then they all invited each other out to lunch, compromised by joining forces, and went out with great hilarity, omitting to include James. Him they left alone, forgotten, unwanted, seated at his desk.

James covered his blotting-paper with pencilled accounts before he went out to lunch, and later, as he passed through the office on his way to the Holborn Restaurant, said, peevishly, to Morton :—

"Morton, money has simply gotter - be - made."

"Yes, sir," replied Morton, "and we are making it."

"We must make it faster!" cried James. "Faster! Faster!"

And when he went home, there were the butler to relieve him of his brief-bag, and Catharine in a Hanover Square creation to flaunt extravagantly at the head of his table, and a *chef*, scornful of the Hampstead house, in the kitchen, to load that table with many courses of rich fare.

The wines were excellent. As if trying dutifully yet delicately to raise James's spirits and lift his silence, the butler plied him with sherry, with champagne, with an extraordinarily fine port; offered him later, when Catharine had left sinuously for the drawing-room and the butler and James were alone together, a wide choice in liqueurs.

When, to escape the butler, James hurried out after Catharine, he found that splendid woman looking over a few letters at her writing-cabinet, and :—

"I have decided," said she, turning briskly to her husband, "not to wait till quarter day. We shall move next week to the house in Pont Street which I have settled on as a handy little place for us."

"I have no wish to disappoint you, dear," said James, kindly, "but——"

"I have taken the house from next week," replied Catharine. "The lease is signed."

"Without my agreement!" cried James, "but——"

"Really, my old James," said his excellent wife, with a note of playful surprise, almost of reproach, "you asked me to take all such matters off your shoulders, and to spend according to your income."

"My love," James faltered, "when did I ask that of you?"

"The last evening we went to Gatti's," replied Catharine, with a little *moue* of scorn at the name.

CHAPTER XX.

When James was shaving, the next morning, the butler kindly sent up to say that five gentlemen awaited him below.

"Their names?" cried James, with a sinking heart.

They were the names of the five Dragons.

James laid down his razor, stripped off his shirt and trousers like lightning, and went back to bed.

So the butler told the five gentlemen that Mr. Bright was seriously indisposed, and would they kindly write to him in Mr. Bright's study and leave the notes? They went there in a body.

Charmingly peignoired, Catharine put her head into her husband's room.

"So many visitors for my old James so early in the morning! What can the matter be?"

"Catharine," said James, hollowly, "I feel ill. I shall not go to the office to-day, and you will not be able to move to Pont Street next week."

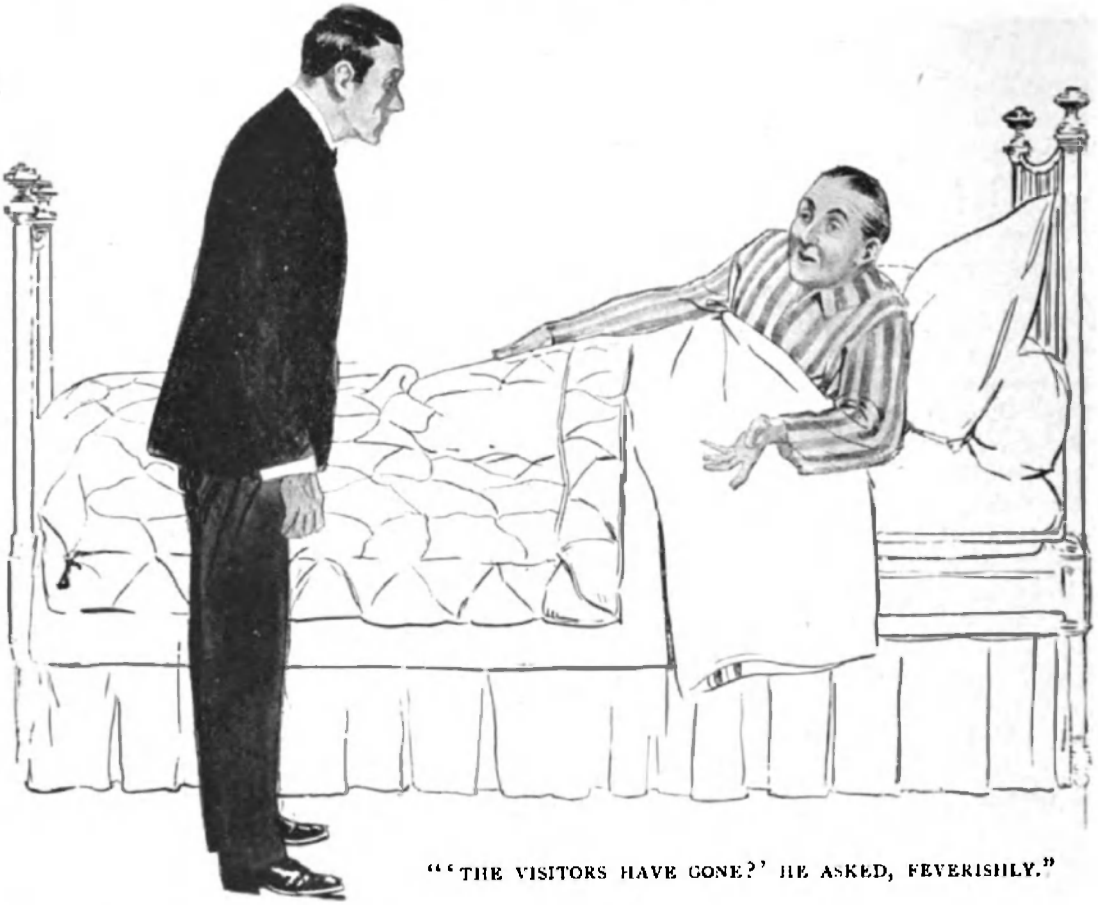
"Don't worry about that, my old James," she replied, laying a kind hand on his feverish brow. "We shall move you in an invalid-carriage, if necessary. The rich can command all luxuries." And she went away smiling to her healthy breakfast.

James, for the sake of appearances, eked out existence by a cup of tea, a strip of toast, and the perusal of the five notes written on his notepaper by the Dragons.

It was as he had feared from the first moment the butler had apprised him of their arrival. The five young men were, on further thought, concerned about the dowries of their brides. They trusted James, the five notes said. They knew his generosity. Would he not give five young couples a real good start in life? They were certain that he would.

James rang his bell.

"The visitors have gone?" he asked, feverishly.



"'THE VISITORS HAVE GONE?' HE ASKED, FEVERISHLY."

"They have gone, sir," said the butler, who had kindly answered the ring himself, in soothing accents, "all gone."

"Send for my lawyer," said James, and lay back and closed his eyes.

The time seemed long to James till the coming of his lawyer. A lengthy morning was only lightened by the sympathetic visits of the butler, and the ensuing lunch was very light indeed—a plate of soup, a morsel of fish, and a glass of sherry. Such were, he learned, Mrs. Bright's last orders. Towards the middle of the afternoon the lawyer came. He sat down by the bedside and said how sorry he was to see his client so ill, and—lying—how sorry to hear of the little business trouble, dear me!

James opened his eyes.

"The business trouble," he said, "is only a blind for my wife. There are certain settlements to make regarding——"

James paused so long that the lawyer knew what was coming, and assumed a very composed expression.

"Five young women," said James, and lay back resigned.

Even the lawyer was so startled that he cried out: "*Five!*"

"Five," replied James, nodding his head on the pillow.

"Dear me!" said the lawyer. "Good gracious! I had better hear the story."

He settled down for a beguiling five minutes by James's bedside, and certainly James beguiled him.

"It is, of course, blackmail," said the lawyer, when the tale was finished, "and as such I shall deal with it. Your terms to these young persons——"

"Ladies," James corrected. "And it is not blackmail. It is just trust and admiration and love."

"Your terms to these ladies," said the lawyer, with insane laughter, "are extremely liberal, and I shall close for those terms. Even trust, admiration, and love must keep within bounds. You will in the course of a day or two receive signed promises of silence from all these—ah—people, and I think I may say that, treated by a business man like myself, you will hear nothing further of the matter."

"Thank you very much indeed," said James, gratefully. "I feel that, great as is my affection for them all, the matter had better be adequately handled."

"Tut, tut!" said the lawyer, laughing. "Well, I must wish you good day and a speedy recovery. I suppose, by the way, that these five constitute all your liabilities?"

"There is one other in India," replied James, "but a friend was kind enough to go out for me and settle her case, thanks."

The lawyer was unable to reply. He just gave James one look of wondering admiration and went out.

"I wonder," said James to himself, when the door had closed, "whether anyone in the world would believe anything I said? And yet I am perhaps the most straightforward man in the world. Does Catharine believe in me? Yes, as long as I deceive her. As long as you deceive people they believe you, but as soon as you tell them the stark truth they eye you with suspicion ever after."

The butler brought in a fairy tea.

"I shall get up to dinner," said James, when he had seen it.

"Do you think you had ought, sir?" said the butler, with concern.

"I must," said James.

Catharine was pleased to see him up when she returned; more pleased still, she avowed, to see his appetite; positively delighted with the near prospect of moving into Pont Street. Also she said to him during dinner:—

"By the way, dear, you remember Mrs. Hunter?"

"Yes, love," replied James.

"She sent a note in to me to-day," said Catharine, "saying—as if I were interested in her concerns—that her daughter has turned up, quite respectably married. I consider a respectable marriage more than the girl deserves!"

"No, no, love!" James protested.

"Much more than she deserves," continued Catharine, "since she has been pursuing an illicit amour during her absence from home."

"No, no, love!" cried James.

"I have every reason for knowing it," replied Catharine, gravely. "However, the subject need not be mentioned again now that she is married."

"True, love," said James. "It will never be mentioned by me. I know how you hate scandals."

Catharine smiled very remotely at her champagne.

They moved to Pont Street the next week, and a life of expensive magnificence began, ruled by the butler, and demanding so much support that James sank for the while all his lingering anxieties concerning the progress of Tonbridge's mission to India. Early morning and late evening saw him at desk and in private room at home, dictating to a secretary or raging, the relentless and alien James, into his telephone. During a slight pause in the obsession one day, however, he recalled the faithful Edmund, and recollecting that the time was now ripe for developments, he cabled to Bombay:—

"What luck?"

The answer returned:—

"None. She married me. Expect you to do something for me."

Then for the first time in two months James laughed—and for the first time in his life the laughter was loud, mellow, corrupt, like the laughter of the world. And then he looked at the last clause, the hateful trust in him, the veiled threat, and he glanced around his room for help, and his gaze fell on his telephone.

He picked up the instrument. Friendship of years went by the board. Instantly he stiffened, his eye flashed, his jaw protruded, and he rang up his lawyer.

When he got home Catharine hurried him into dress-clothes and took him out to dinner, and, coming home in her costly private car, she said:—

"My old James, kindly open a bank account for me. I really cannot count every farthing I spend and come to you for it. It is too absurd."

"Yes, love," said James, "but——"

"I shall have to run over to Paris directly, to pick up some clothes," continued Catharine. "I have hardly a rag. You'll come too—I should not think of leaving my old James alone."

"Catharine," said James, "is all this expense necessary to your happiness?"

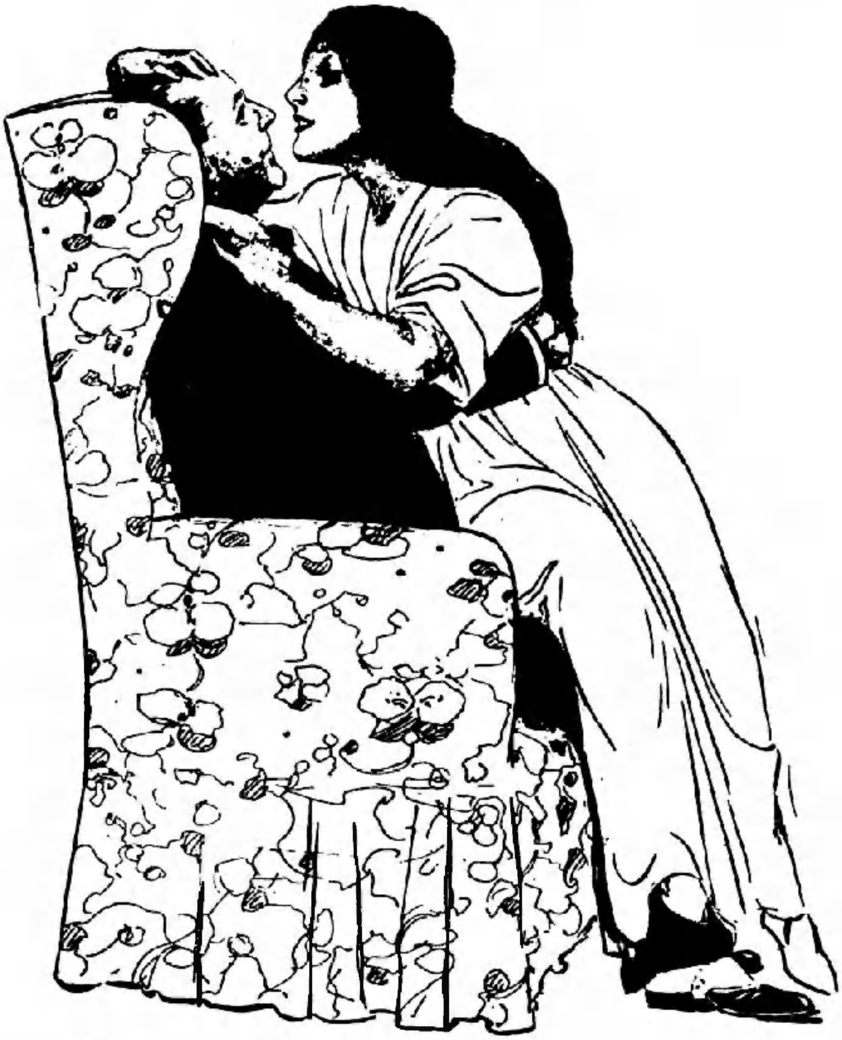
"Certainly," said Catharine, thoughtfully; "a woman in my position is surely entitled to a few comforts."

"Love," said James, "but——"

They had reached their home. The front door opened, and the butler walked regally down the steps to receive them. Catharine went straight to the room which was now again mutually theirs, with a pleasant, "Don't be long, my old James."

He watched her expensive gown trailing away, and thought what a very splendid and admirable woman she was, but——

The butler hypnotized him to come into the dining-room and partake of caviare sandwiches, rusks, brandy-and-soda. Then he said, "Good night, sir," and left James alone



“ ‘MY OLD JAMES, SAID CATHARINE, ‘NEEDS HIS HOLIDAY.’ ”

in that splendid room, to sink into a chair at the table, to clasp his head and cry :—

“ Good heavens ! how shall I make both ends meet ? ”

Heavily he walked upstairs. Catharine, with her hair flowing over a silk dressing-gown, was rending one or two letters she had written before going out that evening. They had contained, we may be interested to know, definite orders for the yacht and the second car. She made, however, no allusion to their contents as she dropped the pieces on her bedroom writing-table, and turned, with her kind smile, to meet James. We may surely understand that Catharine, who knew so well how to force the pace, knew also the exact psychological moment at which to slacken.

She observed, with a nice judgment, the pallor, the increasing thinness of James. She indicated admirably that he might take her upon his knee; and he did so, and had a faint, but blasting suspicion that she was a Rogue.

“ My old James,” said Catharine, “ needs his holiday.”

“ He cannot afford one,” replied James, shaking his head mournfully. “ And, by the way, love, about the yacht——”

“ I have just remembered, dear, that I can’t bear the sea,” said Catharine, indicating the torn letters.

James gave one long sigh and settled his head on the cushion.

Catharine continued : “ I am giving up the idea of a second car for the moment. I really can’t be bothered about it. I am far too busy.”

James gave another long, bursting sigh, and peace showed herself to him, dimly.

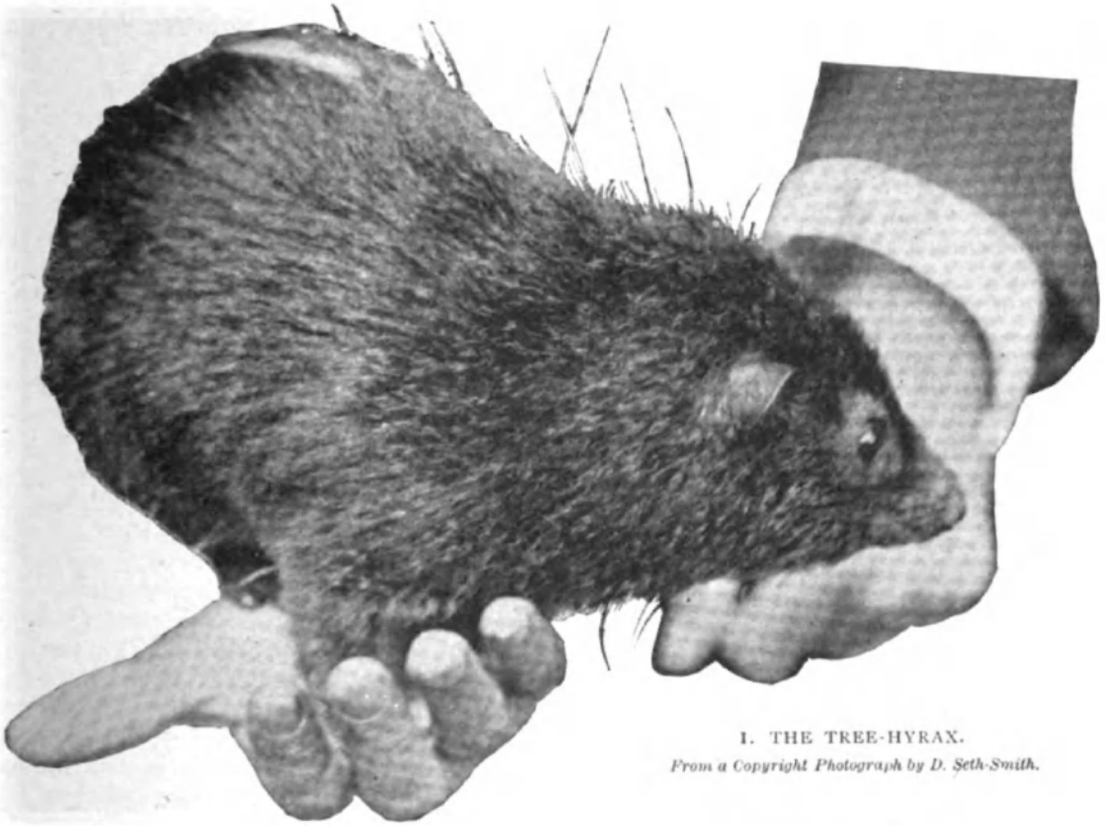
“ Of course, love,” he said, “ anything you want you must have. But——”

Catharine did not cry, “ My old fool ! ” She sat comfortably upon James’s knee, lifted his chin with one hand, ran the forefinger of the other down his parting, became an absolute Rogue, and said :—

“ My old James, I have thought several times lately that the parting improves you very much.”

But did she only mean the hair

THE END.



1. THE TREE-HYRAX.

From a Copyright Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

The Strangest of Pets.

By Dr. P. CHALMERS MITCHELL, F.R.S.,

Secretary of the Zoological Society of London,

Author of "The Childhood of Animals," etc., etc.

IT was a hyrax, of the species known to naturalists as *Hyrax dorsalis*, because of a white stripe along the back, one of a tribe of little animals living in Africa and Syria (Fig. 1). The cony of the Bible, "a feeble folk, but exceeding wise," is one of them; they are known as "rock-rabbits," or "dassies," in South Africa and East Africa, and those of the same species as my pet are called tree-bears because of their shape, and because they live more in the trees than do the others.

I was often asked what it was, very clever persons suggesting that it must be a mongoose or a lemur, more humble-minded persons being content with their view that it was a strange kind of large rat. Naturalists divide mammals, the warm-blooded, hairy creatures which suckle their young, into great divisions, most of which contain many kinds of animals united by features that we all recognize. Everyone knows monkeys, and finds little difficulty in appreciating that we ourselves at one end of the series and the bright-eyed, long-snouted lemurs at the other end are closely related to them. Carnivores we easily associate in our minds by their furry bodies, clawed feet, rounded heads with snapping jaws and powerful tearing and flesh-cutting teeth, and their general air of swift and predatory aggressiveness. Bats we can be in no doubt about, and rodents, from the big capybara to the smallest mouse, all ostentatiously display the curved front teeth used for gnawing. The innumerable tribe of ruminating animals, from the tall giraffe to the smallest deer, chew the cud, display a cloven hoof, and are usually armed with horns or antlers. Horses, asses, and zebras are plainly akin, and, although we should not guess so readily that the tapir and the rhinoceros belong to the same assemblage, at least we are not likely to mistake them for anything else. "Pigs are pigs" whether they are wild boars or peccaries, and even the officers of His Majesty's Customs have perceived the affinities of the hippopotamus and have made difficulties about allowing one to be landed, on the ground that "any fool could see that it was a pig."

Besides such large and familiar groups of mammals there are some orders as well-marked and distinct, but containing very few species. Thus the elephants, or *Proboscidea*, comprise only the African and Indian elephants; the *Sirenia*, or sea-cows, contain only the aquatic dugong and manatee. The order *Hyracoidea* contains only the hyraxes or conies, and little is known as to their relationships. Their fossil ancestors were much larger, and some writers have thought that they show affinities with big non-ruminating ungulates like the rhinoceros, and others, including myself, think that they have kinship with elephants and sea-cows.

Conies are small, heavily-built animals less than a foot in length, and weighing a few pounds at most. Seen from a little way off they are rather like rodents, but the pair of long incisor tusks in the upper jaw, and the horizontally protruding lower incisors, especially seen in a cleaned skull, much more closely suggest a miniature edition of the elephant, a resemblance which is heightened by the flexible and hairless ears, and the long, naked, and slightly mobile muzzle. There is no tail, and the legs are short, with long, flat feet with naked soles. The fore paws have each four digits, one of which is very small, and the hind legs have each three toes. Each digit has a strong flat nail, somewhat intermediate between a true nail and a hoof, but the inner toe of each hind limb has a sharp curved claw instead of a nail, and it is with these that the animals scratch themselves. Conies are extremely alert, muscular, and lively. They can run at a great pace, and are able to leap over a yard in height. Their power of climbing is most astonishing, as their appearance does not in the least suggest that kind of activity. Some of the Cape conies, which live chiefly on the rocks, were put in an enclosure protected by sheet metal, but got out by choosing the corners and climbing up the smooth vertical face, almost in the fashion in which a rock-climber ascends a vertical "chimney." They were foiled by turning in the edge of the fence, but then walked up the smooth trunk of a mulberry tree, passed along a slippery branch, and then dropped outside the fence. The tree-hyraxes are even better climbers, ascending surfaces that seem to be quite impossible for any animal that cannot dig sharp claws into a yielding surface.

My own pet liked to climb up the slippery leg of a polished mahogany chair and to stand on the narrow, smooth edge of the back. It also used to climb up the door-posts, holding on to the smooth curves of the mouldings, and as soon as it had reached any position which seemed completely dangerous it would raise one of the hind legs and proceed to scratch its head vigorously. Some rumour of these powers has reached the persons who write Natural History books, where it is often stated that the conies have suctorial or sticky feet. This is not so; the palms and the soles are smooth and naked, and it is by muscular strength and power of balance, by untiring patience and intelligent selection of the best ways, that they succeed so well.

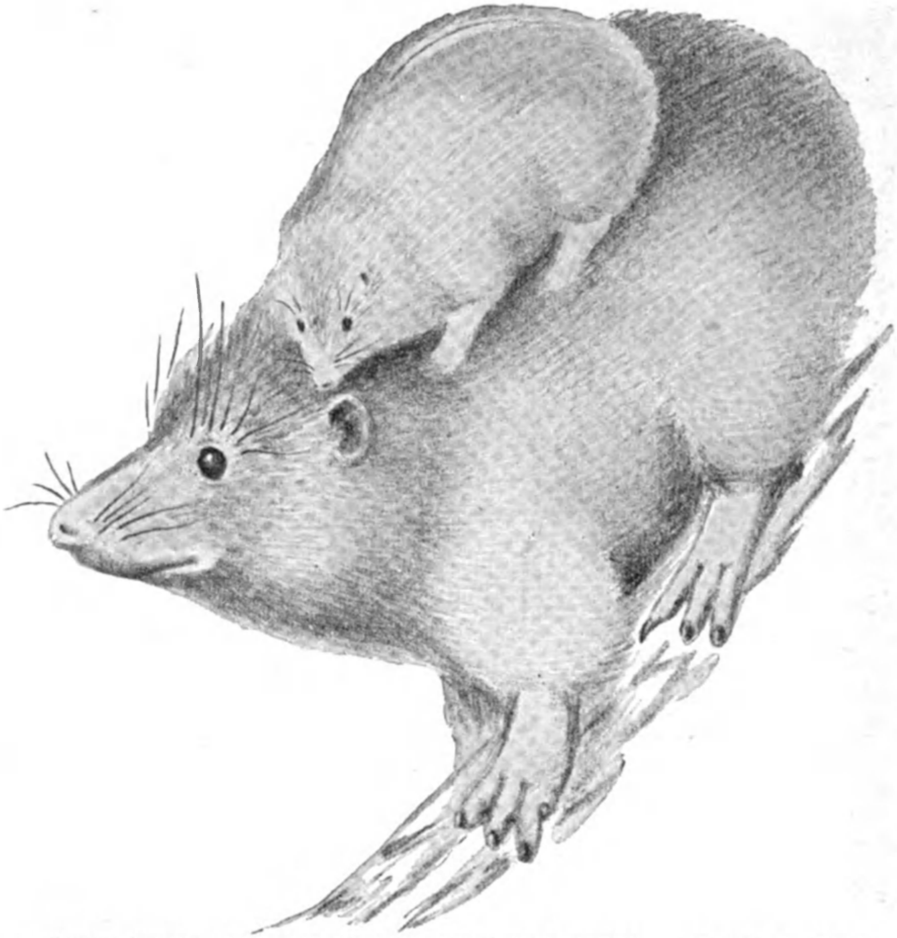
The skin of the conies, except on the ears and the naked muzzle, is almost white, but is covered by a thick coat of short, rather harsh fur, with some long, stout bristles, like the whiskers of a cat, placed round the mouth and dispersed all over the body. The colour is nearly uniform; in the different species it varies from a greyish brown to a very dark brown, with a stripe along the back, white in some, black in others. They keep themselves exquisitely clean, scratching off any particles of grit with the sharp claw of the hind foot, or with the teeth, and rubbing themselves vigorously on a carpet, or against any soft, dry material.

My own pet was brought to me in the end of April, 1912, by a mining engineer just arrived from the West Coast of Africa. He had bought it from a native before sailing, under the name of a tree-bear, and as it was new to him he determined to try to bring it home to the Zoological Gardens. It was rather over two pounds in weight, about six inches long, and could not have been more than a few weeks old. He did not know on what it ought to be fed, and as it refused bananas, raw meat, and anything else he could think of trying, he wisely resolved that if it were going to die anyhow, it should not die of starvation, and he crammed it at least once a day on bread and milk and fish. As it belonged to a species which we had had before, but which had never lived in captivity for more than a few weeks, and as it was small and helpless and not taking food of its own accord, I decided to keep it in my own charge for a few days. The little animal was kind enough to adopt me at once, the flattering nature of which behaviour I came to realize only later, when I found that of all the persons with whom it came in contact there were only four or five to whom it was not either indifferent or actively hostile. The days became prolonged into weeks, and the weeks into months, and for nearly a year and a half, during which I happened to be much overworked and a good deal worried, it was my constant companion, day and night, until one sad morning, after a few days' severe illness, when it was sitting on my arm, being fed on milk and brandy, it suddenly threw back its head, and died without a sound or struggle, leaving me distressed to a degree of which I do not care to write.

Apart from the affection which I came to have for my little hyrax (which I named Daniel, although it was a lady), I was deeply interested in studying it, as I believe that more real information is to be gained by observing tame examples of wild animals than by the easier method of noting the character of domesticated animals. In a book which I wrote on "The Childhood of Animals" about a year ago, I showed that there was a great difference, usually neglected, between tame animals and domesticated animals. The latter, like the horse and the dog and cat, have been in the possession of man from remote, prehistoric antiquity, and we do not even know the wild stock from which they came, or the date or manner in which mankind first adopted them. In the course of these long generations man has modified them very greatly by selective breeding. We know some of the changes that he has produced, and still is able to produce, in their structure and appearance; but we forget that their emotions, habits, and instincts have been modified by killing off the individuals which were unsuitable and breeding from those which were suitable.

We require a horse to be docile, not to think for itself, either to have its senses of sight, touch, and hearing a little dull, or to be so patiently slow in its response to strange sights, contacts, or sounds that it behaves as if its senses were dull. Surviving relics of the quick response to anything unfamiliar that was necessary to the existence of a wild animal we call vice, and we shoot the horse, or sell it to a friend. We demand of a dog that it should be faithful and affectionate, if not to all human beings, at least to its owners; that it should not defend itself by biting, that it should be the guardian and not the oppressor of the other domestic animals of man, that it should observe rules of cleanliness alien to its natural disposition, and a thousand other qualities useless or dangerous to a wild animal fighting its own battle in an unfriendly world. We have had less success in changing the stubborn mental characteristics of the cat, which is still the willing guest rather than the slave of man; but we know, at least, that the tabby is a creature very different from its aggressive and dangerous wild relations. Domesticated animals are sophisticated creatures, moulded by man to a pattern of his own liking, with the result that they are misleading material for the investigation of the natural capacities, intelligence, and emotions of animals. Their mere docility is one of the greatest sources of error; we have made them into pale mirrors of ourselves, and in studying them we often see little more than our own distorted images. And we have been able to do this chiefly by selective breeding, partly consciously and partly unconsciously. In the long generations that domestic animals have been bred by man, the individuals that showed qualities to his liking have been preferred, and those that retained most of the wild nature have been discarded. Tamed examples of wild animals are in a different case. They learn from man by intelligence, and they retain their natural instincts and emotions.

There was no doubt as to Daniel having come from a genuinely wild stock; her ancestors had lived in the tall trees of Nigerian forests from time immemorial, and her kind has never been domesticated. African natives, as a rule, are not friendly to animals, and care little for them except to eat or to use in mysterious and cruel rites. Conies are extremely alert, suspicious, and watchful, and seldom descend from their trees except at night. They are said to have a natural fondness for alcohol and to be captured occasionally when they have found a store of palm toddy and have drunk not wisely but too well. Daniel was very young indeed when she was captured, and had simply transferred to her first owner the natural affection that she would have had for her mother. Hyraxes have very small litters, two to four in the case of the ground forms, and one, or occasionally two, in the case of those that live in trees. The young ones remain long with the mother and are carried on her back, not holding on by claws or



2. "THE YOUNG ONES REMAIN LONG WITH THE MOTHER AND ARE CARRIED ON HER BACK."

From "The Childhood of Animals," by permission of Mr. W. Heinemann.

teeth, but simply balancing themselves, in the fashion shown in the drawing (Fig. 2).

A few minutes after Daniel was left with me she climbed up my leg and settled down on my lap. Afterwards, when she became more familiar, she preferred the feeling of a piece of naked skin, and would climb up the back of my chair and settle down on my neck. Another favourite place was my wrist, and nothing pleased her better than to sit on that and go to sleep while I was actually typing. When she went out with me, as she very often did, she preferred to sit on my shoulder, or, if it were raining, on the wrist under the umbrella. She would go in the London streets through traffic, in taxi-cabs, buses, or trains, always with complete confidence and with no effort to escape and indifference to unusual sights or sounds, so long as she was in contact with me. But if she were put on the ground and I left her, she would rush after me with little squeals of displeasure, or, if it were in a strange room, make for the darkest corner.

I must now describe the daily routine of her life. She slept on my arm, first pushing away the sleeve of my pyjamas to secure contact with my skin, and with her head just protruding from the bed-clothes; if the night were very cold she burrowed down and perched on my ankle; if, as sometimes happened, she suffered from a laboured breathing rather like asthma, her favourite position was with the hind paws on my face and the fore paws on the top of my head. If I were restless, she would change her position several times, and then, if not allowed to settle down in peace, would go to a favourite corner of the room where a hot-water pipe passed through to the bath-room and settle on that. She was very fond of sitting on a hot place, inside the fender, or on the top of a radiator, and when the hearth was really hot would flatten herself out against it. She learned the advantage and danger of a fire at once, and never repeated a single unfortunate experience when she singed her face.

When I was called in the morning, she got out of bed at once, went to her corner until my dressing-gown was on, and then came to the door and waited to be picked up, or followed me to where my coffee was waiting, and at once climbed to a stool in front of the fire. There she waited until the time came for her own breakfast, which she had sitting on my arm. After breakfast she followed me to my dressing-room and climbed to a favourite place in a little forest of pipes leading to the taps. There she stayed until I was dressed, when she usually came down and was waiting for me at the door. Sometimes she refused to come and kept dodging my efforts to lay hold of her, but I had only to leave the door open and walk along the passage a few yards when she rushed after me. She learned quickly that I could not give her any attention in my office in the mornings, and as soon as we got there she settled down near the fire, if it were cold, or roamed about, climbing tables or bookshelves and generally amusing herself, or sleeping. But, wherever she was, if I sat down for a moment in an arm-chair she climbed on to me at once and expected attention. I had a box made for her with two compartments—a large flap by which it could be opened to be cleaned, and a very small aperture just large enough for her to squeeze through—and with this in the room she could be left in complete safety, as she could always retreat to it if any alarming stranger appeared.

But Daniel was not easy to alarm. She could give a sharp bite, quite painful to a human being, but, I should think, wholly ineffectual against a cat or dog. She was able to assume an air of resourceful ferocity, erecting the fur, stiffening the body, stamping with the fore-feet, and marching straight at any intruder with mouth open in such fashion that the stranger was not disposed to take any chances. I never allowed her to run the risk of an encounter with a bull-terrier or sporting dog, but she actually routed every dog to which she was introduced, chivvied every cat out of the room, and made a palm-civet many times her own size try to bolt up the chimney. In the course of her life she took to very few persons, half-a-dozen at most, and these from the very first, and learned to tolerate a few others, but in most cases stamped and snapped at people who, from seeing her gentle manners with her friends, assumed that she was anyone's animal. It was really a case of bluff, of the dominance of mind over matter, for her bodily power of offence or defence was small.

At one o'clock Daniel went to lunch with me, if I were at home, sitting on my ankle or on the back of my chair until her turn came, and after lunch followed me to my office as before, usually sleeping most of the afternoon, but from five to eight, when I usually am doing work of my own, she insisted on being with me, as I have already said, even when I was using a typewriter. When I dined at home she was always with me, and as often as it was possible went out with me. Here, out of its place, I may mention a very remarkable trait. Before dinner she went to my dressing-room with me and sat in a corner almost out of sight, but very fully cognizant of what was going on. If I were simply washing, or if I had put on a dress-jacket and black tie, she came out and waited at the door for me, but if I had put on a dress-coat and white tie, invariably, at the last moment, she hid in an almost inaccessible place under a chest of drawers. At first I thought this conduct was only part of that order of Nature by which toast always falls with the buttered side downwards, and that I had to grovel for her when it was most necessary to keep tidy, but I came to be certain that it was more than such a chance.

Daniel was on quite friendly terms with the maid who attended to her when I was out for the evening, but she disliked not passing the evening with me, and especially the dreary time after ten o'clock, when she would be left alone in my office to sit up for me, and she came to associate full evening dress with such a tiresome prospect. On an ordinary evening at home she accompanied me back to my office after dinner, and, unless I was in the arm-chair, was usually content to lie in front of the fire, apparently asleep. But if I got up she was on the alert, and here again she made a remarkable mental association. If I kept on my reading-glasses (which have dark rims) she stayed in her place, although I moved about in search of a book, or to light a cigarette. But if I put on the glasses which I wear except when I am actually at work (and which have light-coloured, thin rims), Daniel would cross the room and wait at the door lest I should go upstairs without her. She was so plainly distressed that, when I knew what was in her mind, I always took her with me when I left the room. At bed-time Daniel came with me, and never made a mistake. If it were bed-time she took no interest in my toilet, but at once climbed into bed and took her usual place. What impressed me, and what I wish to impress on my readers, is that none of these habits were in any fashion tricks that were taught her. It has never interested or amused me to try to train animals. Daniel was in constant association with me; she observed my habits, drew inferences from my conduct, and acted accordingly. The more one reflects on it the more astonishing it is. These feeble little creatures maintain their existence in the wilds of Africa, not by strength or by blind instinct, but by so quick and alert an appreciation of their environment that they can at once fall into a fashion of life inconceivably different from anything to which they or their ancestors have been accustomed.

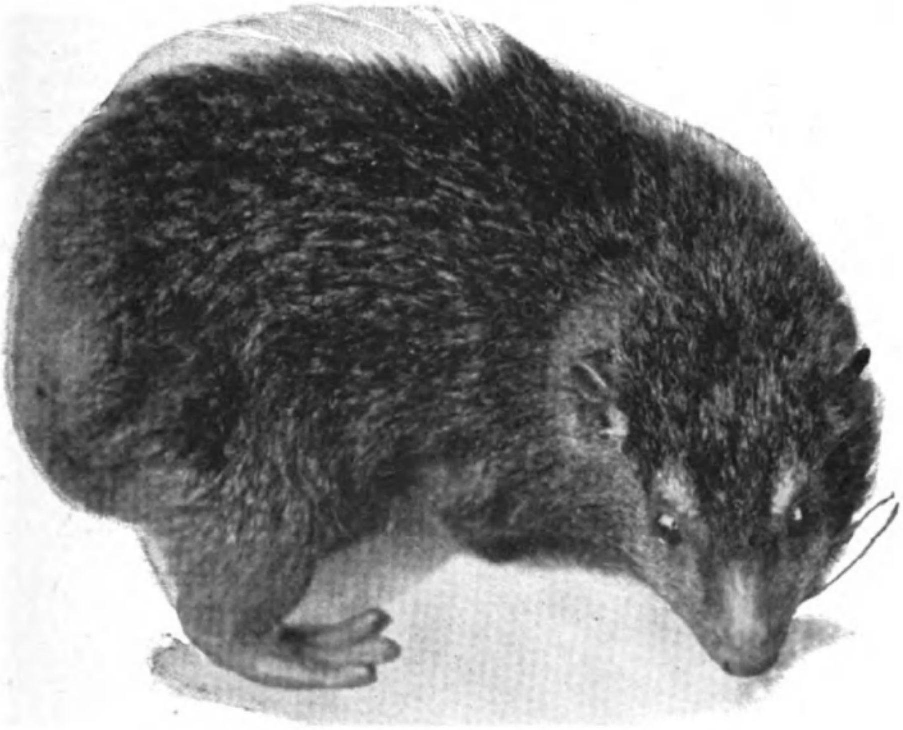
One side of Daniel's character was so curious and remarkable that prudery will not restrain me from relating it. It is essential to our comfort that our domestic pets should respect the proprieties of the house, and it is difficult for us to believe that any animal can be cleanly without training. Daniel was extraordinary. She neither required nor obtained any training. If one reflects how much trouble there is with the civilized human child, the heir of all the ages, the natural cleanliness of a little wild animal is amazing.

I had great difficulty with Daniel's food, partly, I think, because she had been taken from her mother too soon and accustomed to an unnatural diet, and partly because I spoiled her. She was always capricious, a small and dainty feeder; but almost invariably refused to eat at all unless I myself, or one or two other persons whom she liked, actually put the food in her mouth, and she very much preferred to take morsels that I had pretended to chew myself first. I knew that her diet ought to be chiefly, if not wholly, vegetarian, and in the first few months I got her to eat green leaves, chiefly hawthorn and willow, by putting them leaf by leaf in her mouth. Lettuce, cabbage, carrots, turnip, apples, and bananas she refused; if I ate a grape she would take a portion of the skin from me, but not unless she saw me eat it first, and in the same fashion she would take rather readily small fragments of orange, lemon, and grape-fruit. However, of such suitable food she would take so little that she would have starved, and she soon came to take it only on rare occasions. In the morning she had a little toast dipped in hot milk flavoured with coffee and strengthened with Sanatogen; but this she would take only when sitting on my arm and having it put in her mouth scrap by scrap. In the middle of the day she would take in the same way a little milk pudding, or vegetables, and in the evening similar scraps of whatever might be going. But she had a passion for bread dipped in wine, particularly in claret. She knew the red colour when she saw it in the glass or decanter, and would eagerly stretch out her mouth for it. She learned to like Moselle almost equally well, and was excessively fond of champagne. Her palate was admirable. I have tried her again and again with bread dipped in sparkling cider, which she rejected; but immediately afterwards eagerly took it dipped in champagne.

At night, before going to bed, she always had a little hot water. I used to wash her face and paws in the lavatory basin, she standing on a towel and giving them to me in turn to be soaped and dried; she then climbed up my arm and gave her face a final rub against my cheek, and then had her water out of a tumbler. But the water had to be mixed to the exact temperature she liked.

It was only gradually that I came to understand the various fashions in which Daniel expressed her emotions. For the most part she was a silent animal, but her voice had many different notes and sounds. When she was pleased, as, for instance, when I came back after a few hours' absence and picked her up, or when she was lying in comfort on my arm in a warm bed, she uttered a continuous musical chirp almost like a bird, low and soft, and stopped instantaneously if any stranger came near. When she was sitting alone, but in a contented frame of mind, she made a rather louder smacking noise with the lips, not unlike the sound of an animal chewing the cud, and possibly the origin of the erroneous Eastern idea that conies chew the cud, although from not "dividing the hoof" they were regarded as "unclean." When she was discontented and petulant, as, for instance, when she thought that I had been brushing her rather too hard or too long, and she was trying to wriggle away, her note was a broken whinny. Once or twice, and always at night, when from some chance I had left her for a time, she gave utterance to wild and unearthly yells, extremely loud and rising and falling in the weirdest manner. All residents in Central and Tropical Africa have heard the conies yelling in the night, and speak of the noise as strange and unearthly, and the natives believe that demons are making the darkness still more hideous. Occasionally, when she was startled by the sudden appearance of a dog, or cat, or stranger, Daniel would give a rather loud grunt, whip round to face the enemy, and either rush at it or move backwards a few paces, watching intently. But she had quite a different note when she wished to warn me of danger, as, for instance, when we were sometimes awakened at night by an unexpected noise in the next room, or a belated motor-barge on the canal under my window. Daniel shrank back into my arms, bristling, and making an almost silent bark, very low but extremely arresting. So in her native woods you can imagine her warning her friends, but in such a stealthy way that the sound would not reach the possible enemy.

Daniel showed pleasure by a means that was quite novel to me. Her eyes were dark and rather beady and expressionless, but, in addition to the upper and lower eyelid, she possessed a third horizontal eyelid, a light-coloured flap of skin called the nictitating membrane, which could shoot out across the eye from its inner corner (Fig. 3). This membrane is familiar in birds, exists in many of the lower mammals, and is represented in our own eyes by a little fleshy, unmovable fold. One of its chief uses is to prevent damage to the eye in the case of creatures that live in trees or brushwood. Daniel used it to express pleasure, and as it shot slowly across it was astonishingly like a familiar wink. She "gave you the glad eye" in this fashion when she had her favourite bread and wine put in her mouth, always blinking the eye nearest to you. She winked also when I spoke to her affectionately or took her up and tickled the side of her face. Several times when I was nursing her through an illness and she was too weak to respond in any other way, she used to feebly lean over towards me and wink, and just after I had given her her last spoonful of brandy and milk, which she actually did not swallow before she leaned back and died, she gave a final wink of recognition as I wiped her lips.



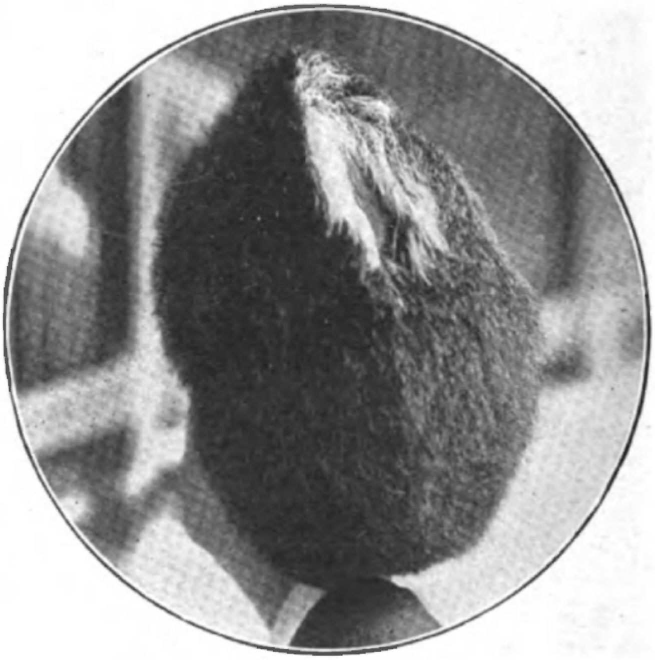
3. "HER EYES WERE DARK AND RATHER BEADY AND EXPRESSIONLESS."

From a Copyright Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

When she was quite well and vigorous, her favourite mode of showing pleasure and affection was to rub her head and face vigorously against my cheek. When I came in at night, and once or twice after an enforced absence of several days, it seemed as if she went almost mad with pleasure. She showed displeasure by pushing away the food or drinks she did not wish, or the wet sponge or brush or towel, with her fore-paws exactly like one of the higher apes or human beings. A greater degree of displeasure, as at the attempt of a stranger to touch her, she showed by vigorously stamping the fore-feet, producing a loud, smacking sound. Still higher displeasure or anger was revealed by the bristling of the hair, and especially by spreading out the white patch along the back, revealing a black and naked, probably glandular, patch of skin. The photograph on the next page (Fig. 4) was taken from above as she was stamping at and preparing to try to attack a badger in a cage. The patch was similarly opened if I put her on the ground and pretended to run away. As she was never hurt, scolded, or punished (indeed, there was never any conceivable reason for even reproving her), and as I do not think that she suffered more than discomfort in any illness, I do not know how she would have expressed the feeling of pain. My impression, however, is that most wild animals, although they may scream from a sudden shock, or from the sense of helplessness, fright, or rage, generally endure pain silently.

Daniel's sense of hearing was extremely acute and discriminating. At any strange noise she at once ceased whatever she might be doing, chewing, drinking, or moving, and held herself in alert and poised attention. At first the noise of my typewriter, the telephone bell, the striking of the clock, the passing of a cab, or the distant howling of the wolves or the roaring of the lions in the Gardens, set her on the alert, and she had a disturbed and restless time. But one by one she learned to discount noises that she had heard before and found to be harmless, and, if she were touching me, went peacefully to sleep even through the rattle of an express train. In the telephone bell she took a great interest, and always climbed up to the receiver to wait until I came to it.

She learned her name at once, and would answer to it however gently I spoke. Several times when I did not know where she was—once when she had climbed behind some books on a high shelf, once when by mistake I had shut a drawer in which she had been exploring and could not get out—she let me know by squeaking when I called. She knew the word "No," and would stop at once when I shouted it to her if she were climbing dangerously against a flower-vase, or on the rail of the balcony, or if she were only pulling about the papers on my desk. She understood perfectly "Water," "Come to bed," "Bite," "Open your mouth," "Go to your box," and many other simple phrases, spoken without any interpreting gestures. She also knew my footstep coming along the corridor or through the library to the room in which she was, and would always be at the door to meet me, although she would not do that for any other footstep. She disliked my reading in bed very much, chiefly, I think, because she was less comfortable when I was holding a book, and after enduring it more or less patiently for a little time she would almost every night proceed to tug or push at my spectacles, until I had to give in and turn out the light.

