

Look out for the Dickens Stamp



November
Weather
DEMANDS

FRY'S
Pure Cocoa

Defies Weather
Vagaries
Resists Cold and
Damp.

See Page 22.

**SOUTHAMPTON
STREET**

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

128
Literary
Pages.

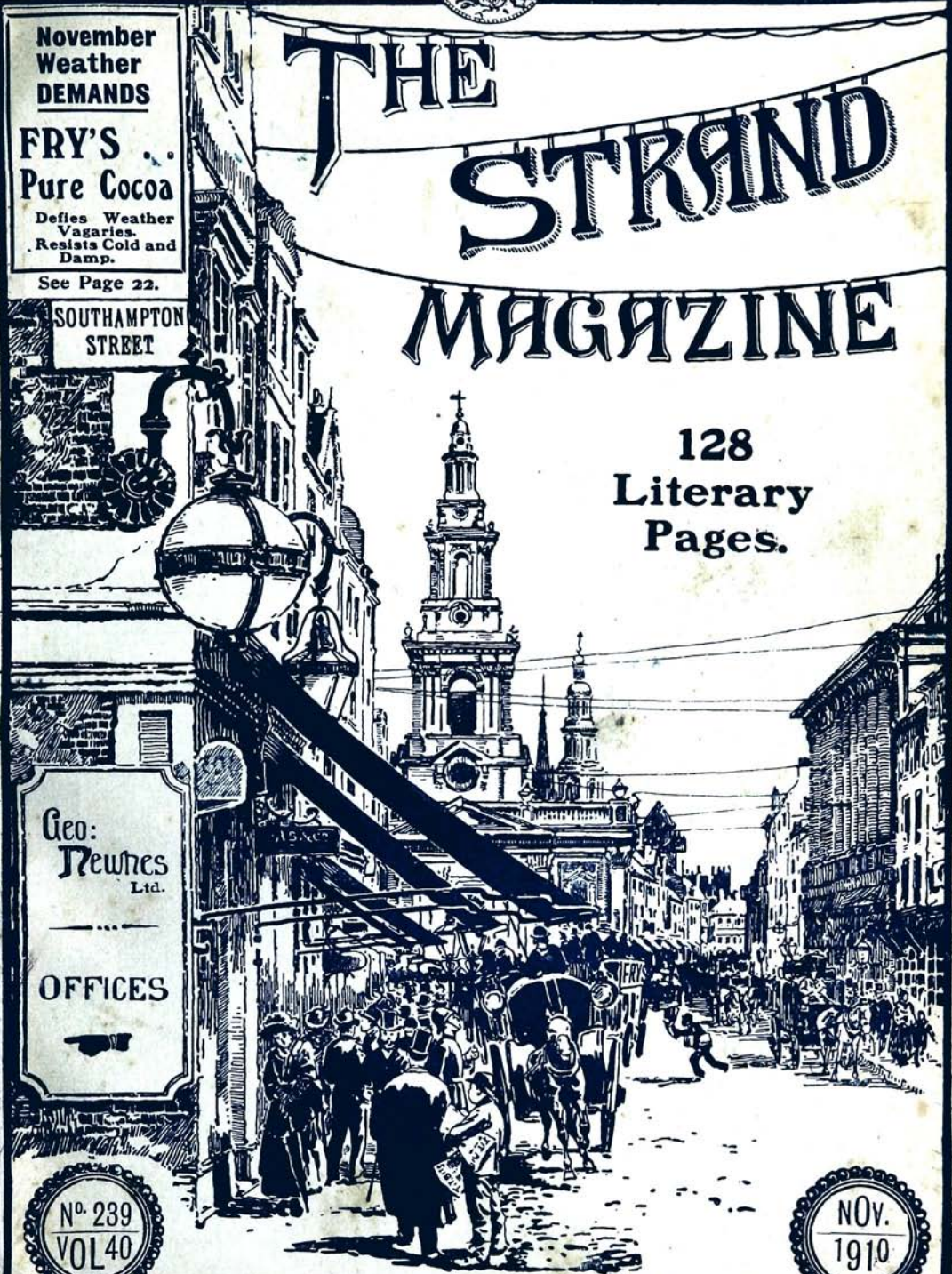
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Newnes
Ltd.

OFFICES



AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

Published monthly by **GEORGE NEWNES—Ltd.**, 3 to 13, Southampton Street, Strand, London, England.



SOLID IMPROVED NICKEL SILVER
TABLE SPOONS or FORKS
6/6 PER DOZ
DESSERT D¹¹²
5/6 PER DOZ
TEA SPOONS
2/3 PER DOZ

WARRANTED
TO WEAR WHITE
THROUGHOUT

Sheffield Cutlery

and PLATE.

DIRECT FROM MAKERS.

Saving 25 to 50 per cent.

Half-dozen supplied.

WONDERFUL VALUE.

CATALOGUE FREE

SOLID 5/16" WHITE BONE

CAST STEEL BLADES

TABLE KNIVES

6/6 PER DOZ

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5/6 PER DOZ

ALSO IN

HAND FORGED

TABLE KFS

2/6 PER DOZ

DESSERT DO

3/6 PER DOZ

ALL POST FREE.

The *Christian Commonwealth*, 15th March, 1888, says: "We can honestly say we are surprised that such articles can be supplied at so small a cost. Would be cheap at double the price. The same remark applies to the nickel silver."

Samples on Approval.

Money returned if not approved. Cheques payable to Wm. Cheetham, crossed "London City and Midland Bank," Bank St. Branch.

The Sheffield Goods Manfg. Co.,
Havelock Works, Sheffield. Est. 1861.



You wouldn't buy a Motor Car with a Poor Engine, just as you wouldn't buy a Billiard Table with Poor Cushions.

HOLT'S BILLIARD TABLES

from £4 to £50,

have Holt's New Rapid Cushions; you feel you want to play immediately you see them.

Descriptive Booklet Free. It means a lot to you. Write to-day—write now.

Willie Holt (BURNLEY) L^{td}.

Grove Billiard Works,

BURNLEY,

Lancashire.

HOLT'S Billiard Tables

Marvellous Value for Ladies who Dress Well.

W. H. & A. POPPLESTONE'S

(Late of Clifton)

2-Guinea Costumes

are at least Fifty per cent. lower than usual tailors' Patterns and Self-forms, and not only dress smarter than 12/6 Sporting Tweed Effect) is worth double the money.

9, York Street (near the Abbey), BATH.
75, High St., WESTON-SUPER-MARE.



No. 1.

£2 2

No. 2.

£3 3



THE BABY.

How do Ceilings get dirty?

You never walk on them, nothing dirty is deliberately placed on them, they get no wear. Yet ceilings do get very dirty, and so do walls, pictures, curtains, and many other things that are never handled or worn.

There could not be more striking evidence of the need for a "Daisy" Vacuum Cleaner than the way in which those things get dirty.

It is dust raised by brooms and brushes that causes 90 per cent. of the dirt about a house. The "Daisy" does all the work of a broom without raising dust. It is brushing more than use that wears out carpets and upholstery; the "Daisy" cleans them the most thoroughly, but does not cause

the slightest injury. It is broom-raised dust that makes curtains and other hangings dirty so quickly; the "Daisy" Cleaner not only prevents that effect, but with it you can clean off the little dust that comes from outside, without taking down anything. The

"DAISY" Vacuum Cleaner

is so effective because of its unique suction principle. The power with which it sucks in dust is remarkable. It works with the utmost ease, and with care will never get out of order.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOKLET, which gives full particulars and illustrations of eight different sizes at prices from 42/- to £18 18s.

Of all Ironmongers and Stores, or

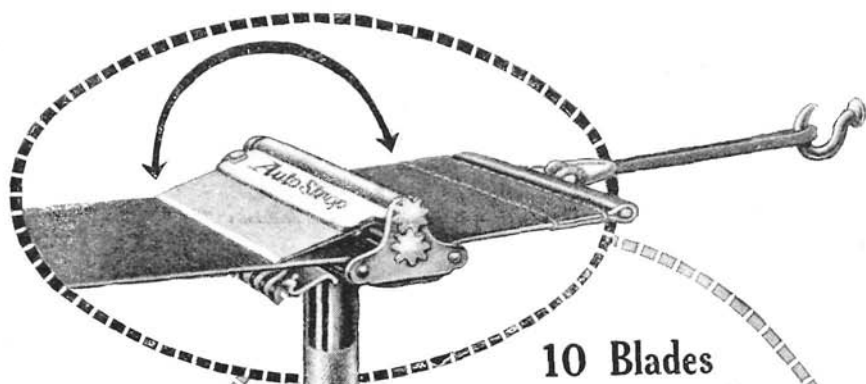
THE DAISY VACUUM CLEANER CO., Ltd., Gravelly Hill, BIRMINGHAM.

Price

£18 18



Model 'E.' Factory or Hotel Model.



Insert
strop
in razor,
move razor
to and fro—
blade reverses
automatically
and thus actually
Strops Itself.

10 Blades last 3 Years!

Read Col. A. H. CLARK-KENNEDY'S letter and learn how you also can avoid the continual expense for new blades, necessary for every ordinary safety razor.

FELPHAM, Nt. BOGNOR, August 29, 1910.

DEAR SIRS,—I bought one of your Safety Razor Outfits in May, 1907, and up to the present time, after constant daily use, have only worn out 10 blades and strop. I bought a second set of blades last year, but as I still have one of the original 12 not yet used, am probably still 3 years to the good in blades.

(Signed) A. H. CLARK-KENNEDY, Colonel.

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

Manufacturers of ordinary safety razors do not claim that one of their blades will shave more than 5 to 20 times —but the same AutoStrop blade can be stropped to give a perfect shave every day for months.

You cannot strop it wrongly.—No taking apart to strop or clean.

At all high-class dealers,
—you see it everywhere.

Complete outfit includes AutoStrop Safety Razor, silver-plated; 12 AutoStrop blades; horse-hide strop; in case complete. Price

21/-

Illustrated Description Free.—Address
Dept. R.,

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co. Ltd.
61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.
Also at Hamburg, Paris,
Milan, New York,
Montreal.



The Latest Model
 :: of the ::
STERLING
PLAYER PIANO



The
"Ideal-Mignon"

is a thoroughly reliable instrument, smaller than the usual size of Player-Pianos, and, therefore, less costly in construction. It is sold at a price considerably lower than is usually charged for First-class Instruments.

It embodies all the essential features of the world-renowned "Sterling" with the "faultless" motor, the tempo, accentuating, and melody and accompaniment devices ensuring absolute control of expression, delicacy of touch, and power of attack.

The "Ideal-Mignon" is a hand-some instrument, which, considered as a Player-Piano, is without equal at the price, and which, regarded as a Piano (it can be played by hand in the ordinary way), is worthy of a place in any home.

Deferred Payments arranged if desired.

Write for Catalogue to—

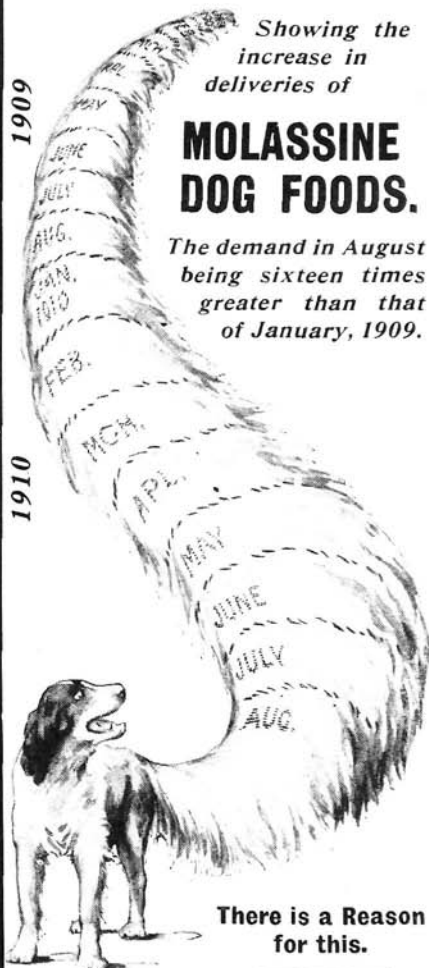
COPPLESTON & CO., Ltd., 9, Sterling House, 94, Regent St., London, W.

**A LONG TAIL
 BUT
 A GOOD TALE**

Showing the
 increase in
 deliveries of

**MOLASSINE
 DOG FOODS.**

The demand in August
 being sixteen times
 greater than that
 of January, 1909.



**There is a Reason
 for this.**

They are different from all others.

Other Foods feed dogs only.

Molassine Foods not only feed, but keep dogs healthy, improve the coat, eradicate worms, and prevent unpleasant odours from the skin and excreta.

Manufactured from the purest ingredients only and free from any medicament.

Call to-day at the nearest Dealer's and buy some.

**THE MOLASSINE CO., LTD.,
 102, Tunnel Avenue, GREENWICH.**

Allen & Daws' Extra Pin Money

SENT throughout the British Isles and to all parts of the Empire in exchange for Old Gold Jewellery, Precious Stones, Sterling Silver and Sheffield Plate, Platinum, Teeth, Snuff Boxes, etc.

Send anything you have to
5, London St., Norwich.
Immediate Cash sent or Offer Made.

**ESTABLISHED
OVER HALF A CENTURY**

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

All sufferers are earnestly requested to write for my new remedy
3003 "ANTICAPILLA" (Regd.)

a fragrant liquid compound, entirely free from all poisonous ingredients, which entirely and permanently destroys the cyst and follicle after which the reappearance of the hair is impossible without the slightest pain or injury to the skin, leaving the latter as white and smooth and clear as if there had never been a growth of hair upon it. It never fails to cure the most stubborn and painful cases, even when all other and oft-repeated treatment has failed to have the desired effect. One bottle sufficient to cure, sent post free for 4/6 to foreign countries, 5/6, which I offer to return if results are deemed in any way unsatisfactory. No plucking or burning or cutting off required, as it is entirely unlike any other preparation offered for a similar purpose. Letters strictly confidential. Address—

Mr. R. H. THOMPSON (Dept. 7),
149, Strand, London, W.C.
Wholesale—BARCLAYS.

**YOUR TROUSERS
WILL GET OUT OF SHAPE,
BUT—**

AN **"EVERITT"** PRESS
will put them
RIGHT in the NIGHT.

YOU NEED ONE.

Get our **"VARSITY"** Patent Combination Press and Stretcher, as supplied to Prince Christopher of Greece.

PRICE complete, 18/-; or, without Stretcher, 14/6.

Also made in several cheaper qualities.

THE EVERITT PRESS MFG. CO., 13-19, LEVER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

ALL-WOOL OVERCOAT

To Measure, 21-

Most Wonderful Tailoring
Creation of the Century.

Perfect Style, Perfect Cut,

Perfect Finish, Perfectly Trimmed

CURZON BROS., the famous tailors, are making the above wonderful offer as a special inducement to those who have not yet tested their clothing value.

Send postcard for
FREE PATTERNS!

Together with patterns, we send you fashion plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, and tape measure. We fit you no matter where you live or refund the full amount of your purchase money.

AWARDED THREE MEDALS.

Read our unique list of unsolicited testimonials. **£5,000** forfeited if not absolutely genuine.

Gold Medal Suits to Measure from 27/6.

Those residing in London should call.

CURZON BROS., The World's Measure Tailors.
(Dept. 10), 60D, 63, City Road, London, E.C.

PARIS HOUSE: 139, Rue de Rivoli;
BRUSSELS HOUSE: 2, Rue de la Bourse;
and in Canada, South Africa, & Australia.

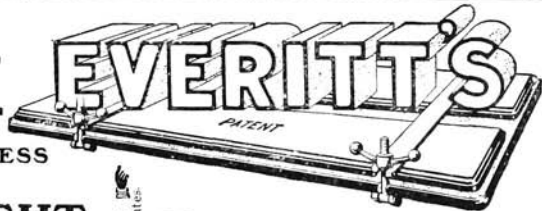


Rupture Cured

STUART'S PLASTER-PADS are different from the painful truss, and being self-adhesive they hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles, or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the pelvic bone. The pads contain a wonderful medicine which is kept constantly in contact, thereby curing the most obstinate cases. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work and in the privacy of the home. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Write to-day, and "Trial Treatment," with interesting book, will be sent **FREE**



TRIAL OF TREATMENT with interesting book, will be sent **FREE**
Stuart Plaster-Pad Co., Room 2, 66-67, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.



Presses from 5/=

TAILORS AND HOSIERS STOCK THEM.

If we have no agent in your district, we will supply direct and pay carriage U.K. Foreign Orders carr. fwd. List "S 11" post free on request.

NOTE NAME
Return Substitutes

FREE**THIS NEW STYLE PNEUMATIC
HAIR-HEALTH BRUSH****£6,500 Worth of these Tatcho Brushes—
the King Edward Model—to be Given Away.****The two greatest aids to Hair-Health in the World—Tatcho and the new Tatcho Hair-Health Brush**

The new Tatcho Hair-Health Brush is a duplicate of the model of a set supplied for the use of His Majesty the late King Edward.

Although of so unique a character, these Hair Brushes—£6,500 worth—are to be absolutely given away to users of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' wonderful discovery of Tatcho, the genuine, good, true Hair-Grower.

Every reader of this announcement may have one for the use of himself or herself.

Imagine a hair-brush in which every bristle stands apart in true hair-and-scalp skirmishing order.

Imagine, too, a regiment of bristles separately set in a beautifully yielding pneumatic pad.

**The King Edward Model
Tatcho Hair Brush.**

Stretch the imagination a little further, and see with your mind's eye how bristles so deftly set and so singularly positioned must—they cannot do otherwise—penetrate through the thickest hair and so sweep the scalp clean from all scurf and dandruff, dirt and dust.

Then, again, imagine how easy it is to keep this brush sweetly clean. Its possessor has only to draw the separately-set bristles across the hand or a towel to immediately free every bristle hygienically free from hair, scurf, and dust.

And this magnificent "King Edward" Model Hair Brush is simply waiting your invitation to enter your service free of all cost to yourself. It need not be denied that the reader's regular use of this brush is intended to aid the good work that Tatcho does for every reader's hair.

Indeed, the new Pneumatic Pad and Separate-Bristle Tatcho Hair-Health Brush is plainly intended to aid and supplement Tatcho in its accredited work of cultivating and preserving the hair of the user. It will simply make assurance doubly sure.

No reasoning reader will fail to see and understand that a scalp free from scurf and dust makes it easier for the hair to live and grow in all its natural profusion and beauty.

And the only condition which you, dear reader,

have to put in operation to secure for yourself one of these splendid new-style Hair-Health Brushes is to equip yourself with the other necessary working partner for your success in hair-growing—that is, a 2s. 9d. bottle of Tatcho. An additional 4d. should also be sent to cover postage of the package to your address.

FREE**To Users of
TATCHO****Mr. Geo. R. Sims'
Genuine, Good,
True
Hair-Grower.****Free Hair-Health
Brushes to Users of
Tatcho.**

Owing, unfortunately, to tariff and other obstacles, this opportunity is at the moment available only to residents of the British Isles who first apply.

Immediate application should be made for the two greatest aids to hair-health in the world, namely, Tatcho and the new Tatcho Hair-Health Brush.

Readers should apply to the **George R. Sims' Hair Restorer Co., 5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London.**

Further supplies of Tatcho may be had from chemists and stores everywhere, 1/, 2/9, and 4/6.

The present offer is available to November 30 next, after which date it will become void.

*The Tatcho
Hair-Health
Hair Brush.
The best in the
world. £6,500
worth to be
given away.
Why not get
one?*

**Mr. GEO. R. SIMS.****FREE BRUSH COUPON***One brush only will be supplied to each user.*

THIS COUPON entitles the holder who desires to benefit by Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho, the true Hair-Grower, to one Patent Hair-Health Brush FREE OF ALL CHARGE, in terms of the special announcement set forth in the November issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Geo. R. Sims
Hair Restorer Co

Name of Applicant

Address.....

Two Styles of Easy Chairs



The "Ingleboro"



The "Warwick"

One Quality—the Best

Both chairs can be upholstered to customer's selection of covers and colours. The interior work and construction of these chairs is carried out with the object of not only providing a chair of comfort for every day use by employing materials not easily soiled and lasting in wear, but with the aim also of adding to the attractive appearance of any room. We guarantee the chairs or will refund the money in full.

£3 15s. each. Deferred Payments or Discount for Cash.

Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom. Colonial & Foreign Orders receive special attention.

FREE We will send you free by post our large Illustrated Catalogue, containing hundreds of designs, also Price Lists, estimates and hints on Furnishing, which you will find very valuable. **It costs you nothing and will save you pounds in furnishing.**

GLOBE Furnishing Co.

(J. R. GRANT, PROPRIETOR.)

(Dept. E.)

Pembroke Place, LIVERPOOL,
and at 38-40, High Street, BELFAST.

"SUNLIGHT"

The
Friend

of all
Nations



From Land's End to John o'Groats—from the North Foreland Light to where the Atlantic Rollers break upon the Irish Coast—Sunlight Soap is fulfilling its promises of cleanliness and comfort; and in lands afar off, in ice-bound regions and sunny climes alike, it is maintaining that reputation which British goods enjoy the wide world over. Whether known as Soap, Seife, Zeep or Savon, it is the same "Sunlight," guaranteed pure, with purity but one of its many virtues



Best of all

IS YOUR HAIR GREY or FADING?

THEN WRITE FOR FREE BOOK DESCRIBING THE AMAZING DISCOVERY RECENTLY MADE AT A FAMOUS INSTITUTION IN KENT.

Is your hair grey or fading in colour?

If you have reached adult age it is more than likely your answer will be "Yes."

Nothing makes a man or woman look so old as hair which has lost its youthful colour, and no longer need one display Time's too early trade mark.

BAD FOR THE WOMAN.

The woman whose hair has begun to fade is looked upon as already elderly. Consequently she misses opportunities which come to girls who look younger than herself by reason of the youthful colour and lustre of their hair.

AND SERIOUS FOR THE MAN.

With man the consequences of prematurely grey hair are equally serious.

The man whose hair has become grey—no matter how fine his business record may be—is looked upon by employers as a "second-rater."

If he is seeking a situation, or promotion, younger-looking men will be preferred before him.

AN EASY CURE FOR GREY HAIR

If your hair is grey, or growing grey, then it is a serious matter for you whatever your sex or position. At least it would be serious were it not for the announcement made here. For this announcement robs hair discoloration of its seriousness, and provides a cure for the grey-haired.

AN AMAZING DISCOVERY.

An amazing discovery has been made at the well-known Bromley Hydro, Bromley, Kent (one of the most famous old historic mansions in the South of England), by which grey or faded hair can be restored to its original youthful colour in a few days, and by a simple, inexpensive method which anyone can put into practice in the privacy of their own home.

Already the merits of this discovery—to which has been given the name of "Vilixir"—have been tested by thousands of ladies and gentlemen, who have written to the authorities responsible for the matter in terms of the most enthusiastic praise, as will be seen from the specimen letters we will forward.

One of the most remarkable facts about "Vilixir" is that it is an *absolutely colourless liquid*. Thus it differs from a dye which has to be purchased in a certain colour (black or brown or gold as the case may be), in order to give the particular hue required. Not so "Vilixir." This same colourless liquid restores your hair—not to any colour you like—but just to that particular hue it possessed before it went grey. Three persons may possess hair of as many different shades. Years pass by and they become grey. These three people can

use the same bottle of "Vilixir" and in each case the hair will return to the particular tint it formerly possessed. The same preparation will produce three different results, and in each case the result will be the right one.

Would you like to try this discovery, which will restore the colour to the grey or faded hair of your head, beard, or moustache? If so, you can do so at once, and you will be delighted with the results.

If after using "Vilixir" you are dissatisfied with what it does for your hair, the money paid for it will be returned to you without any deduction, provided that you have carefully followed the instructions sent with each supply of "Vilixir."

A full description of the discovery of "Vilixir" is related in a most interesting book on "Grey

Hair and How to Cure It," which can be obtained (by merely enclosing 1d. stamp to cover return postage) on personal or written application to the address below.

In this book you will find full particulars showing how to restore your grey or faded hair to its rightful natural colour in a few days in the privacy of your own home. Or you can stay at the Bromley Hydro as a visitor, and have your hair restored to its rightful colour under skilled supervision.

But this skilled supervision can be yours, even if you do not stay at the Hydro, for the same Specialist will be delighted to answer by letter any questions you may wish to put to him concerning your hair's loss of colour. So you will have practically the same advantages as those who visit the Hydro.

This simple Treatment, by restoring the lost colour to your hair, takes from 5 to 15 years off your apparent age.

Moreover, the colour thus restored to your hair will stand every test and the closest scrutiny.

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOK.

In any case, if your hair is grey, or growing grey or faded, write for the "Illustrated Free 'Vilixir' Book," fully describing the wonderful discovery made at this famous Kentish Institution.

Fill up the coupon given below, enclose a penny stamp for return postage, and address your letter to Secretary, The Vilixir Co., Ltd. (Room 324), Bromley Hydro, Bromley, Kent.

It will be sent you by return, and will show you in the clearest and simplest manner just how you can bring back the lost colour to your hair.

COUPON.

To the Secretary, The Vilixir Co., Ltd.
(Room 324), Bromley Hydro, Bromley, Kent.

Sir.—Please send me a presentation copy of "The Book of the Vilixir Discovery" described in the above article. I enclose a penny stamp for its postage to

Name.....

Address.....



THE BROMLEY HYDRO, KENT.
(South-west Wing viewed from the Royal Terrace). Here it was that the discovery of the "Vilixir" Method of restoring the natural colour to grey or faded hair was quite accidentally made.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



Far-away Friends.

Wireless Telegraphy cannot convey Waterman's Ideal to Far-away Friends, so, to be in time with your Christmas Token, post it NOW. No Present could be less trouble to dispatch than is Waterman's Ideal, and no Gift is ever more acceptable. Waterman's Ideal is the World's Best Fountain Pen, and the Writer's Best Friend. It works well always, never gives a moment's trouble, and is good for years of hard pen work. To give such a pen is to bestow an everlasting boon. Let one carry across the seas your

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Prices: 10/6, 15/-, 17/6, 21/-, 25/-, 35/-, and upwards. In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Of Stationers, Jewellers, etc. List free from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, Ltd., Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway, London. (New York: 173, Broadway. Paris: 6, Rue de Hanovre. Vienna: 1 Franzensring 20. Milan: Via Bossi 4. Dresden: Pragerstrasse 6. Brussels: 14, Rue du Pont Neuf.)

Ask to see Waterman's Ideal Safety Pen and Waterman's Ideal Pump-filling Pen—12/6 and upwards.

MAKE YOUR WEAK HAIR STRONG IN THIS WAY.

Write To-day for This Free Seven Days' Course of "Hair-Drill," Which Will Enable You to Grow a Healthy, Luxuriant, and Beautiful Head of Hair.

This Scientific Home Method only takes up two minutes of your time every day, but its beneficial results will last all your life.

If your hair is weak in any way, poverty stricken either in growth or in colour, that is the way you can make it strong.

Sit down at once, cut out the coupon given at the foot of this announcement, fill it in with your name and address, and post it off with 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of return carriage, and the day after to-morrow the post-man will deliver at your door a neatly-packed parcel addressed to you.

This set of Toilet requisites — which is presented as an absolutely free gift to you — includes, first of all, a bottle of that well-known and highly-popular tonic-dressing for the hair, "Edwards' Harlene," which is to-day being used regularly by the most beautiful women and fashionable men in the country, who state that they owe the present gloss-beauty and free-from-blemish condition of their hair entirely to the efforts of Mr. Edwards in instructing them in his famous secret Hair - Culture Method, the Harlene "Hair-Drill."

Mr. Edwards' Latest Discovery, "Cremex."

Secondly, in this Presentation Outfit you will find a large trial packet of Mr. Edwards' latest discovery, the "Cremex" Powder for Shampooing the Hair and Scalp. About this delightful "Cremex" Shampoo Powder it is necessary to say a few words here.

That is to say, "Cremex" Shampoo Powder is absolutely safe to use.

It contains nothing which is in any way dangerous either to the hair or to those who use it.

It is not inflammable — just the reverse. Neither does it "give off" gases, vapours, or fumes of any kind.

"Cremex," therefore, can be used with the utmost confidence by anyone and everyone. You can even shampoo a baby's head with "Cremex." Indeed, the hair of small children should be regularly shampooed in this way if you want them to grow up possessing beautiful heads of hair. Children's hair is very liable, as everyone knows, to become sticky, dusty, and scurfy. "Cremex" removes all these undesirable accretions, and renders the scalp perfectly clean and the hair both clean and silky.

Try Hair-Drill for Seven Days.

All you need do is to devote two minutes a day (either getting up in the morning, or at night before retiring to rest) to this always successful Hair-Culture Method.

Try this method for a week, and at the end of that time you will notice a wonderful improvement in the condition of your hair.

Scurf will disappear. All tiresome itching or irritation will cease. The falling-out of hair will stop.

Dull and dead-looking hair will become lustrous and glossy.

Grey or white hair will recover its original colour.

Your whole appearance will be changed for the better.

If you have prematurely aged through the poor and weakly condition of your hair, "Hair - Drill" will make you look young again.

Give Your Hair the Treatment it requires.

Fill up this coupon, enclose 3d. in stamps for carriage of parcel, and post it to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C., and in return you will secure immediately everything required

(materials, instructions, everything) for growing a luxuriant head of hair free of any charge or obligation.

Further supplies of "Harlene" may be obtained from Chemists and Stores all over the world, in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles, or sent direct on receipt of postal order. "Cremex" in boxes of six for 1/-.



FREE TRIAL COUPON.

This Coupon entitles its holder to a Free Outfit for increasing the Beauty and Growth of the Hair, as described in the above article.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Kindly send me one of the Toilet Outfits as per your offer in above article. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover the postal charges to any part of the world.

Name.....

Address.....

THE STRAND MAGAZINE, November, 1910.

**A PRACTICAL, USEFUL,
& LASTING XMAS GIFT.**



**POST EARLY FOR COLONIES
AND DISTANT LANDS.**

Year by year the same problem faces all those who give presents--What shall I give? And year by year an increasing number of people solve the difficulty by giving "SWAN" Pens. It would be hard to imagine a more desirable gift — practical, dainty, and lasting — essentially a happy expression of the utmost goodwill.

FOR FRIENDS FAR AWAY.

The choice of presents is often limited to those articles which can be posted. A "SWAN" is then sure to be right. It can be posted to any Colony for 4d., or Foreign Country for 6d. (registered post).

**SOLD BY ALL HIGH-CLASS
STATIONERS & JEWELLERS.**

10/6 up to £20.



May we send our Catalogue of "Swans," Inks, Stylos, etc., post free.

MABIE, TODD & CO., 79 & 80, High Holborn, W.C.

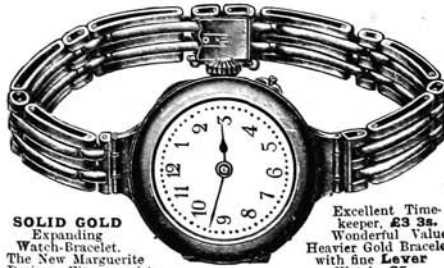
BRANCHES: 93, Cheapside, E.C.; 95A, Regent Street, W.; 3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER; 10, Rue Neuve, BRUSSELS; Brentano's, 37, Ave. de l'Opera, PARIS; and at NEW YORK and CHICAGO.

GIFTS WHICH PLEASE THE MOST

Nothing affords greater gratification to its recipient than a present of jewellery—nothing lasts longer to remind the owner of the giver, whilst bought so advantageously as it may be from the

H. WHITE MANUFACTURING CO. it always represents nine-tenths of its original cost, even after years of wear, and so may be regarded as an "investment" in the best sense of the word. Buying from the H. White Manufacturing Co. means

a real saving of 25% (5/- in £) as compared with the usual retail prices. Due in the first place to the fact that the Company possess the greatest facilities for economical production, and buy in the best markets—two immensely important advantages from which their clients derive the greatest benefit; whilst the Company's great turnover permits them to sell their Wonderful Specialities with much less profit than the ordinary retail firms, with their limited sales, are obliged to make.



SOLID GOLD
Expanding
Watch-Bracelet.
The New Marguerite
Design. Fit any wrist.
Solid Gold Watch with Crocodile Leather Bracelet. 30/-
With Sterling Silver Watch, 17 6.

Excellent Time-keeper, £3 3s.
Wonderful Value.
Heavier Gold Bracelet
with fine Lever
Watch, £5.

The "COUNTY" 12-ct. Lever.

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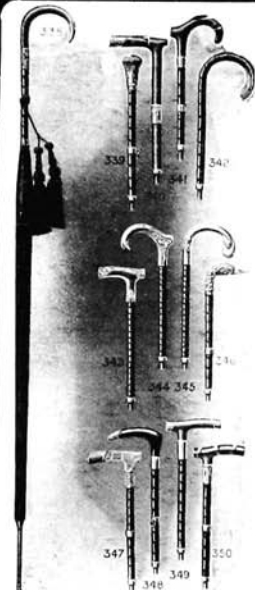
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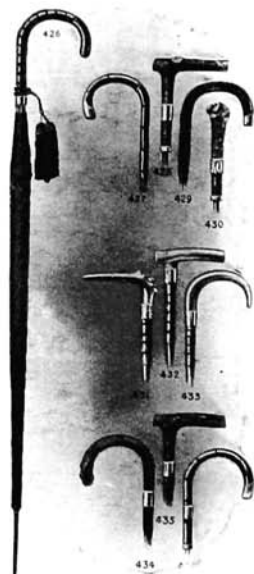
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I found the dried-up crater of an old mineral spring, like the spas at Homburg, Tunbridge Wells, Bath, Harrogate, and Marienbad, rich in vitalising qualities too. It had been lost to mankind, the waters having dried up. But I found their residue and the strata through which they had passed.

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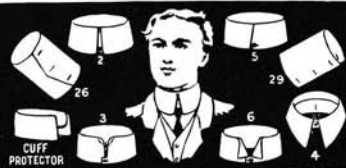


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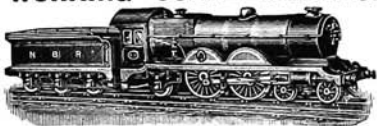
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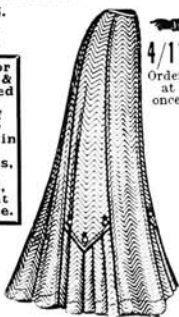
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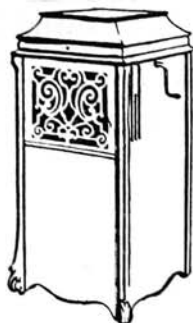
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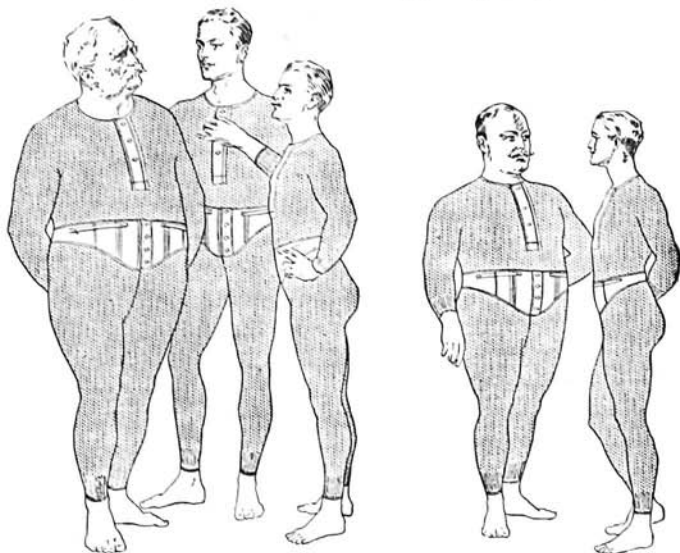
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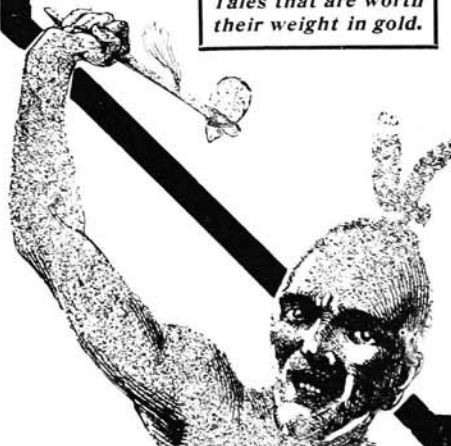
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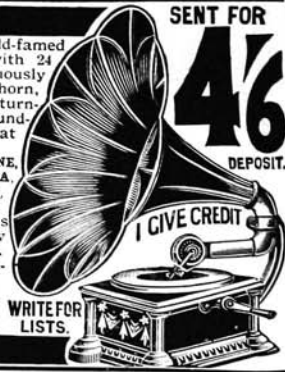
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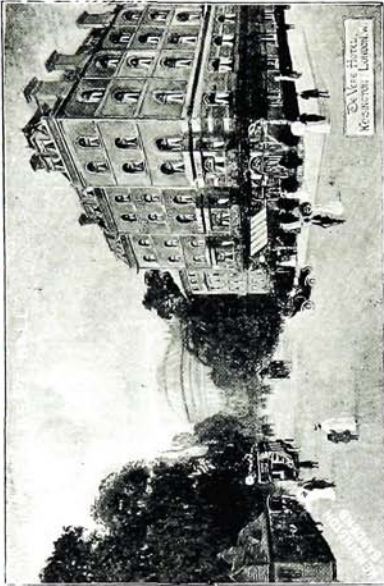


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See Pages 114 & 115.

The De Vere Hotel



The De Vere Hotel, W. Facing Kensington Gardens, Close to Albert Hall, **The De Vere Hotel, W.** Select Fashionable, Moderate. En pension terms, 10 6 daily. En pension terms, from £3 3s. weekly. Fully Licensed. Choicest Wines and Spirits.

The De Vere Hotel, W. Decorated and furnished in the elegant style of a High-Class Residential Hotel. The Mosaics in the Egyptian Lounge are well worth viewing.

The De Vere Hotel, W. Lift to all floors. Electric light; radiators. Bedrooms centrally heated. Separate Tables. Private suites and sitting rooms.

For Tariff, address Manager, De Vere Hotel, Kensington, London, W. Telegrams: "Improvisor, London." Telephone: 521 Kensington.

The Spirit of Radiance dwells in every tin of

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

The most brilliant—the easiest in use. Just a little light rubbing with cloth or polisher. **Waterproof** and **Preserves the Leather.** Servants delight in Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. Mistresses appreciate it. Best for all boots, box calf, glacé kid, etc., black or brown, 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d. tins, of Grocers, Bootmakers, Stores, etc., everywhere. Complete Boot-Polishing OUTFIT, 6d. or 1s. 3d.

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The best for all bright metals. Does not scratch, and is very slow to tarnish. Used in the Royal Household, 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., of Grocers, Oilmen, etc.

Free Sample

of both the above and also of CHISWICK CARPET SOAP, which cleans carpets without taking up, will be sent on receipt of 1d. stamp to cover postage.

CHISWICK POLISH CO., HOGARTH WORKS, LONDON, W.





News for the Deaf

Over 80,000 Deaf People hear now, thanks to a remarkably clever electrical invention known as the

STOLZ Electrophone

The illustrations above show the remarkable change in expression caused by the Stolz Electrophone. The strained, unbecoming look of the deaf gives place to the easy expression and attractive smile of one enjoying conversation.

In a word, it is an artificial ear. It enables the deaf to hear with clearness and precision sounds they cannot possibly hear by any other means. It is the one instrument in the world that actually improves the natural hearing, so that in time even the Electrophone may be unnecessary. Does not disfigure the wearer, and is no more conspicuous than pinnae.

General conversation is a delight, and the pleasures of the Theatre, the Concert room, the Lecture Hall and all public assemblies are fully enjoyed by every wearer of the Stolz Electrophone.

FREE DEMONSTRATION. All who can call are cordially invited to do so. The merits of the instrument will be demonstrated to every inquirer without importunity to purchase. If you cannot call, write to either of the addresses given below for further particulars. A fully descriptive Booklet will be sent Post Free. **A FIFTEEN DAYS TRIAL AT HOME CAN BE ARRANGED.**

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HEAD OFFICE: Byron House, 85, Fleet Street, E.C. **WEST END OFFICE: 199, Piccadilly, W.**
PARIS: 15, Rue de Trevisse, MANCHESTER: Pat's Bank Building, York Street; BIRMINGHAM: Central House, 72, New Street; BELFAST: Rankin Bros., 17, Royal Avenue; BRIGHTON: Paris & Greening, 15, Western Rd., Hove; GLASGOW: Gordon Chambers, 35, Mitchell Street; NOTTINGHAM: 29, Market Street; HULL: 59, Savile Street; LEEDS: 12, Otley Road, Headingley; BRISTOL: AGENT: Dunscombe's Ltd., 5, St. Augustine's Parade; SHEFFIELD: W. J. Ramsbottom, Ltd., 38, Upper St. Philip's Road.

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WE KNOW IT because we know practically every kind of foot there is and the shapes, fittings and intermediate sizes required to please everybody.

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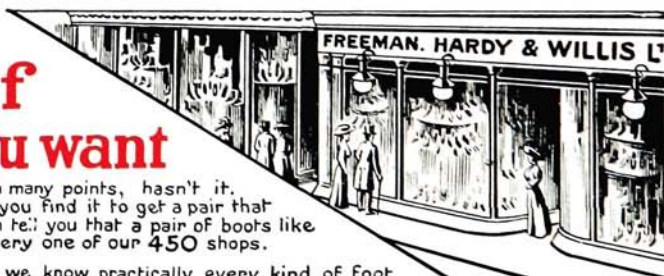
firm in the Kingdom
we can supply
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what you
want.

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SHOP, IF YOU WANT FOOTWEAR
BUY IT THERE.

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The "VANGUARD"

Regd.

BLACK 10/11, TAN 11/9.

Upwards of 25,000 pairs sold
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"PRYJO" Unshrinkable Underwear

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300 BULBS FOR 3s.



Famous Garden Collection of 6 real Hyacinths (not miniatures), 20 Grape Hyacinths, 20 Tulips, 20 Daffodils, 20 White Narcissus, 60 Crocus, 40 Spanish Iris, 30 Lilies, 20 Anemones, 20 Ranunculus, 20 Chionodoxa, etc., to make 300. DOUBLE LOT, 5s. 6d.; HALF LOT, 1s. 6d. All lots carriage paid.

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Note.—I have sold these collections now for over nine years, and have gained over 8,000 testimonials. Everything is separately packed and nailed, with instructions how to grow bulbs in water, garden, pots, or bowls of fibre.

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... It goes without saying that, for a man's comfort, nothing equals a first-class Safety Razor. The thing that keeps YOU from buying one, however, is the continual expense of New Blades.

... The Blades of the

CLEMAK Safety 5/- Razor

last much longer than those of other Safeties—**because you strop them.** The Clemak is the **only** first-class Safety Razor sold at a FAIR price—5/-. It is made as well and shaves as well as any Safety Razor sold at a guinea. This is a provable fact.

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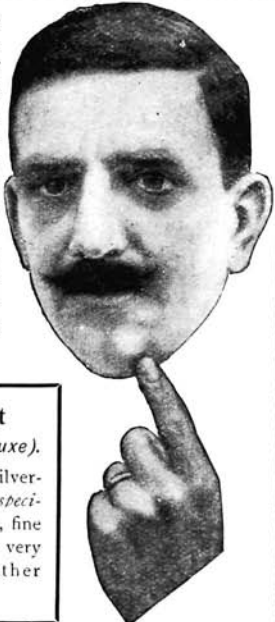
Obtainable from Cutlers, Ironmongers, Stores, &c., or post free, on receipt of price, from CLEMAK RAZOR CO. (Room 7), 17, Billiter Street, London, E.C.

... The Clemak 5/- Safety Razor Outfit consists of Silver-Plated Frame (beautifully finished); Self-contained Stropping Handle; and 7 perfect Blades, made of the *finest grade of Sheffield Steel*, hardened and tempered by a Special Electric Process—the whole contained in a case size 2in. by 3½in.

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... Heavily Silver-Plated Frame, 12 *specially selected* Blades, fine Leather Strop in very handsome Leather Case, price 10/6.



Get Rid of Weather Worry

by wearing a Coat like this.
See how purposeful it looks: because it's built for the work—the work of weather resistance.

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Take our word for its goodness—we stand behind every Coat with a guarantee of satisfaction or your money back.

It's the Haydon Coat, one of the newest styles in



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—the new *better* oilskins; light weight, pliant, and free from stickiness. The price is **25/6** post free, and we have other Coats from 8/6 upwards to suit every pocket and every purpose. Now, why not send to-day for our 56-page Catalogue, and see the Coat that will keep YOU dry this winter? Write now.

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The name will be inside the Coat if it is genuine.

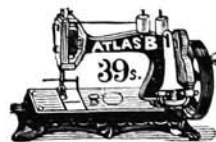


The "PRESTO" Collar is not a separate attachment, but simply a patented manner of tailoring the collar, combining the smartness of the ordinary collar and providing the complete protection of a storm collar. The sketch shows the collar up and down, and its value in cold wind and rain is obvious.

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"Did you say you wanted one with just the nib to suit your hand?

"Get one to-day—and as sure as my name is Peter Pen you'll thank me when I said to you—'Get an

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Self-Filling - - Pen
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PATENT.

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Samples of Muslins on approval.
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T.H.H.

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 "Baby's Clothes will now Fit Dolly."
 Unless the Doll you buy bears this Trade Mark, you are being put off with a substitute for the

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We introduced and have sold for **TEN YEARS.**

Free Gift of one 9in. Doll with all 20in. Dolls ordered, & two 9in. Dolls with all 30in. Dolls.

We are now selling these Dolls, &c., all the year round at the following prices, post paid:

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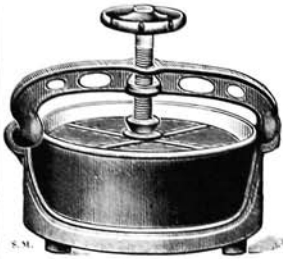
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For economically preparing Tongues, Pressed Brisket, and Corned Beef at Home.

Prices—
No 1 (4lb size) 8/6
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The Steel Hopper is coated with White Glass Enamel.

An excellent Recipe enclosed with each machine.

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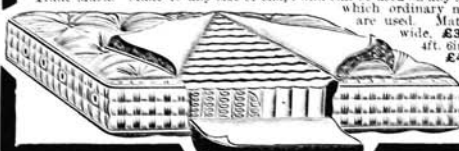
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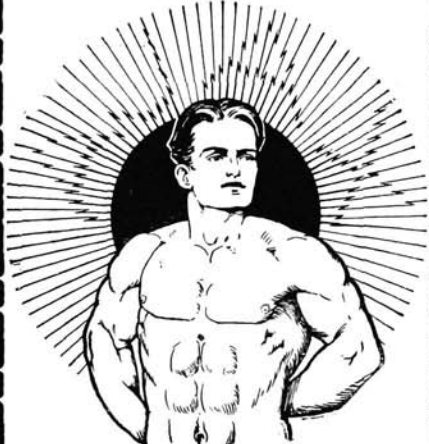
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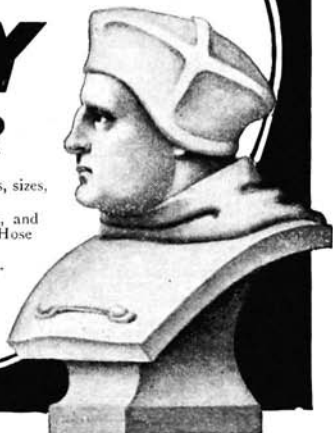


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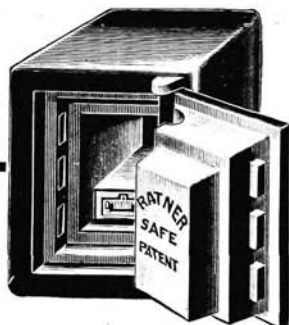


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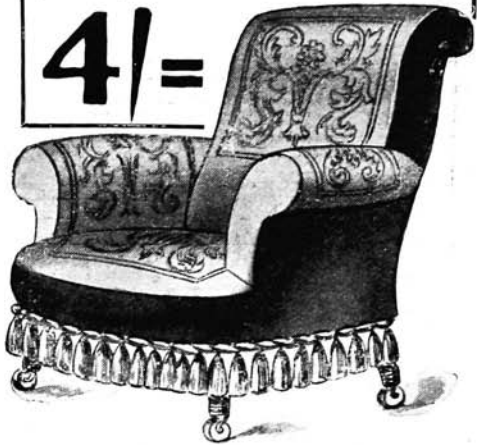
Not only do we offer it for cash at the **remarkably low price of 45/-**, we will also deliver it (carriage paid) **on receipt of 4/-, without charging any interest whatever.** It is in 3 colours—red, blue, or green, and the Oriental colour blends are superb. **Remember you can send 45/- cash, or 4/- and the Coupon below filled in.** Send your order without delay.