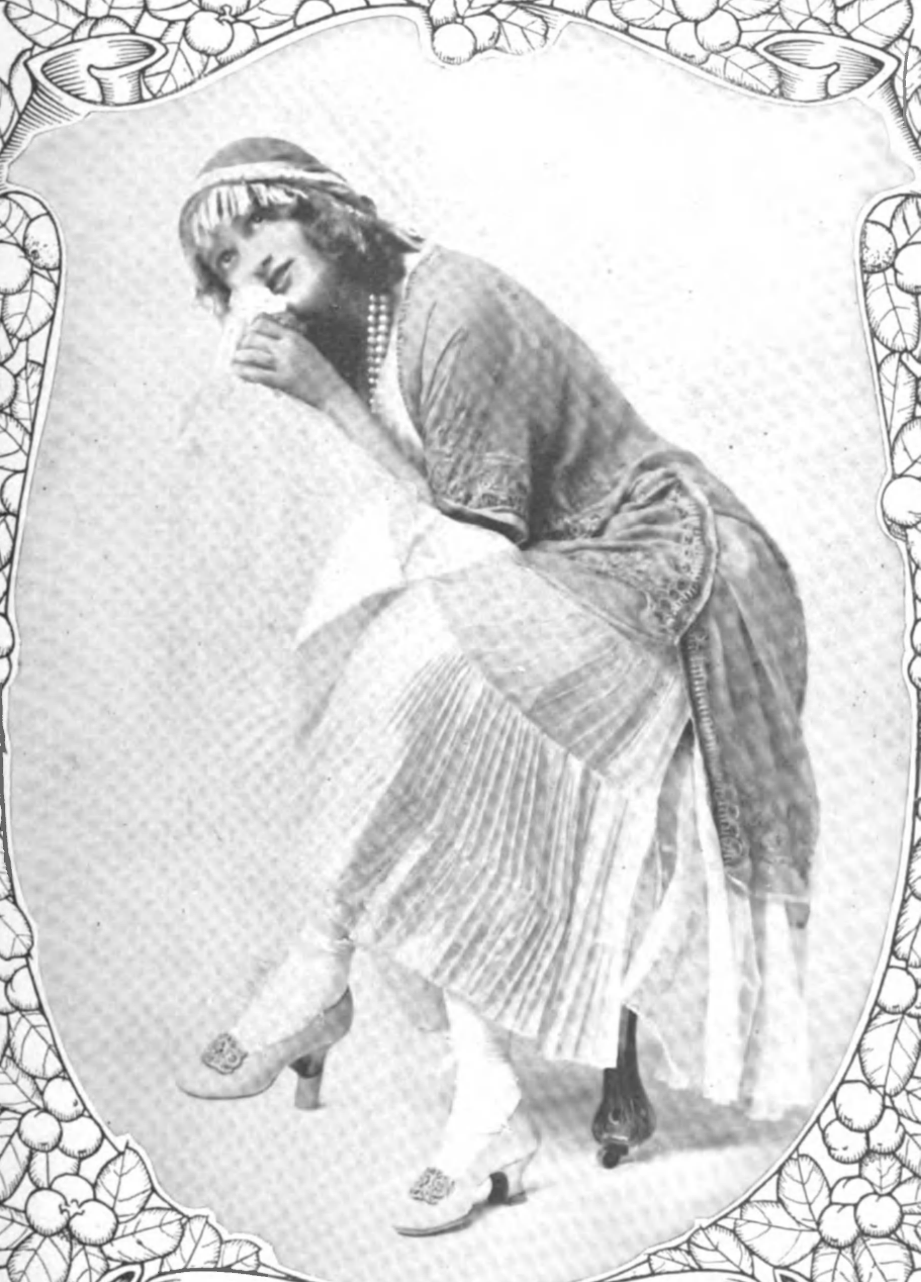


4. "ANGER WAS REVEALED BY THE BRISTLING OF THE HAIR AND ESPECIALLY BY SPREADING OUT THE WHITE PATCH ALONG THE BACK."

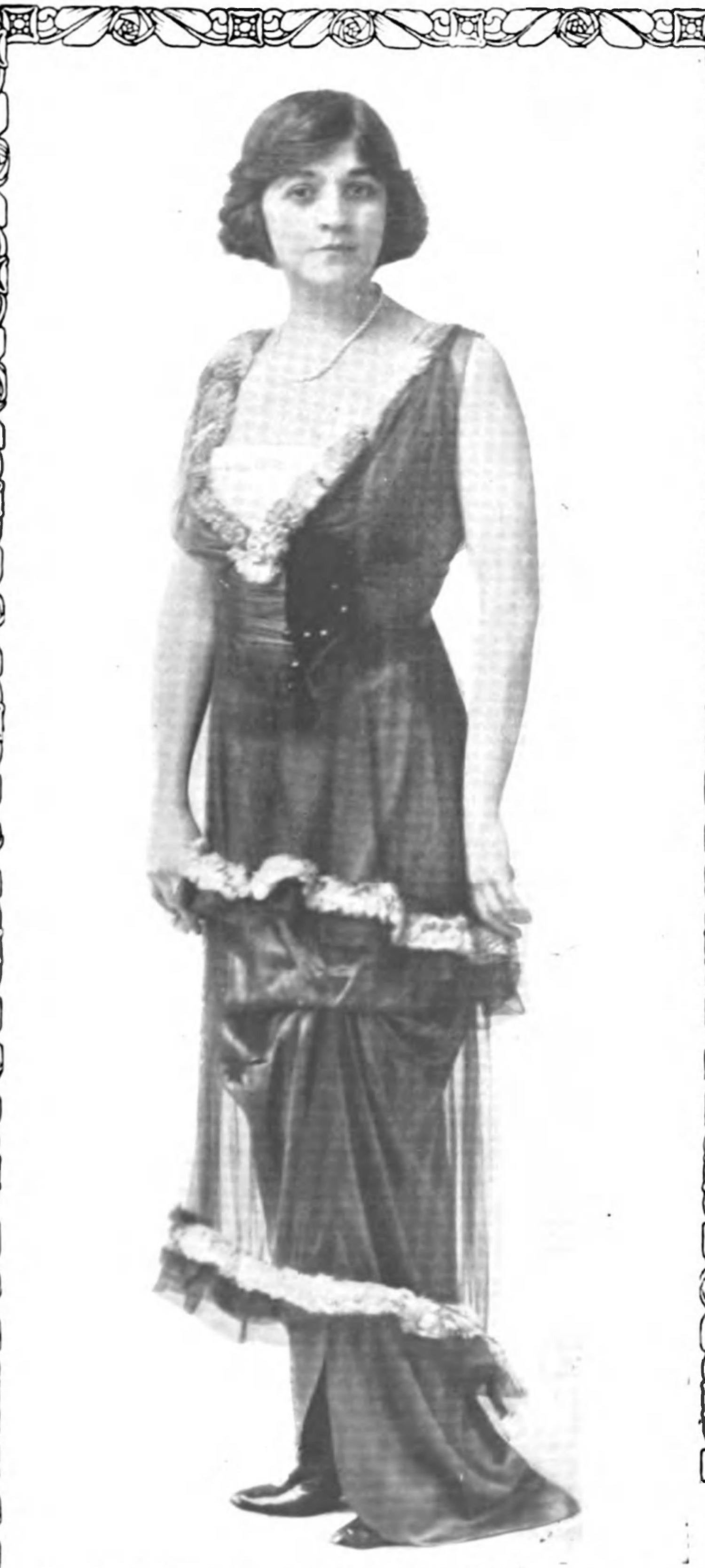
From a Copyright Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

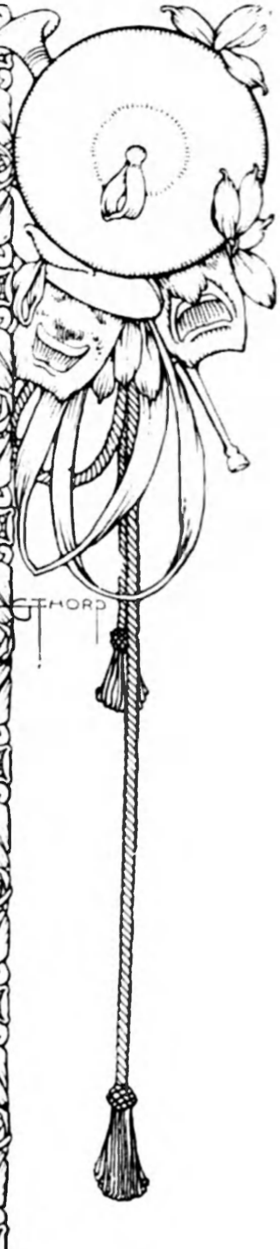
It would be more interesting to me than to my readers if I were to go on giving examples of the intelligence and affection of this little animal. I hope, however, that I have said enough to establish my point. This particular wild animal, not bred and shaped to the service of man, showed a power of reasoning, of adaptation to new conditions, of affection and intelligence, that to my mind greatly exceed what is displayed by the familiar domestic animals. I have no doubt that parallel, although different, qualities would be displayed by many wild animals, had we the opportunity and the patience to discover them. It is a distressing and revolting thought that man is the greatest enemy of wild animals, and that the most vital lesson these have to learn is to use their intelligence to avoid him, and to train their emotions to hate him. But it is even more revolting to me that many of us who are professed zoologists, students of life, think of animals chiefly or wholly as things to be caught and skinned and put in drawers in a museum, in the alleged interest of science. By making animals fear us, and by using them only as the counters of anatomy and classification, we cut ourselves off from one of the most valuable sources of knowledge and one of the greatest pleasures of life.

Behind the Footlights.

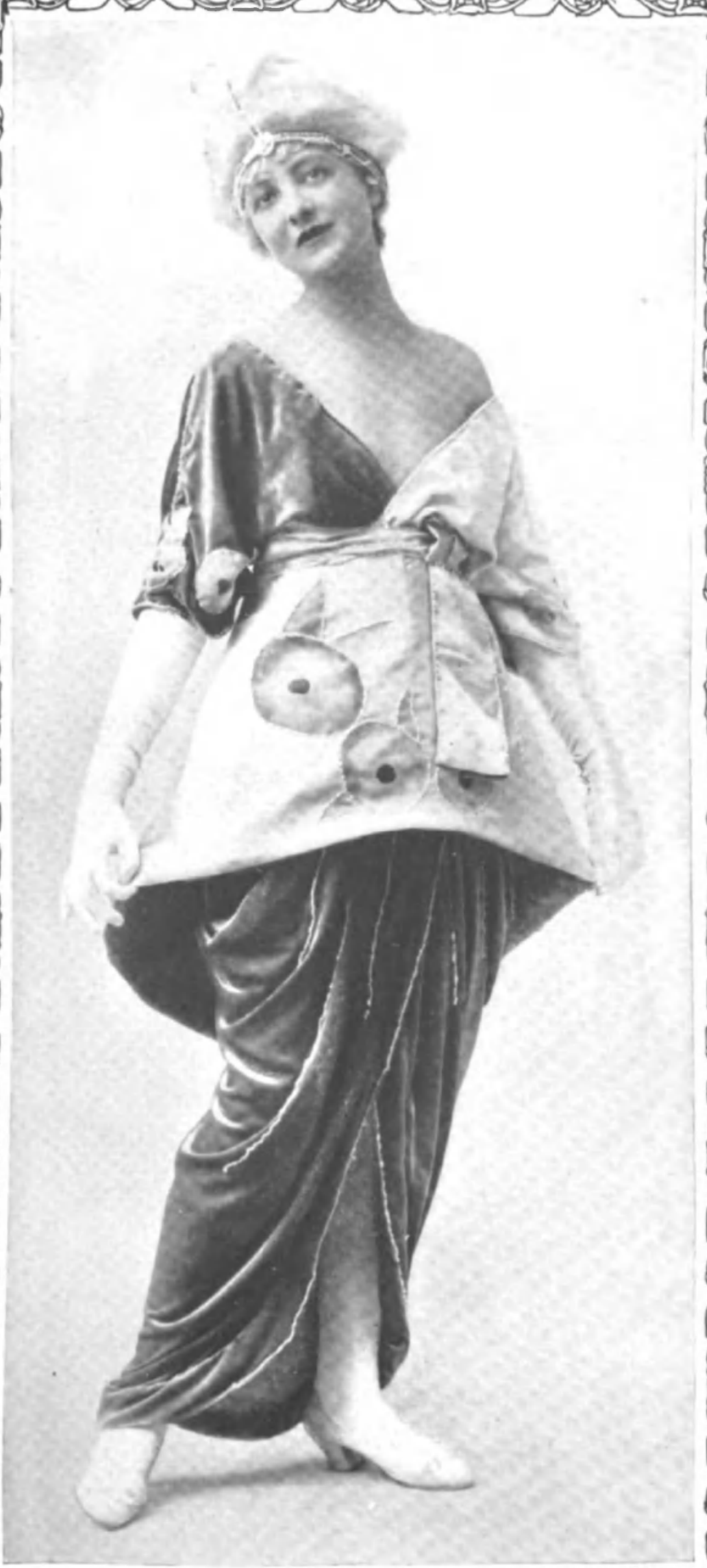


GABY DESLYS,
In "The Belle of Bond Street."
Copyright Photo., 1913, by White, N.Y.



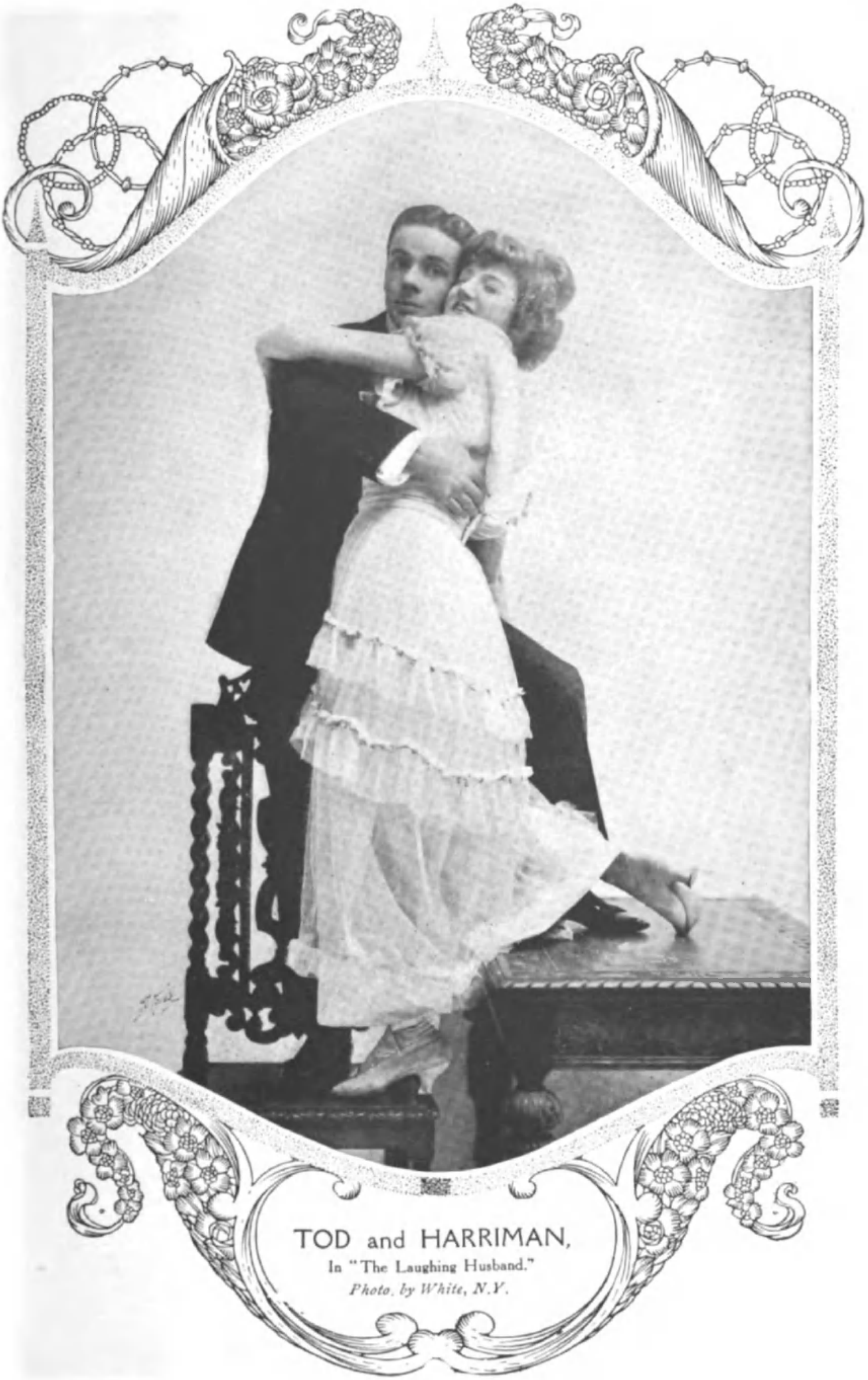


DORIS KEANE,
In "Romance."
Photo. by Moffett Studio, Chicago.



HAZEL
HALL,
In "Sari."
Photo. by White, N.Y.

NAN CAMPBELL and
WILLIAM ROSSELLE,
In "Marrying Money."
Photo. by White, N.Y.



TOD and HARRIMAN,
In "The Laughing Husband."
Photo. by White, N.Y.

WINIFRED BROOKES,
In "Sari."
Photo. by White, N.Y.

OLGA PETROVA,

In "Panthea."

Photo. by Apeda, N.Y.

MIZZI HAJOS,
In "Sari."
Photo. by White, N.Y.

SUSPENSE

By

ARTHUR ECKERSLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GERALD LEAKE R.B.A

THE dining-room of the Mortimers' house was by no means an apartment reserved only for meals. It was the centre of the family life, where Alan Mortimer, its nominal head, read his newspapers, scribbled his infrequent poems and articles, or burnt the notes from editors that accompanied their rejection; where, moreover, the wife and daughter of the genius enjoyed what comfort they could in such corners as were not littered with manuscript; and to which Edward Mortimer, the rising hope of the house, returned as little as was conveniently possible. Just now it presented a very characteristic appearance. At the head of the large table sat Mr. Mortimer, senior, his forehead supported on his hands, forgetful of the world in his rapt perusal of a copy of the *Evening Register*, one number of which he had selected from a pile of others at his elbow. Amongst the matters to which he was blind was the fact that Miss Irene Mortimer, assisted by the parlourmaid, had arrived at that point of the table-laying for supper whence it could be carried no farther while he occupied his present position.

"Let me see," Irene was saying to herself, just under her breath. "Mother and father, that's two; me, three; Mr. Gibbs, four; Miss Trixie, five; and Mr. Edward, six." She made a hurried calculation. "And for to-night, Amy, as it's his party, you must lay Mr. Edward at the top, where father is."

Amy faltered. "I didn't like to disturb the master."

"I'll do that," said Irene, with the calmness of efficiency. She placed a hand upon the velvet-coated shoulder of her parent.

"Father!"

Mr. Mortimer grunted impatiently, without looking up.

"Father, dear," continued Irene, "I don't want to worrit you, but you really are quite dreadfully in the way there."

At this the other raised his head, revealing a pale and thought-clouded face under a profusion of neglected hair streaked with grey. It was this, together with the absence of collar, and the velvet jacket, which combined to produce in Mr. Mortimer a vaguely "artistic" appearance, upon which his family rather prided itself.

"Eh?" he muttered. "I'm sorry, my dear, I didn't notice."

"Nobody's going to be cross," said Irene, "so don't look miserable. Here, come over here for a bit." In her practical way she had shepherded him to a chair beside the fire before he had time to protest. "Now you're all right. And there are the rest of your papers, though why you should want to read five at once beats me!"

"My dear!" Touched on his enthusiasm, the spirit of the elder Mortimer was roused to instant activity. "It's this wonderful new series of articles that I told you about yesterday——"

"I believe," said Irene, "you did mention something of the kind. Are they nice?"

"Nice? Ye gods! What a word! They're wonderful! There are to be six altogether, ending to-night. That's why I've been running through the first five again before the paper-boy comes. He's about due now."

Irene was instructing Amy in whispers, and gave but a half-hearted attention to her parent's rhapsody. "Are they funny?" she asked, absently.

Mr. Mortimer acknowledged this only with a glare. "The title," he said, "is 'Personality and Crime.' Of course, that's old enough. But it's the point of view. There's one passage here that I was reading to your brother that seems to me absolutely inspired. Whoever wrote it is a genius."

"Don't they give the name?"

"No." Mr. Mortimer was turning over the pages. "It's only the last that is to be signed. We might know any minute now. Ah! here it is. Speaking of temptation, he says ——"

But what he said was not destined to be read aloud just then, for at that moment Amy, who had opened the door, stepped back to admit the enthusiast's wife. Mary Mortimer was a woman who might once have been beautiful, and whose face, lined with years of struggle and anxiety, had still both charm and dignity. Her manner was quiet to repression, but every now and then a keen observer might have detected signs in it, a catch in the voice, or a nervous movement of the hands, that betrayed a great and growing anxiety.

"Mr. Edward isn't back yet, is he, Amy?" she asked, as she entered.

"It's only just past his time, mother," Irene interposed, before the maid could reply.

"Of course, dear. Still, if he should be at all late we can wait supper a little."

Irene scouted the idea. "As if Ned would be late to-night, of all nights!" she cried.

Here Mr. Mortimer, who was suffering from the natural irritation of the frustrated reader-aloud, broke in peevishly.

"What on earth is to-night that there should be all this fuss about it?"

"Father!" Irene turned upon him with mock indignation. "You don't remember that it's the birthday of your future daughter-in-law!"

"You mean what's-her-name?"

"Exactly. In other words, Trixie. The future Mrs. Edward. This banquet is in her honour. She's coming, and young Gibbs from Edward's bank. It's a party."

Mortimer groaned. "Oh, dear!" he complained. "I suppose that means a collar, eh?"

"Well," Irene favoured her parent with an ingratiating smile. "If you could rise to that display of magnificence——"

As usual she gained her point. "Humbug, I call it," said Mr. Mortimer. But he rose as he spoke. "Don't let the boy pass while I'm upstairs, that's all," he commanded, at the door.

Mrs. Mortimer had seated herself by the fire. At the last words she looked up quickly, almost suspiciously.

"What boy?"

"Oh, nothing," said Irene. "Only the evening paper. Father's so queer," she added. "Reading seems to him quite as if it mattered."

The elder woman had relapsed again, and was staring into the fire. "Your father's an exceptionally clever man," she said, with mild reproof.

"That's what's the trouble," answered Irene. "If he wasn't a genius he'd be able to do something. And Edward's just such another. How long d'you suppose he'll stop at that bank?"

"Irene!" Once again Mrs. Mortimer looked up quickly, and this time the sudden fear on her face would have been patent to anyone less absorbed than the girl. "What —what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. Only, you know what Ned is. He's the wonderfullest person in the world, of course. But he is a bit vague for a bank clerk, isn't he?"

"You ought not to say things like that, Irene."

"Sorry, mum. But you know how often Edward gets moods. Last night, for instance, when father would read aloud to him out of the *Evening Register*. He looked so queer. Almost as though he were frightened of something."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Mortimer rebuked her daughter with unusual sharpness. "Why should he be frightened?"

"That's what I say. But he did go perfectly white. When father was reading that bit about temptation."

"Temptation!" It was the face of Edward's mother that was white now. She screened it from the girl with a hand that shook ever so slightly.

"I thought perhaps Edward was ill," continued Irene, thoughtfully. "Because, come to think of it, he hasn't looked himself lately. Perhaps they work them too hard at that bank. He never tells us anything that goes on there, does he?"

"No, nothing," said Mrs. Mortimer, without turning.

"I believe," went on Irene, "that that affair of poor young Hughes running away upset Edward far more than he showed. One of his friends proving a thief! And they used to see a lot of one another at one time. Poor little Hughes! He wasn't altogether a bad sort, either. It must have been terrible for his people."

"Oh!" Mrs. Mortimer answered her, and her voice was startling in its sudden passion. "That's what one always says, without realizing in the least what it means! Can you fancy them, as I have done lately, that evening when he didn't come home? All night they waited, and he didn't come. And in the morning there was a telegram telling them what had happened. Up till then they might have saved him. Perhaps one may even have suspected, and not dared to speak. And then it was too late. He was disgraced; his very name was to be hidden away out of their lives and forgotten, or, if it was mentioned by accident, to become a shameful thing, a thing that hurt. That's what it means!"

"Why, mother!" Irene had received the outburst with bewildered astonishment. Then in her practical way she added, "I don't believe people realize things like that if they're quite well."

Mrs. Mortimer had recovered her self-command; she seemed anxious to make the girl forget its momentary loss. "I'm all right, dear," she said, quickly. "Only sometimes things like that come home to one, that's all. And as for what's keeping Edward, he may have gone to call for Trixie himself, and bring her on."

"Of course!" declared Irene. "And they'd be sure to come the longest way, being engaged."

It was in the midst of the relief diffused by this theory that the front-door bell was heard. "That can't be them," said Irene. "Ned wouldn't ring."

"Who—who can it be?" At the sound, all Mrs. Mortimer's recovered calmness had deserted her; her face had become ashen.

"You are a jumpy old thing, mother!" laughed Irene. "You're worse than Ned." She listened. After a moment a man's voice was audible in the passage. "I thought so. It's young Mr. Gibbs from the bank; he'll liven us up."

It was clear that the young gentleman who was immediately afterwards announced was of a character not to belie her words. Mr. Gibbs, albeit of tender years, and just at present a sufferer from slight nervousness, was clearly one accustomed to shine in society. He shook hands briskly with the two ladies.

"Hope I'm not too early," he said. "But I knew old Ned would be here, anyhow."

"Then you knew wrong," said Irene, archly. "Edward hasn't got back from the office yet."

Mr. Gibbs was astonished at this news.

"Not back?" he repeated. "That's queer."

"Why?"

"Well, only because he's had all day to get back in." He explained: "You see, it was this way. I was out at the sub-office. When I turned up about four, I heard that Master Ned hadn't been at the bank all day; they sent him off as soon as he arrived."

"I didn't know you business men got holidays like that," said Irene.

"We don't as a rule, worse luck. But of course this time there was a reason for wanting the clerks out of the way. Someone from headquarters to go through the books. What you might call a surprise party!"

Mrs. Mortimer had been considering him attentively.

"Did they suspect anything wrong?" she asked now, in such an unexpected tone that Gibbs started.

"You never can tell with these chaps," he said. "They get ideas, that's where it is. Perhaps it would be some little wrong entry they'd find; perhaps nothing at all. But they're never satisfied."

"Thank you." She turned away as though the subject were closed. But on Irene's attention being distracted by the entrance of Amy, Mrs. Mortimer again approached the visitor. Her manner now was oddly timid, almost appealing.

"Forgive me, Mr. Gibbs," she said. "But will you tell me something quite honestly? How does my son get on—with Them?"

The kindly Gibbs looked his embarrassment.

"Why," he protested, "Mortimer's a rare clever chap; we all know that in the office. And one of the very best."

"You mean"—her eyes searched his face—"that they don't like him?"

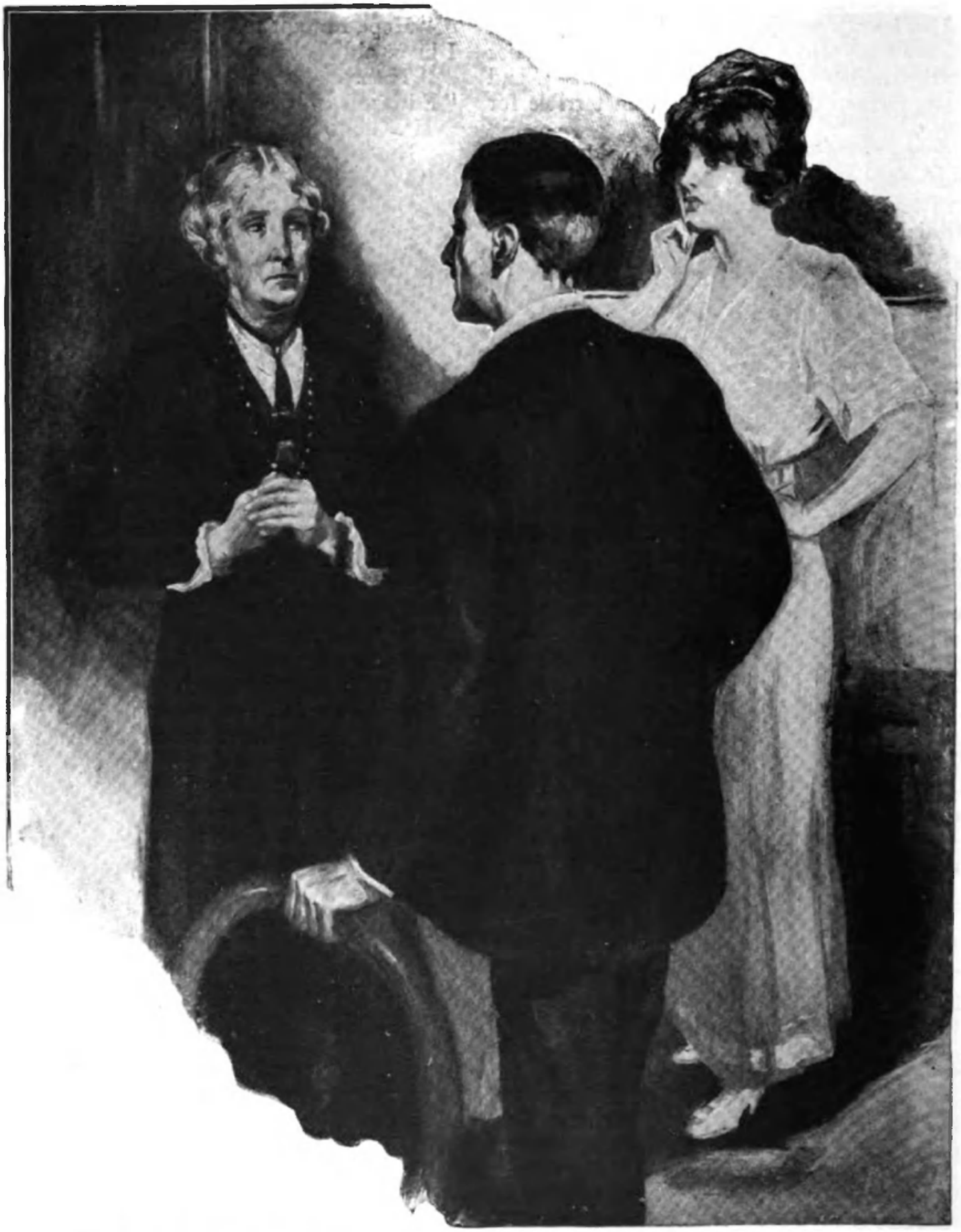
"Oh, not so strong as that. But—well, I suppose we all have our little prejudices."

"But you know of nothing definite that they could have against him?"

"Certainly not," protested poor Gibbs. "What could there be? Oddly enough, though," he continued, becoming communicative, "now Ned isn't here, I was going to ask you if he'd had any little bother on his mind lately."

Irene had again joined the group.

"Edward is engaged to be married," she announced, proudly.



"'DID THEY SUSPECT ANYTHING WRONG?' SHE ASKED, IN SUCH AN UNEXPECTED TONE THAT GIBBS STARTED."

"I meant worse than that."

"Well, really, Mr. Gibbs!"

"Oh, of course I didn't mean——" The visitor had become pink with confusion, but friendship urged him forward. "Only two or three of us noticed that he's been looking cheap and—and anxious these last few weeks."

"There, mother!" Irene was beginning. "What did I——"

But to her great astonishment Mrs. Mortimer interrupted her.

"It's kind of you to ask," she said; "but, indeed, we know of nothing."

"Well," answered Gibbs, "I'm sure I'm

pleased to hear that. It can't be anything serious, or you'd have noticed it before anyone."

"Yes," said Edward's mother, earnestly. "Of course we should. Before anyone. And"—she repeated the words with emphasis—"we've noticed nothing."

To Irene this naturally seemed mysterious. But before she could ask for any explanation a diversion was caused by the re-entrance of her father, collared and generally tidier. His mind, it was evident, still dwelt upon one preoccupation.

"Ned and that paper-boy both late together," he grumbled.

"I don't think you know my husband, Mr. Gibbs," said Mrs. Mortimer, with an air of relief.

Gibbs also hailed an addition to the group as likely to be helpful; the evening did not seem destined to rank amongst his triumphs.

"How d'you do, sir," he asked, shaking hands effusively. "I think everyone knows the writer of—of that book you wrote."

Mr. Mortimer stared in pleased astonishment. "So you've read that, eh?" he exclaimed. "Capital!"

"Well," answered the guest, ingenuously, "not to say exactly read. But I've often seen it on the shelf at the free library. It's always there."

Mr. Mortimer said nothing—eloquently.

"There's another ring," observed Irene, as the sound of the front-door bell cut into a somewhat oppressive silence. She turned to her mother. "Shall I go?" she asked. "Amy's busy."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Mortimer. Then, in a quick undertone, "No, wait a minute. No, go at once!"

"Why, mother, you're absolutely shaking," Irene whispered, playfully. "One would think we'd never given a party before. And it's all going beautifully."

She flashed an apologetic smile upon the company, and went out quickly into the hall, leaving Mrs. Mortimer standing alone beside the fire. Irene had been right; she was certainly trembling. She laid a hand upon the mantelshelf to steady herself.

Meantime Gibbs had turned again towards his host.

"Sad thing that about poor old Hughes," he observed, conversationally.

Mortimer grunted, unappeased.

"Found on the line this morning, they tell me," explained Gibbs. "They say it was that business of his son's absconding that made him do it."

Some trick of the firelight, perhaps, playing on the face of her who listened made it seem to work convulsively.

"I don't hear about such matters for choice," growled Mr. Mortimer.

"To be sure," agreed Gibbs. "Still, I just mentioned it."

These people were undeniably difficult to talk to, he thought. However, thank Heaven, here was someone entering who looked rather more alive.

This was Trixie, a conventionally pretty young woman of the fluffy and doll-like type, the affianced of Edward. Both her manner and her costume, a low-necked evening dress of silk, were not wholly free from the suspicion of a desire to show off before the family she was about to enter.

"Edward hasn't brought her," announced Irene, ushering in the visitor.

"Oh, dear me, no!" cried the lady. "Nobody brought me, I assure you. Not worthy of such an honour. I expected to find his lordship here."

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer were greeted.

"Then you haven't seen him?" asked the latter, kissing her future daughter-in-law.

"Not since yesterday. And he was pretty humpy then. Hardly said good night at all."

"It is queer," mused Irene. Then more briskly, "Trixie, dear, this is Mr. Gibbs, from Edward's bank. Miss Willard, Edward's *fiancée*."

Mr. Gibbs bowed.

"Really," he said, gallantly, "I'd no idea. But I'm sure I don't see why he should have kept it dark."

"We've been engaged quite a while now," said Miss Willard.

"What do you think of the cake?" asked Irene, by way of making conversation.

"Charming, charming," murmured Trixie, in a society voice, intended to show that sugar-icing was to her slightly *démodé*. "I've had so much attention from everybody to-day that I declare I'm quite spoilt."

Simple-minded Irene looked pleased.

"Cook thought there should have been little candles on the top, one for each year," she said, thoughtfully. "Would you have liked that better?"

"Hardly suppose there'd have been room," volunteered Mr. Gibbs, just to show his interest.

"Really, Mr. Gibbs!" Trixie withered him. "One isn't positively a centurian, if that's what you mean."

Irene kissed her hastily.

"There," she entreated, "don't be cattish, if he is a bit late. Perhaps he is getting a present for you."

"Oh!" Some secret memory seemed to mollify Miss Willard. "I've had that already."

"We haven't seen it."

"I know you haven't." This still more consciously.

Irene's curiosity became clamorous.

"Is it something to wear?" she asked, eagerly. "Have you got it on?" Meeting with affirmative but mysterious nods to both questions, she added, entreatingly, "Oh, Trixie, do show it to us—if—if you can."

It was the last words that appeared to overcome Miss Willard's scruples.

"No gentleman," she replied, with hauteur, "would give me anything to wear that I couldn't show. Only I promised Edward——" She lowered her voice. "Well, just you, then," she said, and half furtively from under the lace of her low bodice produced a pendant, which she handed to Irene.

The latter took it with a cry of astonishment.

"How lovely!" she almost gasped. "And they're real, aren't they? Mother, dad, do just look what Edward's given to Trixie!"

Heedless of the other's cry of protest, she had run to her father and displayed the glittering treasure. Even he, who had been again impatiently turning the pages of the *Evening Register*, was impressed.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed, taking the gift in his hand and surveying it with astonishment. "Where did Mr. Edward get the cash for this bauble, I should like to know? He seems free with his money, anyhow."

Trixie looked vexed, and a little confused.

"It was only because I admired it in a shop," she faltered.

From the moment of her greeting Mrs. Mortimer had said nothing to the girl. But now, with the pendant in her hand, she came close to her and asked:—

"Has he given you many presents like this lately?"

Somehow, for all their quietness, the words seemed to cause an uncomfortable thrill in the little room. It was as though they were charged with ominous meaning. Trixie stammered and hesitated. She was blushing and already beginning to look cross.

"One or two," she said, defensively. "There's nothing to be astonished about. Edward's very fond of me."

"Naturally!" volunteered Gibbs, plunging; but nobody heeded him.

"You needn't imagine," she continued, "that I encourage him in extravagance. I'm sure I was quite vexed about it at the time. Please give it me back. I ought never to have let anyone see it."

"Why?" asked Irene, as Mrs. Mortimer, in silence, handed the jewel back to the girl, from whose face she had not once taken her eyes.

"Edward made me promise not to. He didn't want people to know that he'd got more money than usual just now."

Because three of the four listeners were watching Miss Willard, they did not see how the fourth shrank from these words as from a blow.

"Lucky devil!" murmured Gibbs.

"It was to be our secret at present," Trixie finished.

Then Mrs. Mortimer spoke. "And you keep it—like this!" she said. "How can you tell what might depend on it?"

The vehemence of her tone startled them all.

"Really, Mrs. Mortimer——" Trixie stammered, while Irene looked at the speaker with a sudden anxiety. What, she wondered, was making her usually quiet mother so odd to-night. This was the second time——

"You're frightening Trix," she observed, with gentle reproof.

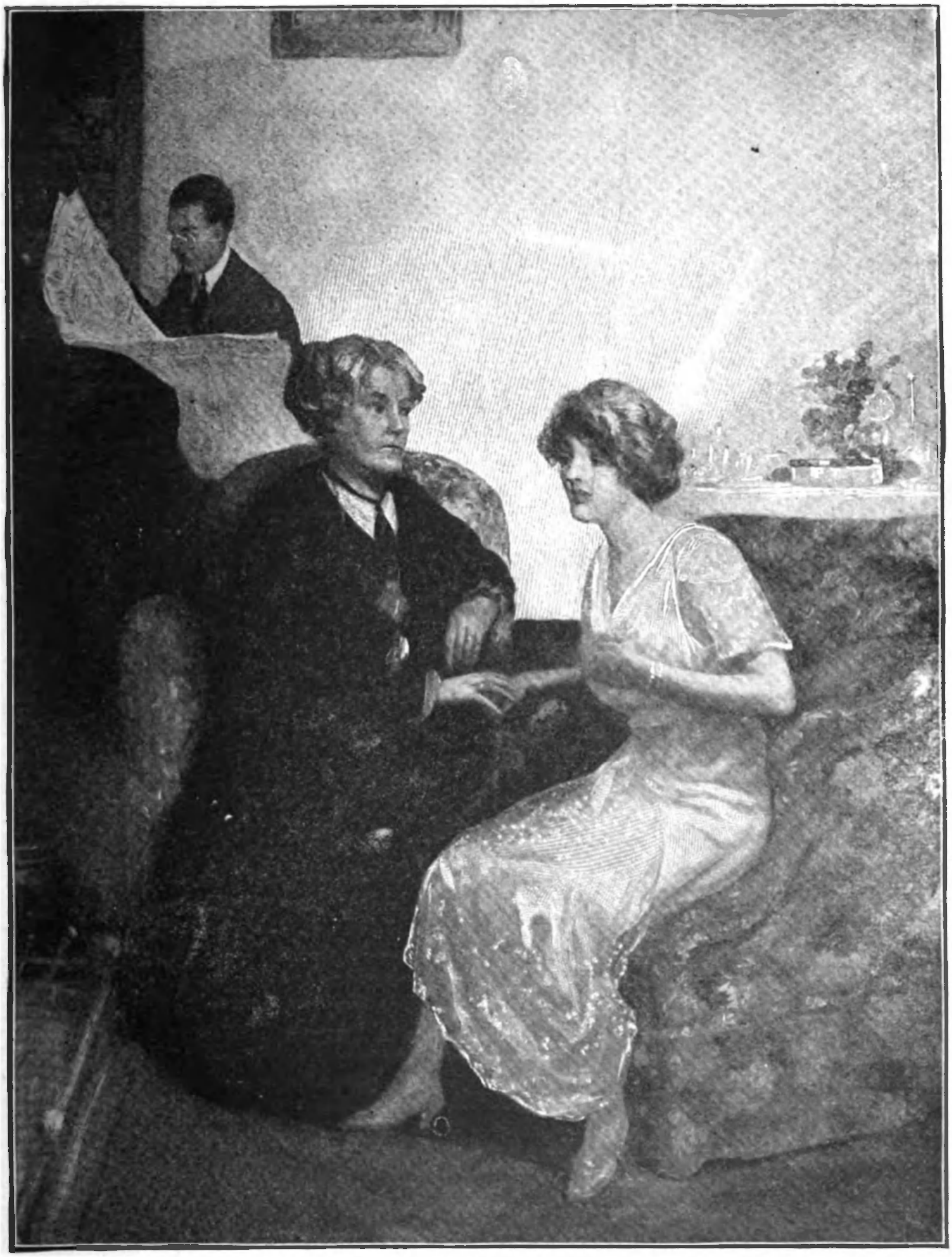
"I'm sorry." Mrs. Mortimer had mastered herself again, as though realizing the effect of her outbreak and alarmed by it. "You mustn't mind what I say to-night. I'm tired."

Doubtless that was the explanation, thought Irene, relieved.

"We're all tired and hungry, and inclined to get cross through waiting for our supper," she proclaimed, in her cheerful voice. "I shall have it up without waiting another minute!"

She had left the room almost before the last words were uttered; practical Irene seldom suffered the loss of an unnecessary second between resolve and action. Mr. Gibbs, confused and more than a little uncomfortable, had tactfully taken up a copy of the *Register*, and was affecting to be absorbed in its perusal. Mr. Mortimer had turned to the window, and, drawing back the blind, was gazing out at the gas-lit street. Trixie and Mrs. Mortimer were thus isolated.

"Edward knows I happen to be very fond of real diamonds," continued the former, in what was almost a whimper. "So, naturally, he took the first opportunity——" She blew



"YOU HEARD WHAT HIS FATHER SAID JUST NOW. WHERE DID HE GET THAT MONEY? DO YOU KNOW?"

her ridiculous little nose. "No reason why I should be snapped at!"

Mrs. Mortimer was regarding her with a look in which there was both wonder and a kind of terrified pity.

"I'm sorry I flew out at you," she said at last, speaking low and quickly. "But, oh, my dear, you do love the boy, don't you? You're glad and proud that he chose you to be his wife?"

"I chose him just as much," corrected Trixie, still aggrieved.

"Then can't you understand how important it may be? You heard what his father said just now. *Where did he get that money?* Do you know?"

Impossible now to mistake the earnestness of her anxiety.

"I—I didn't ask," faltered Trixie. "We were having such a jolly afternoon I wasn't going to spoil the fun with questions of that kind!" But, at sight of something in Mrs. Mortimer's face, she added, quickly: "Edward isn't in any trouble, is he?"

For a moment his mother did not answer. Then:—

"Even if he were," she said, "wouldn't it 'spoil the fun' to tell you?"

"What—what do you mean?"

"Would your love for him be strong enough to share it? Even if it were worse than trouble, if it were disgrace?"

"Oh—I—I don't know." The doll-like face was a-quiver now with agitation. "I hate to think of things like that. There isn't anything going to happen, is there?"

The elder woman turned away with a half-audible groan. "I don't know either—yet," she answered.

"Supper!" cried the brisk voice of Irene, who at this moment appeared, bearing a covered dish, which she placed upon the table. "And the paper-boy's in the road, father. I've sent Amy out for one."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Mortimer, rousing himself from his abstraction. "At last we shall know who the fellow is!" He turned with a slightly superior air to the others. "I don't suppose it interests you people much; but, mark my words, this is an evening to be remembered."

"A very enjoyable evening, I'm sure," observed Gibbs, vastly relieved that, as he put it to himself, the family skeleton seemed to have blown over.

"Well," said Irene, "I'm glad you'll know before supper, father, or you wouldn't have eaten anything."

"Ah!" agreed Gibbs. "I've often had just that feeling myself with the special editions—'All the winners'—and you simply daren't go out and buy one!"

Irene pinched his arm gently. "It's a good thing for you," she said, "that father didn't hear that comparison."

Father, as a fact, had neither eyes nor ears for anything but the expected journal. He did not notice how, while these sentences were being spoken, Trixie had moved close to Mrs. Mortimer. For all her affectation and silliness, there was good somewhere in the girl. "Tell me what it is," she whispered. "What you're afraid of. I want it to be mine, too."

For a moment Mrs. Mortimer caught her hand and squeezed it. Then she turned to face the door. "Wait!" she said.

Amy was coming into the room. She carried the ***Evening Register*** and a telegram.

"Ah! here we are!" cried Mortimer. "At last!"

"And there's this," said Amy, holding out the message.

"Oh, father!" Irene exclaimed. "A telegram! Perhaps it's from Ned to say why he's so late."

Mr. Mortimer was fumbling with the paper. "Open it, somebody," he growled. "I can't attend to it at this moment."

Irene took the envelope. "I expect it's just that he's been detained at the off—— No," she broke off, recollecting; "it can't be that, can it? Here, mother, will you see?"

Mrs. Mortimer was standing motionless. Something in her bearing struck her daughter even then as strange; on her face was the look of one who sees fate approaching. "Open it," she commanded, only just audibly.

There was a moment's pause as Irene tore the envelope and Mr. Mortimer rustled the pages of his journal. Then simultaneously a cry broke from them both.

"Mother! Father!" exclaimed Irene, devouring the telegram with her eyes. "It is from Edward. And d'you know what he says——?"

"Never mind what he says." The amazed, incredulous voice of Mr. Mortimer broke in upon her. "It's what it says here, in the paper, about him!"

He stammered incoherently. Astonishment seemed to have taken away his breath. No one noticed Mrs. Mortimer in that moment.

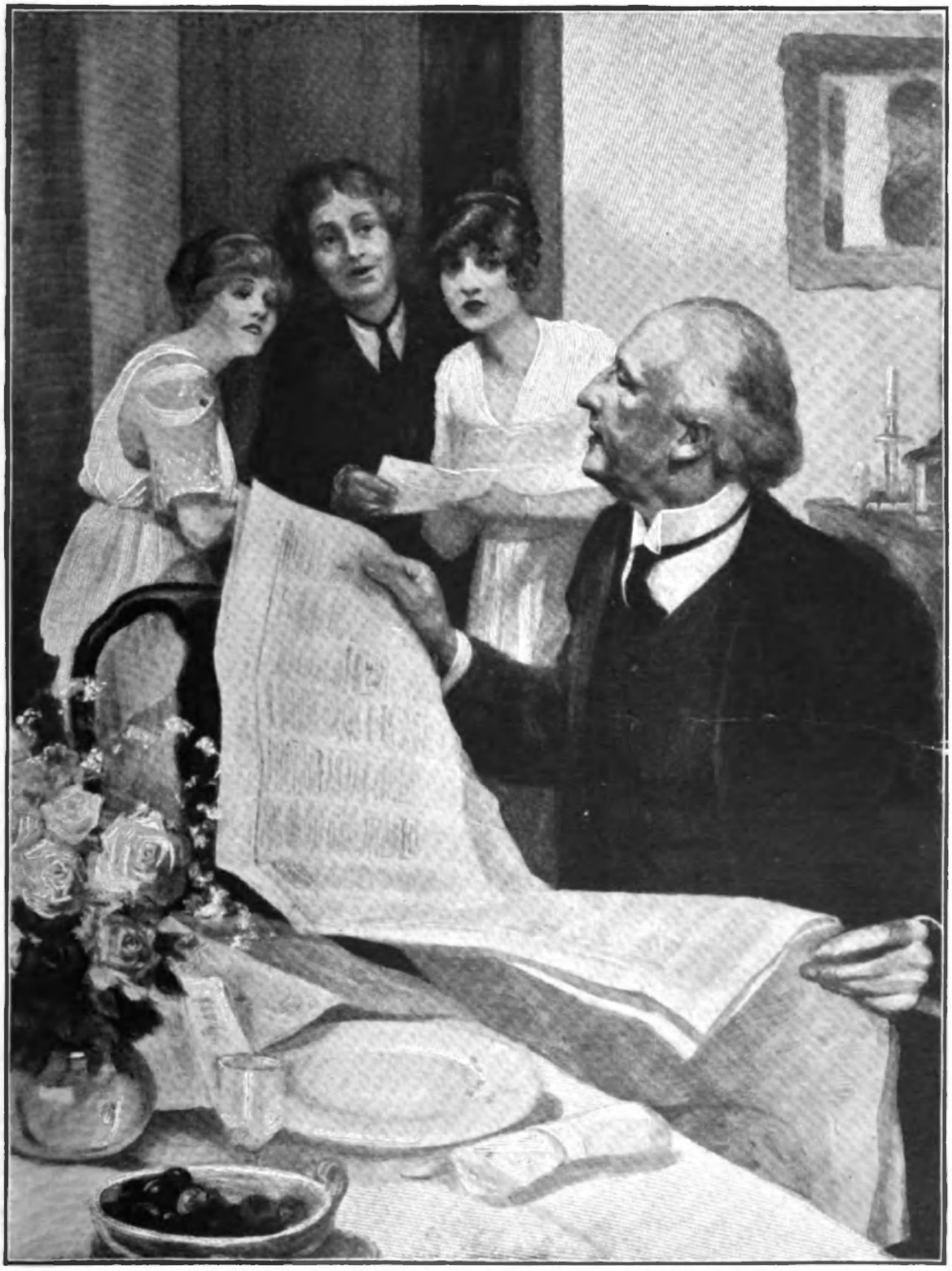
Then, "Listen!" he cried, and began to read aloud. "'We have pleasure in disclosing the identity of the brilliant young writer, Edward Mortimer, who will henceforth join our staff.' That means our Edward! Oh, but it can't be true!"

"True!" Irene's cry echoed his. "Of course it is. Absolutely. This is what he says here: 'Left bank. Permanency *Register*. Starting three hundred. Wait supper. Edward.'"

Mr. Mortimer seemed dazed. "My son wrote them!" he was murmuring, incredulously. "My own son!"

"Lucky devil!" said Gibbs, for the second time; adding, with generous warmth, "but he deserves it!"

"Our Edward!" cried Irene. The room was full of little exclamations. "No wonder



"THEN, 'LISTEN!' HE CRIED, AND BEGAN TO READ ALOUD."

he looked queer when father read his own things aloud to him! Trixie, aren't you just bursting with pride?"

"Rather!" answered Trixie, whose eyes were very bright. "But I always knew he'd be famous some day." She turned triumphantly to Mrs. Mortimer.

"There!" she said, "what do you say now?"

Edward's mother had not moved or spoken. But as they looked, they saw a strange thing. All her self-control seemed to desert her. She gave a great, sobbing cry. "Thank God! Oh, thank God!"

Then she fainted.

THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SIGHT I EVER SAW.

XIX.—Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny.

XX.—Miss Marie Tempest.

IN A BALLOON.

By SIR CLAUDE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

Illustrated by J. Bryan.

AS one whose life of over sixty years has been almost entirely given up to various sports and adventures in all parts of the world, it goes without saying, I think, that I have happened upon not a few sights of all sorts and kinds which have impressed me greatly. Thus I remember when a boy how deeply moved I was at the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington. I recall, too, that the passing of our late Queen affected me greatly.

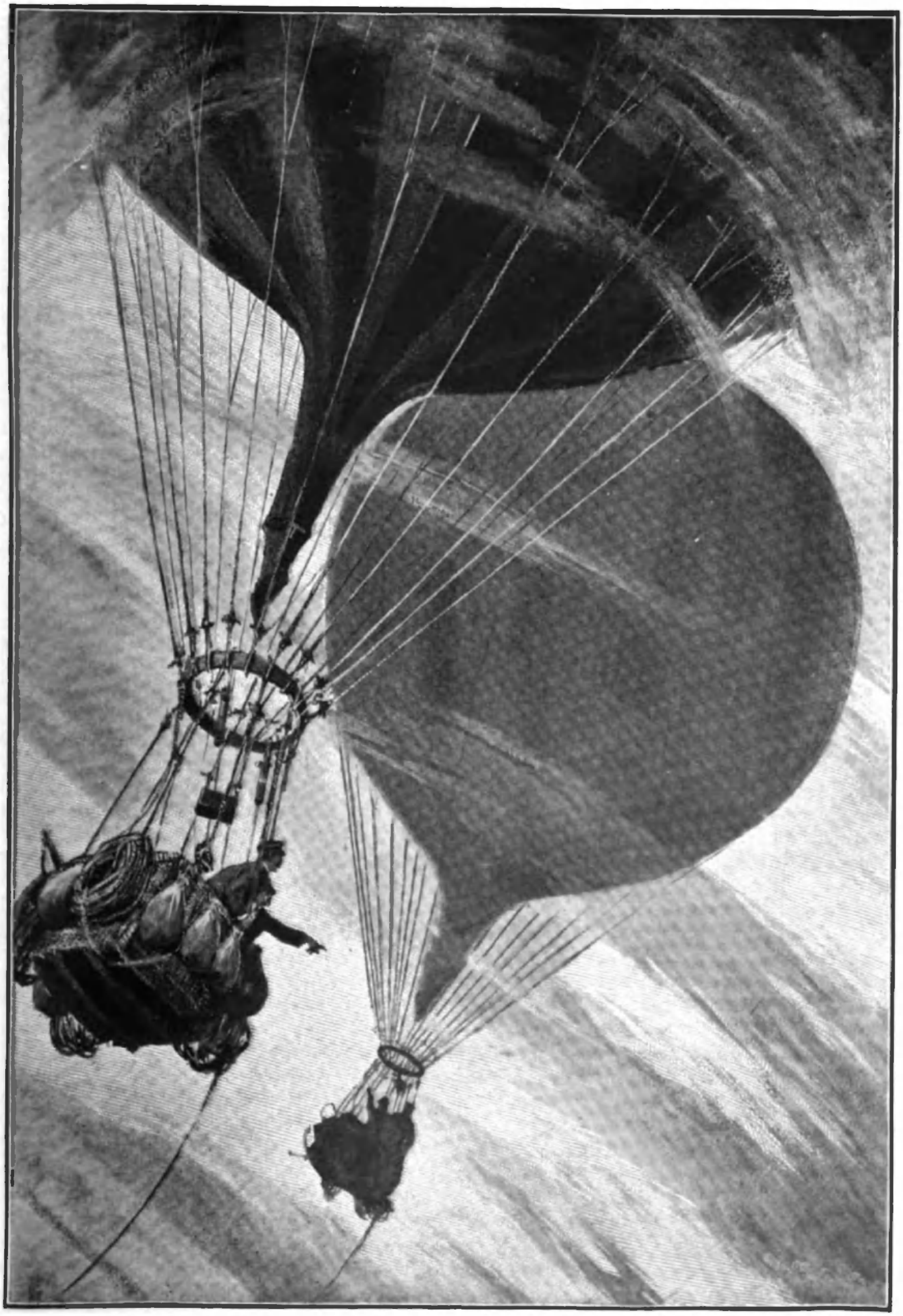
Impressions, however, are curious things, and, to a certain extent, it is as easy to be made to feel deeply when witnessing some seemingly small act of sentiment, patriotism —call it what you will—as it is to be moved by the sight of a nation in mourning—or, maybe, a nation which has given itself up to rejoicing, as was the case all over England on the night of the Relief of Mafeking.

An incident that I witnessed after my return to England in the spring of 1900 impressed me very much at the time, as showing the sort of spirit that imbued the men who took part in the Boer War. I was on my way to see my son, Raul, off at Southampton. With us in the carriage were Lord Alan (now Earl) Percy, and the late Mr. Meeking, who lost a brother in the 10th Hussars and himself died in South Africa.

As we crawled past Pirbright in a South-Western "express" we found that the Grenadiers had voluntarily turned out on the Canal, which is near enough to the line for Raul to recognize several of the men, and they cheered their officers as only British soldiers and sailors can cheer. When men have such a feeling and respect for their officers one realizes how strongly *esprit de corps* still exists, especially in our crack regiments, and how it was that the Grenadiers remained with an unbroken front in South Africa when other regiments on either side were "disorganized," on an officer saying, "Remember, men, you're Grenadiers!"

In a crowded life it will thus be seen that it is a simple matter for one who hopes that he has always possessed "a heart in the right place" to be impressed by many scenes, each one totally different from the other. Speaking, however, from a spectacular point of view, and remembering how amazed I was at what I saw, I do not think that I have ever been more deeply impressed than on a balloon trip I took just over thirty years ago, in company with Simmons, the brave and skilful aeronaut with whom I made most of my earlier ascents.

The weather was most unpropitious for making a trip across the water, as we proved by first sending up five pilot balloons. The course of the sixth, however, was more assuring, and I adjudged that if our own balloon behaved in the same manner there



"OF A SUDDEN, AS IF A HUGE MIRROR HAD BEEN HOISTED AROUND US, A PERFECT PICTURE OF THE BALLOON PRESENTED ITSELF ON THE CLOUDS."

was good ground for believing that from Maldon, where we were to start, we should reach Holland or Germany before dark.

Cheered by the course of the sixth balloon, we decided to take our chance, and at half-past twelve Simmons and I at last got into the car—the identical one out of which I had lowered myself with a broken leg the year before—and the order was given to the score or so of men who were holding to "let go." The undercurrents of wind were anything but strong, and, as a result, our progress to commence with was exceptionally slow, for I afterwards learnt that we were visible for over an hour after the start.

Flitting away over Osea Island and Asheldham Gorse, we soon found ourselves "at sea," though it was some time before we lost sight of the Essex coast. But once having left the shore behind a series of most amazing spectacles presented themselves, the first of which was a truly beautiful "Kathorama." Although nine thousand feet below me, when I looked over the side of the car I could see the bottom of the sea most perfectly clearly in every direction, each channel and shoal standing out in bold relief. The lightship, east of the Blackwater, looked the size of a flea, but, like every other object visible, it stood out most clear-cut.

A man-of-war at Harwich appeared only slightly bigger than a pea, and six steamers beneath us looked to be on the point of a wholesale collision. And although we were nine thousand feet up, through the unspeakable stillness the bell on a buoy off the Blackwater was to be heard continuously ringing. The whole panorama truly provided a most wonderful spectacle, and perhaps for the first time I realized that no man can ever really know what the most magnificent view is till carried by a balloon into a perfectly clear atmosphere.

But we had other things to attend to besides the glorious scenery. We had to devote our minds to the question of whether we were to reach *terra firma* before night, or be carried away and drowned in the North Sea. We repeatedly flung out scraps of paper, and noticed that they drifted a bit northerly. So long as the course pursued remained a southerly or easterly one we were fairly sure of reaching the Continent—at least we felt fairly sure of doing so. By two o'clock we had touched an altitude of ten thousand feet, and now, for the first time, found ourselves rushing into a dense mist to the south-east. An hour later we were fairly enshrouded in this mist, and we could see nothing but each other and the balloon.

But ten thousand feet up the changes in the "scenery" are the most kaleidoscopic that can well be imagined, and soon we were treated to some effects if possible more beautiful than the Aurora Borealis. Thus, of a sudden, as if a huge mirror had been hoisted around us, a perfect picture of the balloon presented itself on the clouds. Just imagine the scene for an instant. There we were, ten thousand feet up, and yet our every action was as clearly mirrored on the clouds as if one were dressing before a looking-glass.

Every rope was faithfully reproduced, and our own forms were most clearly represented. We opened our mouths to shout at our *vis-à-vis* tearing along within a few yards of us, and at once they opened their mouths as though to shout back at us. The grappling cable which Simmons had let out was distinctly reproduced in reflection or shadow dangling from the phantom car that kept us company. It was all very ghostly, and somehow it made one feel one's utter impotence, for, although we were alone ten thousand feet up in the sky, our shadows seemed to mock at us as if they had assumed the right of detectives to dog our progress in the heavens.

At first, when Simmons drew my attention to this extraordinary effect, I could see nothing, but, coming over to his side, perceived it perfectly. Other curious effects were noticeable. For instance, a blue serge suit that Simmons was wearing looked quite green for a while. Shortly afterwards the atmosphere above turned into a deep cerulean blue, and the gas up through the balloon could be clearly seen. The great dome itself, with its gores and diamonds, had a substantial appearance which I remember feeling was distinctly reassuring in this amazing region of phantom effects. But all the time the silence continued to be almost oppressive, as was the case before we came into this dense mist; and, indeed, the only sound that I remember hearing was the beating of my own heart.

Yes, that was truly a wonderful experience, and, although I went through it over thirty years ago, I can remember every impression as clearly as though it were but yesterday that I started out to make the journey, which fact, I think, clearly proves that those sights I witnessed in those phantom regions ten thousand feet up have burned themselves on the cells of my memory in indelible letters.

KING EDWARD'S FIRST DERBY SUCCESS.

By MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

Illustrated by S. Begg.

I KNOW that many people are more impressed by spectacular sights which dazzle the eye rather than by sights which leave a lasting impression on the mind. But, personally, so-called wonderful sights, such as pageants, processions, and so on and so forth, seldom make any real appeal to me, for I think to be really impressed one's emotions must be stirred. For this reason I unhesitatingly select King Edward's first Derby victory with Persimmon as the most impressive sight I have been fortunate enough to witness.

In itself the crowd at Epsom on Derby Day—that one day in the year on which overworked clerks and many other tired workers manage to snatch a holiday by reason of the sudden death of some dear relation or close friend, whose funeral, curiously enough, usually takes place just about the hour the Derby is run—is impressive enough, for as far as the eye can see the Downs are dotted with hundreds upon thousands of human beings representing every class of society, from the wealthiest in the country to the enthusiastic sportsman who probably frequently makes the journey to and fro on Shanks's mare.

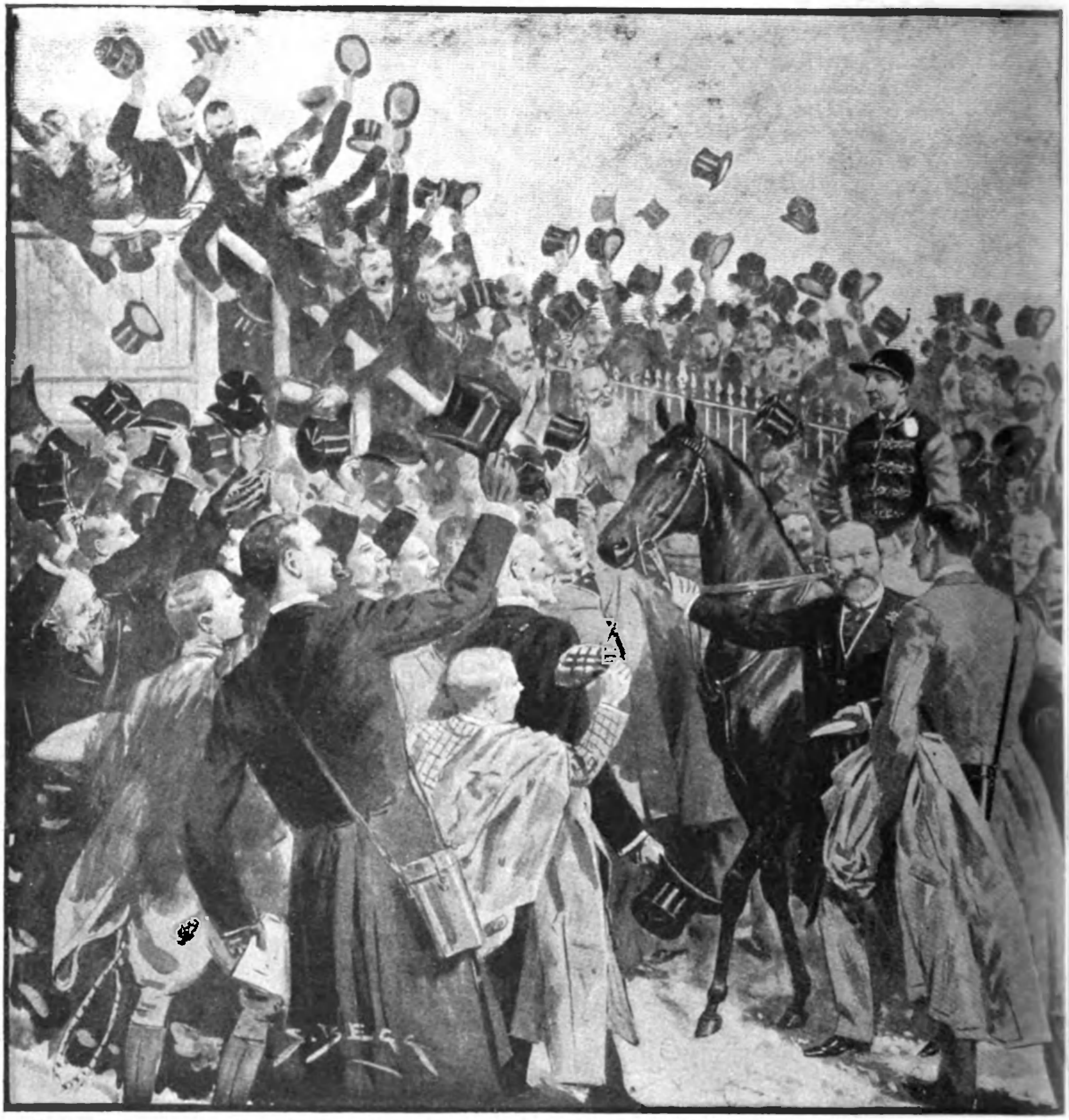
But on that memorable 3rd of June, when King Edward first realized the height of his racing ambition by winning the Derby with a horse he had bred himself, the crowd on Epsom Downs seemed more excited than usual. True, the King's horse, Persimmon, was not actually favourite, but it was recognized on all sides—at least, so I was told. for I know little of racing myself—that there was more than a slight chance of the Royal colours being carried to victory. And little though I knew then, and still know, of racing, I at least knew enough to realize that the victory of King Edward's horse would create an unparalleled scene of enthusiasm, for His Majesty can have had no more loyal subjects than a racecourse crowd.

I am afraid I shall prove myself a very poor chronicler of that wonderful scene, for of racing terms I know nothing. But if I may be allowed to describe that great race for the Derby as it impressed me, I think I can at least give an accurate idea of the broad effects of one of the most stirring and emotional sights ever seen on a racecourse. With a party of friends I watched the race from a box on the first tier. Every other person one met seemed to be hoping that the King's horse would win, and yet fearing that the favourite, St. Frusquin, would prove just too good for Persimmon.

The horses were late at the post. Why, I wonder, when one is in a nervous state of excitement, does time seem to drag so slowly? Even when the " field " was at the post there was a delay of several minutes owing to two or three horses seeming to imagine that they were there to dance the Tango instead of indulge in the serious business of racing. For racing is a serious business—isn't it?—to those who take it seriously, as many people do. And that's why, I suppose, some wise man has given it as his opinion that the racing man is almost invariably a sad man.

At last they were off. Goodness only knows what horses made the running. Most of the crowd on the course were on the lookout for the favourite, St. Frusquin, and the King's horse, Persimmon. On the far side of the course I could not recognize the colours, but as the horses swung round Tattenham Corner and into the straight I saw that St. Frusquin and Persimmon had singled themselves out, and it was plain that, whichever should win, the victory would not be easily gained.

What a battle-royal it was! First one horse, then the other, seemed to have the advantage. Twenty yards from the winning post St. Frusquin was a neck to the good, and that huge crowd roared out as one man, " St. Frusquin wins!" Suddenly, however, the jockey riding the King's horse seemed to pull his mount together for one last effort. Riding as if his very life depended on winning that race, he leant far forward in the saddle. The excitement was so great that for a second a tense silence pervaded the crowd,

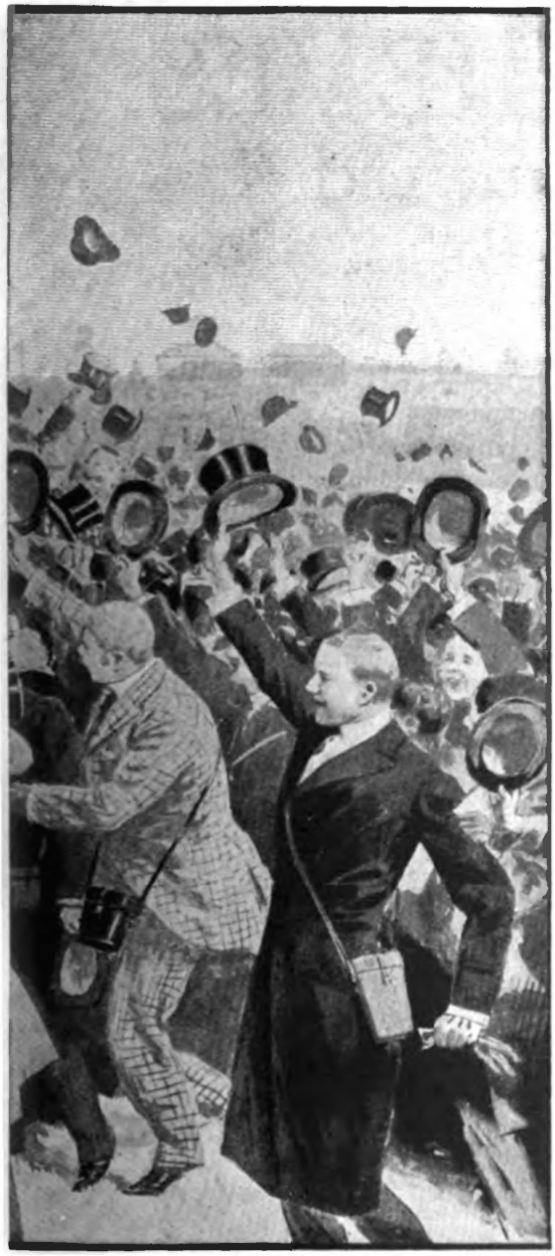


"WITH BARED HEADS THAT MOTLEY CROWD ON EPSOM RACECOURSE MADE A PASSAGE FOR THE BRIDLE AND LED HIM IN AMID A SCENE OF ENTHUSIASM

and I could almost fancy that I heard the crack, crack of his whip as he called on his mount for one last effort. Three strides from the post St. Frusquin and Persimmon were running dead level. Suddenly Persimmon seemed to bound forward like a greyhound from the leash, and as the horses flashed past the post it was seen that Persimmon was at least a neck in front.

And then followed the most stirring and impressive scene I have ever witnessed in my life. A terrific roar like the boom of a hundred cannons rent the air. "Persimmon wins! Persimmon wins!" Until that moment the sky appeared to be particularly blue, but as Persimmon's number went up in the frame it was suddenly darkened by thousands of black specks. At least they looked like black specks at that moment, although actually they were nothing of the sort. The black specks were the hats of thousands of His Majesty's subjects, which were thrown in the air regardless of whether or not their owners would ever recover their headgear. I fancy a lot of hats must have gone astray that June afternoon!

For fully five minutes the wild cheering continued, the while the excited crowd dashed



ROYAL OWNER AS HE TOOK HIS HORSE BY THE
I CAN NEVER FORGET."

under the rails and sprinted at full speed to see the Royal winner return to scale. The King, who, of course, was then Prince of Wales, had watched the race from the Jockey Club Stand, and as he went down to meet his horse outside the weighing-in enclosure, the crowd grew frantic with excitement. They yelled and bellowed and hoorayed until I thought the drums of my ears would burst.

And what a record cosmopolitan crowd was gathered around that enclosure ! Fashionably-dressed men mingled with costers, tramps, and the poorest of the poor. Lords and dukes rubbed shoulders with the hangers-on of the racecourse. But what did it matter ? As someone has truly said, " We are all equal on the Turf—and under it."

Suddenly it was seen that the Prince of Wales was going out into the crowd to meet his horse. I remember that moment particularly clearly, as an American in the next box remarked in surprised tones, " Say, the Prince isn't going out into that riff-raff—it can't be safe—he might be assassinated by some ' tough ' ! " I shall always think that in its own way that remark was unconsciously one of the funniest I have ever heard, for I shudder to think of what would have been the fate of anyone mad enough to raise a hand against the Prince on the racecourse. In less than a second his remains would have been as difficult to find as a glass of fresh water poured into the Atlantic Ocean.

With bared heads that motley crowd on Epsom racecourse made a passage for the Royal owner as, advancing to meet Persimmon, he took his horse by the bridle, patted him affectionately on the neck, and led him into the weighing-in enclosure amid a scene of enthusiasm I can never forget. Usually sedate men cheered with delight like excited schoolboys. Dignified old ladies momentarily forgot their dignity—what a relief it must have been to them !—and clapped their hands like children at a pantomime. High and low, rich and poor, winners and losers alike, vied with one another in expressions of delight. To a man, woman, and child, the crowd gave itself up to the glorious excitement of the moment. Even the Royal jockey smiled—an unwonted luxury for a jockey, who seems to imagine that his very life depends on his assuming an air of the most funereal gravity—and when the King shook him and his trainer by the hand the cheering grew louder than ever.

For myself, I remember that my heart was thumping like a sledge-hammer with excitement ! With the exception of the King, who, though obviously delighted, was seemingly as unmoved as though winning a Derby were quite an ordinary occurrence in his everyday life, as I saw it there was only one other living thing on the course which apparently did not share in this general excitement—and that was Persimmon, the creator of this most wonderful of wonderful scenes, who, as he was led away amid still more cheering, slowly turned his head round and, with big, wondering eyes full of expression, looked solemnly at his boy as if to say, " What's all this fuss about ? Winning a Derby is nothing to me. I could do it again to-morrow ! "

TWO THIEVES.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Illustrated by G. H. Evison.

I.

THE hall of the bungalow was dark and no sound came from below or above. Though "they" referred to it lightly as a sort of Crusoe's wigwam for bathing and lazing, many people, and those not of the poorest, would have been glad to make a more than temporary residence of it.

"They." Some were inclined to say "she." For "he" was a super-business man, with fingers in many pies, and often distrait over his soup when he should have been making pleasant chat for this girlish second wife of his.

She thought of him now, a personable fellow of stalwart physique, and with but few touches of grey here and there to show he was progressing towards the mid-'forties. She pictured his rather stern, square face, with its steady eyes and slightly grizzled moustache, curtailed sufficiently to show the firm lines of his mouth. She was so different herself—tall, slender, and fair, something after the way of a fashion-plate model, though not so languishing, and rather more generously provided with those lines which the sartorial artist nowadays has to follow so faithfully.

Then the grandfather clock in the hall struck twelve in its deep, thin tones—like the chiding voice of an aged crone. Suddenly she flashed on an electric lamp, shaded with red silk, that stood on an oak writing-table, and kneeling upon the cushioned seat beneath a bay window looking northwards she brushed aside the green curtains covering the window and waved the lamp to and fro twice.

There. It was done.

Then with nervous fingers she unfastened the window and pushed it outwards an inch or two, drew the curtains over it again, turned off the lamp, and fled up the staircase.

Arrived at her chamber door she paused, her heart beating wildly, a thundering in her head, her cheeks scarlet.

She had given the signal.

She stood with her hand on the door, an agony of doubt in her eyes.

It had all been the fault of these long summer days, with nothing to do except amuse a dull, middle-aged couple who ate a great deal too much and were for ever wondering why they didn't feel as well as they should have done in this splendid air.

The over-fed couple were now fast asleep. So were the servants. The bungalow was held in the hush of night.

She went into her room, so noiselessly that she might have been a shadow, and, closing the door, stood with clasped hands by the bed. Over the brass footrail hung the travelling gown she should have donned ere this. Beneath it, upon an ottoman, stood a capacious valise. A little earlier her purpose had been set—to fly from a loveless existence to arms that would for ever cherish her, that would give her the life she craved, that would let the sunshine play upon her heart again!

Suddenly she raised her head, listening.

From below had come a slight noise, such as would be caused by a boot jarring against a piece of furniture. Her fingers gripped hard upon the smooth brass bed-post.

She could not.

And like a hunted thing she locked the door and, flinging herself upon the bed, pulled the clothes about her ears, shutting out *him*—everybody—all speech and sound.

Meanwhile the green curtains had not moved save in the light breeze that cooled the night air. Yet a man stood in the hall. He had appeared from behind a screen which concealed the entrance of a short passage leading to the room Muriel Wynyates used as her boudoir. The click of her key caught his ear and he paused, pricking up his ears. Then, satisfied that the key had been turned in his favour, he moved noiselessly about the hall, possessing, apparently, a cat-like ability to see in the dark. The man who owned this bungalow, he knew, was rich; he had learned, too, that the rich man was away, and that there remained as guard but an elderly guest and a stout, pensioned butler who, with his wife, acted as year-round caretaker of the place.

He carried a canvas kitbag, such as soldiers use on a campaign, and at intervals you might have seen a glint of light shine from the electric torch he carried. He was not disappointed, as the faint tinkle of metal, as it was stowed away in the bag, told you. For the owner of this place was a rich man, and even his Crusoe's hut was not without evidences of his abounding substance. Still, the thief hoped that his main plunder awaited him in the little room by which he had gained entrance, and which his experienced eye told him was " the lady's " own room.

The ornaments he saw fit to annex, though of good quality, were not many in number, and he had soon slipped behind the screen again.

And still the green curtains moved only in the night breeze. No one else but she, as yet, had brushed those curtains aside. And yet, just as you would have been watching them, momentarily expecting to see them part, one half of the front door, which was in two parts, swung inwards, and a man's broad form filled the space.

The new-comer had not entered as a master generally does, with a confident, propr tary turn of his little brass latch-key. The key, instead, had yielded to a slow, stealthy pressure, and without a sound the door had swung inwards on its easy hinges.

Arnold Wynyates listened intently for a moment; then, pushing the door to but not relatching it, he crept up to the screen covering the door of his wife's boudoir, and waited. As each stealthy movement within reached his ears he inclined his head very slightly. So he was not mistaken. That occasional flicker of light had not been, as he had at first surmised, his wife or Bates, his old butler, making a final round of the house. It had seemed to him a little late for either, for the bungalow kept early hours.

The thief, growing unduly impatient as little drawer after little drawer of the bureau yielded nothing of value, relaxed something of his caution. He had plenty of time; people slept heavily in this sea air. These larger drawers below, now, might have their surprises——

The shining little tool in his hand dropped to the ground as he rose with an agility that suggested he was worked by some internal spring. Simultaneously he drove his hand into the right-hand pocket of his coat.

But even for his Crusoe abode Wynyates had bought carpets that yielded softly to the feet, and he was too close. The man had got his weapon out, but before he could raise it Wynyates's fist met him between the eyes. He staggered back, dropping the revolver, and Wynyates, picking it up, smote the thief across the forehead with the butt, and had no need to repeat the blow.

Wynyates was wearing a silk scarf round his neck, and with this he bound the fellow's wrists. Then—a man who in his day had knocked about the world—he satisfied himself that the thief was only temporarily " out," and secured his ankles with a blind-cord.

Then he stood erect. So far, so good. Now what?

To protect himself from worry when resting by the sea Wynyates had not had The Hut, as his house was called, placed in telephonic connection with the rest of the world. Some of the neighbouring bungalows had telephones, and under pressure he could use them. The obvious course now was either to rouse one of these neighbours and telephone from his house to the police-station at Seaborough, two miles away, or to awake the chauffeur, asleep over the garage at the end of the garden, and send him into Seaborough for a couple of policemen.

Wynyates was deliberating thus when a sound in the hall set every nerve of him tense. He listened. He heard a dim shuffling. A confederate! He had not been unmindful of the possibility.

Stooping, he secured the revolver, and crept towards the screen sheltering the doorway. Yes, there was somebody in the hall. Then—the coolness of it!—the electric lamp was turned on.

Wynyates stepped round the screen. A man in motoring costume was standing with his back to him, by the oak writing-table. Wynyates watched him. He stood there, in what seemed to be a listening attitude, for some moments, and then, turning, found Wynyates looking at him.

II.

He was a tall, lithe fellow, about thirty, rather dusky of complexion, with clean-cut features and a small black moustache. On seeing Wynyates he made one step towards the window by which he had entered, but, even if he had not noticed the lethal toy in the business man's grasp, the tone of Wynyates's voice would have stayed him.

" Hands up! " The order came quietly and peremptorily.

" Pardon me," said the intruder, " is this the house of——"

" *Hands up!* "

He put them up.

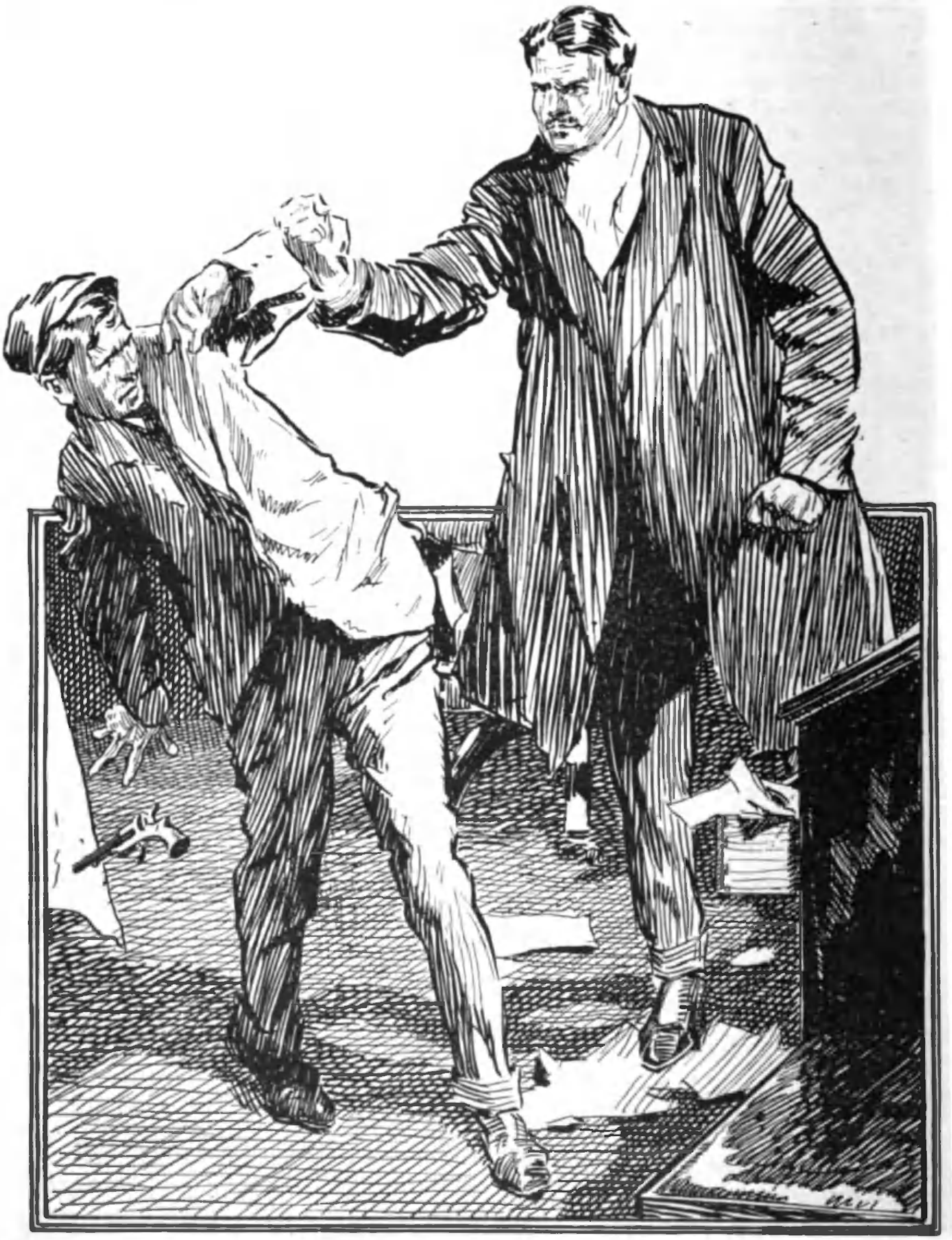
"I must have made a mistake," he added, apologetically.

"You have made a grave mistake," said Wynyates. "Come and sit down here," and he motioned him towards a high-backed chair. "Don't move, or I'll drill a hole through you."

"There's no necessity to do that," said the stranger, lightly, as he seated himself. "Besides, think of the carpet! May I say you have good taste in carpets?"

"Your pleasantries are ill-timed," was Wynyates's grim reply.

"Hardly more out of place than your



"THE MAN HAD GOT HIS WEAPON OUT, BUT BEFORE HE COULD RAISE IT WYNYATES'S FIST MET HIM BETWEEN THE EYES."

heroics," countered the other. "I want to explain to you that I thought this was the bungalow of a friend of mine—Major Armstrong."

"Do you," inquired Wynyates, keeping him covered, "generally visit him at midnight, by way of a window, and make yourself at home by turning the lights up?"

"I am on Bohemian terms with him."

"Then surely you know his bungalow by this time!"

"It is a dark night, and these bungalows are much alike."

"I fancy *my* bungalow differs slightly from the others." Wynyates stepped backwards and pressed an electric button by the fireplace. He kept his finger on it, and one could hear the bell tingling persistently in the domestic quarters. "For one thing, it is twice as big as any other, and that is probably the reason why your friend and you have favoured me with a call to-night."

"My friend? What do you mean?"

"Let us say your—associate. The one who does the dog-work. I have no doubt that you are the brains of the partnership."

"I fail to understand your meaning," said the other, as he leaned back and crossed his knees with a slight air of boredom.

"Well, you may be interested to know that he is well trussed up in another room. I propose to serve you likewise, and then hand you both over to the police."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "I think I shall be able to convince them that I did not come in here after the silver."

"I hope you will, but they are sceptical fellows. And so many—er—gentlemen of your profession have nice manners and are of good appearance."

"I am glad you think my manners are nice, and I will tell my tailor what you say about my appearance," returned the other with a mixture of resignation and impatience.

Bates, the butler-caretaker, and his wife slept on the ground floor. A shuffle of carpet-slippered feet soon became audible, and the old servant appeared before them. At first blush it looked as if the master had brought a friend home and desired refreshment for his guest and himself, but a startled expression came into the butler's rubicund countenance when he learned the facts.

"I was feeling a little lonely by myself at Moortown," Wynyates thought it as well to explain to the man, "so I caught the last train to Seaborough, and walked up to find my house being rifled."

"Thieves!" muttered the old servant. "And I saw to every door and window!"

His gaze, roving the room, showed him that various familiar articles were missing, their whereabouts being declared when his eyes came to rest on the kit-bag, which, pending his return from the boudoir, the first man had deposited by the screen.

"First shut and latch yonder window," said Wynyates, "and close the door. Now"—when these things were done—"you will call Carpenter and tell him to drive into Seaborough, report the matter, and bring back the police, who may use the car for their return. Wait, though. Before you call Carpenter, get me some rope or some straps, just to keep this fellow in his place."

"Very good, sir."

"I'm not going to run away," said the man in the chair, quietly. "You needn't go to all that trouble."

"You mustn't mind my preferring to be on the safe side," Wynyates responded.

"But, my good sir, you are armed!"

"So, possibly, are you."

"I will turn out my pockets if you like."

"You are very obliging," Wynyates smiled, dryly. "But I should prefer you to keep your hands in front of you."

Ensued silence, broken only by the ticking of the grandfather clock. The man in the chair uttered a faint sigh, but Wynyates remained impassively on guard. Nevertheless, he was not a particularly hard man, and he regretted a little being the means of sending this good-looking, well-spoken stranger to the drudgery of a convict prison.

Bates soon returned with a weather-beaten cord of domestic aspect.

"It's only a clothes-line, sir——"

"This is a crowning indignity!" muttered the prisoner, as Bates bore down on him with the rope. "Haven't you a dog-chain?"

"It will serve our purpose," said Wynyates. "Turn the lights up, Bates. You'll see better."

The butler switched on all the lights. Again approaching the man in the chair, he halted, irresolutely.

"Why, bless me, sir, now I can see the gentleman——"

"Ah, thank you!" breathed the prisoner.

"Well?" Wynyates's tone was impatient.

"If I'm not mistaken, sir, this is a gentleman friend of the mistress's."

The stranger gazed stonily at the man.

"What do you say?" asked Wynyates.

"Seem to have seen him before somewhere," mumbled Bates, uncoiling the rope.

"That is rather different."

"I'm mistaken, I suppose," said Bates, now at the chair.

"A friend of Major Armstrong's," observed Wynyates, "may very possibly be acquainted with your mistress. One moment, Bates. Your mistress's friends must not be treated too unceremoniously." He looked keenly at the chair's occupant. "Is there anything in the man's statement?"

"I am not acquainted with your wife," was the short reply. "Get on with your tying-up and police-fetching, and let's be done with it."

Wynyates made a sign to Bates, who proceeded to make the prisoner fast to the chair.

"I'll have a look at the other chap," said Wynyates, suddenly. "Stay here, Bates."

And, rounding the screen, he went down the short passage and entered the boudoir. Bending over the prisoner, he encountered a feeble glare of malevolence.

"Ah, you're better!" Wynyates looked to the bonds and tightened the knots of the scarf. Then, going to the bureau, he replaced some of the small drawers that had been pulled out. He was turning away when he perceived, lying on the carpet, a letter addressed to himself. It had evidently been pushed off the bureau by the thief in the course of his search. Only half thinking about it, Wynyates picked it up and tore open the envelope. But with the first words his attitude changed, and his eyes were riveted to the round, girlish calligraphy:—

"The Hut,
"Friday.

"My Dear Arnold,—I am afraid this will hurt you awfully, but the fact is I am going away. I am afraid our marriage has not been a great success, or you would perhaps care to be with me a little oftener. I have thought it well over, and I am going to make a fresh start. I can't say any more. Good-bye. —MURIEL.

For the moment he forgot about the man lying prostrate at his feet, for he was himself, though in another way, partially stunned.

She was going away—had gone, perhaps! He looked at the letter again—"or you would perhaps care to be with me a little oftener."

Why—why—surely she understood that business had the first claim upon his time! Then he saw that, in her view, it should *not* have. A mature woman might agree so, but not a girl-wife.

"You fool!" he muttered.

But had she gone, or, as the letter was not yet posted, was she only preparing? If so, he might have time to procure its cancellation. He wondered who the man was and ground his teeth. Perhaps this very night she was to be carried away.

And then light burst upon him, and the prostrate rogue, covertly eyeing his captor, was astonished to see him take a furious step towards the door with the air of one inspired by a sudden resolve of a desperate character; astonished, then, to observe him pause, as if reflecting, and finally look full and hard into his—the captive's—face.

Never, indeed, was miscreant so taken by surprise as when Wynyates began to untie the scarf enclosing his wrists.

"I'm going to let you off on condition you go without a sound."

Wynyates proceeded to remove the cord from the man's ankles, and with his strong hands aided the thief to rise.

"Can you walk?"

"'Arf a mo!" The man put his hand to his throbbing forehead.

Wynyates waited. Then, steadying the man with a hand on his shoulder, he led him towards one of the windows and pushed up the lower sash.

"Go quietly—and don't let me see you again."

The fellow dropped to the ground and lurched away into the darkness. Wynyates watched him till he was lost to view, and returned to the hall.

He found the old man-servant uncomfortably regarding the second prisoner.

"I fear I am rather an amateur at this business," said Wynyates, halting by the chair. "I did not tie your friend up tightly enough, it seems, for he has given me the slip. Just see to all the windows, Bates. We don't want any attempts at rescue."

Muttering excitedly, the old man hobbled off.

"So, unfortunately, you have to bear the sole burden of this—er—illegality," concluded Wynyates, glancing towards the kit-bag.

"As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," murmured the prisoner.

Wynyates helped himself to a cigarette. "It was curious that my man should appear to recognize you," he said, at length, in a harsh, dry voice.

The prisoner murmured something.

"I beg your pardon?" Wynyates was standing over him.

"The old fool was mixing me up with somebody else."

"Either he was doing that," said Wynyates, "or the age of chivalry is not entirely past."

"With regard to butlers—or burglars?" asked the captive, with a slight smile.

"I have never connected butlers with it at any period," replied Wynyates.

"I appreciate the compliment."

Wynyates took another turn down the hall. He must not make a mistake. Armstrong, he knew, chummed up with all sorts of odd fish, and it was quite possible that his stray acquaintances numbered a gentleman engaged in scientific burglary who had confederates of a less polished order.

Then his hand closed on the letter that he had thrust into his pocket, and his face grew hard as he strode to the fireplace and again applied his finger to the electric bell-push. Bates came in rather breathlessly.

"I've seen to every door and window, sir."

"Good. Now go upstairs and as quietly as possible call your mistress and tell her I wish to speak to her."

"Yes, sir."