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Hackney Premises: 1, 2, 3, 4, Town Hall Buildings;
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Sent to you, carriage
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To Hackney Furnishing Co., Ltd., 103 & 103a, Oxford St.,
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Gentlemen,—I enclose 4/- for the "Oxford" Divan Chair,
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Provides Profitable Home Employment.
Makes Stockings, Vests, and clothing
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Write for Cash, Hire or Work Terms.
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Estd. 1861.
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SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent,
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Contains no lead, silver, mercury,
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There can be no "tug" on the shoulders, and the trousers cannot hang unevenly.

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What every Dog Owner should know!

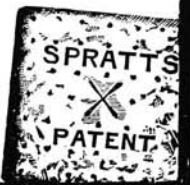
That no Dog Cake or Food bearing a fancy name is

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Neither Spratt's Dog Cakes nor Spratt's Puppy Biscuits contain added sugar or chemicals.

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of Magic Foot Drafts, the great External Remedy, which is curing thousands.—Just

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Let us cure your Rheumatism (no matter where located, how severe, or whether it is chronic, acute, muscular, sciatic, lumbago, or gout) with our powerful yet harmless Magic Foot Drafts. They have cured cases of 40 years' standing where doctors and medicines failed.

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Magic Foot Drafts cured my mother, says Nurse K. Brown, certified nurse, 53, Lothian Road, Edinburgh.



Let Magic Foot Drafts cure you. Simply write for a pair to-day—to try FREE. You will get them by return post. If they relieve you, send us 4/6; if not, don't send us a penny. We trust you to deal honestly with us.

Don't delay, but send to-day for the free trial drafts and also our free book, which explains clearly why they cure so quickly and thoroughly. It will cost you nothing to try

MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO.,

1133, Bangor House, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Send no money. Write to-day.

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This miserable habit permanently cured. For either sex. Sample of this harmless, inexpensive remedy sent privately, under cover, for two penny stamps.

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Directions.—After filling Riddle with ashes and cinders, fix on lid and shake handle in slot, then remove Riddle, and empty cinders in fire grate.



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SAFETY RAZOR

OVER SEVEN MILLIONS
Sold and in use throughout the world.

4,500 SHAVES WITH ONE STAR BLADE

Copy of One of our Many Testimonials:

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"It may perhaps interest you to know that in June, 1891, I purchased one of the **KAMPE SAFETY RAZORS**, and since then have shaved myself with it, up to the present time, upwards of 4,500 times, and although the blade is rather worn with repeated stropings, it shaves to-day as well as when I bought it. Yours truly, —"

No. 1 Razor, 5/6. No. 2 Extra Blade, 3/-.
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THE VALUE IS IN THE BLADE.

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You are suffering. Why? You think you have tried everything to obtain relief, or a cure, suddenly your eye alights on



The Missing Link is found. It clears away all morbid matter, **HEALING FROM UNDERNEATH**, and making a healthy cure. It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by Hospitals. A certain Cure for **WOUNDS, SKIN DISEASES, ULCERS, TUMOURS, ABSCESSSES, ECZEMA**, etc. Of Chemists, 1/4, 2/6, etc., or Post Free for P.O. from **59, Gray's Inn Road, LONDON. Advice Gratis.**

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I offer perfect health and physical development—will eradicate troublesome complaints and physical defects. I don't ask for much of either your time or money Write to-day for Free Book. Health at Home, and terms Ladies' booklet Free also.—**T. INGH, Dept. S, Munster House, FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.**



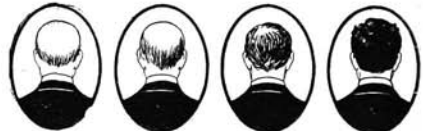
GREW NEW HAIR IN 30 DAYS.

REMARKABLE RESULT OF THE NEW HAIR GROWER CRYSTOLIS CAUSES BIG STIR AMONG HAIR SPECIALISTS.

ACTUALLY GROWS HAIR AND CORRECTS ALL SCALP AND HAIR TROUBLES.

PROVE IT YOURSELF BY CUTTING OUT AND POSTING THE FREE COUPON BELOW TO-DAY.

"By George, I never saw anything like the effects of that new treatment, Crystolis, for growing new hair and restoring it to its natural colour. It acted more like a miracle than a toilet preparation," said a well-known gentleman yesterday in speaking of the revolution that had taken place in his hair. "I began to think there was nothing on earth that could make my hair grow. I tried Hair-dittis, tonic, Bay rum, grease, oil, and almost everything else you could think of, but without results. I had been bald for years, and began to think it was natural for me to be that way, as my father was entirely bald at 34. Finally I



This illustrates the result of a few weeks' treatment with Crystolis.

read about the remarkable results being obtained by the use of Crystolis, so I decided to try it for myself. Well, when I look at myself in the mirror now, I think it is somebody else. I look at least 20 years younger, and best of all, Crystolis brought about the transformation in just 30 days' time."

Crystolis is a powerful promoter of hair growth. Since its discovery—400 years ago—it has been found to contain marvellous properties for producing a new growth of hair. In subjecting it to various tests in the worst cases of baldness, dandruff, itching scalp, etc., the results obtained by the experimenting chemists were considered almost miraculous. In every case it was found that where there were any hair roots left it would produce a new and luxuriant growth of hair in from four to six weeks' time. Grey or faded hair was often restored to its natural colour in from 10 to 14 days' time. In minor cases of scalp and hair diseases, such as dandruff, falling hair, itching scalp, etc., it was found these unnatural conditions were corrected and often completely cured by two or three applications. The discovery will, without doubt, put an end to the troublesome scema and hair diseases that are becoming so common with the British people. Women who have been forced into wearing false hair will gladly welcome this marvellous product, as, apart from its many other virtues, it adds a beautiful gloss and lustre to the old hair. Besides, it contains no oil, and has a tendency to make the hair light and fluffy. Arrangements have been made with the laboratories where Crystolis is distributed from to furnish free information in regard to this new process to all STRAND MAGAZINE readers. Merely cut out and send in the coupon below, and you will receive free particulars of their marvellous new product by return of post.

Baldness, Dandruff, Itching Scalp, Etc.

FREE CRYSTOLIS COUPON.

Cut out this coupon to-day and send to Creslo Laboratories, 6, Bouverie Street (Dept. 108), London, E.C., for free information regarding Crystolis, the new discovery for growing hair. Good for ten days to all STRAND MAGAZINE readers.
Toilet Coupon No. 108.

A Letter to Mr. Sandow

WHAT IT MEANS TO THE MAN OR WOMAN IN POOR HEALTH.

An Important Opportunity for London and Country Readers of "The Strand Magazine" to Investigate the Natural Method of Curing Illness, Without Any Expense, with a view to learning whether it Provides the Remedy Required in Their Own Cases.

IN the interests of the very considerable number of STRAND MAGAZINE readers who are watching the remarkable advance daily being made in the practice of physical culture as a cure for a large number of illnesses, this account of the Sandow method has been prepared. It will enable sufferers to judge whether or no they might perhaps themselves try this undoubtedly highly beneficial form of treatment, which has been so successful in curing various forms of illness that there are no fewer than 600 or 700 practising doctors who include amongst their prescriptions for certain ailments advice to "take a course of Sandow's exercise."

WHAT MR. SANDOW CLAIMS TO CURE.

Mr. Sandow does not claim that his system can cure everything. For the present he states that he has during recent years had a total of many thousands of cases of Digestive Disorder, Nervous Breakdown of varied types in both men and women, Uric Acid Complaints, Heart Troubles and Circulatory Disorders, Obesity, Chest and Lung Weakness, Physical Deformities and Spinal Curvatures, Kidney Disorders, the Special Ailments of Women, and cases of general physical deficiency, and that his uniform success in dealing with these by natural means, viz., specially prescribed individual courses of scientific exercise without having resort to drugs, has amply proved that his method is the surest cure in such illnesses.

NO WEIGHT-LIFTING OR STRENUOUS EXERTIONS.

There is still an idea abroad that Curative Physical Culture involves violent or protracted exercise. No greater fallacy could be. There are no heavy weights to lift, no strenuous exertions to be made, the treatment is so gentle and graduated that it may be taken by a child of five or a man or woman of eighty-five years of age. If an inquirer's case is one which will be benefited by scientific exercise the course which is considered best for the patient will be suggested.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL CURE.

Some while back *Truth* newspaper organised a searching investigation into the records of cases which had been treated at the Sandow Institute, and by correspondence with patients in their own homes, with the result that it was discovered that the phenomenal percentage of ninety-nine cases out of every hundred accepted for treatment received substantial benefit, and that ninety-four in every hundred entirely achieved the desired object.

Readers who desire a consultation—and no doubt they will be many—are invited to call or address a letter to Mr. Eugen Sandow at 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W., and if the visitor can be accepted, and decides to take a course of treatment, the fees are



Mr. EUGEN SANDOW, the Pioneer of Curing Illness Without Medicine, who makes a practical offer to "Strand" readers desiring advice on their health.

quite within the means of the man or woman of modest purse.

FOR THOSE UNABLE TO CALL

but would like to inquire into the suitability of their cases for treatment by Scientific Physical Culture at home, Mr. Sandow has produced the following twenty-four small illustrated volumes dealing with certain illnesses and conditions amenable to his treatment:—

vol.	1 Indigestion and Dyspepsia	VOL.	13 Lack of Vigour
2 Constipation and its Cure	3 Liver Troubles	14 Physical Deformities in Men	15 Physical Deformities in Women
4 Nervous Disorders in Men	5 Nervous Disorders in Women	16 Functional Defects in Speech	17 Circulatory Disorders
6 Obesity in Men	7 Obesity in Women	18 Skin Disorders	19 Physical Development for Men
8 Heart Affections	9 Lung and Chest Complaints	20 Everyday Health	21 Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments
10 Rheumatism and Gout	11 Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure	22 Figure Culture for Women	23 Insomnia
12 Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic		24 Neurasthenia	

A copy of whichever book is desired will be sent gratis and post free to any reader who will write a letter to Mr. Sandow at 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W., asking for it, mentioning at the same time this announcement in THE STRAND MAGAZINE and giving full particulars of occupation, age, illness, or condition, from which relief is desired, present state of health, etc., which will enable an opinion to be formed on the case, and forwarded with the book.

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There is no Royal Road to learning, but there is a "Royal" Road to successful cake making. If you wish to learn the secret of making delicious Cakes easily, cheaply, and quickly, buy a packet of delicious **CAKE ROYAL** to-day; follow the directions given in the packet and you will be able to make a Cake fit for a Prince. **CAKE ROYAL** is a perfect cake maker, containing all the necessary **sweetening, flavouring, and raising** properties; with its aid even a child can make cake that will not dry or crumble and every morsel of which will be delicious. The "best of everything" has been our motto. The result is a perfect Cake preparation, and the universal verdict is summed up in one word, "**DELICIOUS.**"

Thousands of delighted Ladies sing the praises of **Cake Royal**, and fresh Testimonials reach us daily. In making **CAKE ROYAL** the Manufacturers have kept before them Four Points, viz. :—

- 1st—**Digestibility.** The most delicate can eat and enjoy **Cake Royal** Cakes.
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- 4th—**Absolute Purity and supreme Excellence** of all the materials.

Ask your grocer for
a 3d. packet.

J & J. BEAULAH, BOSTON, ENG.

ARE YOU TOO THIN?

I Increased My Weight by Over 28-lbs., and from a Scraggy, Undeveloped Being Emerged Into Robust, Muscular, Broad-shouldered Manhood.

FREE TREATMENT AND A VALUABLE BOOK FOR THE THIN, THE FEEBLE, AND THE NERVOUS.

EVERY ONE must admit that the doctor who has cured himself of some particular malady must be a better "guide, philosopher, and friend" to his fellow-sufferers than he of mere theories.

TOO THIN—TOO MISERABLE.

Now I actually have transformed myself from a lean, cadaverous, emaciated being into a well-proportioned, normal man, enjoying the best of health, and brimful of life's best joys.

Like all unduly thin people, I was hypersensitive about my personal appearance.

My Tutors plainly told me that my physical shortcomings would materially prevent me making a success as a doctor.

The thought then suggested itself to me that there must be some thousands of other men and women suffering as I, and whilst continuing my studies as a medical student I determined to specialise in the physiology of digestion, with special reference to assimilation and nutrition, so that I might learn the secret of "**putting on flesh.**" After many years of study and experiment I discovered a safe, speedy, scientific, and simple method of producing firm, healthy, muscular tissue and plumpness. I tried it perseveringly on myself, and I stand to-day a living witness of the fact that the **lean**, cadaverous, and **emaciated** may easily be **transformed** by a simple and safe treatment into **plump**, robust, and **happy beings.**

A NERVE-INVIGORATING PROCESS.

The REAL CAUSE of all undue leanness in people is mal-assimilation and mal-nutrition, the result of LACK OF NERVE-FORCE. Emaciation and attenuation are not questions either of appetite or digestion, but LACK OF NERVE-FORCE.

In my new book, entitled "Emaciation—Cause and Treatment," I have fully described and explained this.

THE MAN who is too thin is invariably of an anxious, neurasthenic type, incapable of carrying out the duties of life with vigour and courage.

THE WOMAN who is too thin is anæmic, nervous, worrying, wanting in self-confidence, and is handicapped alongside her plump, self-confident rival, who is bubbling over with joyous vitality.

MY TREATMENT is essentially a NERVE-RESTORING, NERVE-BUILDING, and NERVE-NOURISHING process.

All THIN People Can Put on FLESH.

Under my Treatment ALL, whether their scragginess is due to overwork, worry, social exactions, immoderate or careless living, neurasthenic depression, or any other exhausting cause. As their nerves are nourished they gain in health, strength, and vitality. Even those who are still losing flesh are enabled not only to retard the WASTING and WEAKENING process of emaciation, but to quickly regain condition and weight.

Confident of the truth of these statements, I make the following offer:—

No. 1.—I will send you a course of treatment, consisting of my NERVE FOOD, sufficient for FOURTEEN DAYS, **FREE** together with my book, entitled,

No. 2.—"EMACIATION: CAUSE AND TREATMENT."

No. 3.—Copies of and extracts from letters of satisfied patients.

All I ask on your part is to enclose P.O. for sixpence with your application, to cover cost of postage, etc. My book explains my theory of scientific flesh-building and nerve-feeding fully. It cannot be described in detail here, but the following are a few of the contents:—

1. Mal-Assimilation and Mal-Nutrition.
2. Getting a beautiful figure.
3. Women who are attractive.
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5. Not too fat, but just fat enough.
6. The Essence of Life.
7. Neurasthenic Men and Women.
8. Nerves that Build Flesh.

Write now, enclosing postal order for sixpence, and immediately my book will be sent you, together with two weeks' free treatment.

Address: A. GORDON WALLACE, 39, Kingsway House, Kingsway, London, W.C.



Too thin—too miserable.



I can do for you what I have done for myself and hundreds of others. This lady gained 30-lbs. in a few weeks.

**"Youth
may fly-
but Beauty
lingers"**



**Dr. Harlan's Beauty-Cup
Massage removes Wrinkles
and Blackheads and makes
the skin soft and satiny.**

If you have or dread wrinkles—if you have disgusting blemishes on your face, neck, arms, or body, you can get rid of them quickly, safely, and easily, by means of this wonderful self-applied Massage Cup. There's no need to use so-called skin lotions, which are often very harmful and usually ineffective. Neither is it necessary to undergo an expensive course of treatment at the hands of a beauty specialist. For the absurdly small sum of 2/-, the price of the Beauty-Cup, you can retain or regain a perfect complexion and skin, and preserve it permanently in all its youthful clarity and freshness. You can actually feel and see the benefit of one application of this Beauty-Cup treatment. Blackheads and similar blemishes are quickly removed, and but few applications are needed to make wrinkles vanish. This Beauty-Cup, in fact, is a toilet necessity that should be on every dressing table. Order of your dealer, or Cup sent in plain wrapper—with **FREE BOOK**—"Beauty and Health," Secrets of Priceless Value—to any address for 2/- P.O. (abroad, 2/6 M.O.). The book alone is worth many times this small sum. Hundreds of unsolicited testimonials. Call or write.—**P. Harlan, Neu-Vita Institute, 16-117, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London.** (Agents wanted.)

Trade! "Neu Vita" (Mark) A B & Co

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Also in suitable styles
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A Box of
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Handkerchiefs makes a most appropriate gift
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Lustrous and fine as silk, preserve all their
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Years of Wear,

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"**LADY ANSTRUTHER** would like two dozen
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HIS HONOUR JUDGE S. LESLIE THORNTON,
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could not wish for better."

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**HILL'S
HONGROISE**

and unhesitatingly admit that
for training the moustache and
adding to one's appearance

IT IS WITHOUT AN EQUAL.
Formerly my moustache hung
with a walrus-like droop, giving
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But look at me now! I'm
smart enough, aren't I? It's
Hill's Hongroise that has done
it. Being non-waxy, free from
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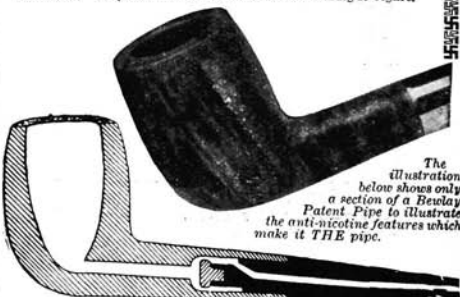
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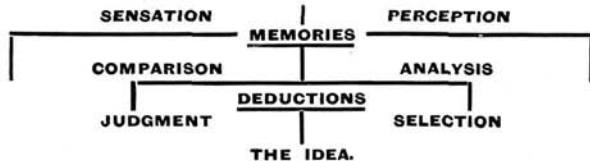
The author, for instance, shows that all knowledge, ideas, imagination, wisdom, and even wealth are the outcome of this most important factor of Memory. "Without memory, all experience would be useless: reasoning would be based on insufficient data, and would be, therefore, fallacious."

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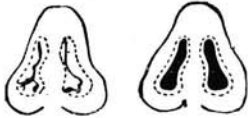
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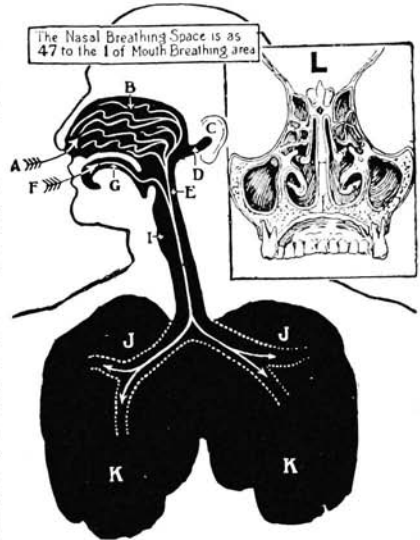
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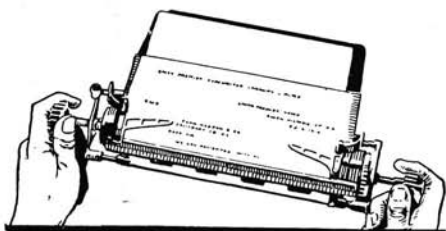
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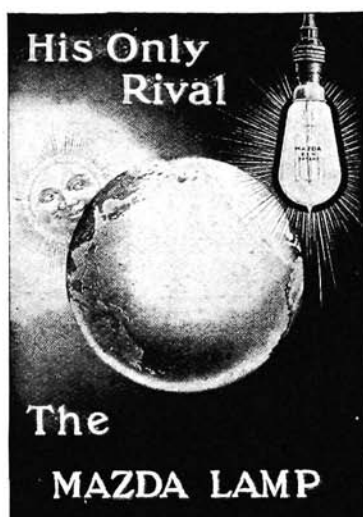
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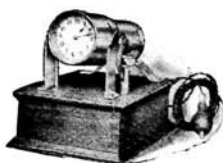
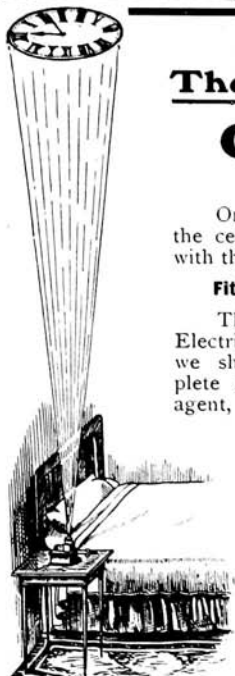
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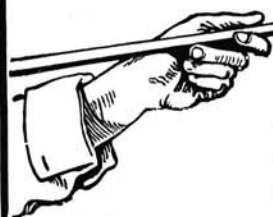
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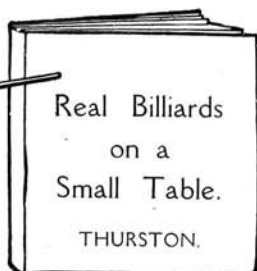


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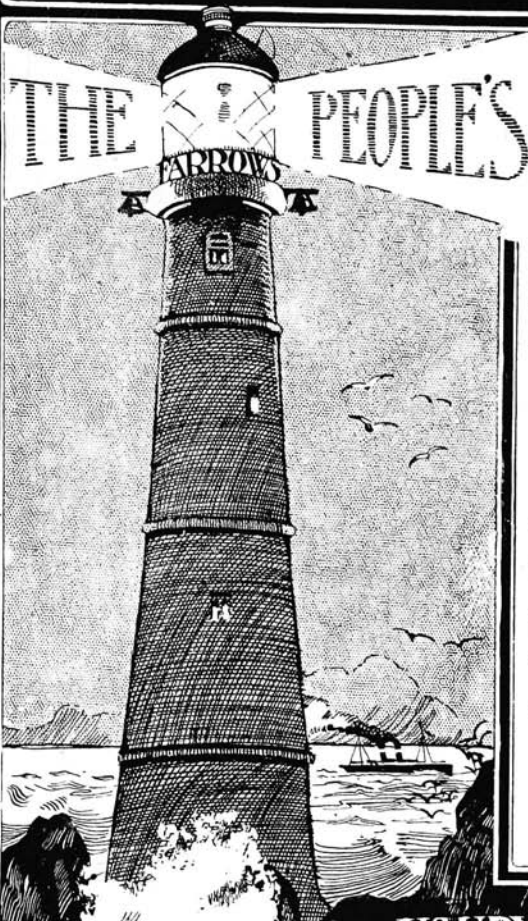
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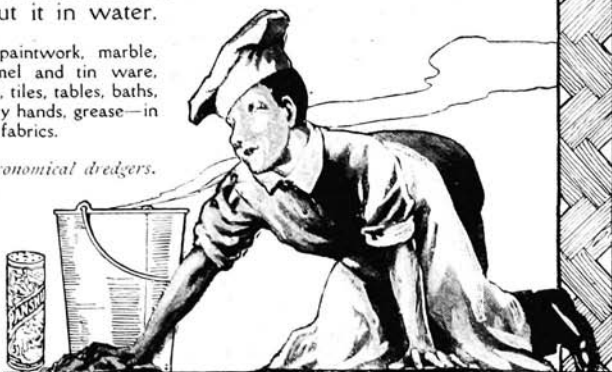
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is the word to use when speaking of the Little House-keeper Box of Harbutt's Plasticine. Keeps the Children quiet for hours on end.

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Index to Advertisers

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For Modifying the Shape of the Nose. Patent S.G.D.G. (France and Abroad)
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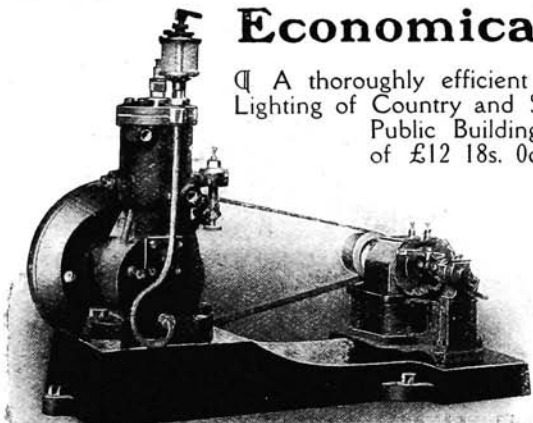
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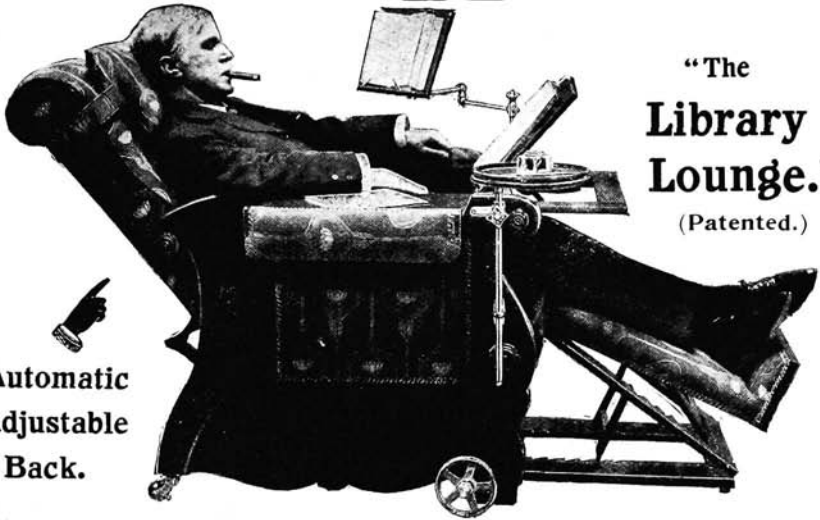
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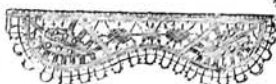
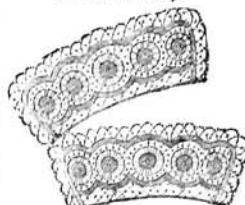
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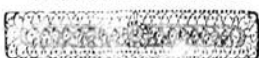
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A Lady Will Give You Her Secret FREE.



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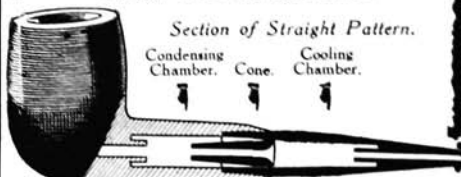
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WOMAN AT HOME

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The NOVEMBER issue of this popular magazine for women is one of great attractiveness. Its fiction is striking, and its articles deal with a great variety of subjects of valuable interest to all women. Here are some of the November contents: **Fiction** by **Lucas Malet, David Lyall, E. L. White,** and **Mary Mortimer Maxwell.** **Articles** on the following interesting subjects: **Some Famous Headmistresses,** by Sarah A. Tooley, illustrated from photographs; **Queen Mothers of Europe,** by Minto F. Johnston, illustrated from photographs; **Needlework Competition, Prize Award**—a list of the successful competitors, with photographs of some of the prize-winning work; **House-keeping as a Fine Art**—a description of a College of Housecraft for Gentlewomen; **Fashion Supplement in Colour,** and all the regular home features that assist to make **WOMAN AT HOME** the most popular of home magazines for women.

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When the maker is reliable, that satisfaction is the fullest possible.

ONE Quality
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16/6



STYLE 8

Carlton Last. Black
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Medium Oak Sole.

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Of all the best shoe-shops everywhere.

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For Outdoor Purposes Wear **Steel Boots.**

Soles of steel last three to six times as long as any other kind of boots for field use—lighter—more comfortable—impossible to get out of shape—keep your feet free from corns, chafing and blisters. Absolute protection against wet feet, colds, rheumatism etc. Cost less than all-leather boots and need no repairs. Each pair is worth 10 times more than the best leather boots you can buy for outdoor purposes. Don't purchase your boots for rough wear until you have seen KITCHENER'S STEEL BOOTS. Sent to you for free examination on deposit of price. Your money back if not satisfied. Order to-day, save money, and enjoy real foot comfort. **KITCHENER'S STEEL BOOTS** are made in all sizes from



Send for Free Booklet.
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5 to 12. 6in. high, 10/6 per pair. With extra quality leather, 12/6, 9in. high; with superior leather, 14/6. Post free in U.K. For Field use, Shooting, etc., there are no better boots made than my Superfine Leather 7in. STEEL BOOTS. In ordering simply state size of boot you now wear—**N. M. RUTHSTEIN, NORTHAMPTON** (Dept. A.2), Steel Boot Manufacturer.

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A WORD TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS!

If you are in any way responsible for the moral welfare of children—either as parent, guardian, or teacher—it is more than likely that one of your greatest difficulties lies in providing suitable literature for their spare moments. To provide a magazine which, while being of a purely recreative nature, preserves a high moral tone throughout and combines instruction with amusement has been the aim of the Proprietors of

... THE ...
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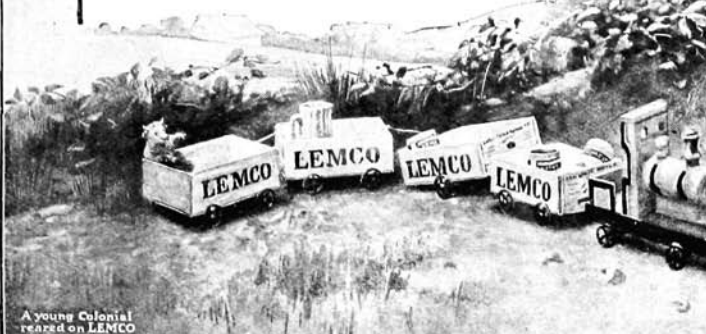
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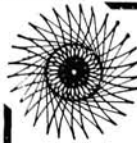
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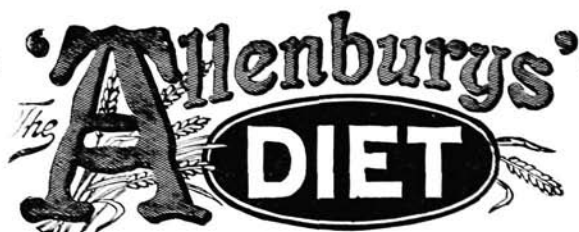
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Contents for November, 1910.

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Frontispiece: "The body of a man! Lying still, motionless—dead!"

	Page.
THE MYSTERY OF J. H. FARRER. (Concluded.) E. TEMPLE THURSTON	511
Illustrations by W. H. Margetson, R.I.	
"MY REMINISCENCES" Illustrations from Photographs CHARLES HAWTREY	523
"YOUNG BLOOD" Illustrations by H. M. Brock, R.I. E. M. JAMESON	530
THE "TWO PINS CLUB" Illustrations by the Author HARRY FURNISS	539
HIS HOUR Illustrations by C. Fleming Williams C. C. ANDREWS	544
THE ART OF QUICK CHANGE A Talk with Mr. R. A. ROBERTS	556
HOW IT IS DONE. Illustrations from Photographs.	
WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS Illustrations by Alec Ball C. H. BOVILL	562
HOW FAR HAVE YOU TRAVELLED? Illustrations by Goussé	571
A TINY FLUTTER ... Illustrations by Joseph Simpson R.B.A. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL	577
FASHIONS THAT HAVE FAILED A. DRYSDALE-DAVIES	585
Illustrations from Drawings.	
A PALACE FOR THE KING Illustrations by Adrian Berrington	592
QUITS Illustrations by S. Davis E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM	598
THE CHARLES DICKENS TESTIMONIAL	603
Illustrations from Photographs.	
VEGETABLES IN BROBDINGNAG Illustrations from Photographs	612
THE MAGIC CITY. A Story for Children. Chapter XI. (Concluded.) E. NESBIT	616
Illustrations by Spencer Pryse.	
PERPLEXITIES. A Page of Puzzles HENRY E. DUDENEY	624
CURIOSITIES Illustrations from Photographs and Facsimiles	625
OVERSEAS EMPIRE SUPPLEMENT. Illustrations from Photographs.	
A CHAPTER OF CREATIVE CANADA J. OBED SMITH	629
FASHIONS OF THE MOMENT "EVE"	633
PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF HAPPINESS	102
INDEX TO ADVERTISEMENTS	114

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“THE BODY OF A MAN! LYING STILL, MOTIONLESS—DEAD!”

THE STRAND MAGAZINE



The Mystery of J. H. Farrer.

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

Illustrated by W. H. Margetson, R.I.

IV.



AT half-past seven the next morning came Lizzie, the housemaid, to pull the curtains and open the French window of the smoking-room to the bright air of another day. She hummed her little tune as she crossed the room. It broke into song as the curtain-rings rattled over the pole and the sunshine leapt into the darkness. A scent of cloves filled her nostrils as she opened wide the window. She breathed it in, then stopped with her breath half-drawn. There was a square hole cut into the glass. She moved and bent down to look at it. Then her feet grated on the broken glass that lay on the floor, and she felt her heart beginning to flutter uncomfortably in her breast.

Burglars! With vivid apprehension she turned and looked back into the room. There her eyes found the unaccustomed disorder—the decanter lying on its side, a chair

thrust into an unwonted position, and that—on the floor! Her eyes strained from their sockets. What was it? She took the breath to scream. A body! The body of a man! Lying still, motionless—dead! Her scream followed the thought as it reached her brain, and without stopping to look again she rushed out into the garden, round to the back of the house.

It takes no time to rouse a household of servants when tragedy is afoot. Like sheep following their shepherd, they all accompanied the butler to the study door. With trembling hands, but concealing his fear as well as he could, the butler swung it open and looked well within before he entered.

As soon as he was assured that the body was quite still, he crossed the threshold. Half-a-dozen white faces peered out of the passage, but would not follow him here. With hesitating footsteps he approached the dead body of his master. Then he bent down and turned the stiff and lifeless thing over. The blood had dried upon the face

—dried to a dark red brown. Death was obvious, even to his unaccustomed eyes, and he looked back at the trembling little group behind him.

"Nobody's to touch a thing," said he, dramatically. "This is murder."

"Murder!" they whispered. It ran from lip to lip in a dull murmur of awe.

The butler stood up and beckoned to the footman, who came unwillingly to his side.

"Go up and knock at Mrs. Farrer's door," he said. "Tell her something's happened serious to Mr. Farrer in the study, and she'd better come downstairs at once. Don't mention the word 'murder'—women can't stand it."

With a frightened glance at the body, Charles departed. The silent little group in the background opened to let him through, then closed up its ranks once more and stood staring at the butler, wondering what that man of organization was going to do next.

"Lizzie?" said he, presently.

She pushed forward to answer him.

"When did you break that pane out of the window?"

"Please, I didn't break it," said she.

"But there's the glass lying on the floor," he retorted, needing no more convincing proof than that.

"Yes—but I didn't do it."

"Who did, then?"

He appealed to them all. There was no answer.

"I think it was cut out by the burglar," said Lizzie—"the burglar what murdered the master."

"Ah!" said the butler, and he examined the square aperture in the French window. "I thought so," he added; "I thought so," he repeated, as he faced round upon them.

"D'yer know 'oo did it?" they all asked in chorus, and one or two of them began to creep into the room.

"Go back," said he, sternly; "you're to touch nothing! The room must be left just as it is for the detectives." And then, in tones of awesome mystery, he added: "I've got my theory. We shall see if I'm right." But he told none of them what his theory was.

At last they heard the footsteps of Mrs. Farrer hurrying down the stairs. Lizzie tried in vain to stifle the first sobs that rose in her throat. In a light dressing-gown which she had hastily put on, Mrs. Farrer hurried through the little group of servants and came into the room.

"What is it, Greyson?" she began, and then, with a quick catch in her breath, she saw the still body of her husband. "What is it?" she repeated, and she ran to his side. "Is he dead?"

The butler bent his head as she knelt down by the body.

"But this blood? His forehead's cut! How did it happen? He's—he's been struck by something!"

"He's been murdered, madam. Leastways, it looks like murder to me."

She stood up quickly on her feet, as though the murderer were still there to strike his blow again. For one moment the room spun round about her; then with a great effort she gathered what strength she had.

"Send those servants away," she said, in a low voice, "and go up at once to Dr. Purnell's room, tell him what has happened, and ask him to come down here to me at once."

The butler obeyed. The door was closed, and there, alone with that silent body, Mrs. Farrer was left. It would be impossible to follow the incoherent thoughts revolving so wildly in her mind. Her deliverance had come so terribly, so suddenly, that she could not grasp its meaning. For some time she stood motionless, gazing pitifully about the room, seeing that white, upturned face however she might avert her eyes from its direction.

He had been sitting in that chair—the chair in which he always sat and smoked before he went to bed. There was his handkerchief as he had left it—fallen into the back of the chair. Without volition she moved to the chair and picked up the handkerchief in her fingers. There were blood-stains on it. She gazed at them with a dazed expression in her eyes. Then, suddenly—as she turned it over, about to lay it down—she saw the working in one corner of two initials that stood out in raised letters of silk. Again and again she read those letters to herself. At last, in an awed whisper, she repeated them aloud:—

"A—P. No—no!" she exclaimed. "No—no; it couldn't be!"

And then, as though horror had hushed her words to silence, she said no more; but the thoughts came pouring into her mind—fluid and clear. All that Purnell had said to her the evening before—his statement that her husband could not live for long; his wish that their waiting might be short; all that he had left unsaid, conveyed by a look, a gesture of restraint—oh, everything seemed in one clear, vivid moment to come back to her.

Yet how could it be? The man she loved! How could so vile a thought have entered her mind regarding him? He was far too fine, too noble, to do an awful thing like this, and yet—this handkerchief. She gazed and gazed at it again. No doubt was there that it was his. And the bloodstains? What could they mean but that which filled her mind with suspicion? She had only to give up this handkerchief, and such evidence would be damning proof; yet, as she heard the butler's footsteps returning, she thrust it quickly into the opening of her gown and waited.

Now she was to hear that Dr. Purnell was not in his room. If truly he had committed the murder, she argued with herself, then surely he would have made good his escape?

"Well?" she said, expectantly, as the butler entered.

"Dr. Purnell will be down immediately, madam, and he told me to tell you to let nothing be touched in the room, and to telephone at once for a detective."

"He told you——"

"Yes, madam."

She put her hand to her breast. What did it mean? Nothing was to be touched? They were to send for a detective? Perhaps the handkerchief meant nothing after all.

"Nothing has been touched, Greyson. But wait until Dr. Purnell comes down before you ring up Scotland Yard."

"I've rung up, madam."

"Already?"

"Yes, madam. Dr. Purnell told me to do it first thing."

"And is a man coming?"

"The detective will be here in half an hour, madam."

V.

"You can go, Greyson," said Mrs. Farrer, quietly.

The butler bowed, but hesitated.

"Wouldn't you come and wait for Dr. Purnell in the dining-room, madam?" he asked, considerably.

She shook her head.

"No—here," said she; "here."

Greyson bowed again and departed. Directly she heard the door close Mrs. Farrer drew out the handkerchief from her gown and examined it once more. There could be no doubt. It was his. And the bloodstains? No doubt was there either of those. Some instinct, without actual knowledge, told her that they could easily prove whose blood it was. What, then, was she to

do? It was too great a risk to let the handkerchief be found, for suspicion, no matter how hard she tried to fight it down, still lurked uncomfortably in her mind. She suspected the man she loved of murder. As she appreciated the situation in which she was placed, the blood burnt hot for the moment in her pale cheeks.

How could she tell him of that suspicion? How could she give the handkerchief to him, letting him understand as she gave it the terrible thoughts she had harboured in her mind? It was impossible. He had not committed the murder! How could she ever dream that he were capable of such an act? She was suspecting the man she loved of the vilest of crimes, and yet, as she heard him approaching the door in quick, sounding steps, she hid the incriminating handkerchief once more within her breast.

Her first inclination to turn away for fear of seeing his face she conquered. With every nerve tense for that first sight of him, suspicion still surging within her beyond her will, she prepared to meet him as he entered.

The door opened. Purnell came quickly in. He said no word to her as he strode across to her side, but, just pressing her hand in sympathy, he straightway knelt down by the side of the body and with trembling hand examined the lifeless man.

With her lip quivering, and sharp, short breaths that shook her as she stood, Mrs. Farrer watched him, his every action. Could he be the murderer and yet have such strength of nerve as to do this? Once more her shame rose hotly when she thought of the suspicion she had held.

At last he looked up.

"He's been dead some hours," he said, hoarsely. "And I'm afraid it's murder."

For a moment they looked into each other's eyes, he raising his head as he still knelt upon the floor to meet hers as she stood above him.

"I'm afraid it's murder," he repeated, thickly, and he rose to his feet, unable to bear the strain of her gaze any longer.

She timidly held out her hand. He took it.

"My poor child," he said, genuinely; "I'm so sorry—so terribly sorry for you."

She forced back the tears which were rising with his sympathy to her eyes. How could she have believed, and yet, believing, how could she tell him the terrible thought she had entertained?

"And yet," said she, tremblingly, "do you remember what you said to me last night?"

He nodded his head.

"I've not forgotten," said he; "but I should scarcely have said it could I have dreamed it was going to be so sudden as this. I said I hoped we should not have long to wait. 'Twas a fortunate thing for me, perhaps, that I went to bed as early as I did, that it could not be said I was here alone with him last night. Such a statement as that of mine would go badly against me otherwise. I imagine what a British jury would say of it."

"But how would they ever know?" she asked. "Do you think I should ever repeat it?"

"No, my dear, I don't suppose that. But do you know we were seen last evening? As I kissed your forehead, Guerne passed by the French window. He saw me kissing you, and had the kindness to tell me of it afterwards. He gave me some gentle advice as a friend of the family. As a friend of the family, he hoped that it was only a flirtation; that I was treating you as a light woman, and that you were content to be treated as such. Be sure I undeceived him on that point. I told him we loved each other, but that he need have no fear for the safety of your good name. I told him I was going away to-day, and that probably I should not see you again."

Swiftly she held out her hand as he said that. He took it gently.

"I may not go to-day now," said he, quickly. "I can be of some help here, perhaps—certainly I can be of help to you. But I must go away when all this is over." She made a movement of negation, but he continued in an even voice. "Yes—I must go away—for a year—perhaps more—but if you still wish it then—I—I may come back." She bent her head.

"And so, you see," he continued, "your saying nothing would have made little difference. Guerne would have spoken—he said as much—if there were any necessity for it, but not unless. Now, if I'd been alone with Farrer last night, he would have considered that a case of necessity. He would have



"WITH HER LIP QUIVERING, AND SHARP, SHORT BREATHS THAT SHOOK HER AS SHE STOOD, MRS. FARRER WATCHED HIM."

spoken then. And what do you think a British jury would have had to say to that? The last person seen with the murdered man—one who was in love with the murdered man's wife—I don't think there would be any doubt about their opinion—do you?"

She clutched her hand upon his arm.

"But you weren't alone with him at any time last night, were you?" she asked, quickly.

He drew his breath.

"I had gone to bed before he came in," he answered, slowly. "Guerney and Lainson were left in the smoking-room here. I don't even know whether they saw him when he returned."

She drew a great breath of relief.

"Did they see you go up to bed?" she asked.

He nodded his head.

Then tremblingly, feverishly, her hand sought for the incriminating handkerchief in her breast. She must tell him now and let him judge her suspicions as he wished. With all she had heard it was impossible to entertain them any longer. He must know that she had suspected him of murder, and if after that he wished never to see her again, then it must be that at the end of the year he would not return. But surely he would see, he would understand. His handkerchief, and with bloodstains upon it! However easy it might be for him to explain its presence there near the dead man, he would surely realize how it must have awakened such thoughts in her mind.

Her fingers had just found it within her gown when the sound of footsteps approaching reached their ears. They both looked to the door. It opened, and hurrying, with white face, and Lainson close upon his heels, Guerney entered the room. Mrs. Farrer withdrew her hand empty from her breast.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Guerney; "are you doing nothing?" And he hurried excitedly to Farrer's side.

"There is nothing to be done," replied Purnell.

Mr. Guerney knelt down by the body.

"But is he dead?" he asked. "You're a doctor; you ought to know! Are you sure he's dead?"

"Quite sure," said Purnell, and across his mind there came the remembrance of how he had reviewed all this scene the night before.

"But there's blood on his forehead!" continued Mr. Guerney. "He's been struck there! He's been murdered! I say he's been murdered!"

He looked up quickly at them all, his face blanched with the horror of what he thought he had discovered.

"I'm afraid that is the case," replied Purnell, quietly.

"Have you sent for a detective?"

Purnell nodded. "Half an hour ago," said he.

"Then you suspected he's been murdered, too?"

"I did—yes."

"Have you found any clues? Look here! Look! Here's a sixpence! On the floor! By his side!"

"You'd better touch nothing," said Purnell, sharply. "The detective will find these things for himself when he comes."

Guerney rose to his feet as the door opened. The butler entered and said:—

"Mr. Miles, from Scotland Yard."

Purnell wetted his lips and drew his breath. A clean-shaven man strode into the room.

VI.

It was Purnell who came forward immediately and shook hands with him.

"You've wasted no time, Mr. Miles," said he.

"Not more than I could help," replied the detective. "Who are all these people? What are they doing here?"

Purnell turned.

"This is Mrs. Farrer, the wife of the gentleman who has been murdered. These two gentlemen are guests in the house—the same as myself—Mr. Guerney and Mr. Lainson."

"And your name?"

"I'm Dr. Purnell."

"Well, I may want you; but the others need not stay." Then he added in an undertone, "And take her away."

Purnell moved to Mrs. Farrer's side.

"You had better come away now," he said, gently. "You can do no good by staying here. Go up to your room and lie down for a little. Mrs. Guerney will look after you, I'm sure."

He led her to the door and beckoned to Guerney and Lainson to follow him. As he opened the door the detective looked up from the body over which he had been kneeling.

"Has anything been touched here?" he asked.

"Nothing that I know of," said Purnell.

"I gave strict instructions to the butler, directly I heard, that everything was to be left exactly as it was."

The detective stood to his feet.

"Would you kindly tell my man to come in here to me?"

"Certainly," said Purnell, and the door closed behind him, leaving the detective alone to his work. He went back at once to the body and examined all the pockets. Discovering the sixpence lying upon the

floor, he picked it up and was looking at it as his man entered.

"What have they been saying outside?" he asked, at once. "What's the butler said to you?"

"They think it's robbery, sir. There's a piece of glass cut out of the window near the handle. The maid discovered it when she was pulling the curtains first thing this

Greyson opened the door wider for Purnell to enter; then he departed upon his errand.

"Well," said Purnell, "is it too soon to ask you what you think?"

"Yes; a bit, perhaps. I'd like to know what you think of that wound on the forehead."

"What I think about it? Whether it caused death or not, do you mean?"

"Yes; that first of all."

"Well, I think it did."

"And what do you think it was made with?"

"Some heavy pointed instrument—it would be impossible for me to say what."

The detective pointed to the decanter.

"That?" said he.

Purnell came closer to examine it.

"May I pick it up?" he asked.

"No—no; leave it where it is."

There was a moment's silence, and then Purnell looked up into the detective's face.

"It might be this," said he; "I should say very probably it was. Why mayn't I pick it up?"

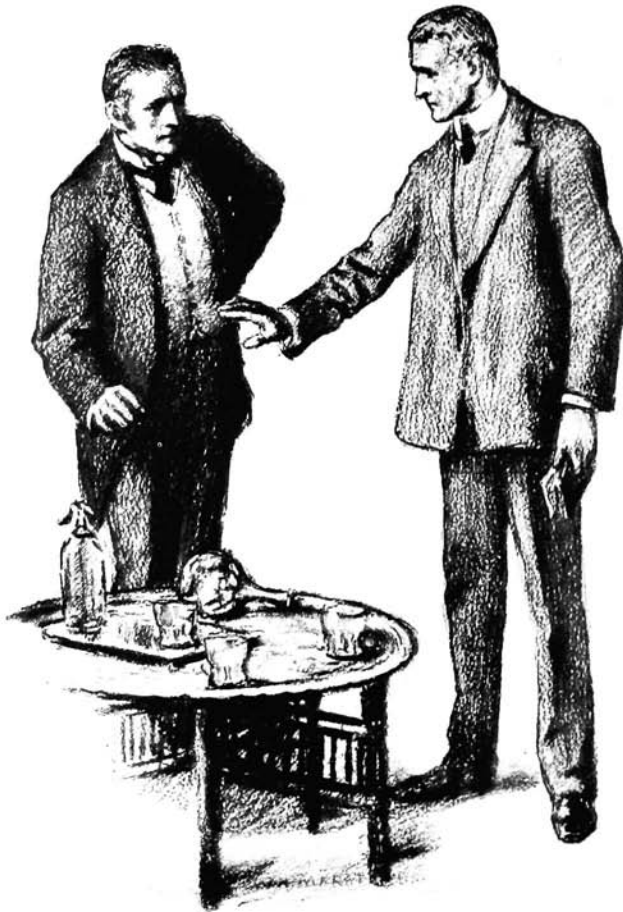
"Finger-marks!" was the answer.

Purnell looked round with relief as the little maid entered. From her there was nothing to learn; from the butler but little more. One by one the detective examined the whole household excepting Mrs. Farrer.

When Mr. Guernsey entered Purnell set his face to calmness. There was no knowing how, with the last hour to himself, turning things over in his mind, the little man may

not have remembered the scene which he had witnessed the evening before. There was no power of telling whether, with the remembrance of it, he had not connected it in his mind with the circumstance of Farrer's death.

"You and Mr. Lainson and Dr. Purnell were the last three left up after the servants had gone to bed?"



"FINGER-MARKS!"

morning. Then she saw the body lying there and ran for the butler."

"Ring that bell."

The man obeyed, and the detective went on to examine the aperture in the glass of the French window.

"Tell the maid I want her," he said, as Greyson opened the door.

"We were—we were. Then Dr. Purnell went up—took his candle and went up—upstairs—to bed."

"You two were left alone?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"Till Mr. Farrer came in."

"Oh, you saw Mr. Farrer alive?"

"Yes—dear me, yes; we sat here talking to him for a little while. He was telling us how he'd won some money at poker—fifty pounds, I think it was. He'd not been paid it all. I think it must have been robbery of that money myself, for I found a sixpence on the floor."

"Indeed! What sort of condition was Mr. Farrer in?"

"I regret to say he was not very sober."

"Able to walk alone?"

"Oh, yes, or we shouldn't have left him."

"You went up to bed?"

"Yes—after about ten minutes."

"Leaving him alone?"

"Yes."

"Thanks; that'll do. Is there anything you have to tell that I haven't asked you?"

"There is one thing."

A sickness rose in Purnell's throat; a cold breath blew on his lips. With a great effort he forced himself to take an interest in what Guerny was about to say.

"Well?" said the detective.

"As Mr. Lainson and I were sitting here before Mr. Farrer returned we saw the figure of a man leaning over the wall there at the bottom of the garden."

"What sort of man?"

"It would be impossible to say. Mr. Lainson thought for the moment that it was Mr. Farrer; but it could not have been him, because Farrer was in evening dress, as you see, and this man was not. Beyond that observation, I could not say how he was dressed."

"How long was he there?"

"About three minutes."

"And then went away?"

"Yes."

"Thank you—that's all. I sha'n't want Mr. Lainson—not just now, at any rate. Whose bedroom is over this study?"

"Mrs. Farrer's," replied Guerny.

"I shall want to see her now, then. Would you mind telling her?"

As Guerny departed the detective took out a strong glass and was down upon his knees examining the carpet.

"Here are his footmarks," he said.

"Whose?" asked Purnell.

"Probably that man out in the lane."

"How can you be sure?"

"I can't yet. But footmarks and finger-prints go a long way."

"Have you got his finger-prints?" asked Purnell, quickly.

The detective smiled and pointed to the decanter.

"There's only one thing I don't like about it all. I never do in a case like this."

"What's that?"

"It's so obvious. Mr. Farrer was not sober. He comes home late in the evening with plenty of money in his pocket. A lounge about the place begs of him, he pulls out a handful of coins, and gives him a sovereign, perhaps. The lounge sees he's drunk, sees the money, follows him. He sees him come into this house. He watches this room which has a light in it—watches from over that wall. When he's discovered he moves away—conceals himself and still watches. He sees Mr. Farrer come in. He sees the other two gentlemen go; then, when Mr. Farrer is seated comfortably in his chair and looks like falling asleep, our friend comes over into the garden—effects his entrance through the French window. Mr. Farrer wakes up—there's a scuffle, and our friend seizes the first implement he can lay his hands on to put a stop to it—the decanter. I can see there's been a scuffle here. Now I've got to follow the footprints out into the garden. You see, it's very simple—it's very obvious. That's why I don't like to trust it—not just yet, anyhow."

"Do you think you'll find the man?" asked Purnell, after a pause—"do you think you'll find the man whom they saw leaning on the wall?"

"That ought not to be difficult," replied the detective; and then the door opened and Mrs. Farrer came nervously into the room.

"What is it?" she asked.

The detective adopted a gentler tone.

"I want to ask you a few questions," said he.

"Do you know who—who's committed the murder?" she asked.

"No—not yet—not yet. But I think I have a very good idea. I just want to know—you sleep over this room, don't you?"

"Yes."

"What time did you go to bed last night?"

"At about a quarter past ten."

"Did you happen to see anyone in the lane at the back of the garden from your bedroom window?"

"My blinds were drawn when I went up. They always are."

"Did you hear any sound at all last night—any sound in this room?"

"No; none at all. The floors in this house are very thick. I think if anyone shouted in this room I should not hear them from my bedroom."

"You heard no sound at all—anywhere?"

"Yes; I did hear something."

"What?"

Purnell closed his lips. He looked out into the garden, waiting for the answer she was about to give.

"I heard a bell ringing."

"What sort of a bell?"

"An electric bell."

"In the house?"

"Yes."

"Is there a bell-indicator in the servants' premises?"

"Yes."

"Then we can find out which room it was presently. The butler sent for you, I believe, when the murder was discovered?"

"Yes."

"Did you come down at once?"

"Within five minutes."

"And did you find everything just as it is now?"

"So far as I can see."

"Nothing was touched?"

"No—nothing."

"Why do you pause as you give that answer?"

"I was not aware that I did."

The detective's eyes searched hers. Purnell, too, turned quickly and looked scrutinizingly at her face.

"Was there anything touched?" he asked.

"Surely there can be no harm in saying so if there was, and it may only confuse Mr. Miles in his work if anything was removed."

"I've just said," she replied, steadily, "nothing was touched at all."

The detective turned away, apparently satisfied.

"Now these footmarks," said he; and, taking out his glass once more, he went down on his knees examining them. As he approached the door of the French window he realized that Mrs. Farrer was still waiting there.

"I sha'n't want you any more, Mrs. Farrer," he said.

She moved very slowly away, and as the detective passed out into the garden she took a step towards Purnell's side.

"Does he know who did it?" she asked.

"He thinks so," replied Purnell.

"Who?" she demanded, quickly. "Who?"

"Some poor wretch they saw outside in the road last evening. Heaven help him! I hope they don't catch him."

She looked quickly at his face.

"And if they do?" she asked.

"Well, they can't prove it then," he replied, quickly. "At least, I mean they can prove it, because he's got the impression of the finger-marks left on the decanter. That'll show plainly enough, I suppose, whether he's the man or not."

She gazed at him earnestly as his eyes followed the movements of the detective, who, step by step, accompanied by his man, was making his way steadily, scrutinizing every footmark, across the garden.

Suddenly Purnell turned round to her.

"Why did you hesitate?" he asked.

"Why did you hesitate when he asked you if anything had been touched?"

"Did I?"

Her hand wandered tremblingly to the opening of her dress.

"Yes, you hesitated. Why? Did you touch anything? My dear, tell me—say if you did. Supposing this poor wretch they saw in the lane last night were innocently convicted of the crime—and just because some little thing were being kept back. Are you sure that you touched nothing? And yet, what could there have been for you to touch?"

For the second time—convinced of his innocence now, convinced that her suspicions had been based upon evidence that bore no meaning at all—for the second time her fingers clutched the handkerchief inside her dress; yet again, just as she was about to draw it forth, she stopped.

"What's he running back so quickly for?" she asked.

Purnell followed the direction of her eyes, and there he saw the detective hurrying back across the grass to where they stood.

"What's the matter?" asked Purnell.

The detective looked from one to the other.

"I said I never liked to trust these obvious cases," said he.

"Why, what's the matter?" repeated Purnell.

"My dear sir, everything's the matter. Those footsteps go across to the wall right enough. There they are as plain as a pike-staff on the bed—so plain I could almost laugh at them for simplicity. But, you see, there they stop. Our friend, whoever he was,

never got over the wall. What do you make of that, eh?"

Purnell shook his head.

"It means that he's in this house, and I must give orders to have no one leave it."

"I'll give the order at once," said Purnell.

And, for the second time, Mrs. Farrer's hand returned empty from her dress.

VII.

As the door closed, Mrs. Farrer, sick at heart, turned to the detective.

"Surely, Mr. Miles," said she, "it is impossible that anyone in the house could have done it?"

"It's impossible to say, madam," he replied, abruptly. "Stranger things have happened."

"But whom do you suspect?"

"Nobody."

"Then why——" she began.

"Because, when you can suspect nobody, you must begin by suspecting everybody."

"And how will you find out?"

For answer he indicated the impression of the finger-marks on the decanter.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The man who murdered your husband struck him with that decanter. On the neck of it are finger-marks. The impression of them is quite distinct."

"Then you are going to compare everybody's finger-marks?"

He nodded his head.

She turned away. He watched her curiously as she walked to the French window, and there, leaning against the pillar of the door, looked out.

"If there's anything you know, Mrs. Farrer," said he, quietly, "it 'ud be easier to let me hear it. The slightest thing helps."

"I?" She turned round quickly. "I know nothing but what I told you."

"Nothing about your husband's life that might throw light on this affair—nothing that you feel somewhat diffident about disclosing? You may think it has nothing to do with the business, but it may have, without your knowing it."

"There is nothing," she replied, firmly.

"Nothing you found when you came in here first this morning? Nothing that might throw discredit upon your name which you think better to conceal?"

"Why should you think that?" she asked, excitedly. "I told you that nothing had been touched."

"Very well," said he, quietly. "You must

excuse me questioning you like this, but I want to do my best."

"I have no objection to being questioned," she replied, steadily, but as Purnell opened the door, and behind him she saw the rest of the household with anxious, apprehensive faces, her steadiness left her. She turned away once more and looked out into the garden. Then, as though in a far distance, she heard the voice of the detective addressing them.

"I am compelled," said he, in his sharp, metallic voice—"I am compelled before I go any farther in this case to examine the finger-marks of everyone who was in this house last night. Mrs. Farrer—I beg your pardon——"

She turned electrically.

"Would you mind—on this piece of paper?"

She came forward to the table, where lay several little pieces of paper, which he had blackened in the flame of a candle in preparation for his experiment.

"Just press your first finger, then your thumb, down on the black part."

She did as she was bid, and when it was finished turned away, moving once more to the French window as though she had no further interest in the matter. One by one then, as they were called to perform the same service, she just held her breath till the name was mentioned; then upon her face settled that tense expression of waiting, so concentrated that it seemed as though it were beyond her power to contain the expression of it which trembled on her lips.

At last came the moment for which she had been waiting. The last name to be called was that of Purnell. Tight as a vice her fingers intertwined. Her breath hurried in little gasps between her lips, and, lest her emotion should be seen by the cold, scrutinizing eyes of the detective, she kept her face averted, waiting still in the silence that seemed interminable for what the result of those few short moments would be.

When the detective mentioned his name, Purnell came quietly forward. He forced a smile to his lips, and as he put his finger down upon the blackened paper he said:—

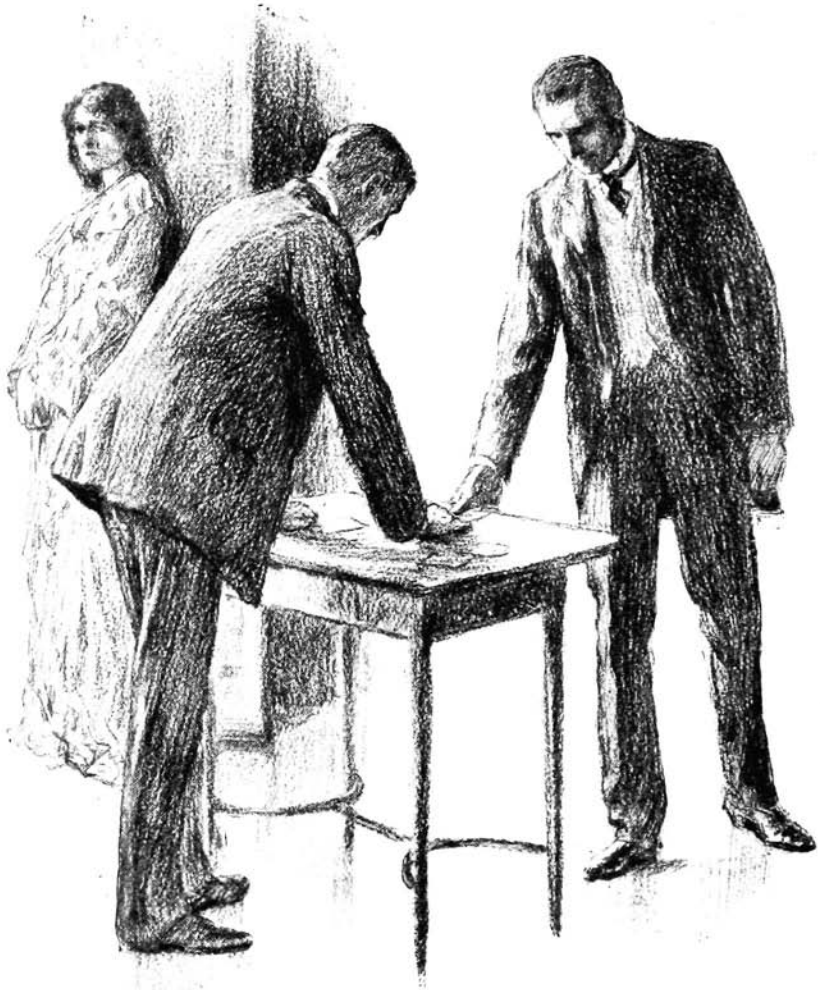
"This reminds me of a lottery. Supposing one of our finger-marks happens to be identical with those on the decanter?"

"Impossible," said the detective, confidently.

Purnell lifted up his finger and thumb from the paper.

"Well—that's clear enough," said he.

The detective took it up and examined it.



"HE PUT HIS FINGER DOWN UPON THE BLACKENED PAPER."

"Quite," said he. "You can go, thank you," he added. "Anyone can go out of the house now who wishes."

Mrs. Farrer turned round.

"Well?" she asked, quietly. "What is the result?"

"No result," said he.

Purnell rubbed the black off his fingers and looked into the detective's eyes.

"Do you think you'll ever find the man with those finger-marks?" he asked.

"Wait till that watch is pawned," said the detective.

Purnell smiled.

"You'll have him then right enough," said he.

VIII.

A FORTNIGHT later, when the mystery of the murder of J. H. Farrer had begun to take its place amongst all those unsolvable tragedies which, if compiled, would make a record to taunt the ingenuity of our system of police, Purnell received a letter in Mrs. Farrer's handwriting. At the breakfast-table he opened and read it:—

"My Dear Friend,—Why have you not been to see me? Surely from you, at such a time, a visit would not have been out of place. I have something weighing on my conscience, and must tell it you. Please come out here this afternoon at about tea-time."

For some time he wrestled with himself. The tragedy of Farrer's death was not over for him yet. She did not know. She thought him innocent. And, indeed, innocent of crime surely he was. Yet the knowledge that he would be counted as a murderer were his part in it discovered; the knowledge that by Farrer's death his wife was free to accept all that he had to offer her—all these conditions made the agony of his mind the more. To keep this thing in silence to himself was more than he could bear, and he had decided to go abroad, fight it alone with himself until he conquered, or it conquered him.

To see her, then, was madness. It might unnerve him for all that lay before him. Yet in answer to that pitiful appeal of hers he could not choose but go. It would serve to say his farewell, to let her know that wherever he might be, and however long away, his hopes, thoughts, and ambitions would still be of her.

With a shuddering mind, then, he set forth to Hampstead to visit the house for the first time since that awful night when, in so mad a moment, he had given way to the weakness of concealing the deed which he had done. A thousand times since then he had regretted that he had not persisted in the ringing of the bell—a thousand times he had wished that he had faced the consequences, whatever they might have been, and let the whole world know, rather than suffer this ghastly seclusion of mind that was beginning to prey upon all his thoughts.

As soon as he arrived he was shown into the drawing-room, and there in a few moments Mrs. Farrer joined him.

Coming quickly to his side she laid a hand upon his arm.

"Well?" he said at once. "No more news?"

"None," she replied. "I don't suppose they'll ever find out now."

He took her hand and pressed it with relief.

"Why haven't you been to see me since the inquest?" she asked.

He shook his head, not knowing what to say.

"Nearly a whole fortnight," she continued. "I thought you would have preferred to be alone."

"From you?"

"Yes."

"Are you tired?" she asked, quietly.

"Do you regret you said you loved me?"

He took her head in his hands and kissed

her once more upon the forehead as he had done that fatal evening which then seemed years ago.

"Never—as long as I live!" he whispered. "But I've come to tell you something that will try your understanding—test it to the uttermost."

She looked alarmed. "What is it?" she asked.

"Tell me first what is weighing upon your conscience. I want to hear that first."

For a moment she hesitated, then she drew a key from her purse and, going to a little writing-desk, opened it, bringing from it a handkerchief—a handkerchief spotted with blood—which she laid in his hands.

"It's been weighing on my conscience that for some little time during that terrible day when the detective was here I thought you had killed Henry. When I came down that morning I found this handkerchief of yours lying in the back of the arm-chair where he had been sitting. I saw at once what it would mean if it were found, so I put it away inside my dress."

He set his lips as he took it from her.

"You hid it to save me?" he said, under his breath.

She nodded. "And until your finger-marks had been taken by the detective I thought that somehow or other—how or when I did not know—you had done it. I've been too ashamed to tell you until now of that suspicion which I held. Can you ever forgive me for thinking it at all?"

She was about to lay her hand upon his shoulder, but he took it and dropped it again by her side.

"That was why you were nervous, then, when the detective asked you if anything had been touched?"

"Yes."

"My God!" he whispered. "And you protected me even though you thought I had done it?"

"I should always protect you against the whole world," she replied, bravely. "Tell me—when did you lend Henry the handkerchief?"

He felt his lips and throat go dry. Now was the moment when he could repair all his folly. If he let her believe him innocent now, there was no hope for the punishment his mind would inflict upon him afterwards. No; he must risk all—even the great love of a great woman—rather than win her approval by silence.

"When did you lend Henry the handkerchief?" she repeated.

"I never lent it," said he.
 "Then how——" she began.
 In words running quickly one upon the

it all, and when he had finished she just stretched out her hand and took his.

"Then, when do you go away?" she asked.



"A HANDKERCHIEF SPOTTED WITH BLOOD, WHICH SHE LAID IN HIS HANDS."

other he told her then. Every word she knew to be the truth; and as she listened she realized how deep her suspicion had been, for she was scarcely surprised. Without one word of exclamation she listened to

"Now—to-day—to-morrow—oh, as soon as I can," said he.

"God bless you!" she whispered. "You will find me here, however long it is, when you return."



MR. CHARLES HAWTREY.
From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

"MY REMINISCENCES."

By CHARLES HAWTREY.



AS a young man it was originally my parents' intention that I should join the Army. Somehow or other, however, I felt that I had a call for the stage, and finally, after wavering between stage and Army for some little time, I chose the former, although it was not until I was twenty-two that I made my first professional appearance on the stage of a London theatre.

My first actual professional engagement—I had previously dabbled a good deal in private theatricals—was with Edgar Bruce, at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, in Tottenham Street—the playhouse which laid the foundation of the fortunes of Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft—at which Burnand's very successful comedy, "The Colonel," was at that time being played, and in which I followed Eric

Bayley in the part of Edward Langton on the one hundredth representation of the play. Edgar Bruce was kind enough to encourage me by expressing satisfaction with my performance. I was with him for about two years, playing in his companies both in London at the Imperial and on tour, but in the following season he had no engagement to offer me, and I played for only four weeks in the whole of that year.

Finding it so difficult to get an engagement, I thought of giving up the stage, as I had the offer of becoming private secretary to Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett and sub-editor of a newspaper called *England*, in which he was interested. Just about this time, however, a friend brought me a translation of Von Moser's "Der Bibliothekar," with the suggestion that it might be adapted into an amusing farcical comedy.

On reading it over, the idea occurred to me that if I made the librarian a milk-and-water English curate—a type that up to that time had not been put upon the stage—the play might be made exceedingly funny. I gave up the idea of becoming private secretary to Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, and instead proceeded to provide a Private Secretary for myself, for that was the name I gave to my adaptation of Von Moser's play.

When I had finished my play I arranged to produce it at Cambridge, on November 14th, 1883: to play it for three nights there, and for the rest of the week at Oxford. At both places it proved quite a success, going very

he had built out of the fortune he had made over "The Colonel." He commenced with a revival of Gilbert's "Palace of Truth," but this did not last long, and he then offered to put up "The Private Secretary" if I could provide the means to finance it. After some difficulty I succeeded in getting the amount Bruce required, one of my chief supporters being the late Mr. Charles Merry, who put in five hundred pounds and drew out upwards of ten thousand pounds, bringing off, as he expressed it more than once, a fine twenty to one chance.

It did not, however, look a promising speculation at first, as the production, which



CHARLES HAWTREY AT THE AGES OF TWENTY-ONE AND TWENTY-THREE.
From a Photograph by Brown, Barnes, & Bell. *From a Photograph by London Stereoscopic Co.*

well on: the opening night at Cambridge, to a small house, and even better on the second and third performances, the receipts increasing each night, an experience that was repeated at Oxford. The favourable reception convinced me that there was money in the piece.

I therefore set to work to find a home for the play in London; but this was not so easy. I may mention that, before being brought to me, "Der Bibliothekar" had been submitted to several London managers and refused—even such a good judge of farcical comedy as Sir Charles Wyndham declining to deal with it. Naturally this did not help me to place my piece. However, early in the following year, 1884, Edgar Bruce opened the Prince's Theatre, now known as the Prince of Wales's, in Covent Street, which

took place on March 29th, 1884, for one reason and another, proved anything but a success. The fact that it was written in four acts may have contributed to this, but the chief cause was an inexplicably long wait between the second and third acts, which irritated the audience, who guyed the rest of the piece, after two acts had gone wonderfully well. I was then playing in a revival of "Dan'l Druce" at the Court Theatre, where the news of how well the piece had opened was brought to me by Arthur Cecil, who had seen the first two acts. My feelings when the final curtain had fallen amid a storm of hisses and groans may be imagined, especially when, on taking the call for "Author!" I was yelled at and booed for having committed the crime of writing the piece. The play had

been very well cast. The part of the Rev. Robert Spalding was played by Beerbohm Tree, who has never done anything better. "Bill" Hill, one of the funniest actors ever seen, was the Uncle, while "Granny" Stephens, a consummate artiste, took the part of Miss Ashford.

The critics had many a good word for the performers, but, with very rare exceptions, not even a saving clause for the play. In fact, the following extract, taken verbatim from one of the notices which appeared on the Monday morning, fairly sums up the view of the play and its prospects taken by the Press: "The talents of capable actors are frittered away on worthless parts, and not all their efforts can save this play from a dismal fate." The "dismal fate" in this instance proved to be a run of over two years on first production; three successful revivals in London subsequently; innumerable tours in the provinces year after year ever since; to be played with immense success through all America, India, and Australia; and at the present time—six-and-twenty years after production—to be still drawing good houses and making money.

But there was a stormy time to go through before this success was reached. The bad notices gave the play a very lame start, and notwithstanding that it went at every performance to continuous laughter, for four weeks it played to miserable business. At the end of the fourth week the management put up the notice. That very night the receipts went up with a huge bound. Four weeks' Court mourning for H.R.H. the Duke of Albany, who had died on the day before the play was produced, then came to an end, while the weather, which had been bitterly cold and wet all through the month, changed for the better. The business continued to improve rapidly during the next fortnight, and by arrangement, "Called Back," which was to follow, not being quite ready,

"The Private Secretary" was run through the seventh week.

Meanwhile, I had arranged to take the Globe Theatre, and transferred my play there on May 19th, 1884. The cast was slightly altered. Hill, Mrs. Stephens, and one or two others of the company went with it, but Tree was engaged to Bruce, so that another Spalding had to be found. I was fortunate enough to secure W. S. Penley, whose inimitable performance of the Curate contributed so much to the successful run.

I had already condensed the play into three acts when I first played it at the Prince's, which I did after it had run a month. This was a distinct improvement, and from this time the success of the piece was never in doubt. For just on two years it was played to crowded houses, as many as ten performances a week being given in the heyday of its success.

My next three or four productions were not great successes, but at the end of 1887 I put up "The Arabian Nights," which was a great go. I produced it on Guy Fawkes Day, and have every reason to remember "the fifth of November" with satisfaction. My term at the Globe Theatre being up a month later, I transferred the play to the Comedy Theatre, where it had a good run. Lottie Venne and Penley

both made great hits in this piece.

Some little time before this production I had bought a play called "Uncles and Aunts" from W. Lestocq, and undertook to follow "The Arabian Nights" with it. But on reflection I did not like the piece, and feared it would be a failure. So I approached Lestocq and Samuel French, his agent, to get them to let me off producing it, but they refused, and intimated that they would hold me to my contract. On turning that up to see its precise terms, they found that it only bound me to produce the play at the Globe, of which I was no longer the lessee. But I did not want to crawl out on a technicality



REV. ROBERT SPALDING IN "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY."

From a Photograph by St. James's Studio.

like that, as, of course, it meant morally, if not legally, at any theatre of which I was lessee, so I said I would produce the piece, though I had very little hope of it. What followed was a clear case of virtue rewarded, while it showed how difficult it is to judge how the public will take a play. "Uncles and Aunts" was a great success, and ran for nine months to big business.

First-night audiences are not always the best judges, any more than a manager, of what will please the public. For the first night of "Uncles and Aunts" I gave a box to some friends who were frequent play-goers, and between the second and third acts (I was not playing in the piece myself) I looked in on them to hear what they thought and how they liked it. With great candour one of them, an elderly lady with the well-defined accent of Co. Cork, replied, "This is the very worst play I ever saw; we shall never come again!"

Speaking of this particular play reminds me of what a terribly difficult task it is for a manager to be able to tell exactly what will appeal to the public taste. Indeed, in my own humble opinion, there is, and always will be, an element of luck in producing a play that proves a success. To be sure, it is a simple enough business to reject the vast majority of plays one receives, for, as any well-known manager will tell you, a very large percentage indeed of them are absolutely, altogether, and entirely unsuitable for production.

But the real difficulty lies in deciding upon the relative merits of three or four plays selected from as many hundreds. When a manager accepts a play he can only form a mental judgment of how it will turn out when produced, for there are an unpleasantly large number of reasons which, combined, may make it not play so well as he expected at first. For example, perhaps, owing to those frequent combinations of circumstances over which we mortals have no control, he has not been able to cast it as he would wish. Or, maybe, it reads better than it

plays—the proportion of pieces which read better than they play is obviously far in excess of those which play better than they read. Anyway, for one reason or another it may prove a failure.

Still, aspiring playwrights would seem to be in no way deterred from trying to gratify their ambitions, for managers, if my own is a fair experience, for many years past have been literally deluged with the plays of

authors—many of them writing for the first time—who have no knowledge whatever of the technique of the stage, but who, nevertheless, set to work to "turn out" dramatic masterpieces with a courage and confidence which cannot fail to command one's admiration. I have had as many as five hundred plays sent to me in the course of a year, of which, on an average, ninety-five per cent. are absolutely unplayable, while possibly only one in the remaining five may, with

alterations, be worth consideration.

As an example of the sort of communications I have occasionally received I quote the following letter, which came to me a few years back from a would-be dramatist, the text of which did not inspire me with the idea that it would be profitable to enter into negotiations for the production of his play. "Dear Sir," he wrote,—“If you are in want of an opening one-act drama at your house I have such a domestic drama to offer. It is not a representation of the *iper* classes, but rather off the lower. It is called 'Poor Polly Newly Married and Done.' It is certainly original, and will delight your middle and lower class audiences.”

The same author, not long since, made me an offer of another play, upon which he had bestowed the blood-curdling title of "Saved by the Skin of Your Teeth." This play he described as "a thrilling love-story, with entrancing closing precedents." Though my curiosity was much attracted by this description, I felt compelled to refrain from gratifying it.

One writer who had for many months peppered me with his plays, all of which I



"MR. GEORGE."

From a Photograph by Ellis & Watery.

was reluctantly compelled to return to him as quite useless to me, at last ceased to favour me with his effusions. For a full month I was free from the receipt of his postal packets, and I was just beginning to think that he had given me up, when I received a communication from him to the effect that "writing plays had no longer any attraction for him, and that he had now devoted himself to another branch of Art." In fact, he had "taken to the brush," and would paint my portrait for the "utterly inadequate" sum of four guineas. His usual fee, he added, was ten guineas, but he was willing to make the handsome deduction mentioned because, he averred, I had a "characterestual face."

Once again I was compelled to say "No" to his proposal. I have been wondering ever since what a "characterestual face" could be.

Some of the stage directions are distinctly interesting. "Enter So-and-so smelling of tobacco." Then again, at an unexpected communication, the heroine "turns deathly pale," or someone's hair "stands on end with fright."

Still, I am fortunate enough in having given several new authors their first opportunity of a production; among these I may mention the name of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

When at the Comedy Theatre I once received an application from a young man who desired to see me on a matter of urgent importance. I wrote him, asking to be informed as to the nature of his business. He replied that it was personal and private, but of extreme urgency, and asked for an interview. I gave him an appointment, and he called to see me, when I learned that his object was to place his services at my disposal. His doctor, he informed me, had

ordered him to take a complete rest, or, in any case, to employ himself in some way that required absolutely no brain power! So he had decided to go upon the stage!

One further item on the personal side I may, perhaps, mention here. I can claim the distinction, if it may be so described, of being one of the very few actors—if, indeed, not the only actor—ever hissed at the Crystal Palace Theatre. Audiences at that playhouse were proverbially tolerant; it had to be very bad acting in a very bad play to rouse them to wrath and cause them to give vent to their displeasure. We were billed to produce a

new one-act play, but we were not given the parts until the morning of the performance, and we had only had one rehearsal. We none of us were letter-perfect in our parts. It is not surprising, therefore, that the piece came to a deadlock. I began to gag to the best of my ability, but, naturally, this only made matters worse, and when I began to laugh the audience could stand it no longer and began to hiss. That happened nearly thirty years ago, and I am glad to say that was the only occasion on



From a Photograph by

"LORD ALGY."

[Ellis & Watery.]

which I have ever met with such a reception.

But I have wandered away from the direct line I decided to follow when I set out to relate my theatrical reminiscences. Let me go back—to a stroke of very bad luck I had in connection with "Charley's Aunt." Penley only had until Christmas, 1892, to produce the play, his call on it expiring at the end of that year. During the successful revival of "The Private Secretary" at the Comedy in that summer in which he played, he begged me to follow with "Charley's Aunt," and offered to give me the London rights on certain favourable terms if I would

do so. But I was under contract to put up "To-Day," so could not accept his offer. Penley, therefore, took the Royalty and produced "Charley's Aunt" there, the play, as everyone knows, proving a gigantic success, the extent of which, it is no secret, surprised even Penley himself. While anticipating its being a big go in the country, he did not, at the outset, expect it to run many weeks in London. However, in January, 1893, I put up "The Sportsman," by W. Lestocq, which had a fair run, after which I gave up my tenancy of the Comedy Theatre.

My first real "money-spinner" after "Jane" was R. C. Carton's "Lord and Lady Algy," which defied the reputation of the Avenue Theatre for being a house of misfortune from a manager's point of view, as it played to crowded houses there for six months after being transferred from the Comedy, where it had been previously running to excellent business for four months.

My next big success was "A Message from Mars," in which I abandoned the class of rôle I had been playing for some time: that of—well, perhaps "an accomplished rake" classifies its nature as well as any other title. This production, however, must be so fresh in the minds of theatre-goers that I do not think I need refer to it at any great length, though I recall one or two incidents connected with it with anything but feelings of personal gratification, despite the fact that it ran for fifteen months to immense business.

Thus, originally, in the Martian passages, in order to show the powers of dynamic force in the Messenger from Mars—who, by the way, carried his message no fewer than five hundred and fifty times in London

alone—I decided to fall to the ground. On the first night, in the street scene in the second act, I couldn't get my hand quickly enough out of the pocket of my fur overcoat, with the result that, as I fell, during one of the passes, I dislocated my shoulder.

We had to keep the house dark four nights, and that directly on an enormous first-night success. Only those familiar with the theatrical business know what a risky

thing it is to check a play's run. There is danger of taking the backbone out of the hit. Fortunately mine survived, and I only had to pocket the losses of tremendous advance sales, which we were obliged to return, of four empty houses instead of four crowded ones, and of my salary list.

But that was not my only mishap in "A Message from Mars." I had not

resumed performances a week before I fell again, and this time, for a change, sprained my ankle. Fortunately, I was not obliged to retire from the cast. Indeed, I had been told that my limping walk induced the belief in the

public that I was trying to simulate the gait of a person suffering from gout; anyway, it created some small amusement.

It must always be a matter for regret for a manager to have to withdraw a play at the height of its success, but this I had to do with "A Message from Mars" after it had been transferred to the Prince of Wales's, as I was under contract to produce "The Man from Blankley's," which, as theatre-goers will doubtless remember, took the public taste in quite a wholesale manner, before leaving for America for the first time in the autumn of that season.

On my return from my second visit to the



HORACE PARKER IN "A MESSAGE FROM MARS."

From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

States I successfully revived "A Message from Mars," in June of 1905, at the Avenue Theatre, after which I went to the Haymarket, where, after playing in "The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury" for three months, "The Man from Blankley's" was revived and ran for nine. In April of 1907 I produced for Messrs. Gatti "Mr. George" at the Vaudeville, which, after revivals of "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past"—which actually did better than when first produced—and "The Cuckoo," was followed by "Jack Straw," by Somerset Maugham, all of these productions being for Messrs. Gatti. Illness took me out of the bill when the play was going very strong.

My next venture was at the Royalty, where I put up "The Noble Spaniard," by Somerset Maugham, followed a couple of months later by "What the Public Wants." Unfortunately the box-office returns showed that the public did not want either of these plays, and I then migrated to Wyndham's Theatre and produced "The Little Damsel" for Frank Curzon, which ran for the best part of six months and was, during that time, twice transferred from Wyndham's to the Prince of Wales's and back again to Wyndham's.

On April 14th of the present year I produced—this time on my own account once more—"The Naked Truth," which, I am happy to say, played to a long succession of good houses.

And now, I wonder, is there anything else of interest I can tell you? I have done my best to keep away altogether from a recital of incidents not directly connected with the theatre, for it always seems to me that whatever interest the public may take in any actor must be almost entirely centred around his theatrical career. In looking back over bygone years, however, of necessity one's mind is rather apt to overlook various incidents which may not be altogether without interest to the public.

Thus I recall an amusing happening which

occurred during my first management at the Globe. One evening a hatless man entered the theatre, explaining that his hat had fallen down from the gallery into the stalls, and that the doorkeeper had told him to come to the front and ask for it. One of the attendants was sent down to fetch it, but, after some little time, returned, saying that it could not be found. A second search proved equally fruitless, so at last the owner of the hat was asked to come downstairs to show exactly where it had fallen. He pointed out where he had been sitting in the gallery, and another search was made for the hat, which, while it disturbed and annoyed several occupants of the stalls, was also unavailing. He was becoming very excited at the loss of his hat, when he was asked to show his pass-out check from the gallery, and, on his producing it, my acting-manager at once saw it was not ours. "What theatre were you in?" he inquired. "The Opera Comique," replied the hatless one. "Well, this is the Globe," said he, "so you had better go and look for your hat in the theatre where you dropped it." Those who remember the respective positions of the two theatres will understand how the mistake arose. On being told by the gallery doorkeeper at the Opera Comique to "go round to the front" he had turned into the front of the first theatre he came to, which was the Globe. The fact that at that time both theatres were upholstered in light blue added

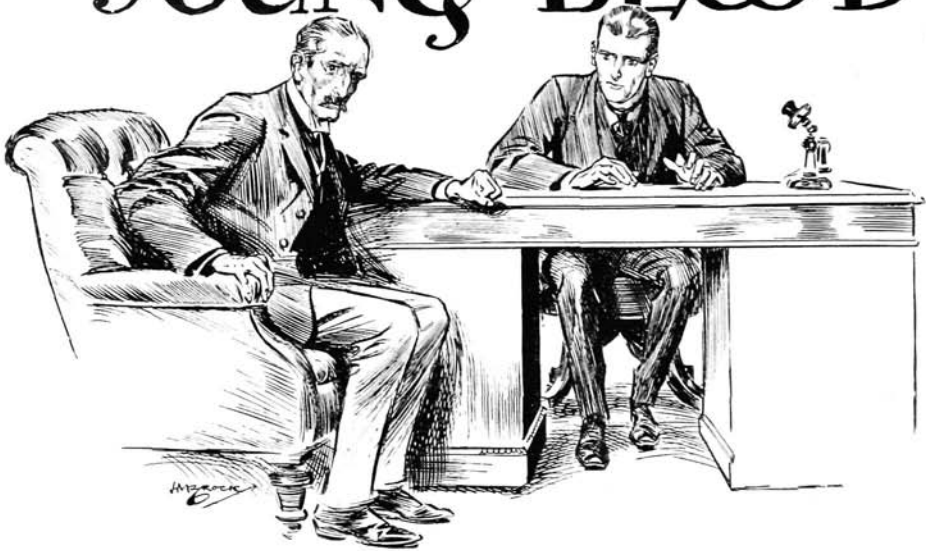


HUGH SARRANT, IN "THE CUCKOO."
From a Photograph by Ellis & Walter.

to the confusion. Even when told of his mistake he would, at first, hardly believe that he was in the wrong theatre.

By this time I am sure you must have heard quite enough of my theatrical experiences, so rather than run the risk of encroaching on the patience of readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE I will say no more, except that I hope I may be freely pardoned for a too-frequent use of the most objectionable letter in the alphabet—"I."

"YOUNG BLOOD"



By E. M. JAMESON.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.



JOHN FERRIER'S hand shook slightly as he pushed open the door leading into the private office. His face was drawn and anxious, and in his eyes was the look of a man hard set, with back

to the wall, fighting grimly against odds suddenly grown too hard for him. He stood there a moment gathering his forces together.

Ferrier had not entered the room since the sudden death of the head of the firm, and now his face contracted sharply, and he turned his glance away from the empty chair, placed at the writing-table.

The terrible void in his heart was like an acute physical pain—a void the young head of the firm could never fill. The latter, from his place on the hearthrug, nodded, genially enough. He was tall, keen, alert, with clean-cut features and a decided, masterful manner.

"Here you are, Mr. Ferrier. Quite well? I won't keep you five minutes; it's your busiest time, I know."

A wave of relief passed over Ferrier. Just an ordinary matter connected with the firm's

affairs, he thought; he need not have been afraid, after all.

Philip Lampton indicated a chair, and sat down on the other side of the big mahogany centre table. He drummed on it for a moment, following the strain of a melody that ran through his head. Ferrier, darting a glance at the handsome, hard young face, grew suddenly anxious again. And the next moment the long-dreaded stroke had fallen.

"I am making several changes in the firm, Mr. Ferrier, reorganizing it, and bringing it more up-to-date. We are frightfully antiquated in our ways, and I mean to work things on a broader, more go-ahead basis. We are not half enterprising enough. My father, as I suppose was natural, always upheld the customs of early days, and though the firm prospered under him there can be no doubt that more modern methods will extend our business fifty-fold. Drastic changes are needed in several departments, and I mean to make them without delay."

He cleared his throat with a faint suggestion of embarrassment. Ferrier said nothing.

Filling in the pause came the sound of

the restless finger-tips drumming on the mahogany. Philip Lampton was music-mad. Ferrier, looking up, met the young man's eye, and saw in it no shade of yielding. His shoulders, stooped by much desk work, straightened themselves in an effort to face the situation. Almost it seemed that in the empty chair at the window the chief's genial, kindly self was seated, ready to talk business with him as he had talked for the past thirty years.

“Anything you wish carried out, Mr. Philip”—he spoke with old-fashioned formality—“you have only to command me. For thirty years the firm has had my best efforts.”

Young Lampton stood up, pushing back his chair with a quick, impetuous movement.

“That's just it!” he exclaimed, walking round the room, his hands dug deeply into his pockets. “That's just my point, Mr. Ferrier—thirty years! It's a deuce of a time for a man to keep at high pressure; he's bound to be played out at—”

“Fifty-five!” Ferrier's blood was thudding in his temples. Played out! He had never felt more capable of his work than now. Experience was his, the sure touch with things of the firm. Played out! He and the old head between them had kept the business at a pinnacle of unwavering excellence. Played out! His hand was clenched convulsively. Across the lined face momentarily flashed the red glow of youth, dying out under the uncomprehending glance of the younger man.

The latter nodded.

“Fifty-five! A good age. You don't quite look it, though.”

His eyes, hard with the unconscious cruelty of the young, rested for an instant on Ferrier. “I shall be sorry to part with you, Mr. Ferrier; but you understand? It's young blood the firm needs—young, go-ahead, enterprising men, with modern methods at their finger-ends. There's a rumour afloat that Huddringtons mean to forge ahead in several new directions, and we can't be left behind in the race. I've secured a wonderful chap to work with me. We shall make things hum. We have half-a-dozen projects up our sleeve that will knock spots off Huddringtons.”

He brought himself up short on the hearthrug. Ferrier, too, had risen, and for an instant they measured glances.

“Young blood, you said, Mr. Philip. And is experience to go for nothing? I never felt more capable of work than now; my head was never clearer. Give me more

scope, tell me what your plans are, and I'll carry them out to the best of my ability.” He was pleading for many things—for his own powers, for his livelihood, for the comfort and well-being of those dear to him. A man with a large family had few opportunities for saving in these times.

“I'm certain you'd do all in your power, and work as hard for the firm as you have worked in the past.” Lampton spoke with barely-veiled impatience. “But don't you see, can't you realize, that in the usual course of nature you *simply haven't got it in you?* It's no use fighting against the obvious. A man's at his best at forty, then he begins to lose hold on things; and at fifty-five—well, he just has to make way for younger men.”

His air of calm conviction momentarily reduced his elder to silence. There seemed no room for argument with this self-assured product of the times.

Ferrier felt that he could not go away without another effort to retain his post, though it seemed like beating against a stone wall to argue with Lampton. Too proud to ask for himself, yet he must plead for those dependent on him. He took a step forward, his face grey with tension.

“I should be glad of a little more scope for my abilities,” he said. “Your father and I, before his last illness, discussed the advisability of enlarging our borders. No doubt had he—” He glanced at the empty chair, and his voice broke off abruptly.

The young man gave a comprehensive wave of the hand.

“Quite so, quite so; but other times, other ways, Mr. Ferrier. One soon gets out of the running if one doesn't forge ahead. I'm sorry to part with you, but as matters stand it can't be helped. You and Maxwell would be certain to be at loggerheads. He's a smart chap, and very up-to-date. It would be better for him to have a free hand at once.”

Ferrier's face took on a greyer tinge.

“While a man may be in full possession of his powers,” he said, slowly, “he does not find it easy to get another post at fifty-five.”

Lampton raised his brows.

“But surely you'll retire? You won't expect to get another position at your age? I don't wish to be ungenerous, Mr. Ferrier. My father thought a great deal of you, and I shall be happy to make out a cheque for six months' salary, though I don't want you to remain after the end of next week. There are a few matters I should like to go into with you, matters that I have not quite

grasped, and then Maxwell will take up the reins with me."

Before the hard, inflexible air of the speaker Ferrier gave up the contest. Of what use to speak of home affairs—of matters that lay close to his heart? They would not be understood. A man had need to marry and to have a family of clever boys and girls to comprehend the difficulties of saving. And the new head of the firm was only twenty-seven.

Ferrier bowed, and went silently from the room. But outside the closed door he lingered a moment with hands hard clenched.

"Heavens!" His face was convulsed with a sense of his own impotence. "Just to have a little money, the few paltry hundreds he would not miss, to invest with a free mind!"

For the next few weeks time hung heavily on his hands. The days dragged and seemed endless.

There was nothing to do the livelong day but walk, or garden, or read the newspaper. And over all his listlessness hung the dominating shadow of doubt for the future. He and his wife went at once into the matter of retrenchment and began to make plans to remove into a smaller house. Whatever happened, the boys and girls must be enabled to do well for themselves.

Ferrier thought of his few available hundreds, and groaned in bitterness of spirit. He had hoped, from something his old chief had let fall one day, that he would remember him in his will. But perhaps the death that had come so swiftly had kept him from fulfilling his promise.

In Ferrier's heart there was no room for disloyal thought. They had been friends and comrades as well as employer and employed, and beyond the latter's heavy anxieties lay the loss of Richard Lampton himself. With his death all the old interests had fallen away. No one wanted a man of fifty-five. In the eyes of the younger generation he was at least ten years beyond his work—thrust aside to make room for younger men.

Like many another in his position Ferrier was conscious of powers that circumstances had combined to keep undeveloped. In receipt of a good income, he had yet never owned a sum of money to "play with." The expenses of his family, the payment of a heavy life insurance, occasional sums sent to a ne'er-do-weel brother in the Colonies, had conspired to keep him from amassing a sum of money with which to speculate. But he was a man who for years had followed

the stock markets very carefully. One of his recreations had been to invest imaginary money in shares, and he had been singularly fortunate, in theory, over his investments. He and his wife had enjoyed many a laugh over his hobby—a laugh that of late years had generally ended in a sigh. All those might-have-been thousands were badly wanted now.

He was sitting in his den one morning, going over accounts with his wife. She was fifteen years younger than himself, a pretty woman still, with delicate features and colouring, and the sweetest nature, John Ferrier thought, in the world. Theirs had been an ideal love-match, and he worshipped her. They had been married now two-and-twenty years, and there had never been the shadow of disillusionment between them. Always he had longed to heap upon her the good things that money can procure, to take away from her the anxieties that must arise when the income is an uncertain quantity, dependent on one man's life. Mingled with his love for her was another feeling—something that was almost fatherly protective. She, at all events, had kept her youth, and to-day in his eyes she looked hardly more than a girl. Yet he noticed that a certain fragility was growing upon her, that her eyes were encircled with dark shadows, despite the courage of her smile.

He pushed aside the bank-book that lay open before them, and gave a sigh so heavy as to be almost a groan. She glanced up quickly from her little sheaf of household bills and put her hand across his eyes.

"Dear, don't look so tragic. We have been in rough weather before, and have always struggled through. We shall find a way out."

He held the cool fingers against his temple; they were lovers yet, in spite of two-and-twenty years together.

"I've managed badly, Mary. Other men with no greater ability—some with less—are at the top of the ladder now, with thousands to their name. I've only clambered up a few rungs, and there I've been content to stay holding on, afraid to let go. You've married one of life's failures, my dear."

She took her hand away with a swift gesture and stood up, her face flushing, her eyes bright and more indignant than he had ever seen them.

"Never say that again to me"—she spoke in a low, vehement voice—"never, never, John. Think of what you have been to me and to our children—the dearest and the

best in the world. Don't *dare* to say it again." Then suddenly she crumpled up in a sobbing heap, her head on his shoulder.

"There, there"—he smoothed the brown hair very gently, something momentarily blurring his vision—"there, dear. I'll never, never say it again, never. It is for you I regret my incompetence."

"*Incompetence!*" She dried her eyes on the corner of the handkerchief that showed in his breast-pocket. "Perhaps, one day, that cruel, cruel young man will realize what he has done."

She gathered up her bills and moved slowly towards the door, returning in her impulsive way to kiss him. "Now, promise me you won't worry?"

"I promise."