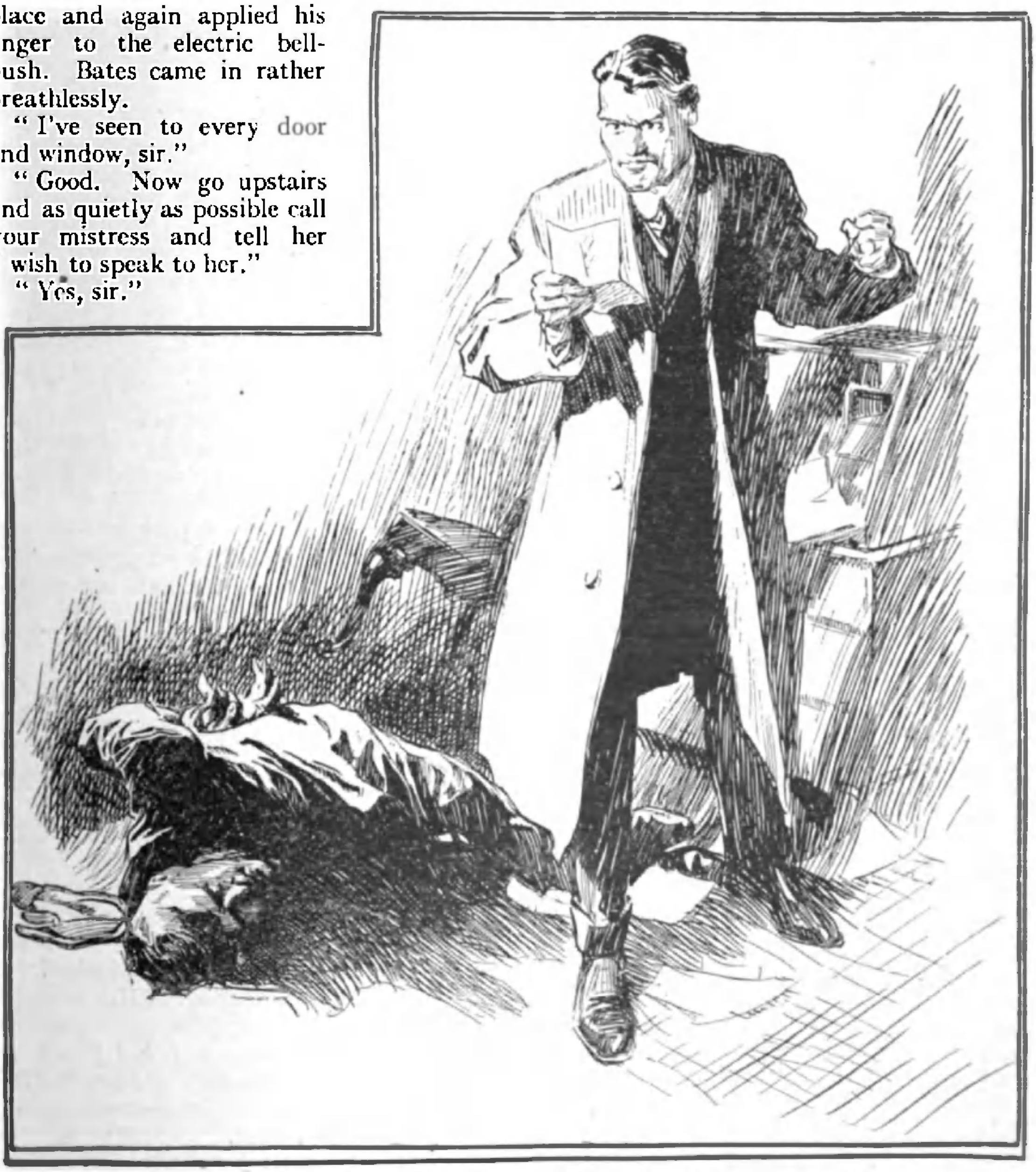
"There seems to be a good deal of cat-and-mouse work going on," the man in the chair remarked, a little irritably. "Why don't you send for the bobbies?"

"Well, shall we say that it is because I am reluctant to lock up a friend of that good soldier, Major Armstrong?"

"I would rather you fetched the good soldier out of bed and asked him to identify me than disturb your wife."

"I can imagine you would rather I did so."

"I may be a dull dog," drawled the other, "but I really cannot fathom the inwardness of that remark."



"FOR THE MOMENT HE FORGOT ABOUT THE MAN LYING PROSTRATE AT HIS FEET. SHE WAS GOING AWAY—HAD GONE, PERHAPS!"

"Were I in your position," Wynyates replied, "I should probably be guilty of a similar obtuseness."

The prisoner sighed. "Well, well, I shall hope to have my revenge on you some day at the nineteenth green."

Wynyates made no reply, but stood looking towards the staircase.

III.

THE old servant came shuffling down.

"The mistress will be with you in a moment sir."

"Thank you, Bates. You added nothing to my message?"

"Nothing, sir. The mistress was a little surprised to learn you were here, sir; that was all."

"Thank you. Just wait in your own quarters till I ring again. It is possible I shall not want Carpenter."

"Very good, sir."

The old man's footsteps died away down the corridor. Wynyates paced his soft carpet. The prisoner sat with closed eyes. Only the ticking of the grandfather clock broke the silence.

At length a door above was heard to open. The man in the chair gave no sign that he was interested, but preserved his apathetic attitude. Wynyates, turning his head, saw her descending the staircase in a light-blue dressing-wrap. A dull, stabbing pain at the heart brought a greyness to his face, and the man in the chair, watching him, perceived a sort of hunger come into his eyes as she paused at the foot of the staircase, apparently bewildered. It was also evident that she held the propriety of her costume in question.

Wynyates walked towards her.

"I—I thought you were alone," said she.

"No. I have company, as you see." Wynyates spoke dryly. "The fact is, we have been favoured with midnight visitors. One, whom I found despoiling the place, got away; the other, entering by a window after I came in, claims to have mistaken my bungalow for that of his friend Major Armstrong." They were moving slowly towards the table in the centre of the room. "And so, as you know the Armstrongs better than I do, perhaps you can tell me whether you have met this—er—gentleman at their house."

"I see."

She appeared collected enough, but her left hand was toying a little nervously with a bangle—a fragile circlet of gold, set with diamonds and pearls—on her right wrist. She scrutinized the rather dusky face with its carefully-tended moustache. Not the slightest recognition of herself appeared in the face.

"I fancy I *have* seen this gentleman at Major Armstrong's."

The tiny clasp of the bracelet gave way beneath the pressure of her fingers, and the bauble dropped to the ground. She was stooping to regain it when Wynyates anticipated her.

"Allow me." He placed the bracelet on the table. "So you *have* met him? The fact would appear to have slipped his memory, for he tells me he does not know you."

"I must plead guilty to the ungallantry of failing to recollect ever having met you," said the man, his eyes upon her, "until this moment, which will be for me, I assure you, an unforgettable one."

Wynyates's face cleared.

"Yet my wife appears to remember having met *you*, sir; so I am willing to give you the benefit of the doubt and to accept your statement that you mistook my bungalow for Major Armstrong's."

"I am much obliged to you," said the other, smoothly, "for I must say I am confoundedly uncomfortable in this chair."

Wynyates went forward and began to untie the knots.

"Having given my evidence," she said, lightly, "I suppose—I may go?"

"That's all, thank you," replied Wynyates. "Very sorry to have troubled you."

"And may I add my thanks for your kind identification?" added the prisoner, suavely.

He glanced towards her, but, not meeting his eyes, she inclined her head slightly, and was moving towards the staircase when Wynyates spoke again.

"I think I had better tell you, my dear, that they have been playing havoc in your boudoir——"

"*He* has been," was the prisoner's gentle correction.

"I'm sorry," said Wynyates. "The fellow who gave me the slip, I should say. Better go and lock your bureau."

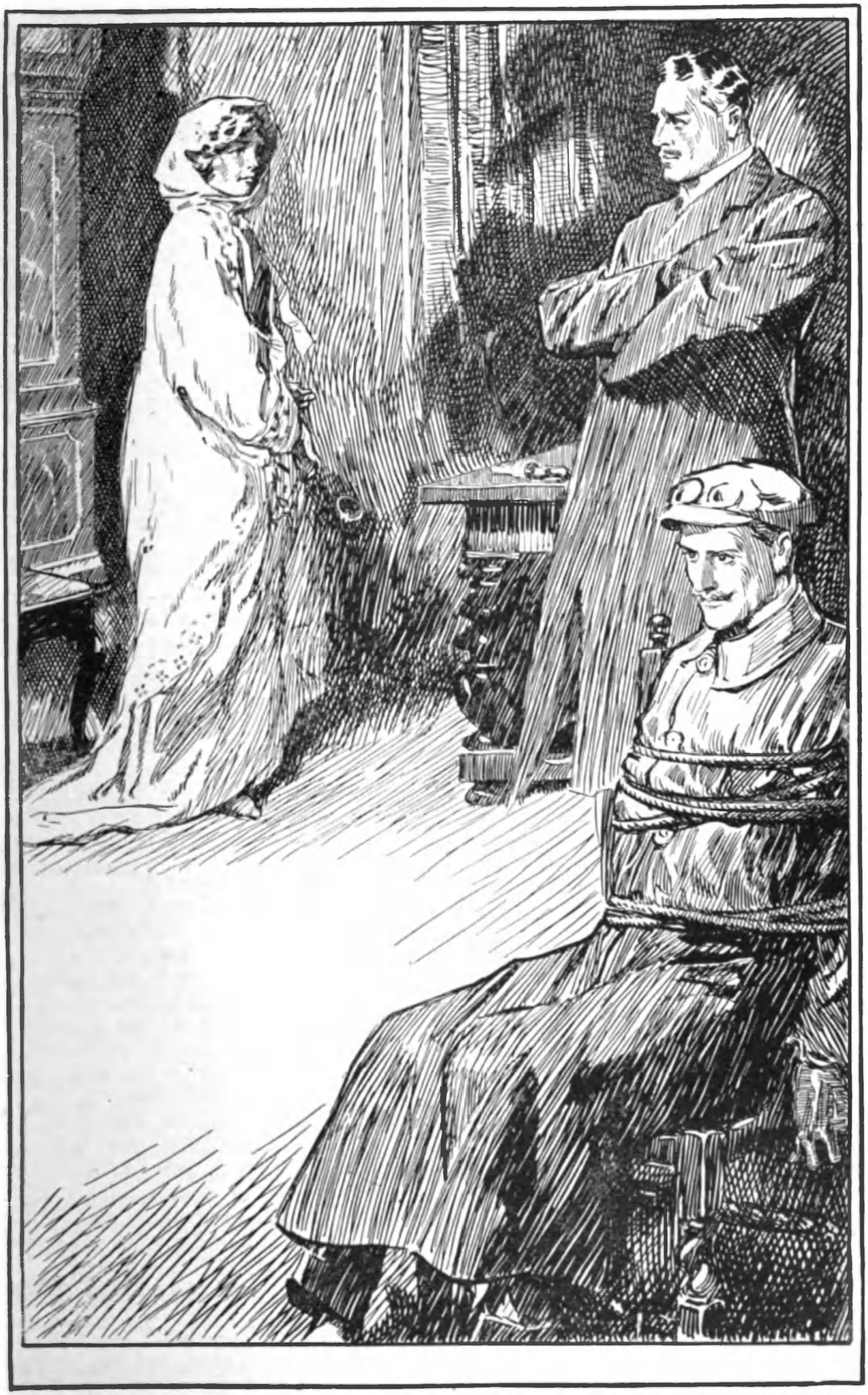
She moved round the screen as he pulled away the rope.

The prisoner rose with a sigh of relief.

"Thanks. That's good." He stretched himself.

"In the circumstances I feel I owe you an apology," Wynyates observed. They were about the same height, and were looking one another in the face.

"You can't keep a certain amount of doubt out of your tone, I perceive," the other said,



"'I THOUGHT YOU WERE ALONE,' SAID SHE. 'NO; I HAVE COMPANY, AS YOU SEE.'"

with a laugh. "No. Don't apologize! What *were* you to think!"

His eyes, full on Wynyates's, had a challenge in them.

Wynyates laughed too as he replied, "My present sentiments are that, having kept you all this time trussed up like a turkey, and as the night's getting chill, I can't do better than offer you a whisky-and-soda."

"Very kind of you. I can do with it."

"I mustn't run old Bates about any more. I'll get it myself," said Wynyates.

And he went down the corridor that took the dining-room on its way to the servants' quarters. On the sideboard stood a tantalus and a siphon of soda-water. There were no glasses; he therefore fetched a couple from the kitchen, and at length, well loaded, returned to the hall.

It was empty.

His eyes travelling to the table, he smiled, and relieved himself of his burden. Further, he mixed himself a whisky-and-soda, and was raising it to his lips when his wife appeared round the screen.

She was very pale, and he saw apprehension in her eyes. Yet he smiled.

"I am afraid, Muriel, that Armstrong keeps very mixed company. Our friend who claimed his acquaintance is undoubtedly—*a thief!*"

She put her hand on the screen, as if to support herself.

"What is the matter?" he said, anxiously. "You are not yourself. Come and sit down." And, his arm about her, he pulled forward the very chair his prisoner had occupied. Sitting down, she rested her elbows on the table and buried her face in her hands.

"You are ill," he said. "Let me get you some wine."

"Give me something—yes."

He hurried into the dining-room and fetched some wine. She barely put her lips to it ere she again hid her face.

He stared at her irresolutely, at a loss what to do. Awaiting the return of her composure he paced up and down, and thus the minutes passed. Deliberately, to settle his doubts, he had left the man alone with the jewelled circlet. And the man had accepted the bait. Wynyates did not care about the value of the thing; he could easily replace it. He had wished to prove that the fellow was a thief, and cared not how expensively he gained his information.

At length she raised her head. From the distance came the thrumming of a motor-car. At last!

"Feel better?"

"Yes. You were saying——" She smiled faintly.

"That Armstrong's friend is a thief. He took your bangle."

The face she turned to him was very white. "Why does the discovery seem to give you so much satisfaction?"

He leaned his hands upon the table, his eyes upon her.

"Because I thought he had come here for something else," he said, slowly. "I found your letter."

She drew a long breath. The worst was over.

"And now—you think—he was just——"

"A thief of the common sort."

"He was not," she said, quietly. "He simply meant you to *think* he was a thief."

"*Think* he was one! Then why all his talk about mistaking the bungalow?"

"That was before he knew you suspected—something else."

"And when did he know that?"

"When you sent for me."

Wynyates drew himself erect.

"Then he was—the man?"

"He was."

"You were going to-night?"

"I was."

"You still intend to go?"

"No."

"Muriel, don't play with me! He spoke passionately. "Go if you like—follow your bangle."

"I am not going."

"And why are you not?"

"Perhaps because I am a coward; perhaps because I do not love him enough; perhaps because—I love you too much."

The last words were only just audible. As she spoke them she hid her face again.

He stood looking at the pile of golden hair on her girlish head, and he remembered the words of her letter—"*or you would perhaps care to be with me a little oftener.*"

The gentle reproach cut him to the heart. He went hastily and knelt down by her side.

"Muriel, I want to show you that I care to be with you very often. Only to-night I learned that you ever missed me. Will you let me show you how *I* have missed *you* when I have been away?"

She looked round at him with swimming eyes.

"Am I worth it—*now?*"

He held out his arms, and she, crying like a child that is forgiven, hid herself within them.

Masks and Faces

By WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

DO WOMEN tell more lies than men? Are men more honest? Has honesty anything to do with the truth? Can a man be honest and yet a liar? And a woman? That is the question. On the subject of lies the two sexes seem antagonistic. Men accuse women of lying, women accuse men.

"Both are in the right," says Grace George, who is playing a lying part in "The Truth" and should know, "because men and women both lie and to the same extent. But there is a wide difference in their lies and in their purposes. Shall we analyze them a bit, just for the fun of it?

"In the first place take the lies between men and women. Those are the lies that hurt, the lies that really break hearts, ruin homes—the lies that have changed the destiny of many an empire. Other lies are either economic or social, and while important, they do not have the sting that a lie between man and woman has.

"Men say women would rather tell ten lies than one truth. Women do not deny this—if it is a question of petty lies. A woman never hesitates to fib about a small detail. If the 'The Truth' is easier to tell than a lie, they tell it. But if the lie is more convenient, it comes to the lips. In the great questions, however—questions of sincerity, of feeling—questions which really have importance, then the woman does not lie. She is honest. In nine cases out of ten when a woman says she loves a man she really loves him. She means it. But a man! In such questions he does not hesitate to lie. He will be staunchly upright when it is a matter of saying that he is out when he really is in, he would not dream of saying he liked a thing he disliked, but he will lie to the woman he loves, lie deliberately, cruelly, unmercifully. And that is why men and women never agree on the subject of lying. Their standpoint is different.

"A woman always distinguishes between lies. Take the perfectly innocent lies, lies which she uses in her social intercourse, such as. 'Your hat is a dream, dear,' which she whispers into the ear of her friends, as does *Becky Warder*, the heroine of 'The Truth,' in which I am so happy to be appearing in Mr. Ames' charming Little Theatre, when in reality she would like to say, 'It is a horror.' She lies for conventions. She uses lies to say that she is ill when she does not care to go to a party, or does not care to see a friend. Such lies do no harm to anybody, they are not malicious lies, and I do not think any woman hesitates to make use of them.

"But man pounces on such faults. Perish the thought! 'Why, it is astounding,' he exclaims, 'that you can lie so often within ten minutes!' It appals him! Because the lie is direct. Under the same conditions, however, a man may lie indirectly, through his silences. He will not lie openly, and if he does not care to blurt out the truth, he remains silent. And his silence will ten times out of a dozen be misconstrued, and he knows it. But that does not sting his conscience, for he has not told a direct falsehood.

"So there you have two methods of lying in trivial matters. The man stands up for the truth and allows a falsehood to be assumed, the woman frankly admits lying in trivial matters.

"Except to men, women do not lie much in economic matters. A woman will tell her husband she paid one price for a hat when she really paid either more or less, but in such cases it is usually for some purpose. I mean the husband is apt to be the kind of a man with whom one cannot be honest. But aside from such cases, between a woman and a man she can be dependent on to be very 'straight' in money matters. I know, for instance, that I would rather lend money to a woman than to a man. A woman has a horror of debt, she has a horror of being in financial difficulties. A man in his happy-go-lucky way does not mind, and for that reason he will lie glibly about his financial affairs. He will promise in money matters, with no intention of keeping his promise. A woman may exaggerate, but it will be obvious. A man will lie deliberately about his finances and do so subtly and wisely, so as to deceive.

"Women lie for the sport of the game, men lie to achieve a purpose. Women lie unintentionally, not realizing what they are doing. Men are fully aware of their actions, and lie in important matters. So there you

GRACE GEORGE, WHO BELIEVES MEN TELL MORE LIES THAN WOMEN. SHE SHOULD KNOW, SINCE SHE HAS BEEN PLAYING THE LYING WIFE SO MUCH ON THE STAGE.

have it. The quantity of lies, if you are to call exaggerations of harmless stories by such an important name, is to the woman's credit, I believe. But if you calculate the quantity of lies by their importance and intention, all the black marks will go to the man."

Thus did Miss George speak—"The Truth," or at least, immediately after the performance of it. And she should know from appearing in Clyde Fitch's play which deals with that very problem—the inability for a man to understand his wife's habit of fibbing. "In character" she lies so charmingly, so insinuatingly, so naturally, that she makes all the women in the audience, and the men, too, at least sympathize with her. But, as Miss George has said, the heroine, *Becky Warder*, like all women, cannot tell a big lie. She realizes the importance of that, and when it comes to the point she must be "square" with the man she loves.

JOHN DREW AND ETHEL BARRYMORE PLAY TOGETHER FIRST TIME SINCE HER DEBUT.

Yellow with age, with all its rusty machinery, Sardou's mechanical play, "A Scrap of Paper," was revived by Charles Frohman for the last weeks of the Empire season in order that Ethel Barrymore might again appear on the stage with John Drew. Miss Barrymore had not played with Mr. Drew since she made her début on the stage in her uncle's company when he and Maude Adams were playing "The Bauble Shop." And the event was worthy of more than "A Scrap of Paper." Time has withered the play which was always a favorite bill with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, with Lester Wallack, and various English stage celebrities. Almost every actor or actress with comedy gifts in the 'sixties, 'seventies and 'eighties appeared at one time or another in "A Scrap of Paper." Heaps of performances—too numerous to recite—have occurred. Among the famous *Suzannes* have been Helen Dauvray, Annie Clarke and Rose Coghlan; while Lester Wallack, E. H. Sothern, Charles Barron and James O'Neill were equally celebrated *Prospers*.

In the cast supporting Miss Barrymore and Mr. Drew in this year's notable revival were two players who have played every part in the play. Jeffreys Lewis, the *Mlle. Zenobie* of the Drew-Barrymore combination, has played every one of the female rôles, having made her first appearance on the stage as *Pauline* in the original production of the play in English, made by Alfred Wigan in Edinburgh. Charles Dalton, who played the *Baron de la Glaciere*, has acted every male part in the play. And William Seymour, Frohman's veteran stage director, who staged the play for the Drew-Barrymore revival, was the original *Anatole* when "A Scrap of Paper" was produced for the first time in New York by Lester Wallack. So far as is known, the first American performance of the play occurred at the Globe Theatre, Boston, in 1872, when Carlotta Le Clercq played the part taken by Miss Barrymore this year. At that time, W. R. Floyd was the *Prosper*.

When first acted at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, in May, 1860, "A Scrap of Paper" was the making of Victorien Sardou. It was the first big success from the pen of this tireless playwright, who in his time was to reach audiences in many countries, and who for nearly a full fifty years was to reap some of the richest material rewards the theatre has to offer the man who understands it.

Sardou was still in his twenties, and still struggling to live down a reputation born of several failures, when "Les Pattes de Mouche"—to give its original title—was first put into rehearsal. It established him in France and it carried his name with new force to England and to America. It made him.

This comedy will always have its own place among those delightful stories of the theatre which read like fairy tales—the stories of success overnight, of a sudden and dazzling shift from discouragement and poverty to fame and fortune. Glancing at the bibliography of Sardou—it is a matter of nearly eighty titles of plays and libretti—one finds that of the first dozen about three-quarters are followed by the chilling comment, "Never Played." That tells the story. He had been trying for some years. He had even hopefully dedicated an historical tragedy to Rachel, but, while she was pleased, she would not go so far as to appear in it. "Never played."

When Sardou wrote "Paris a l'Envers" (Never Played) the manuscript was submitted by another to Scribe, whose scorching professional opinion was calculated to dismay the most ambitious. Yet Scribe was present at the première of "Les Pattes de Mouche" and when the curtain fell on the third act he was sought out. What did he think now of the young man's future?

Said the veteran dramatist quietly, "I was mistaken."

As most theatregoers know, barring the very young younger generation, who have been and are so screened by the "movies" that they are to be forgiven for not knowing much about the drama, the story of "Les Pattes de Mouche" concerns a scrap of paper on which was written, some three years before the play begins, a compromising note from a girl to a man. Now she is married and he, just returned from his world wandering, wishes to marry her younger sister. In this, their first reunion, the discovery is made that he never found the letter she had written to him three years before. She wants it for her protection. He wants it as a weapon against her opposition to his plans. Then comes the chase. *Prosper* for himself, *Suzanne* for the woman. The scrap of paper is found, hidden, found again, half charred, dropped out of a window, picked up, filched, and finally burned to ashes by the jealous husband, who has not the faintest idea what piece of evidence he is thus scattering to the winds.

The use of such a significant object as the central thing of a play is now familiar. The very title of Louis N. Parker's "A Paper Chase," in which Mme. Simone played a few seasons ago at Wallack's, is sufficient as a reminder. Nor need we go back that far in the same theatre. Take "Grumpy" and the long pursuit of the all-important camelia with the hair wound round the stem.

Sardou himself relied more than once on a letter as a valuable piece of theatrical property. On letters hinged the action of "Seraphine," of "Fernande," and of "Dora," which, in the English version, called "Diplomacy," has just experienced an amazing year's run in London and which, if promises mean anything, is to be revived here next season with William Gillette, Blanche Bates and Marie Doro. Indeed, Sardou was so fond of this stage trick that A. B. Walkley, of The Lonnon *Times*, was once moved to describe it as the sole basis of his claim to be called a man of letters.

Sardou credited the idea to an experience of his own. He was in a tobacco shop near the Theatre-Beaumarchais and, stooping for a scrap of paper to light his cigar, he found that he had come upon a charming letter from Marie Laurent, the actress, to her son, then a schoolboy. Sardou's library was a storehouse of such dramatic odds and ends. His dossiers have been described a thousand and one times—drawers full of waiting data for unwritten plays.

In the comedy as it was written, there are echoes of Poe, whose tales Sardou had read with relish. Certainly *Prosper's* device of concealing the scrawl by leaving it in plain sight can be traced to "The Purloined Letter," as the vigilant contemporary critics did

ETHEL BARRYMORE, WHO RECENTLY MADE HER FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE WITH HER UNCLE, JOHN DREW, SINCE SHE MADE HER DEBUT IN HIS COMPANY WHEN HE AND MAUDE ADAMS WERE APPEARING TOGETHER IN "THE BAUBLE SHOP."

not fail to point out. There was even a disposition to see something of "The Gold Bug" in the reference to a scarab in the collection of curios in *Prosper's* room.

The title, "Les Pattes de Mouche," literally fly feet, refers to the pen tracks, the scarcely legible scrawl on the "méchant petit carré de papier" which so vexed all the folk of the Sardou comedy. One English version bore the rather laborious name, "The Adventures of a Billet-Doux." "A Scrap of Paper" was the title selected by J. Palgrave Simpson for both the versions he wrote for the English and the American stage. This is the familiar name, used by Lester Wallack, the Kendals, and most players.

It was often given at Wallack's. In the first presentation made there on March 10, 1879—seven years after a production in Boston—Wallack played the rôle of *Prosper*, which now falls to Mr. Drew. John Gilbert was the *Brisemouche*, and Rose Coghlan was *Suzanne*. They had given "Diplomacy" there the year before. In 1886 the play was presented at the Lyceum Theatre with Helen Dauvray as *Suzanne* and the *Prosper* none other than E. H. Sothern.

MARION SUNSHINE, FORMERLY OF THE VAUDEVILLE "TEAM" OF TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE, NOW APPEARING TO GREAT SUCCESS IN CHANNING POLLOCK'S AND RENNOLD WOLF'S BIG MUSICAL COMEDY HIT, "THE BEAUTY SHOP," WITH RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, IN THE ASTOR THEATRE, NEW YORK, WHERE THE PIECE SHOULD STAY ALL SUMMER AND LONG INTO THE WINTER.

There have been versions and versions of "A Scrap of Paper." The last elected to be called "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," and served—not very well—as a vehicle for Henrietta Crosman.

Three particularly fine Shakespearean productions were made in the Hudson Theatre in the early Spring by Margaret Anglin, but the principal charm lay in the exterior, in the wonderful costuming. Never have I seen Shakespeare so well dressed! And Miss Anglin's support was unusually good. In fact, her company for the most part was better in rendering the lines than Miss Anglin herself. She gave "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It." The costumes were exquisite. And especially good acting was achieved by Wallace Widdecombe, Fuller Mellish, Sidney Greenstreet, Pedro de Cordoba and Ruth Holt Boucicault.

During Miss Anglin's engagement at the Hudson Theatre in her series of Shakespearean revivals, the popular star received friends on the stage after each performance—a veritable revival of the Green Room custom of the "good old days." Following each performance the stage of the Hudson was the scene of the mingling of interesting coteries of people who assembled to pay their respects and congratulate the actress on her triumphs. These gatherings embraced noted actors, artists, dramatists, writers and friends of Miss Anglin's in the various professional walks of life. Perhaps one of the most interested and interesting of the visitors one evening was Master Gibbs Mansfield, son of the late eminent actor, Richard Mansfield, who first introduced Miss Anglin to New York audiences, the occasion being his production of "Cyrano de Bergerac," in which Miss Anglin played the rôle of *Roxanne*. Master Mansfield visited Miss Anglin after a performance of "The Taming of the Shrew," accompanied by his tutor. It was the second time that he ever had been back of a stage curtain.

It is a matter of record that the late Mr. Mansfield never permitted his son inside a theatre. It is said that the boy, who is now fifteen years old, has a very decided penchant for the stage and a desire to follow in the footsteps of his brilliant father. The meeting of Miss Anglin and young Mansfield brings to mind the following interesting incidents.

It is recalled that Miss Anglin's success in "Cyrano de Bergerac" was second only to that of Mr. Mansfield. Miss Anglin remained with the company during the New York run of the Rostrand dramatic poem. Shortly after the play went on tour, however, she suddenly and mysteriously vanished from the cast and no explanations were offered. Naturally, there were several constructions put upon the mystery, and only a short time ago an explanatory letter written to the Chicago *Tribune* by Mr. Mansfield in 1902 was unearthed. It will be observed that the document is characteristic of the cynical humor of the late eminent actor. The letter follows:

Virginia Hotel, Chicago,
October 8th, 1902.

Editor of the *Tribune:*

My attention has been called to the continual references to Miss Anglin and the usual innuendos as to why she severed her connection with my company. The facts are very well known to Mr. A. M. Palmer, Mr. Paul Wilstack, and others. Miss Anglin, who played *Roxanne* in "Cyrano de Bergerac" very charmingly, immediately after her marked success in the role received an offer of twice the salary I had contracted to pay for her services, and Miss Anglin accepted the offer.

I am sorry that the facts are so simple and uninteresting, really almost sordid, but 'tis true. It would have been more exciting and no doubt, more agreeable, to have been able to relate how the poor creature was taken by the hair and dragged about the stage, or how she was, after a stormy rehearsal, kidnapped and confined in a dark room, where the monster squirted ink at her through the keyhole, punctually every fifteen minutes, or how she was sandwiched between two boards (like the lady in Tolstoi's rustic tragedy) whilst the beast sat upon her and read his prayer-book, and then how she escaped, but ever after refused to reveal the mystery of her suffering for fear of the vengeance of the bloodthirsty tyrant.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) RICHARD MANSFIELD.

Following her brief Shakespearean season, Miss Aglin made a notable revival of Oscar Wilde's society comedy, "Lady Windermere's Fan," in the Hudson Theatre, after two weeks taking it to the Liberty Theatre for a longer run. In this she played the rôle of *Mrs. Erlynne* most effectively. It was more like her excellent work in the past, as, for instance, in "The Great Divide," and infinitely superior to any of her Shakespearean acting. The distinct individual hit of the revival, however, was made by Margery Maude, who temporarily left her father and "Grumpy" to assume the title rôle, which her mother, Winifred Emery, played when the comedy was originally produced by George Alexander, at St. James's Theatre, London, in 1892.

MARGARET ANGLIN, WHOSE SHAKESPEAREAN PRODUCTIONS EARLY IN THE SPRING IN THE HUDSON THEATRE, NEW YORK, WERE THE MOST ARTISTICALLY COSTUMED OF ANY EVER WITNESSED ON THE STAGE. AFTERWARDS, MISS ANGLIN MADE A NOTABLE REVIVAL OF OSCAR WILDE'S "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN.'

Also, special mention is due Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne for her fine playing of *The Duchess of Berwick.* Every rôle was exceedingly well played, and I only wish that I had more space at my command to make mention of the several individual hits that so largely contributed to the big artistic success of the whole. Nor can I digress on the excellences of this play and of the other of Wilde's big "comedy dramas"—that brilliant group which includes "The Importance of Being Earnest," "An Ideal Husband," "A Woman of No Importance" and the "Fan."

One of the most notable productions of the year was that of Bernard Shaw's latest long play, "Pygmalion," a comedy of phonetics in five acts, in German by Rudolph Christians, director of the Irving Place German Theatre, New York, before the presentation of the play in English, either in England or America! This was on March 24. Scoffing the criticism of the English dailies and weeklies, Shaw let his latest play be produced for the first time on any stage at the Hofburghtheatre in Vienna last Fall, and it also was published first in German. Likewise, the play made its first appearance in New York in German on the German stage,

JULIAN ELTINGE

and at a time when New York was being treated to Shaw's very early play, "The Philanderer,"—in English! As a man enunciates, so is he, is the thesis of the play, which endeavors to show in true Shavian fashion that it is not what we do that counts, nor what we say, but the way we say it.

Of the other plays presented within the period considered there was "Marrying Money," a rather amateurish comedy by Washington Pezet and Bertram Marburgh, which had its first presentation in New York at the Princess Theatre on March 18. Nan Campbell, in this piece, deserves mention for her quiet yet effective manner of acting, but Juliette Day was disappointing after her splendid work last year in "The Yellow Jacket." It was not her fault, however, for her part was on a par with the play itself—too amateurish to matter much one way or another.

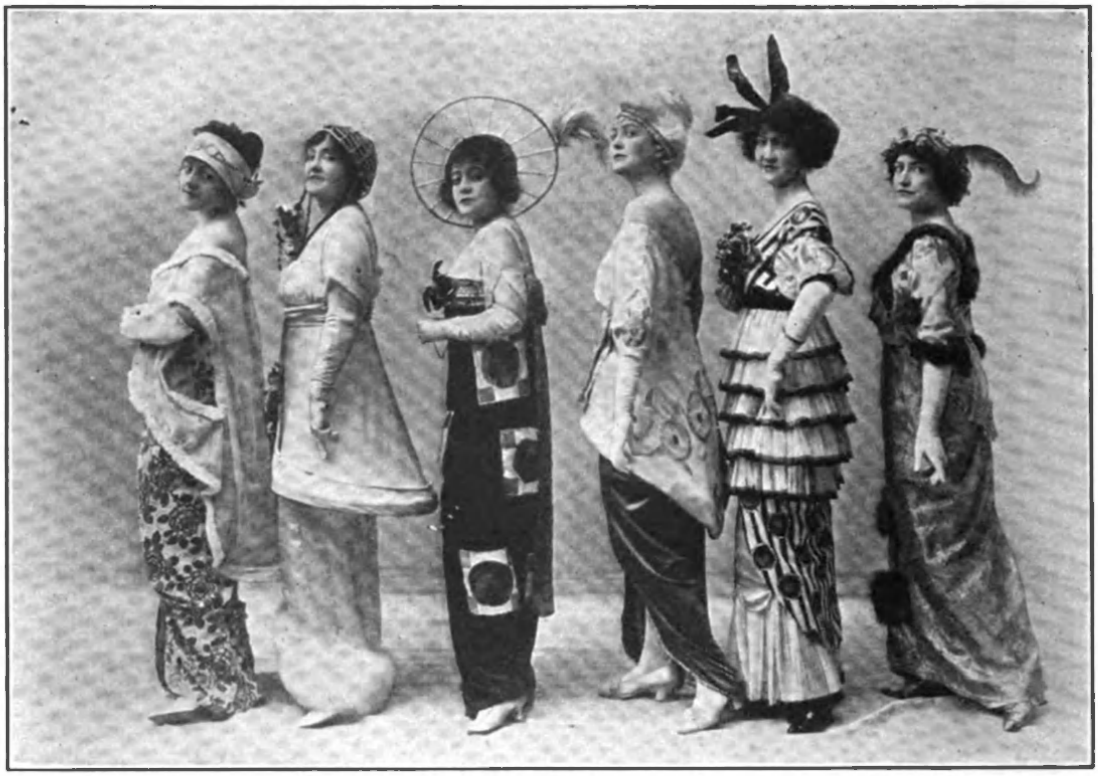
Then there was Billie Burke in her second play of this season at the Lyceum Theatre, a new comedy, called "Jerry," by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, who wrote "Kitty Mac Kay." Miss Burke appeared in pink pajamas, but even this did not rouse the piece to the point of making it a howling success. Miss Burke's pajamas and riding habit which she donned in the course of "Jerry" bore suggestion, at least, of an attempt to stir once more the mild flutter caused by her garb in the revival of "The Amazons" a year ago. Gladys Hanson, always stunningly in the picture, gave an exceptionally finished and most agreeable impersonation of "a perpetual fiancee."

"Change," the prize Welsh play which was presented in the Booth Theatre on January 27th, was brought back to New York under the patronage of the Drama League and again presented, this time in the Park Theatre, with the same excellent company of Welsh Players. Though very grim and devoid of much real action, as already mentioned in this section in the April STRAND, "Change" is a vital and interesting drama.

It has been remarked that Mme. Petrova, who has made such a signal success in "Panthea," resembles Mme. Nazimova,' but I do not see the slightest resemblance in either method or appearance. And, strange as it may seem, Mme. Petrova never has seen Mme. Nazimova. The only point of similarity lies in their names, and at that Petrova is a contraction of Petronovitch! And Mme. Nazimova is Russian.

"I Russian?—oof, I cannot hear the name

THE INIMITABLE, HARD-WORKING, ARTISTIC GABY DESLYS.



FUTURIST AND CUBIST COSTUMES WORN IN "SARI."

of Russia without a feeling of revulsion and rage," says Mme. Petrova. "I am a Pole—that will explain it. And remember, sir, it is dangerous to call a Pole a Russian!"

One of the very best musical productions in a long, long time was "The Belle of Bond Street," an up-to-date version of "The Girl from Kay's," in the Shubert Theatre. Sam Bernard and Gaby Deslys were the principals in a company which included Lottie Collins, sister of Josie Collins; Fritzie Von Busing, Forrest Huff, Harry Pilcer and Lawrence D'Orsay, surrounded by a galaxy of pretty show girls. A pre-Easter production, "The Belle of Bond Street" displayed the most gorgeous gowns and headgear that we ever have seen on the stage. Not only those of "Gabrielle of the Lilies," whose marvellous feather-scraper headgear long has been a marvel to theatregoers, but those of the unusually fine looking chorus as well. Without doubt, the most effective and artistic stage costumes that have been exhibited here, there or anywhere, past or present, were those worn by the chorus in singing "The Tango Dip" and "Pierrotland." Melville Ellis, who designed them, has raised the standard of suggestiveness to art. His sense of color blending is little short of marvellous.

Lottie Collins, who made her first appearance on the New York stage in this revived musical comedy, brought to mind memories of her mother of the same name, the famous variety artist who is best remembered for having introduced the "Ta-Ra-Ra-Bump-ta-Ya" song. The present Lottie Collins won great favor in the London music halls before coming to this country, where she already has become a favorite. Her sister, Josie Collins, who has been featured in several Winter Garden productions in New York and on the road, this season has been on a road tour with the Ziegfeld Folies, series of 1913. In the Fall she is to star in a new musical piece, "The Pearl Girl." In the meantime, before appearing in the new summer show at the Winter Garden, Miss Collins entered vaudeville for a few weeks, being assisted by Robert Evett, one of George Edwardes' talented young men who was brought to this country at the beginning of the current season to appear in "The Doll Girl," the title part of which was so captivatingly played by Dorothy Webb, a young musical comedy magnet to be reckoned with.

Before passing from the "The Belle of Bond Street" I wish to pay my respects to Gaby Deslys for having achieved a real place for herself on the American stage. By sheer hard work, and plenty of it, she has won a permanent place for herself in the centre of the stage in our musical comedy productions, and her persistent efforts towards really doing something worth while should enable her to entirely live down the temporary notoriety she achieved and out of which she was enabled to first make her appearance on our stage. Gaby Deslys is an artist in every sense of the word. That which she so cleverly and artistically portrays never once savors of the vulgar, as so often is the case. In fact, I do not know of any other performer doing a similar line of work on the stage who does it nearly so well. Gaby is subtle.

"I don't enjoy any part of life but my acting," says Gaby Deslys. "How can I? I get no time. Wickedness does not bloom behind the footlights, sin has no room to gain momentum in the chorus. Heads and feet are too close and the minds too occupied. Oh, but I love my theatre."

And to see her at any performance is proof of this. She works harder and more enthusiastically than any other member of the company of which she is a member, and she seems to enjoy every minute of it.

"In America it is very hard for me," Gaby told me. "I cannot be the Gaby that they know in Paris. There I can play real comedy, ah, the funny kind of comedy where you laugh until you cry. Here they have no comedy, but they have better drama."

Another "worker" and wearer of feather-scraper headgear is Julian Eltinge, who, although he has had a theatre in New York named for him for three years, never has had an opportunity of appearing in it himself because its time has been taken up with "Within the Law" and "The Yellow Ticket." Accordingly, Eltinge had to take his "Crinoline Girl" into the Knickerbocker Theatre, where, in his stunning feminine gowns and with his clever feminine ways he has been the delight of both men and women for a good part of the current season.

"SARI'S" WONDERFUL GOWNS.

There has been no other musical production to show such gowns as are worn by the girls in "Sari," which has been one of the biggest musical comedy successes of many seasons, playing for several months in the Liberty Theatre and then being transferred for a still longer run in the larger and better-suited playhouse for the hot summer months, the handsome New Amsterdam Theatre. A glance at the gowns shown in the accompanying illustration is sufficient to see what some of the gorgeously striking creations of "Sari" are. From left to right, the names of the gowns are, "Roses in the Snow," "Garden of Paradise," "The Caress," a stunning cubist costume; "The Fetiche," "Mlle. Tease," and "Abundance."

HOW ANN MURDOCK GOT HER NAME.

Irene Coleman was a docile young person who went to a Quaker boarding school in Philadelphia. Her family lived down in Port Washington, Long Island. No one had an idea that the boarding-school girl was entertaining any idea of a stage career.

"I was 17 years old," the erstwhile Miss Coleman said, as she told me "the story of her life," between the acts of "A Pair of Sixes" in her dressing-room in the Longacre Theatre, "and everybody said to me, 'Irene, you really ought to go on the stage.' Everybody said that except my own people. I was just as silent on my part. I didn't mention to them that I had any histrionic ambitions. I knew they'd be promptly squelched.

"One day I suddenly made up my mind that I would go on the stage. Because I didn't know any theatrical manager—I had never heard of any of them one way or the other—I began to make inquiries as to who put on plays. Some one told me that Mr. Henry B. Harris was a good manager.

"So I went to his office and sent word in that I'd like to see Mr. Harris. I don't think he ever got the message, for the reception room was packed with actors and actresses waiting to see him. Presently he came to the door, looked over the whole lot, and beckoned to me. I followed him into his private office and told him I wanted to go on the stage. He said he would give me a place in one of his companies, but not without the written consent of my parents. I was then 17 years old. So I left, and I didn't dare tell them at home anything about It. I sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Harris giving full consent for me to go on the stage, and signing it with my mother's name!

"Then I had to tell my mother. She finally gave in, but we dared not tell my father. We came on to New York and Mr. Harris put me in the company of 'The Offenders,' Robert Edeson's play, which ran only a few nights. Then he put on 'The Call of the North' and gave me the leading woman's part in it, two weeks after I put my foot on the stage for the first time.

"Dramatic training at school? I never had any. I hadn't even studied elocution. Mr. Harris said he didn't know that I would be able to do anything with my voice, but he took me to the Hudson Theatre and told me to recite something to him. He sat down in front. I was on the stage. I didn't know even one verse of poetry to recite. I had never memorized a line in my life. But I made up a selection as I went along.

"I pleaded with an imaginary father to allow me to marry the man I loved. As I went on I grew more and more melodramatic, and I fancy I got deeper and deeper in the senseless words; but Mr. Harris saw that I had confidence and that I wasn't thinking about anything but the stage and what I was doing. He said he thought I'd do all right and the rehearsals began.

ANN MURDOCK, A CLEVERLY FASCINATING YOUNG PLAYER WHO IS ONE OF THE PRINCIPALS IN THE ROYAL FLUSH FARCE, "A PAIR OF SIXES," IN THE LONGACRE THEATRE, NEW YORK. HOW DID SHE GET HER NAME?

"The stage manager, of course, told me everything I had to do. I was coached and I memorized every bit of business in the piece. But I couldn't get my voice over. The ones in the back of the house couldn't hear me. It wasn't that I was frightened; I just didn't know how to use it. Suddenly—I don't know how it happened or what I did—but I could speak my lines so they could be heard all over the house. I knew the minute I got hold of my voice. It happened all in a second, but I've never had any trouble since then. I've played in the Grand Opera House and been able to speak so every word could be heard by everyone in the house.

"As I see it, every stage manager is a professor in dramatic instruction. And the real examination test is the opening night—the people out in front. It's like learning to swim," she laughed. "A person can kick on a piano stool for twenty years and know theoretically every stroke, but unless he's thrown in the water and can make the land there's no authentic proof that he can swim."

Ann Murdock is a great swimmer herself. Down at Port Washington she has carried off cups and most of the trophies for years. But about her name.

It was four seasons ago. An actress does not count time by years, but by the productions she has been in. Miss Murdock told me that she had noticed that persons whose initials were "A. M." and "M. A." always had good luck. She was determined to start her stage career with a good name. When she came up to begin rehearsals for "The Offenders" she had not decided on a name. She made out a long list of names starting with A. The last name in every case began with M. There was "Alice Marvel," for instance. She loved the name, but she was giving the matter the greatest consideration.

"The critics will use that name against me," she thought, saying to her mother, "It will be so easy for them to say that I'm no marvel, or things like that."

She passed up all the "Adas" and the "Arlines," the "Almas" and the "Annas." She decided on "Ann." She was going to be confirmed shortly and she chose St. Ann for her patron saint. Then the question of the last name came. Rehearsals were drawing to an end, and Mr. Harris told her she would have to decide on a name quickly, for the programmes had to go to the printer. She chose a name off hand. Somebody else already had that name!

"Then Mr. Harris decided for me," said Miss Murdock. "'Murdock,' he announced, running his eye over my list of desirables. 'That's a good, strong name. You're "Ann Murdock."' And so I have been ever since."

The Latest Development IN THE Teaching of the Blind.

We are indebted for the following article to an extremely interesting address recently delivered before the annual conference of the Museums Association by Mr. J. A. Charlton Deas, Director of the Sunderland Art Gallery, Museum, and Libraries. The article deals with the question of making the blind familiar with the objects on view in museums, and is full of most valuable suggestions which cannot fail to be of the greatest use to all who have any connection with the instruction or amusement of those deprived of sight.

THE path of the teacher of the blind is beset with many difficulties, one of the greatest being the task of conveying to their minds some idea of the size, shape, and features of birds and animals. In many cases, it is true, models are used, but owing to their small size they are, to say the least, of doubtful advantage. The ignorance of blind children is great, often grotesque. A teacher of a class may find that a child does not know whether a sheep or a cow is the larger, or he may even find that a hare has wings! However carefully they are told that a small model of a cow is only one-fortieth the size of the real animal, more often than not they are unable to think of the animal as being any larger than the model, and will stoop and describe something about the size of a kitten when asked to indicate the size of a cow. This arises from the fact that no standard of size, form, and texture—beyond those which they set up through handling—can exist for those who have never had the use of their eyes.

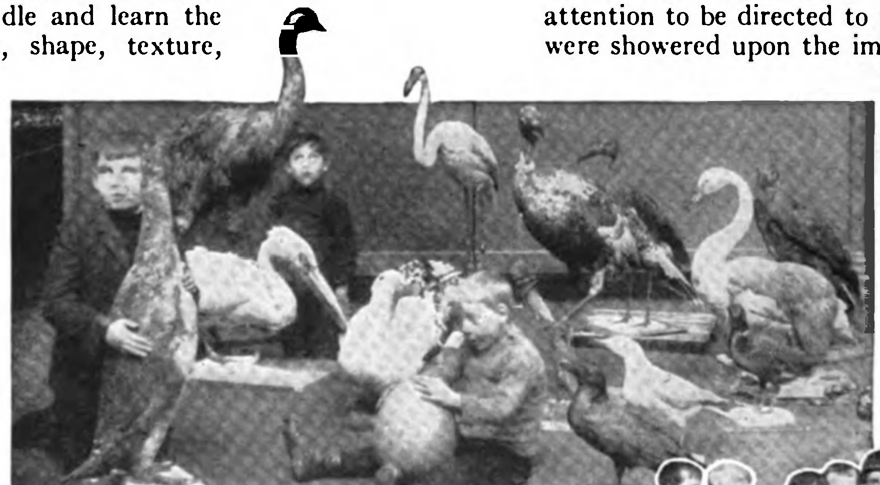
Even those who have had sight are found to lose their standards unless they are renewed from time to time by actual contact. An instance of this was noticed not long ago, when a boy of about twelve recovered his sight after an operation, and for several days following went about in a state of surprise and fear, for almost everything which he had not been in the habit of touching frequently differed considerably in size from his recollections of seven years before! The size of his parents alarmed him very much, as he imagined they were much smaller.

With the idea of overcoming this difficulty and at the same time giving the blind, both children and adults, a new interest in life, Mr. Charlton Deas has for some time past been making a series of experiments of unusual interest. Mr. Deas, who is the librarian and director of the Sunderland Libraries, Museum, and Art Gallery, has long shown a sympathetic and practical interest in the education of blind children, and the idea of making these experiments came about in this way. Some of the large specimens of birds and animals in the museum were being repaired and re-cased, and seeing them, thus detached from their usual surroundings, in a new light, the thought occurred to him: Why not invite the local blind children to the museum and let them pass their hands over a few of the specimens? To think was but to act, and, finding his colleagues in sympathy with the idea, invitations were issued and accepted with avidity.

The suggestion that our museums can be shown and made interesting to those who live in physical darkness may well seem to many, at first thought, to be impracticable, but Mr. Deas has proved it to be otherwise, and thus opened up a new field of interest for the blind.

Sunday afternoons were chosen for the experiments, in order, among other reasons, that as much privacy as possible should be obtained. First of all, the dimensions of the gallery in which the demonstrations were given were carefully made clear to the visitors. The length and breadth of the room were described as being so many paces, for it must be remembered that lineal measurements convey little more to the blind than such a statement as "a room is as long as a piece of rope!"

The various birds and animals had been taken from the museum cases and arranged round the Art Gallery, each specimen being given as much space as possible, so as to allow full freedom to handle and learn the size, shape, texture, and other distinguishing features.



1, TOM, DICK AND HARRY IN WONDERLAND.

A glance at the accompanying photographs will show how the experiments were carried out. In the first picture three boys are seen amongst the birds, and it is perhaps surprising to learn that not the slightest damage was done. All that the children needed by way of warning was a reminder that the birds, unlike the animals, had but two legs, and that the hands should be passed carefully from the head downwards to the tail or feet. The various birds aroused the keenest interest, but special attention was paid to an eagle which had lived for over twenty years in the grounds of a local benefactor of the blind, and in a parrot which had long had its home in the public winter garden, and was in the habit of calling out to admirers, "What time is it?"

2. AS GOOD AS A VISIT TO THE ZOO.

Intense eagerness and unflagging interest marked the visits of the children, who never hesitated to ask questions or describe their impressions as soon as received. In the second illustration is shown one of the efforts made to assist in the visualization of the sizes of the birds and animals, six small boys being mounted on a strongly-set-up lion. It was interesting to learn the thoughts and feelings aroused by these new sensations. With several of the adults, and more especially the children, the handling of the albatross was an immediate reminder of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." This caused special attention to be directed to it, and quotations were showered upon the impassive specimen.

3. THE CHILDREN'S INTEREST IN THE LARGER ANIMALS IS EXTRAORDINARY.

The statement that the colour of the Polar bear changes from white to cream with advancing years induced one to ask how nearly such a change compared with the appearance of the hair of an elderly human being. Another found pleasure in the fact that the bear's coat was similar in colour to a scarf which she was wearing. Several expressed surprise that the head of the walrus and the bear felt out of proportion to the size of the body, whilst another commented on the smallness of the eyes of these two large animals. One girl said that if she were to be squeezed to death, she would rather be so by the Polar bear than by a snake. When asked why, she answered: "The bear is a comfortable sort of creature to feel, but the snake is horrible. It feels what it is, a horrid beast!"

WHAT WAS CARLYLE LIKE—AND DARWIN?

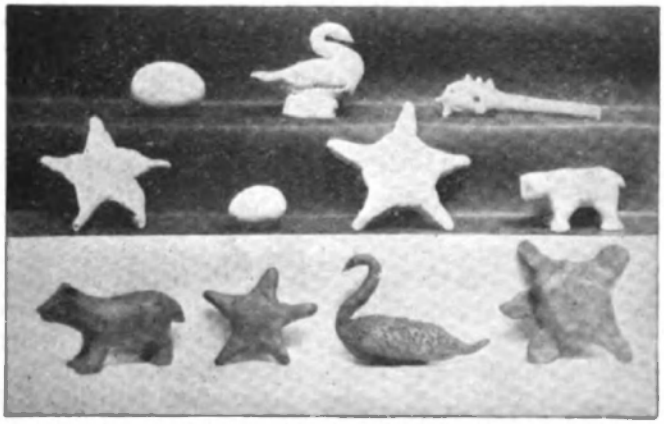
The children's interest in the larger animals was extraordinary. They fondled them, felt them carefully all over, as shown in our third illustration, and took home with them, in most cases, a more vivid impression than that carried away by many normal-sighted visitors to the Zoological Gardens. Two minutes' examination of a bear, or a lion, or a kangaroo gives a blind child a conception that nothing else can possibly do, and one that is long treasured among its recollections.

Mr. Deas suggested an opportunity here for travellers and big-game hunters to give pleasure and instruction to the blind by sending specimens of animals, etc., to various blind schools, an appeal to which Lord Durham has just made the first response.

Another gratifying feature of the visits was the eagerness among the adults to handle the casts of the heads of famous men. Dickens, Scott, Carlyle, Darwin, and many others were inquired for and lovingly examined in the manner shown in our fourth illustration. Scores of other exhibits were, of course, utilized in the same way, but need more be said to emphasize the possibilities in the scheme for increasing the happiness of the blind?

To blind children, discovery is the only real way of learning. The knowledge gained by some of them as a result of these visits is shown in the models in potter's clay and plasticine in our last photograph. These models are the unaided work of children blind from birth, whose ages range from nine to fourteen, and were made some five weeks after a single examination of the specimens represented. Perhaps the most remarkable of all is one of the models of the bear. It is absolutely a first attempt at modelling, and was made by a girl who had not previously shown any wish to do anything of the kind.

None of these little figures, of course, are to be looked upon as examples of modelling, but as instances of the impressions resulting from the new ideas gleaned from the museum visits. Could anyone, desiring evidence of the effect of the experiments from the blind point of view, wish for more convincing testimony than is supplied by these little models?


MODELS MADE, AFTER A SINGLE EXAMINATION OF SPECIMENS, BY CHILDREN BLIND FROM BIRTH.

The PREACHER

By Christabel Lowndes Yates

Illustrated by Hy. Coller

MRS. SEARLE looked at the clock again for the twentieth time, and decided that it was too late now for him to come. Perhaps he had changed his plans again, or more probably the Bishop had kept him for the night. In any case the last train must have come in long ago, and if he had come by it he would have arrived before. She shivered a little at the idea of the long, dark night alone in the house. How she hated and feared them, those long, dark, lonely nights when her husband was away.

Outside a hunting owl cried; in the house itself everything was still. She got up and went into the kitchen, put away the last few things, and made everything ready for the morning. Then she took off her apron, laid it neatly away, and made her last round of the house, locking it up for the night with the anxious care of a timid, lonely woman. Her day's work finished, she went upstairs slowly, a slim, worn, gracious figure that had once been beautiful, before life had been too hard.

She put the candle down on the dressing-table and opened one of the drawers. Inside it lay a little pasteboard box, such as cheap jewellers use, and in it, on the cotton-wool, lay three bright half-sovereigns. They were her birthday present from her mother, received that morning, and already as good as spent. A new hat first, of course; hers was very shabby, and she had wanted one for a very long time, and somehow, saint as he was, her husband never noticed that kind of thing. All day long, as she had swept and dusted, she had thought of that new hat; and with the money that was over she would be able to have new boots, too.

She slipped into bed, blew out the candle, and lay shivering. The silence of the old house seized upon her in the dark—a silence that rushed at her terrifyingly. The black darkness came down like a curtain that muffled everything but terror. Once she had tried to tell her husband of her fears, of the old house whose shadows crept and stirred in the emptiness; but he had stared at her uncomprehendingly, and after a moment he had told her to pray. It was the priest's answer, of course, but she had appealed to the man—her husband. To him it was the great panacea, but to her it only meant that he did not understand her need; the great aching void of loneliness that his constant journeys made in her life. She had stood in front of him, a delicate, slender figure, twisting her hands together dumbly, and wondering why it was she could never make him understand. As she stood there mutely, he rose up to his big, powerful height and had spoken as only he could. The genius of the man broke through him as he talked, and he seemed on fire with the huge truths within him. It was eloquence that had often stirred a vast congregation to its depths, but the little, shivering woman in front of him it left cold. She had heard it all so often before. It was her husband's one gift—the gift of words.

He was away now, taking a retreat, where for nearly a week a hundred rapt, adoring women had listened to him, confided in him, hung on him spiritually and mentally, all fascinated and hypnotized by his one extraordinary gift—the gift of words. And yet, to do him justice, it was more than that, for trembling through the stirring, moving eloquence of the priest, you felt, as you listened, the divine fire of the man. Though the woman in her acknowledged the extraordinary force of her husband, she knew that it was the very fact of his genius that had broken her life. She did not want the priest —she wanted the man she had married, not this devouring flame of the spirit that had scorched and burnt away all the fine humanity of her husband.

Outside in the garden the hunting owl returned. His weird, haunting cry seemed to rouse the creeping terrors of the empty house. She shivered as she lay in bed, partly with cold and partly with fear. One o'clock struck on the wheezy old grandfather clock in the hall. At last from sheer exhaustion she fell asleep, the heavy, dreamless sleep of the bone-weary.

Some time later she started up in bed abruptly awake. It was still black-dark, and she did not know what it was that had roused her. She was too panicky to analyze what had happened. For a long staring second she sat so, shaking in every limb; then, like a great rent in the silence of the house, the door-bell jangled violently. Again it pealed, crashingly, with a savage insistence, and she sprang out of bed, terrified, seized a wrap, and ran to the head of the stairs.

"What is it?" she called. "Who's there? What do you want?" You would have known at once, from the agony of fear in her voice, that she was a timid, nervous woman, alone in the house.

A curious, thrilling, grating voice rang through the silence: "Oh, you're awake at last, are you? What do you mean by locking me out of my own house half the night like this? I've been waiting here——"

She ran downstairs quickly, her bare white feet making no sound on the worn carpet, and struggled breathlessly with the big, old-fashioned lock and the clumsy, heavy bolts. Then she opened the door and stepped back. A man came into the hall, his head thrust a little forward, a big, fur-lined coat hiding the powerful lines of him.

"I'm so sorry, Peter," she said. "I waited up for the last train, and when you didn't come I went to bed. I made certain you'd stopped the night at the palace."

"No, I didn't," he said. "I dined at the palace, and we sat talking late, and I came home in a taxi. They asked me to stay the night, but I thought I wouldn't. Here, Lucy, you pay the man. I've nothing less than a five-pound note."

"Oh, Peter," she said, "I've no money; I've come down to my last sixpence. You didn't give me any before you went away. You forgot." Her voice faltered, as though she had been caught in ill-doing.

"Oh, well, settle with him somehow," he said, and went into the sitting-room. For a second she stood still, wondering, then she remembered her little store. Her new hat would have to go now, and her new boots. It would take it all to pay for the long night journey, and there was no hope that Peter would ever give it her back. She hesitated a moment: the disappointment was very bitter; and as she waited he called out, "For Heaven's sake, pay the fellow and shut that door. It's bitter to-night, and that draught's awful."

She obeyed him as quickly as she could, shut and locked the door, and went into the room where he was.

"I got awfully cold in that taxi," he said. "It's so damp to-night. Get me a cup of coffee or something hot, there's a good girl. I must get some warmth into me. These last few days have been an awful strain on my voice, and I'm a bit afraid of my throat. I've a very heavy day to-morrow."

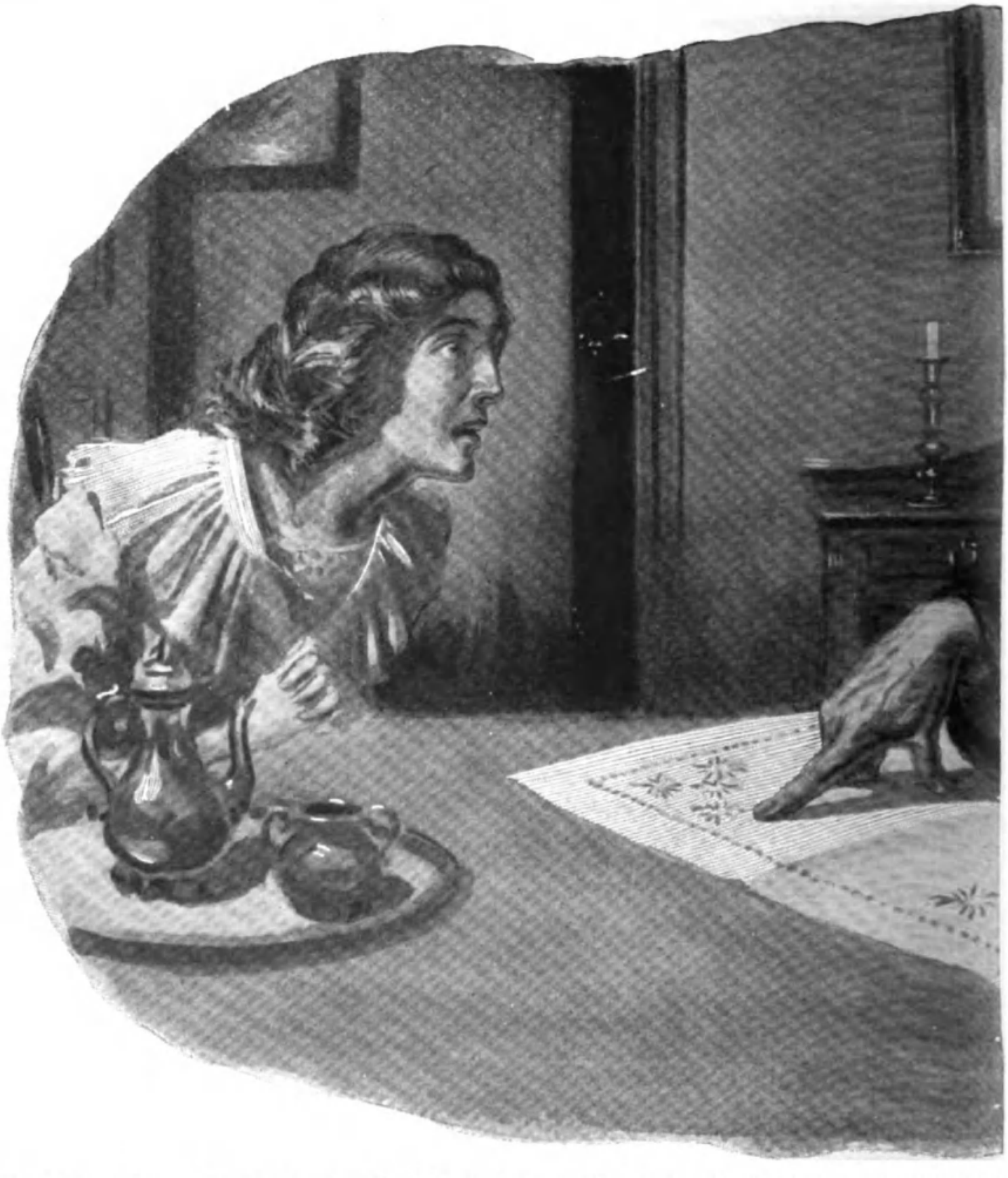
She went towards the grate doubtfully. In it were a few dying embers. The room was not very cold yet; it still held the dying warmth of the day's fire. She brought wood and paper and matches, and relit it; then she made him coffee, steaming hot and fragrant.

He sat where he was watching her with his curious, detached manner, and burning eyes—an odd, unusual figure in his big, loose overcoat lined with close black fur, and below it, half-seen, a cassock, belted at the waist with a sash. His hands were loosely clasped, his fine head bent a little forward. Even so, in that slack moment of exhaustion, he looked what he was—a fighter, a struggler for the eternal things.

As he ate and drank he talked. "The Bishop was most flattering to-night," he said. "He practically told me that the first really good thing that turned up was to be offered to me. We sat talking till very late. I wanted to get back early, with that heavy day to-morrow, but it couldn't be helped. I shall have to be off again at nine."

She looked at him nervously. "Oh, Peter, could I have some money before you go?" she said. "I haven't any—not any at all, Peter—and you'll be away a whole week."

He made a quick motion as of brushing away something distasteful, and leaned forward, a great, powerful fellow, and spoke with his big, burning eyes fixed on her. All the tremendous force of the man's personality was alive to subdue her.



" HER FACE WHITENED AS THOUGH DRAINED OF ITS VERY BLOOD, HER EYES STARED. 'TWO HUNDRED

"I promised the Bishop two hundred pounds to-night towards a slum church that he's anxious to build. That will mean self-denial for both of us."

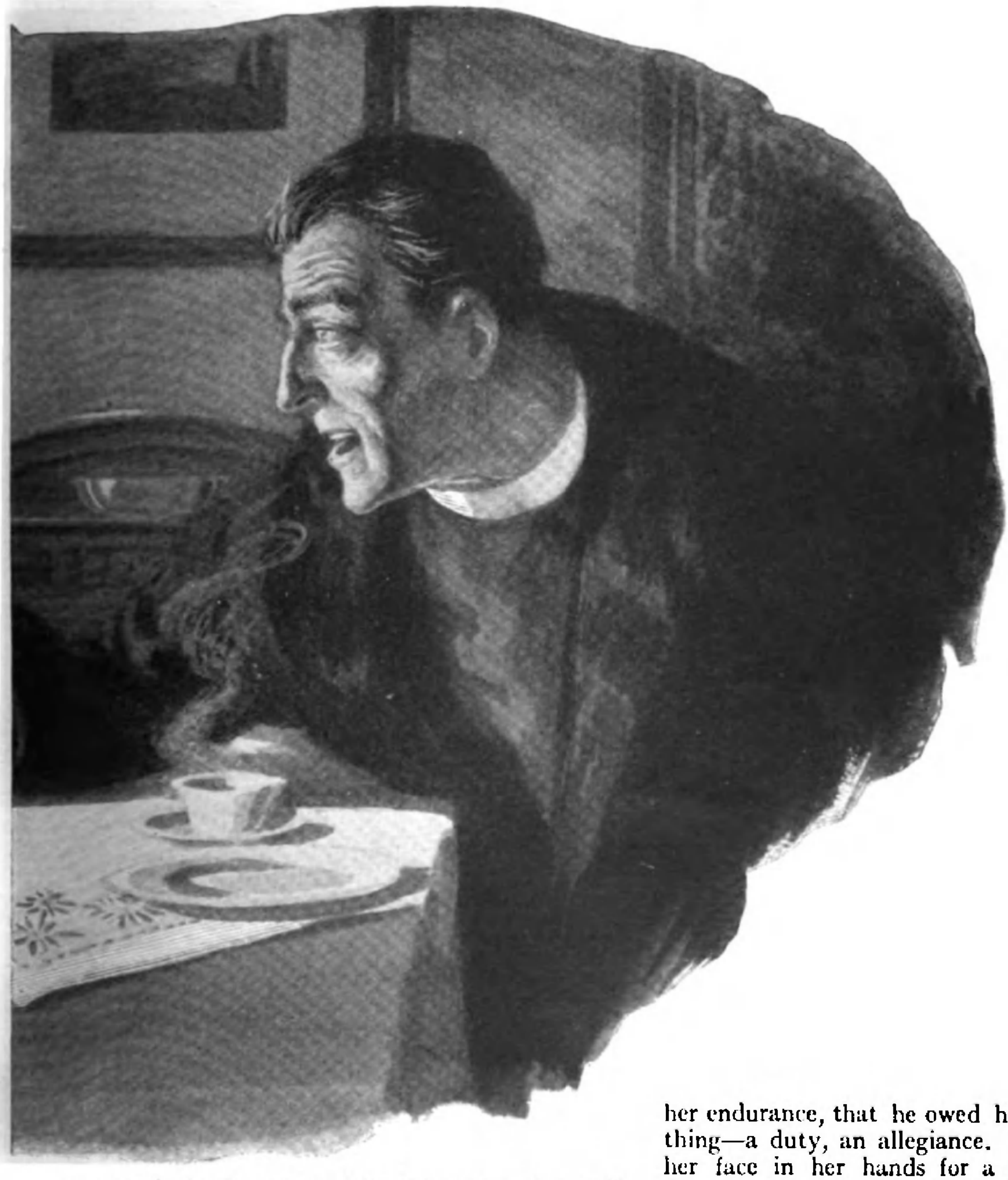
Her face whitened as though drained of its very blood, her eyes stared. "Two hundred pounds!" she said, awed. "You promised him that!"

"I knew I could count on your co-operation," he said. "You must pull in your horns a bit. We must cut down expenses."

"We *can't*," she said, despairingly. "It's impossible, Peter. You give me so little. I have tried and tried to help you. I have always done my best——"

He held up his hand in a fine, patient gesture. "'Impossible' is a word that I do not acknowledge," he said. "I should not be standing where I am to-day if I had. I expect my wife to be a help, Lucy, and not a drag."

She looked round the poor, shabby room hopelessly; at the half-empty grate, at her thin, worn hands with the loose gold wedding-ring, and as she looked a tide of bitterness swept over her. She was very cold, and her



POUNDS!' SHE SAID, AWED. 'YOU PROMISED HIM THAT!'"

thin wrapper was no protection against the bitter chill of a winter's night. Her bare feet looked a sick grey on the carpet. She stared in front of her, despairingly, and the slow minutes crept on. The tiny sums that he gave her barely sufficed now even for necessaries; no reduction was possible. She lost herself in a maze of pitiful arithmetic—hopeless, despairing, futile. It was a long time before she looked up. Something—perhaps it was despair—gave her courage. She would tell him this time that she must have more, not less—that there was a limit to her endurance, that he owed her something—a duty, an allegiance. She hid her face in her hands for a moment, then she raised it. Her heart was beating thickly, and there was a faint stain of red in her cheeks bred of excitement. For a moment—meek, patient, gentle soul that she was—she was transfigured.

" Peter ! " she said, in a breathless whisper.

He did not answer. He had fallen asleep. The beautiful, worn face was purified by it; the big, finely-modelled hands were loosely clasped. The saint was more apparent, the fighter submerged. There was something holy about him so, something sacred and apart. The man was removed by his sleep from the common plane and translated to a finer, more remote sphere. All the strength faded out of her as she watched him. She realized his power so, his extraordinary gift of impressing his spiritual detachment upon the world.

Perhaps her intent gaze roused him. He stood up, stretched an instant, dropped his big fur coat, and went to the door. "Lock up, Lucy, there's a good girl," he said. "I must get to bed. I'm dog-tired, and I sha'n't do myself justice to-morrow unless I get some rest. This continuous work is an awful strain."

She blew out the candle, cleared away the coffee things by the firelight, hung up the heavy fur coat, and then, shivering, crept back to the dying fire, and crouched over it trying to get warm. When at last she stole up to bed, her husband was asleep. He was asleep still when in the grey dawn she crept down to get his early breakfast.

The morning was a rush. There was breakfast to get, the fires to light, his boots to clean, his bag to unpack and pack again with fresh linen, a hundred minute directions to be followed. Their intercourse was merely scrappy, detached demands, and her replies. At breakfast he read his correspondence, wrote brief directions on the backs of the letters, and left her to write the answers.

As he rose from the table she said, timidly, "Peter—the money."

"My dear girl," he said, impatiently, "I'm very sorry, but I told you last night that I'd nothing but a couple of five-pound notes, and I haven't time to write a cheque now. I can't take less than ten pounds with me. I shall only be away a week; surely you can manage till I come home!"

"But I haven't any money, Peter," she said. "Not any money at all."

"Oh, well, you'll be all right for a week," he said. "I sha'n't be longer." He pulled out his watch and looked at the time. "I had no idea it was so late. I must go at once, or I shall miss that train."

She stood in front of him, desperate, pleading. "You must give me some money, Peter," she said. "I won't be left like this again." Then her natural timidity asserted itself. "Please, Peter," she said, gently. "I don't want much."

He did not even answer. He brushed aside her pitiful strength and went out of the door with a set face. She leaned against the door-post and stared after him, but he did not look back.

After a few minutes she turned and went into the house. On the table in the dining-room were the remains of his breakfast. She was very hungry, and she sat down and poured herself out a cup of coffee and ate some toast. The dull resentment of years was rising in her. Opposite, on the wall, hung a fine photograph of her husband, taken for reproduction in one of the illustrated papers. The face might have served a sculptor as a model for strength. The strong, brutal force of it was extraordinary, and, balancing that, the wonderful spiritual earnestness of the man, the nervous power that had made him great. As she looked at the picture she felt that she hated her husband. It was symbolical, somehow, of the savage power that was crushing her out of existence. Her resentment rose to a dull anger. She thought of the empty house, of the pitiful discomfort of the week that would have to be lived through somehow. The struggle was growing harder every day, and she was growing weaker to face it. The courage and endurance had all gone out of her.

She had just finished her meagre breakfast when a knock at the door summoned her. The carrier had brought a great package for her husband. It was a parcel of books, and she undid them and piled them neatly on his writing-table as he wished. The receipt lay on the top. It was for twenty pounds. The little scrap of paper roused her to fury. It represented so much in pure luxury, and she wanted so little; in three months she did not expect him to give her so much to keep the house, and she knew that it was probable that not one-half of those books would ever be read.

She went back and quieted herself by clearing the table. Her serene, gentle nature was unused to these wild attacks of anger; they made her afraid of herself. Suddenly as she stood there, tray in hand, in the act of clearing away the breakfast things, there came a flash of clarity in her blind anger, and she knew that she had come to the end of her endurance, that she meant to end it all and leave him.

She put the tray on the table and sat down, staring and afraid. She was shaking and weak with the strength and knowledge of her vision. Then the certainty faded, and she began to play with the idea. Suppose she should leave him—what then? She could go to her mother's, and at first they would call it a visit, and then gradually people would grow to understand. She thought of the peace of her mother's house, where life had slipped by so easily in her girlhood. A wild, physical longing for the serenity of it crept over her—a sick, hopeless longing to be done with the struggle of it all. She longed for the peace of her mother's house as people long for the peace of death.

If only she had had the money, the few shillings necessary to pay the fare; but he had left her nothing. A few stamps for his letters; nothing else.

But, for all her excitement and desperation, she kept her clarity of vision; she knew that she must leave him before he came back. If she had to tell him her natural timidity would reassert itself; she could never face him and threaten, she could only plead and be refused. There was something in the man himself that subdued her. Away from him she might be capable—a personality. In his presence she was merely a dumb automaton, without the power of expressing her own will. It was not exactly fear, it was that her own humble personality was in complete subjection to the powerful, domineering force of her husband.

As she sat at the table she stared down at the litter of things. Without noticing it, she stared at her husband's correspondence. Half-hidden under some papers a familiar writing caught her eye. It was a letter for her from her sister. She tore it open, and a postal order fell out—a belated birthday offering. She did not read the letter; it had dropped to insignificance. The main point was the price of her freedom.

The old, trapped feeling dropped away, her eyes shone steadily, there was a new purpose about her. She got up with quick, steady movements, finished clearing the table, washed and put away the dishes, quenched the fire, and then went upstairs to put on her shabby clothes. She flung a few things into a bag, but her possessions were so pitiful and scanty that she had little that was worth taking. There was much in the poor room that held memories. There was the bed they had chosen shyly together a few days before their wedding. Near it stood the cheap wardrobe that had held her wedding-dress for years. Looking round the room, it seemed to her that there was nothing in it that was not full of memories for her.

She dragged herself away from it at last and went downstairs, scarcely daring to look to right or left. In the little hall she paused; she could not remember if she had locked up safely. She made a last round to satisfy herself. When she returned she stood still a moment wondering if there was anything else. She was anxious to leave no part of her duty undone.

As she stood there quiet the old house became alive as it did in the silence of the night. It was as though it reached out little, clinging hands to hold and retain her by the force of the memories it held. She was so angry still that it cost her nothing to remember that she was leaving her husband, but she could not leave the house without a pang. If she had been of the type that yields to pain she would have turned back then and there, but she was not. Her pale face was a little whiter than usual, her grey eyes shone. She looked a little drawn—etherealized. She picked up her shabby bag, walked quickly across the hall, and opened the front door. Then she paused abruptly. On the doorstep stood a beautiful woman, exquisitely dressed in a faint shade of violet.

For a second the two stood regarding each other; then Lucy stepped back. She had not really caught what the other woman said; her movement was an instinct, that was all. She was strung up to great things, and now that the web of little things had caught her she could not quite bring herself to realize what had happened.

The stranger spoke again. "Is Mr. Searle at home?" she asked.

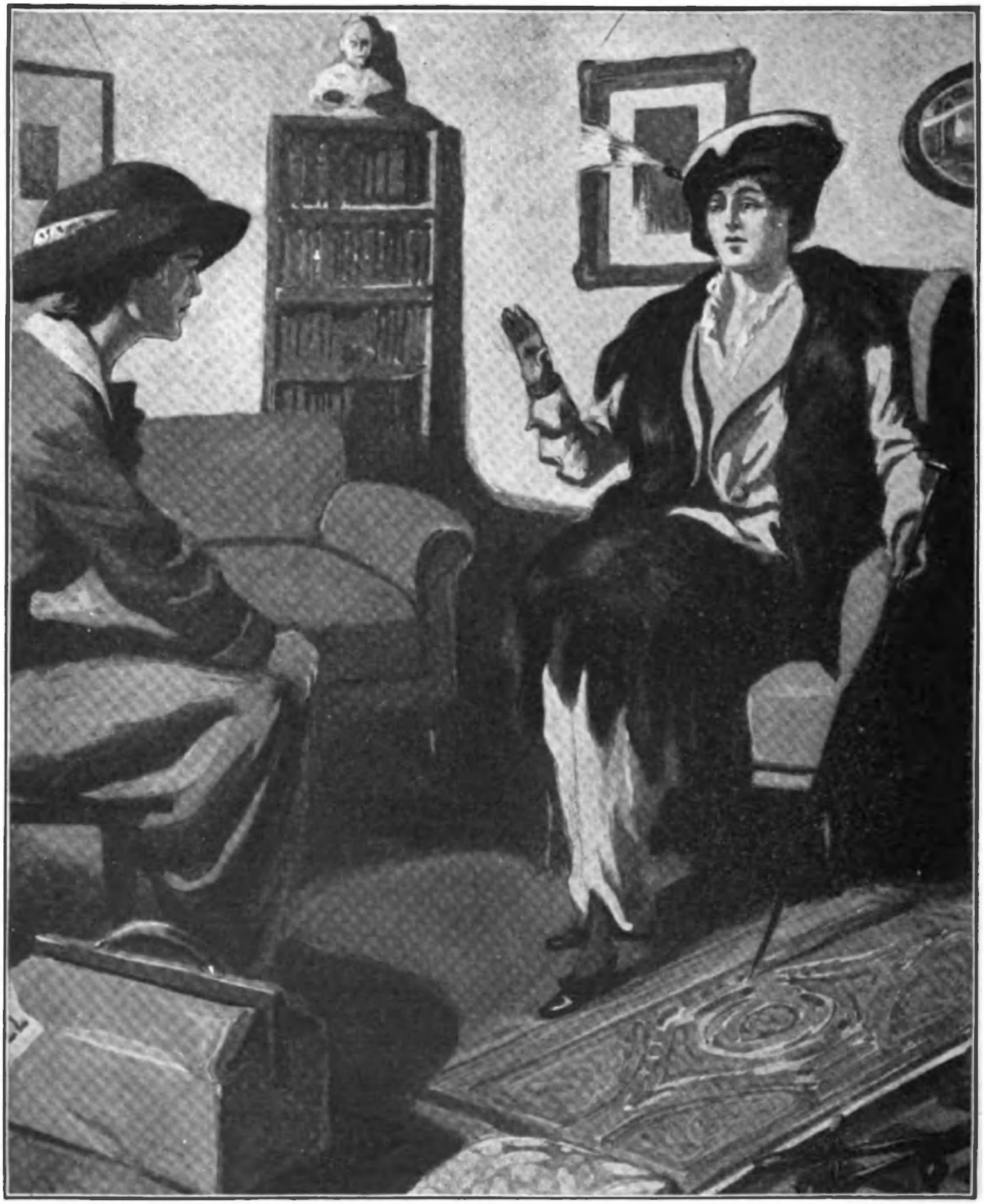
"No; my husband is away," Lucy said, slowly. She had curiously the impression that this beautiful woman was a dream; that real things were happening, and that this interruption was unreal and fantastic.

"May I come in and speak to you, then?" she said. "I have come a long way. I am Mrs. Starcross, from St. Gillian's, where he so often preaches."

She paused as though expecting her name to be recognized, but to Lucy she was only one of the hundreds of women in all parts of the country who assembled wherever her husband preached, hung on his words, accepted his direction of their lives, and faded out of her husband's mind the instant they left him.

Lucy took her into the little dining-room. It looked a humble, faded place as a setting for this pretty, elegant woman. On the wall, as they entered, hung the brown photograph of Peter. Looking at it with this strange woman at her side, the face seemed more remote, colder—the face of a saint detached from life. She acknowledged the saintliness and the power and the glory of him, and told herself, with a little shiver, that it was this man that she was leaving because she could not bring herself to bear him any longer.

Mrs. Starcross was talking; she had a cultured voice, and she talked interminably, as though she liked the sound of it. She ran



"'ALL THE SAME, IT IS THE ONLY THING HE CARES FOR,' LUCY TOLD HER."

on with stories of Peter's wonderful power over souls, his wisdom, his penetration. It was a pæan of praise, and Lucy listened dumbly, her anger rising.

She knew it all so well, these tales of the marvellous power of her husband, told to her always by adoring strangers. To her now they seemed mythical, fabulous. The man she knew—and who should know if she did not?—was a hard, ambitious man, with a passionate thirst for success, who used souls as pawns in his game. That the power was there, and real, that his genius for his work was undeniable, did not matter two straws to her, because she was angry. The force in him that could make lives had broken hers; so she scorned and despised him.

At first she was unconscious how much this woman's talk inflamed her; she thought she was only realizing her pitiful shabbiness in the face of this dainty woman's elegance. Her gloves were almost too old to wear, and she thrust her reddened hands under the tablecloth so that her visitor should not see them.

At last Mrs. Starcross came to the point. Somewhere where Mr. Searle had taken a mission the people had made a collection with a view to making him a presentation. The original idea had been to give him a purse, but his last series of notable sermons had been scathing addresses on the subject of money, and Mrs. Starcross had been deputed to find out what he would like instead.

Lucy passed her hand across her eyes. She was tired body and soul, and this woman made her angry. A bitterness she did not know she was capable of welled up in her suddenly.

"It is very kind of you," she said, wearily. "If you ask my advice, I should say, 'Give him money.'"

Mrs. Starcross leaned forward with a little, eager gesture. "But he despises it!" she cried. "He has said so."

"All the same, it is the only thing he cares for," Lucy told her.

The instant she had spoken she was bitterly ashamed, so ashamed that for the moment everything else was blotted out. The other woman talked, but Lucy did not hear what she said. From the wall opposite her husband's pictured face, remote and saintly, stared out beyond her. He was great, and she was a nonentity whose mean bitterness could only hurt herself. If she had been alone she would have wept; as it was she could only stand up in her shabby black, opposite that terribly elegant woman, and try to get her out of the house somehow.

As soon as she was alone she came back to the poor little room and hid her face. When she looked up again the face in the photograph on the wall seemed more remote than ever. "I didn't mean to, Peter," she said. "Only you have been so hard to me."

She put down her head on her arms, and waited so, and after a little she lifted it up, wiped her eyes, and went to the door. In the hall her sagging, bulgy little bag awaited her. She picked it up quickly and let herself out, walking with bent head towards the station.

It was evening, and late. Lucy was sitting in her mother's drawing-room after dinner. She was alone. Everything was very quiet and still, with that quality of silence that is only to be found in the houses of the old. Overhead occasional sounds, the heavy, springless steps of age, told Lucy that her mother was going to bed. Another of the long, peaceful days had dragged to a close. In a little while she too would go to bed, but not yet. She dreaded the nights because she could not sleep, she could only think.

Suddenly breaking across the peace of it all a bell jangled violently, and in a second or two a harsh, grating voice filled the little hall. It had curiously the effect of a big live thing in a dead place. She heard a question and the sound of a couple of quick steps, and her husband stood in the room.

"Well, Lucy," he said, "what does this mean?" He held out a crumpled sheet of paper—her letter to him. "What does it all mean?" he said again.

He stood before her like a judge, dominant as ever. Her face drained white, her eyes stared. She gripped her hands on the edge of the sofa, knowing that facing him like this she could never tell him, but knowing all the same that she had got to say something—it was her one chance. She fixed her eyes on the floor and could not even begin. Now that he stood before her like that she dared not even look at him. When at last she spoke, it was in a low, miserable voice.

"I couldn't stand it any longer, Peter," she said. "You left me time after time without any money, and I was so shabby the village people stared at me and pitied me. I had no decent boots, Peter, and they wouldn't mend any more. Mother sent me money on my birthday to buy clothes with, but you made me use it to pay your taxi. Think of it, Peter: thirty shillings for a taxi, and I had wanted boots for weeks. Time after time you left me nothing—not a penny in the house—and you dined with Bishops and great people, and I stopped at home and wondered if I could manage until you came back. Perhaps I was a fool to stand it so long, but you don't know what I have lived through, Peter."

She talked in great breathless sobs, tonelessly, avoiding him with her eyes. At last her voice trailed away into silence, but he did not speak. Frightened, she began again:—

"Peter, I was in despair! If I appealed to you, you didn't listen. When you first told me to cut down expenses because you wanted more money for your work I dismissed the servants and did all the work of the house myself. It was a lot for me, Peter, brought up as I had been, but I did it for you willingly and gladly, though at first the work nearly killed me. But even that wasn't enough. You wanted more. I had given you all the best of myself, Peter, and I had nothing else. I nearly starved for you, and it wasn't enough——"

"Is that true?" he said, interrupting her.

She thrust out her thin arms towards him. "Look at me," she said. "Think of what I was two years ago before you began to cut down expenses. I was pretty then, wasn't I? But I'm not pretty now. If they ever make you a Bishop, what sort of a wife should I be to brave it at the palace?"

"How is it that I have known nothing of all this?" he said, slowly.

She caught her breath hysterically. "Because you are a saint," she said. "Because the world around you means nothing to you, and the other world is everything."

"No, I am not a saint," he said. "It seems that I am not even a decent man. You have left me, Lucy, because you couldn't stand me any longer. Cox's wife left him, you remember, because he drank; another woman I know because her husband beat her. I'm not much better. No! I'm a thousand times worse. I'm a teacher—a visionary—and I'm supposed to be marked out for great things." His dark, burning eyes stared. He sprang to his feet and began pacing up and down the tiny room like some great caged beast.

"Lucy!" he said. "Think of the temptation, and pity me. Forgive me, if you can. They look up to me, they hear me preach, and I can rouse them like nobody else. I can stir them up and make them want to be good—even the bad ones, Lucy. And they do try. They come to me and they look up to me, and I talk and talk, and rouse up the soul in them, and it's all so *easy*. Hordes of them, hanging on my words, and all I've got to do is to talk—to tell them things that I honestly believe. Is it any wonder that ambition steps in sometimes? Is it any wonder, when these women come crowding round me, treating me as a great spiritual teacher, that sooner or later the ambition comes to climb? I'm the type of man ambition seizes hold of, Lucy. It's my great temptation. Every scrap of adulation that I get—and I get so little else—makes the fever worse, the gnawing desire to conquer and climb and get on. I was born a fighter."

He looked it every inch of him, his fine head thrown back, his shoulders squared, the whole force of the man apparent.

"And all the time I thought I was conquering," he said, "I was failing miserably: I was making you suffer, Lucy! What a lot they expect of the clergy. There's the work outside, fighting the sin and the dirt and the laziness, and all the rest of the devils, and you come home tired and have to fight the devil in yourself. There's no rest, no peace, no time to get tired. And every time you let go it's put down—not to faulty human nature worn down to snapping-point, but to some flaw in the Message. That's what I can't stand."

Suddenly he wheeled round on her. His voice, the whole queer, appealing force of the man, had had their effect. Her gentleness had returned, her wondering pride in the splendour of the man she had married.

"Lucy! Come back and help me to fight," he said. "Help me to make a decent man of myself. My work isn't only ambition. You know that, don't you? Come back with me, and help me to show in myself that I believe the things I teach. I don't ask you to forgive me; I'll *make* you do that."

She looked up, thrilled, her gentle face alight, her soft, pale hair shining in the lamplight.

He straightened himself, dug deep into his pocket, and flung a pocket-book in her lap. "That's not a bribe," he said; "it's an earnest—that's all."

"Oh, Peter!" she said, awed. She had seen the flimsy edge of a bank-note or two.

"I've got a free day to-morrow," he said, masterfully. "I shall spend it with you, shopping. There are all sorts of pretty things that you must have."

She stood up, trembling, and he came towards her, putting his arm round her. She hid her face on his shoulder and gave way to an April rain of tears.

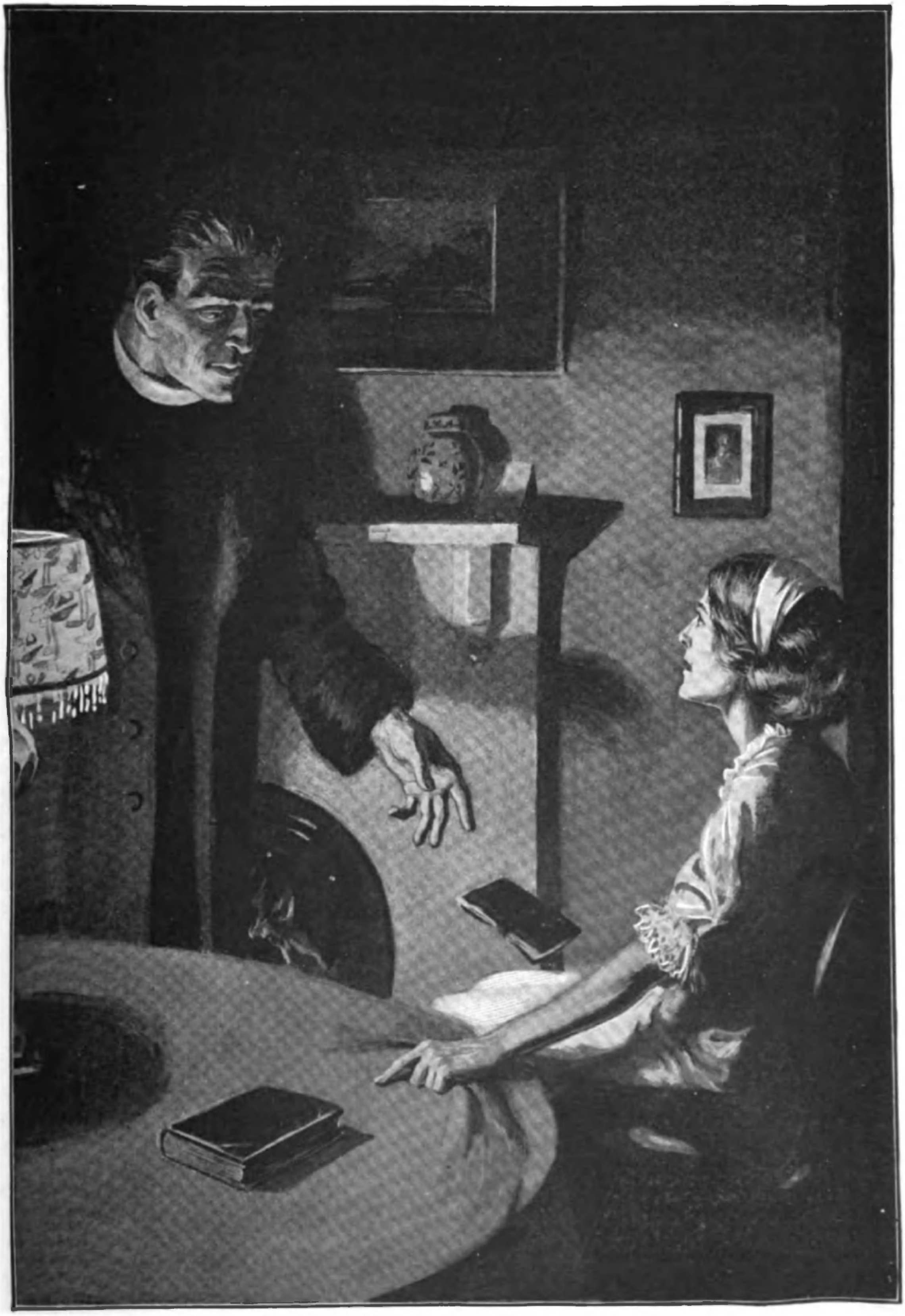
As she stood there weeping the dominance faded out of him, and the knowledge of his failure came home to him with a bitter humiliation. As a man he might have stumbled, but his spirit moved on to great things. He lifted up his head; his eyes had a remote look, his lips moved soundlessly. He was, in spite of everything, a man set apart and consecrated, one who walked in the holy places and communed with his God.

After a moment she lifted up her head and looked at him proudly. "Oh, Peter," she said, "you are a splendid man, really. It is I who am not worthy. If ever they make you a Bishop——"

"I thought I had told you," he said. "The appointment has come. They wrote to me yesterday, and I accepted this morning. We are to move into the palace as soon as it can be got ready."

She drew back from him, staring, incredulous. "A Bishop!" she said, wonderingly. "Then the struggle is over."

"For you, Lucy," he said, humbly; "but for me the struggle has just begun."



"HE FLUNG A POCKET-BOOK IN HER LAP."

The LIFE STORY OF A MUD-WASP AND ITS "CUCKOO"

By John J. Ward F.E.S.

Illustrated with Original Photographs by the Author.

WASPS in a general way are no friends of the gardener—as any gardener will promptly inform you. But all gardeners do not recognize that there are wasps and wasps. The mud-wasp, known to entomologists as a Solitary Wasp, differs entirely in its habits from the Social species, with their queens and males, their enormous community of workers, and their huge nest. The female mud-wasp constructs her "nest" alone, and the story of her method of procedure presents some curious and marvellous revelations of insect life. Let us follow her work throughout from its very commencement, so that we may see all that happens.

It was June 19th when our mud-wasp first appeared. How it got on the wall on which it rested it never knew, or probably never thought of, but there it was arranging its toilet in the full sunlight.

It could be readily distinguished from an ordinary wasp by its smaller size and its spindle-shaped body, surrounded in its broadest and roundest part by a deep and conspicuous black band.

Suddenly it was accompanied by a still smaller wasp, which alighted upon the wall, and at once a love-match commenced, the wall being used as a base for the brief flying excursions. Just how long the honeymoon lasted I am unable to tell, but in any case it was very brief, for three days later—June 22nd—the smaller male wasp had disappeared, and the lady wasp was extremely busy building the cells for her nursery. Her plan, too, was somewhat astonishing.