But when the door had closed behind her he stretched his arms across the table and buried his head upon them. A moment later he stood up and looked about him for his hat and gloves.

"For her sake and the children's I'll not take my reverses lying down." He smoothed

the nap of his hat. "I'll have another try at the loathly business of looking for a position. Wilkinson might—"

The postman's knock came distinct and clear. The next moment the door burst open, and Juliet entered, a letter in her hand. "For you, father. Oh!" catching sight of his hat; "are you going out?" There was disappointment in her voice.

"Did you want me?" Ferrier, an untidy man, looked among a heap of papers for the clothes-brush. "I'm not in such a desperate hurry that I can't bestow five minutes of my valuable time on you."

The bitterness of his tone caused his youngest child to frown. She put the letter down and thrust her hand through his arm. As Ferrier looked at her he smiled. Even at fourteen, the awkward age, she was lovely,



"THEN SUDDENLY SHE CRUMPLED UP IN A SOBBING HEAP, HER HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER."

with her mother's delicate colouring and eyes that were like brown velvet in her exquisite little face.

"I just wanted to tell you"—the words came with a rush—"that I've decided to give up the dramatic society at school, and the golf club, and my music lessons. I can get along quite well if I practise hard, and—and"—Ferrier heard a half-suppressed gulp in the clear voice—"they all cost a good deal, don't they, one way and another?"

She drew patterns absent-mindedly upon the table-cloth. Her father strode away to the hearth.

"Not yet, child!" He spoke with a sharp sound in his voice that made her look up. "Not yet; and perhaps there will be no need. It is good of you to suggest it. But not yet."

"Truly?"

"Truly."

He came back to the table and took up the letter. It was a large envelope, and evidently contained an enclosure. Juliet, lingering near the bookcase, turned at the sound of a stifled exclamation. Ferrier sat down heavily in his chair, staring at the stiff legal paper that crackled under his touch.

"God bless him, the dear old chief! Juliet, tell your mother quickly—a codicil has been found and a letter to me—five thousand pounds and a letter in his own hand to the old friend and colleague who helped him for thirty years to build up the business. God bless him; and not alone for the money, but for my self-respect. No man's work ever went unrecognized by Richard Lampton. Five thousand pounds! Your mother—tell her to come. Some of it to make you all secure; some to play with in reality, instead of in imagination. Now he shall see whether *young blood* counts for everything——"

Philip Lampton was not an impressionable man. At thirty-two he was still unmarried, and, moreover, he had never yet seen the woman he wanted to marry. At the back of his mind was the intention to settle down one day; but it was all in the nebulous mists of the future. A rich man, head of a great business, he was regarded as an eligible *parti*, and, had he chosen, he need never have spent an evening under his own roof-tree. Music was his passion, and good music would always draw him to a house, where the more frivolous amusements failed.

Lampton was a serious man, a hard worker, feared rather than loved by those

under him. His masterful youth had given place to a quiet, assured gravity that held its own attraction for people, and this, added to the force of his riches, gained him numbers of acquaintances, and a few close friends. He was regarded as a coming man, sure of a brilliant future.

And then one evening, at the sight of a girl's face and the sound of her beautiful, well-trained voice, he fell whole-heartedly, irrevocably in love. There was never any uncertainty of purpose about Lampton. He always knew just what he wanted, and hitherto he had generally secured his desires. He sat in his corner of the room, listening to every liquid note as it fell, and there and then he registered a vow to do his best to win her. She might be poor as Job; she might be a nobody thrice over. She was the one woman in the world for him. Yet, looking at her, he imagined her to be neither the one nor the other. She was well-bred from the crown of her small, golden-brown head to the tip of her dainty slipper, and her white chiffon gown, though simple in the extreme, was of the simplicity that costs far more than elaboration.

As the last note died away he turned to his neighbour, a youth who had been gazing at the singer in callow rapture.

"Who is that lady? Do you know her name?"

"The one just finished singin'? Rippin' voice, hasn't she? She's Miss Ferrier, daughter of Ferrier, the rubber man. Pots and pots of money, of course. She gets three proposals a day, they say—had a shot myself last week; but no go. With her looks and her money she'll expect to land a duke."

Lampton frowned at the trivial gossip. The name touched no chord in his memory. From the day, five years before, that John Ferrier had left his employment, Lampton had never bestowed a thought on him. He now threaded his way through the crowded rooms to where his hostess stood. In a perfect babel of sound he found her, with her hand through the arm of the girl he wanted to know. Without even asking, he gained his desire.

"Ah, Mr. Lampton, here you are! Let me introduce you to Miss Ferrier. She'll be glad of coffee, or an ice, or something, and you can both talk music to your hearts' content. She is equally crazy about it."

The din of voices was so great that Juliet Ferrier did not catch the name of the man introduced. She turned and looked up at him, still smiling a little, and as Lampton met the glance of the velvety brown eyes a

wholly unaccustomed sensation passed over him.

For the first time in his young, assured manhood he felt a doubt of himself, a humility that was both strange and disconcerting. The next moment her hand was on his arm, and they were in a long corridor out of the hubbub.

"An ice, please"—her voice held an amused note—"strawberry for preference. In the days when ices were rare things I used to imagine that life would have nothing left to offer if only I could have an unlimited amount of strawberry ice. And you?"

To Lampton the friendliness of her manner was an added charm. "You play or sing? I understood from Mrs. Ravondale—"

"Alas! I do neither; nevertheless, music is an absolute passion with me. When I came to-night I little realized the pleasure that was in store. You must be tired of praise, but may I say how beautiful and how perfectly trained your voice is?"

She flushed a little under the sincerity of his manner. His gravity attracted her.

"Does one ever tire of hearing nice things from those who really understand and love music? I do not, at all events. My



"AT THE SIGHT OF A GIRL'S FACE AND THE SOUND OF HER BEAUTIFUL, WELL-TRAINED VOICE, HE FELL WHOLE-HEARTEDLY, IRREVOCABLY IN LOVE."

A smile broke up the tense gravity of his face. "I have grown beyond the age for ices," he said, wondering meanwhile at her fresh young beauty, and at the completeness with which she satisfied every fibre in him. "So far as I can remember, I set my affections on things more lasting than strawberry ice, generally something connected with music. I recollect as a very small boy being made rapturously happy by the gift of a concertina, of which, to the relief of the household, I grew tired in a week."

Juliet laughed softly, then paused in the act of conveying a pink morsel to her lips.

teaching has been the best procurable, and wherever we have travelled I have always kept up my singing. My father is music-mad, too. He and I, in the old days, used to slip into concerts and stand quite contentedly if there was not a seat to be had. I should like you to meet him."

"Why shouldn't a man ask a girl to marry him after a week's acquaintance?"

Lampton gave his evening tie an impatient twitch as he spoke. "I couldn't care for her more if I'd known her for a century. She's just—just the one woman—"

He desisted from his struggles with the refractory tie and sat down in his shirt-sleeves, full of the intolerable restlessness and desire which the sight of her had roused a week ago, and which the passing of a long seven days had been powerless to quell. He leaned forward with clasped hands, his dark, clean-cut face full of an ardour that rendered it almost boyish.

"If she only cares!" He spoke in a whisper, though alone in the room. "*If she only cares!*"

He sprang up again and paced the floor, then thrust himself into his evening coat.

"I must know! It's simply unbearable to be in doubt. No work done for a week; time spent going to places where I know I can catch a glimpse of her. Maxwell thinks me crazy. But how to money-grub under such conditions! He says that things are not going well—ought to have sold out last week—markets in a very chaotic condition. Bah! Maxwell's never been in love. Once get my fate settled, and I'll work like a Trojan—for her! I can give her all she's been accustomed to, and, thank God! my life will bear inspection. It's at these times that a man feels glad he's acted on the square. She won't be easy to win, for, even if she consents, there's Ferrier to be faced. From all accounts, he idolizes her and she him. Wonder if Ferrier—"

Suddenly, as he turned to quit the room, a cold sensation shot through him. For the first time the name touched some fibre of memory. Ferrier—*Ferrier*—where had he—?

He dropped heavily into a chair, staring before him, struggling with that chill sensation of approaching disaster. *Ferrier!* No, it was a preposterous idea. Ferrier, the man he had dismissed, and Ferrier, the Rubber King, could hardly be one and the same person. Yet, deep down, that ice-cold doubt persisted, making him for the first time in his life afraid. It raised its head more boldly later in the evening, while he waited, his eyes fixed upon the doorway of the ball-room through which Juliet must come. But at the sight of her it died out, and when he had secured her all to himself amid the soft-toned lights of the conservatory that intolerable restlessness went with it. Away in the distant ballroom the wailing strains of a waltz throbbed an accompaniment to his pulses. There seemed to come a blessed pause in existence; he felt absolutely, entirely contented. Afterwards he looked back at himself and wondered.

She had slipped off her glove and the small hand lay palm uppermost on her knee. He put out his own and touched it reverently, half afraid, and their eyes met. Then he noticed that her face was very pale, and that in the velvet softness of her eyes was a look in which love and doubt, pain and longing, struggled for supremacy.

She stirred as if to go, but he caught a fold of her satin gown beseechingly, and she sank into her place again.

"I love you—*Juliet!*"

His voice sounded hoarse in his own ears. Something in her eyes had awakened that hideous doubt again.

She raised her head and looked full at him, transformed from the girl into the woman, and in some mysterious way he knew at one and the same time that she loved him, but would never marry him. The knowledge brought with it a mingled rapture and anguish. Then he realized that across the silence she was speaking to him. His fingers quite unconsciously still grasped the fold of her gown, and looking down she let it remain so.

"You will hardly believe"—she spoke, slowly, as if with difficulty—"that only to-day I knew your name. I imagined it to be Langdon. This afternoon someone mentioned you, and it dawned upon me who you were—the man who—"

He dropped his hold of her gown and leaned forward, looking straight before him.

"I wish I had known at first," she went on, a suppressed passion in her voice; "it might have made it easier. But now—"

He turned and took her hands very closely in his own.

"Now? I wondered if you cared. Tell me. It won't do you any harm, and to me it would mean—*everything.*"

He drew a long breath as she looked up at him, and without a word he understood. Their hands dropped asunder, and she rose.

"We must not meet again," she said, piteously, her lips trembling. "It would not be fair to *him*. You almost broke his heart five years ago."

She moved away hurriedly, and like a man in a dream he watched her go, making no motion to detain her. Hesitating, she looked back, then came to his side for an instant, her face eloquent with the desire to make things a little easier for him.

"I love you." She spoke in a low, half-ashamed tone. "I shall never love any other man. It was so from the very first, wasn't it, with both of us? But I ought not to mind as much as I do; it seems disloyal to him

when he has been what he has to us all. I ought to hate you—but—I *can't*. There's only love for you in my heart. I'm not even angry with you now. It makes me ashamed that I can't be angry. Love has swept it all away."

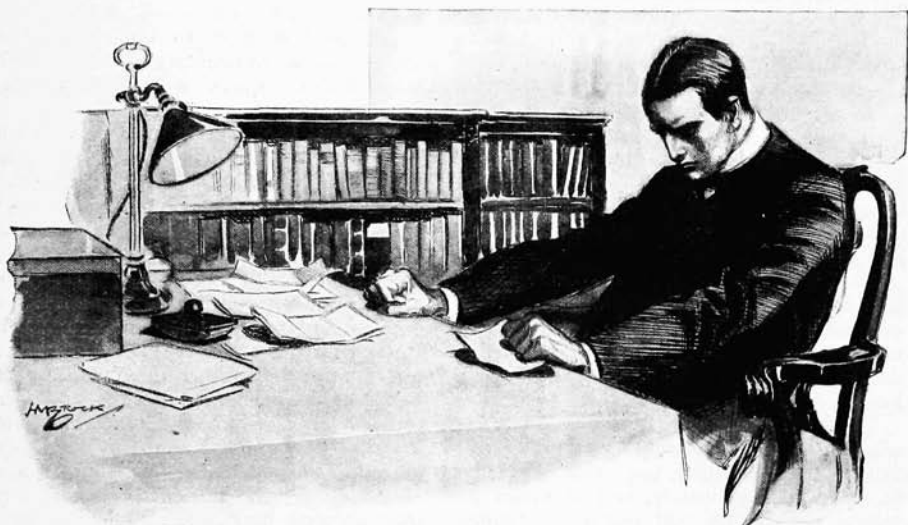
The next moment she was gone, leaving him there alone.

Lampton cancelled his engagements and went abroad for two or three months. There was not a soul but Maxwell to whom his absence mattered, and Maxwell did not signify. He was quite capable of directing the firm's affairs—more go-ahead, in fact, by far, than Lampton himself.

After wandering objectlessly about the Continent the latter turned homewards again.

had no business to plunge so heavily; their losses must have been gigantic. Maxwell owned to losing his head; the firm was tottering on the verge of bankruptcy. Nothing could tide them over the crisis but an impossibly large sum of money, which there was not the slightest prospect of borrowing. Maxwell wrote with an almost brutal clearness, and together with the statements sent in his resignation. He had deserted the sinking ship.

Lampton sat for an hour or more, lips grimly set, realizing one by one his mistakes. Maxwell was a new-comer; it was nothing vital to him if the good name of "Lampton and Son" were trailed in the dust. He had feathered his own nest—he



"LAMPTON SAT FOR AN HOUR OR MORE, LIPS GRIMLY SET, REALIZING ONE BY ONE HIS MISTAKES."

Absence had not made the slightest difference in his feelings. Life seemed the same unprofitable affair; he was only eating his heart out in the solitudes, when perhaps hard work might cure the ache in it.

He drove straight to his rooms the morning of his return, and uppermost among a huge batch of letters he found one from Maxwell.

After reading it he sat motionless for awhile, hardly comprehending all that the closely-written pages meant. Maxwell, the young, go-ahead optimist, whom Fortune had favoured hitherto, must be grossly exaggerating; matters could not possibly be as grave as he represented them to be. Maxwell had

practically owned as much—and had gone off to the Colonies the previous week. A wave of passion surged over Lampton. He struck his hand violently on the table, a muttered oath escaping him. His father's face rose before him accusingly, followed in its turn by John Ferrier's—grey and anxious as he had last seen it. This was what *young blood* had done for the firm.

With a groan Lampton fell forward across the table, his head on his outstretched arms. Presently he sprang to his feet. Now, this instant, without further delay, he would put his shoulder to the wheel, and, if possible, snatch the firm from disaster. If work could save it, it should be saved.

But before many days were over he saw that no energy, no determination, could straighten matters out. He had trusted too much to Maxwell—the firm's downfall had been insidious: each year had sapped a little more surely the foundations built upon the rock of his father's efforts and those of John Ferrier.

Lampton worked harder than he had ever worked in his life, growing haggard in the conflict. Only a miracle could save the firm now, and hundreds must be thrown out of employment. Those who came in contact with him at the business were aware of a change in him. He was kinder, less dictatorial, more like what his father had been.

One evening as he sat alone in his rooms, after a solitary dinner, he realized the truth. There was no hope for Lampton's. He sat motionless—his brain a blank. The feverish anxiety of the past weeks had died out; there was nothing more to be done. He was tired—body and soul—too tired even to make plans.

A knock came at the door—a quiet rap which he did not hear. It came again, more imperative, and then the door was pushed open, and someone entered, groping in the half light to where he sat.

As Lampton rose and switched on the light there came from the visitor a half-stifled exclamation that sounded like relief. For a moment they looked at one another across the table, and Lampton recognized John Ferrier.

The younger man's face twitched. He momentarily forgot everything in the thought that this was her father, the father of the girl he loved so passionately, and of whom for several months he had heard no tidings. Then he remembered that here also was the man he had dismissed more than five years ago—the man who had helped to build up the firm which young blood had brought to ruin. He motioned towards a chair, and as John Ferrier took it he himself sat down on the other side of the table. He felt tongue-tied, incapable of uttering a word.

The older man, glancing across at the haggard face, suddenly leaned nearer and, to the other's infinite surprise, held out his hand.

Lampton half rose, pushing back his chair, his face swept by a flood of scarlet, which the next moment had given place to a grey hue that spread over his lips and up to his temples. Anxiety, want of sleep, and scanty meals had all combined to wreck his nerve. He dropped into his chair again and every-

thing grew dark. With an effort he shook himself free from the shadows, to find John Ferrier holding a glass to his lips.

"Feel yourself again?" The older man's voice held a commonplace cordiality that braced the younger indescribably. "You look worn out." He extended his hand again, and this time Lampton's met it in a close clasp that said more than words. The latter walked to the window and back again before he could speak, and then the words came haltingly in jerks.

"I can't express to you my regret—my apologies. I was a heartless fool five years ago. Heavens! When I look back on my behaviour to you, *you* who worked side by side with my father to build up the business, gave the best time of your life, to be told at the end of thirty years—"

His head went down on his arms and there was a momentary silence. When John Ferrier spoke it was with infinite kindness.

"All that is over and done with. I could never bear malice against your father's son, and, as it proved, my dismissal, combined with the legacy, has been the making of me. I was too prone to cling to a lower rung of the ladder. A man with wife and family fears to be enterprising. But now"—he paced the room up and down—"those thousands have doubled and trebled many, many times, and I came to-night to see if we could not put our heads together to save Lampton's. Rumour has been rife of late, and Lampton's is very close to my heart. The fortune Richard Lampton put into my hands is at his son's disposal; not for your sake, not even for his"—he turned to look at a portrait hanging upon the wall—"but for the honour of the old firm, God bless it!"

His voice wavered for a moment; then he pulled himself together, and taking out his cigar-case pushed it across the table.

Lampton's hand shook as he helped himself mechanically, like a man in a dream. He attempted to speak, but Ferrier checked him hastily.

"There's just one other thing I wanted to say to you. You don't look fit for business to-night. Suppose we postpone it until to-morrow and adjourn to my house? It's no distance. My little girl"—he struck a light for his cigar and avoided the other's eyes—"is dearer to me even than the firm, and I fancy she has wanted you rather badly all these months. Come and have a talk with her instead. You may see your way to taking her into partnership later on."

The "Two Pins Club."

Written and Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS.



IS necessary, in the first place, to explain that the "Two Pins Club" was a riding club. Some years ago, when the late Chief Justice, then Sir Charles Russell, Sir Francis Burnand, then Mr. Burnand and

Editor of *Punch*, Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C., then Mr. Lockwood, Sir John Tenniel, then Mr. Tenniel, Lord Burnham, then Sir Edward Lawson, and Sir Charles Mathews, then Charles Mathews, barrister, to say nothing of Linley Sambourne, *Punch* artist, and your humble servant, were merely hard-working professional men, the idea came to them which this club realized. It was that instead of riding in the Row on Saturdays and Mondays, as well as other days, and letting our horses eat their heads off in the stable on Sundays, we might have a full day's riding on Sundays right away from town, and occasionally take Saturdays and Mondays as well, not caring two pins about the opinion of those who might object. This gave the name to the club, the "Two Pins," by which it was known, and it flourished for eleven or twelve years.

Had Charles Dickens been alive, this Cockney "Two

Pins Club" might have inspired that still unequalled humorist to write another book as a companion to "Pickwick." What fun he could have extracted out of the fact that a member of the Riding Club, when we were invited to ride down to Harrow Weald to lunch with Sir W. S. Gilbert at his charming house, rode all the way in a hansom and returned in it!

It was W. S. Gilbert who on one occasion rode up to a friend of mine who for years had been in the habit of *walking* his horse up and down the Row, but was never seen to canter, and said, "Frank, Frank (it was not Burnand), you will be arrested; the police have their eye upon you."

"I, old fellow? What for?"

"For furious loitering!"

On another occasion, Gilbert, after a long absence from the Row, asked the same Frank: "I suppose X. (a famous actor) turns out occasionally in the same old suit?"

"The same old suit! What do you mean, Gilbert?"

"Oh, I meant the same old suit of blue funk."

By the way, is Rotten Row doomed? Yes; that mile and a half of all sorts and

H. Furniss Esq. F.P.C.

THE TWO PINS CLUB.

SEASON 1890.

Informed

~~Time~~ Meet

In Disruption which will not be
pointless.

Date

25-11 May

Place

Edith Grove S. W. Fulham Road

Time

at 11. a.m.

In Bromley Westminster 12. 15.

A NOTICE OF A CLUB MEETING.

conditions of equestrians, from the "liver brigade" to representatives of fashion, art, and politics; the meeting-place for years of everybody who is anybody, is practically a thing of the past. Motors have been its ruin. The old familiar faces and the old familiar hacks have departed; the "Route du Roi" has had its day, and one of the sights of London is depleted of its interest.

Some riders in the Row seemed to mistake the place for a circus-ring, and in their get-up and equestrian performances were sadly out of place in the happy riding-ground of the jaded townsman. I well recollect "Captain Canter," our funny friend of the Row—a dapper little retired military man—who rode a pony which he had taught to dance about in the most idiotic manner. Strangers were enraptured by his horsemanship, but frequenters of the Row looked upon the performance as a nuisance, and would gladly have subscribed to set the rider up in the circus business. One day he was dancing his little pony down the Row as usual when two regular riders of the Row passed him, one on each side. "Captain Canter" teased his gee-gee a little more, just for showing-off purposes, when one of my funny friends said to the other, audibly and seriously, "Dear, dear me, what a pity! Now if that animal was mine I could cure it of that in ten minutes!"

The humorist who made that remark was for years a familiar figure in the Row. To look at he struck one as a well-to-do hunting squire, about sixty-five years of age, who knew more about moors than Rotten Rows; had a greater interest in the country than in town; an up-with-the-lark-in-the-morning-and-to-bed-at-sundown old gentleman, one who read the *Field* and never heard of the *Era*. As a matter of fact he had made his money after sundown—his sun had been limelight, his moors painted on canvas, his *Era* was his trade journal. This was "Edinburgh Wyndham," a good old-time actor, who had made a fortune by the stage as manager, and, what is stranger still, had kept it. He was called "Edinburgh

Wyndham" to distinguish him from another actor-manager, Sir Charles Wyndham.

"Edinburgh Wyndham," one day when the Row was nearly empty, said to me, "I'll race you to the top of the Row." We started, and made a dead-heat of it. "Not bad," he added, pulling up after our burst, "for a man on his eightieth birthday to make a dead-heat of it with a fellow of forty."

I repeat, had Dickens been alive or had W. S. Gilbert been a member, we should have had a humorous history of that *Punch* diversion.

One Sunday, for instance, we rode down to the house of a great literary lady at Richmond, where we were entertained in her charming Elizabethan house. On arrival she informed us that her husband was quite presentable—he was quite sober, as she had locked him up for a week!

Again, a humorist could have made some mention of how our honorary secretary, R. C. Lehmann, showed his hospitality when, in view of fighting the constituency as a Radical, he had taken a house, to which he bid us welcome. When we arrived, just in time for lunch, on a broiling hot day, we found only a caretaker and no lunch, for the invitation had been forgotten! We raided a hostelry and found beastly fare, having, at R. C. Lehmann's written recommendation, put up our horses at some livery-stables owned by a man whose vote he was anxious to secure. Of course, we had to pay through the nose for the honour of this electioneering bribery.

Another incident connected with the "Two Pins Club" comes to my mind as I write. Sir Francis Burnand and I, returning to town by train from Newmarket, received a present at the station from a friend—two little parcels of real Cambridge sausages to take back to town. Just as we were getting into the train, a well-known baronet and breeder of horses came up and said:—

"By Jove! *Punch* here! Racing, eh?"

"No," I replied. "Been to the sale—saw you there, in fact."

"Sale! Have you bought anything?"



"CAPTAIN CANTER," THE CLOWN OF ROTTEN ROW.

"Yes. Burnand and I went shares in a thoroughbred—but—but—(sadly) it died during the night, and—and—we have had it made into sausages!"

I doubt if the "Two Pins Club" will ever be revived. Motoring would spoil it. There were no motors when the "Two Pins Club" existed. It is strange that London horses, who were for years restless at the sight of cycles, are with very few exceptions callous to the motor. But there are exceptions, and it is often the case that the driver is more to blame than the horses. The nervous lady driving her pony will pull up the animal vigorously before she discovers whether the pony intends to take any notice of the motor or not. It so happened that a few days ago a lady of my acquaintance was driving her governess-cart. Seeing another lady rapidly approaching her driving a motor, she pulled up. The lady in the motor stopped. "Pardon me, madam, but really your animal must get accustomed to the new locomotion."

"It is not the animal, madam, it is myself. My pony may get accustomed to the new

locomotion, but it is I who cannot get accustomed to the new woman."

A snort from the motor-horn and a crack from the whip of the lady in the governess-cart, and both disappeared.

Another ride comes to my mind, which brings me nearer to the "Two Pins Club." I was the guest of Linley Sambourne at Ramsgate. He had taken a house there known then as "Townley Castle," and much humour was extracted out of this in *Punch*.

Well, when I was on my visit to "the Baron" in the autumn, the harriers were to meet, and I was to have a day with them.

"You shall ride Punch, old fellow. He is a ripping animal and keen at the game," said Sambourne to me.

At dinner the night before there was one guest, a hunting acquaintance, without a horse, and while our host was taking forty winks after dinner the dashing horseless guest and I discussed the morrow's prospect.

"By Jove, sir, I envy you," said he. "Punch is the very deuce; I wish I had him to ride to-morrow. I owe him one."

14 March

Westwood
Thames?



His leg just plopped on his eye.

Dear F. I told my brother
in law to write to
you & hope he has
done so. He says the
pony wants spurs
what's your chance
worse. L.S.



7.

A.M.

Sunday. 10.30 later
Richmond & lunch
at the Club. Home
4.30. Hope you was
well. No matches
changes.

L.S.

Dec 24. 86



"I FELT LIKE MR. BRIGGS THE NIGHT BEFORE HE WENT DEER-STALKING."

"Oh, then you have ridden him?" I asked, carelessly, feeling at the moment like Mr. Briggs the night before he went deer-stalking.

"Ray-ther, sir. I tried to, that is, for you want to know the beast to stick on."

The speaker was a wiry, thin, horsey-looking youth. I eyed him with envy.

"Throw you?" I asked.

"Ray-ther. I think he did. He broke my collar-bone. That old Punch has broken more collar-bones than any horse in England, and"—with a thump on the table that set the glasses tinkling—"that's why I want to ride Punch to-morrow."

"Oh, I sha'n't stand in your way," I said. "In fact, I have important w——"

Sambourne woke with the bang on the table. "Furniss, don't talk rot; you're here to enjoy yourself, and I have had Punch resting for you for a week."

"But, my dear Sambourne, I can go to the meet some other day—I have work to do to-morrow."

"Riding to hounds is work—on Punch," he remarked, and without solacing me he silenced me. Therefore, at 9 a.m., I was dressed ready for Punch. It was a wet, miserable morning when I stepped heavily on to the mounting-stone. I suppose there are criminals who have shown more courage than I was doing then when they stood on the gallows, but none could have cut a more miserable figure.

The stable gates flew open, and out pranced Punch, with difficulty held back by the groom. He was the stubbs-suffuk-Punch style of steed, and hog-maned.

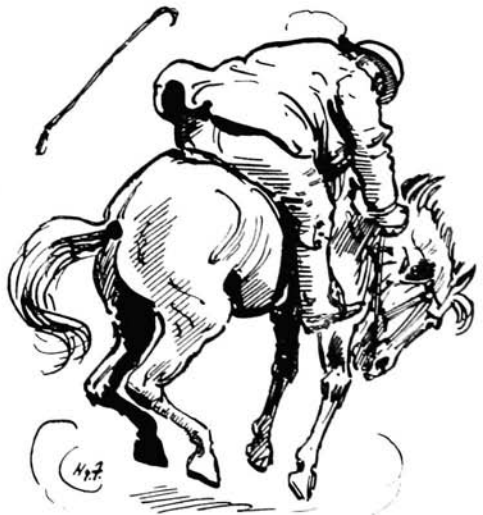
"What is there to catch hold of to get up?" I asked the groom. "Is he easy to ride?"

"'E 'as 'is days, and this may be one of 'em, sir. 'E *is* a bit fresh. But he'll be all right when you have taken it out of 'im a bit."

Once in the saddle I had only to do or die. My host rode some safe kind of bathing-machine beast, from the docile back of which he remarked to me: "Give Punch his head, old chap; he'll show you round. Knows all about the game. Like sitting in an easy-chair, eh?"

Sambourne, I may remark, was sometimes called "Johnny Gilpin," and that may account for his keeping Punch in his stable.

Well, I have sat in an easy-chair—or tried



"SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO STICK TO THE SADDLE."



"YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!"

mansions, and mountains it seemed to me I went flying on Punch, before I managed to quiet him. At last we dropped into a steady trot, and were making our way back to Ramsgate when a fierce-eyebrowed man, on a grey pony, came round the corner and, holding up his hand, called out, "Stand! Your money or your life!"

to—on the deck of an Atlantic liner in a gale, and it struck me that when we got wind of the hunt, sitting on Punch would prove much the same. And it did—with this difference: I came off the deck-chair, but somehow or other I managed to stick to the saddle through a very exciting morning.

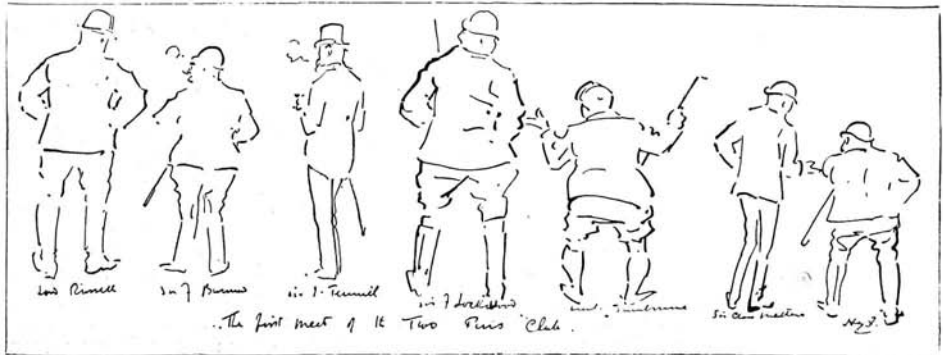
I confided to Sambourne that I had no desire to hunt that day. I would simply see the meet and then jog home. I was already wet through, and the risk of getting cold was not good enough. So, after the harriers drew off, I bid him good morning and turned Punch's nose homewards.

Up to that moment Punch had behaved like a gentleman. His manners were perfect, and we were getting home in quite a gentle, friendly way, when he suddenly stood still, his head and his tail went up simultaneously, his eyes started, and his nostrils inflated. I tightened the reins, but they were saturated and slipped through my fingers. Over the hedges, fields, haystacks, trees, farm-houses,

the Editor of *Punch*, Burnand (vice-president of the "Two Pins Club"). I had left "Johnny Gilpin" and fallen into the hands of "Dick Turpin"—the Two Pins.

Here is my caricature of the first meet of the "Two Pins Club," standing on the steps of the Star and Garter waiting for our horses to be brought round. Note especially Sambourne with his immaculate-fitting boots, which, by the way, had to go through an elaborate process to fit his shapely calves. They were placed on trees, soaked in his bath, and moulded by the hands of his manservant, then dried and polished. We never could understand how the genial caricaturist ever got them on and off. It was generally believed that he slept in them.

On the extreme right is your humble servant, whom the reader will observe honestly paying his share of the lunch just heartily enjoyed in the company of the first wits of the land—the members of the ever-to-be-remembered "Two Pins Club."



A BACK VIEW OF THE "TWO PINS CLUB."

HIS HOUR.

By C. C. ANDREWS.

Illustrated by C. Fleming Williams.



THAT Coventry for a moment doubted his ears came of the fact that his own blown horse was still panting; standing with drooping head and distended nostrils, its long, puffing expulsions of breath overbore the more distant sound, drowned it. But the cloud that, as he dismounted in the ferny hollow, had drifted over the face of the rising moon cleared as suddenly away from it; the raised roadway that at this point bisected the heath was clearly visible as the approaching rider dashed into view. Bending forward in the saddle as he urged his fagged beast to a quicker pace, with cut traces dangling, hat crushed over his eyes, and laced livery-coat torn and mud-spattered, he made a quaint figure. Moreover, a figure which in that time and place expressed much. Coventry in the hollow, seeing and unseen, laughed softly.

"Gad, the fellow's in haste! He could scarce ride faster had he Galloping Nick himself at his heels!" With a second laugh he glanced down at the arm he had halted to bandage; a streak or two of blood showed on the handkerchief with which he had dexterously bound it—for a flesh wound the hurt was deep. He pulled down the great gold-laced cuff. "It would seem that the heath has more than one rascal afoot tonight! But cut traces? That smacks rather of cast wheel or broken axle. Is it a case of dame or damsel left in jeopardy? Eh, old lass?"

The mare rubbed her fondled nose against him with a whinny; she was recovering her wind. Her master, throwing round him the cloak that lay across the pommel, looked towards the spot where the vanished rider had appeared, and listened. The heath, silent in the moonlight, gave up in a moment another sound—somewhere, at a little distance, sweetly, roundly, a girl or woman laughed.

Coventry caught the mare's bridle, led her through the fern clumps up to the road, turned her head that way, and walked on, with alert eyes. The track wound; a twist of it brought him into view of a sight common enough in the days when George I. was King—a huge, clumsy coach heeled helplessly sideways upon its cast wheel. Beside it, at the head of a horse obviously lame, was a second postilion in mud-spattered livery, and slim and tall, in flowered sacque and gathered cardinal, stood a lady. Probably in the dashing, white-cloaked figure, in the handsome face whose dark eyes sparkled mirth under the curled periwig, she saw a personage sufficiently gallant and modish, and in no way alarming, for her calmness was notable. Something of her laughter lurked still at the corners of the lips, that were shaded by the puckers of her hood. She pushed it back, showing a small, round, rose-white face, grey-eyed, and shining piled hair, dead-gold as ripe corn. Coventry, seeing, halted; confidence and flourish were out of him; the hat he had swept off went near to dropping in his stare. He bowed again, humbly.

"Madam," he said, and stammered, "a moment since I saw, I think, your servant. I feared a mishap, and—if you would suffer me—if I can be of service—"

"You are very obliging, sir—I thank you." Dimpling, she swept him a crisply-rustling curtsy, as was the mode of that formal day. "I bade the man ride his fastest, and it is certain he obeyed me. His fellow here has all the mind to follow, had he a horse, but the poor beast has stumbled and is dead lame. Also, although I carry not the value of a guinea to make me worth robbing, I had no fancy to be left alone—the pair have spied a score of highwaymen in the shadows at least. For our further damage, you see, but with the best will in the world, I fear can scarce shift to mend it."

"I fear not, madam. But if your man has ridden to bring a carriage—"

"Certainly, sir; since in these shoes"—a twitch aside of a satin petticoat showed the tips of two, high-heeled and buckled—"I should fare badly if I tried to walk the distance. If you know the Hall——"

"I do not, madam. I have been but a week in this part of the country. It lies——"

"Nearly three miles beyond the heath, sir, and close upon the village." She dimpled again. "If the fellow does not fall in with a highwayman of flesh and blood he should bring it in an hour."

"Of that I hope there is small fear, madam." Coventry glanced down at his wounded arm; had he dared he would have looked to see if the laced cuff hid a redder bandage, if the flow of blood had stopped. As he had recovered from the faintness following upon the shot, so he was rallying in turn from the shock of his first sight of the grey eyes and the golden hair; bare-headed still, he drew a pace nearer. "But—but I fear you may find the time long, and it grows late for you to be abroad. If I might dare venture—if you could contrive to ride before me, you would reach home sooner and be spared the waiting."

"Oh!" the girl ejaculated. Surveying him again, she once more found him handsome, gallant, certainly deferential; and of the passionate masked eagerness she suspected nothing. There was a spice of audacity in her that loved adventure; the whole of this happening was at heart entirely to her taste; her smile was repeated in dancing eyes.

"You are very obliging, sir," she repeated, graciously, "and I own that I have small taste for the waiting. But—but I fear the mare——"

"She has the easiest of actions, madam, and will feel your weight as less than nothing."

"I should take you from your road, and——"

"Indeed, madam, no! My road—for an hour, at least—is yours. You give me leave? You will come?"

Her little gesture had assent in it. Beckoning the postilion, she began to deliver directions. The coach must for the night be left as it lay; he must follow, leading the disabled horse, at the best pace he might. Coventry had turned to the mare, testing the girths, seeing that saddle and all were in trim. Concluding, he found the girl at his shoulder; from the puckered hood, drawn again over her head, he felt rather than saw her smile.

"I have given you no thanks, sir." She

hesitated. "May I know to whom I offer them?"

"My name is Coventry, madam. May I ask—— Will you honour me?"

"With mine? Truly you have earned that much, Mr. Coventry. I am Pamela Graythorne." It may be she secretly thought that he also might well have communicated more names than one. "If you are ready," she said, demurely.

Coventry mounted; a little shoe was on his boot-tip; with a spring and a scented rustle she was up before him, settled in the curve of his arm. A word started the mare, and so the ride began.

From the depths of her crimson hood Mistress Graythorne was presently pleased to talk with a most gracious ease. Listening, Coventry learnt how she had been staying in the assize town with her uncle, my Lord Justice Crundall, who should have travelled with her, but that business at the last moment detained him, whence had arisen her own late starting upon a journey which should have been over before dark came on. How he would follow, riding, as speedily as might be. How they were to lie at the Hall for the night on their way to London. How the Justice and "my lord" (not otherwise named; presumably the Hall's master) were old friends and vastly fond of each other's company, though it was true they could scarce meet without hot words, since, while the former was loyal to George of Hanover, the latter was thought privately to toss a glass to the health of the King over the water. So the heath was left behind. The girl thrust back her hood; the moonlight showed her face dimpling, her grey eyes mirthful.

"You are amused, madam?" Coventry questioned.

"Yes, to think—— But, truly, I should not laugh," she said, and made, it seemed, an effort for gravity. "I have no fear of highwaymen—it is true I never saw one that I know—but my uncle dreads them mightily. He was set upon and robbed of all he carried years ago, and has never forgot it. Should he come upon the coach, as it is likely, he will surely think——"

"That you have suffered a like fate? I trust not, madam. There is the cast wheel——"

"Ah, yes. And, truly, the heath seemed quiet as a hay-field. But there are tales in the town that Galloping Nick, the scamp who has made such a stir at Hounslow, is in these parts."

"I, too, have heard the talk, madam." Coventry's eye glanced for an instant at the cuff above his bridle-hand: the wound it covered throbbled like a red-hot pulse. "Had there been that scamp or another, you should still have been safe," he said, quietly.

"Indeed, I am grateful to know it," she assured him, and paused. The mare, ambling comfortably, was crossing a shelterless rise, and the moon was very bright. As she looked at him, her forehead puckered dubiously. "Truly I fancied just now——" she began, and stopped again. "It is not possible that I have seen you before, sir?"

"Yes, madam," said Coventry, simply.

"It is not a fancy?" She turned a little in his arm to inspect him more at her ease. "And where, sir?"

"That I cannot say for certain, madam; though I think it was one night when you left the playhouse and you waited in the porch while your footmen called your coach. There was a cry after a cutpurse, some rough fellows jostled you, and——"

"Ah, I remember!" she cried. "It was you who scattered them—who took me to the coach. It was in the light of the link-boy's torch that I saw you."

The grey eyes still examined him doubtfully, curiously. "Truly it is strange that I should remember your face so well," she said, frankly, "though it seems you also remembered mine. But perhaps you had seen me before, sir?"

"Many times, madam, both before and after."

"Is it so? Indeed, I did not know it," she said, smiling.

"No, madam," assented Coventry, quietly. "The road branches here. Will you be pleased to point out the way to the Hall?"

She did so. It presently brought them, by way of some

tall gates and a lime-flanked drive, before a great gabled house that lay silvered and shining in the light of the moon. Coventry dismounted and helped the girl down. Her hands were still in his—her spring to the ground had been as light as her spring to the saddle—when she gave a cry.

"Ah, you are hurt!" she exclaimed.



"I HAVE NO FEAR OF HIGHWAYMEN," SHE SAID.

Her face as she pointed was horrified. The bandage that the great gold-laced cuff should have hidden had slipped down ; it showed wet and red. Coventry laughed, drawing back with a gesture of deprecation.

"A trifle, madam. A flesh wound merely." He answered the imperious question of her look. "The heath to-night was scarcely so quiet as, happily, you thought it."

"You were set upon? There were highwaymen?" she cried, large-eyed.

"No less, madam." He shrugged. "Had the mare not been fast it might, I think, have gone ill with me. Thanks to her pace, I lost nothing and have but the trifling hurt you see."

"Trifling!" Her tone put the inadequacy of the word aside. "I should scarcely have ridden so easily had I known," she said. "You will be pleased to come to the house, Mr. Coventry, that it may be dressed. If my lord is within he will desire to thank you for your service to me. And for myself, I have no mind to lose my night's rest in wondering how it has fared with you."

She turned towards the house ; her gesture brooked no denial. Coventry hesitated only for a moment before he secured the mare's bridle to a convenient lime-branch and followed her ; his hour, it seemed, was not yet at its ending. In the great upper chamber to which she led the way a stout, rustling dame, presently appearing in obedience to her summons, deftly bathed and bound his wounded arm. In the centre of the room, a bright blot on its shadowy vastness, a table was spread for supper ; among its glitter of china and silver a couple of gaudy lackeys were placing candles. As the waiting woman withdrew and they followed her Coventry glanced about him doubtfully. Pamela had vanished some minutes before. Had she gone to seek my lord? Was he expected to await her return? Expected or no, to wait meant another sight of her ; who but a fool would cut short the hour that could have no fellow? With a laugh he threw down cloak and hat upon the couch again. It was as he did so that the fire of logs upon the hearth collapsed and fell together ; the flames roared up red, and his eyes caught their first sight of a picture above the chimney.

The portrait of a man. In the crimson light the painted figure started out vivid, salient, as though it stepped living from the frame. Coventry's exclamation left him with dry lips ; he caught up a great branching candlestick, held it high, peered nearer. A lackey, entering with a salver of wine, found

it set down all awry among the dishes, and the gentleman, for whose air of fine coolness and ease he had had an observant eye, spoke sharply from the gloom beside the hearth.

"Whose is the picture?" asked Coventry. "Your honour——?" The man was doubtful.

"The picture, man—the painting! A portrait, is it not? Whose?"

"Oh, surely—your honour's pardon—yes. It is Mr. Edward."

"Mr. Edward?"

"Mr. Edward Morton, your honour—my lord's son."

"Mr. Edward Morton, my lord's son! Ha! And who, then, is my lord?" Coventry demanded, coolly.

"My lord the Earl Quixarvyn, your honour."

"Ha! Truly I have heard the name! And my lord the Earl Quixarvyn has other sons?"

"Your honour mistakes, sir ; no. None but Mr. Edward. He is the heir."

The logs blazed again ; once more the painted face leaped forward ; Coventry, hands linked behind him, stared upward at it and laughed. The servant, making an end of his business and approaching the door, drew back with a deep bow from an entering figure that swept him aside with the flick of a delicate, lace-ruffled hand. It advanced stepping slowly, haughtily deliberate, and so came into the candles' light. Coventry, turning about, knew that here was my lord.

In a day when much gluttonous eating and copious drinking flushed the faces and swelled the girth of most men, my lord showed lean and lithe and pale ; as active and erect, and, at first sight, in his peach velvet, laces, and curled periwig, nearly as youthful as a boy. It was only upon a nearer view that his ivory-skinned cheeks were seen lined, his mouth pinched, his wrinkle-shot eyes sunken. For an instant, pausing, he stood with his glass poised, then let it fall.

"Edward! Is it possible? My dear lad!" he cried. "Why, truly, the little jade Pamela told me——"

In his eager movement he stopped ; his extended hands fell. Coventry made a stride forward into the light, facing him.

"No, my lord," he said.

"Eh?" My lord stared with dropped jaw. Coventry laughed.

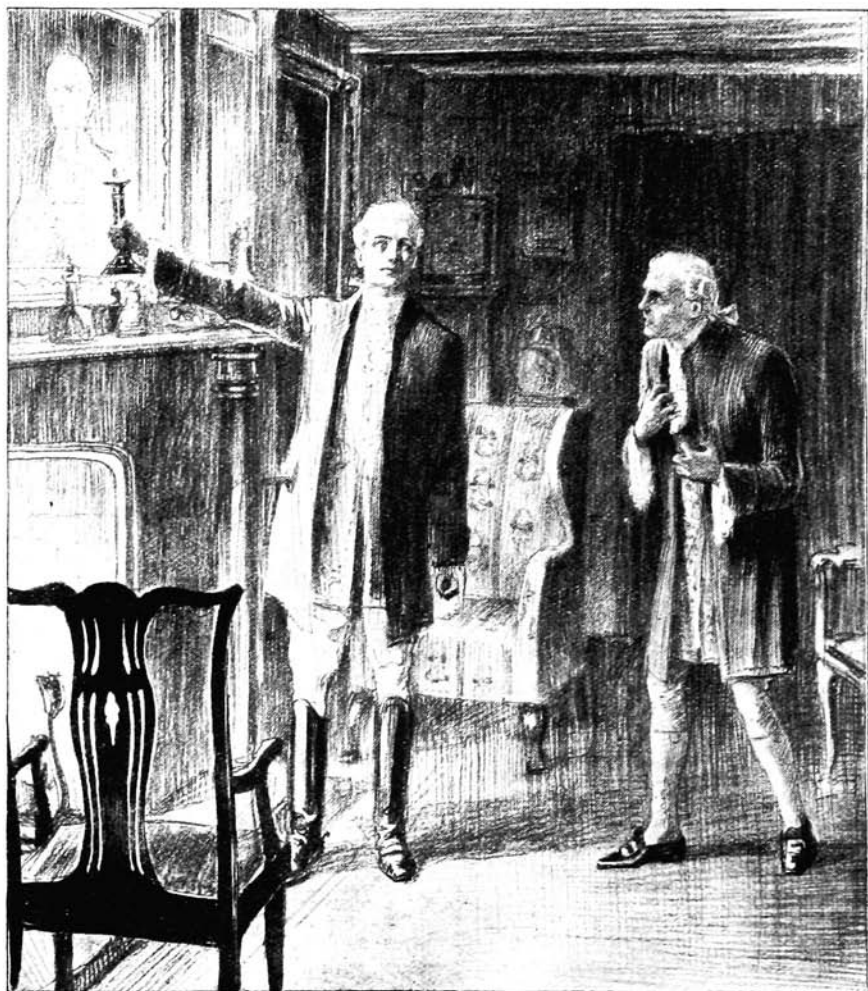
"It is not possible, my lord, that I am Mr. Edward Morton, since this is the first time that we meet. Though it is a most

natural mistake. See! Did ever two stand side by side more like than he and I?"

Once more he caught up a candle and held it high. Line for line, face, form, expression, attitude were repeated in the

"You — you——!" my lord gasped, and, dry-mouthed, was dumb. Coventry smiled.

"You remember, my lord? It is said, I have heard, that he was rake, bully, spend-



"SEE THAT FACE AND MINE, AND DENY IF YOU DARE THAT I AM YOUR SON."

painted figure that again sprang, lifelike, into view. My lord looked, gaped, staggered, caught at a chair, glaring. Coventry set the candle down.

"It is a most marvellous likeness, as you see, my lord," he said, and laughed again. "I swear I think there was never the match of it, save, it may be, in the Hon. Francis Morton, thirty years ago."

thrift, gamester, and withal a treacherous, lying knave who spared neither man nor woman. But doubtless it is a sad scandal, and false as the tale that, could my Lord Quixarvyn, his father, have left him bare of every acre and guinea, it would have pleased him mighty well." Once more he laughed. "Sure, my lord, you recall him—a monstrous fine gentleman who was young and hot and

must have his way, though it was to be bought no cheaper than by honest marriage with a gipsy girl!"

"It is a lie!" my lord snarled, and started forward, livid. "She—she died!"

"Aye—five years ago." He shrugged. "Truly it was much too late, my lord, since my brother, I think, is scarcely three years my younger!"

"You lie! Villain, you lie!" my lord gasped again, and made a furious gesture of menace with lifted shaking hands. Coventry gripped the thin peach-velvet shoulder.

"Lie!" he cried aloud, and pointed to the picture. "Look yonder, my lord! See that face and mine, that figure and mine, those hands and mine, and deny if you dare that I am your son, and the son of the only woman who was ever your wife! Do it while Nature cries out the truth and brands you perjurer and liar!"