Adjoining the sunny wall on which her courtship had taken place was a large bay window the woodwork of which was painted white. Along the angle nearest the glass of one of the frames of this, our mud-wasp selected a suitable site on which to build. Her ambitions were very large, considering she was only a frail little wasp, and one, too, that could only work when the sunlight was bright, or the weather very warm.

How immense her task was we will now proceed to see. She usually commenced work between nine and ten a.m., and rarely continued past four p.m. Her whole time was occupied in flying to and from a pond some twenty or thirty yards from the house, bringing each time a pellet of mud from its banks, which in her "jaws" she agglutinated with mucus, producing a kind of mortar, which when dry becomes very hard. Each pellet was then dabbed and pressed upon the window-frame at irregular intervals for more than a yard of its length, as shown in the photograph, Fig. 1, the work being performed with extraordinary rapidity.

Here was exhibited the remarkable ambitions of this little architect. Obviously her intention was to build irregular rows of cells for the whole length of the window-frame as marked out by her first-brought pellets of mud, for when she had reached the height of about a yard she then started below again and

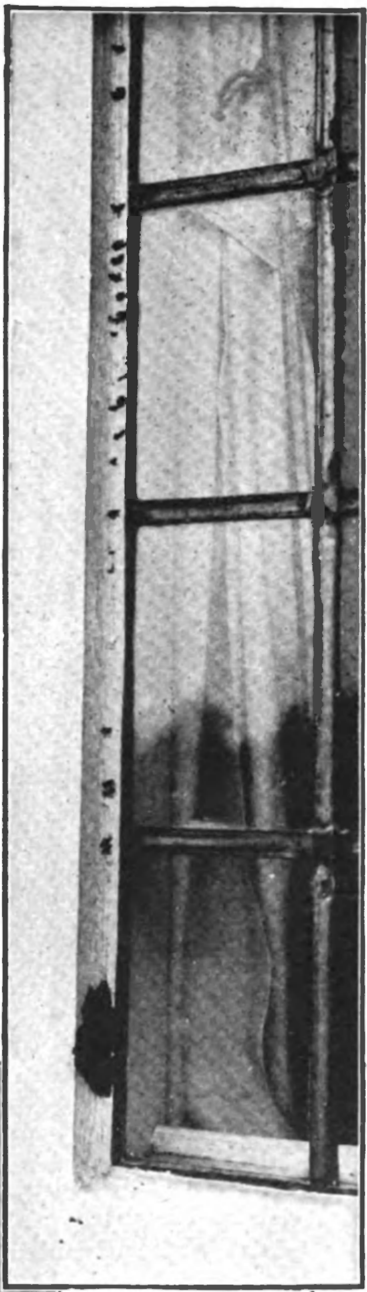


Fig. 1.—The window-frame, showing several complete wasp cells at its base, and patches of mud for a yard above, marking the wasp's building site.

commenced to work directly on the building of her first cell, and doubtless she would have successfully carried out her whole project but for subsequent happenings which proved so disastrous.

By the end of her third day of work (*i.e.*, on June 22nd) she had constructed eight cells, as shown in Fig. 1, and more in detail in Fig. 2. Not only had she built and sealed each cell, but she had also stored each one with an ample supply of food-material for the wasp-grub which was to emerge from the single egg which in each case she attached to the inner wall of the cell.

The building and storing of the cell was a most astonishing performance. Extra large loads of mud were brought for the base of the first cell, and then the upright side-walls were moulded, each pellet being flattened and rounded as it was added, until at last a hollow tube was formed of about three-quarters of an inch in height. But the walls were not made wholly of soft mud; in amongst it were tiny pebbles, and these were often sufficiently large to be of a troublesome weight for the wasp to carry, and after the mud had been placed in position it would frequently make a journey solely for the purpose of fetching a pebble. I also observed that it invariably went to exactly the same spot on a gravel path to select the pebble, each time flying a considerable distance, although it could have obtained the pebbles from the path quite close to its nest. There, however, we have the working of blind instinct, for the wasp, having once learnt where it could obtain suitable pebbles, invariably flew back to that spot for a further supply.

Having secured a pebble firmly by its jaws, it would at once fly back to its cell and ram it into the soft mud by means of its head. This description only applies to the larger pebbles; the smaller sand-grains were apparently amalgamated with the mortar in its first mixing.

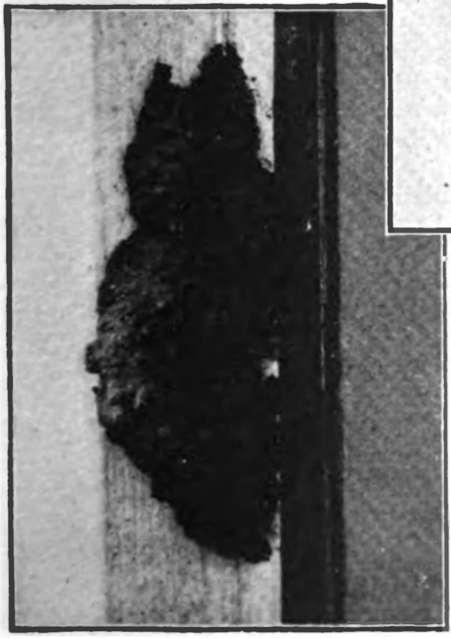


Fig. 2.—The eight complete mud-cells shown at base of Fig. 1—natural size.

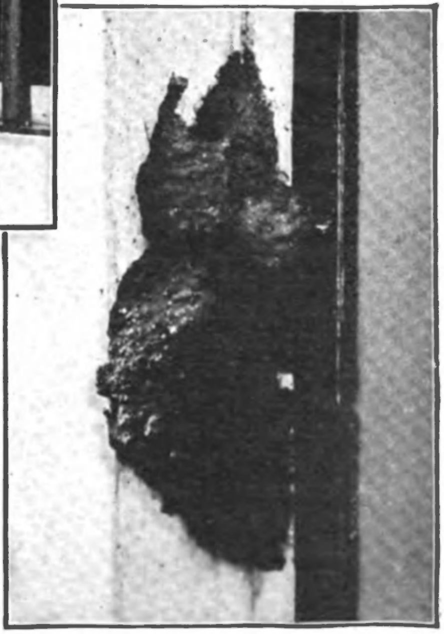


Fig. 3.—Mud-cells with portion broken away from the last made one to show the head of the mother wasp.

Curiously enough, on returning home after visiting the wasp at work upon its cells, I passed a modern house on which some builders were

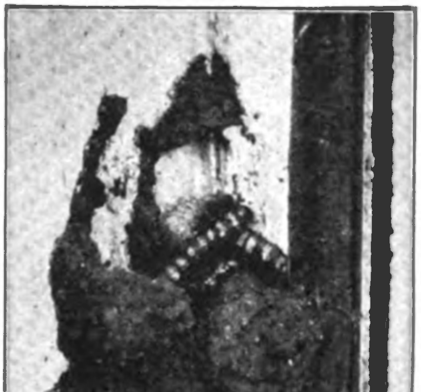


Fig. 4.—What an enemy did to the cells. Note the caterpillars which have tumbled out of the cells.

engaged in stuccoing (if that is the technical term) its front, and I noted that they spread and flattened the mortar or cement and then quickly hurled at it large quantities of pebbles and pressed them in. Then I thought of my little wasp, and how her blind instinct had anticipated the modern building methods of man.

The walls of the cell having been strengthened in this way, it was then ready to receive the provender for the wasp-grub, and without a moment's waste of time away goes the mother wasp in search of it. This time her journey was to a rose-bush not very distant from the nest. In and out amongst the leaves she goes, apparently very excited and in a fearful hurry. Presently she abruptly stops; her head is plunged into a curled leaf, held in its curled position by some silken threads. A moment later she is dragging a struggling caterpillar from within into the open. Once it is clear of its domicile she grips it firmly with jaws and legs, and with the skill of an experienced surgeon brings her sting into position, and in an instant the victim is stung and paralyzed, *but not killed*.

Then, grasping it tightly with legs and jaws, she starts for home. If the caterpillar is large, she may have to rest several times, but at last she reaches the open cell, when with wonderful celerity the caterpillar, still able to jerk and kick with the latter part of its body, is rolled into a ring and jammed by the head of the wasp to the bottom of the cell, and an instant later she is off in search of another victim.

From six to twelve caterpillars, according to their size, are packed into the cell just like sardines in a box, except that each is placed in more or less coiled fashion one above the other. They are so closely pressed that it is impossible for them to move very much. The cell is then closed, the door forming the base on which the next cell is to be built, and which is immediately proceeded with, and likewise stored with living food for the forthcoming wasp-grub.

When the wasp under observation had completed the eight cells shown in Fig. 2, two dull and cold days followed, and the cells remained untouched, no further building being performed. I was very desirous to know where the wasp was in hiding during this interval. It was only by the merest accident that I discovered her at the end of the second day of resting. I was examining the walls of the cells by means of a magnifying lens, when I observed that the mouth of the last-formed cell was closed with a peculiar black "lid." This "lid" I proceeded to gently remove by means of a pair of fine forceps, but when I touched it, to my astonishment it retreated some distance down the cell. I then broke away a little of the cell-wall as shown in Fig. 3, when I discovered that it was the top of the head of the mother wasp. She was hiding in the cell with her two antennæ, or feelers, folded downwards along the sides of her body, which latter just comfortably fitted the cell, and the hard top of her head

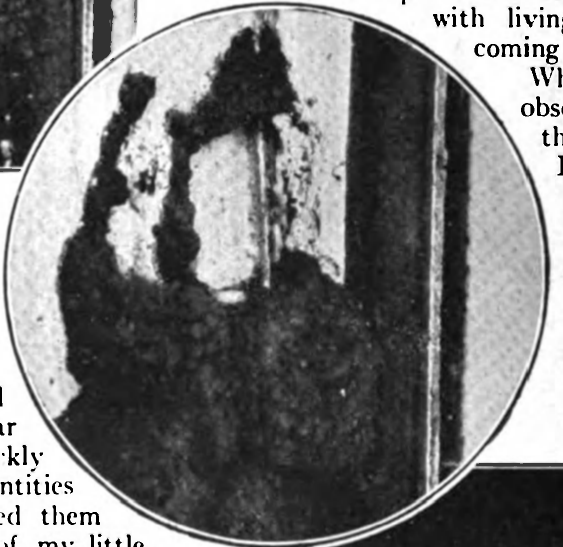


Fig. 5.—The caterpillars removed from the cell and the wasp's egg exposed to view. It is a pale sausage-shaped object attached by a stalk to the the cell-wall, near the base.

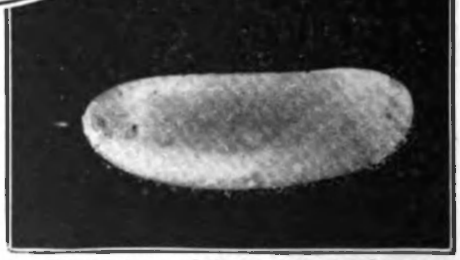


Fig. 6.—A magnified view of the wasp's egg.

closed its entrance against all intruders.

Such were the details that I was able to record of this interesting little insect during the first five days of its work in building its cells. The weather the following day was again unpropitious, and consequently I did not visit the wasp, but the next morning, June 26th, being bright, I again went off with the camera.

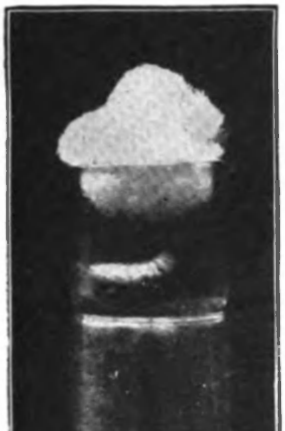


Fig. 7.—The wasp-grub in the glass cell.

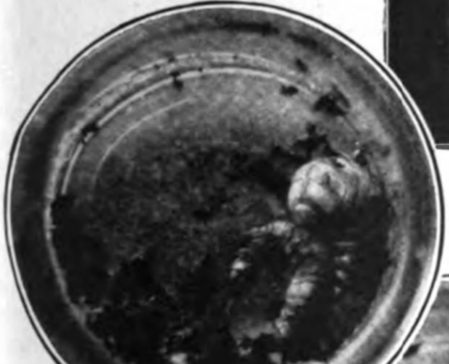


Fig. 8.—The interior of the glass cell, showing how the wasp-grub attacks its prey.

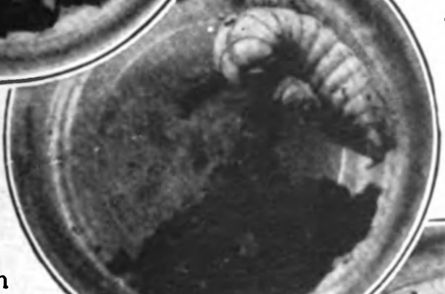


Fig. 9.—The wasp-grub devouring its last caterpillar and surrounded by the skin of its earlier victims.

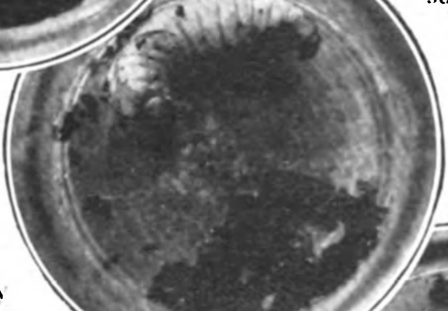


Fig. 10.—Reposing at the end of its feast.

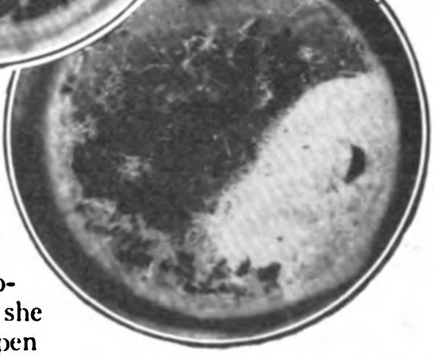


Fig. 11.—How the grub became a chrysalis.

On arriving at my destination, which was some five miles away from my home, I inquired of the lady of the house on whose window the cells were being built if the wasp had been seen. "Yes," she replied, "I saw it at work about an hour ago." On reaching the window I found a great deal more than I expected. Part of my discovery is shown in Fig. 4. The two uppermost cells had been broken open and the caterpillars exposed, some of them having fallen on to the window-ledge and also to the ground.

There was no doubt that an enemy had been at work. What could that enemy be? I interviewed the lady of the house, and showed her the damaged cells. She was both astonished and grieved, for the little wasp had become quite a favourite, and she was quite sure that nobody could have been near the cells, and "Besides," she remarked, "if they had, nurse sitting sewing by the open window would surely have seen them." That information resulted in the nurse being closely questioned, and she was likewise quite certain nobody had been near the window.

Then I made a careful examination of things, and I came to the conclusion that a mischievous bird had been at work, searching for the caterpillars. But how came the bird to take the trouble to open these cells and then leave the caterpillars it had sought with nothing to disturb it?

I was collecting up the scattered caterpillars from the ground for examination, when I discovered the mother wasp, or rather part of her, her head and foreparts bearing her legs and wings, but minus her body, both feelers and legs being still active. The mystery was no longer a mystery. What had taken place was this. A bird seeking for food had opened the cells, but while doing so the mother wasp had returned and boldly attacked it. The bird had retaliated by pecking at the wasp, and apparently it got a mouthful that it never expected, for the little wasp's sting had certainly taken away all its appetite for caterpillars. So the little wasp protected its offspring at the expense of its own life.

In offering this explanation to the lady of the house and the nurse, the latter suddenly remembered that while sewing by the window she had been startled by a little bird striking quite forcibly against

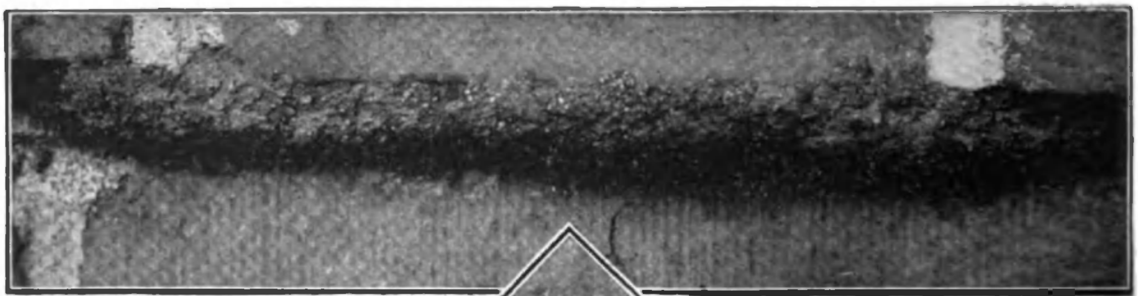


Fig. 12.—A row of eight cells built between the bricks of a newly-built wall—natural size.

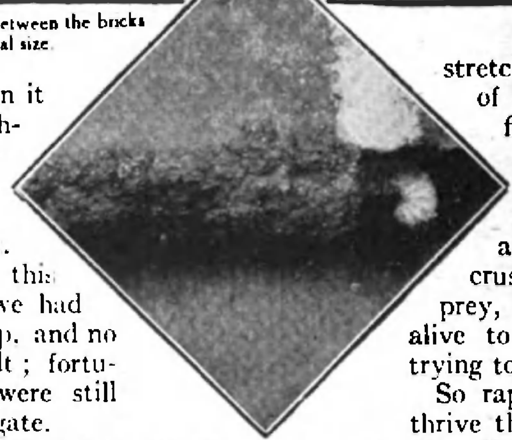


Fig. 13.—The end cell shown in Fig. 12 opened, and the wasp-grub exposed.

the glass—doubtless when it obtained its surprise mouthful. From the description given of this little bird I have no doubt that it was a common blue-tit.

Interesting, though, as this probable solution was, we had nevertheless lost our wasp, and no more cells would be built; fortunately, however, there were still many things to investigate.

I at once removed the remaining caterpillars from the cell and searched for the wasp's egg, which I found attached by means of a stalk to the wall of the lower part of the cell, as shown in Fig. 5. The egg is of enormous proportions to be deposited by so small an insect, and a magnified view of it is shown in Fig. 6.

The next links in the life history of this little wasp lay hidden in the closed cells. What would happen in each darkened and terrible chamber, with its store of living but paralyzed caterpillars? Undoubtedly the wasp-grub needed living prey, and such was its mother's method of supplying it, in view of the fact that she herself would not see her offspring. In due course it would emerge from the egg and devour the store provided for it; but how long would the caterpillars remain before their end came? These were the problems I set out to solve.

First I made a glass cell of suitable proportions, then the egg shown in Fig. 6, still attached to a piece of the mud cell-wall, was introduced, together with the paralyzed caterpillars removed by the tit from the broken cells; a plug of cotton-wool then closed this artificial cell. As darkness might be an essential factor in the development of the wasp-grub, the glass cell was finally enclosed in a small cardboard box.

The glass cell was made the day after the egg was deposited (June 27th). On June 30th the little grub burst through its egg-shell and stretched out its body in search of its first victim, holding firmly to the egg-stalk in the meanwhile. Eventually its tiny mandibles got a hold, and through a lens one could see them crushing the juices from their prey, which was sufficiently alive to frequently wriggle as if trying to shake off its aggressor.

So rapidly did the wasp-grub thrive that at the end of eight days (July 8th) it had devoured its eighth and last caterpillar. Thinking the tit might have devoured one of the caterpillars from the original cell, I obtained another from a rose-bush, which, in a partly-injured state, I offered to the grub. It readily accepted this, and a few hours later there was another empty caterpillar skin in the cell; but that sufficed. It refused a tenth which was offered to it.

So we see that from an egg deposited on June 27th a full-fed grub had matured, some eleven days later. In Fig. 7 the grub is shown in the glass "cell" attacking its last victim, while the somewhat enlarged photographs in Figs. 8 and 9 reveal more of the grim reality of this natural slaughter-house.

Having devoured its prey, the grub rests in the cell, as shown in Fig. 10, for several hours, until it has digested its meal, when it proceeds to spin some silken threads with which it weaves a covering sheet for its body (Fig. 11), and beneath this it eventually changes into a pupa or chrysalis, lying by until the hot sun of mid-June of the following year warms it into full life, when it bites its way through its woven covering, and then sets its jaws to work upon the hard mud walls of its cell, biting out a round hole through which it emerges on to the sunny wall, or some similar situation, to arrange its toilet.

That is what happens when all goes well. Sometimes, though, instead of a mud-wasp emerging, what at first glance looks like a

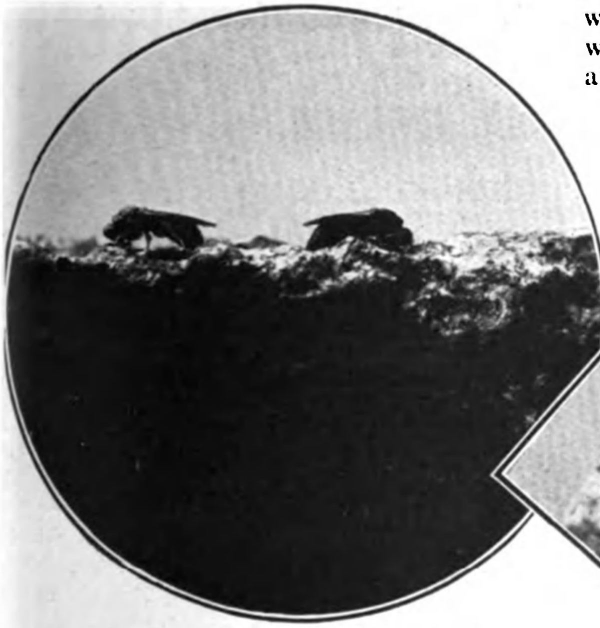


Fig. 14.—Cuckoo-flies seeking the cells of the mud-wasp.

gorgeously-attired house-fly appears. The body of this insect glows like ruby fire, while its head and foreparts glisten with splendid metallic blues and greens. It is a charming little insect, indeed, but how comes it to bite its way from a mud-wasp's cell ?

In Fig. 12 is shown a row of cells built by a 1911 ancestor of the little mud-wasp whose work I have here described. Curious to say, the cells built this year (1913) on the window-frame were not a yard distant from those on the wall built two years before. No blue-tit damaged those cells. Perhaps the object of placing them on the flat wall was so that no landing-place should be provided for that dangerous foe ; while in the other case the window-ledge at the base (see Fig. 1) would perhaps serve as an attacking ground for the enemy. Nevertheless, in spite of this wise selection of a building site, the enemy crept in—not the tit, but the cuckoo-fly, the gaudily-dressed little insect I have referred to above.

The end cell, as shown in Fig. 13, contained a wasp-grub, but that was the only cell in the whole row which did. To each of the others, while the mother wasp was out collecting caterpillars, the wily cuckoo-fly paid a hasty visit, waiting her opportunity and quickly placing one of her eggs within each cell before it was sealed up by the unsuspecting mud-wasp. During the whole time these cells were being built these handsome flies warily watched for a chance to visit an open cell. They have a remarkable habit of running rapidly about the walls and other places where the mud-wasp builds its cells, with their heads and feelers turned downwards, while they diligently search every niche and crevice, as shown in Figs. 14 and 15.

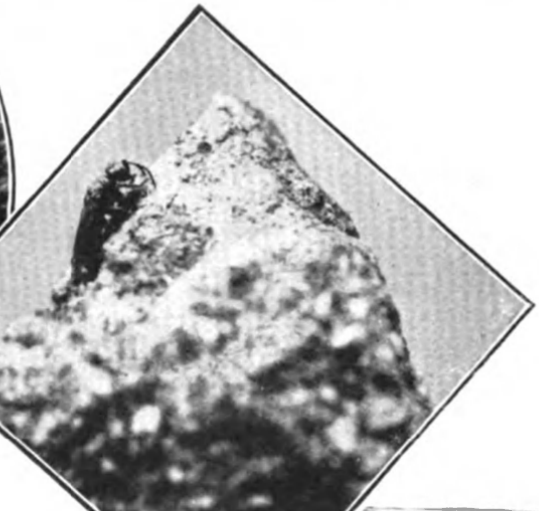


Fig. 15.—Showing how the cuckoo-fly uses its "feelers" when searching for wasp cells.

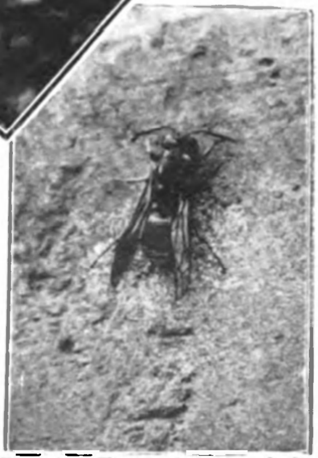


Fig. 16.—The mud-wasp — distinguished from the common wasp by its smaller size and spindle-shaped body.

The insects seen in the two photographs just referred to are some of the actual ones which emerged from the cells shown in Fig. 12, photographed after waiting twelve months for their advent. Their appearance coincides with that of the mud-wasps themselves, and their whole time is occupied in gaily flitting about in the sunlight amongst the flowers, excepting when the female insects leave this merry and pleasant life for a period to play the " cuckoo " by stealthily placing their eggs in the cells of some hard-working mud-wasp. Sometimes they are caught in the act, but they only roll their bodies into a ball, when their armour proves a complete protection against the sting of the owner of the cell.

In concluding these details of these two remarkable insects, which have taken nearly two and a half years to gather, I may point out that the little mud-wasp is obviously a good friend of the gardener, while the handsome cuckoo-fly, as we have seen, is his enemy, which is probably a contrary conclusion to that which appearances might suggest.

Crane's Afterthought.

By EDWARD CECIL.

Illustrated by Thomas Somerfield.

"HOW long do you think it will be before—well, before the end ?"

The liner was sinking quickly. But the girl asked the question in a perfectly steady voice.

"I can't tell," Crane replied. "They are doing their best. At any rate, you've nothing to be afraid of. On a calm sea like this the boats will be quite safe."

While he was speaking he was thinking that the girl at his side was as strong and reliable as she was by common consent beautiful.

A warm glow of pleasure at seeing her courage lit up his thoughts, which had been grey and sombre enough during the last few weeks. Yet even as it was born it died. It might be possible to get that last boat off safely; but afterwards—what ? He shivered a little as he thought of it, brave, level-headed, and resourceful though he was.

Then he turned his gaze again from looking over the calm sea to the girl's face. She must not be allowed inactivity and silence for thinking.

"Go and fetch the warmest wraps you've got," he said. "There's plenty of time, but don't waste any. You understand ? I'll keep your place for you while you are gone."

She met his gaze, and, without saying anything, trusted him and went to do what he told her. Once again Crane felt glad. It meant a good deal to him, being trusted like that.

He lighted a cigarette as he stood there in her place in the waiting line, which was as orderly as a queue waiting at a theatre door, though inch by inch, minute by minute, as he knew, the liner was sinking.

And, realizing to the full the certainty that in a very short time he would be struggling for his life in the sea, he bent down and began to unloosen the laces of his boots.

As he did so, however, he saw that one of the waiting women was watching him. Immediately he realized what her watching meant, and stood upright again. He had two reasons for doing so. That woman might understand; and, after all, did he really wish to be saved ? He was not so sure. Did life promise much to him worth having ?

Then the girl came back.

"They are just about ready with the boat," he said, as he stepped out of her place.

Even as he spoke a murmur of relief went up from that last line of waiting women. It had begun to move forward.

"I want to tell you something," said the girl, abruptly, at that moment when the movement forward began. "I must tell it you before I go. Last night I was warned against you ; seriously, I mean. The captain had told Mrs. Courtney something. Well, I won't say what it was, for I don't believe it !"

He threw away the end of his cigarette, and thought for a moment before he spoke.

"I'm glad you think well of me," he said, steadily. "Of course I don't know what Mrs. Courtney told you. But probably most of it was true."

"Well, we know what Mrs. Courtney is worth ! She scrambled off in the first boat without a thought for me—a girl put into her charge for the voyage !"

Crane shrugged his shoulders. He was looking in front of him anxiously.

"Yes, I know," he said. "Plenty of women are like her, though. No thought for anything save their own safety when the pinch comes !"

Ahead of them a foolish, talkative woman, the wife of a well-known South African magnate, had made a foolish remark in a high-pitched voice.

"What a pity it is," she said, with emotion, "that this is the last boat."

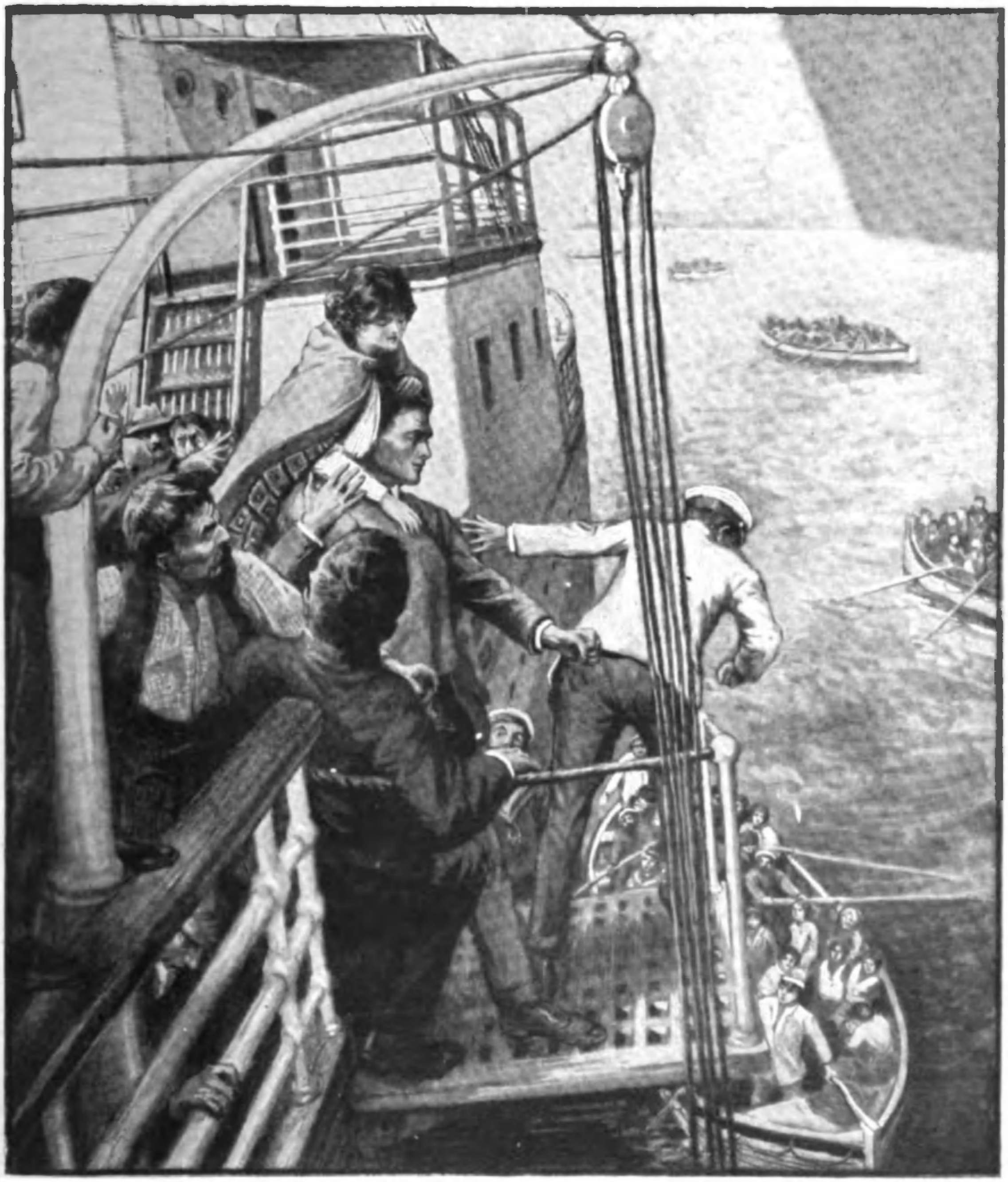
"Why on earth can't she hold her tongue ?" Crane muttered.

But the evil had been done.

The panic came instantly and the line broke. The place where the ship's officers were guiding the women down into the boat became the scene of a useless and heartrending struggle.

Just as quickly as the panic came, however, Crane saw what would happen. The boat would be compelled to push off for its own safety before all the women were taken into it.

He acted instantly.



"THE PANIC CAME INSTANTLY AND THE LINE BROKE. 'SIT ON MY SHOULDER AND CLASP TIGHTLY ROUND MY NECK,' HE COMMANDED."

"Sit on my shoulder and clasp tightly round my neck," he commanded, and before Eva Benyon understood what was happening she was lifted off her feet and found herself sitting and holding on as best she could above the crowd. Crane was pushing forward, saving her! Her heart beat fiercely. Whatever people might say about him, he was brave and resourceful!

Then suddenly her gladness gave way to piteous anxiety.

"What will you do when the boat has gone?"

"Never mind—the best I can."

For a moment the thought of the awful tragedy of that sinking liner overwhelmed her. What chance could there be then for this man who was now saving her in that senseless panic?

But she had no time for thinking now. He was speaking as he forced his way forward, passing something up to her.

"Will you take care of this for me?" he asked, putting a small brown linen bag into her hand. "They are valuable stones, and they are all I've got. If you don't hear from me again, after a year give them to Mrs. Crane, 24, Culveston Crescent, Ealing, London—my mother."

"Yes. You can trust me."

"Of course! You trusted me just now. Keep your head. They are getting ready to push off the boat.

"Stop a minute," he commanded; "one more!"

His clear and resolute voice compelled attention even in that struggle. Almost before he knew his good luck he found himself at the head of the ladder leading down into the boat. Someone seized him from behind, but not before the girl was safely on the ladder. The boat was clearing, but in the last moment Eva Benyon was safe in it. This much he saw before he was dragged back and pushed aside. He had just time to give the address again.

Oblivious of everything else, joy and gladness filled his whole being. He had saved her. He had justified himself; whatever else he might have done, a human life might now be put down to his credit.

But not only had he saved her, not only had he justified himself to himself—before he made that supreme effort and passed her on to the ladder she had said something.

"I will keep it till you come. And come—don't forget to come!" Then again whispered hurriedly, as she slipped from his arms on to the ladder: "Don't send for it. Come for it. In a year I shall be back at Bay View."

"Yes, I'll come," he had said, triumphantly, carried far above caution in that crucial moment, yet almost in the same breath and in flat contradiction shouting down to her his mother's address.

"In all probability you have saved that girl's life, Crane," said someone at his elbow.

He turned sharply and saw the clean-shaven, quiet-voiced man who was his companion on the voyage from the Cape to England.

"What on earth do you want to remind me of your existence for now?" he exclaimed. "Can't you see that we are all on the brink—well, of eternity?"

The man stepped back, abashed and astonished.

"Yes, sir. I suppose we've not much chance," the man faltered.

"Chance?" Crane laughed. "A dog's chance! One in ten! For Heaven's sake, don't bother about me now. Look after yourself. Go and hear what the third officer over there is saying about lifebelts."

And with a shrug of his shoulders Crane walked away to a clearer part of that deck which very soon would be deep under the waters into which they were sinking.

His companion for the voyage followed him.

Crane stopped. Perhaps the man wanted to save him. Perhaps he wanted to die doing his duty.

"Look here," said Crane, bluntly. "Look after yourself. Let everyone take his own dog's chance for himself. I've no reason for wishing to arrive in England. Isn't that enough for you? Leave me alone."

And at that the man left him.

Men are sometimes presented with a ready-made solution of their difficulties. Such a solution stared Robert Crane in the face as he stood on the deck of the sinking liner.

It was a grim solution, cold and hard to accept in a moment of thrilling danger. It required a Stoic to welcome it, and Crane was far from being that.

Nevertheless, he was no fool, and he knew well enough that the path of wisdom for him was not to struggle, not to fight, not to think about saving himself, when presently the moment came. Far better for him to drop out of life now when he might do so with his respect for himself restored and his saving a woman's life just placed to his credit. Far better that than landing in England and facing what he had got to face.

And how much easier!

He took out a cigarette from his case and lighted it.

"I think I can be trusted not to make a fool of myself," he reflected. He looked straight in front of him over the calm sea, at the boats now sufficiently far away to be at a safe distance, and saw with his mind's eye not the picture of the pleasant things of life which he was losing, but a picture of something which he had the good sense to avoid—himself in a convict's clothes.

The calm sea was once again calm.

Half a mile away the boats felt the wave which the sinking of the liner caused. The talkative woman who had caused the panic once again expressed her pity with a sob in her voice. Eva Benyon, sitting in the stern of the boat, shivered. She strained her eyes over the sea to discover the least sign of the liner. There was none. The great ship lay, many fathoms deep, beside the uncharted reef upon which she had struck.

Nevertheless, on the calm surface of the sea Robert Crane was floating, lying on his back and gazing up into the clear sky. He was trying to remember what had happened.

Of his decision to go down with the ship and make no struggle he had a perfect recollection. He remembered waiting for the moment to come, and, before long, longing for it to come quickly.

Then suddenly it came. The deck beneath his feet seemed to lurch forward, and instinctively he grasped at the handrail. It seemed absurd, he thought, as for a moment the ship righted herself, for him to make any effort, since he had decided to go down with the ship, and he well remembered seeing that and folding his arms. He remembered no more.

But now, his eyes open, his brain clearing, he was lying on his back, gazing up into the clear sky and breathing freely. An indescribable pleasure conquered him. He was alive.

Being an expert swimmer, he was in no immediate danger, and he turned on his side. He laughed in sheer amazement at the irony of the thing, for there, within a few strokes' reach, a lifebelt was floating. Doubtless some poor wretch had let it slip from him in his struggles, and it lay there useless. With three long, easy strokes Crane's hand was upon it.

At the moment he touched it, however, he saw that not only had he found it ready to his hand—he had even gained it in competition with another. For, on the other side of it, pushing towards it with frantic effort, supporting himself clumsily on a wooden bath-mat, was a little, good-humoured man he had known well all the way out from Cape Town.

Crane pulled the lifebelt towards him, and the other, the "pet curate," as a man in the smoking-room had once christened him, saw that he was forestalled. His dismay showed itself plainly in his face. He could hardly swim at all, and his bath-mat was a poor support. Crane felt sorry for him. He noticed that he still had his clerical collar on, though it was reduced to a limp rag round his neck.

"Ah, Crane," he spluttered, "I'm glad to see you are safe!"

"Safe!"

"I was after that lifebelt myself. Do you want it?"

"As much as anybody else," said Crane, grimly.

"Yes, of course. Do you think there's another about? This thing just keeps me up, but that's all."

For a moment the thought that, after all, it was a struggle between two for that lifebelt, and that the weakest must go under, was all that occurred to Crane. The instinct to save himself now asserted itself. But for a moment only. He remembered how the little curate had been the life of all the deck games, the good-humoured butt of so much banter. Someone had called him "The Private Secretary," and the name had stuck. Once, after a game of deck cricket, a young wag had fetched him a glass of milk and a bath bun, and all the perspiring cricketers had shouted with laughter; but Eva Benyon had killed the joke by sharing the refreshment with its victim.

"Balfour," Crane shouted now, "Balfour! Take it, and good luck to you!"

He pushed the lifebelt towards him.

"I can't take it," spluttered the curate, who was barely keeping afloat. "You've as much right to it as I have. More, because it was you who got it, not me."

"Don't be a fool. I can swim as well as most men can walk."

With that he was showing him how to put the belt on.

"Keep afloat and don't get down-hearted. Ten to one you'll get picked up."

Without waiting to hear his thanks Crane struck out, once again to be alone.

But as he put forth his body's strength in swimming the blood began to course through his veins and the mists of thought cleared from his mind.

After all, come what might, it was best to live. Even if he had to stand his trial on reaching England, even if he were convicted, as he was sure to be, and the brand of having been a convict remained upon him after he had served his sentence, there were new lands in which he could live and forget. After all, there was something in living, the sheer joy of health and strength.

There, on that calm sea, he felt his superiority to many such as the little curate whom he had just saved. With quick, deft movements which he had practised in the swimming-baths as a schoolboy he slipped his clothes off, and as they sank away from him he rejoiced, as he felt free, in all the strength of his superb manhood and his mastery of the element.

With long, clean, easy strokes he swam on.

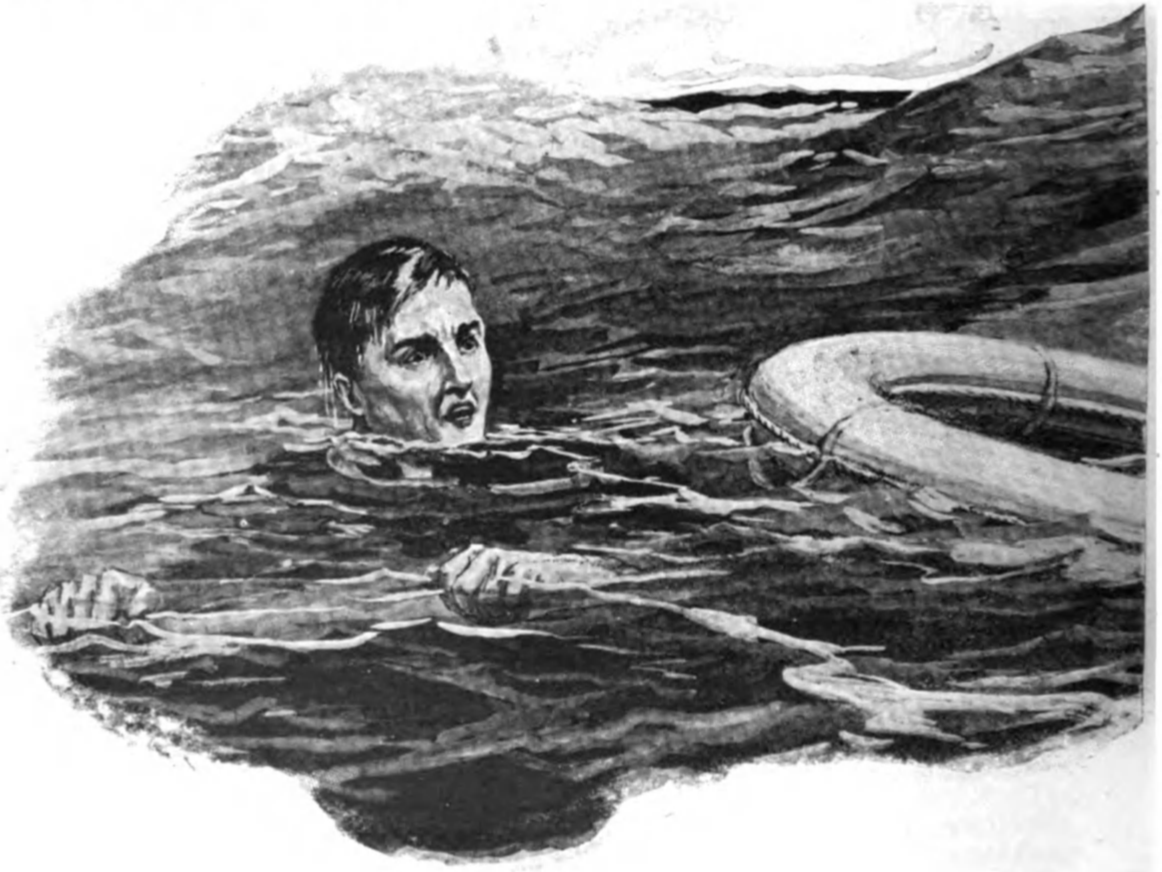
No longer did he notice the cold path of wisdom, no reasonings troubled him now. Every muscle worked true and sound; every stroke he took was easy and powerful. He rose on the water and conquered it. With a thrill of joy he reflected that he swam as easily as most men walk.

And then, almost as if a miracle had happened, he realized that not only was he swimming superbly, but he was swimming with the tide! It was incredible good fortune, but somewhere ahead there was land! It might be far. But if he was quick, if only he could take full advantage of that tide before it turned, he would reach that land and be saved!

Another thought also came to him. He carried nothing which would identify him, no papers or clothes—nothing. It would certainly be surmised that he had perished with the rest. Surely he might begin a new life now, the slate of the past wiped clean. He might, certainly he might!

On and on, stroke after stroke, not wasting his strength, but using every ounce of it to the full, he cleaved his way towards that dim chance of safety.

It might have been wise, that decision of his, to sink with the liner. But his afterthought was superb—his decision to live.



Long afterwards, his magnificent bodily strength drained to the last drop, his limbs working feebly and automatically, his senses dim, his breath coming in gasps, Crane reached a surf-belt, beyond which, he was just able to reason, there must be land.

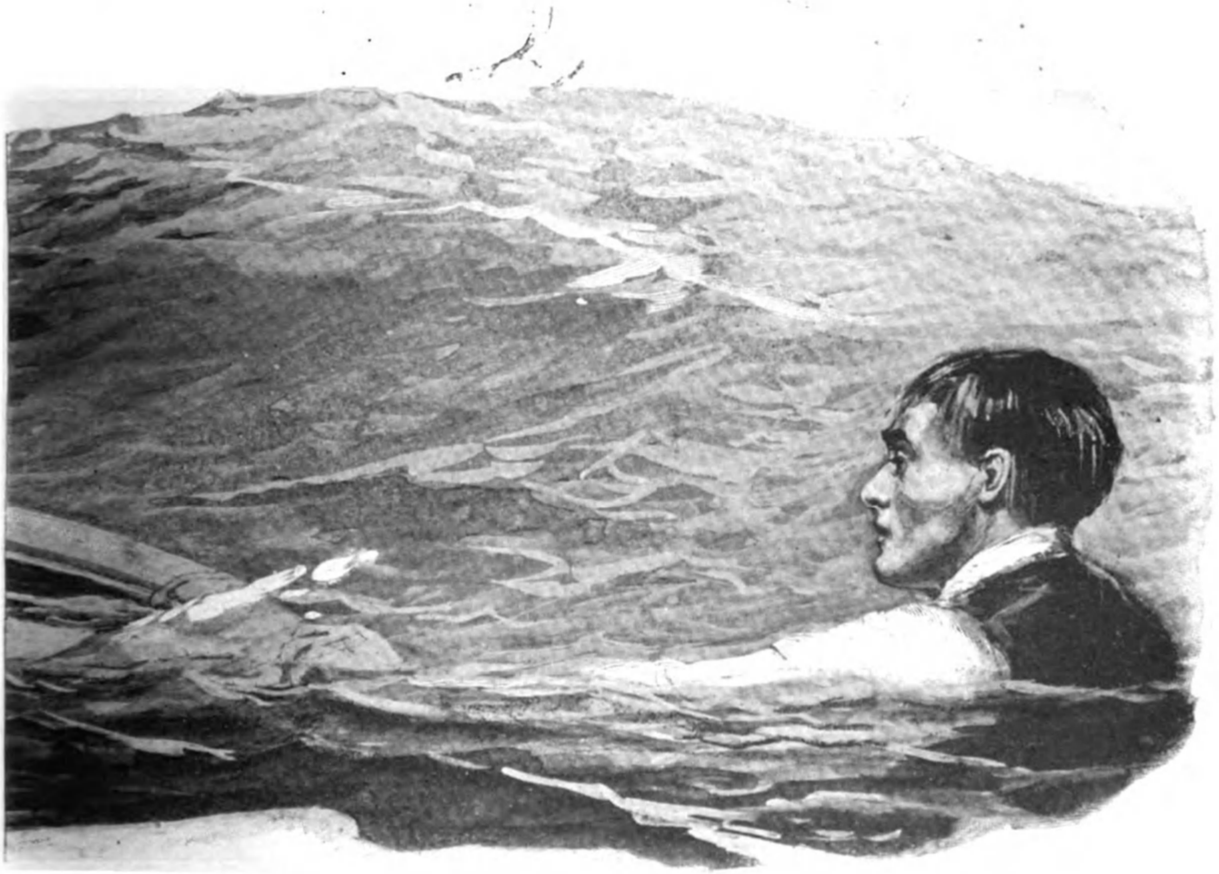
In that surf for a while he was lost. It buffeted him cruelly. But he made no effort of any kind, and in the end he passed through it. Battered and bruised, his skin torn in many places, his strength utterly gone, the breath of life well-nigh beaten out of him, he touched sand.