My lord, released, staggered down into a chair; he sat staring, the breath whistling sharply from his dropped mouth; with fury, hate, terror painted his ghastly face. Coventry stood below the picture very calm; his passion had fallen to quiet.

"It is true, my lord," he said, composedly, "that you believed my mother dead; it was her will. You were prodigal of curse and blow, once your fancy was past, and her gipsy blood knew how to hate—knew it the better because she had loved you once. When you flung her away—your used toy of which you were weary—she would have starved before she raised a hand to keep you, as she would have died of thirst in the ditch that was my birthplace rather than take a drink of water from your hand. To you, therefore, she died. So deep was her hate of you that not even for my sake—your heir's sake, my lord!—would she live again. No, not even though the minister who performed the marriage, who held and still holds the proofs of it and of my birth, many times urged it upon her. For me, she trained me to think as she thought, to hate as she hated. I have known your name, your rank, no more. And I have been content, my lord."

"Ah! Content—?" My lord half-started up, a wild, incredulous relief in his haggard look of rage and fear, to sink back before the other's gesture. Coventry laughed.

"Have been, my lord," he repeated, coolly.

"And now—now—?"

"I am your heir, my lord."

"You—you mean—?"

"That Mistress Pamela Graythorne is beautiful," said Coventry, deliberately.

An impish devil of mockery had looked from his into the wrinkled, furious eyes he confronted; now, as he made a movement as though he bowed himself before the name, it died; he stood, it seemed, humble. My lord rose up; his teeth showed in a fierce grin.

"Pamela Graythorne!" he said, and sneered. "Pamela Graythorne, heiress and beauty! Gad, she is vastly honoured by the gipsy wench's brat! Doubtless she has but to hear your wooing to be conquered!"

"It is as I hope, since the brat is also yours, my lord," said Coventry, and laughed. "Is the future Earl Quixarvyn less than fitting mate and match for the niece of my Lord Justice Crundall? For the rest—others of her sex have given me more kindness than I asked or wished for! Since I have won not wanting, shall I lose when soul and body are set on victory? Lose when I love her as a lost soul may love the thought of heaven? Aye, and before to-day! It is she who is the prize that tempts me—that turns even my mother-fed hate sweet. Were it otherwise, my brother, I swear, might stand in my place as he does now, and I put out no hand to stay him!"

"And now—now—?" my lord gasped as before.

"I take my right and win her!" He laughed again. "In faith, my lord, for one thing I thank you, and am your humble debtor. Your blood in my veins has made an air, a carriage, vastly easy, and women think much of such things. Her husband shall play the gentleman with the best, trust me! . . . Ah! She is here!"

Flushed and eager, he turned towards the door—more than ever his face and the painted face above him were one. My lord dropped back into the chair; he sat livid, glaring, dumb. Pamela, entering, came gleaming through the shadows to the hearth. Her cloak was discarded; diamonds clasped her young throat, flashed in the piled gold of her hair; the red fire-glow showed her dazzling. Dimpling grey eyes glancing from one to the other, she swept a rustling curtsy at the rug's edge.

"My lord, you have, I hope, thanked Mr. Coventry for his service to me? It was the luckiest happening that he should cross the heath in the nick of time to offer it, since, as doubtless he has told you, there were highwaymen afoot. I pray my good uncle does not meet with them, for, even though his purse should escape, it will go ill with his tongue and his temper, and I have no mind

to find him prodigal of either." She turned, advanced. "I trust, Mr. Coventry, that now your hurt has been tended— Ah!"

She cried the ejaculation loudly. A lackey, entering after her, had lighted the candles clustered above the chimney; in their sudden radiance the picture stood out sharp and clear. Her eyes turned—startled, wide, and round—from Coventry's to the painted face and back again. Meeting them, he smiled, with no glance at the helpless, furious face of my lord beyond her. The girl gave a gasp of wonder.

"Why—why——" she stammered; "sure, Mr. Coventry, you—you——"

"Somewhat resemble Mr. Morton? It seems so, madam, since you so quickly see the likeness."

"Somewhat? It is marvellous!" She looked from the one to the other again, then laughed. "Indeed, sir, I thought it very odd that I should remember your face so well, having seen it but once, and then by merest chance; but it is plain now why I found it as familiar as my own in the glass. In a better light I should have recognized the likeness quicker. It is most wonderful!"

"Is it so?" Over the golden head—merciless, audacious, mockingly defiant—he met his father's livid stare, and laughed. "But surely it is scarce so wonderful, madam, since my lord does me the honour to find I am his kinsman."

"Oh!" cried Pamela. She turned briskly about. "Indeed, my lord, I did not know you had kinsmen of Mr. Coventry's name—it is the first, I think, I have heard of such. But I am most ready to pardon my cast coach-wheel, since it was the means of making him known to you." Her regard, candid as a child's, was again upon Coventry's face. "You are Edward's elder, I think, sir, and it may be a little darker of complexion, but did he stand here side by side with you I protest you might be brothers. Is it not so, my lord?"

My lord had started up; his haggard face was turned to the shadows. By the girl's side Coventry waited, smiling. Would he dare answer, dare deny? Upon the moment's silence came the sound of hoofs in the drive below, a clatter of stopping, and a great bluff voice roared out an order. Diverted, Pamela ran to a window, looked down, and turned a mischievously sparkling face.

"It is my uncle!" she cried. "You will find, Mr. Coventry, that if he has seen no highwaymen he has fancied a score, and is hot to play judge, jury, and hangman together!"

She laughed gaily, and turned to a mirror. Coventry watched the recalling of a vagrant curl, the adjustment of a rose at her breast. By the hearth my lord stood dumb; the firelight showed him rigid, with clenched hands and locked mouth. Beyond the door the deep voice boomed again; bowing, a lackey flung it open, and my Lord Justice Crundall rolled into the room—a huge man, stout and tall, with a great, flushed, fleshy face, short-sighted, peering eyes, and a curved beak of nose set above a heavy jaw and chin. As Pamela ran to him he caught her round the waist and kissed her.

"So, child, you had, I hear, a mishap on the heath? It is well you are no worse, and I'm vastly obliged to the gentleman who, it seems, brought you safe out of it. How d'ye do, Frank? Eh, what's here? Ned, is it not? And yet—no—surely——?"

The Justice paused interrogative, stared perplexed. Pamela laughed.

"No, not Edward, uncle. It is Mr. Coventry, who brought me here," she said, demurely.

"Eh?" said the Justice, and stared again. "Faith, these eyes of mine play me strange tricks. I protest, Mr. Coventry, that had you chosen to vow yourself Ned Morton I must needs have believed you. I am your debtor for your service to my niece, sir. It is well you were there to render it and protect her, for here's my Lady Dashwood's coach set upon on the heath, and she eased of near seventy guineas and jewels worth five hundred!"

"To-night, uncle? My Lady Dashwood? On the heath?" cried Pamela.

"Aye, my dear—else I had been here a half-hour sooner. Half-way across there was a mighty bellowing and crying, which, scenting mischief, I followed, and so, just beyond the cross-road to Merton, came upon the coach rifled, footman and coachman in a twitter of fright, my lady near swooning, and her woman screeching in a fit. Being a-horseback I could do no more than give the wench a word or two to quiet her, and ride beside my lady to the road. The poor soul is nigh distracted at the loss of her trinkets, which, she says, are heirlooms, though, as I had a mind to tell her, 'twas a fool's trick to trust them on the heath no better guarded. It seems the knave held his pistol to the lackeys' heads while the maid turned out her mistress's pockets and stripped her of every ring." The Justice turned about, his red face redder. "Gad, Frank, had I been sooner and caught him, I swear I'd

have hanged the scoundrel to the nearest tree forthwith, and put a bullet through his rascally sponce! It was that villain, Galloping Nick!"

"That scamp? Was it so? Of Hounslow, my lord?" cried Coventry, quickly.

"No other, sir, as, with all the insolence in life, he told my lady. And the most pestilent, dare-devil rogue that a rope ever itched for. It was said he was in these parts as his old haunts grew too hot to hold him, and it seems 'twas true."

"And my Lady Dashwood would know him, uncle?" asked Pamela, eagerly.

"His face, no, child—he went masked. But she vows she could swear to both his bay horse and black cloak. He rode off with a bow as fine as a duke, she told me, though it may be scarce with a whole skin, since one of the fellows plucked up courage to fire his pistol after him and winged him, as he thinks. It was vastly well the scoundrel did not come your way, niece! You saw naught?"

"Nothing, uncle—no one." With a laugh she turned. "Indeed, Mr. Coventry, you spoke truly in saying that the heath to-night was scarcely so quiet as I thought it! Sure, it must have been this same Galloping Nick that wounded you!"

"Eh?" cried the Justice, loudly. "You were attacked, sir?"

"Scarcely that, my lord—fired upon. It is a flesh wound merely. By good luck my mare is fast, and I lost nothing and have no worse hurt. It was but a few moments before I came upon Mistress Graythorne's coach. Indeed, madam, it may well have been the same, for, from the sight I had of him, I think the fellow wore a black cloak. If there were others of his kidney afoot I saw none."

"It was the same scamp, I make no doubt, sir." The Justice, throwing off the riding-coat which he still wore, approached the table. "Gad! had my last meal been sand my throat could be no drier! Is the supper ready, Frank?"

"It has waited for you," said my lord. Into the light of the candles he brought a rigid face, white as his ruffles; across them again met eyes that challenged and defied him. "You will—sup with us, Mr. Coventry?"

"With great pleasure, my lord," Coventry answered, coolly. "I am in no haste—our talk can wait your leisure."

A smile from Pamela directed him to a seat beside her. At the air with which he bowed and took it the grey eyes glanced in involuntary approval. This strange kinsman

who so marvellously resembled Edward Morton was at least as fine a gentleman, thought the girl. My lord took his chair silently; my Lord Justice filled a bumper of wine, crying out again that his throat was dry as powder. His big-voiced talk and booming laughter filled up the pauses of his devotion to plate and tankard. Only when his appetite was satisfied did it seem to break upon him that his host sat mute. He sat back, flushed and ponderous, peering under gathered brows at the ivory-white face that was fixed as stone.

"Gad, Frank, but for me, Mr. Coventry and Mistress Pamela there would have all the talk between them! You're dumb as a fish, man!"

Pausing, he glanced at his niece; his voice sank a tone. "Surely there's nothing wrong?"

"What should be wrong?" my lord grated harshly. He poured out wine with a hand that shook and drank it, gulping; his eyes were fierce above the goblet-rim. The Justice laughed.

"Faith, nothing, but you look mighty glum," he said, and paused again. "You have no bad news of Edward?"

"None."

"There is no chance yet that he is coming to England?"

"How should he be coming to England?"

"That's true. That last proclamation makes it plain that since Ormonde's failure His Majesty has less of a mind to be gracious towards those at St. Germain's. And Ned's name has the ill-luck to be a known and marked one. To return now would be to risk jail, if no worse nor more." The two were whispering across the table-corner; a trill of laughter from Pamela filled a pause; the Justice sighed gustily. "Well, Frank, you know well that I like the boy—it is not alone for his own sake that I would choose he were loyal to George, who is safe on the throne, rather than to James, who will never come near it. Aye—I know it is not your belief, but it is mine, and time will show which of us is in the right. I would the lad would make submission to His Majesty, and forsake a cause that is hopeless. That he is so staunch a Jacobite is all that I have against him, though, truly, that your heir should follow your way is natural enough."

My lord sat dumb; his eyes glared across the table from a livid face; his frown was black. The Justice turned in his chair, raising his great voice.

"It is but churlish to talk of the absent

and do no more," he said, briskly. "I call a toast, Frank."

"A toast?" my lord muttered.

"Aye—to the health of a brave lad and honest gentleman. Fill your glass, Mr. Coventry. Come—a bumper to Mr. Morton, my lord's son and heir!"

He filled his glass and stood up. Coventry, doing the like, rose too, pale and with eyes very bright.

"Faith, my lord," he said, and laughed, "it is a toast I had not hoped to hear drunk to-night, though none could be more welcome. If Mistress Pamela will also deign to honour it—"

He flushed as Pamela, with a radiant, blushing smile, held out her glass, standing at his side; for the moment his dark beauty was a goodly match for hers. The Justice chuckled, glancing round at my lord and back again.

"Honour it!" he cried. "Aye, I warrant her! Faith, Frank, were Mistress Pamela as wise as I wish her, Ned might well sit by while we empty. But I swear that in her heart I think the little jade is near as fierce a Jacobite as her lover!"

From Coventry's glass, set roughly down, the wine slopped over; white, staring, he swung round with a hoarse ejaculation, clutching the table-corner. A louder cry came from the Justice; his bluff laugh stopped half-uttered; his great hand shot out, pounced upon the other's and gripped it tight. Close, his short-sighted eyes were of the keenest; he peered at it near, stooping; his dropped glass smashed on the table, and a red puddle dyed the cloth.

"By the Lord Harry," he cried out, "it is Sir Charles Meredith's black pearl! I'll swear to it! The ring that was stolen from him at pistol-point a year ago at Hounslow! Stolen by the same dare-devil villain that had my Lady Dashwood's money and jewels on the heath to-night! Stolen by Galloping Nick!"

He stared round the table, his broad, florid face almost purple. My lord had started up, Pamela given a cry. The Justice struck the table a swinging blow.

"It is the same!" he cried again. "I say I'll swear to it. The ring stolen by the highwayman, Galloping Nick! . . . You were on the heath to-night, sir! You were shot in the arm before you met with my niece! And, by the Lord, there was a bay mare tethered a hundred yards from the door—I marked it! You scoundrel, it was you! You are the man!"

"Uncle—no, no! His cloak was white!" cried Pamela.

Coventry had freed himself with a wrench and stepped back. For an instant his blazing eyes flashed round the great room, measuring distance to windows and door. Then he looked at the girl and bowed to her.

"Upon one side only, madam," he said, quietly; "it is black the other. I have found the change a vast convenience before to-night." He looked at the Justice with a shrug. "Faith, my Lord Justice, you have me—Galloping Nick and no other! Here's proof to the truth of it!"

The guineas rolled among the dishes as he flung them down in handfuls; the jewels lay gleaming in the red patch the spilt wine had made. Pamela, speechless and bewildered, stared blankly at the glittering things and the rolling coins; my lord, leaning forward on his hands, glared across the table with a face not less white than hers. But the Justice flushed redder.

"You villain!" he exploded. "You're Galloping Nick—and you own it, do you? The rogue that Tyburn gallows and Ketch's rope have been waiting for this three years! You may swear to it that they'll not wait longer, for, as I'm alive, you shall hang before the month is out!"

A stride took him to where his riding-coat lay; in a trice he had whipped out a pistol. With a scream of terror and horror the girl sprang between—she stood as though of her slender body she would have made a shield. Coventry gently put her aside.

"My Lord Justice will scarcely butcher me before you, madam," he said, coolly; "and, indeed, I think would vastly rather give me rope than bullet. . . . Well, I have played out my hour, have held you in my arms, talked with you, sat at your side—your equal. It is worth the price!" Her caught hand was still in his; he kissed it and stepped back to the table, lifting his glass. "Were it not so," he cried aloud, and glanced once at the pallid, wide-eyed face staring beyond the candles' light, "I would drink destruction to the man to whom I owe it that since I came wailing into this black world I have known no voice to counsel me, no guide to set my feet on an honest path, no hand to bar one of the hundred open doors that wooed me the hangman's way! But since you love him, as it seems you do, I drink rather to Mr. Edward Morton, my lord's son and heir!" The glass smashed as he flung it down—he turned about. "Out of the way, my lord! Without doubt I shall

hang in the end—what else? But it will take more than a pistol to keep me here to-night!”

Before the rapid, desperate force of his advance the Justice involuntarily gave back a step; he passed, made for the door, and

from my lord as he started up, and the room rang to Pamela's loud cry.

“Edward!” she screamed.

She sprang and caught at the reeling man as he staggered into the light. His riding-



“A VAGUE FIGURE SWAYED UPON THE THRESHOLD AND STUMBLED IN.”

stopped. Footsteps were without; a hand fumbled at the lock; it was flung open; a vague figure swayed upon the threshold and stumbled in. A hoarse, choked sound came

coat was torn open; on the white shirt beneath a patch showed red as the spilt wine. At sight of it she screamed again, and my lord gave a cry near as shrill. With an oath, letting the pistol fall, the Justice threw a great arm round his shoulder, steadying him to a chair.

“Ned! Why, sure, you're wounded, lad!”

“A shot. Hush, sweet—it is naught—I scarcely feel it,” he gasped. “They are

hot-foot on my heels, a troop of horse, unless by good luck I gave them the slip on the heath."

"Horse? King's men?" exclaimed the Justice, loudly.

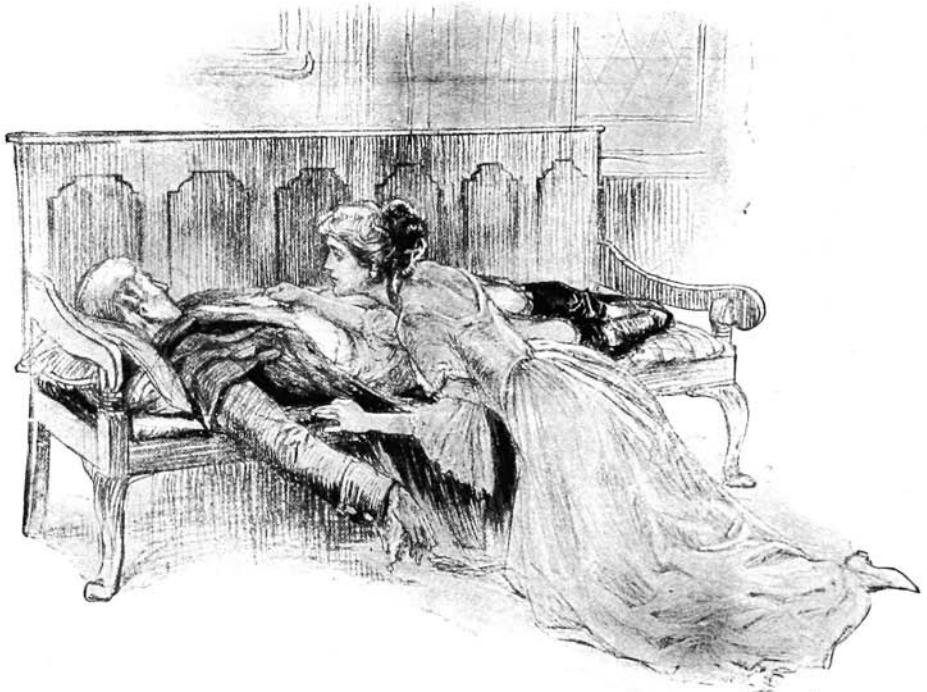
"George's. I come from the King."

"From James?" cried my lord.

"Yes; I carry letters from him to my Lord Bolingbroke. 'Tis a secret mission, but betrayed—the Lord knows how. They

best be in hiding, for should the fellows have wit to turn this way, as may well happen, and have a mind to search the house——"

Pamela gave a cry, flinging her arms about him, turning a blank white face of terror. The sound that suddenly broke upon the night stillness was not to be mistaken—the beat of distant, rapidly advancing hoofs. With a swing of his huge body the Justice was at a window; he flung up the sash,



"CROUCHED OVER THE SWOONING MAN, SHE MOANED."

were in wait for me this side Cardington village—a full score. I broke away, and they gave chase. But that I was hit by one of their bullets I had kept on, but I durst not run the chance of their finding the papers. It would be ruin to His Majesty's project as sure as it is death to me if I am taken."

"Death!" Pamela gasped. "Edward!"

"No less, since it is known, it seems, what brings me. But I am not taken, sweet, nor, I hope, will be. If, having lost my trace, they keep the road to London, there is no fear. The letters, sir—lock them away. By good luck I got in unseen, and the servants, knowing naught, can tell no more; but I had

peered out, and swung about again, his ruddy cheeks paling.

"By the Lord, it is the rascals!" he cried. "The letters, Frank; hide them, or maybe it is more than one will swing for this night's work! Quickly, Ned, lad, for they will be here in three minutes or less."

The words ended in an oath of dismay. The packet for which Edward had groped in his breast fell as he staggered to his feet; he grasped at the table-edge, reeling—would have dropped, but that, as the girl clutched at him, Coventry, with a stride, caught him from her, lifted and laid him down upon the couch, insensible. The door had been free, but he had not moved to it, had not turned his eyes

from her. She flung herself down upon her knees, started up again, and shook the Justice's arm wildly. The beat of hoofs was nearer.

"They are close!" she cried, distractedly. "They will enter—search the house—take him! And 'tis death, death! Oh, save him, uncle—save him! Edward—Edward!"

Crouched over the swooning man, she moaned. Again it seemed that she would have made of herself a shield. Coventry looked at her, looked at the Justice, threw up his head, and laughed.

"They shall not enter, madam, or take him—trust me." In a flash he was at the window and back again. "They are at the gates! Quick, my lord—help me! His coat!"

"His coat?" the Justice echoed. "You—you mean——"

"That it is better you help to save your niece's lover from the hangman than twist my neck in the rope, my lord, and that it is vastly lucky I bear his face and figure. My mare's below. They shall see me leave by the window. If I reach her and get clear, faith, they lose Mr. Morton! If I am caught they shoot Mr. Morton, and there's an end of it and of all! Quick, or it will be too late."

On his knee by the couch he half raised the unconscious figure; with the Justice's mechanically-given aid drew the coat away, replaced his own with it, and threw off the curled periwig, showing the crisp, cropped, dark hair beneath—hair but a shade deeper than that upon the pillow. My lord had fallen into a chair, fumbling with the packet; he stared dumb from a dazed, grey face, a figure collapsed, helpless, shrunken, piteous, and suddenly old. Pamela had struggled to her feet; incredulity, horror, and bewilderment were wide in her terrified eyes.

"They—they will kill you!" she gasped.

"Madam, if so it is better than the rope." With a rapid disarrangement of shirt and vest, matching that of the insensible man to a hair, he took the pistols from his cloak, thrust them into his belt, and turned to the girl again. The Justice standing by, con-

founded, overborne, noted his high, bright smile, and spoke of it after. "Oh, if my life is lost, think of it, I beg you, as of a thing as worthless as it was freely given. And if it is ever in your heart to thank me for the saving of your lover's, believe if you can that once—I swear to it!—I might have made as honest and brave a gentleman!"

For an instant the hand that had lain on his brother's breast rested upon his father's sunk head. It may be that in the touch there was pardon. Then, as swiftly, he was at the window and threw it wider; his knee was on the sill as the advancing sound of hoofs and voices broke into clamour below, followed by a battery of blows upon the door, and a voice called a hoarse command to open in the name of the King. He sprang out upon the balcony and looked down. Gleams of scarlet and steel were bright in the light of the moon. To reach the mare he must cross the broad space a bare score of yards away—he would be seen. Clinging to stonework, trellis, ivy, he lowered himself hand over hand, dropped, sprang up, and ran. A tumult of shouts arose behind him, and a rattle of running feet. He swung about and emptied his pistols into the huddle of rushing figures. A struck horse fell screaming, its rider pitched forward; another man fell, but the rest were upon him and their swords were out. He flung away the useless weapons and ran upon them with arms extended and clutching hands ready—the gripped and guided blades went home.

The piercing cry of horror that rang out from above was to Coventry the last of his hour. Pamela, uttering it, reeled from the window, her palms against her eyes.

"He is down!" she screamed. "They have murdered him—murdered him!"

She dropped beside her lover and crouched there, moaning, shuddering. My lord stumbled to his feet and rushed to the window. He thrust forth a ghastly face.

"Villains!" he shrieked, shrilly, and with a frenzied hand menaced the group gathered about the fallen figure that in the moonlight lay motionlessly still. "Butchers! Murderers! You have killed my son!"

The Art of Quick Change.

HOW IT IS DONE.

A Talk with Mr. R. A. Roberts.



ANYONE who has seen Mr. Roberts on the stage in any of his sketches will readily credit him when he says that among his audiences there are always many who absolutely refuse to believe the truth of the statement which they find on their programmes to the effect that all the characters in the sketch are played by him.

"A number of people," said the clever protean artiste, "regard me, I know, as an especially impudent though possibly a clever impostor. Many, indeed, have gone to the trouble of writing to tell me so. Not long since a man sent his card round to me after witnessing one of my performances and asked if I would give him a short interview; he said he was greatly interested in my work, and would very much like to ask me a few questions about it.

"I may say that I receive messages of this sort sometimes from lunatics, people who are collecting money for various objects, and other undesirable visitors, so I do not as a rule see stray callers, but in this instance I did so. Something, I think, in the tone of the man's message appealed to me. I liked the expression 'greatly interested in your work.' We talked for about half an hour; as a matter of fact I did most of the talking, and my visitor listened very attentively to all I had to say regarding my methods of work. He arose at last, and said thoughtfully as he did so, 'And you really play all these characters yourself?' I nodded my head. He broke into a quiet laugh. 'Just fancy,' he said, as we shook hands, and then added, 'How you manage to keep *all* their mouths shut off the stage is what puzzles me.' And so he departed quite convinced that I was a liar of the first magnitude, and nothing I could have said or done would have made him believe that I was telling him the truth.

"I remember once some years ago telling a man that I could take off my coat and waistcoat in a second. He refused to believe me, so I offered to do this simple and elementary exercise in the art of quick change then and there. I would not bet

about the matter because I was absolutely certain that I should win, and this greatly annoyed him, and made him all the more certain I could not do as I said; well, I gave him a chronometer and, standing up before him, got my coat and waistcoat off in the specified time. I did this three times, and then he declared that I could not do it with his coat on. This turned out to be rather an unfortunate suggestion—for him. I put on his coat and waistcoat, and took them off in a second, but owing perhaps to the fact that the waistcoat was a trifle too small for me I ripped it down one side, and, worse still, sent a gold watch which was in one of the pockets flying into a corner of the room. However, I tried to console the owner of the damaged articles by reminding him that I had saved him the five pounds he wanted to wager, which he would have lost had I taken his bet."

The fact is there really is no very great mystery about the manner in which Mr. Roberts accomplishes his various quick changes. He has certainly discovered methods, in some instances only after years of experimental work, by which certain changes of costume and make-up can be made with extreme rapidity. These methods are, however, for the most part simple enough in themselves; though in some of his later productions they are rather more complex and ingenious; but Mr. Roberts as a protean artiste employs no tricks. You may examine all or any of the hundreds of garments and costumes he wears on the stage and you will see that they are all genuine, and in none will you find any device which could aid him in getting them rapidly on or off, and he never wears one dress over another.

Every time he comes on the stage when playing in any of his sketches, Mr. Roberts has, whilst off, changed his clothes and entire make-up. The average time he takes to effect a change is two and a half seconds. In a few instances he takes three or four seconds. When he was playing at the Palace Theatre some years ago, during Mr. Morton's management, Mr. Roberts used to make all his changes at the back of the stage

without such shelter as he now insists on having, and Mr. Morton frequently would bring down some of his

"I now require," said Mr. Roberts, "to have the entire stage to myself and under my control during my performance, and have backings and a shelter put up all round it. I make, as a matter of fact, all my changes in the dark. Every change is so thoroughly well rehearsed and practised by myself and my assistants that I can do this quite readily."



(1) Leaving the stage in the character of a garrulous old landlady—
From a Photograph.



(2) He makes one of his most complete and rapid changes—
From a Photograph.

friends to see the artiste at work behind the scenes. Among the visitors were the late Mr.

Briefly, here is the manner in which Mr. Roberts prepares and rehearses a set of quick changes. First of all he plays a sketch right through at home with the assistance of Mrs. Roberts, who, it may be noted, is his chief dresser and



(3) Into the dress of a smart-looking young solicitor just about to start for a race-meeting—
From a Photograph.

Clement Scott, Mr. Hooley, the Maharajah of Mysore, and many others. The visitors would see an old woman come off the stage, and as she did so her garments would drop from her, leaving a man clad in tights. Then the man executed some movements with extraordinary rapidity amid a group of assistants, and from them he flashed out a dapper young man in modern garb, and was again on the stage three seconds after he left it. "It is the work of the evil one," was the Maharajah's comment, who stood the whole evening watching Mr. Roberts make every change in his sketch.



(4) The transformation being effected in the almost incredible time of one and a fifth seconds. [Photograph
From a

general stage-manager. He has also the services of another assistant. The time each

on a seat on leaving the stage, and in less than a second his two "dressers" have removed all Turpin's clothes. Then comes a jump into Old Sally's dress; her wig is put on by one dresser while the dress is fastened behind by the other, the last pull to the apron-strings being actually



(1) In changing from Dick Turpin to Old Sally—

From a Photograph.



(2) Immediately Mr. Roberts leaves the stage he flings himself on a seat, and in less than a second his two "dressers" have removed Turpin's clothes.

From a

Photograph.

change takes to make without exercising any special haste is noted; it may be from five to seven minutes in each case.

Then begins the work of bringing the time down to as many seconds, and finally to the lightning speed of a couple of seconds or less. This is done by no more recondite art than long and constant practice. It took Mr. Roberts two years, practising eight hours a day, before he could make all the changes in Dick Turpin in the average time of three seconds each. The change from Turpin to Old Sally occupied eight minutes the first time he tried it at his own home. When he produced the sketch he could make the change in two seconds and three-quarters.

One difficulty was getting off Turpin's clothes. He tried this in several ways, and at length hit upon the method shown in one of our illustrations. He flings himself down

given as Old Sally makes her entrance on the stage.

"Quickly as we work off the stage," said Mr. Roberts, "it would really be impossible to do these very rapid changes unless I was able to get through a certain amount of the work involved by the change whilst I am actually on the stage. In the case, for example, of my change from Turpin to Old Sally, whilst I am on the stage as Turpin I alter the lines on my face with my fingers, and at the moment I go off I am practically, so far as my face is concerned, 'made up' for the part of Old Sally. The audience do not suspect that I am doing anything of the sort, but to distract their attention from myself at such moments is one of the hardest and most vitally important parts of my work. A friend who has often watched me on purpose to see if he could detect me doing anything of this sort on the stage has never been able to do so except once, when he noticed me unbuttoning my waistcoat before going off the stage as the Major in 'Ringing the Changes.' I do not know whether anyone else ever did so, but I have been extremely careful how I do it ever since."

In the sketch just mentioned, Mr. Roberts makes one of his most rapid changes. He leaves the stage as the garrulous and bibulous landlady and comes on again in one and a fifth seconds as the smart-looking young solicitor who is just about to start for a race-meeting. How this change is made may be

Roberts's assistants. They must be as deft and rapid in their own way as the artiste is in his; but human hands cannot be expected to work with the absolute accuracy of a machine, and on a few occasions the inevitable hitch has occurred. Once at the Palace Theatre, when Mr. Roberts was playing "Ringing the Changes," the coat he wears when playing the part of the Irish carman was left out by a dresser with one of the sleeves turned in, and by some unaccountable oversight neither Mrs. Roberts nor the other dresser, who examine every garment carefully, noticed the turned-in sleeve until Mr. Roberts, in rushing through the change, drove his



(3) Then comes a jump into Old Sally's dress; her wig is put on by one "dresser," while the dress is fastened behind by the other, the last pull to the apron-strings being given as—

From a Photograph.

seen from our illustrations, and it will convey some idea of the speed at which Mr. Roberts works if the reader bears in mind that the movements shown in the photographs are got through in one and a fifth seconds. Before he leaves the stage in the character of a landlady he loosens the string in the dress and removes all the lines from his face. By the time the door closes on him the landlady's garments are off and he is half-way through the change; the time it occupies is reckoned from the moment the door closes on Mr. Roberts making his exit in the character of the landlady.

With every movement timed to the fraction of a second it is scarcely necessary to say that no allowance can be made for any fumbling or the slightest mistakes on the part of Mr.



(4) Old Sally appears on the stage two seconds and three-quarters after Dick Turpin has left it.

From a Photograph.

hand against it. The sleeve was put right like a flash, but the artiste was

This happened fortunately at the conclusion of the sketch, but Mr. Roberts was unable to make his usual quick change into evening clothes, which he does at the end of every performance. The time occupied in making this particular change varies in each sketch,



(2) Mr. Roberts makes one of his most difficult changes—

From a Photograph.

completely upset by the incident, and all he could do was to sit down and "say things" (to use his own expression) to his assistants, and cut out the part of the carman that night.

But a hitch that had rather more painful consequences was one that occurred quite recently when he was playing "Cruel Coppinger." Some fresh lining had been put into the sleeves of Coppinger's coat by a dresser in rather a hurry, and she left her needle in it. When Mr. Roberts plunged his arms into the garment the needle drove up to the eye into his arm, causing him the most excruciating pain, but the incident did not delay him for the fraction of a second. He was on the stage exactly on time, and went through the remaining part of the sketch and several other changes with the needle in his arm. On another occasion, in the same sketch, a dresser pulled a belt round Mr. Roberts's waist several inches tighter than he ought to have done. The artiste went on the stage, and though in agonies got through the part all right, but when he came off he fainted.

as Mr. Roberts can do it quicker from some characters than others, and a good deal also depends upon the manner in which the sketch ends. In "Cruel Coppinger," for example, the pirate is off the stage for three seconds before he returns to make his bow in dress clothes. The initial movement in the change is the same as in the change from Turpin to Old Sally. The two movements



(3) That into ordinary evening dress—in three seconds.

From a Photograph.

(1) At the end of his sketch, "Cruel Coppinger"—

From a Photograph.

he was playing "Cruel Coppinger." Some fresh lining had been put into the sleeves of Coppinger's coat by a dresser in rather a hurry, and she left her needle in it. When Mr. Roberts plunged his arms into the garment the needle drove up to the eye into his arm, causing him the most excruciating pain, but the incident did not delay him for the fraction of a second. He was on the stage exactly on time, and went through the remaining part of the sketch and several other changes with the needle in his arm. On another occasion, in the same sketch, a dresser pulled a belt round Mr. Roberts's waist several inches tighter than he ought to have done. The artiste went on the stage, and though in agonies got through the part all right, but when he came off he fainted.

shown in our illustration are got through whilst Mr. Roberts is rushing to make his entrance from the wings. It took him three years' practice with Mrs. Roberts and another assistant to finish this change as he runs from the place of his last exit to the wings. So difficult is this change that Mr. Roberts makes it a rule never to let a day pass, even when on his holidays, without practising it once or twice, for fear he or his assistant should lose in the least degree the rapidity of action which they have acquired.

Mr. Roberts prepares his sketches with very considerable care, and most of the characters in them are from life studies. He found, for example, the woman that inspired Old Sally in a lunatic asylum.

He met the man that inspired the character of the solicitor by chance at dinner in a restaurant, and "Red Gorge" has been known to him for many years in the shape of an old sailor in Scarborough.

Recently he spent the whole day going over Dartmoor prison in search of material for a character for a new sketch he has in view, but was not successful in getting any inspiration from the convicts he came across. But he had a curious and rather dramatic experience nevertheless. A gang of convicts passed him returning from work; they all looked straight before them as they marched briskly towards the cells, guarded on either side by a squad of warders.

"I just caught a glimpse of the full face of one who had turned his head for an instant in our direction," said Mr. Roberts. "Seven years ago I had sat opposite that man at dinner. He was then a gay, careless, kind-hearted youth who had come in for a bit of money, and was spending it as fast as he could. He disappeared, and I often had wondered what had become of him.

"I subsequently learnt that he was serving a sentence of five years for obtaining money under false pretences.

"I had rather an amusing experience some years ago when I was preparing 'Ringing the Changes' for production. I heard that there was a lady who presided over a certain servants' registry office near Oxford, who was just the sort of person that would make a splendid study for the character of the landlady in my sketch. I accordingly went into the office one day to see her. Well, in appearance she was short and very fat, and bore no resemblance to the sort of landlady I had in my mind, but that was a small matter. My friend who told me about her no doubt meant to convey that in her

mannerisms and conversations I should find some useful material for the development of the landlady's part. I opened the conversation by making an inquiry about the possibilities of obtaining a reliable cook, and from that branched into various other topics. In the middle of our conversation she suddenly turned from the desk where she was sitting and said, 'Now, I wonder, is your name Roberts?'

"I was too taken aback to deny it. 'Well, that is strange,' she said, looking modestly down at her feet, 'because a gentleman who was in here the other day on business said he was a fortune-teller, and told me that in a short time I might expect to be married for the third time to a gentleman who was soon coming to see me and that——' But I simply fled. Of course, it was obvious that my friend who told me to go to the registry office had played one of his little jokes at my expense."

Mr. Roberts, in the beginning of his career, had to contend against as adverse fortune as anyone in his profession has ever gone through; but his early experiences have, as he remarked, no special bearing on the subject matter of this article.

Yet it may not be out of place to relate one little incident which befell him when he came to London nearly twenty-five years ago without a penny in his pocket.

He had picked up an engagement at the Waterloo Rooms as an entertainer at one guinea a performance, which was never paid him. At the end of his first performance a gentleman and lady asked to be introduced to him, and they invited him to their flat to supper. Mr. Roberts had been twenty-four hours without food, so he did not hesitate about accepting the invitation. "It was a most enjoyable meal," said Mr. Roberts, "and I made a very big one; my host's little son, a keenly intelligent boy of thirteen, sat opposite to me and talked a great deal about the theatre. He told me he had made up his mind to go on the stage. I stayed at the house of my kind entertainers, who knew nothing about my circumstances, until long after midnight. As I bid them good-night, and glanced round at the pretty supper-table and bright fire in the grate, my heart sank, for I had nowhere to go that night. I slept, as a matter of fact, on the Embankment, and it was freezing terribly hard. The little boy who was so stage-struck has since become known to the world as Granville Barker, and recently he told me he remembered the Waterloo Rooms very well."

With the Best Intentions.

By C. H. BOVILL.

Illustrated by Alec Ball.

IF you could only do papa some great service," said Miss Benweed, pensively; "something—you know—which would make him feel that he was under a tremendous obligation to you—so tremendous that he could refuse nothing you asked for—I believe that would help things along a lot."

"I'm sure it would," assented the young man at her side. He gazed at Miss Benweed as if lost in admiration of her ingenuity. "What a clever little woman you are to think of a thing like that!"

"Now Claude, dear, you really must try and

be sensible for a few minutes," was the clever little woman's injunction when the prolonged tribute to her intellectual powers which he insisted upon paying had at last come to an end. Claude dear, whose surname was Whistlemore, knitted his brows and put his tie straight, as an indication that he was once more in full possession of his faculties. Miss Benweed went on:—

"As things are, you know, it would be hopeless to ask for papa's consent to our engagement. You would never get it."

"Not much!" was the emphatic reply. "What I should get would be the sack."

"Very well, then, you must *do* something," rejoined Miss Benweed, very decidedly. "You must make papa your debtor for life—somehow. Now what do you think would be a good thing to do?"

Claude considered. No doubt there are plenty of ways in which a junior clerk can do his employer an incalculable service; but somehow they did not exactly leap to the mind. Miss Benweed tapped her foot impatiently. She was rather disappointed at the lack of readiness displayed by her lover.

It seemed to her that having been given the main outline of so brilliant a scheme he ought not to have found it difficult to fill in the mere details.

"Couldn't you go to papa with some clever idea by which he could make a great deal of money?" she suggested.

"Oh, yes, I could go to him," admitted Claude, though in no very enthusiastic tone. He was trying to draw a mental picture of himself approaching Violet's father with a clever idea, and



"AS THINGS ARE, YOU KNOW, IT WOULD BE HOPELESS TO ASK FOR PAPA'S CONSENT TO OUR ENGAGEMENT."

somehow it did not come out very well. Mr. Benweed was a large merchant in every sense of the term, and somewhat abrupt in his treatment of those whom he suspected, rightly or wrongly, of trying to waste his time.

"Or how would it be"—there seemed to be no limit to the fertility of Miss Benweed's invention—"how would it be if you were to save papa's life at the risk of your own?"

"I think I like your other idea best," said Claude, after weighing them both very carefully in his mind. "Of course, this notion of saving your father's life at the risk of my own is very good—very good indeed; but the other strikes me as more practicable. Mind you, I shall keep my eyes open, and if a real good chance comes along for me to lay down my life for his, I shall snap it up, you may depend upon that. But your other scheme is the one I shall really concentrate my attention on, and work up for."

"Darling boy!" cooed Miss Benweed, convinced by his earnest tones that he really meant to make a big effort to place their love affairs upon a more satisfactory footing.

As the daughter of one of our foremost leather-sellers, Violet Benweed ought certainly to have looked higher than a junior clerk in her father's counting-house. If her father had known that she was secretly engaged to Claude Whistlemore there would probably have been an unparalleled convulsion on the leather market. Mr. Benweed had a poor opinion of the young gentlemen whom he employed as junior clerks, and marked it by the salaries which he paid them. Indeed, it was to that very circumstance that Claude owed his introduction to the adorable Violet. Having a premonition that young Whistlemore was working up to ask for an increase of salary, Mr. Benweed hastily instructed his wife to ask the boy to her annual garden-party. It seemed to Mr. Benweed that a clerk who has been loaded with hospitality and admitted to the exalted society of his employer's friends could hardly have the effrontery to bring forward the question of a rise for a long time to come.

Violet, inclined at first to be a little cold to a person whom her father had explained in a loud whisper to be "only one of the young men from the office, my dear," took very kindly to Claude when she discovered that he was the second cousin of the popular musical-comedy actress for whom it was the ambition of Miss Benweed's life to be mistaken. After Claude had told her that when he saw her first it gave him quite a

shock ("I really thought you were Gertie, I did, indeed, Miss Benweed"), she came to the conclusion that he was one of the nicest young men she had ever met.

After that, things progressed until they reached a point at which, as we have seen, it became necessary to "do something" which would lead Mr. Benweed to suppose that Claude Whistlemore was just the sort of fellow he wanted for a son-in-law.

Claude's earlier efforts to earn the undying gratitude of Violet's papa were not quite so successful as he could have wished.

One day, at a crowded street crossing, he made a bold attempt to save his employer's life by pulling him quickly back by the coat-tails out of the path of an impending motor-bus. Unfortunately, in his zeal, Claude omitted to look where he was going, with the result that he caught his heel on the edge of the kerb, and succeeded in precipitating both himself and Mr. Benweed into a large collection of liquid mud, which an industrious street-cleaner had just been making. Few men place the preservation of an immaculate appearance before life itself; but Mr. Benweed—to judge by his remarks while he was being helped up out of the mud—was apparently one of the few.

"Dash it all, sir, I saved your life!" protested Claude, in an injured tone.

"Saved my life be hanged!" spluttered Mr. Benweed, his articulation a little impaired by the mouthfuls of mud he had involuntarily imbibed. "Ruined a brand-new suit and a silk hat which I paid a guinea for only this morning—that's what you've done! Do you think I don't know enough to get out of the way of a bus without your help—you blundering young ass, you? Don't you dare take such a liberty as to try and save my life again! Infernal presumption!" And with that Mr. Benweed clambered into a cab, leaving the mud-plastered Claude to grapple with the problem of how to get himself clean enough to keep an appointment in half an hour's time with Violet.

His next essay at acting as Mr. Benweed's guardian-angel was even less satisfactory.

"If it had been anybody but Mr. Rosenblitz!" sighed Violet, as she listened to the story of the base ingratitude displayed by her father, when Claude, seeing a flashily-dressed man abstracting the contents of Mr. Benweed's tail-pockets while the latter was waiting at a street-corner, had sprung upon the thief and borne him with a crash to the ground.

"It's Mr. Rosenblitz that papa gets all his

tips about investments from," she went on tearfully to explain. "But now he's so stuffy over the knocking-about you gave him—he was stunned, you know—that it's doubtful if he will ever put papa on to anything good again. Of course, I know you meant well, darling, but it's so difficult to make papa understand."

"Yes, I noticed that," said Claude, grimly, as the more salient features of the conversation he had enjoyed with Mr. Benweed after the episode in question recurred to his mind

"that picking one another's pockets is supposed to be a great joke on the Stock Exchange?"

"Oh, is it?" This was a piece of news. "Well, all I can say is that I think it's very bad form to introduce shop into one's jokes."



"HE SUCCEEDED IN PRECIPITATING BOTH HIMSELF AND MR. BENWEED INTO A LARGE COLLECTION OF LIQUID MUD."

"He seemed to think that I ought to have known that a man who was picking his pockets was one of the largest operators on the rubber market."

Miss Benweed kissed the bump, larger than a pigeon's egg, which stood on Claude's forehead as a monument to his well-meant efforts to be helpful.

"Don't you know, you silly boy," she said,

After this second *faux pas*, Claude made up his mind that in future, when what looked like a rosy chance to do Mr. Benweed a service presented itself, he would not be in too great a hurry to seize it. That was why, when he found a burglar busy at the big safe in Mr. Benweed's office, he was so very careful, before he did anything, to satisfy himself that there could be no mistake.

He was all alone in the office when he made the discovery. The other clerks had gone home a trifle earlier than usual owing to the fact that Mr. Benweed had telephoned in the morning to say that he was not coming to business that day. Claude had been one of the first to leave, but after meeting Violet at the accustomed tea-shop they discovered that he had left behind in his desk the tickets for the concert to which (without the knowledge of her parents) he was taking her that evening. There was nothing for it but that she should go back with him to the office and get them.

She waited down in the hall of Grinbold Buildings—that architectural bad dream on the fourth floor of which the offices of J. Benweed and Co. are situated—while Claude ran up the dark stairs.

He had expected to find the place in possession of the charwoman; but apparently that good lady was making one of her periodical excursions across the street to the White Lion. Mrs. Donk lived in a perpetual twitter as to what the right time might be; and it seemed that the private bar of the White Lion possessed one of the few really reliable timepieces in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Donk found this very 'andy.

As he groped his way to his desk Claude was surprised to see that there was a light in Mr. Benweed's private room, which opened out of that used by the clerks. He wondered who could be there. Peeping in to see, his surprise was increased. The safe, a great steel structure, tall enough for a man to stand upright in, was open, and, to judge from the sounds he could hear, someone was busy with its contents. Who that someone might be Claude could only conjecture; the open door of the safe concealed him from view, or, rather, it concealed all of him except his boots.

If Claude had not caught sight of those boots—

Large, coarse, hob-nailed, and bespattered with mud, they were as unlike the immaculately polished, well-cut boots habitually worn by Mr. Benweed as anything that could be imagined. As became a leather-seller, Mr. Benweed was very particular as to what he put upon his feet. A more carefully shod man did not tread the City's pavements. Similarly, the frivolous check trousering, of which Claude could see an inch or two, was the very antithesis of the decorous dark grey in which Mr. Benweed always swathed his impressive legs.

And then Claude saw, lying on the roll-top

desk, a cap—a repulsive, garish, Hampstead-Heath-on-Bank-Holiday sort of cap—with monstrous ear-flaps. Never had Mr. Benweed been known to enter the City in anything but a silk hat of the most approved design. He was most particular about this. Claude had often heard him animadverting upon the unreliability of men who went up to business in any other form of headgear. Even a black bowler he regarded as indecorous.

The cap settled it, to Claude's mind. Whoever it was on the other side of the safe-door it was not Mr. Benweed. But nobody else had any business to be there.

Having once come to a decision, Claude was not slow to act. With one bound he was across the floor of the little room and had hurled all his weight against the open door of the safe. It swung quickly inwards and, catching the unsuspecting burglar amidstships, bunted him with considerable violence into the interior of the safe. Claude heard him land with a crash amongst the ledgers and bags of money, most of which seized the opportunity to quit their shelves and come clattering down upon the intruder's head. Then the self-acting lock gave a click, and the prisoner was as safely jailed as if he had been in a dungeon of the Bastille.

Breathless with excitement, Claude flew down the stairs to tell Violet.

"A burglar! You've actually caught a burglar and locked him up in the safe! Oh, you great, brave, clever darling!" cried Miss Benweed, her eyes sparkling with admiration. "Father *will* be delighted!"

Claude said modestly he certainly had hopes that Mr. Benweed would be favourably impressed.

Binge, the night-porter of the Buildings, came by at the moment, and Claude called him over to hear the good news. Binge seemed rather put out about it. His attitude was highly suggestive of the seaside landlady whose attention has just been drawn to the presence on her premises of undesirable fauna.

"Burglars!" snorted Binge, irately. "I think you must have made an error, Mr. Whistlemore. I haven't been told nothing about no burglars bein' here!" As much as to say that if there did happen to be a burglar about the place he had taken a great liberty in coming in without first asking the night-porter's permission.

"Well, I can't understand it," he said, when Claude, to convince him, had told the whole story of what had happened upstairs,

"Where was Mr. Benweed when all this was happening?"

"My good Binge, Mr. Benweed hasn't been near the office all day," explained Claude. He felt rather nettled that the porter should show so little enthusiasm for his brilliant exploit. "This ruffian I've caught is probably a very expert criminal, who has been watching for weeks for this opportunity."

"I know all about Mr. Benweed not havin' been here all *day*," retorted Binge, sulkily. "But he's been here this evenin'. I seen him myself in this very hall—not half an hour ago. He spoke to me—told me not to let the woman go up to do the place out, because he was going to be busy and didn't want her snorkin' round and disturbin' him."

"Strange!" mused Claude. "There wasn't a sign of him when I was up there just now."

Suddenly a vague, undefined, but unspeakably horrible suspicion began to take hold of him.

"How—how was Mr. Benweed dressed when you saw him, Binge?" he asked, in a voice that faltered in spite of all his efforts to keep it steady.

"Oh, anyhow—old check suit and cap—not a bit like the style he comes to business in," was the dreadful reply that fell from Binge's lips. "But it was him right enough. Told me he'd been golfin'—and had come straight up from the links to see about somethink important he'd forgot last night."

Claude used to say afterwards that in that awful moment he realized exactly how a man must feel who has just fallen off the top of the Eiffel Tower. While he was thinking what in the world he should do, and wondering whether Violet had grasped the significance of what they had just heard, Binge, overcome by a sudden gush of sympathy for the burglar in whose existence he had hitherto shown no very robust faith, remarked that Claude had better go and let the pore feller out or he'd be smothered.

Violet, concerned for her lover's safety, suggested that wouldn't it be wiser to keep the burglar shut up a little longer—until he was too weak to be violent or got hitting anybody over the head with a life-preserver?

"I think, dear," said Claude, with a sickly smile, "that it would be more humane to release him as quickly as possible. Your idea of lessening his resistive powers is a very good one, of course; but there's always the danger that we might overdo it. I suppose, Binge," he went on, turning anxiously to the

night-porter, "you don't happen to know how they get these safes open?"

"Why, haven't you got a key?" asked Binge, in surprise.

Claude shook his head. He had not got a key. There was only one key to the safe in existence, and that, as he knew, was never detached from Mr. Benweed's watch-chain.

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Binge, recoiling in horror, "that you've gone and shut the pore feller up in that safe and don't know how to get him out again?"

Claude hung his head in shame. Violet, with the characteristic bloodthirstiness of her sex where burglars and blackbeetles are concerned, told him not to worry—he had only acted in self-defence. Very likely the burglar would have tried to murder him, given half a chance.

Binge, declaring that he personally wouldn't take ten thousand pounds as a set-off against the knowledge that the death of a fellow-creature could be laid at his door—even if that fellow-creature did happen to be a pore feller driven through want to steal—dashed out into the street to find a policeman. Policemen, however objectionable in some aspects, had at all events some vestiges of common humanity in their compositions.

"Come up to the office, Violet," said Claude, huskily, when Binge had disappeared, "I—I—I want to show you something, and ask you about it."

Violet was a little nervous.

"Isn't it rather dangerous, with that burglar about?" she demurred.

"He isn't about—he's in the safe," Claude reassured her. "He can't get out. I wish to goodness he could."

Violet kept very close to the young man's side as they entered her father's office. She could scarcely look at the safe without a shudder of apprehension. Neither, for the matter of that, could Claude.

He was, however, saved the trouble of asking her the question he had intended. Violet caught sight of the cap at once.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "that's father's!"

"Heavens!" cried Claude, his worst forebodings confirmed. "Then it *is* Mr. Benweed!"

"Where?" Violet paled visibly. Evidently she expected her father to appear suddenly with angry demands for an explanation of her being in the society of one of his clerks.

Claude pointed with a trembling finger to the safe.

"Haven't you guessed?" he groaned. "Your father is in there."

Violet stared at him, open-mouthed.

"I refuse to believe it!" she declared at last, with a resolute shake of the head. "It can't be papa. You know what he is when he's in a temper. He'd never sit quietly in that safe without saying a word."

"I expect he's saying all sorts of words," replied Claude, dismally. "Only, you see, the walls of the safe are so thick that even if he was shouting at the top of his voice—as indeed he probably is—we couldn't hear anything."

"I certainly can't hear a sound," Violet admitted, after listening intently for some moments. "I do hope he hasn't fainted, or anything dreadful! How you could be such an idiot as to make a mistake like that, I can't imagine! Of course, I know that when he has his golf suit on papa does look strange; but surely his face—"

"I never saw his face," interrupted Claude, hastily. "I went by his boots and that fearful cap. That cap is just the sort of thing a burglar would wear to terrify old ladies with. Burglars do that now, you know. They find it safer than using a revolver, and just as effective."

The sound of footsteps coming up the stairs outside became audible, and Violet ran out on to the landing.

Binge and the policeman by whom he was accompanied were having an animated discussion, punctuated by pants, upon the extraordinarily high rate of mortality which obtains amongst people who get shut up in safes. The constable was just saying that he had only once heard of a case that recovered, and that was by no means authentic, when Violet called over the banisters:—

"You don't know what you're talking about, you stupid man! It's my father who's shut up in the safe—not a burglar at all."

The constable, after staring up at her in

astonishment, admitted that, of course, that did make a difference.

"I should just think it did!" retorted Violet. Then she gave Binge a very peremptory order to go and fetch "the man" at once.

"What man, missie?" was Binge's not unnatural inquiry.

"The man who opens safes—how dense you are, to be sure! Be quick! Run!"

The constable, upon being appealed to



"HAVEN'T YOU GUESSED?" HE GROANED. "YOUR FATHER IS IN THERE."

was inclined to agree with Binge that it was a locksmith, as likely as not, that the young lady wanted. Binge brightened up at this, and said that he knew a locksmith just round the corner who was frequently quite sober up to nine o'clock of the evening, and hurried off to find him. Violet and the constable went into the inner office, where they found Claude looking doubtfully at a corkscrew, which he held in his hand, as if he were mentally measuring its strength against that of the safe. Violet, whom the crisis



"BINGE'S LOCKSMITH FRIEND WAS ANNOUNCING THAT HE WOULD OPEN THE SAFE IF IT TOOK HIM A MONTH."

had transformed into a bit of a martinet, told him to put that silly thing away at once and make himself useful. The people who had made the safe must be sent for, she said; they ought to be able to throw some light on how to get it open. Much searching of directories revealed the fact that the junior partner of the firm lived at Brixton. By dint of abject entreaty over the telephone, Mr. Graspwit was at last induced to put himself into a cab and come to the scene of action.

At the moment of his arrival Binge's

locksmith friend (as to whose sobriety the forecast had turned out to lean unduly to optimism), having broken most of his tools, had lost his temper, and was announcing with some heat that he would open the safe if it took him a month. Judging by the amount of progress he had then made it looked as if he had rather under than over-estimated the amount of time that would be required for the completion of the job. The maker of the safe heard him with a pitying smile.

"You won't open *that* safe in a month, my lad," said Mr. Graspwit, evidently feeling no little pride in the impenetrability of his goods. "Those safes can't be opened, except of course with their proper keys. That's why we sell such a lot of them."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried Violet, clasping her hands in alarm. "Think of my poor father inside."

"Mr. Benweed inside the safe!" exclaimed Mr. Graspwit, in horrified accents. He had not been able to gather all the bearings of the situation from Claude's frenzied telephonic message. He had understood that someone was shut up and couldn't get out, and that was all. He had imagined it was the office-boy or someone who didn't particularly matter. To discover that the prisoner was Mr. Benweed himself, and to remember, in the same moment, that the safe had not yet been paid for by that gentleman, was not a little disturbing.

"Before anything else is done," was Mr. Graspwit's agitated injunction to the locksmith, "you must make a hole, somewhere about here"—he indicated a suitable spot—"and let some air in."

The locksmith got to work with a Gargantuan drill. At the end of half an hour's panting endeavour he announced that he was "through."

Directly the drill had been withdrawn, Claude called tremulously through the hole which it had made:—

"Mr. Benweed! Mr. Benweed! Sir! Can you hear me? Please—please tell us if you are alive!"

Weak and husky, but vibrant with indignation, was the voice that replied:—

"Wait till I get out and find the fellow who pushed me in here! You'll see if I'm alive!"

"He's not dead! He's not dead!" cried Claude, almost hysterical from the relief. He tottered over to a chair and sank limply into it. Violet, who on his withdrawal had placed her ear at the opening made by the drill, had a further message to deliver from the prisoner.

"Papa also says—Please don't let the person who has just pushed something sharp into the fleshy part of his nose go away until he has had a chat with him."

The locksmith glanced at the point of his drill, and then said hastily that he was afraid he must be getting home now. He had a job to go to early in the morning, he explained; it wouldn't do for him to get to bed too late. It took a lot of persuasion to induce him to remain and continue his operations.

Conversation with the prisoner—carried on under difficulties, owing to the fact that Mr. Benweed wanted to do all the talking—revealed that he had got the key of the safe in his pocket. The only thing, therefore, that remained to be done was to enlarge the hole already made sufficiently to admit of the key being pushed through it.

It was a long job, delayed by an effort which Claude insisted upon making to convey liquid nourishment to the famished captive. The attempt was not altogether a success. Mr. Benweed, misunderstanding what was said to him, unfortunately had his ear placed at his end of the hole at the moment when he ought to have had his mouth there; with the result that he derived the absolute minimum of benefit from the steaming hot Bovril with which Claude was trying to feed him. Violet had to go into the other room until the subsequent conversation came to an end.

Somewhere about two a.m. the untiring efforts of the drill-driver, reinforced by a couple of mates, produced an aperture large enough to admit the passage of the key. A cheer went up from all present as it fell tinkling to the floor. Mr. Graspwit picked it up and handed it with a gallant bow to Violet, saying:—

"You shall have the pleasure, Miss Benweed, of restoring your father to freedom."

Violet hesitated, and cast a doubtful glance at Claude, who hurriedly reached for his hat.

"I think I'll be toddling home now," said Claude, trying to speak in an unconcerned, matter-of-fact sort of voice. "It's awfully late; and I don't see how I can be of any further help. Besides, I daresay Mr. Benweed won't want to have a crowd round him when he comes out."

"Oh, I don't think papa would like you to go off without his having a chance to thank you for all you have done for him," said Violet, to the unbounded astonishment of all who heard her. Noticing the puzzled faces around her, she went on, innocently, "What I mean is, if you hadn't known that papa was shut up in there and told us, he might have been left there all night and suffocated—mightn't he?"

Binge broke the ensuing silence by admitting that one could look at it in that light, certainly.

When Mr. Benweed, a pale, dishevelled object, tottered at last from the safe, he displayed no anxiety whatever to thank anybody for anything. All he said, as he thrust aside

the willing arms that were held out for his support, was:—

"Where is the miscreant who pushed me into that safe? Where is he, I say? I'll give twenty pounds to anybody who will point him out to me."

Binge excused himself afterwards on the miserable plea that he had had a shocking week on the Turf, and the sudden temptation was too much for him; also that he was more than half asleep, and didn't rightly know what he was doing.

It was Violet who averted the tragedy that threatened to follow on Binge's infamous betrayal, by throwing herself with outstretched arms before Claude, and exclaiming dramatically:—

"Father, spare him! He is the man I love!"

She had seen a very similar situation in a play recently and remembered exactly how the heroine had looked and had spoken the stirring lines.

Mr. Benweed, unfortunately, never went to the theatre, so he did not do his part quite right. Instead of bursting into tears and forgiving everybody all round—as the father in Violet's play had had the good taste to do—all Mr. Benweed did was to announce his intention of immediately having young Whistlemore's life.

Weak as he was, it took the united efforts of all the men present (none lending their

aid more readily than Claude) to frustrate the amiable design.

However, the course of true love ran smoothly enough in the end. The week which he had to spend in bed as the result of the exhaustion induced by his prolonged imprisonment gave Mr. Benweed, who had never had a day's illness in all his life before, an uncommonly bad fright. Violet, in a succession of tearful interviews, tried to make her father understand how thoroughly good Claude's intentions really were. This had the effect of making Mr. Benweed very apprehensive of what the boy might do next.

One evening, when he was feeling more than usually low, her father sent for Violet.

"Do you think, Violet, that if I were to consent to your engagement to this dangerous young ass Whistlemore he would give me a promise never to try to do me a service again?" asked Mr. Benweed, anxiously.

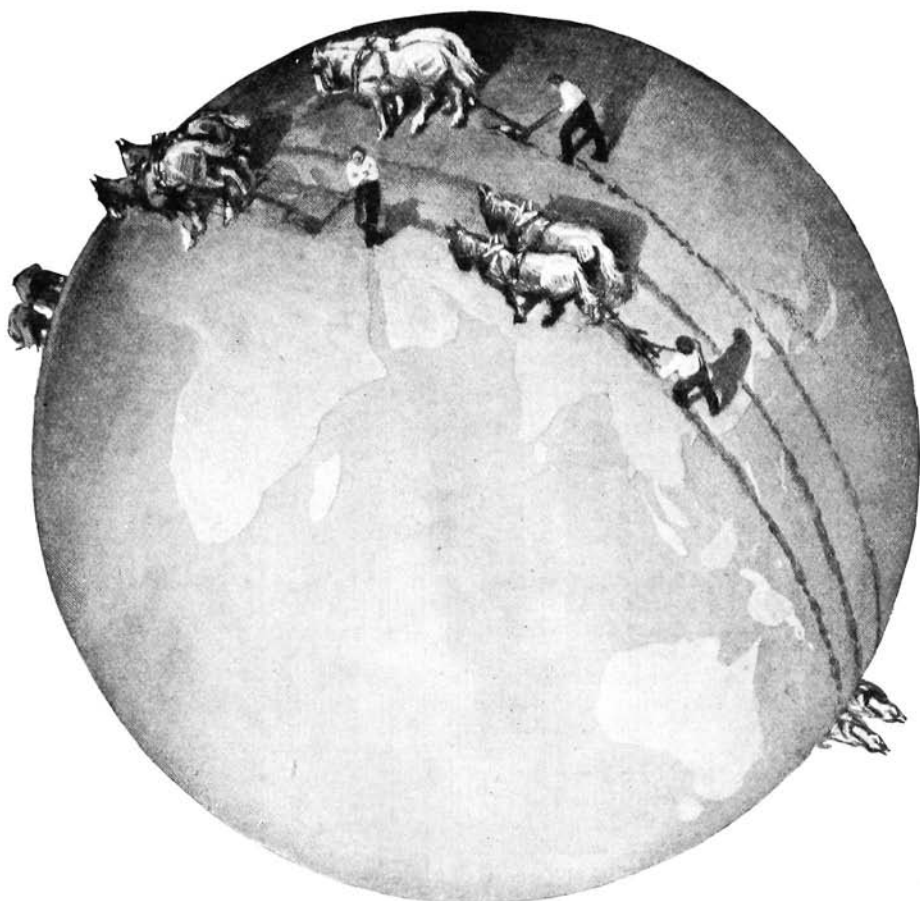
"I believe he would, papa," answered Violet, after pretending to think the matter over. "Of course, he would find it very hard, because he respects you deeply, and wants, more than anything in the world, to win your esteem. But I fancy that on the terms suggested he would consent to forego his ambition."

Mr. Benweed heaved a sigh of relief.

"Then write at once and ask him to dine here to-morrow night."



"WHERE IS THE MISCREANT WHO PUSHED ME INTO THAT SAFE?"



THE FARM LABOURER, MOVING AT THE RATE OF TWO MILES AN HOUR, WILL COVER IN FOUR YEARS A DISTANCE EQUAL TO THE CIRCUIT OF THE GLOBE.

How Far Have You Travelled?



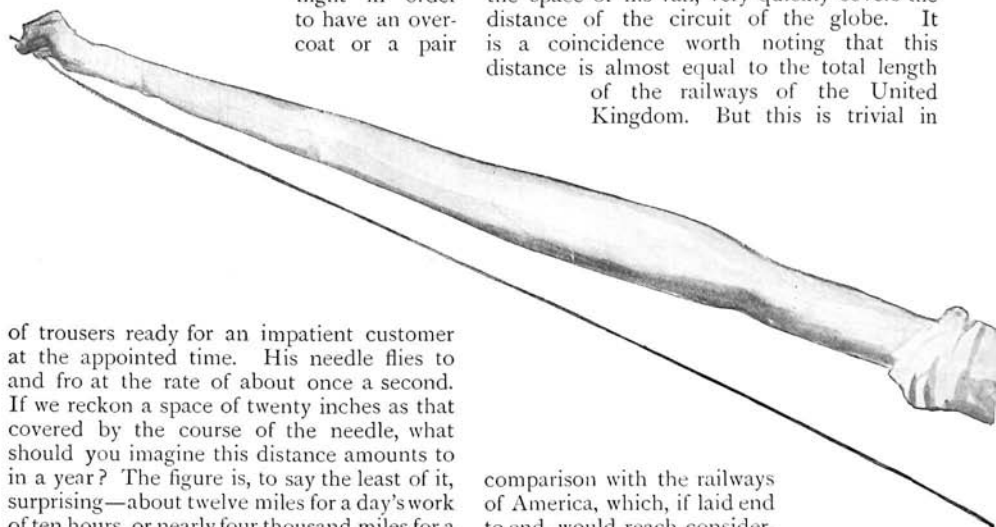
HAVE you ever counted up the number of steps which you have made in the course of one day—in going to business, in walking from one room to another at home, and so on, throughout the course of the day? If you will take the trouble to do so, you will be surprised to find what a distance you have covered without realizing it. Multiply this distance by three hundred and sixty-five, and you will find that it will not require many years before you have made up the twenty-five thousand miles which is equal to the circuit of the globe. Most people would certainly be surprised

if they were informed that during the course of their lives they have walked a distance as great as the length of the Equator. Yet, however sedentary we may be, however little inclined to gain the reputation of a globe-trotter or of an Alpine climber, most of us have, unknown to ourselves, covered a distance equal to the full circuit of the earth, or a climb to the highest mountain peaks in the world. More than that, we have accomplished a task still more colossal. Without having had occasion to explore the unknown regions beneath the crust of the earth, we have descended as far as the depths of the most unfathomable abysses, even as far as the very centre of the earth.

But there are many people who, without actual walking, are constantly moving some portion of their bodies, and these moving portions cover, in the aggregate, an amount of space which is absolutely astounding. Take the case of a man who scarcely moves at all—a tailor. Seated Turkish fashion, he plies his needle from morning to night in order to have an overcoat or a pair

a much greater distance than that of the circuit of the earth. And yet this unconscious hero has scarcely quitted his desk.

There are also many people who, without any great amount of action on their own part, cover in the course of their occupation huge distances at a high speed. The guard of a train, for instance, although restricted to the space of his van, very quickly covers the distance of the circuit of the globe. It is a coincidence worth noting that this distance is almost equal to the total length of the railways of the United Kingdom. But this is trivial in



of trousers ready for an impatient customer at the appointed time. His needle flies to and fro at the rate of about once a second. If we reckon a space of twenty inches as that covered by the course of the needle, what should you imagine this distance amounts to in a year? The figure is, to say the least of it, surprising—about twelve miles for a day's work of ten hours, or nearly four thousand miles for a year of three hundred working days. In a little over six years the tailor's needle, and consequently his hand, will have covered a distance equal to the circumference of the globe!

Many trades, sedentary in appearance, are the cause of a vast amount of motion. The carpenter who drives his plane over the plank, the polisher who leaves it shining like a mirror, the gardener who sweeps the paths, the carpet-layer who drives his nails, the cellarman who puts the wine into bottles, the house-painter who sweeps the wall with his brush, the wood-cutter who wields his axe, the graceful typewriter who, in striking the keys of her machine, unceasingly raises and lowers her delicate fingers—all these people move or cause movement in a part of their person. Add together all these rapid and apparently trivial movements, and you will discover that they cover at least once in the course of a lifetime the long route round the earth. It has been calculated, and the calculation is easy to verify, that the writer with a facile pen who blackens the paper for five hours a day at the rate of thirty words a minute will thus cover a distance of about thirty thousand miles a year by, so to say, mere strength of wrist. That means

comparison with the railways of America, which, if laid end to end, would reach considerably farther than the two hundred and forty thousand miles which is the distance from the earth to the moon!

The case is much the same with the officers of an Atlantic liner. We may mention, for example, one who in the course of his career has covered about three million four hundred thousand miles, which represents one hundred and thirty-eight times the circuit of the globe at the Equator. The record-holder in question is Mr. H. Stevens, formerly the chief steward on the Cunard liner *Lucania*. He was in the service of the company from the time he started life as cabin-boy, and on his retirement he had passed forty years of his life in crossing and recrossing the Atlantic. We may also recall the case of Captain Bennett, who in fifty-three years crossed the Channel no fewer than thirty thousand times.

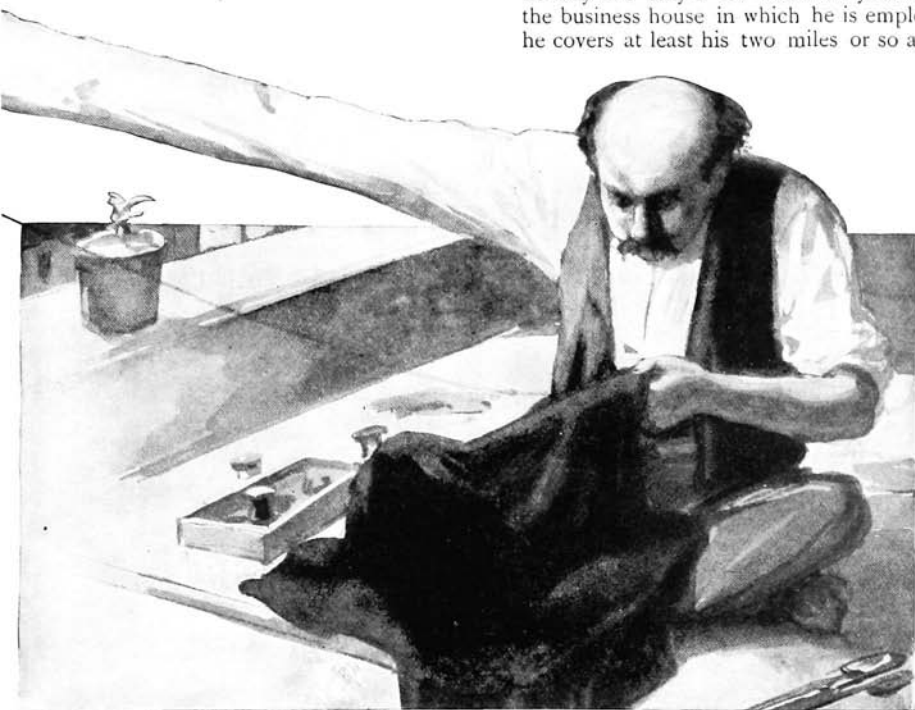
In the same category should be placed the Post Office letter-sorters on trains. Assuming one of these to travel, on an average, four nights out of seven from one year's end to the other. One of the longest English postal services is from London to Lancaster. Going and returning, a sorter on this journey covers

about four hundred and sixty miles, so that he will have accomplished, if we take an average of four journeys a week, seven thousand three hundred and sixty miles per month. That will make, in four months, more than the circumference of the earth, and within a year three times that distance. Thus an old sorter who has been twenty-five years in this service will then have travelled more than seventy-five times the circuit of the earth before retiring on his pension.

And now to return to the people whose occupation involves more or less of actual walking. Consider the humble country postman. Is there any path of life more circumscribed than his? All his life he goes from village to village, from house to house, on foot, or sometimes on a bicycle, with his bag of letters at his back. Starting always at the same hour of the morning, he returns home at the same hour every night. Little does

twelve times. Take, for example, the case of one village postman who, at the age of sixty-nine, is still carrying letters to the worthy villagers. He has behind him fifty years of honest, faithful service. He has worn out his thick-nailed boots over a distance of three hundred and thirty thousand miles. And, without having the slightest idea of what he has accomplished, he has made the circuit of the globe over thirteen times.

The postman, however, is a man of movement. He walks, like the Wandering Jew, every day of his life, and is walking from morning till night. Now consider the case of a man of more sedentary occupation, such, for example, as a City clerk. He leaves home in the morning for his office, he issues from it for luncheon, he returns to it, and finally quits it to go home at night. In the evening perhaps he takes a short walk. Although he may live only a few hundred yards from the business house in which he is employed, he covers at least his two miles or so a day,



IN ABOUT SIX YEARS THE TAILOR'S HAND COVERS A DISTANCE EQUAL TO THAT OF THE EQUATOR.

he think of making the circuit of the globe, confined as he is to his little rustic pathway of life, which would not appear, at first sight, to extend to a very long line of route. Yet at the end of his career that line would stretch round the globe, not once, but ten or

Vol. xl.—73.

his six to seven hundred miles a year. If he begins business at eighteen and retires at sixty-five, this sedentary person at the end of his tranquil career will have more than covered the circuit of the globe. The calculation is easy to verify, yet no one would be

more astonished than the man himself were it placed before his eyes.

Let us now give another example within our knowledge — that of an old workman employed in an ironworks, who has accomplished much more than this without being aware of it. For fifty-five years he has covered twice a day the distance from his village to his place of work and back again, that being about two and a half miles, or ten miles to be covered daily. Reckoning the year as three hundred working days, he has thus covered in fifty-five years a distance of one hundred and sixty-five thousand miles—that is to say, rather more than six and a half times the circumference of the globe. The



A DOCTOR ASCENDS AS MANY STEPS IN SIX WEEKS AS WOULD TAKE HIM TO THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.



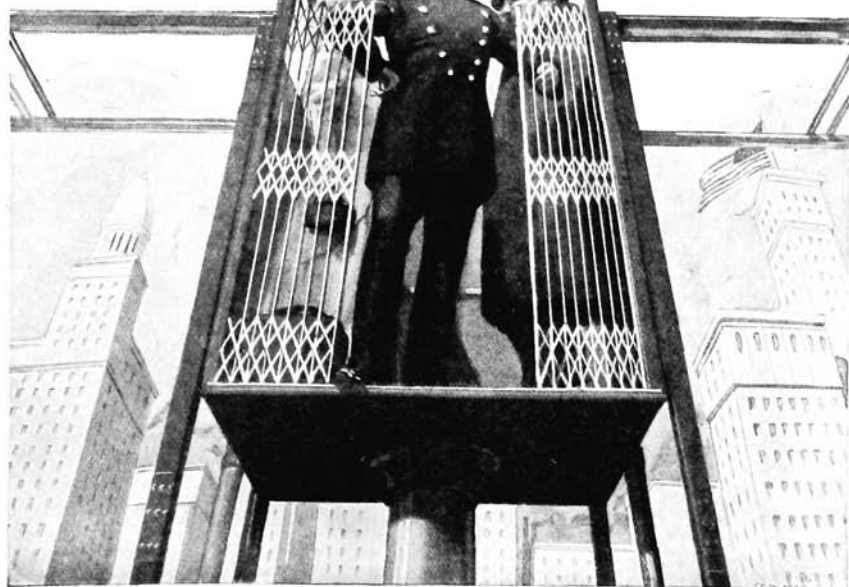
time which he has thus expended, reckoned at three hours a day, represents in fifty-five years the extraordinary figure of forty-nine thousand five hundred hours, or a total of about five years and eight months, passed by this worthy man upon the road, merely in order to reach his work and return home again.

Yet many people find themselves in a still more remarkable position than this workman. The farm labourer, for example, is practically walking all day long. Perhaps he is following with his slow, tranquil steps the plough which is turning the furrow, or maybe he is driving the harrow or scattering the seed. In any case he is walking all the time. In one day, supposing that he were moving at a rate of no more than two miles an hour, he would do his twenty miles, if not more, or, say, six thousand miles a year, which is equal to the circuit of the globe in about four years. If he works for forty years he will cover this distance ten times over without having had the slightest idea that he had accomplished anything wonderful.

And what of those who

pass their existence in ascending and descending? Well, these men climb as far as would soon take them to the giddiest summits of the earth. Consider, for example, the doctor who goes to different floors of various houses to visit the patients under his care. House by house, step by step, he scales perhaps ten or fifteen staircases in the course of the day. He has elevated himself, if we may so express it, four hundred to five hundred feet or more. At the end of the week he will have arrived one-sixth of the way to the summit of Mont Blanc, and in six weeks or so he will easily have attained the summit itself, at an altitude of fifteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-one feet.

The doctor may be called, therefore, a consummate Alpine climber. But there are persons who, in the course of their employment, will in a few years ascend to a distance which would reach the moon. Let us pause before one of the gigantic sky-scrapers of New York—colossal buildings—twice the height of the dome of St. Paul's. An audacious architect has



A LIFT-MAN, IN FIFTEEN YEARS, HAS ASCENDED AS FAR AS THE MOON.

put forward a project to build one of these sky-scrapers to the height of the Eiffel Tower—nearly one thousand feet. Well, in this sky-scra- per there will be from base to summit many lifts which will ascend and descend without ceasing, in order to set down at their respective doors the inhabitants of the gigantic hive.

Let us assign to these lifts ten ascents an hour—which is not excessive—making two hundred and forty for the twenty-four hours, or eighty-seven thousand six hundred ascents a year, representing nearly sixteen thousand miles, or much more than half the circuit of the globe. In less than fifteen years the attendant of one of these lifts will have covered nearly two hundred and forty thousand miles, which represents, approximately, the distance from the earth to the moon.

So much for the man as he ascends. As to his descents, he would have abundance of time by the end of the year not only to cover a distance equal to that which would be required to reach the centre of the earth, but virtually to traverse the earth from side to side.

Let us take another man whose work involves a considerable amount of descending—such, for instance, as a cellar-man. He descends the cellar steps perhaps twenty times a day. If we reckon twenty steps for each flight, this makes four hundred steps in order to descend about one hundred and eighty-five feet. At the end of six months he has unconsciously descended to a much greater depth than that of the most unfathomable gulf of the Pacific Ocean.

The miner, again, every day descends into the depths of the earth in search of coal or iron. Some descend to a depth of from one thousand two hundred feet to one thousand five hundred feet, enclosed in the cage of the lifts which mount and descend almost without

ceasing. Ten or twenty times in the twenty-four hours the workman in charge of the cage makes the descent. If he descends, for example, ten times a day to a depth of one thousand two hundred feet, he will have covered twelve thousand feet. In a little more than four years he would, at this rate, have reached the centre of the earth.

And so in your own case. Whatever your occupation in life may be, make the calculation of the distance you have covered in the course of it, and you will be amazed at the result.

A CELLAR-MAN DESCENDS, IN SIX MONTHS, TO A DEPTH GREATER THAN THAT OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.



A Tiny Flutter.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.



THE REV. JAMES COMBERBATCH sighed deeply as he chipped his second egg and then examined it with a meticulous care quite warranted by his experience of the first. When you have to economize on eggs things are becoming serious. When your wife—whom admittedly you have married upon an income which some skilled mechanics would disdain—has been ordered to Teneriffe by a smug-faced doctor living in Harley Street things are not only serious, but desperate. The Rev. James was a fine specimen of muscular Christianity, who had played football for England, and subsequently engaged in a one-sided fight with disease, ignorance, and vice in a Whitechapel slum. Then Fortune had smiled, exhibiting what James described as a broad grin. He had fallen in love with the sweetest creature, and she had fallen in love with him—head over heels. Jim—nobody ever called him James—had good reason to trust his heels rather than his head. He was a sprinter, as the cups upon his modest sideboard bore witness, and the young lady of his affections moved also as swiftly as Atalanta. They had sprinted into holy matrimony because a distant cousin had offered Jim a small parish in Hampshire, most gratefully accepted. Jim became the vicar of Botley-on-the-Marsh, and within a month was justly esteemed as the most popular man in his parish. His bride became the most popular woman.

Then the jade Fortune made abominable grimaces, obliterating the grin. Mrs. Jim was attacked by influenza, followed by bronchial pneumonia. After many weeks she was to be seen on the vicarage lawn, looking as white and fragile as the blossoms of the Niphétos rose which was the pride of the small garden. To Jim's unspeakable distress she remained white and fragile, and when November came, with its bitter winds and chill rains, Jim took his wife to London and consulted the greatest living authority upon diseases of the throat and lungs. The consultant approved the treatment of the

local doctor, but said emphatically that Mrs. Comberbatch must winter in Teneriffe. Jim nodded and took his wife back to Botley-on-the-Marsh.

Having finished his egg Jim read his letters. One in particular challenged his special attention. Messrs. Bosman, Geldenbaum, and Co. invited the Rev. James Comberbatch to entrust five pounds to their tender care, to be invested by them in Canadian Pacifics, in what the firm was pleased to term a Ten Day Trust. Within ten days the five pounds were certain to show a profit of anything between ten and fifty pounds. Messrs. B., G., and Co., so the letter ran, were in possession of gilt-edged inside information which they wished to share with new clients, who were urged to read the enclosed tributes from old clients, who had received during the past year from Messrs. B., G., and Co. cheques amounting to five hundred and forty-three thousand two hundred and one pounds fourteen shillings and sevenpence.

Jim read the tributes from grateful clients, of which we submit a fair sample :—

“Archdeacon Bulger begs to thank Messrs. Bosman, Geldenbaum, and Co. for their letter of yesterday's date, and to acknowledge cheque for two hundred and seventy-five pounds four shillings and elevenpence, being the profit upon the Ten Day Trust in Steels. The Archdeacon has much pleasure in enclosing his cheque for thirty pounds, representing three shares in the new Ten Day Trust in Trunks.”

The envelope contained more printed matter, which the Rev. Jim perused with ever-increasing interest. Also there was a pamphlet entitled “Chats on Chances and Certainties.” Mr. Emanuel Bosman, the able writer of this financial monograph, demonstrated, even to the intelligence of a country parson, that the chances were *nil* and the certainties illimitable provided clients took prompt advantage of the gilt-edged inside information which appeared to be the inalienable monopoly of Messrs. B., G., and Co.

In letters of scarlet at the bottom of every sheet of paper, and stamped across the front page of the pamphlet, was this reassuring statement: "Your liability is limited—your profit is unlimited."

The Rev. James Comberbatch went to his den and lit a pipe. Parochial matters ought to have engaged his attention, but he read and re-read the letter, circulars, and pamphlet of Messrs. Bosman, Geldenbaum, and Co.

Being a Christian and a gentleman he became convinced of the *bona fides* (their own words) of Messrs. B., G., and Co. Being also as guileless and ingenuous a parson as ever used a safety razor, he was also convinced of his own sharpness and ability to detect and rebuke, if necessary, knaves and villains. As he stroked his smooth, rosy gills, he was reflecting pleasantly that God's good men were to be found everywhere. Bosman and Geldenbaum, for instance—he was beginning to think of them as personal friends—had obviously accumulated an enormous fortune, and were anxious on that account to share their prosperity with less successful fellow-men. Between the lines of every word written by Mr. Emanuel Bosman there breathed a fragrant spirit of philanthropy.

"I'll do it," said the Rev. Jim.

He unlocked a plain deal cupboard and lifted down from the top shelf a small tin box. It contained a note or two, a few sovereigns, many half-sovereigns, and a substantial pile of silver—in all, sixty pounds. This represented the capital of Jim and his wife, a sum laboriously collected. It was just enough to send Alice to Teneriffe for three months; but she would have to go alone, and she was not fit to go alone. The Rev. James subtracted a five-pound note and stared at it. Then he fingered a ten-pound note with trembling fingers. Then he exclaimed desperately, "It's neck or nothing."

Furtively he swept thirty pounds into his pocket and replaced the tin box. The thirty pounds travelled to London that night, confided to the care of Messrs. B., G., and Co.

It is significant that Jim did not tell his dearest little woman about the philanthropists lurking around, but never in, the Stock Exchange, and when he rushed upstairs to kiss her he reminded himself that women, nice women, ought never to be bothered with business.

That afternoon, to his horror and distress, he came within an ace of baptizing a healthy male infant with the name Can. Pacs.

He duly received a very courteous communication from the philanthropists, so courteous indeed, and so insidiously friendly, that the Rev. Jim wrote in reply quite a long letter, setting forth with entire frankness the state of his affairs and the immediate necessity of making sufficient money to take his dear wife to spend the winter and early spring in Teneriffe.

Throughout the following day he was so extremely cheerful that Alice asked him if he had discovered a gold-mine in Botley-on-the-Marsh. He laughed and kissed her thin hand.

"I have a presentiment," he replied. "It's tremendously strong. A bit of luck is on the way to us. This next summer you'll be all there and playing the game of your life at tennis."

Alice smiled faintly, wondering how Jim would play the game of his life if she were not all there.

"Teneriffe will turn you into a female Sandow."

"Teneriffe?"

"That's settled."

"Good gracious! When?"

"I wrote for sailings and so forth this very morning."

"You are sending me—alone?"

"Rather not. I'm going with you."

"But—how?"

"That is my little secret. This is a jolly old world, darling, and there are some good, clever people in it."

"If the good were always clever and the clever always good it would be jollier still."

She smiled maternally at her big, strong Jim; then she said softly, "You are not borrowing money?"

"Who would lend me money?" demanded Jim. "The only article of real value that I possess is a little woman who would be turned down as under weight."

On Sunday Jim had to confess that his attention sadly wandered when he was reading the Psalms, and in the middle of the Second Lesson he blushed to find himself wondering at what price Can. Pacs. would open on Monday. During Friday and Saturday these very active shares had remained "dull."

The *Daily Mail* did not reach Botley-on-the-Marsh till eleven o'clock in the morning, and at eleven precisely Jim happened to be sitting beside his wife's bed. She got up about midday, and Jim, if not otherwise engaged, was in the habit of reading aloud the morning's news. When the paper was brought he tore off the wrapper and glanced at his wife.

"They're expecting a boom in Canadian Pacifics," he remarked casually, as he turned to the second page.

"Who are they, Jim?"

"Men in the know," said Jim, carelessly.

"Why shouldn't he?"

"Does he?" she persisted.

"No—he doesn't."

"I'm glad of that," said Alice. "Alfred is a dear and very clever, but he lost the



"THIS REPRESENTED THE CAPITAL OF JIM AND HIS WIFE, A SUM LABORIOUSLY COLLECTED."

"Do you know men in the know?"

"I know your brother."

This was sinful prevarication, and the Rev. Jim grew still rosier about the gills.

"Does Alfred talk to you about Canadian Pacifics?"

little money he had speculating in Yankees. Now he writes about them, but he doesn't touch them. I was afraid he might have lured you on to—to——"

"To what?"

"To have a tiny flutter."

"What an idea!"

"I should be the last to blame you. Your life has been so dull."

"Till I met you," he amended.

"I have a touch of the gambler in me," continued Alice. "Life is one long or short gamble, anyway. Do I shock you, Jim?"

"Not at all, dearest."

"You look quite distressed."

"How ridiculous!"

From behind the discreet newspaper he wiped a few drops of perspiration from his honest brow. While his Alice was prattling about flutters he had glanced at the second page. Canadian Pacifics, which he had bought at one hundred and eighty-six, were down four points. The headline above the

a promising market. The margin of thirty pounds was gone, but Messrs. B., G., and Co. assured the Rev. James Comberbatch that it would be the easiest thing in the world to recover his loss and make a handsome profit by buying Rock Islands. A telegram form, thoughtfully made out, was enclosed: "Am posting (blank) pounds for operation recommended."

Jim tore up the letter and enclosure. At luncheon Mrs. Comberbatch said that she was expecting her brother Alfred to tea. Alfred, it appeared, would stop the night if his sister could put him up, and return to London on the morrow.

Between luncheon and tea-time Jim attended to parochial matters. When he



"CANADIAN PACIFICS WERE DOWN FOUR POINTS."

money article recorded the slump—"Sharp fall in Canadians. Strong bear attack."

He began to read aloud, and read steadily for an hour. Then he went to his study. Half the money so pinchingly collected had vanished. What was left would not be sufficient to send Alice even to Torquay. He tried to console himself with the thought that in any case she was not strong enough to go alone to Teneriffe. By the noon post came a letter from Messrs. B., G., and Co., who regretted that absolutely unexpected action upon the part of an unscrupulous New York syndicate had affected adversely

got back to the vicarage Alfred was consuming a large whisky and soda, which he described, jocosely, as "cold tea." Somehow to Alice's surprise, Jim said that he would drink "cold tea" also.

"You look pinched," remarked Alfred.

"It's so bitterly cold," Jim replied.

"How is the collection?" demanded Alfred.

"We have sixty pounds," Alice replied.

"I can go alone to Teneriffe. Jim is such a dear old fusser."

"You have sixty-five," said Alfred, flipping a crisp note into his sister's lap. When

husband and wife had refused it and then been chaffed into reluctant acceptance, Alfred said, briskly: "The sooner you're out of Botley-on-the-Marsh the better."

"Yes," said Alice.

Jim stroked his chin. When he had finished the "cold tea," he said nervously to his brother-in-law:—

"Have a smoke in my den, old chap?"

"Thanks," said Alfred. "After dinner I shall give you a cigar—one of the best. That scoundrel Ikey Goldenbaum gave me a box."

"Ikey Goldenbaum?"

"Yes; the Ten Day Trust blackguard, exploiter of blind pools, bogus company-promoter, and world-famous thief."

"You take cigars from him?" asked his sister.

"My child, we journalists take from Ikey anything we can get; we get precious little—except soft soap. Ikey thinks that I might be tempted to write up one of his nefarious schemes. Therefore he presented me with a box of the best cigars as a 'feeler.' In my salad days I should have returned it. Ikey has had some of my shekels. When I wrote to thank him for the Rothschild Imperiales I said quite frankly that I was rejoiced at getting back a bit of my own."

He laughed and followed Jim into his den. A portentous sigh from his big brother-in-law provoked a rebuke:—

"Jim, my lad, what's the use of worrying? To my eye Alice looks a pound or two better. Remember, we're small, but tough. Buck up!"

Jim groaned aloud.

"What's wrong?"

"I've been criminally, fanatically foolish."

He told his story, and Alfred whistled. Then, having a sense of humour, Alfred laughed, although at heart he was as sore as Jim.

"I can't replace it, unless I steal it. I'd like to steal it. There's the organ fund."

"Don't talk rot," said Alfred. "How about insuring your life?"

"I couldn't pay the first premium."

"Your bank——?"

"Overdrawn to the limit. Alice's illness and all that."

"Um!"

"Why was I such a colossal fool?"

Alfred considered the question; then he spoke judicially, and with the authority of the journalist who has seen many men and many cities.

"It's not that you're colossally foolish, but they're so diabolically clever."

"How do they do it?"

"That I can tell you. I have studied this particular firm, and they represent all the other thieves. First and last they make money by advising the public to do the wrong thing. Their trusts and combines are all my eye. Such fellows dare not show their big noses inside the Stock Exchange. All transactions are dealt with in their own bucket-shops. They only deliver shares which are bought outright and paid for." He turned over the beautifully-printed pages of Mr. Emanuel Bosman's monograph. "Some of this is perfectly true. They have gilt-edged inside information. How they get it I'd like to know. They do get it, and then advise their clients to act contrary to it. See? When they lose they pay up, and advertise every cheque they sign. If things went utterly to pot they would skip, and begin operations elsewhere under another name. These particular robbers spend a fortune in advertising; they pester parsons and maiden aunts and schoolmasters and retired officers and all other green things of this earth. They know that your plucked pigeon pretends he's only moulting, and they always keep just within the law. You can't make them disgorge anything except cigars. Have one now?"

"It would choke me," said Jim.

"A man of your religious convictions can reflect that some day Emanuel Bosman will burn nearly as well."

"I must tell Alice."

"That is for you to decide. I shouldn't. Why cheapen yourself in the sight of the one and only who reckons you're perfection?"

"I could punch Goldenbaum's head."

"You could," said Alfred, critically. "Thousands throughout the land would love to see you do it. If the affair was properly handled, what a 'gate' we should have! It would be easy to fill the Albert Hall at half a crown a head."

"If you choose to poke fun——"

"I am quite serious. The thing can be pulled off privately. Ten men I know would weigh in with a tenner apiece if you promised to do the subject justice. Unfortunately—there's Alice and the ha'penny Press. I can visualize the headline, 'A Punch from a Parson; Chances, Certainties, and Comberbatch.' What a scoop!"

"I shall retrieve that thirty pounds," said Jim, setting his jaw.

"Never!"

"Within twenty-four hours."

"Jim, old man, I've seen you go through

scrum with a couple of Internationals on your back. I've a most enormous respect for your muscular development, but my respect for Ikey's brains is even greater. You can't get even with him."

"I shall try." Jim clenched his fist and regarded it grimly; then he glanced at his

please. By the way, you dropped this money over Can. Pacs. G. and B. are amazing. Their information *is* gilt-edged."

Alfred departed by the early train, and the Rev. Jim, who saw him off, returned to the vicarage to make full confession of his folly



"I'VE BEEN CRIMINALLY, FANATICALLY FOOLISH."

right boot, as stout an article as ever came out of an honest cobbler's shop.

"In the end you'll discover that you've been hitting and kicking Alice."

"I suppose you're right."

"If you doubt it, submit the case to your bishop."

"I shall submit it to Alice."

"To-morrow morning, after I have left,

and be comforted with the sweet kisses of forgiveness. Alice would deal lightly with him, that he knew, but he could not deal lightly with himself, and the more he thought of what had passed the more intense became his conviction that nothing short of personal violence would meet the exigencies of the case. Jim summed up: "If I can't send my little woman to Teneriffe I'll kick

Emanuel Bosman to Jericho!" He ascended the stairs slowly instead of mounting them swiftly and two at a time. Alice raised her delicate brows when he entered.

"I believe you are ill," she said, anxiously. "I'm sure you have a high temperature."

"I'm simply boiling with rage," Jim answered, between his teeth. "Yesterday I was ready to rob my own church; to-day I want to commit murder."

Then he told his story for the second time, and Alice asked to see the letter, circulars, and the monograph upon "Chances and Certainties." Also she kissed Jim, and for the first time her kisses positively hurt him. He winced beneath her kind words and glances.

"That you should have married such an idiot!"

She kissed him again and then said: "Alfred thinks that B. and G. really know what is likely to happen, and then advise the public to do the wrong thing?"

"That's it—the scoundrels!"

She kissed him again, trying to smooth the wrinkles from his forehead. Just at that moment a sharp tap on the door drove the pair from the paradise which has no room for three.

"Come in," said Jim, irritably.

"A telegram, sir. The boy is waiting."

Jim opened the tawny envelope and read:—

"Big rise in Rock Islands absolute certainty. Will buy on wire from you. Ten pounds controls one thousand pounds. If cash follows wire, allow you personally thirty pounds credit. Gilt-edged opportunity.—BOSBAUM."

"Bosbaum" was the code address of the philanthropists.

"Tell the boy to go," growled Jim, as he handed the telegram to his wife. The maid saw that the fire needed attention. She put some coal on. As she moved to the door Alice said, decisively:—

"Tell the boy to wait, and bring me a telegram form."

"Yes, m'm."

"No use wiring what you think of 'em," said Jim, gloomily. "I thought of that."

Once more he clenched his mighty fist and glanced at his right boot.

Mary brought the form and a pencil. This is what Alice wrote:—

"Very many thanks for kind advice. Will act on it promptly.—COMBERATCH."

"But——," said Jim, utterly confounded.

"Shush-h-h! That's all, Mary."

"Very good, m'm."

As the maid closed the door Alice said quietly, "In the memorandum book on my desk is Alfred's code address, which I have never used. Will you get it?"

Jim got it. There was a note in Alice's voice which somehow compelled obedience. When he handed her the book, which he had not found at once, he saw to his still further confounding that she had filled up two telegram forms. Without a word she handed them to her husband. He read, with his big, blue eyes popping out of his head:—

"Sell at once as many Rock Islands as a thirty-pound margin will cover and control. Money follows by post. Bosbaum urges buying. Thirty pounds no good to us. If slump follows close deal at your discretion. We want one hundred and twenty pounds.—JAMES AND ALICE COMBERATCH."

"Get on your bike," said Alice, in the same quiet but commanding tone, "and see that my bad writing is dispatched correctly."

"But——"

"No time for talking. Act!"

Jim said afterwards that he felt as if a major prophet was speaking through his Alice's lips. He left the room, and his wife smiled when she heard a reassuring crash which meant that the old International had taken the first flight of stairs at one bound. She muttered to herself:—

"I always wanted one tiny flutter."