Soon, with a last effort, he crawled upward to where the sand was dry.

It was then night, but he did not know whether it was night or day. He knew nothing except that the sand was dry and warm. With an unutterable content he lay upon it, and after a time worked with his hands till he buried his body in it. Then, breathing evenly at last, he slept.

A year passed.

The warm night breeze which stirred the trees round Bay View was scented with the breath of flowers and flowering shrubs. It was just sufficiently strong to move the leaves from time to time, and it seemed to Eva Benyon that the whispering sound from the trees was in some mysterious manner a commentary on her thoughts. Nature was in a kindly, gentle mood, and her thoughts were attuned to Nature. She was in touch with the great realities of life that night, and she had made her decision on the most important question in a woman's life. She was happy.



"'TAKE IT, AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU!' I CAN'T TAKE IT,' SPLUTTERED THE CURATE; 'YOU'VE AS MUCH RIGHT TO IT AS I HAVE.'"

Behind her, her father's big house, wide verandaed, spacious, and luxuriously comfortable, as was indeed fitting for the home of a wealthy Cape Town merchant, was full of light, laughter, and gaiety. There were a number of guests that night, and one of them was a tall, deeply-sunburned man, whose face was indeed heavily lined, but whose eyes were wonderfully keen and steady. Before her, far below, Table Bay lay darkly beautiful, studded here and there with lights.

She sat there in the shelter of a great flower-covered syringa, waiting. No doubts troubled her. Life was before her, and the entrance to it lay through a golden gate. Presently there was the sound she was expecting, something more than the movement of the night breeze in the trees—a footstep in the path. Almost immediately the tall, sunburned man who had come to the dance that night from the hotel in Cape Town, where he was staying, invited as a friend she had made on one of her voyages, and, as her mother had admitted, "a very useful man in an emergency," stood at her side.

"I have come for the stones you promised to keep for me, Miss Benyon," he said, quietly.

She simply held the bag out to him, and he took it.

He thanked her.

"I also have something to thank you for," she said, gazing down upon the distant bay; "but ordinary words of thanks are rather out of place when one is thanking someone for—well, for one's life."

"Yes?"

Then he seemed to understand.

"You could thank me," he said, frankly, "by putting into my hands to keep and cherish that which I saved. But there is an obstacle in the way. I cannot ask for such supreme payment for what I did, because there is something which you do not know."

He spoke clearly and steadily.

"No," she replied, with equal steadiness. "I think I know it."

She held out a little bundle of newspaper cuttings.

"One of those," she quoted from memory, "who lost his life in this tragedy of the high seas was Robert Crane, who, having been arrested in Kimberley, was being brought to England to stand his trial for an ingenious fraud upon the Metropolitan and Suburban Bank."

"Yes, I know. I am supposed to be dead," he admitted. "But that does not settle the matter."

"What I quoted was from the London *Times.* There was more about you, and I followed it up. I found out all there was to find out, because I wished to know all I could about the man to whom, in all human probability, I owed my life."

"Yes?"

"I do not think there is much to tell me which I do not know."

"Only this," said Crane. "A man who has once committed a fraud is liable to commit another. It may be in his blood. You must take that into account. The greatest blackguard on earth might in a moment of impulse save a fellow human being's life. That in itself is nothing."

"I quite agree. But we are dealing with a particular case, not with a general principle."

The words were bravely spoken.

"You mean that you believe in me," Crane demanded, "that you think the mistake in my life was the exception, and the rest of the things I have done the rule?"

"Yes," said Eva Benyon, meeting his gaze, "I do."

"Thank God for it!" he said, quietly and simply, looking away from her and down upon Table Bay, beautiful as it lay there below.

"I will tell you what I think," said his companion, in her gentle, serious voice. "Five years ago you made a great mistake, which you have regretted ever since. You came out here, went up North, and started doing well, and you turned all the money you made into diamonds. Then you were arrested. owing to the vigilance of Scotland Yard, and you were being taken back to England when I met you, and when you saved my life. Well, that is the old life. Now we have the new. It began a year ago. For the past year you have suffered great hardships. Anyone can see it from the lines in your face. Well, after a time you have got here to claim your diamonds. They will give you far more than enough to repay the bank what it lost five years ago through you. The future is, therefore, before you, and, as I am not a mere girl, I can tell the sort of man who will succeed. You will. That's the new life. Put the old one behind you and begin the new."

"I should like to begin it with something more than the hope of success," he said at last.

"What is that?"

"The hope of happiness."

"Why not?" she asked.

He looked into her face and then drew her into his arms.

Some time afterwards, at a meeting of the directors of the Metropolitan and Suburban Bank, it was mentioned that a sum of money had been received anonymously equivalent to the amount lost a little more than five years previously owing to the ingenious dishonesty of Robert Crane, a clerk at one of the London branches.

"It would look as if he did not go down with that liner, after all," one of the directors remarked.

"And is doing well somewhere," another added.

No one else said anything.

"Scotland Yard has written him off as dead," the secretary observed.

"Then I propose we do the same," said the chairman, "if we have not already done so."

A minute later those comfortable leather-covered chairs were empty, and on the following day this appeared amongst the agony announcements in the *Morning Post*:—

CRANE.—The Conscience Money has been received and the account written off.—METROPOLITAN AND SUBURBAN BANK.

Several weeks later this welcome announcement was cut out from a copy of the paper by one of the happiest women in South Africa.

HEROINES OF THE FILM.

Their Adventures Grave and Gay.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

"CAN you swim, walk a tight rope, drive an express engine, vault from a motor-car when travelling at sixty miles an hour, stop runaway horses, wrestle with wild animals, and——"

"Certainly!"

"Oh, that's all right, then. Now we'll see if you can act."

Such might be the typical introductory conversation passing between a producer and a new aspirant for the honours and glories of the picture-play heroine.

It must be admitted that the average film favourite often has to face strange situations and to incur grave risks.

In one Essanay play the scene was laid in a down-town *café*, the proprietor of which received a handsome remuneration for the use of his establishment during the lunch hour. Miss Dolores Cassinelli was taking the part of a woman of the world, and as she is possessed of a wonderful voice she started singing the aria from "Aida," to infuse more actuality into the part she was playing. Instantly the crowd in the restaurant, struck by the singing, rose and pressed round the artiste. The producer stormed and threatened as the admirers obstructed the camera, but they refused to budge, and offered to throw the producer and operator outside if they did not keep quiet. The artiste was somewhat embarrassed at the turn of events, but the crowd encouraged her to go on. Four times the aria was rendered, and then the crowd, turning to the operator standing by his camera, bade him to "Get on with the coffee-mill, and be quick about it, or we shall be after some more singing."

Sensationalism to-day is the rage, and grave risks are incurred to satisfy this demand. In a recent film Miss Blanche Sweete, more popularly known as Miss Daphne Wayne among admirers of the Biograph films, had to be transferred from horse to horse while they were galloping madly side by side. The first attempt resulted in a nasty throw, which bruised her shoulder and sprained her wrist. Although suffering intense pain, she made another attempt, and this time alighted safely in the saddle of the second animal, but as the two brutes collided at the moment she had her left leg badly crushed, necessitating a few days' rest.

The aeroplane has naturally been pressed into service for the pictures, and the artiste who essays a flight for the first time undergoes some strange sensations. Miss Alma Taylor, of the Hepworth Company, had to make a three miles' flight. Everything went swimmingly until the machine hit an air pocket. "It was the most unpleasant experience I have ever felt," she remarked upon alighting. "It seemed to me as if we fell about three thousand miles in three seconds, and in that brief interval all my past sins came over me. Just as I had given myself up for lost, however, the aeroplane commenced to travel in a respectable manner. The incident was capped by the aviator turning round to me and quietly remarking, 'Did you notice that we dropped a little just now?'"

"From the Manger to the Cross," suggested by Miss Gene Gauntier, and in which she fulfilled the *rôle* of the Virgin Mary for the Kalem Company, was not devoid of one exciting incident. The assistance of the Turkish Government was obtained to facilitate the staging in Palestine, but one day the producer, operator, Miss Gauntier, and two other performers realized the dangers attending penetration into the wildnesses of Lower Palestine in search of local colour. The party was surrounded by a band of menacing Bedouins. They had been following the photographing work with interest, and doubtless had become impressed with

Miss DOLORES CASSINELLI, whose wonderful voice once placed her in a somewhat embarrassing situation. (*Essanay Co.*)

Miss Gauntier's beauty. At all events, they advanced and made them prisoners. Miss Gauntier, not appreciating the prospect of life with the nomads, parleyed, and explained that they were prepared to pay for their freedom. The bargain was completed for five hundred dollars, which being forthcoming, the Arabs salaamed and rode away.

While the Kalem Company was filming a battle picture an excited super, in crossing a stream during the height of the combat, fell off his horse, got

Miss DAPHNE WAYNE, who was twice injured during the taking of an exciting picture. (*American Biograph Co.*)

Miss ALMA TAYLOR.
the heroine of a thrilling aeroplane experience.
(Hepworth Co.)

Miss GENE GAUNTIER.
was once captured by Bedouins.
(Gene Gauntier Co.)

tangled up with the animal, and was in danger of drowning. Miss Mario Cooper recognized the man's desperate plight, seized a jack-knife, dived in, swam to the spot, and, despite the lunging and kicking of the animal, cut the unfortunate player loose. She brought him ashore in an

Miss MARIO COOPER.
who pluckily rescued a man from drowning. *(Kalem Co.)*

excels. In one scene she had to enter a burning house to rescue her lover. She fought her way through the smoke and climbed the stairs, but in the gloom she slipped, fell down the flight, and sprained her ankle. Undaunted, she crawled up the staircase once more, reached her lover, and then collapsed under the pain. In so doing she rolled towards the spot where some oil-soaked shavings had been placed to produce the effect of flames, and her dress caught fire. Promptly the hero tore off his coat and smothered the burning attire. Then, picking her up, he carried her out of the building. Although the scene was diametrically opposite to what the producer desired, the resultant effect was so realistic that it was retained.

Western American scenes, full of vim and action, never fail to make appeal, and Miss Anna Nilsson is an adept in devising sensational novelties. In one instance, however, she had good cause to regret her ingenuity in this direction. She took up a standing position upon the rear of a wagon which was plunging madly along a country road, warding off pursuers. The going was magnificent from the stage point of view. Just as the producer yelled "Stop!"—the call for

Miss ANNA NILSSON is an adept in devising sensational novelties. (*Kalem Co.*)

Miss MARY BAYMA RIVA had an exciting adventure in a burning house. (*Gloria Co.*)

unconscious condition, and then, heedless of her own welfare, promptly set to work to restore him.

The Italian producers are expert in the devising of sensations, and in this work Miss Mary Bayma Riva, of the Gloria Company,

Miss LILIAN WALKER,
who once fell through the ice of a frozen river. *(Vitagraph Co.)*

ceasing photographing — the vehicle gave a wicked lurch through colliding with a boulder. The actress, caught unawares, was hurled to the ground with great force. She laid still, and the company rushed forward, fearing a severe accident, but when picked up she was found to have suffered no serious injuries, but was only badly shaken and dazed. Production was suspended for a few days to enable her to recover, when she resumed her *rôle*.

Miss Lilian Walker has had her share of accidents during the production of films for the Vitagraph Company. A strong scene amid the backwoods of Maine was in progress wherein the heroine had to track her way across a snow-covered frozen river. But unfortunately a warm spell had converted the snow into treacherous, brittle slush. Suddenly there was a cry of alarm. The artiste fell like a plummet through the ice.

Miss "BABS" NEVILLE
numbers a fall into the Thames mud among her experiences.
Motograph Co.

response to the inquiry, "Are you hurt?" from the producer, replied, "No!" and went through the scene as it had been drawn up. Then she was observed to be in difficulties, and was promptly hurried home, where a few days' enforced rest restored the damaged limb and enabled her to resume the play.

Miss CHRISSIE WHITE,
who was once accused of abandoning a baby.
(*Hepworth Co.*)

She flung out her arms horizontally, thereby holding herself up. One of the actors pluckily made his way over the dangerous surface and, by the aid of a young jack-pine, was able to effect her rescue. The unlucky artiste had fallen through a crack in the glassy covering which had been concealed by the slush. Some hours elapsed before she was restored, when she pluckily announced her resolve to repeat the attempt.

A sprained ankle, a bruised face, and a close acquaintance with the Thames mud was the reward for the Motograph heroine, "Babs" Neville, in making the film "The Great Gold Robbery." Upon a barge revolvers were cracking merrily, and the fight between the evildoers and justice was very brisk, when this artiste, caught in the *mêlée*, slipped upon the greasy deck, fell, knocked her face against the gunwale, and then rolled over the side into the murky river. Half-stunned, she disappeared from sight. The camera was stopped, when one of the pseudo villains jumped overboard, and at last regained the young actress. She presented a sorry sight, but, in

Miss MARY FULLER,
the heroine of a thrilling escape from a seventh-floor window.
(*Edison Co.*)

In a domestic drama the Hepworth star artiste, Miss Chrissie White, had an amusing experience. She was enacting the *rôle* of a young mother who deserts her baby in a railway carriage. She entered the vehicle, and her evident distress over the child attracted considerable attention from an old lady, already seated, and who failed to observe the camera-man on the platform busy with his handle. At the next station she left the child in the lap of another lady occupying the compartment, who happened to be the real mother, the child having been borrowed for the occasion. The decamp and apparent abandonment of the baby proved too much for the old lady. She snatched up the baby, hurried out of the carriage, and chased the actress up the platform. The old lady caught her quarry, and then, in true maternal fashion, poured forth her opinions upon such heartless and disgraceful conduct. The real mother, anxious about her baby, hastened up, and there was an excited, babbling crowd of women on the platform. Finally the stage-manager advanced and wanted to know why everyone was spoiling his picture. When the old lady learned that it was all make-believe for the cinema she collapsed, while her discomfiture was completed by finding that the train had started off without her during the incident.

Miss Mary Fuller, who acted the title-*rôle* in "What Happened to Mary?" can relate some side-lights upon the subject which the public does not know. In one scene she had to escape from a window on the seventh floor of a building by means of a rope improvised from bed-clothes. She essayed the idea with alacrity, but once she was out on the rope, which commenced to sway, and she realized the distance between the window and the street—why, she nearly fainted. "Come down hand over hand!" yelled the manager from below. Instead, she attempted a quick slide. The rope sawed through her clenched hands, and the skin of her palms and fingers was burned off. When at last she touched the pavement and looked wonderingly at her bleeding hands, she exclaimed: "Was I frightened? Well, rather. I hope the audience will get as good a thrill as I did!"

A lonely roadway—two sisters—the elder comforting the younger, who is in tears. This was the scene in the Wild West. It was a moving incident, and the producer wanted the heart-strings twanged to *fortissimo*. He was a keen man, and always maintained an eagle eye for trespassers, lest they injured his picture. But he was not sufficiently astute to detect a farmer's boy, who, hearing the sorrowful cries of Miss Alice Joyce, who was enacting the distressed young sister, sprang through the bushes and ran up to the two ladies, seeking their trouble and proffering assistance. The producer raved and the operator yelled, but the youth failed to hear them. The first intimation that he received of interfering with a spurious sad scene was when the manager clutched him by the shoulder, twisted him round, and wanted to know what he meant by interfering. The youth, well-knit and sturdy, showed fight, and it was not until Miss Joyce explained to him "It is only for the pictures" that he condescended to get out of the way, although he kept a sharp eye upon the men in case of an emergency.

The unauthorized acquisition of a settler's horse by an Indian is punished in the peculiarly drastic and effective method of the West—hanging upon the nearest tree. This was the fate which "Red-Wing," the talented full red-blooded actress of the Pathé Company, nearly experienced. The manager of the production had completed arrangements with a settler for such stealthy action, but, unfortunately, Red-Wing took the horse of the wrong man, who knew nothing about the matter. When he saw his horse being ridden off by an Indian the man gave chase with one or two pards, caught the runaway, and, without more ado, proceeded to put the unwritten law into execution. They whipped a lariat over her neck, and were just about to lift her up when the producer arrived upon the scene to explain. His argument was scarcely convincing; the rough boys thought he was in collusion; but when the man whose horse should have been stolen appeared during the harangue the apparent grievance was settled amicably amid a salvo of guffaws.

During the past year the German producers have devoted their endeavours to sensational subjects, and in these pictures Miss Henny Porten has played a prominent part. In one film she was the heroine of an incident in the Franco-German War, where she was to climb stealthily to the roof of her home, which had been occupied by German officers, to tap the telegraph wires, so as to learn of the movements of the foe for transmission to the French commander. Unfortunately, the roof of the extemporized building was somewhat unstably built, it giving way beneath her. Feeling the collapse, the actress threw up her hands to

Miss **ALICE JOYCE**,
whose well-simulated distress once brought a rescuer on the scene.
(*From a Photograph.*)

grab the telegraph wires. But these were "properties" also, and unsuited to rough handling. The result was that the whole fabric came down, although the wires somewhat eased her unexpected descent. She was dug out of the ruins of the cottage, and, although it was feared that she had been grievously injured, she was found unscathed except for numerous scratches.

Miss **HENNY PORTEN**,
who has played many important parts in German productions.
(*By permission of Messrs. Hübsch & Co.*)

"**RED-WING**"
(the famous Red Indian Actress of the Pathé Co.)
once narrowly escaped being lynched.

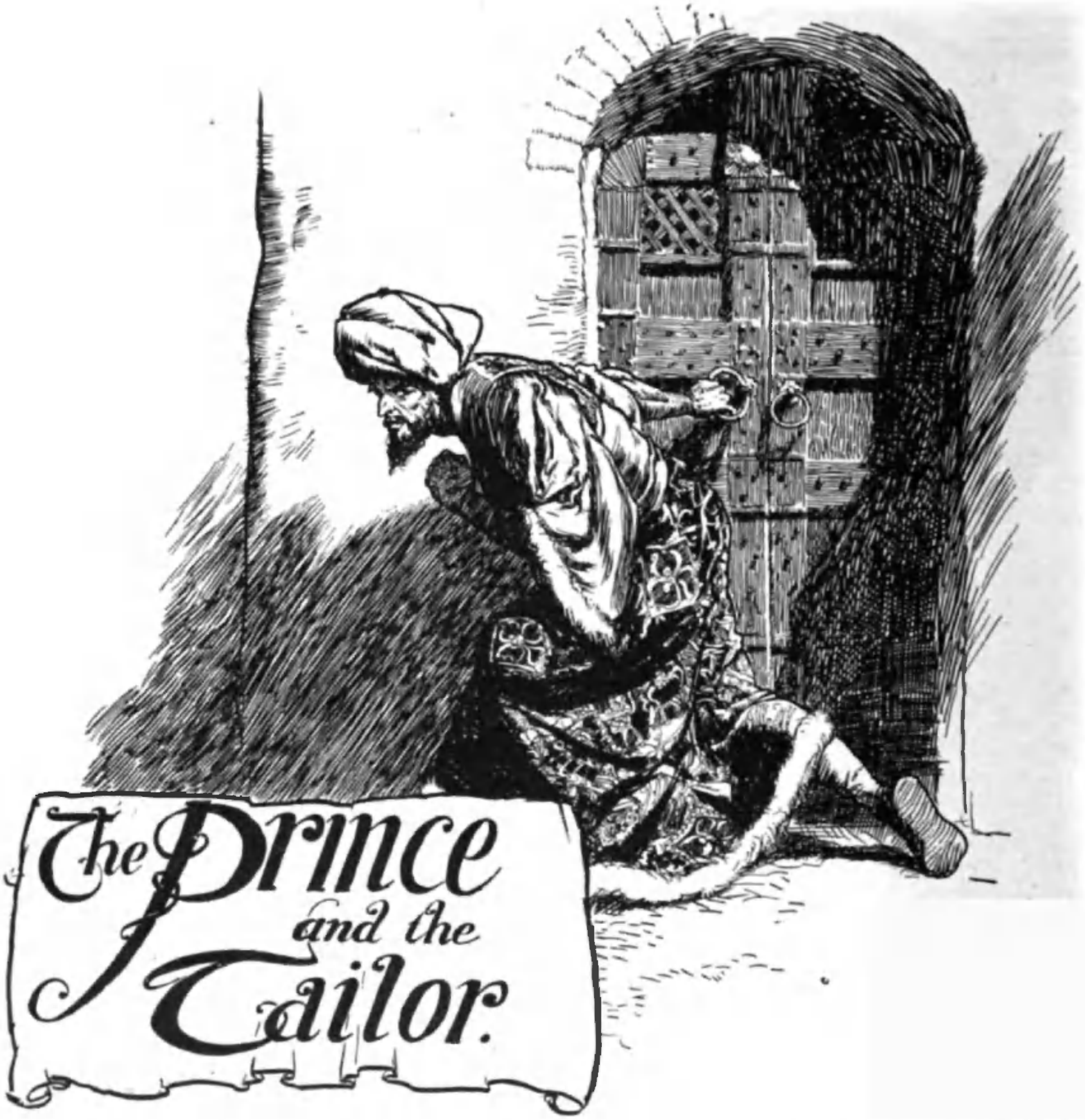
But for sheer daring it would be difficult to find an equal, at all events in Great Britain, to Miss Marie Pickering, of the British and Colonial Kinematograph Company. She is as much at home in the air or water as upon dry land, and is ready to attempt anything. Her most exciting experience was in Molesey Lock, where she had to dive into the water to rescue the bound, trussed, and gagged hero. Unfortunately, she did not take full stock of the swirl of the waters produced by the opening of the

Miss MARIE PICKERING is as much at home in the air or water as upon dry land. (*British & Colonial Kinematograph Co.*)

lock, with the result that she found herself being twisted round like a teetotum until she was dizzy, and then, unable to help herself, she sank. The immersion revived her somewhat, so, upon coming to the surface, she struck out, grabbed the hero, and got him ashore, though, as she remarked subsequently, "she did not quite know when she came up, and her head was still singing, whether she had to rescue ten men or one."

Mlle. Gabrielle Robinne was once called upon to make a dramatic escape from a castle, in which she had been imprisoned, for a Pathe film. The castle, surrounded by a moat, was searched for a small window which would suit the purpose. At last one was found, and the actress assumed her position within for the rehearsal. The boat of rescuers put off across the moat, the rope ladder was thrown up and the hooked end duly caught upon the sill. In due course the heroine appeared at the window, bent upon her escape. The bars, which had been improvised for the purpose, were removed in due course, and the prisoner thrust her shoulders through the aperture. But she became wedged half-way. One of the party below scaled the ladder and endeavoured to assist her from the strange predicament, while on the inner side two other actresses lent assistance. Mlle. Robinne was unable to extend any personal assistance, being convulsed with laughter. At last, after considerable prising, pushing, and tugging, she came through with a bewildering suddenness. The man on the ladder was precipitated into the moat, while the actress tumbled unceremoniously into the waiting boat, the trio below breaking her fall slightly, though she struck one of the seats somewhat violently. Half dazed, she was picked up, while her would-be helper, who had been immersed, swam and clung to the boat, his velvet dress and gorgeous trappings presenting a somewhat sorry sight. After about an hour's delay the rehearsal was resumed with one man less in the boat, and with the window aperture widened to ensure her uneventful escape.

Mlle. GABRIELLE ROBINNE, who stuck fast in a window when attempting a dramatic escape. (*Pathé Frères.*)



The Prince and the Tailor

Retold from the German by W. J. L. KIEHL.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

IN Alexandria there lived a tailor named Labakan, who was wonderfully clever with his needle. Sometimes he would work away with such zest that his needle became red-hot and his thread actually smoked!

The raiment at which he worked at such times was so splendidly made that it was fit for any Sultan to wear.

One day the Sultan's brother happened to be passing a few days at Alexandria, and as one of his finest caftans had been torn on the journey he sent the coat to the tailor's shop to have it repaired. Of course, this delicate work could be entrusted to no one else but Labakan. He stood for a long time in contemplation of the princely caftan.

How beautiful it was! How well he, Labakan, would look in it! "If I wore such a robe I myself should look like a Prince," he mused.

Tempted by this thought he put on the caftan, and it fitted him perfectly! Now he felt so exalted that he could no longer remain in a town where his Royal demeanour was not appreciated, so he resolved to go out into the world to seek a position fitted to his majestic appearance. He tucked his few savings into his belt and, covered by the friendly darkness, slipped out of the town unperceived.

In all the places he passed his priceless caftan and majestic bearing made him the observed of all observers, and many were the questions he had to answer, especially the ever-recurring one, why such a great personage as he seemed to be was travelling on foot. This remark so bored him at last that he bought himself a horse, but, as his savings were too small to allow of his buying a good one, he had to be content with quite an old nag. This, however, suited him far better than a spirited animal, for he had never learnt to ride, so the gentle, slow pace of his steed was just what he wanted.

He had been journeying in this way for some time when he was joined by another traveller, a pleasant-looking youth who rode a fine, spirited horse. The young stranger told Labakan that he was the nephew of Elfi Bey, who on his deathbed had confided to him that he, Omar, was the son of Saaud, the Sultan, and that he had been placed in his charge while still an infant because astrologers had foretold that disaster threatened him if he remained at his father's Court before his twenty-second year. The Sultan had therefore sworn not to see his son again before his twenty-second birthday. He, Omar, was now travelling to the Obelisk of El Seruya, where, on the fourth of the month, which would be the twenty-second anniversary of his birth, he was due to meet his father. As a token of recognition he had to give him the dagger he wore in his belt, saying, "Here am I whom thou seekest." If the answer was, "All praise to the Prophet who has preserved thee," he would know that he had indeed found his father.

Labakan marvelled at this story, and began to regard with envious eyes this Omar on whom Fate had bestowed all the things he so wished for himself. These thoughts left him no rest; all night he dreamt of them, and when he awoke early the next morning and saw Omar so peacefully sleeping beside him, he was seized with a blind fury and resolved to snatch for himself all the advantages that an unkind Fate had denied him. The dagger that was to be the token of recognition he stealthily drew from the sleeper's belt. Then he quietly saddled Omar's horse and rode away as fast as he could to reach El Seruya first.

Two days after his flight Labakan saw the famous obelisk, near which was encamped a small band of horsemen. One of these, a venerable-looking old man with long white beard, bore every mark of being the leader. He wore a caftan of gold brocade, and on his head was a turban sparkling with precious jewels. Labakan dismounted and bowed low before this venerable greybeard, at the same time handing him the dagger with the words, "Here am I whom thou seekest."

"All praise to the Prophet who has preserved thee!" answered the old man, while tears of joy streamed down his cheeks. "Come, embrace your father, my beloved son Omar!"

Our tailor was touched by the old man's joy, and it was with mingled feelings of shame and happiness that he sank into his arms.

But speeding across the plain as fast as Labakan's old horse could carry him now came the real Omar, waving his arms and shouting. "Wait!" he cried, as he reined in his horse. "Do not be taken in by the false words of an impostor. I am Omar! Do not let anyone misuse my name!"

So saying, he sprang from his horse and rushed towards Labakan. The Sultan and his followers were astounded at this turn of events, but Labakan was the first to regain his presence of mind, and, shrugging his shoulders, he turned to the Sultan.

"You must not take seriously what that madman is saying; he is more to be pitied than blamed, for he is only a poor, half-witted tailor of Alexandria."

These words drove Omar to a frenzy. He sprang forward to fling himself upon Labakan, but the Sultan's attendants held him back.

"I see you are right, my son," cried the Sultan. "This poor man has indeed lost his reason. Here!" he called to his attendants; "bind this poor, mad creature and place him on one of our dromedaries. We will take him home with us and see what our physician can do for him."

They mounted and set off at once on their way to the Sultan's dominions. After many days' journey the cavalcade reached the capital. The whole town was gaily decorated and everyone acclaimed the young Prince. In the throne-room of the palace the Sultana sat awaiting her son. She had not looked upon him since infancy, but in dreams she had seen him so often that she was sure of recognizing him at once. The sheikhs and Emirs did low obeisance as the Sultan, leading Labakan by the hand, passed majestically down the long hall to the foot of the throne.

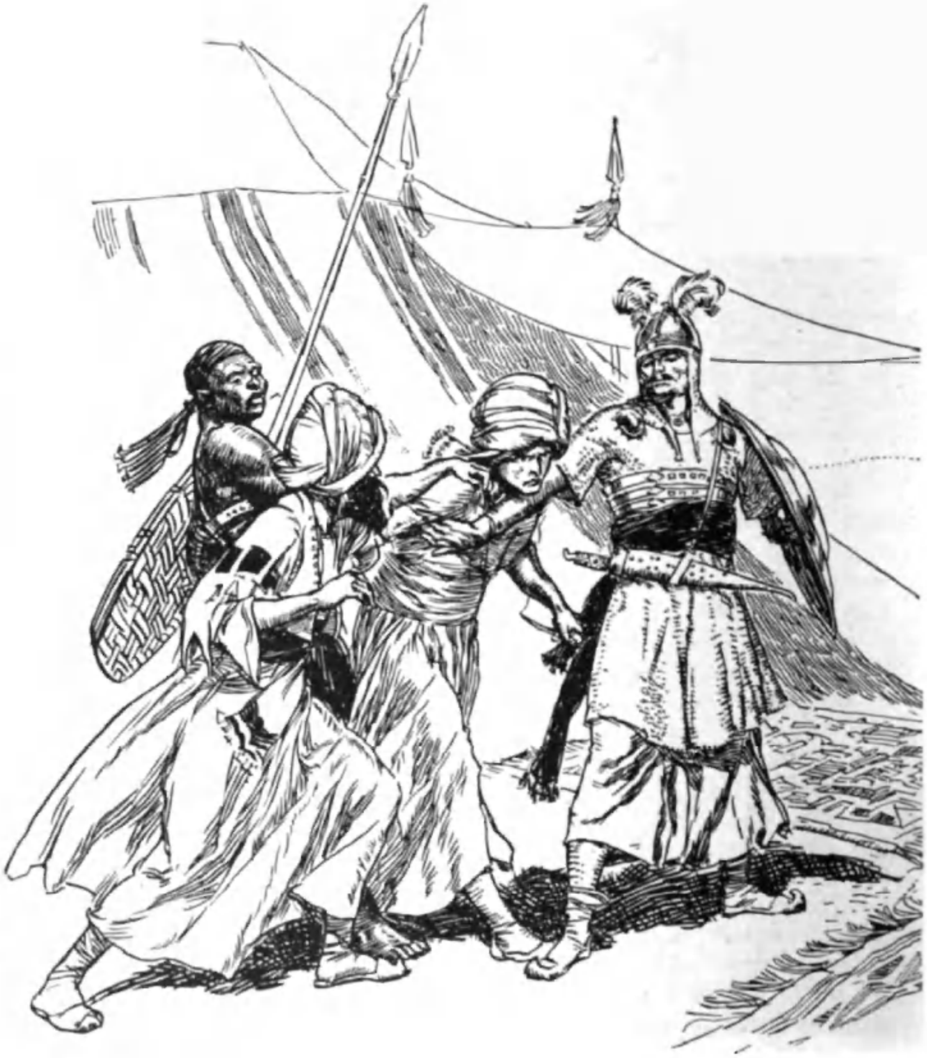
"Praise be to Allah and his holy Prophet," he cried happily. "Here I bring you our long-lost son."

The Sultana started to her feet, eagerly scanning the features of the young man before her. "But," she faltered, "that is not our son. Ah, no! that is not the figure, those are not the features shown me in many dreams by the holy Prophet!"

"What woman's nonsense is this?" cried the disgusted Sultan. "To talk of dreams when here is the reality! This surely is our son, for he brought me the token and uttered the words agreed upon."

At this moment there was a great commotion at the entrance, and Omar, who had escaped from his guards, crushed through the throng and threw himself before the throne.

"Cruel father," he cried, "I can endure this no longer! I would rather die here at your feet!"



"THE SULTAN BECAME VERY ANGRY, AND ORDERED HIS

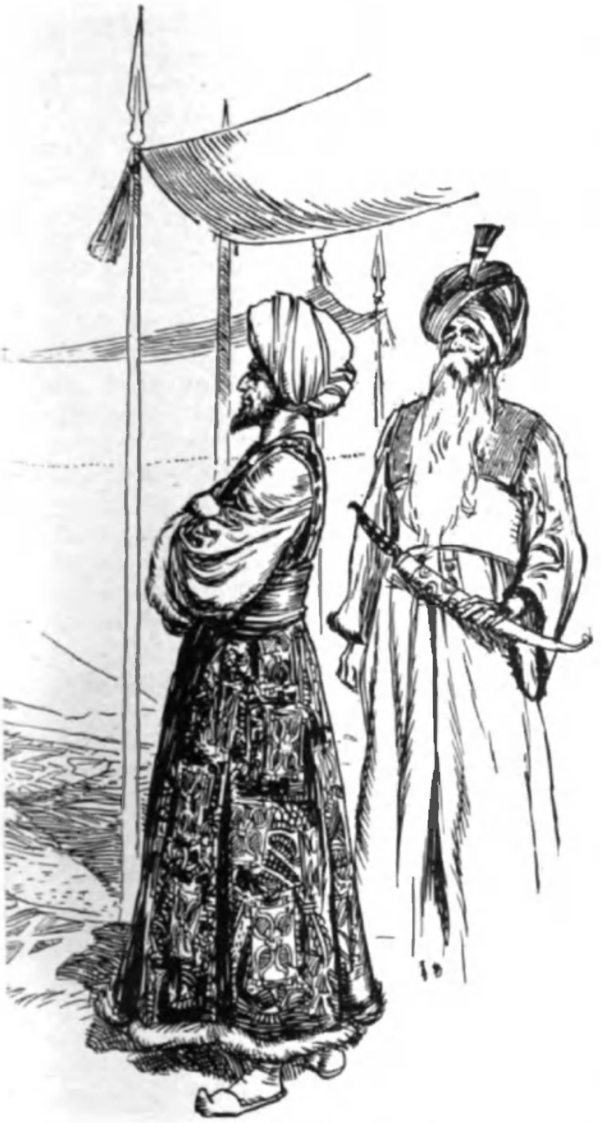
The Sultana had scarcely glanced at the new-comer when she threw up her arms, crying, "This, this, and no other, is my son! This is he whom the Prophet has shown me in my dreams!"

But the Sultan became very angry, and ordered his guards to seize "the mad tailor," as he called Omar, and not let him escape again on pain of death. He took no heed of the Sultana's protests, and she, seeing all her efforts vain, fell swooning into the arms of her women, who carried her to her apartments.

The Sultana felt so certain that Omar was her true son and Labakan only an impostor that she thought all night long of some scheme by which she might make the truth plain to her husband. Together with an old Circassian slave-woman, who had heard the whole story of the meeting at El Seruya from her fellow-servants, she devised a way of convincing her husband of his error.

The Sultan, who loved his wife very dearly, and was sorry he had been so violent the day before, came early that morning to inquire how she was.

Long ago she had learnt how to manage her husband, so she did not say a word against Labakan, and gave the Sultan to understand that she would be willing to welcome him as her son, "only," she added, "on one condition. You know," she continued, "what silly notions we women often have!"



GUARDS TO SEIZE 'THE MAD TAILOR.'"

"Ah, yes, indeed! I know all about that," laughed the Sultan, indulgently.

"Well," she went on, "I make one condition, and I want you to promise now at once that you will comply with it."

"All right," said the Sultan, wishing to atone for his unkindness of the day before. "All right, I promise. Now let me hear this famous condition."

"It is this," returned the Sultana. "I want to submit both these young men to a trial of their skill; others would perhaps let them shoot with bow and arrows, or throw the javelin, but anyone can do that! I want them to do something far more difficult. They must each sew me a caftan, and we shall see which makes the best."

"What a ridiculous idea!" cried the Sultan. "But, as no one of my race has ever yet broken his word, it shall be done as you wish."

Everything was now arranged for the grand test. Labakan and Omar were locked into separate rooms with enough silk for making a caftan. They were given scissors, needle and thread, and everything else they required. Their meals were sent in to them, and they were given two days in which to perform their task. To Labakan the Sultan had excused himself on the plea that it was a whim of his mother's to try his skill, and he, well pleased that she should have chosen a thing he knew so thoroughly, worked with a will, so that when, on the evening of the second day, the Sultan and Sultana came to inspect the work, he proudly spread his caftan out before them.

"See here, my honoured parents!" he cried. "I'm sure you will be delighted with this caftan. I've put my best work into it, and feel certain that even the Court tailor cannot surpass it."

The Sultan gasped with astonishment, and as they left the room the Sultana said, sweetly, "It is certainly a most wonderful caftan that your son has made. I wonder which master-tailor taught him to sew?"

The Sultan answered never a word, but led the way to the next room, where Omar sat in sullen idleness. He had not touched needle or thread, and the precious silk lay in a tangled heap on the floor.

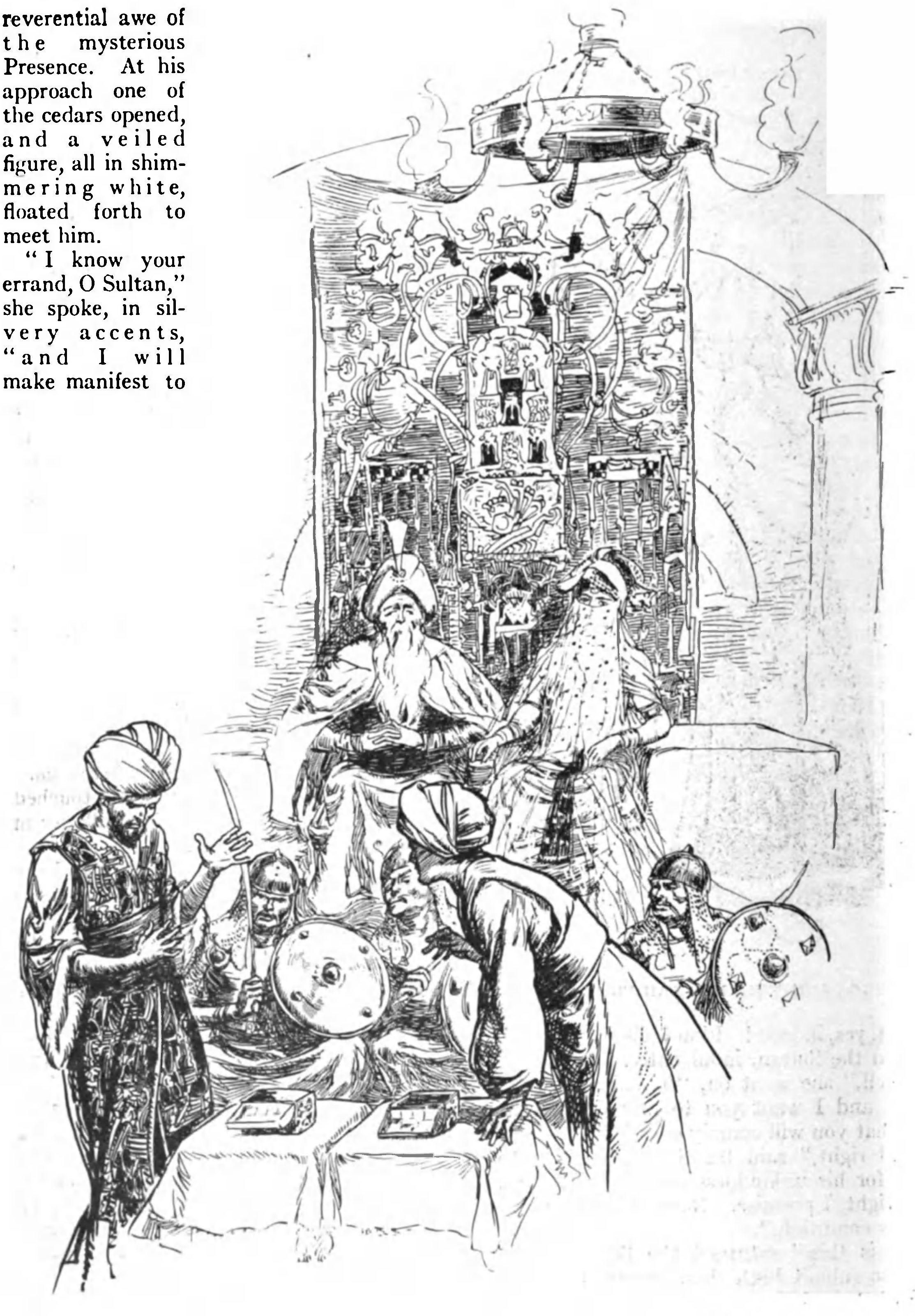
"My son," began the Sultana, "we have come to see what *you* have made of your caftan."

"I?" cried the Prince, with scorn. "I haven't touched the wretched thing! Elfi Bey taught me to wield the sword and the spear, but never the use of the needle!"

The Sultana turned to her husband and whispered, "Is it not plain enough now who is the Prince and who the tailor?"

The Sultan thoughtfully stroked his long white beard. He hated to acknowledge himself in the wrong, and yet, after this test of the needle, the gravest doubts beset his soul. These doubts left him no rest, so he resolved to go to the fairy Adolzaïde, who, through the long centuries, had always counselled his ancestors on momentous questions. This fairy lived in a grove of cedars in the midst of a large forest not far from the city, and none, except those of Royal blood, ever ventured to approach her retreat. So the Sultan rode forth alone, and when he neared the sacred grove he dismounted in reverential awe of the mysterious Presence. At his approach one of the cedars opened, and a veiled figure, all in shimmering white, floated forth to meet him.

"I know your errand, O Sultan," she spoke, in silvery accents, "and I will make manifest to everyone who is the Prince and who the impostor! Take these two caskets," she continued, as she handed the Sultan two small ivory boxes richly encrusted with gold and pearls, "and let the young men each choose one of these. The choice will reveal



"TO HIS AMAZEMENT THE CASKETS FLEW OPEN OF THEIR OWN ACCORD."

their true identity beyond the shadow of a doubt!"

And before the Sultan had recovered from his awestruck surprise the fay had vanished.

He examined the caskets and found they were both exactly alike except for their inscriptions. The one bore in letters of diamonds, "Wealth and Happiness"; the other, also in diamond letters, "Honour and Glory." Which to choose? He had to confess that even he himself would have some difficulty in making up his mind. He then tried to open them, but try as he might it was quite impossible, so he had to restrain his curiosity.

On his return to the palace the Sultan gave orders to call his whole Court together in the great assembly hall. Close to the throne a slave set down two tables, and on these the Sultan, with his own hands, placed the precious caskets. He then mounted the throne, and the Sultana took her place beside him, and all the Court assembled. Then he commanded that first the "Prince," as he still continued to call Labakan, and then the "Pretender," should be conducted into his presence.

Labakan passed proudly down the hall, prostrated himself before the throne, and inquired what might be the Sultan's pleasure.

"My son," answered the Sultan, "there are those who question your right to this title. To set such doubts at rest you must make your choice of one of yonder caskets. The one you choose contains the proof of who you are."

This speech made Labakan feel anything but comfortable. For a long while he stood before the caskets without being able to make up his mind. They were equally beautiful, equally precious. He read the inscriptions; then, after deliberating for a while, he laid his hand upon the casket inscribed "Wealth and Happiness."

"O mighty Sultan!" he cried, "what can be greater than the happiness of finding in you my father, or what can be more precious than the wealth of your affection for me? Wealth and happiness are what I choose!"

"Very well," nodded the Sultan. "Presently we shall see whether you have chosen wisely. Now step back among the spectators." Then, turning to the slaves who stood near awaiting his orders, he said, "Bring in the other claimant."

Omar was now led before the throne. He, too, was told by the Sultan to make a choice between the caskets. His choice was made instantly. He placed his hand on the "Honour and Glory" casket. "These last days have taught me how unstable is wealth, how transient is happiness; but, untouched by adverse fortune, the flame of honour burns in every courageous breast, and the bright star of glory does not set when happiness wanes! Though my choice may cost me a kingdom I choose honour and glory!"

Amid the breathless silence of the multitude the Sultan commanded that the caskets be opened. And, behold, to his amazement they flew open of their own accord.

All the sheikhs and Emirs craned their necks, and all crowded as closely about the throne as they dared in their curiosity to see what the caskets contained.

In Omar's casket lay a small crown and sceptre! In Labakan's nothing but a needle and thread!

The Sultan took the small crown in his hand, and, wonderful to see, it grew in size until it was as large as a regal crown. He set it upon Omar's head, and, kissing him on the brow, bade him seat himself at his right hand. "My true son," he sighed, "how could I be so blind as to think for a moment that yonder impostor was my own flesh and blood?"

Omar said nothing, but smiled into his mother's happy eyes; both knew that but for her motherly love he would most certainly have been supplanted by the tailor.

Labakan, covered with shame, slunk out of the hall unhindered, glad to have escaped with his life.

CRUMBS *OF* THOUGHT.

THE man who attacks a new dish even nowadays is not without apprehension, but what must have been his courage who first ventured upon an egg or an oyster! Had that egg or that oyster been rotten, the course of human development might have been changed. One at least of our great explorers is without a monument.

◆

EDUCATION should put an edge upon the blade, not wear away the steel.

GOOD books like fine wines, are to be taken leisurely, paused over, dwelt upon and enjoyed. They are not to be gulped down like medicines.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY is a form of suicide.

"EAT, drink, and be merry"— a simple and delightfully wicked prescription; but try to follow it and you'll find Hygiene setting the table, Physic waiting and Dulness making the jokes.

SOME men are so anxious about the means of living that they leave themselves no time to live. They keep on tuning their instruments, but never strike up a tune.

THE soil where weeds cannot grow is not likely to produce flowers.

THE dress suit seems to be the most democratic of modern institutions. It is cheap and ugly and levels up all conditions of men from the waiter to the Duke. In this useful arrangement of black and white modern society mourns over its own want of originality.

◆

THE man who is always finding fault with his razor would do well to let his beard grow.

THE agreeable man never asks questions, avoids the use of "I," never offers advice, and never recommends anyone to read a book.

By ADAM RANKINE.

Illustrated by
T. J. Overnell.

THE rich man would not let Lazarus lie long at his gate nowadays. We are much too alive to our own comfort and are afraid of infection. Lazarus would be bundled off to an infirmary ; a bazaar would be got up for his benefit, and the rich man's name would appear in the newspapers. He would get rid of a nuisance and gain a reputation.

THE occasional tips of fortune are more thought of than the regular salary of virtue.

TEACHERS are not so anxious that we should learn to use our eyes as that we should see through their spectacles.

* * *

SUCH is the modesty of men that they always expect their wives to be better than themselves.