The telegram from Bosbaum had been received at eleven twenty-five. At a quarter-past twelve another message from the famous firm was delivered at Botley-on-the-Marsh.

"Cannot understand your telegram. Await further instructions. Reply paid.—BOSBAUM."

Alice, with what Jim described later as the smile of one who listens to celestial strains, filled in the blank form:—

"Have acted already on your kind advice. Thanks, and thanks again.—COMBERATCH."

At luncheon a wire from Alfred gave to this loving pair a really remarkable appetite for an Irish stew not too admirably cooked:—

"Have sold a bear Rock Islands. Slump impending. Proud of both of you.—ALFRED."

"I feel extraordinarily well," said Alice, as she watched Jim attacking the cheese. "You have kept me so quiet that perhaps this tiny flutter was just the tonic I needed." As she spoke her pretty eyes sparkled, and into her wasted cheeks flowed the faintest, most delicate tinge of pink.

Three exciting days followed. Rock



"THE OLD INTERNATIONAL HAD TAKEN THE FIRST FLIGHT OF STAIRS AT ONE BOUND."

Islands fell, tried to struggle upwards, and fell again. Alfred had sold at forty-five, and eventually he bought in at thirty-seven. The cheque which he delivered in person at Botley-on-the-Marsh was a few shillings short of a hundred and fifty pounds.

And the surprising thing is that Alice did not go to Teneriffe after all. The tiny flutter healed her lungs; and next summer, as Jim had predicted, Alice played the game of her life at tennis, and Jim, no mean performer, giving and owing fifteen, had his work cut out to beat her. She says now that the miracle of

healing began when she wrote to Messrs. Bosman, Geldenbaum, and Co. the letter which we venture to set forth unabridged. It ran:—

"Dear Sirs,—My husband, the Rev. James Comberbatch, and I feel that our cordial thanks are due to your firm. Immediately after our first business transaction in Canadian Pacifics we became convinced that your 'inside' information was indeed gilt-edged. With absolute confidence in your ability to predict which way the Yankee cat was likely to jump, we read your letter of recent date and the telegrams which followed urging us to *buy* Rock Islands for a substantial rise. Without losing a precious minute we instructed our own broker to *sell* this particular stock, and reaped thereby a very handsome profit. Please continue sending us your circulars and telegrams. We have had our tiny flutter, but we promise to circulate your printed matter amongst less fortunate neighbours. Anything from the able pen of your Mr. Emanuel Bosman will have most careful attention.

"It may interest you to learn that our new

Persian cat—a terror to all country mice—will be known hereafter as Emanuel. The youngest, greediest, and fattest of our litter of piglets has just been christened Ikey. The thoroughbred Yorkshire tyke, bought with a portion of our profits—a terrier of really un-Christian acuteness—answers proudly to the name of Bosbaum. Thus we shall try to keep ever green the memory of your courtesy and kindness.

"With deepest gratitude,

"Very thankfully yours,

"ALICE COMBERBATCH."

Fashions That Have Failed.

By A. DRYSDALE - DAVIES.



O, monsieur," remarked the Marquise d'Hautpoul to M. Worth on a famous occasion, "this is the robe you wish me to wear?"

"*Madame est la reine des modes,*" responded the

couturiers, aided and abetted by some lady in high life conspicuous for her sartorial taste, have evolved. This general design is called the "feature" or the "outline" *à la mode*. Even now the "feature" for 1911 is being decided—whether woman's dress shall be full or close-fitting, whether

costumier.

"Possibly," rejoined the lady, dryly, "but the Queen of Fashion does not wish to precipitate a revolution in the Rue de la Paix." The dress was removed, the materials were refashioned, and thus perished another "creation" which might have set all Paris, London, Vienna, and New York by the ears.

Curious indeed, could it be written, is the story of fashions that have failed. All the year round a thousand dressmakers are busy ringing the changes on that one ingenious general design which a little coterie of Parisian



THE "BALLOON HIPS" MODE.

high-waisted or low-waisted, short in the skirt or long; copious or scant as to sleeve. And then, after much deliberation, the great lady who is to introduce it may refuse to wear it; and so, after a struggle to save it by an actress or two, the new "feature" vanishes into the limbo of failures.

Within the past five years there have been many such failures. For a time it seemed as if the Empire mode would never secure favour; then the "hobbled skirt" had its critical moment, and even now it cannot be said fully to have succeeded.

Indeed, it is a question whether the unsuccessful inventions of the dress-makers are not so the fashions that have triumphed in the proportion of ten to one. Five years ago there was an attempt to put through what was described as "balloon hips." Many and frequent have been the efforts since to introduce this style, but so far without success. The principle is shown in many of the fashion-plates which accompany this article, all, be it observed, representing actual designs of



EVENING TOILETTE WITH TRIANGULAR COIFFURE.



DESIGNED FOR MISS LILY ELSIE, BUT DISCARDED AS "TOO PRONOUNCED."

"fashions that have failed." Perhaps its most exaggerated and bizarre form is to be seen in our first illustration, and yet it cannot be said that there is anything repellent or ungraceful about the general effect. Compare it with the inflated farthingale of Elizabethan fashion! As to the hat displayed therewith, it would appear to be inspired by the shovel-hat of the priests, the interior of the shovel being filled by a mass of plumes. An evening variant of the balloon-hipped skirt is seen in the next plate, whose wearer also exhibits a style of coiffure which may properly be described as flamboyant. A truly Elizabethan fullness is not lacking in the design on the next page, the overskirt apparently being extended by crinoline, the tenuity of the skirt

proper lending an aspect of far greater grace to this style than that of the mid-Victorian. Indeed, though this fashion was stifled at its birth, if it may ever have

nothing more extravagant in these modes than in those which have actually obtained currency.

At the time when "Chantecler" promised



A COSTUME OF ELIZABETHAN OPULENCE WITH HIGH-CROWNED HAT.

been born at all, it is not improbable that it will, like many others here shown, ultimately secure a vogue. For intrinsically there is

to be the rage the Parisian dressmakers were at their wits' end to devise something which should express a flamboyant grace and a



TWO COSTUMES WHICH SHOW THE DISTENDED OVERSKIRT—NOTE THE PLUME IN THE "MORION" CAP.

sort of gallinaceous impudence, and this gave rise to the three or four suggested styles illustrated. The main "feature" is the bell-shaped overskirt, the brown and green silk of the one with the feather in her crest having a decidedly hen-pheasant appearance. The bell of another skirt is achieved by flounced gradations; and here, too, we are afforded a first glimpse of the pointed head-gear which only needs a beautiful duchess or two to render the prevailing fashion.

A famous sartorial authority is said to have remarked: "The modern woman has foolishly given up ribbons. She had better return to them, for there is great beauty in a ribbon." He was probably thinking, not of finicking little ribbons, but of the broad and graceful sweep of the sash ribbon, or, perhaps, of the opulent love-knot on the

turban variety. Another style which may secure the favour which was denied it at first is the high crown narrow-brimmed Charles II. hat, for which success is ultimately predicted because it is so suitable for a certain order of beauty.

For autumn coats, redingotes, spencers, and ben-jamins many varieties have been designed which the

shoulder, as depicted on the following page. At all events, the broad ribbon at the neck has already come into vogue, although so far the wearing of it to the extent of a yard or two suspended from the back of the hat, the bosom, or the shoulder has not received fashionable encouragement. But why should it not? It is undeniably graceful, and if of black lends a marked touch of contrast to the general attire.

It is curious that the high conical hat is about the only shape that has not met with the favour of the elect. Yet, as we may see, there are effective possibilities in this style, whether of felt with a broad brim or the



A "CHANTECLER" EFFORT THAT FAILED.



A FLAMBOYANT CONFECTION IN VARIOUS SHADES OF GREEN WHICH MIGHT HAVE PROVED POPULAR.

high-priestesses of fashion have obstinately refused to wear. Take, for instance, the fetching pale-green surtout, with the flowing skirt, frogged and gold-braided, and with lapels faced with darker green, of the same hue as the sash belt. Could anything on a chill autumn day be more seductive?

Vol. xl.—75.

The full coal-scuttle hat of brown straw, with a green feather, does it not provide becoming and umbrageous shelter to a pretty face? Of another, a triple-decked benjamin, bound by a sash, much, too, might be said; although, of course, much depends upon the wearer. But is this not true of any extreme fashion, even those that are at this moment current amongst us? At all



SUGAR-LOAF TURBAN WITH TRIPLE-GATHERED SKIRT.



A REMINISCENCE OF ELIZABETHAN AND CAROLEAN COSTUME.

glory" of the sex staggers and grows pale and thin. One season it leaps protuberant from her brow; in another it retires in Greek confusion. So far the "Russian mediæval haircut," as it is called in America, has been confined to children, but already one or two pretty Parisiennes have made a public appearance in a coiffure on these lines,



A BROWN STRAW OF ORIGINAL DESIGN.



A CONICAL HAT WHICH MAY YET SUCCEED.

events, here the conical hat, with a feather starting saucily from its apex, has enough intrinsic merit, if only of novelty, to become popular. Perhaps the same cannot be said of the tailor-made coat, something of military cut, which appears a thought too mannish when donned in conjunction with a coiffure suggestive of Liszt or Rubinstein, and the Charles II. sugar-leaf hat.

Which brings us to the subject of coiffure. Coiffures are perpetually changing. One year the hair of womankind shows an amazing and fertile exuberance. Next year the "crowning

which may, one fears, become prevalent. Again, is there not plenty of room for lateral expansion? Not long since Europe was threatened with the Merode coiffure, which, after all, was not so different from the mid-Victorian idea in its simplicity, not to say severity. Depend upon it, however, some of the old coiffures, timidly tried every year and rejected, will



AN AUTUMN COAT WITH FLOWING SKIRT WHICH NEVER SAW THE LIGHT.

a pretty woman looks pretty in anything, no matter how extravagant. And as for those who are not blessed with beauty, there is still the charm of novelty. Change is the normal rule of life, and were woman's wits and fingers not constantly employed in ringing the changes in her outer garb, this world would be a far less exciting place than it is.

eventually return for a further spell of prosperity.

As for the Elizabethan ruff, that is bound to recur. Brought in modestly at first, as it has been occasionally during the past twenty years, it may in all likelihood attain such proportions that the Virgin Queen herself would be the first to cry, "Out upon such fashions, they make us women more absurd than zanies at the fair!"

Such then are the vicissitudes of feminine fashion. It is an ancient axiom that



A FETCHING SEASIDE COSTUME VANISHED INTO LIMBO.



A TREBLE-DECKED SKIRT AND NOVEL HAT FOR STREET WEAR.

A Palace for the King.



THE remark attributed to the late Queen Victoria, in conversation with the Duchess of Sutherland, "I live in a house and call it a palace; you live in a palace and call it a house," only expresses an obvious truth. The British Empire, the greatest and most opulent the world has ever seen, lodges its monarch in the Empire's

memorial of His late Majesty Edward VII. Buckingham Palace, where he dwelt and died, should be rebuilt on a scale of fitting splendour, has aroused great interest in art circles. Numerous plans have been proposed publicly and privately, which resolve themselves into some half-a-dozen definite ideas. These ideas have been carried out for the purposes of this article in THE STRAND MAGAZINE by Mr. Adrian Berrington.

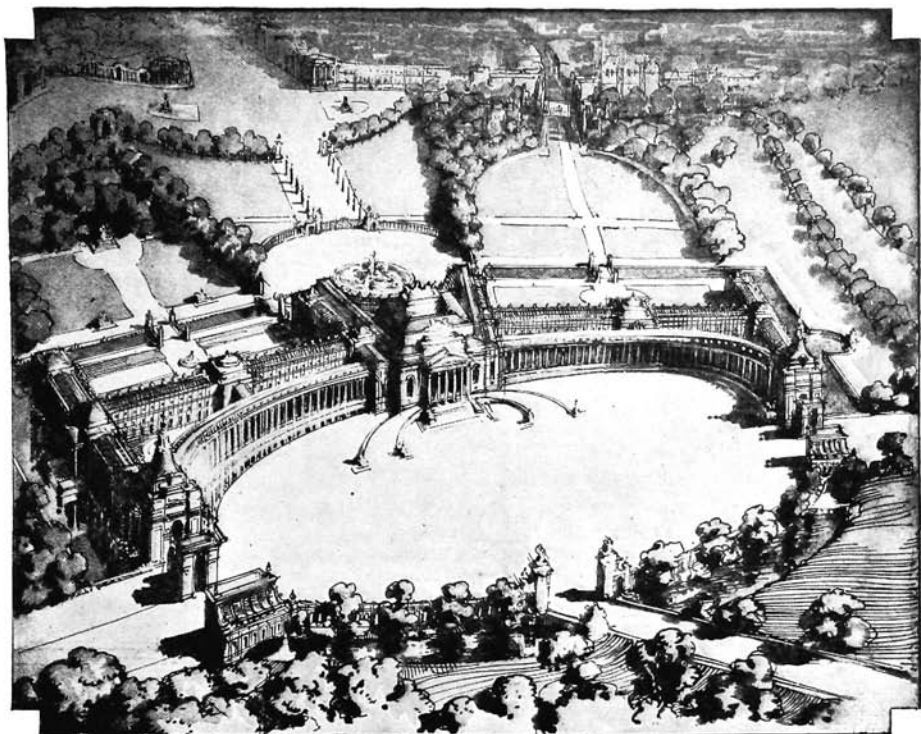


THE CAPITOL DESIGN, THE POSITION BEING THE SAME AS THAT OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.
"Nothing is comparable to it in sheer majesty."

populous capital in a style befitting a third-rate Power. Nothing so disappoints the friendly stranger, nothing has evoked so much criticism, as that bare, brown, and gloomy pile known as Buckingham Palace.

The suggestion, therefore, that as a

There is every reason to believe that England is waking up to an appreciation of its architectural needs. London within the last decade or two is becoming rapidly filled with beautiful buildings. The imposing character of many of these, such as the



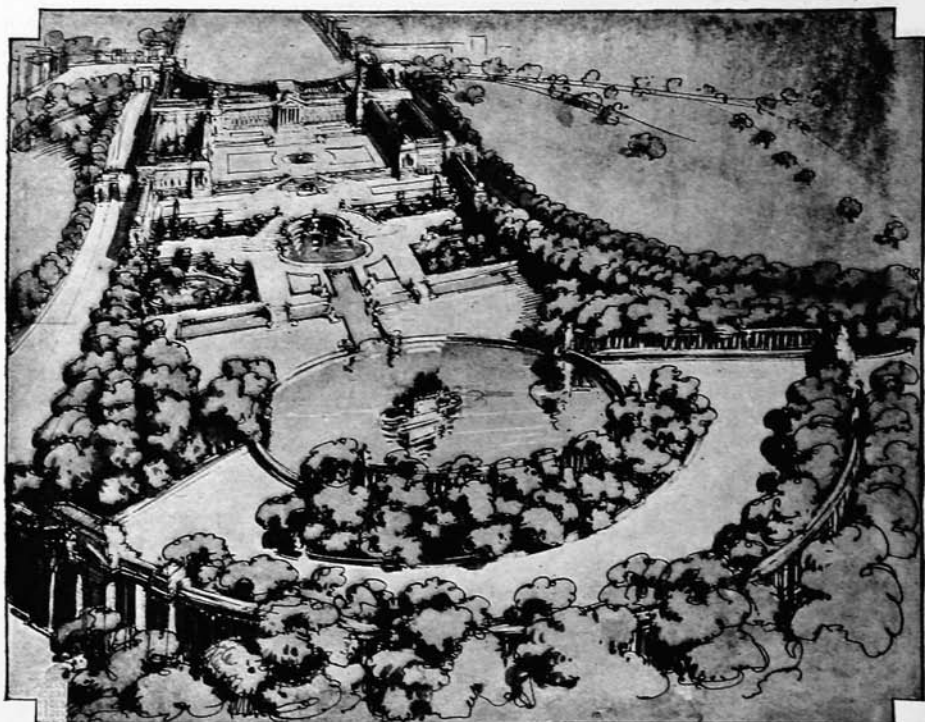
THE NEW BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LOOKING TOWARDS HYDE PARK CORNER.

"We should have the most imposing palace in the world at a cost of ten million pounds."

Imperial Institute, the Westminster Cathedral, the Victoria and Albert Museum, even of many of the hotels, shops, and theatres, only serves to emphasize the shortcomings of the dwelling we assign as a residence to the greatest monarch in the world, the head and symbol of the might and majesty of the British Empire. Buckingham House was purchased by George III. in 1761 for twenty-one thousand pounds and presented to his youthful Queen, Charlotte. Her Majesty, we are told, was so much pleased with it as a town residence that it was immediately fitted up with selected furniture from the other palaces, and ornamented with some of the best pictures in the Royal collection. The intention of the Royal pair in thus selecting a residence distinct from the official palace, as St. James's may be styled, was evidently to retire from Court etiquette to domestic tranquillity, except when the forms of State required the assumption of regal ceremony. Gradually Buckingham Palace became enlarged and improved, especially within, and the present extensive grounds added, until it is what we see it to-day.

Upon one thing certain designers of a Royal palace are agreed—that Buckingham Palace should form the groundwork and basis of the new pile. There is the site; there is even a palatial interior, full of spacious and splendid apartments, galleries, and staircases, with pillared porticoes and frescoed ceilings. How to utilize this site and this interior to the greatest advantage and most striking effect? Others believe it should be wholly superseded, and only the materials employed. In one quarter the "Capitol design" shown on the first page of this article is favoured. The architect who favours it writes: "If America had borrowed nothing more from ancient Rome than this dome-capping Empire idea in public architecture the debt would be great, for nothing is comparable to it in sheer majesty. I would suggest that the dome be surmounted by the Imperial orb, and that the building be much farther back than the present Palace, the site of which would afford a large open space in front."

Think of what it would mean to Londoners, to Englishmen, to visitors from afar, if such an imposing structure as this, well worthy

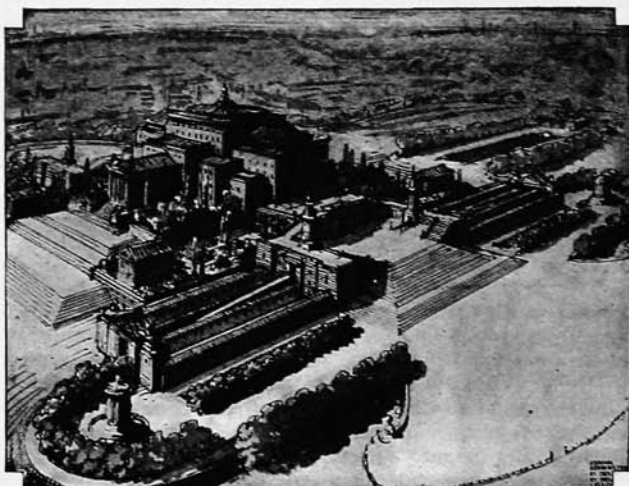


A PALACE DESIGNED ACCORDING TO THE ITALIAN TRADITION.

"This magnificent pile would be built at the north end of the site, with a series of terraced gardens to the south."

of Imperial London, were set in its midst. The capital of the British Empire has been called a congeries of villages. There is no great public work, no great building to dominate it as the Capitol at Washington dominates that city. Yet St. Paul's certainly dominates the City proper, and the Houses of Parliament the Westminster quarter. But

when we come to the buildings in what we might call the palatial district of London there is little which is truly impressive to meet the eye. Buckingham Palace may have served admirably for the eighteenth century; but in view of the great growth in metropolitan art and splendour an advance—even one as marked as this—is demanded.



THE ACROPOLIS DESIGN.

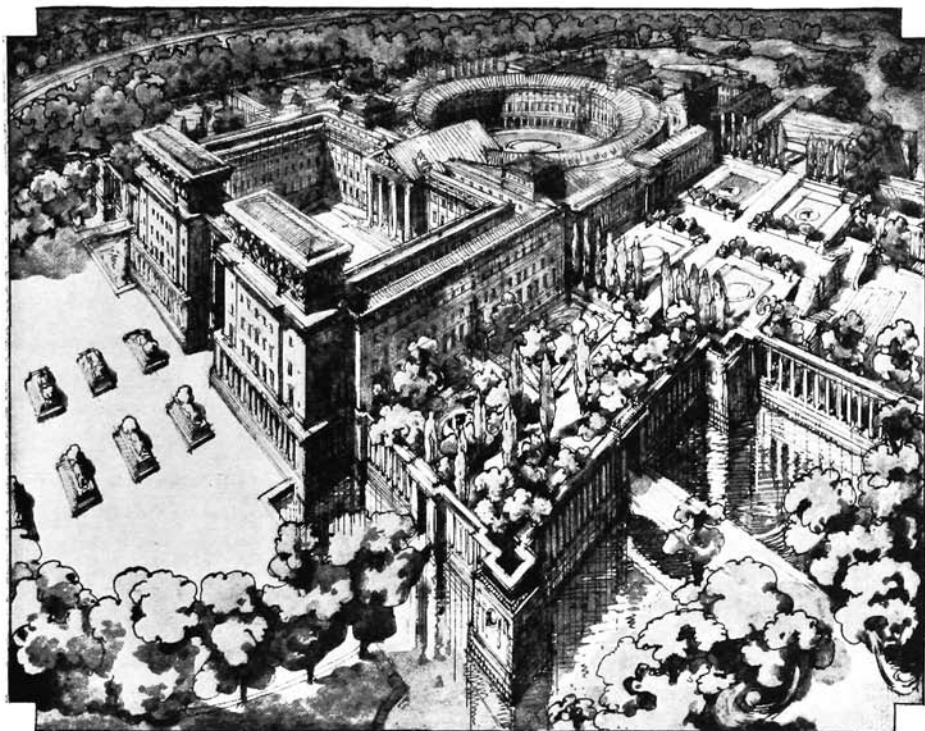
"Much may be said for this idea on the score of grandeur."

Another suggests the Acropolis idea. The distinguishing feature of this would be innumerable courtyards, a "skyline" of temple above temple, and choragic monuments. "I offer this suggestion as that of a truly Imperial palace. In its main lines it could be designed by an Imperial architect, the Colonies and dependencies supplying details of the component parts, thus giving variety and maintaining interest with emulation on the part of the 'sister-nations' contributing." Certainly much may be said for the idea on the score of grandeur.

Why, indeed, should not the Colonies, the

that the capital had made a staggering advance. Yet it would require the standpoint—or should we say the sitting point?—of an aeroplane or an airship to grasp all the essential features of such a wondrous pile.

There are others, however, who regard it as essential that the whole quarter of the Palace should be reconstructed and a large oval space be created, bounded on the north by the Palace and on the south by an extension of the lake in St. James's Park. On the east of this oval space the Mall would run, and on the west a continuation of Eaton Square. "If this were adopted," writes its



ONE SCULPTOR OF THE NEW BUCKINGHAM PALACE GOES BACK TO THE EGYPTIAN CONCEPTION.

"Magnitude is magnificence. A 'place' with an avenue of couchant lions, pylons and forecourt being constructed to a huge scale."

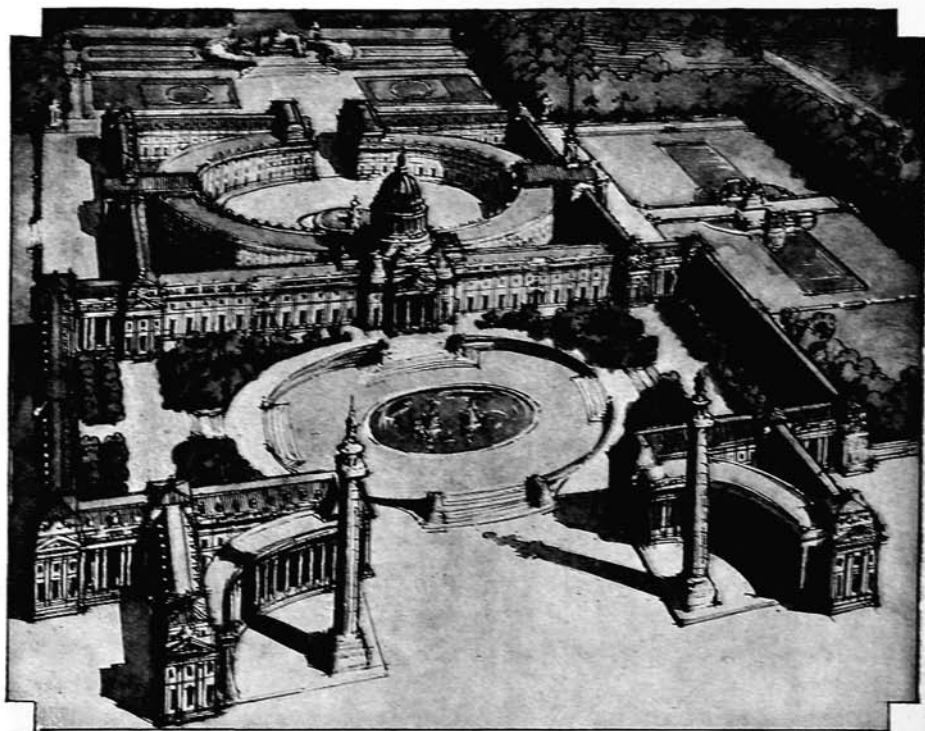
great British Empire, contribute to a work of art which should surpass Versailles and the palaces of the Louvre and Luxembourg? Imagine the Londoner of the good mid-Victorian days travelling by a rumbling penny 'bus drawn by jaded horses in a thick nineteenth century fog and suddenly, as the fog lifted and the sun peered through, being confronted with such a vision of architectural drawing as this. He would indeed think

enthusiastic proposer, "we should have the most imposing palace in the world." He adds that the cost would be great—say, ten million pounds—but that there are "many of the King's subjects—say, the Duke of Westminster or Lord Strathcona—who could, if they chose, build such a place for themselves."

Others who would like to see a nobly-built palace will be attracted by a plan carrying on

the Italian tradition of palaces. This magnificent pile it is proposed to build at the north end of the site, with a series of terraced gardens to the south. Instead of the oval place of the foregoing conception, there would be a circular lake with a road going round south of it, severed from the garden by a colonnade and trees. Further rows of trees and colonnades would shut off Buckingham Gate and Victoria.

one, for those more privileged, or the specially invited. The third court, situated on higher ground, would contain the Royal residence proper. Beyond is shown a garden so lofty as not to be overlooked, with terraced gardens on either side. Naturally, to carry out such a scheme as this would involve an enormous expenditure, and, although the result would be one of the wonders of the world, it is doubtful whether, in this age



A DESIGN, FACING DUE SOUTH, IN THE STYLE OF INIGO JONES'S SCHEME FOR WHITEHALL.

"The main entrance would be flanked by triumphal columns representing the Navy and Army."

"Too much Greece and too much Rome" is the judgment of one eminent artist on the foregoing plans. "In going back to Egypt and the 'temple' idea the sculptor of the new Buckingham Palace would be doing a much finer—a much grander thing and one appealing more powerfully to history and imagination. Briefly, the conception is that of a 'place' with an avenue of couchant lions, pylons and forecourt being constructed to a huge scale. "Magnitude is magnificence." The first court shown in this particular design would be for the multitude; the second, the circular

of utility, such expenditure would receive countenance, labour being with us not the trivial consideration it was to the rulers of Egypt.

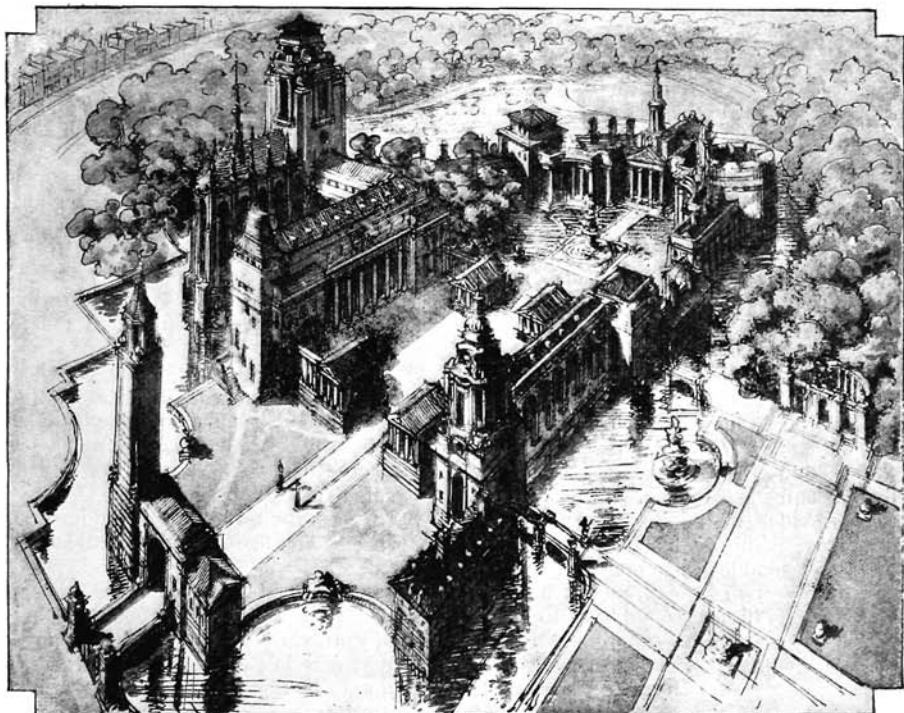
A far more practical and less extravagant idea for a palace is that of the Restoration tradition, which is understood to be favoured by several members of the Royal Academy. This would be built in the same style as Inigo Jones's design for Whitehall, of which we possess a worthy sample in the Banqueting Hall, Whitehall. The main entrance would be flanked by triumphal columns representing the Navy and Army, and would be looking

southward and out upon a "place," as in the third design reproduced.

To those with whom none of the plans we have discussed find favour, there may be something to commend itself in that next given, which might not unfairly be described as "romantick and fantastick." The nearest similitude to such a building extant, though, of course, on a much smaller scale, is that of the palace of Chantilly, which King Edward is known to have much admired. But the great feature—really the essential—of such

designs the moat plays a prominent part. Although much thought has been expended upon the Palace itself, water and trees are very properly regarded as a powerful component and essential to all the schemes.

Interesting as it would be to know which Palace most meets the favour of STRAND readers, still more interesting would it be to learn the opinion of the proposed Royal occupant, His Majesty himself. Would not the very magnificence—the opulence of scale and lavishness of material itself—be too over-



A PALACE ON THE DESIGN OF THAT AT CHANTILLY SO GREATLY ADMIRIED BY KING EDWARD.

"The buildings embody the accretions of many epochs—growing slowly from age to age; only then, it is to be feared, do they become really beautiful and significant."

buildings as that of Chantilly is that they are not planned as a whole. Their success is due to the fact that they embody the accretions of many epochs—growing slowly from age to age; only then, it is to be feared, do they become really beautiful and significant. Yet it cannot be denied that such a Buckingham Palace as this would be beautiful, and one can only regret that one of our Norman Kings did not centuries ago lay the nucleus of such a structure.

It will be noticed that in three of these

powering? Unless, indeed, behind these imposing façades, in the depths of this wilderness of marble, there was hidden the true dwelling of as simple, home-loving a monarch as was his ancestor George III., where the unpretentious essentials of domestic comfort, the modest accessories of the true British home might be found and enjoyed. The setting might then be as gorgeous as British art could execute and British pride demand, so long as the arcanum and jewel were there and intact.

QUITS.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

Illustrated by S. Davis.



HEY were both presumably seeking shelter, only whereas the girl achieved it in a scientific and exceedingly feminine fashion, the man stood half exposed to the driving rain, and with the drops from a chink in the awning falling fast down his neck. There came a time—she was proverbially a soft-hearted little woman—when she could stand it no longer.

"Monsieur will be wet through!" she exclaimed, timidly. "There is plenty of room. Here where I am standing it is quite dry."

He moved his position slightly with some muttered word of thanks, half careless, half sulky. Then he chanced to catch a glimpse of her face by the light of the glittering gas-jet, and he was at once ashamed of his surliness. He raised his hat and did his best to seem grateful.

"Very kind of you to notice," he said. "I will come and stand by you, if I may."

By his side she appeared smaller than ever. He was not only tall, but broad in proportion; good-looking enough in a negative, boyish sort of fashion, though just now the scowl upon his face would have disfigured the countenance of an Adonis. She was quite small, quietly but somewhat shabbily dressed, her cheeks white with the pallid complexion of an unhealthy life, large, soft brown eyes, and a tremulous mouth. The man, as was common with him—his best quality, perhaps—forgot himself.

"You seem tired," he remarked.

"Not more than usual," she replied. "I think I am hungry. I was on my way to dinner when the rain came on."

She looked anxiously outside. The young man seemed struck with a sudden idea.

"Do you know," he said, "I believe that's what's the matter with me. Let's go and dine somewhere together."

"Thank you," she answered; "I could not do that."

"Why not?" he urged. "I have just one five-pound note left in the world, and I am

longing to spend it. Come with me, and we'll get the best dinner Luigi can give us."

She frowned at him a little disapprovingly.

"If you were thinking of spending five pounds upon a dinner," she declared, "I consider that you are very reckless. I should not think," she added, severely, "of going anywhere with anybody who had such ideas."

He looked her over curiously.

"Come, then," he said, "you were going somewhere to dine. Why mayn't I go with you?"

She laughed softly.

"You wouldn't care to," she answered.

"Try me," he begged. "If I am really to take care of my five-pound note, I must go somewhere cheap."

"I generally go to Pierelli's, in Oxford Street," she told him. "One pays eighteenpence, and there is a glass of wine included."

He hailed a passing taxicab, which drew up before them. Even then she hesitated for a moment.

"I pay for my own dinner," she insisted.

"Just as you like," he answered, laughing at her.

In the restaurant, which was hot and crowded, they were lucky enough to find a retired corner, which a noisy little company of diners were just evacuating. There was no ordering to be done. They just sat still and waited for what was brought to them.

"Macaroni!" he exclaimed. "How good it is, too! I certainly was hungry. Listen, little mortal!"

"I am listening," she assured him.

"I am going to introduce myself," he said.

"My name is Clifford Ford. I am twenty-five years old, and I have been a failure at everything I have tried. To tell you the truth, I have been waiting for the last three years for an uncle to die and leave me fifty thousand pounds. He died last month and left me—a hundred pounds."

"And what have you done with the hundred pounds?" his very practical companion demanded.

He leaned back in his seat and roared

with laughter. "I have spent it," he declared at last, "all except the five-pound note I told you about. I haven't even been able to pay my bills."

She looked at him for a moment with a little less favour.

"My name," she said, "is Gertrud Huber. I come from Switzerland, as I dare say you could tell from my accent. I am a typist at the Milan Hotel. I earn only thirty-two shillings a week, but I live with a very pleasant family at Denmark Hill, and I take care never to owe anything. I do not think it is right to owe money one cannot pay."

"I don't suppose it is," he admitted, suddenly sobered. "It depends upon one's bringing up, though, doesn't it?"

"Perhaps so," she assented. "My father and my mother were very strict when we were children. I think that it is best so."

The head waiter, in passing, stopped to pay his respects to her. Clifford Ford took the opportunity to watch her for a moment unnoticed. She was very neat, but she wore no ornaments. Her pallor was unnatural. It spoke of bad ventilation, lack of fresh air and exercise. It was a pity. She would have been so pretty.

"You dine here every night, I suppose?" he asked, when the man had passed on.

"Nearly every night," she answered.

"And alone?"

She flushed—most becomingly, but she was not pleased.

"I do not think that you should ask me that," she replied.

He apologized humbly. She inclined her head.

"It was foolish of me, perhaps, to mind," she said, slowly. "If it interests you really to know, I had three invitations to dinner this evening."

"And you did not accept one of them?" he remarked, curiously. "You chose to dine here alone? Why?"

"I will tell you, if you like," she answered, simply. "The invitations came from my clients—the men for whom I do typing in the hotel. I should never dream of accepting favours from any one of them. I have nothing to give in return. I do not care to be under an obligation. I came here with you—but I pay for myself. It is different. You looked lonely and I was lonely. And I thought—I thought," she added, hesitatingly, "that you looked unhappy. I thought, perhaps, that you had lost your situation, or were in trouble of some sort. I do not think that I quite understood."

"Dear Miss Huber," he said, earnestly, "you understood better than you imagined. If I am not quite the sort of person you believed me, it is my misfortune. I was at least lonely enough, and if it had not been for you I should certainly have done very stupid things with myself and my five-pound note."

She frowned at the laughter in his eyes, and regarded his broad shoulders and sunburnt cheeks a little disparagingly.

"Why do you talk so foolishly?" she exclaimed. "You ought to find some work to do."

"Can't get anything," he answered, promptly.

"You were well educated, I suppose?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Public school and Oxford—only, you see, I was in the eleven and played cricket all the time."

"That was very idle of you," she said, severely.

Clifford Ford, to whom this was a new point of view, looked at her doubtfully.

"I suppose it was idle," he admitted. "No one seemed to think so there, though."

"What are you going to do with yourself, then?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I have a good many friends and some relations down in the country who are decently well off," he remarked, vaguely. "I suppose I shall have to look some of them up. Perhaps between them they'll be able to find me a job of some sort."

She frowned at him severely.

"You mean that you will have to go to your relations," she said, "and ask favours, or borrow money from them?"

"Can you suggest any alternative?" he asked, feeling suddenly small.

"Certainly," she replied, with a swift look at his shoulders. "I should work."

He was half amused, half bitter. To be lectured by a little Swiss typist in a cheap eating-house was distinctly a new experience for him. Yet there was something in her words which stung.

"Come," he said, "tell me what you think would be a suitable post for me?"

"You are young and strong," she replied. "There are many places you could take."

"You mean work with my hands?"

She seemed surprised.

"Why not—if you are not clever enough for the other things?"

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed, flushing up to his temples.

"Is it not what you call false shame," she asked, "to mind what manner of work you do, so long as it is honest and you are paid for it?"

"I suppose it is," he admitted.

"For myself," she continued, "I learned shorthand and typewriting. That is what I do now. It is not much that I earn, but every week I send five shillings to my mother, who is not well off, and I save something too."

He looked at her and felt his sense of manhood weaken. She was such a small being, her dress, her gloves, her hat, all so very cheap, so very tidy. Even the little white bow at her throat, spotlessly clean, was worn and shrunken. Her boots were thick and ready-made. And withal there was the too great delicacy of her complexion, the hollow cheeks, the tired eyes, the many evidences of an ill-nurtured body. Yet life, and the desire of life, flowed in her veins as in the veins of those others—the whole army of gaily-dressed young women who went blindly through life with their hands open to receive what it might bring; who had their young men, their clothes and cheap jewellery, their theatres, and all the pleasures they could gather in. He suddenly felt very humble.

"You are right," he said. "I have been looking at this matter from a wrong point of view. I would break stones to-morrow if someone would offer me a job."

She smiled at him approvingly. It was astonishing how pretty she was.

"Do you really mean that?" she asked.

"I do," he replied.

"You would not mind carrying things about—trunks and luggage?" she persisted. "You look so beautifully strong."

"I shouldn't care a bit," he declared.

"Very well, then," she went on; "I am quite friendly with Mr. Dennis, the head porter at the hotel where I am engaged, and I will speak to him about you to-morrow morning. I know that he is two men short. He may engage you at once."

Clifford Ford laughed till the tears were in his eyes. Then he saw the perplexed frown gathering upon her forehead, and he stopped abruptly.

"The Milan Hotel," he explained; "that's where my cousin, to whom my uncle left the money instead of to me, has taken a suite. Shall I have to wear a uniform, little woman?"

"After you have been there a month, if you suit them, you will have to," she told him. "It is a very nice uniform, and I wish

you would not laugh so much. You will get a pound a week and your meals, to start with, and there are the tips."

"The tips," he repeated, wiping the tears from his eyes. "I hope the other tenants are more generous than Ralph, or I am afraid they won't amount to much."

She opened her purse and counted out one and ninepence, which she placed upon the table.

"Please pay the bill," she directed.

"Wait one moment, though."

She took it from his fingers, and in fluent French pointed out a mistake of a penny to an apologetic waiter. She watched her companion produce his share of the amount, and frowned severely at the size of the tip which he gave.

"It was too much," she objected, as they passed out into the street. "You should have given him sixpence—no more."

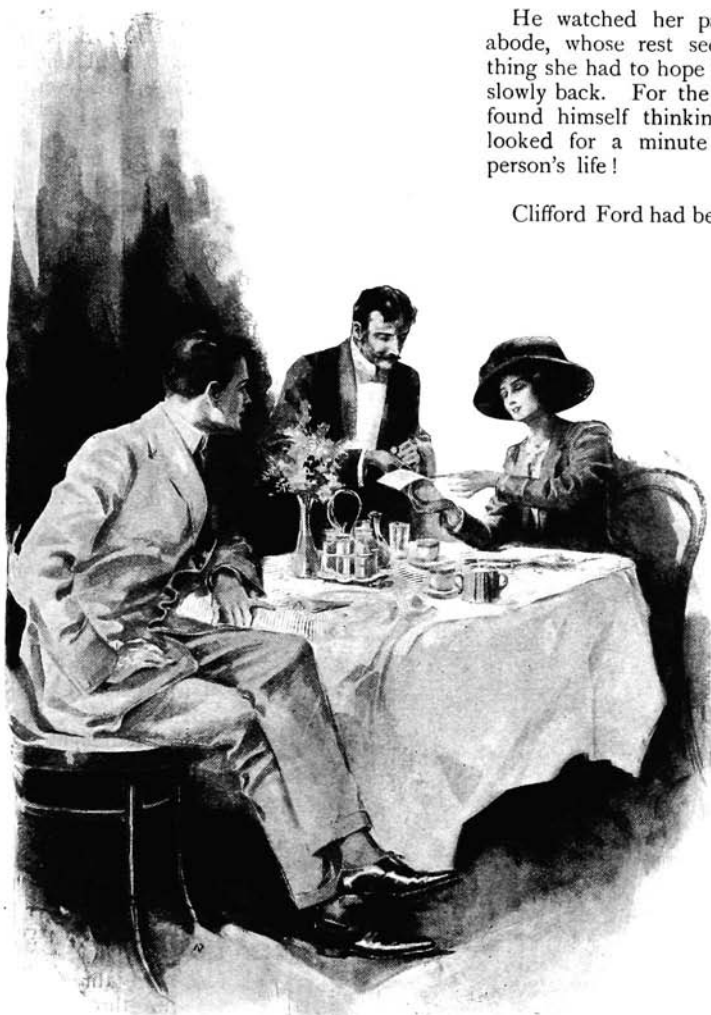
"I am sorry," he answered. "I'm afraid I am a bit careless in those things."

"It is wicked not to think of money," she told him; "wicked to spend or give away more than you can afford. It means that later on in life someone has to help you. Whilst one is young, one should save."

"Don't you ever spend anything on yourself?" he asked.

"Of course I do," she replied. "I bought a pair of gloves last week and a new umbrella. It seemed terribly extravagant," she sighed, "but I had to have the umbrella. Mine was all holes. Would you like to walk home with me, Mr. Ford? You see, it is quite fine now."

Clifford Ford did like. In fact, he felt that at that moment there was nothing else he wanted so much to do. They were creatures of very different worlds, and yet he thoroughly enjoyed that walk and their conversation. She described, with many little bursts of enthusiasm, her home, the village under the mountains, their simple customs, the intimate social and family life of the people, their many innocent gaieties, of which she spoke wistfully, with kindling eyes. Her father was dead, and her mother was hard put to it to bring up a second family. Gertrud had been her only child until she had married again—now it was she who helped in the struggle. Seven children to feed and educate! The little figure who walked by his side was eloquent about their needs and tastes. It was for their sake that she toiled in this ugly London—ill-fed, ill-clothed, and without the simplest of pleasures. And she told it all unconsciously. When they parted before a dreary



He watched her pass into that gloomy abode, whose rest seemed to be the only thing she had to hope for in life, and walked slowly back. For the first time for years he found himself thinking seriously. He had looked for a minute or two into another person's life!

Clifford Ford had been porter at the Milan Hotel for more than three weeks before he saw his cousin. Then they met face to face in a narrow corridor, and Clifford dropped a heavy trunk within a few inches of his cousin's toes. Mr. Ralph Ford was nervous. He first jumped and then swore heartily.

"You clumsy idiot!" he exclaimed. "What the mischief are you doing?"

"Jolly heavy trunk, this," Clifford answered, wiping his forehead. "You might give me a hand."

Ralph gazed at his cousin in blank amazement. Then he began to laugh contemptuously.

"Clifford!" he cried. "Well, I'm dashed!"

He passed on without further speech, but still

laughing, into his apartments. A young man—dressed in the height of fashion, with sleepy, dissipated eyes—was lolling upon a sofa, awaiting him.

"Halloa, Ralph! What's the joke?" he asked.

Ralph grinned again.

"One you'll appreciate, Sidney," he answered. "Whom do you think I just passed outside, carrying a heavy trunk? Seems he's engaged as a porter here."

"No idea."

"My cousin Clifford!"

"SHE POINTED OUT A MISTAKE OF A PENNY TO AN APOLOGETIC WAITER."

house in an ugly back street, Clifford Ford shook hands with her, and his bared head meant something more than ordinary courtesy. He felt as he had never done before to any human being towards this strange little mortal, whose cheeks were a trifle flushed now with the walk, and whose eyes were bright with interest.

"To-morrow, then, at twelve o'clock," she told him. "If you can get a character of any sort you had better bring it."

"I will do the best I can," he answered, clasping her fingers; "and I sha'n't forget."

Ralph began to laugh again, but suddenly stopped. There was no answering gleam of amusement in his companion's face. On the contrary, Mr. Sidney Lenton had the appearance of a young man altogether thunderstruck.

"What the dickens is the matter with you, Sid?" his friend demanded.

The young solicitor was ill at ease.

"You mean really that Clifford's here working as a porter?" he asked.

Ralph assented.

"Got up in the uniform, too. Why, what are you looking like a scared rabbit about it for? Funniest thing I ever knew!"

"Give me a drink, Ralph," his friend said, shortly.

Ralph produced a bottle of brandy, some soda-water, and two glasses from a cupboard. All the time he watched his visitor curiously.

"Well?" he inquired, as the latter set his tumbler down empty.

Sidney Lenton lit a cigarette and leaned towards his friend. "Look here, Ralph,"

he declared, "we're pals, and it goes without saying that I'm more interested in your affairs than any ordinary client's. I am going to do something which is beastly unprofessional. If the governor knew it, or ever found it out, he'd kick me out of the office."

"Anything about Clifford?" Ralph asked, uneasily.

His friend nodded.

"It's that codicil," he said. "It was to be opened in two months, you know."

Ralph was suddenly serious.

"Go on," he muttered.

"I know what's in it," Lenton continued. "Only the governor and I know, and you can guess what would happen to me if it

ever got about that I'd given it away. It provides— Listen, Ralph! It provides that if at any time before it is opened Clifford has held any post of any sort whatever for one month, and been paid a salary, that he is to share equally with you."

"It can't be true!" Ralph faltered.

"There's no doubt about it," his friend insisted, impatiently. "Tell me, how long has Clifford been here?"

"I have no idea," Ralph replied. "Can't be long, anyhow, or I should have seen him."

"We must get him the sack—or, rather, you must," Sidney Lenton declared. "You're a resident here; it ought to be quite easy. Complain about him all the time—anything will do. Bring all the girls he used to know here to see him. Get Lily and that lot to come and laugh at him. Get him to realize what a fool he's making of himself. . . . Who the mischief is this?"

Ralph turned quickly round. With her note-book in her hand, Gertrud was standing just inside the door.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Ford," she said. "I knocked twice, and I thought that I heard you say, 'Come in.'"

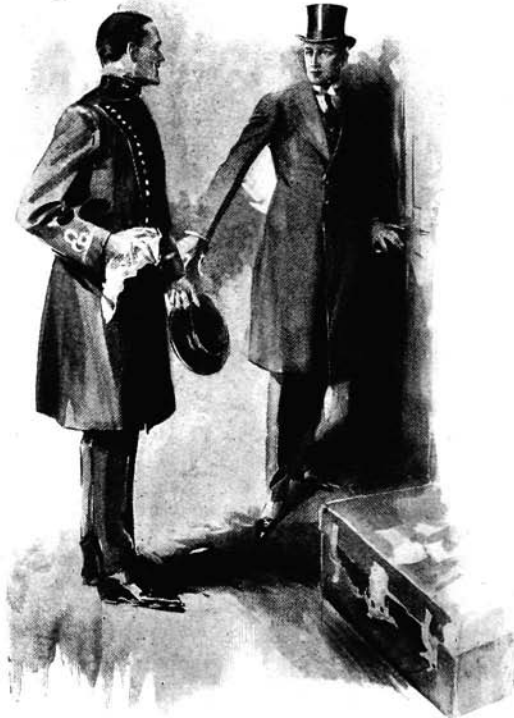
"That's all right," Ralph answered her. "Please sit down for a moment. I shall be disengaged directly."