FINE words are wasted on commonplace thoughts : No artist carves a turnip or engraves on tin.

OUR forefathers were good men according to their lights, but their lights are not ours, and there is no reason why we should still read by candle or rush-light.

THEOLOGY provides the frame but Piety paints the picture.

* * *

MISTAKES are often made worse by the effort to correct them. It is not the slip but the effort to save which fractures the bone. How many blunders would escape detection, if we were not at pains to draw attention to them. In trying to erase the blot we make a hole in the paper.

THE formation of habit is a transference from current to capital account.

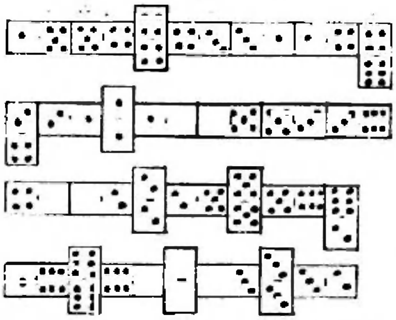
WHEN the laws of society and considerations of self-interest no longer suffice for guidance, there still remain the higher ideals of duty and religion. If the compass fails we must steer by the stars.

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

195.—A NEW DOMINO PUZZLE.

I **WONDER** how many of my readers know that if you lay out the twenty-eight dominoes in line according to the ordinary rule—six against six, two against two, blank against blank, and so on—the last number must always be the same as the first, so that they will really always form a circle. It is a very ancient trick to conceal one domino (without your friend knowing it) and then ask him to arrange all the others in line without your seeing. It will astonish him when you tell him, after he has succeeded, what the two end numbers are. They must be those on the domino that you have withdrawn, for that domino completes the circle. If the dominoes are laid out in the manner shown in our illustration and I then break the line into four lengths of seven dominoes each, it will be found that the sum of the pips in the first group is 49, in the second 34, in the third 46, and in the fourth 39. Now I want to play them out so that all the four groups of seven (when the line is broken) shall contain the same number of pips. Can you find a way of doing it?

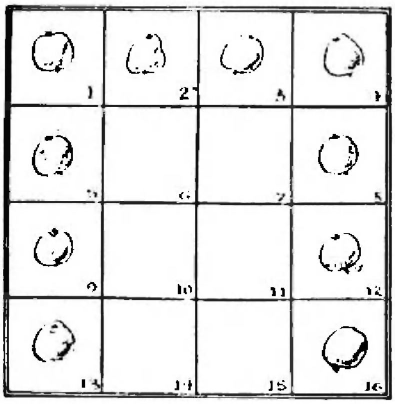


196.—TO BE SOLVED MENTALLY.

IF ten hen-pens cost ten and tenpence, and ten hens and one hen-pen cost ten and tenpence, what will ten hens without any hen-pens cost?

197.—THE TEN APPLES.

THE puzzle here is to take off nine of the ten apples in this way. You may take up an apple and pass it over one apple to the next square beyond, if that square is unoccupied, and remove the apple that you passed over. But you cannot move diagonally. It will at once be seen that, as the apples are at present placed, no move is possible. Before play, however, you are allowed to remove any one apple to any vacant square you like. Then you must take off the nine apples in nine leaping moves, as explained.

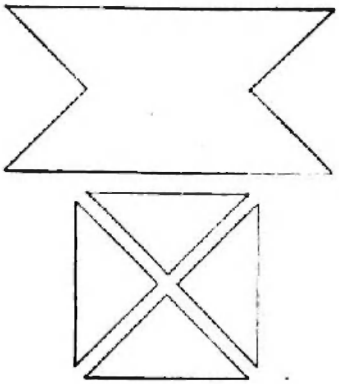


198.—A CHARADE.

My *first's* my head (my tail is just the same).
My *next* lives in a hill; you'll know its name.
My *third*—whate'er the sum may be, you'll show
My *whole* is just equivalent, I know.

199.—THE GREEK CROSS.

HERE is an easy little puzzle for my more juvenile readers. Place the five pieces, shown in the illustration, together so as to form a symmetrical Greek cross



Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

191.—THE ARTILLERYMEN'S DILEMMA.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
1	3	6	10	15	21	28
1	4	10	20	35	56	84
1	5	14	30	55	91	140

Here the first row contains the natural numbers in their order. Every number in the second row represents the sum of the numbers above from the beginning to the number just over it. The third row is formed in the same way. In the fourth row every number is the sum of the number just above it and the preceding number. All the numbers in the second row are triangular numbers; the balls can be laid out on the ground in triangles. The balls in the third row will form triangular pyramids; and those in the fourth row square pyramids. This shows, by the way, that every square pyramid is composed of two triangular ones. If we continue the above table to 24 places we shall reach the number 4,900 in the fourth row. As this number is the square of 70, it will exactly fulfil the conditions. I do not believe there can be any other solution, though a rigid proof is extremely difficult.

192.—WHO WAS FIRST?

BIGGS, who saw the smoke, would be first; Carpenter, who saw the bullet strike the water, would be second; and Anderson, who heard the report, would be last of all.

193.—A CALENDAR PUZZLE.

THE first day of a century can never fall on a Sunday; nor on a Wednesday or a Friday.

194.—A TRICK WITH DICE.

ALL you have to do is to deduct 250 from the result given, and the three figures in the answer will be the three points thrown with the dice. Thus, in the throw we gave, the number given would be 386, and when we deduct 250 we get 136, from which we know that the throws were 1, 3, and 6.

"The Apotheosis of the Inert"

BY AN INVESTIGATOR.

Many will recall the story of the reporter who went to an eminent English physician with the question: " What may I note as the principal achievements in the medical world during the 19th Century ?" and received the answer: " Well—there are over four hundred diseases —er—to which we have given new names and when we are in doubt as to what is the matter with a patient we have learned to cut him open to find out."

This receives very apt confirmation from the report of the leading hospitals of New York that over 47 per cent. of the operations made there are the result of wrong diagnosis and presumably that at least half of the other 53 per cent. are undertaken on the strength of doubtful diagnosis.

Still, in spite of every warning from popular distrust, we find that any effort on the part of the members of the profession to extend the sphere of their usefulness, is severely frowned down. Osteopathy is fought, Mechano Therapy tabooed. The Eclectic Schools are put out of business and even Electro Therapeutics and Suggestive Therapeutics damned as heresies. And all this in the name of Science, until the very word has lost its meaning and becomes synonymous with quackery in the popular mind.

Our 20th Century lexicon has defined a Doctor as one who has a vast amount of " learning," but generally speaking very little " wisdom," and an " Expert " as one who is trained to study a subject from every viewpoint and to see it from any view-point dictated by prejudice or pay. Therefore when one finds a man who combines the " Doctor " with the " Expert " with a minimum of wisdom and a maximum of prejudice, we discover a " crank " of the most dangerous type, and it is not surprising that such a man gets put in his place when associated with the hard common sense that dominates that most useful, practical and highly organized of all state departments, the Department of Agriculture, especially when associated with the judicial minds of the Department of Justice.

So much for the " Apotheosis of the Inert " Medico.

Prompted by the sense of justice and fairness that is strong in 999 out of every 1000 men we have taken pains to investigate the statements made for and against an instrument and method of mastering disease by a rapid absorption of oxygen that has been gaining adherents for about a quarter of a century.

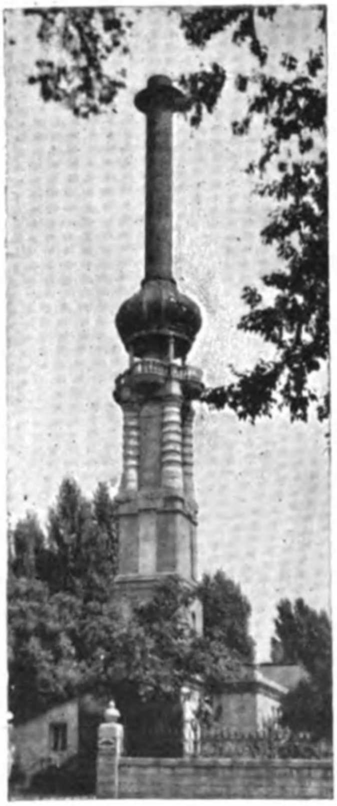
Stated simply, the basic idea is that all disease (by whatever name known) is caused by vitality being lowered below the danger mark—devitalization, the weakest part of the body showing the ill effect first and being given a name according to the locations affected.

Conversely a cure for any disease can be made by increasing the vitality, giving back to the weakened parts the strength they need, in other words, revitalize, and this it is stated Oxygen rightly used will do.

A generation ago a consumptive was kept confined, shut in from every breath of cold, especially the dreaded night air, and death was looked upon as the only cure. Then came a discovery and revulsion. The patient's head was pushed out of the window that in the heavy breathing natural to sleep he might take into his system a maximum of oxygen. Now we build mountain fresh air camps and sleeping porches so that patients may have a bath of such oxygenated air. You know the results. Deep breathing cures and the teaching of physical culturists are based upon the same truth. We also know that a man who has a full deep chest and large lung capacity and who takes sufficient exercise to bring his lungs into normal use and activity is one of whom we learn to say " He has a strong vitality." We know that such a man, if he have any symptoms of common ailments, has only to "go for a spin," walk it off, and forget it. Such a man will go where he will, neglect all petty precautions of contagion; brave changing temperature with little care of his clothing; he never takes cold; damp and chills never give him rheumatism; swamps and mosquitoes and mephitic exhalations never give him malaria. He never takes any disease but goes through life without bothering himself or the doctor, and the secret of it all lies in his capacity for oxygen absorption by his full, strong lungs.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

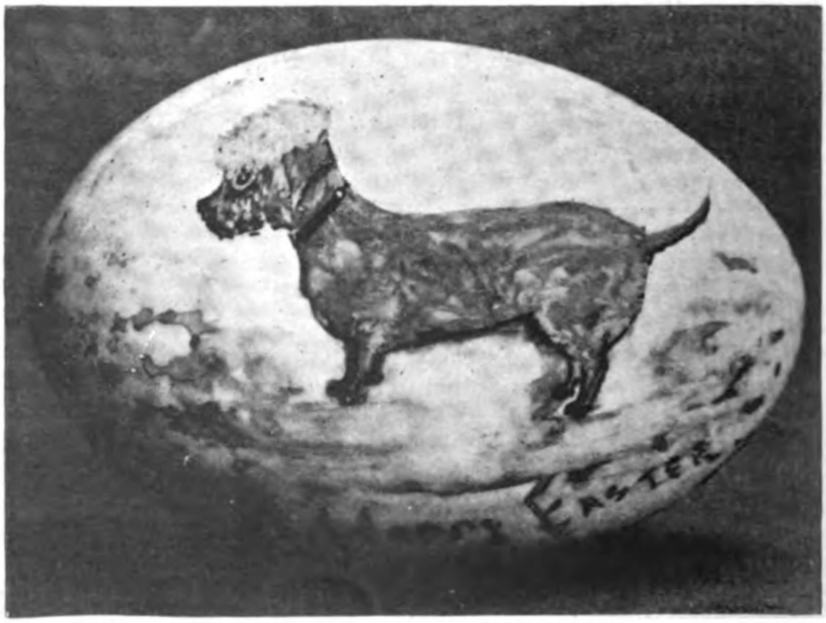


CAN A SMOKE-STACK BE ARTISTIC?

THERE is very little about this view of a minaret or a monument to suggest anything so utilitarian as a smoke-stack, yet that is what it is. The structure surmounts a power-house in Salt Lake City, and is about one hundred feet high. The lower section is built of highly ornate stonework, and four balconies make it appear like an observation tower. The swelling dome and shaft are of iron. The effect is so graceful and the surroundings so very attractive that most visitors would never suspect that it is a chimney.—Mr. C. L. Edholm, 4,624, Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

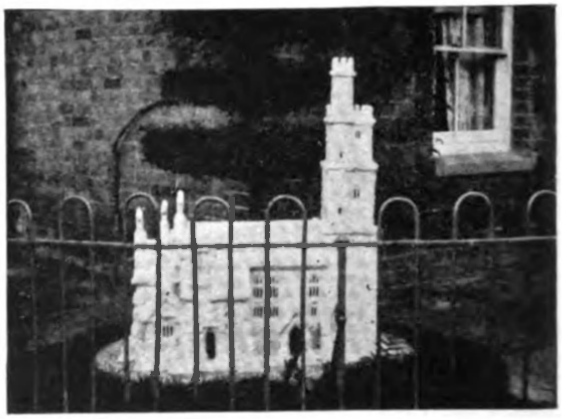
A MONSTER DUCK'S EGG.

DURING a visit to Germains, Kelvedon Common, the residence of Mrs. Simpson Shaw, Dandie Dinmont terrier breeder and exhibitor, the monster duck's egg here shown was one of several on the visitors' breakfast-plates on Easter Sunday, being embellished by a caricature of her Champion Alpin Slitrig by the hostess. The egg, which is here reproduced the exact size of the original, weighed five and a half ounces and was nine and a half inches round its extreme length.—Mr. F. W. Paul, 98, Finsbury Park Road, N.



A SNAIL-SHELL CHURCH.

IN the front garden of a cottage in the little village of Eastington, near Stonehouse, is the curious model of a church shown in the photograph. It was constructed many years ago by the present occupier of the cottage, and is composed of thousands of snail-shells securely cemented together. The model is an excellent representation of the village church situated near by, and naturally attracts great attention from visitors.—Mr. E. J. Lavell, 115, Bedford Hill, Balham, S.W.



Is it not then easy to comprehend that Dr. Sanche's discovery should in its action of stimulating the absorption of oxygen in those whose constitutions are less robust impart to them a new source of vitality, a new health-compelling power that enables them to throw off their ills as readily as their more fortunate brothers? What can be more reasonable? Think it over earnestly and possibly you will agree with us that Dr. Sanche has a most wonderful discovery.

Some will ask of the "How" and the "Wherefore."

The "How" may be easily understood if we consider the absolute necessity of oxygen as a first principle of all life, health and growth. Through lack of it the dwellers in the deep Valley of the Alps breed a race of cretins and idiots. Through lack of it the dwellers in congested tenements are the ready prey of every disease and abnormality.

The "Wherefore" is found in a natural process to which Dr. Sanche has given the name of Diaduction, which is set in operation by the use of Oxydonor. This force acts on the human system by accelerating the absorption of oxygen from the atmosphere, hence the name Oxydonor—"Oxygen giver."

Oxydonor is evidently not an experiment but a proven appliance and fact. It is not a theory, but an irrefutable achievement. One who has used it for years on himself, on his family and on his friends, said to the writer, "I don't know what it is or how it works, you may call it a fake or what you will, but it cures—*cures* mind you—and I never knew it to fail." So when we find thousands, yes thousands, voluntarily testifying in the same strain, when we interview former sufferers indiscriminately, and not find *one* disappointed user, I say that the man, be he Doctor, Rabbi, Expert, High Priest or Pharisee in his class, who wantonly refuses such evidence, is one who would cry "fake" at the tomb of Lazarus, and those who have no more faith in cumulative human testimony than to follow him may as well throw their Bibles into the ash barrel.

We find Dr. Sanche asking any honest, fair minded doctor who still doubts, to himself put it to a trial. Dr. Sanche guarantees it will accomplish the results desired in three months or he will return the purchase price of the Oxydonor. This seems fair enough and certainly implies absolute faith in his appliance. We are told an Oxydonor rarely comes back that has had a fair trial.

Dissecting a selection of the thousands of endorsements of curative results Dr. Sanche has on file, we found that 130 of these testify to an average of over 11 years of such experience and they include: 14 Ministers, 6 Doctors, 6 Government Officials, 2 Congressmen, 2 College Professors, 2 Lawyers, a Banker, Editor, School Principal, Missionary, a remarkable one from the Sisters of an Ursuline Convent and a long string of business men at least a dozen of whom may be rated as "prominent." Especial credit must be given these last, as it is well established that such men are very slow to put their names to any such testimonials of unqualified endorsement *for publication* as we find here, unless inspired by deep gratitude.

Dr. Sanche's book of reports covers the cases of thousands from this and other countries. . It is more than probable that an inquirer will find one or more from those of whom he has a personal knowledge. Fair minded men and women should examine it. It may be had for the asking. One cannot get away from such a mass of cumulative testimony. It is enough to hang every Expert-Doctor-Crank on a gibbet of popular contempt. It is the voice of a multitude that have tried it and been benefited.

Do not put this aside as promising too much. Write to the Dr. Sanche Co., 489 5th Avenue, New York, and get their literature and be convinced; and behind that remember the full money back guarantee they give. Once get an Oxydonor in your family you will treasure it as one of your best friends and bless the day you got to know of such a veritable fountain of Good Health.

From the Official Decision of the U. S. Commissioner of Patents re "Oxydonor" as published in the Official Gazette of the U. S. Patent Office, Vol. 80, No. 1, issued July 6th, 1897:

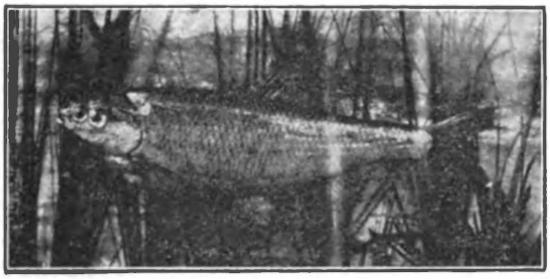
> ***"The mere assertion of theorists that they do not believe that a device possesses utility cannot prevail against the evidence of reliable witnesses who have, by test, demonstrated that it does possess such utility as is claimed for it. Where there is doubt as to the utility of a device, the office may resort to evidence to remove that doubt. There seems to be abundance of evidence in this case that the device here claimed is useful for the purpose set forth in the specification. Many affidavits of users who have been beneficially treated by the device under consideration, and of reputable physicians setting forth that they know that the device in question is useful as a curative agent in different diseases, are before me. In the face of this evidence to say that the device is worthless or not sufficiently useful as a curative agent is not defensible."***

THROWING THE CHAKRI.

IN front of the mausoleum of a holy saint—Mohamed Ghous—a fair is held annually on the outskirts of Gwalior town, about the middle of the rainy season. The most noticeable feature of the fair is the chakri-throw. A chakri is a piece of iron something like a spindle, over which a long piece of string or thread is rolled. The player throws high into the air the iron chakri (literally, a roll), holding one end of the string in his hand, and gives it a swing and jerk in such a clever manner that the chakri, on coming down, rolls up the thread again on itself, and is caught in the hands of the thrower. The art has been dexterously practised by a class of people for ages past, and some members are so renowned that they cut a good figure at the scene. It is most interesting to watch the thrower fling the chakri up high, catch it in his hands on return, and continue sending it up again and again till the throw becomes as high as seventy feet above the ground. There is absolutely no spring or lever attachment in the chakri. Nabbo is the champion thrower.—Sri Ram, B.A., Morar, Central India.

FISH WITH THREE EYES.

WHILE fishing at Windsor I caught a dace, which I was very much surprised to find had three eyes, two being in the normal position and the third lower down on the side of the nose. I wonder whether such an unusual experience has happened to many other STRAND readers?—Mr. Thomas Kenyon, 13, Tyers Street, Lambeth, S.E.



A PROBLEM FOR BRIDGE-PLAYERS.

BY VLADIMIR DE ROZING.

Hearts—King, queen, 6.
Diamonds—Ace, knave, 6, 3.
Clubs—Queen, 6, 2.

Hearts—10, 7.
Diamonds—8, 7, 2.
Clubs—King, knave, 9, 8, 7.

A
Z Y
B

Hearts—Knave, 9, 5, 2.
Diamonds—King, queen, 10, 9.
Spades—Queen, knave.

Diamonds—4.
Clubs—Ace, 10, 5, 4, 3.
Spades—8, 5, 4, 2.

Clubs are trumps. A has the lead. A and B are to make eight tricks from ten.

[*The solution will be given next month.*]

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

ANAGRAM LETTER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—*Enclosed* are my *congratulations* on the latest *addition* to your *bill of fare,* which I *sincerely* trust you will *continue.* I *simultaneously* with *presumably* a large *majority* of your readers find much *pleasure* in *deciphering* these *anagrams,* and *emphatically* hope you will not let *circumstances* or the *obstacle* of *exigencies* of space cause their *cessation* They *constitute* real *relaxation* after a day of *heart-breaking* and *nerve-racking* toil, and one is *congenially* diverted in *attempting* to *disentangle* them. It would *undeniably* be a *misfortune* to *thousands* if by any *oversight* they were *discontinued.* It is an *achievement* to be *anticipated* with some *confidence* that, as a *result* of this *petition,* you in your *omnipotency* will *produce* a *manifesto* making these *delightful* little *teasers* a *periodic* event. If *reassurance* of public *satisfaction* at these *measures* is *necessary,* one or more *referendums* to the *innumerable* host who *patronise* the *magazine* would be *confirmation* enough.—Yours, *etcetera,* *Contributor.*

A BREAKFAST-TABLE PROBLEM.

52 × 12
12
624 − 312
312
312 + 462
462
89)774(8
712
62

The solution rests chiefly in finding out that 12 is the multiplier, as it is a single line sum, and so 10, 11, and 12 are the only possible ones; 10 and 11, however, would give 2 as unit in the answer. This gives the signs for 1, 2, 4. The egg-cup is seen to be 3, as one larger than 4 would give over 1,000 above it, but it has only 3 signs. That shows the tea-cup to be 6, and dividing 624 by 12 gives 52, showing the cream-jug to be 5. The same process works it out to the conclusion.

THE PARROT PUZZLE.

THE proverb illustrated is: "Honesty is the best policy." (On ST is the best Polly—see?)

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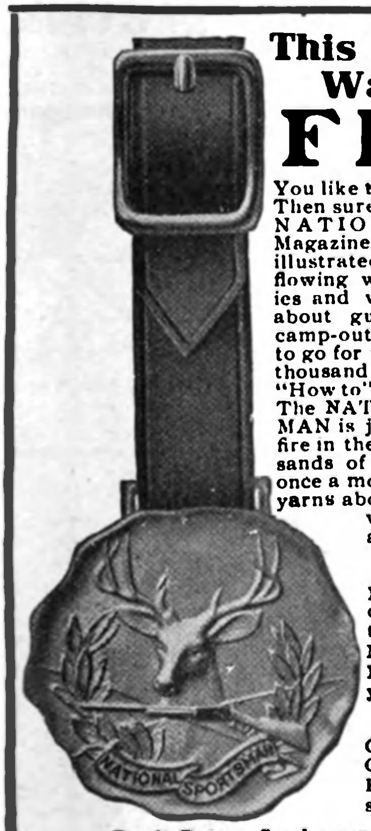

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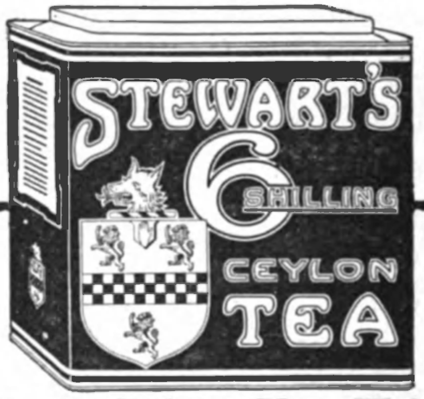

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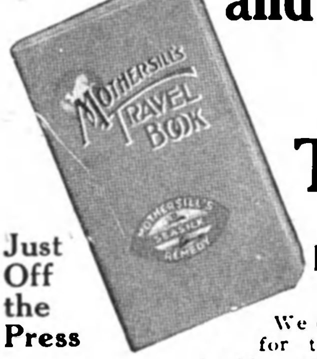

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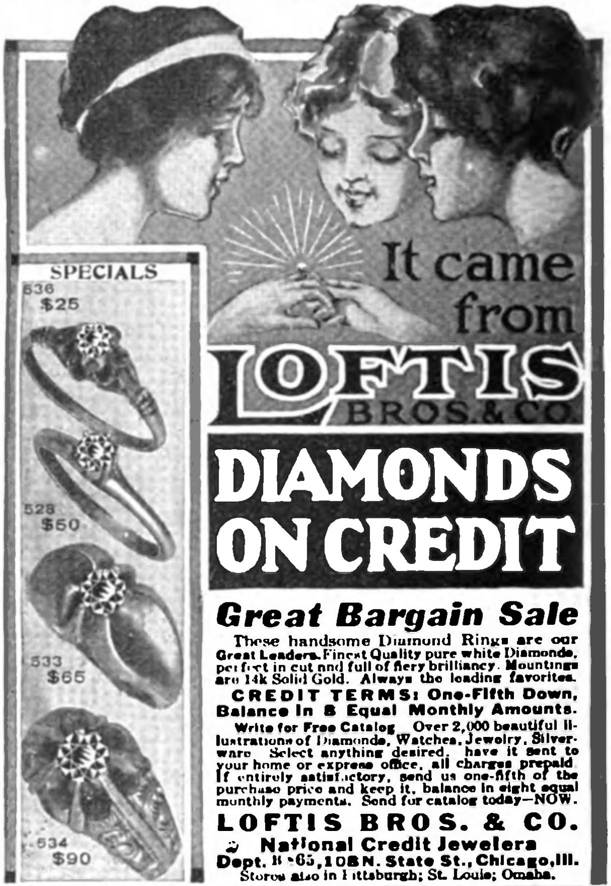

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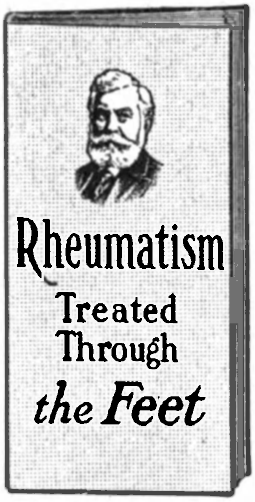

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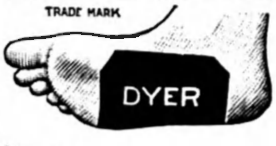

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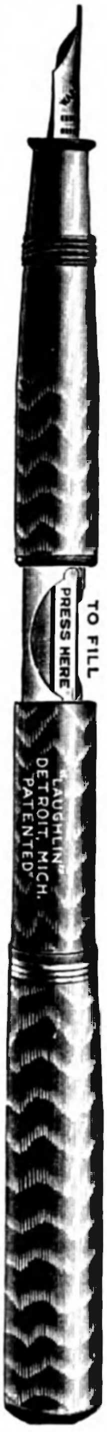

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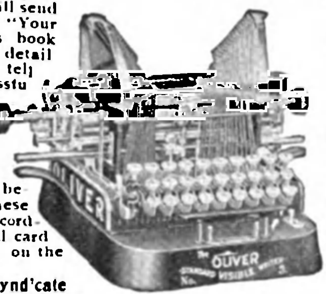
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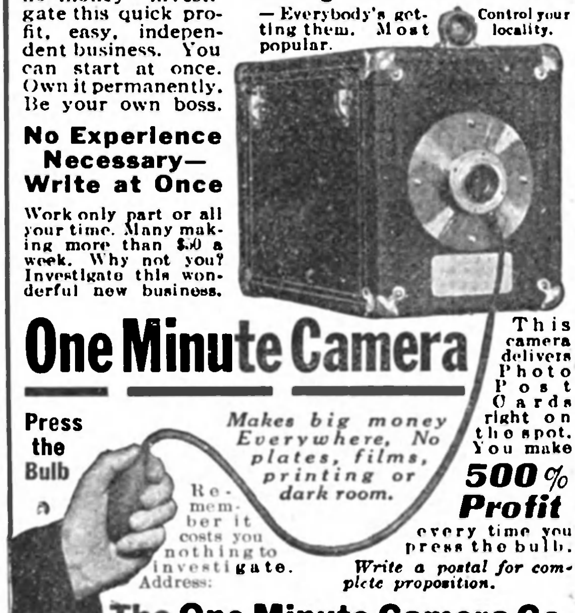

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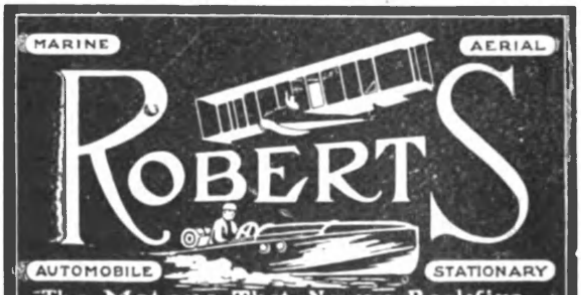

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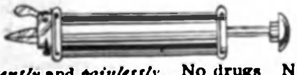

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NOTE SOME OF THE STRIKING FEATURES IN THE ISSUE FOR JULY:

"PUSSY-FOOT OF OKLAHOMA."—The Experiences of an "Outlaw-Smasher." By Joseph Heighton.

"Pussy-foot" is the nickname bestowed upon Mr. William E. Johnson, late head of the Bureau of the United States Indian Service. Mr. Johnson was specially commissioned by the Government to go into Oklahoma and "smash" the outlaws who were selling vile spirits to the Indians and generally defying the law. This article describes what happened when Mr. Johnson started his campaign. Many lives were lost on both sides, and the desperadoes put a price on Mr. Johnson's head, but before he resigned "Pussy-Foot" had run down and convicted over three thousand outlaws, destroyed half a million bottles of spirits, and burnt seventy-six gambling dens. For a long time he and his deputies carried their lives in their hands, and some striking stories are told of desperate battles with the liquor pirates.

MY EXPERIENCES IN WESTERN PAPUA. By Wilfred Beaver.

Papua is the modern name for New Guinea, the largest island, after Australia, in the world. The author has been engaged in Government work there for several years past, and is Resident Magistrate of the Western Division, a vast and largely unexplored region some thirty thousand miles in extent. In these interesting articles—the first of which appears in the current issue—he describes his experiences among the cannibals, head hunters and other amiable inhabitants of the interior.

UNCLE SAM'S "FLOATING COURT." By Walter Noble Burns.

"There ain't no law of God nor man runs north of fifty-three," wrote Kipling, and the words were doubtless pretty true before the U. S. Government established the remarkable "Floating Court" to administer justice among the Eskimos, whalers and the scattered white population of the far Northern Alaskan coast, Behring Sea and the Arctic. Strange indeed are the cases that are brought to the judges, many and varied are the tasks they are called upon to perform. In this fascinating article Mr. Burns gives us a vivid glimpse of life in the grim Northland on "the top of the world."

OUR BATTLE WITH THE HEAD-HUNTERS. By Captain Rob't Quinton.

This is the story of a thrilling fight with cannibals in the crocodile-haunted waters of a New Guinea river. "I consider we were very fortunate to escape," says Captain Quinton, and after reading the narrative one is inclined to agree with him.

EAST AFRICA AS I SAW IT. By Sybil Belcher.

The second of a series of vivid pen-pictures of life in Portuguese East Africa. The authoress went out, as a young bride, to join her husband, who was in the Consular service. Needless to say, she found everything very new and strange, and she met with many curious and amusing experiences before she settled down.

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The following letter is published as evidence of Mr. Vance's ability:

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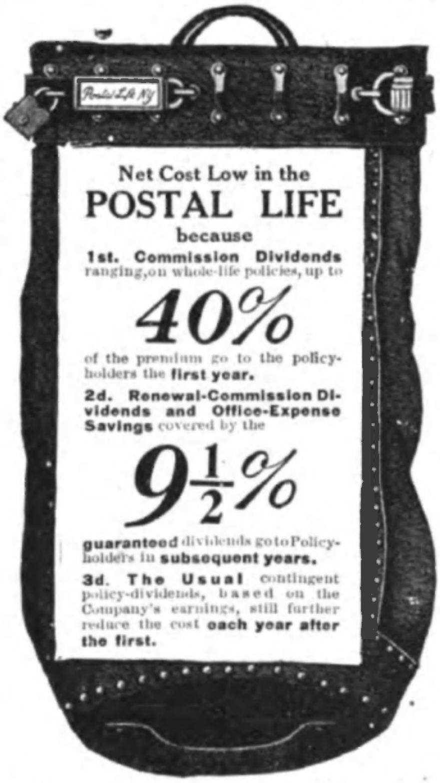

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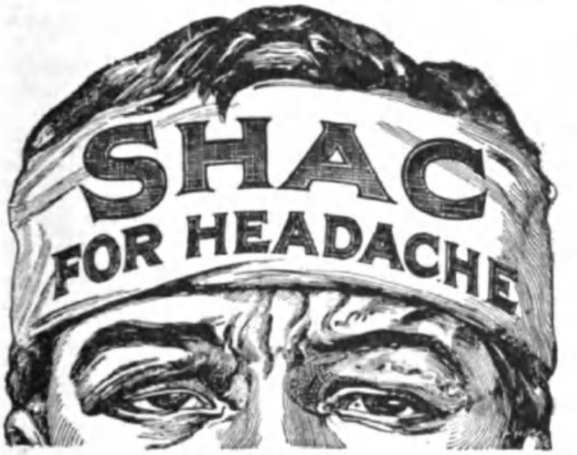

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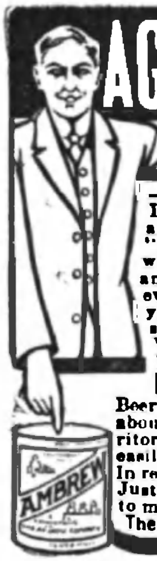

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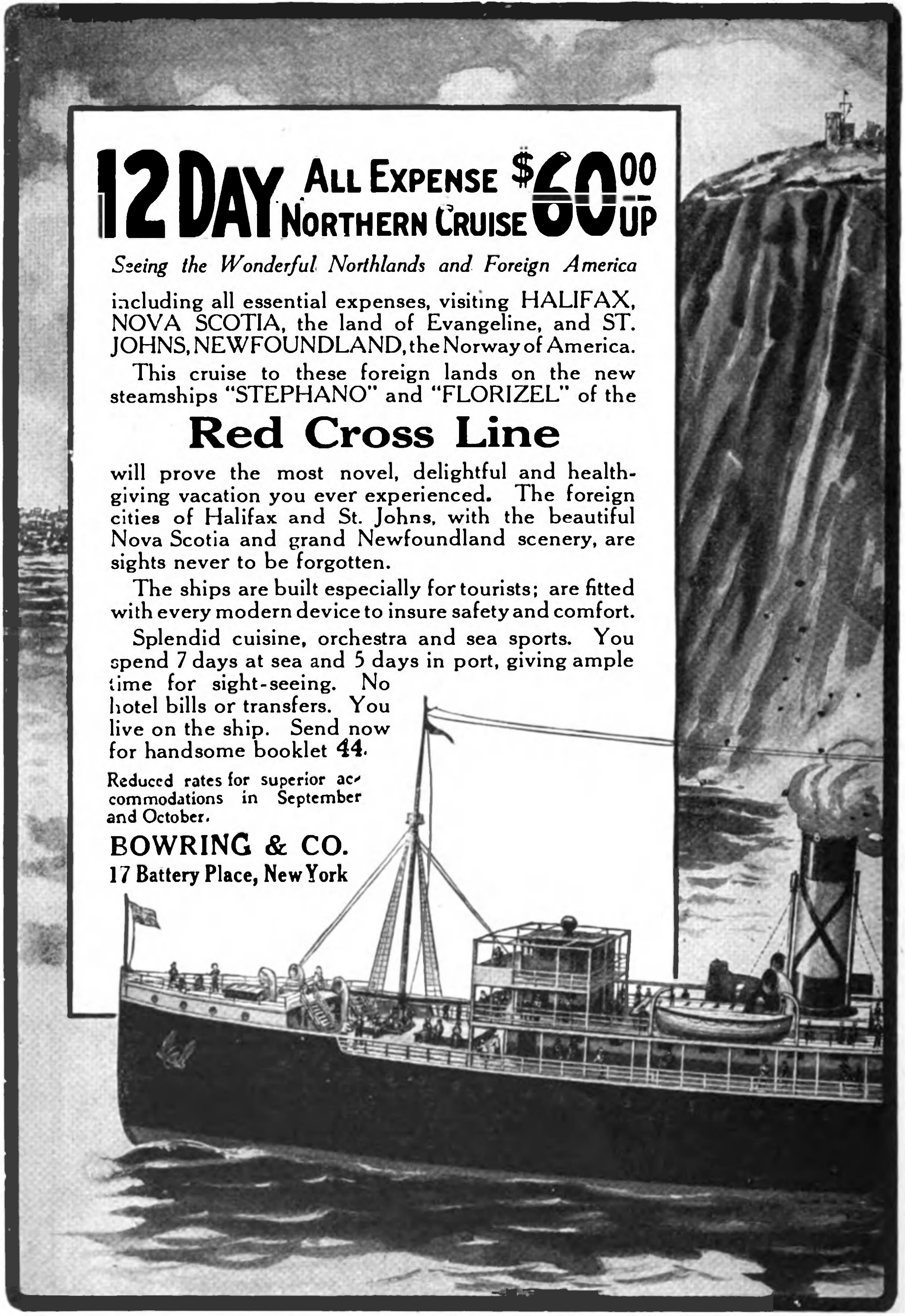

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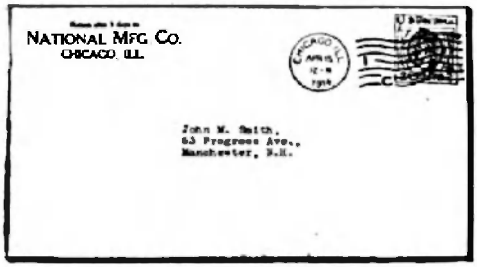
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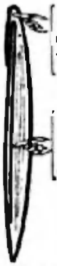
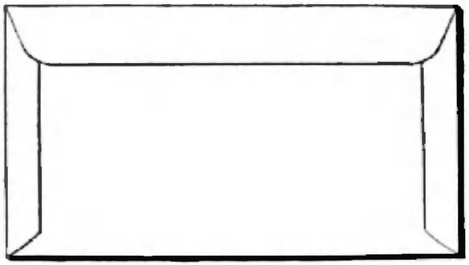


1ST Like an ordinary commercial envelope, this short outer flap seals message for outgoing trip.

2ND While the addressed return flap is protected within pocket and does not interfere with regular contents.

Sectional View of Short FLAP SEALED TO BACK



BACK VIEW AS LETTER IS SENT

One Envelope with Two Flaps

One Flap For Sending
One Flap For Returning

Round Trip Envelopes Cut Your Costs In Half

ONE ROUND TRIP ENVELOPE EQUALS TWO SEPARATE ENVELOPES BY CARRYING BOTH MESSAGE AND ANSWER

50% ECONOMY in envelopes, printing, inserting second envelope, addressing, etc. EFFICIENCY **100%**

SINCE the beginning of Envelope history man has used envelopes with only one sealing flap.

To carry a message and bring back an answer has always required TWO complete envelopes.

The Round Trip Envelope now upsets this accepted custom by giving each envelope TWO FLAPS, compelling the ONE envelope to do the work of TWO. It also does what no two separate envelopes can ever do, as you shall presently see.

The patent office records in Europe and America describe our invention as "*An envelope with a single pocket and sealing flaps on either side.*" Please read again and fix clearly in your mind as this is all there is to our whole story.

Ridiculously simple, is it not? And to think this was not done ages ago. But it wasn't and even the name "**Round Trip Envelope**" had to be coined by this Company for the purpose.

Note here the simple illustrations of surface and sectional views of this ONE Envelope performing the work of TWO thru just an extra flap—above, as it goes to a customer, and below, as it again returns. *Safely and surely, with identification and Postal records complete.*

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The solution comes to you in Round Trip Envelopes, because customers will like them for making business transactions easier. From the point of SAFETY the benefit is mutual.

Be Wise and Capitalize the Waste Products of the Commercial Wastebaskets

Round Trip Envelopes are primarily designed to utilize the waste products from the business wastebasket because the spent Envelopes carrying the first message possess the only complete, accurate post office record showing dates and hours of mailing and receipt by both parties together with identity of the original addressee. Mail customers unconsciously preserve and return you this valuable record because you make it easy and pleasant to do so.

Just ask any large mail order, or publishing house how much unidentified mail and remittances reach them. The answer we can assure you will be astounding.

Write for Samples

You might mention a quantity and let us quote a price.

Round Trip Envelope Co.

Patentees and Manufacturers

NEW YORK CITY—KANSAS CITY, MO.
337 W. 38th ST. 1594 GRAND AVE.

As a matter of fact one large western Mail-order house has accumulated nearly a million dollars in unidentified remittances received. Round Trip Envelopes would have reduced the Envelope expense one-half and made both buyer and seller much happier.

Every modern business suffers more or less with this great defect in organized system and millions of dollars are annually miscarried in the mails or lost in legal conflicts thru failure to preserve these invaluable records.

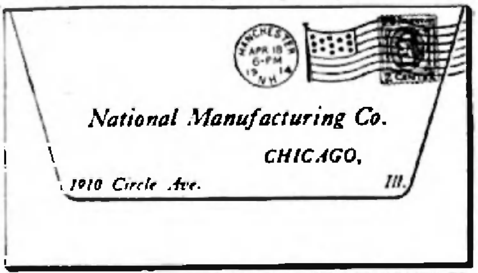
For several years past a number of large concerns doing a mail order business in various lines have demonstrated that the returns from Round Trip Envelopes exceed those of the old method of using two separate Envelopes.

Your customers will instantly fall in with this new idea, and the prestige of progressiveness will be an unexpected reward and a business asset.

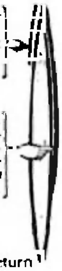
This is not difficult to grasp, as tests have shown beyond all doubt that the human interest in Round Trip Envelopes is pretty much the same in the minds of past masters of business experience or the most rurally ignorant. In removing a message from the envelope the recipient unconsciously withdraws the fresh addressed sealing flap from within the envelope. With it comes the ever same pleased expression, "*how simple.*"

This is a Power of Salesmanship which should not be overlooked by the shrewd executive who formulates mail campaigns.

FRONT OF ENVELOPE WITH RETURN ADDRESS
Printed on Return Flap, Insuring Receipt of Answer


MANCHESTER APR 18 6-PM 1914 N.H.
National Manufacturing Co.
CHICAGO,
1910 Circle Ave.
Ill.

FRONT VIEW OF SAME ENVELOPE AS RETURNED

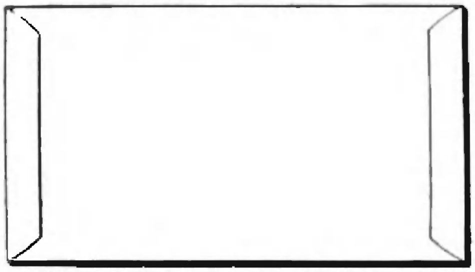


3RD The short flap, having been severed in regular opening of message, is now spent and of no further service.

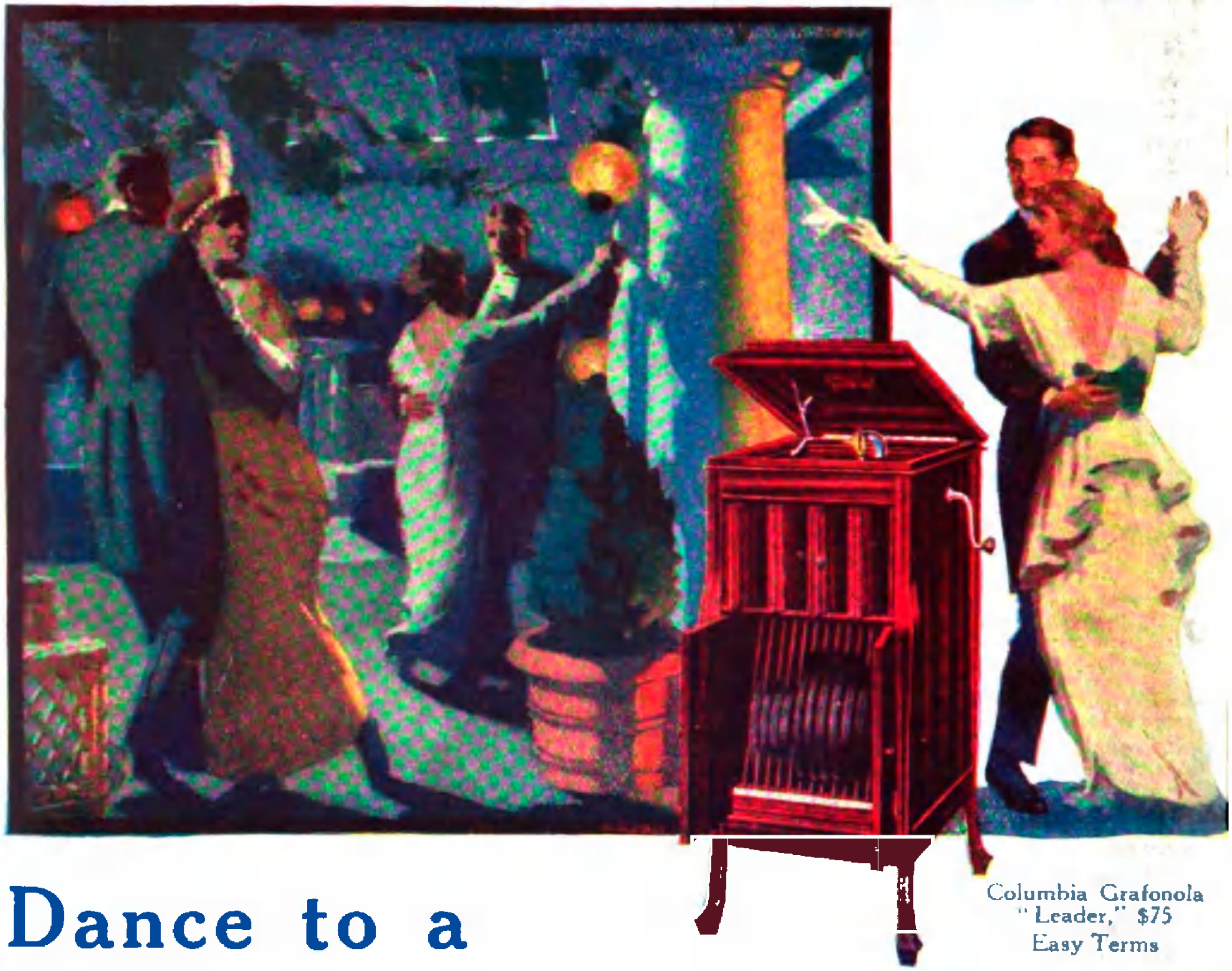
4TH But with inner addressed flap withdrawn, the most inexperienced recognize a new return envelope on first sight and are glad to use it.

Inner View of Return Flap Sealed Over Front

SAME ENVELOPE AS ABOVE WITH SHORT FLAP
Used in Sending Letter Removed



BACK VIEW OF SAME ENVELOPE AS RETURNED



Columbia

Columbia Grafonola
"Leader," $75
Easy Terms

Dance to a
Columbia Grafonola

The combination of a Columbia Grafonola with Columbia Dance Records is ideal—ideal on account of the remarkable brilliance and tone volume, sufficient for a hundred couples to dance to—ideal because they will supply you with dance music that is right in rhythm and tempo, and above all, right in spirit.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—**All Columbia Records can be used on *your* disc talking machine** (if any standard make.)

Columbia Graphophone Co., Box G 271, Woolworth Bldg., New York

Toronto: 365-367 Sorauren Avenue

Dealers wanted where we are not actively represented. Write for particulars.

Columbia Records
Note the Notes