He thrust his arm through his friend's and led him out into the passage.

"Come back to luncheon, Sid," he said. "We'll think out some scheme."

"Who's the girl?" the young solicitor asked, suspiciously.

"Oh, she's all right," Ralph declared. "She types my letters for me. Good-



"RALPH GAZED AT HIS COUSIN IN BLANK AMAZEMENT."

looking little thing, too, in her way. I ordered her up for eleven o'clock. Even if she heard anything, she wouldn't understand. So long!"

Ralph re-entered his sitting-room. Gertrud was still standing up. He wheeled an easy-chair towards her.

"Now, then, Miss Gertrud," he began, with a smile which he did his best to make ingratiating, "come and make yourself comfortable while I think out my letter."

She sat down, choosing, however, an ordinary chair.

"I am quite ready, Mr. Ford," she replied, quietly.

The young man frowned; her manner was certainly not encouraging.

"Wonder why you're always so unkind to me, Miss Gertrud?" he remarked, throwing himself on to the sofa and lighting a cigarette.

She looked at him with faintly uplifted eyebrows.

"I do not understand," she replied. "I am here to take down your letters

and then to type them. I am always anxious to do my duty properly. Please begin. I have another appointment presently."

"Can't collect my ideas all at once," he declared. "Look at me, please, Miss Gertrud. Why, what have you been doing to yourself? You look quite smart."

She looked at him steadily without any change of countenance, and then glanced away out of the window. Ralph laughed



"'I BEG YOUR PARDON, MR. FORD,' SHE SAID. 'I KNOCKED TWICE, AND I THOUGHT THAT I HEARD YOU SAY, 'COME IN.''"

softly. He was of the order of young men who do not recognize snubs.

"Don't be unkind, please, Miss Gertrud," he begged, rising to his feet. "Tell me, when are you coming out to dinner with me?"

"Never," she answered, firmly. "You know that quite well. If you have no letters to give me, I will go."

"But I have some letters," he assured her. "Wait for one moment, please. I want to ask Dennis a few questions."

He went to the telephone in the next room, and returned almost at once.

"I am ready now," he announced. "Please take this down: 'To Sidney Lenton, Esquire, 17, Jermyn Street, Dear Sidney, — I have made all inquiries. C. has been here a month next Saturday. I feel sure we'll be able to get rid of him, though. I have been making complaints already. Come up to lunch.

I am asking Flo and some of the girls, and giving them the tip what to do. So long!'"

"Any copy?" she inquired, calmly.

He shook his head.

"Bring it back yourself as soon as you've done it," he directed.

In ten minutes she was back again. Ralph looked through the letter and signed it.

"I said 'no copy,'" he remarked. "This sheet feels quite damp."

"I quite forgot, sir," she answered. "I will destroy the copy."

He laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Very careless of you, Gertrud," he declared. "You'll have to pay a fine."

She moved contemptuously toward the door. He followed her.

"If you touch me, Mr. Ford," she exclaimed, "I shall cry out!"

Ralph laughed unpleasantly.

"I wouldn't," he said.

He caught her by the wrist and held her. She called loudly for help, and before he could raise her head the door was opened. A moment later Ralph was lying on the carpet, and a porter in the hotel uniform standing over him.

"Your old tricks, eh, Ralph?" Clifford exclaimed, contemptuously. "What an unpleasant brute you are!"

He turned away and joined Gertrud, who was waiting for him in the passage. She clutched at his arm.

"Mr. Clifford," she begged, "promise me something."

He nodded. "All right. What is it?"

"Don't leave here—don't let them send you away, whatever happens—not this week, at any rate. Promise."

"I haven't the slightest idea of going," he assured her.

She was trembling still. He took her hand in his and found it for a moment passive. Then she drew it away.

"Please don't," she whispered. "I feel just a little foolish."

She ran away down the corridor and he knew that there were tears in her eyes, tears which she hated to show. He looked back and shook his fist in the direction of Ralph's room.

At three o'clock that afternoon he met her in the front hall. He was carrying an immense portmanteau, which he at once swung to the ground.

"Miss Gertrud," he said, "I was hoping to see you. You've got to let me off that promise."

She looked at him steadfastly. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes unnaturally bright.

"That brute of a cousin of mine," he explained, "is taking the meanest sort of revenge. He's been asking all the people I used to know here to lunch, and pointing me out."

"Do you mind that?" she asked, coldly.

"Of course I mind it," he answered, impatiently. "I don't think I am a snob, but it isn't exactly pleasant to have a lot of

people one used to know, the girls one used to take out to lunch oneself, come and stare at me in this beastly uniform, and have that cad of a Ralph hand me a shilling for taking a note. You'll have to let me off that promise, Miss Gertrud."

"I should not worry about friends who thought the less of you for working in an honest situation," she declared.

"Little girl," he insisted, "you don't understand. I know they're not worth taking notice of. They're the sort who like you when you're up, and haven't a word for you when you're down; but it hurts all the same. And to-night," he continued, "that sweet cousin of mine has asked some people to dinner—a young lady especially whom I used to fancy that I cared for. I'll look for work, honestly—anything I can get; but you'll have to let me off that promise, please."

She shook her head firmly.

"I shall not do that."

He frowned.

"But, Miss Gertrud," he protested, "you don't want to be unreasonable, do you? My uncle's solicitor, or, rather, his son, was here a few minutes ago. He said that it was a great shock to his father to hear what I was doing, and he offered to lend me fifty or a hundred pounds for immediate use, and to find me a place in an estate agent's office, if I cared to stay in England. I don't think I shall accept anything, but it's decent of them to offer it, all the same. And, Miss Gertrud," he went on, "the long and short of it is, I want to clear out quick, before the dinner to-night. Coming, sir. Coming at once."

Clifford hurried off and helped load a bus, with zest. He accepted a half-crown tip from an elderly American lady with complete *sang-froid*, and stood on the pavement to watch the vehicle out of sight, with a quite professional interest in the piled-up trunks. When he turned back he found Gertrud still in the hall, pretending to study a time-table. She called him to her.

"Mr. Ford," she said, "I have always been told that the promise of an English gentleman is a very sacred thing. Is that not so?"

"Certainly," he answered; "but——"

"Please let that be enough," she interrupted. "I claim the fulfilment of your promise. You must remain here until Saturday."

She left him standing there, swearing softly to himself. Sidney Lenton came up and touched him on the shoulder. Ralph was by his side.

"Do your duties here include a flirtation with the typist?" Lenton inquired, smiling.

"Miss Huber is an old friend of mine," Clifford answered.

Lenton nodded.

"What time are you off?" he asked.

"Not at all to-day," Clifford replied. "I have made up my mind to stay till Saturday."

Ralph came forward, frowning.

"What, you mean that you will let Mrs. Lethbridge and Alice, and all of them, see you in that infernal livery!" he exclaimed, angrily.

Clifford did not even flush.

"I shall keep out of the way if I can," he said. "If not, they can please themselves whether they speak to me or not."

Ralph was very pale. He drew out his pocket-book. Lenton pushed him on one side.

"Look here, Clifford," he said; "can't you see that it's deuced unpleasant for Ralph to have you here? Now, it can't make any real difference to you. Go and have a few days' holiday. I'll slip a fifty-pound note into your waistcoat-pocket."

Clifford shook his head.

"I am sorry, he replied. "I tell you frankly I'd like to go, but I've given my word of honour to stay until Saturday, and I can't break it."

The two young men exchanged glances. Suddenly Ralph understood.

"To Miss Huber!" he exclaimed.

Clifford turned away.

"It doesn't matter. I have given my word. I shall stop."

Lenton did not at once understand. Ralph took his arm.

"We are done," he muttered. "She typed that letter to you."

Ralph Ford was a young man of mean disposition, and he went straight to the manager's office.

"Mr. Krudlong," he said, "I have a complaint to make."

The manager was sorry to hear it, and waited, gravely attentive.

"This morning," Ralph continued, "I engaged a young lady typist from your office—Miss Gertrud Huber. She took down an important letter for me, and has since divulged its contents to a person in this hotel."

"This is a very serious charge, Mr. Ford," the manager answered, ringing the bell.

"The young lady will not be able to deny it," Ralph replied.

In a moment or two she appeared. Her

lips trembled when she saw who it was, and, if possible, she was paler than ever. This was the one thing which she feared in life—dismissal.

"Miss Huber," the manager said, "this gentleman believes that you have divulged the contents of a letter, which he dictated to you, to a person in this hotel."

"That is not true," Gertrud answered.

"Put it another way," Ralph broke in, unpleasantly. "She has given advice to a person, founded upon her knowledge of that letter, in a way very prejudicial to my interests."

"Is this a fact?" the manager asked. "Please be careful, Miss Huber. We have been so satisfied with your services."

"It is true," she admitted, "that I did advise someone because of what I had seen in the letter, but—"

The manager interrupted. He was holding the door open.

"You need not continue, Miss Huber."

"It was an injustice!" she exclaimed. "A conspiracy!"

The manager shook his head.

"Even if that were so," he said, "that is no excuse. A week's salary shall be sent to your address, Miss Huber. Kindly leave within ten minutes."

She walked out of the office with her head in the air and a little flush in her cheeks. She pinned on her hat and drew the cheap veil down over her eyes with trembling fingers. It was not until she was out in the Strand and on the way to her lodgings that the tears came.

Ralph Ford's first attempt at making himself disagreeable was a success; his second a failure. The manager absolutely declined his request to send Clifford away. The head porter spoke well of him; there was no authentic complaint which could be made. Ralph played his last card in despair. He made a personal appeal to the manager.

"The fact of it is, Mr. Krudlong," he explained, "he's a distant connection of mine, and we can't both remain here. There you have it straight. Which is it to be?"

"As a matter of principle, Mr. Ford," the manager answered, gravely, "I cannot send away a servant who is doing his duty, even to oblige a client."

"You prefer to lose me, then?" Ralph declared, furiously.

The manager bowed.

"We shall hear of your departure with much regret, Mr. Ford," he said. "You will excuse me now."

Ralph's dinner guests fell in with his wishes more readily. They certainly made themselves as disagreeable as a little company of ill-bred people could do. Only one—an American chorus-girl whom Clifford knew slightly—listened to his cousin's story and took her own course. She went up to where Clifford was standing by the lift and held out her hand.

"Mr. Ford," she exclaimed, "I want to tell you that I am very glad to see you!"

Clifford had stood everything else, but this almost upset him. As soon as she was gone, however, he knew that her words had done him good. For the rest of the evening he thought of nothing but his work. There was only one really sore feeling in his heart. For the first time he was angry with Gertrud for holding him to his promise. He did not even, after he had changed his clothes, wait for her in the Strand as he usually did when he was not on night duty.

Three weeks later Clifford Ford, who had resumed his accustomed appearance, drove up in a taxi to the Milan Hotel, and, to the head porter's great embarrassment, insisted upon shaking him by the hand.

"Seen anything of my amiable cousin lately?" he asked.

"Not lately, sir," Dennis replied. "Mr. Ford left here very soon after you."

Clifford laughed.

"The poor beggar's fifty thousand pounds worse off than he expected," he remarked. "Is Miss Gertrud about anywhere, do you know?"

Dennis looked a little surprised.

"Miss Gertrud Huber, sir? Why, she left on the Thursday before you left on Saturday."

"Left!" Clifford exclaimed, thunderstruck.

Dennis leaned towards him confidentially.

"I understand, sir, that there were some complaints made by Mr. Ford," the man told him. "She was accused of divulging the contents of a letter Mr. Ford had written to his solicitor."

The place swam round for a moment with Clifford. Then his heart began to ache. If only he had understood!

"The hound!" he muttered. "Get me a taxicab at once, please, Dennis—a good one."

He drove down to Denmark Hill and found out her rooms. The lady of the family with whom Gertrud had boarded was there, but Gertrud herself had gone.

"This very day, monsieur," the woman announced—"this very day she left me. It is most unfortunate."

"Left you!" Clifford repeated. "But where has she gone? Where can I find her?"

"For the last three weeks," madame declared, "she has tried for a situation every day, in vain. It was the fault of the hotel, who refused her a character. Behaviour the most extraordinary! Never, monsieur," the woman continued, energetically, "had I a young lady in this house so regular, so careful, so thoroughly respectable. Yet from that hotel they sent her away without a character. It was infamous!"

"But I must find her," Clifford persisted. "It was my fault that she was turned away."

Madame was much interested.

"Only last night," she continued, "Miss Gertrud decided to give it up and return home. Indeed, it was the best thing, for the poor girl was half starved, and she would accept nothing from anyone without payment. Only the day before she was sent away she received a letter from her mother with some bad news, and she sent all her savings to Switzerland. To-day she had even to sell some of her clothes to buy her ticket. She has gone by the two-twenty."

"Does she owe anything?" Clifford asked, with his hands in his pockets.

"Not one penny, sir," the woman replied, vigorously. "There never was such a young lady for refusing to get into debt. She was one in a thousand was Mlle. Gertrud."

Clifford reached Charing Cross at a quarter-past two, and hurried on to the platform. He found her wedged in a third-class carriage, looking very white and miserable, with a German commercial traveller on one side, a waiter on the other, and four other people of various nationalities in the compartment. She gave a little cry as she saw him and half jumped up, eagerly. The guard blew his whistle.

"Good-bye!" she faltered. "Oh, Mr. Clifford, you are just in time to say good-bye!"

"Good-bye be hanged!" he answered, lifting her bodily out of the carriage.

The guard called out angrily.

"The young lady is not going on," Clifford remarked.

She was quite speechless. The train was now moving out of the station. She looked after it with a helpless air.

"My luggage!" she cried. "And my bag is in the carriage."

"Let it go," he laughed. "We'll buy your trousseau this afternoon, after we are married."

The colour streamed again into her cheeks.

"Mr. Clifford!" she exclaimed.

He nodded.

"I've got the licence in my pocket," he declared. "Now kiss me and say you are glad."

She had never looked more charming, though her eyes were misty and her cheeks

"We'll be married in half an hour," he said, "buy clothes till five, come to the hotel here, dine quietly, do a theatre, and start for Switzerland to see your people to-morrow. How does that sound?"



“ ‘WE’LL BE MARRIED IN HALF AN HOUR,’
HE SAID.”

hollower than ever. He had kissed her for the first time in his life, boldly, here upon the platform! She had to keep on telling herself that it was not a dream.

"You can't mean it," she faltered.

He almost carried her out to a taxicab.

The taxi was moving now. It was real! She crept into his arms. Such happiness for her was incomprehensible, a thing undreamed of, a thing to be read about and wondered

about, but to happen—never!

"I am quite poor," she whispered. "I ought not to marry you."

He laughed.

"I owe you fifty thousand pounds," he declared. "We'll divide it and call it quits."

The Charles Dickens Testimonial.

Look Out for the Dickens Stamp!



IS THE DICKENS STAMP IN YOUR COPY OF DICKENS? That will soon be the question of the hour. Is it in each and every copy of the Master's works you possess? Is it in that soiled

and battered Tauchnitz "Copperfield" your grandfather picked up on a Continental bookstall on his honeymoon fifty years ago and which has now become a cherished family relic? Is it in the brand-new "Pickwick" with full morocco binding recently acquired at the sale of a deceased nobleman's library? It is only by this universality of the tribute that we may make it a worthy testimonial to the great writer whose popularity is still well-nigh immeasurable, and who literally wore himself out in order to make provision for those he loved.

"I rest my claims," wrote Charles Dickens in his will, "to the remembrance of my country upon my published works." It is this phrase which is the rock-bottom and foundation of this Dickens Centenary Tribute.

"It enables," writes Professor A. C. Benson, "all Dickens-lovers in a simple and natural way to put into the hands of the great man's representatives a portion at least of the pecuniary advantage which circumstances compelled him to forego, and to do this without undue strain on any one individual's resources."

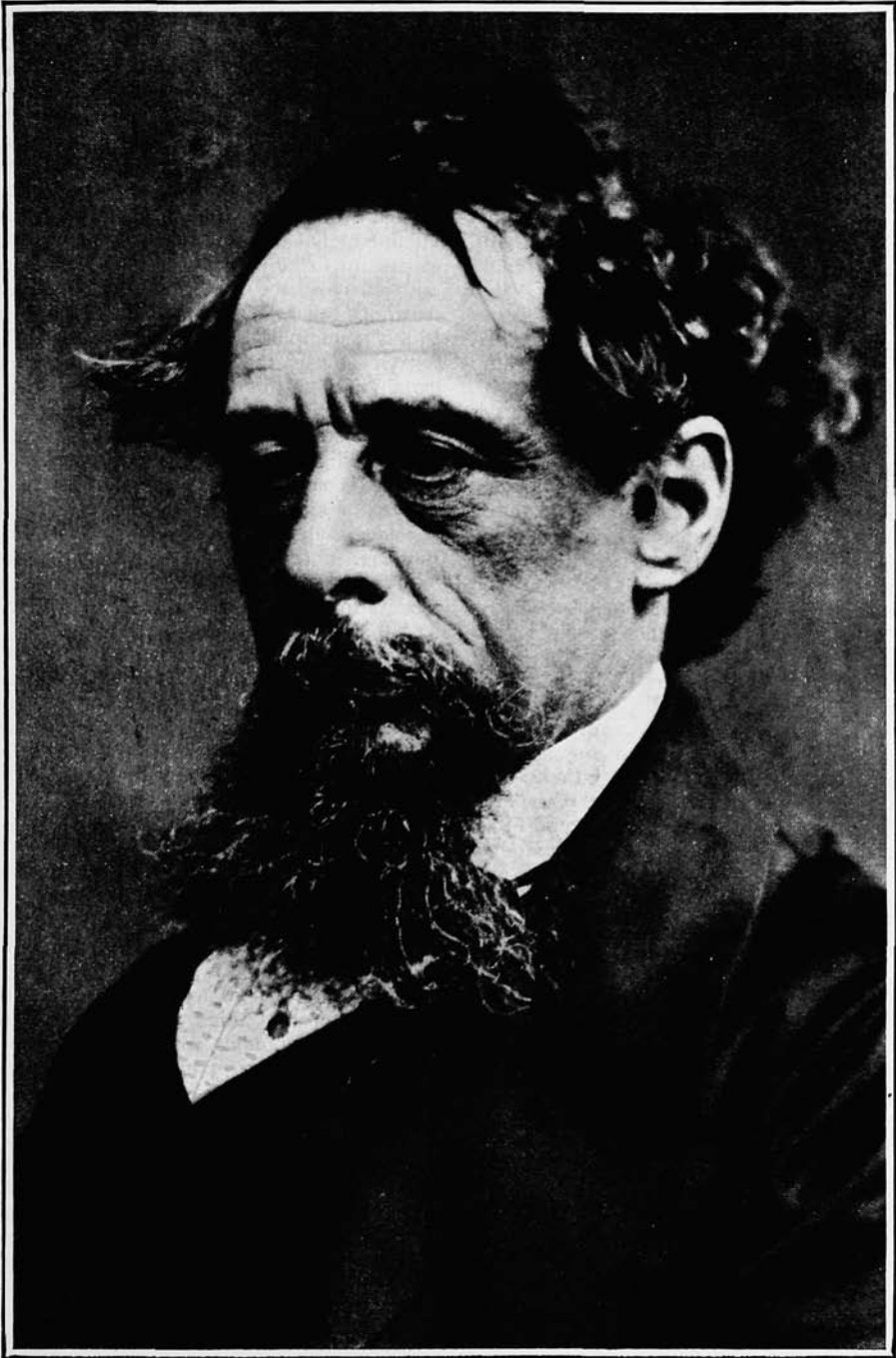
Nothing that we could say here would furnish greater testimony to the inherent merit of the idea or be a more powerful guarantee of its success than the mere list of those who have hastened to join the Dickens Centenary Testimonial Committee and are responsible for the issue of the Dickens Centenary Testimonial Stamp. As this number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE goes to press, it consists of the following:—

EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.
LORD ALVERSTONE, Lord Chief Justice of England.
LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON.
LORD AVEBURY.
LORD TENNYSON, President of the Royal Literary Fund.
LORD BURNHAM.
LORD NORTHCLIFFE.
HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.
A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK, Esq.
J. ASHEV-STERRY, Esq.
ROBERT BARR, Esq.
HAROLD BEBBIE, Esq.
HILAIRE BELLOC, Esq., M.P.
A. C. BENSON, Esq.
HALL CAINE, Esq.
G. K. CHESTERTON, Esq.
W. L. COURTNEY, Esq.
WALTER CRANE, Esq.
WILLIAM DAVIES, Esq., Editor of the *Western Mail*.
WILLIAM DE MORGAN, Esq.
FRANK DICKSEE, Esq., R.A.
ROBERT DONALD, Esq., Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*.
SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.
SIR JOHN DUNCAN, Editor of the *Cardiff Daily News*.
T. NICOL DUNN, Esq.
SIR LUKE FILDEN, R.A.
PERCY FITZGERALD, Esq.
HARRY FURNISS, Esq.
TOM GALLON, Esq.
A. G. GARDINER, Esq., Editor of the *Daily News*.
H. A. GWYNNE, Esq., Editor of the *Standard*.
H. RIDER HAGGARD, Esq.
THOMAS HARDY, Esq.
SIR JOHN HARE.
HILDEBRAND HARMSWORTH, Esq., Editor of the *Globe*.
W. W. JACOBS, Esq.
RUDYARD KIPPLING, Esq.
ANDREW LANG, Esq.
HOB. H. W. LAWSON.
H. F. LE BAS, Esq., Chairman Caxton Publishing Co.
SIDNEY LEE, Esq.
J. M. LE SAGE, Esq., of the *Daily Telegraph*.
THOMAS MARLOWE, Esq., Editor of the *Daily Mail*.
B. W. MATZ, Esq., Secretary of the Dickens Fellowship.
JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Esq.
ARTHUR MORRISON, Esq.
SIR FRANK NEWNES, Bart.
SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.
T. P. O'CONNOR, Esq., M.P.
SIR ARTHUR W. PINERO.
SIR GEORGE RIDDELL, Managing Editor of the *News of the World*.
BRITON RIVIÈRE, Esq., R.A.
OWEN SEAMAN, Esq., Editor of *Punch*.
CLEMENT K. SHORTER, Esq., Editor of the *Sphere*.
G. R. SIMS, Esq.
HOB. W. F. D. SMITH.
SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, Esq., R.A.
J. A. SPENDER, Esq., Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*.
M. H. SPIELMANN, Esq.
W. T. STEAD, Esq.
J. ST. LOE STRACHEY, Esq., Editor of the *Spectator*.
SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR.
SIR ADOLPH TUCK, Bart.
MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.
FABIAN WARE, Esq., Editor of the *Morning Post*.
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, Esq.

The actual design for the stamp has been evolved by a sub-committee, comprising Lord Alverstone and Messrs. Briton Rivière, R.A., H. Rider Haggard, Clement K. Shorter, and Sir Adolph Tuck, Bart.

In the course of the present month the stamps will be issuing by hundreds of thousands from the press. The stamp itself is a work of art. It was decided by the committee that nothing cheap or mean or commonplace could be offered to the public. If the stamp was to commemorate



AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH OF DICKENS.

This most interesting and characteristic portrait is reproduced from a photograph taken at Birmingham by Thrupp during the novelist's last reading tour in 1869, the negative of which is in possession of Mr. B. W. Matr, the Editor of *The Dickensian*, with whose permission it is here published.

so notable an event it should have an intrinsic value of its own. Accordingly the design, carefully prepared under the direction of the committee, has been engraved on steel—a slow process involving a delay of weeks, and it is printed on special hand-made paper. In order to prevent the possibility of forgery each stamp bears a water-mark. "I do not think," says Sir Adolph Tuck, than whom there is no greater authority, "that any stamp superior to this in quality has been, or could be, produced in this country." If we compare it with the current British postal issues the superiority will be manifest at once. At all events, the purchaser of the Dickens stamp has an intrinsic value for his money.

Probably many of our readers may expect that a further description of the aims and objects of the committee should be given. This we cannot do better than by quoting as fully as our space permits the article which recently appeared in a leading London newspaper by Mr. Arthur Waugh, President of the Dickens Fellowship, a body which numbers thousands of ardent Dickens-lovers all over the world, and whose organ is *The Dickensian*.

"Probably," writes Mr. Waugh, "a good many people will be unfamiliar with the present system of copyright, so a few words may be said here in explanation. The copyright in a printed book in this country has hitherto been limited in time. For forty-two years after publication, or for the author's life and seven years after his death (whichever is the longer period), a book is copyright, and no one may reproduce it in any form without permission of the owner of the copyright. But when that period is past the fruit of a man's brain becomes public property, and anyone can take it and reprint it.

"Obviously it is a great injustice, and the descendants of Charles Dickens have unquestionably suffered by it. The copyrights in nearly all Dickens's works have now lapsed, and, one by one, as they fell out, the books have been reproduced by houses of business, some of whom have never paid a farthing to the source of their inspiration nor raised a finger in recognition of the genius upon whose products they have been profiting. Suppose even a penny a copy had been paid to Dickens's executors upon the sale of these honorary editions, what a warm little sum would have found its way into the bank!

"This, then, is the scheme which certain energetic enthusiasts have brought forward, and to which the Dickens Fellowship is

about to lend its countenance. Everyone who possesses a volume of Dickens is to be given the opportunity of contributing to the celebration of his centenary. A Dickens memorial stamp is to be issued, suitably designed and about the size of an ordinary bookplate. It will cost one penny for each impression, and all lovers of Dickens are invited to put a copy of the stamp into every volume of Dickens which they own. Book-sellers are to be invited to join the scheme, and, whenever they sell a volume of Dickens, it is hoped that they will induce the purchaser to buy a stamp at the same time.

"Of course, the scheme would entail a certain amount of trouble, and at a busy time like Christmas, when the sales of Dickens are at their highest, the process may very likely prove inconvenient. But the trouble is surely worth taking as a tribute of honour and a labour of love, when one considers all the money which various branches of the book trade have made out of Dickens, without the slightest risk or anxiety to themselves. In one case, indeed, and that, I think, a notable one, the book-sellers will be saved trouble in the matter and the public will be saved expense. Dickens's original publishers, Chapman and Hall, who purchased all his copyrights from his literary executors, have decided, in the case of their new Centenary Edition, to make a free-will offering to the fund by supplying a stamp in every volume sold, free of charge to the public, thus paying on this particular edition a fresh royalty to the author's descendants. In other cases, it is to be hoped that the public will rally to the scheme, and that in a very short time it will be regarded as an act of literary justice to have in your library those volumes of Dickens's works which have paid toll to that court of honour which seeks to celebrate the stored-up gratitude of a hundred years of illimitable benefits.

"We who were not privileged to know Dickens face to face can only with difficulty surmise what sort of tribute he would have liked or disliked. But I do not think he would have disliked this. 'I rest my claims,' he said, 'upon my published works.' Well, it is just these published works that will bring in the tribute. Let us do our little best to make that tribute a worthy one."

It is a small thing to do. Will YOU do it now?

"I happen to own two complete sets of Dickens," writes an eminent author to THE STRAND, "and I am putting the twenty-

eight penny royalty stamps in these volumes because I think it is an honest thing to do. I would gladly do more if more were demanded on behalf of heirs of Dickens, but I cannot do less."

That is the attitude of thousands—quite apart from the Testimonial.

Another writes: "If all bought the penny stamp who owned a copy of Dickens none need do more, and yet enough would be done to do full honour and pay worthy tribute to Dickens."

By every post there reaches us shoals of letters from all parts of the world, telling of the affection in which the writers hold Dickens, and how grateful they are of the opportunity of showing it.

A wonderful sidelight on the popularity of Dickens is furnished by Mr. Hedley F. Le Bas, chairman of the Caxton Publishing Company. There is, he remarks, a consistency in the public taste in books, and the loyalty of the British-speaking people to the four Masters of Literature—Dickens, Scott, Shakespeare, and Thackeray—was specially marked. Year after year the demand for the works of these great writers was as regular as clockwork. It would astonish many who thought the public cared only for sensational novels to know that the Caxton Company had sold two hundred thousand volumes of Dickens within the past year, and the demand was continuous and increasing. Dickens was four times as popular as Thackeray and twice as popular as Shakespeare. Scott came next to Dickens in public estimation. Following Dickens, the popularity of these masters, as shown by the Colonial as well as the home sales, was in the order—Scott, Shakespeare, and Thackeray, each coming twenty-five per cent. under his predecessor.

A great increase in the sale of Dickens is expected in the centenary year, and Dickens lovers and the supporters of THE STRAND MAGAZINE Memorial will rejoice to learn not only that the famous firm of Chapman and Hall, Dickens's old publishers, intend to place the stamp in each copy of their Centenary Edition, but that the Caxton Publishing Company will do so in every copy of Dickens issued by them throughout the coming year.

Much misapprehension exists as to the novelist's

profits from his books in America. It is true that several leading American publishing firms paid him comparatively large sums—not in royalties, for international copyright did not then exist—but for the advance sheets of his works, these in some cases being a thousand pounds. It reflects the greatest credit on these firms that any money was paid. Altogether, Dickens received from America, during thirty-two years, something like seven thousand pounds, or an average of about two hundred and twenty pounds a year. During this time, and thirteen years subsequently, twenty-five million copies of the novels had circulated in America alone, upon which the royalties could hardly work out at less than one million sterling.

In a letter to his Boston publisher Dickens himself said:—

"For twenty years I am perfectly certain that I have never made any other allusion to the reprinting of my books in America than the good-humoured remark 'that if there had been international copyright between England and the States I should have been a man of very large fortune, instead of a man of moderate savings always supporting a very expensive public position'; nor have I ever been so ungenerous as to disguise or suppress the fact that I have received handsome sums for advance sheets."

As was to be expected, American people have greeted the stamp scheme with extraordinary enthusiasm. One of the first to join the committee was ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, and after him Mr. Gaynor, the Mayor of New York, and the Hon. Whitelaw Reid. Leading literary men, the heads of great publishing houses, all showed themselves willing to aid in the movement.

It remains to be mentioned that the American stamp bears in the lower corners the denomination "2c.," instead of the English "1d." Otherwise they are identical.

All through the world the stamps will soon be on sale, singly or in sheets of twelve for one shilling. If there should be a little delay, owing to the increased advance orders, it must be recalled that the Dickens stamps will be on sale at all booksellers' and stationers' during the whole of the coming year; until, indeed, the hundredth birthday of Dickens.



THE DICKENS STAMP.

Vegetables from Brobdingnag.



A BREAKDOWN IN CUCUMBERS.



WE have all heard of the natural wonders of our Colonies—animal, vegetable, and mineral. It is not merely a question of tickling Mother Earth with a hoe so that she laughs with a harvest, but her harvests are

in those favoured parts of the globe of a Brobdingnagian character.

"I say," remarks one Australian, pleasantly, to another, in the hearing of a railway compartment full of Englishmen, "do you remember that load of turnips we got off that farm near Adelaide?"

"Do you mean the stone turnips or the half-stone turnips?"

"The stone ones, of course."

"Excuse me," interjects a fellow-traveller in spectacles, "but I never heard of any turnips with stones."

At this ignorance the two Antipodeans roar consumedly.

"Neither did we. We were talking of South Australian turnips, size number one. Weigh fourteen pounds apiece, you know."

Tall tales will continue to be told by

travellers; and occasionally Dame Nature will really surpass herself in latitudes more favourable to vegetation than England is, especially during the past summer. But, as Mr. Bernard Shaw reminds us, what is Nature to Art? If Nature can grow forty-pound pumpkins, Art can manufacture them twice and thrice that size. Not many weeks ago an Englishman returned from Canada with some photographs of farm produce calculated to evoke unmitigated amazement in the bosom of Baron Munchausen himself, or of that other traveller who reported having visited a country where the bees were the size of sheep.

"If the bees are as big as sheep," gasped an auditor, "what is the size of the hives?"

"Oh, just the usual size," was the answer.

This Englishman has a friend in Surrey who prides himself on his cucumbers. When this friend had duly exhibited his gigantic prize cucumbers, the returned Imperialist asked placidly:—

"Are these your largest?"

"Largest? Why those are the biggest cucumbers grown."



CUTTING MAIZE ON THE EDGE OF THE MAIZE FOREST.

"In Surrey?"

"In Surrey! No, in England! In the world!"

"My dear fellow," returned the other, "I hate to hurt your feelings, but you're quite mistaken. If you want to see large cucumbers, you should go to Canada. I wouldn't like to tell you how large they are, for you probably wouldn't believe me; but I happen to have a little photograph here of an accident the other day in Ontario."

"An accident? What kind of an accident?"

"Oh, a cucumber accident," replied the traveller, drawing the photograph from his pocket. "Farmer tried to load thirteen Ontario cucumbers in a two-horse dray, and of course the dray broke down. Besides, thirteen is an unlucky number."

It is needless to describe his interlocutor's astonishment over this photograph or over the others which follow.



CANADIAN ONIONS FOUR TO THE LOAD.



A TRIO OF TITANIC PUMPKINS.

Here we are shown Canadian corn or maize being cut up for feeding to a pig the size of a buffalo—each ear being sawn by a saw such as lumberers use. Prodig-i-o-us! as Dominie Sampson would say. That is not all. There are giant onions, monster eggs, and poultry so huge as to require the efforts of several active men to lasso them for market.

How is all this done—done in so realistic a manner as to challenge our credulity?

Here, certainly, Art is superior to Nature, and the mendacity of the camera is brilliantly contrived. These photographs are the work of the Brothers Stedman, of Brantford, Ontario, and have been pronounced by photographic experts in this country to be the cleverest things of the kind ever attempted. It is impossible, even with a microscope, to see the "joins" where the contact between the fact seen twenty feet off and the fact seen twenty inches off has taken place. For, of course,



WHERE POULTRY-FARMING IS A DELIGHT—NOTE THE POTATO IN THE REAR OF THE CAR.



EXCITING SPORT—LASSOING ELEPHANTINE POULTRY.

in each picture, although strict facts are represented, there are two sets of facts. The purely normal facts of one negative are removed to make way for other and equally indisputable facts, but the combination makes, in the language of the indignant chief of the Ojibways, recorded by Fenimore Cooper, one big lie. They are thus not property eggs, or onions, or cucumbers, but the genuine article in each case, carefully photographed in the exact

position and with the lighting corresponding to the space it was to occupy in the previously photographed scene. It may be mentioned that in a task of this kind weeks were consumed and many failures inevitably occurred before an absolutely satisfactory result was obtained. Photograph-faking on this scale is not to be recommended to amateurs.

[NOTE.—We are asked to state that post-cards of the foregoing amusing photographs have been prepared and are to be obtained from Messrs. A. and G. Taylor, 9, Long Lane, London, E.C.]



APPLES TOO PONDEROUS FOR MOTHER EVE TO LIFT.

THE MAGIC CITY.

A Story for Children. By E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by Spencer Pryse.

CHAPTER XI.

THE END.



HE Halma men were not naturally lazy. They were, in the days before the coming of the Great Sloth, a most energetic and industrious people. Now that the Sloth was obliged to work eight

hours a day, the weight of his constant and catching sleepiness was taken away, and the people set to work in good earnest.

So now the Halma men were as busy as ants. Some dug the channel for the new stream, some set to work to restore the buildings, while others weeded the overgrown gardens and ploughed the deserted fields. The head Halma man painted in large letters on a column in the market-place these words:—

"This city is now called by its ancient name of Briskford. Any citizen found calling it Somnolentia will not be allowed to wash in water for a week."

In the evening a banquet was, of course, given to the Deliverers. The banquet was all pineapple and water, because there had been no time to make or get anything else. But the speeches were very flattering, and Philip and Lucy were very pleased.

"I don't know how we're to get back to the island," said Philip next day, "now we've lost the *Lightning Loose*."

"I think we'd better go back by way of Polistopolis," said Lucy, "and find out who's been opening the books. If they go on they may let simply anything out. And if the worst comes to the worst, perhaps we could get someone to help us to open the *Teal* book again and get the *Teal* out to cross to the island in."

"Lu," said Philip, with feeling, "you're clever; really clever. No, I'm not kidding. I mean it. And I'm sorry I ever said you were only a girl. But how are we to get to Polistopolis?"

It was a difficult problem.

"If we could get a motor-car?" said Philip. "If you can get machines by wishing for them——"

"The very thing," said Lucy; "let's find the head-man. We mustn't wish for a motor, or we should have to go on using it. But perhaps there's someone here who'd like to drive a motor—for his living, you know?"

There was. A Halma man, with an inborn taste for machinery, had long desired to leave the gathering of pineapples to others. He was induced to wish for a motor, and a Lanchester sixty horse-power snorted suddenly in the place where a moment before no motor was.

And so, at last, they came near to Polistopolis.

They said good-bye warmly to the Halma motor-man and went quietly towards the town, Max and Brenda keeping to heel in the most praiseworthy way, and the parrot nestling inside Philip's jacket.

The whole party was very tired. Max walked with drooping tail, and Brenda was whining softly to herself from sheer weariness and weak-mindedness. The parrot alone was happy—or, at least, contented—because it was asleep.

At the corner of a little square planted with southernwood trees in tubs Philip called a halt.

"Where shall we go?" he said. "Let us put it to the vote."

And even as he spoke he saw a dark form creeping along in the shadow of the houses.

"Who goes there?" Philip cried, with proper spirit; and the answer surprised him.

"I go here—I, Plumbius, captain of the Old Guard of Polistopolis."

"Oh, it's you!" cried Philip; "I am glad. You can advise us. Where can we go to sleep? Somehow or other I don't care to go to the house where we stayed before."

The captain made no answer. He simply caught at the hands of Lucy and Philip,

dragged them through a low arched doorway, and, as soon as the long lengths of Brenda and Max had slipped through, closed the door.

"Safe," he said, in a breathless way, which made Philip feel that safety was the last thing one could count on at that moment.

"Now, speak low; who knows what spies may be listening? I am a plain man. I speak as I think. You came out of the unknown. Are you the Deliverer?"

"I hope so," said Philip, modestly.

"Of course he is," said the parrot, putting its head out from the front of Philip's jacket; "and he has done six deeds out of the seven already."

"It is time that deeds were done here," said the captain. "I'll make a light and get you some supper. I'm in hiding here; but the walls are thick and all the shutters are shut."

He bolted a door and opened the slide of a dark lantern.

"Some of us have taken refuge in the old prison," he said; "it's never used, you know, so her spies don't infest it as they do every other part of the city."

"Whose spies?"

"The Destroyer's," said the captain, getting

bread and milk out of a cupboard; "at least, if you're the Deliverer she must be that. But she says she's the Deliverer."

He lighted candles and set them on the table as Lucy asked, eagerly:—

"What Destroyer? Is it a horrid woman in a motor-veil?"

"You've guessed it," said the captain, gloomily.

"It's that Pretenderette," said Philip. "Does Mr. Noah know? What has she been doing?"

"Everything you can think of," said the captain; "she says she's queen, and that she's done the seven deeds. And Mr. Noah doesn't know, because she's set a guard round the city, and no message can get out or in."

"The hippogriff?" said Lucy.

"Yes, of course I thought of that," said the captain. "And so did she. She's locked it up and thrown the key into one of the municipal wells."

"But why do the guards obey her?" Philip asked.

"They're not our guards, of course," the captain answered. "They're strange soldiers that she

got out of a book. She got the people to pull down the Hall of Justice by pretending there was fruit in the gigantic books it's built with. And when the book



"PLUMBIUS, CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD."

was opened these soldiers came marching out. The Sequani and the Aedui they call themselves. And when you've finished supper we ought to hold a council."

Some twenty or thirty people presently gathered in that round room from whose windows Philip and Lucy had looked out when they were first imprisoned. There were, indeed, all sorts—match-servants, domino-men, soldiers, china-men, Mr. Noah's three sons and his wife, a pirate, and a couple of sailors.

"What book," Philip asked Lucy, in an undertone, "did she get those soldiers out of?"

"Cæsar, I think," said Lucy. "And I'm afraid it was my fault. I remember telling her about the Barbarians and the legions and things after father had told me—when she was my nurse, you know. She's very clever at thinking of horrid things to do, isn't she?"

The council talked for two hours, and when everyone was quite tired out everyone went to bed.

It was Philip who woke in the night in the grasp of a sudden idea.

He got up and went out. There was a faint greyness of dawn now which showed him the great square of the city on which he and Lucy had looked from the prison window, a very long time ago as it seemed. He found without difficulty the ruins of the Hall of Justice.

And among the vast blocks scattered on the ground was one that seemed of grey marble, and bore on its back in gigantic letters of gold the words, "De Bello Gallico."

Philip stole back to the prison and roused the captain.

"I want twenty picked men," he said, "without boots—and at once."

He got them, and he led them to the ruins of the Justice Hall.

"Now," he said, "raise the cover of this book; only the cover, not any of the pages."

The men grasped the marble slab that was the book's cover and heaved it up. And as it rose Philip spoke softly, urgently.

"Cæsar!" he said. "Cæsar!"

And a voice answered from under the marble slab.

"Who calls?" it said. "Who calls upon Julius Cæsar?"

And from the space below the slab, as it were from a marble tomb, a thin figure stepped out, clothed in toga and cloak, and wearing on its head a crown of bays.

"I called," said Philip, in a voice that trembled a little. "There's no one but you

who can help. The Barbarians of Gaul hold this city. I call on great Cæsar to drive them away. No one else can help us."

Cæsar stood a moment silent in the grey twilight. Then he spoke.

"I will do it," he said. "You have often tried to master Cæsar, and always failed. Now you shall be no more ashamed of that failure, for you shall see Cæsar's power. Bid your slaves raise the leaves of my book to the number of fifteen."

It was done, and Cæsar turned towards the enormous open book.

"Come forth!" he said. "Come forth, my legions!"

Then something in the book moved suddenly, and out of it, as out of an open marble tomb, came long lines of silent, armed men who ranged themselves in ranks, and, passing Cæsar, saluted. And still more came, and more and more, each with the round shield and the shining helmet and the javelins and the terrible short sword. And on their backs were the packages they used to carry with them into war.

"The Barbarians of Gaul are loose in this city," said the voice of the great commander. "Drive them before you once more as you drove them of old."

"Whither, O Cæsar?" asked one of the Roman generals.

"Drive them, O Titus Labienus," said Cæsar, "back into that book wherein I set them more than nineteen hundred years ago, and from which they have dared to escape. Who is their leader?" he asked of Philip.

"The Pretenderette," said Philip, "a woman in a motor-veil."

"Cæsar does not war with women," said the man in the laurel crown; "let her be taken prisoner and brought before me."

Low-voiced, the generals of Cæsar's army gave their commands, and with incredible quietness the army moved away, spreading itself out in all directions.

"She has caged the hippogriff," said Philip; "the winged horse, and we want to send him with a message."

"See that the beast is freed," said Cæsar, and turned to Plumbius, the captain. "We be soldiers together," he said. "Lead me to the main gate. It is there that the fight will be fiercest." He laid a hand on the captain's shoulder, and at the head of the last legion Cæsar and the captain of the soldiers marched to the main gate.

Philip tore back to the prison, to be met at the door by Lucy.

"Come on," said Philip; "we can hide in

the ruins of the Justice Hall and see everything. I noticed there was a bit of the gallery left standing. Come on. I want you

to think what message to send by the hippogriff to Mr. Noah."

"Oh, you needn't trouble about that," said Lucy, in an off-hand manner. "I sent the parrot off ages ago."

And together they ran back to the Justice Hall.

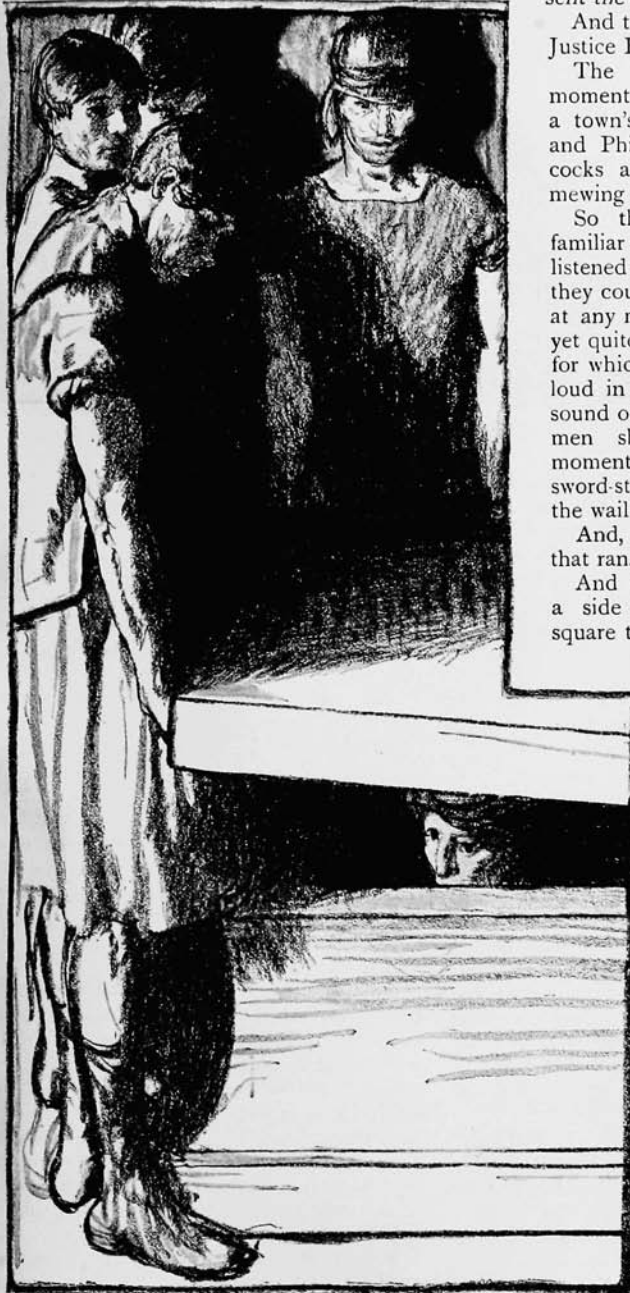
The light was growing every moment, and the ordinary sounds of a town's awakening came to Lucy and Philip as they waited; crowing cocks and barking dogs, and cats mewling faintly for the morning milk.

So through those homely and familiar sounds they listened, listened, listened; and very gradually, so that they could neither of them have said at any moment "Now it has begun," yet quite beyond mistake, the sound for which they listened was presently loud in their ears. And it was the sound of steel on steel, the sound of men shouting in the breathless moment between sword-stroke and sword-stroke, the cry of victory, and the wail of defeat.

And, presently, the sound of feet that ran.

And now a man shot out from a side street and ran across the square towards the Palace of Justice,

where Lucy and Philip were hidden in the gallery. And now another and another, all running hard and making for the ruined hall as hunted creatures make for cover. Rough, big, blond, their long hair flying behind them and their tunics of beast-skins flapping as they ran, the Barbarians fled before the legions of Cæsar. The great marble-covered book that looked like a marble tomb was still open, its cover and fifteen leaves propped up against the tall broken columns of the gateway of the Justice Hall. Into that open book leapt the first Barbarian—and the next; and then by twos and threes and sixes and sevens they leapt in and disappeared.



"WHO CALLS UPON JULIUS CÆSAR?"



"THE BARBARIANS FLED."

Then from all quarters of the city the Roman soldiers came trooping, and as the last of the Barbarians plunged headlong into the open book the Romans formed into ordered lines and waited while a man might count ten. Then advancing between their ranks came the spare form and thin face of the man with the laurel crown.

Twelve thousand swords flashed in air and wavered a little like reeds in the breeze; then steadied themselves, and the shout went up from twelve thousand throats:—

"Ave Cæsar!"

And without haste and without delay the Romans filed through the ruins to the marble covered book, and two by two entered it and disappeared. Each as he passed the mighty conqueror saluted him with proud, mute reverence.

When the last soldier was hidden in the book Cæsar looked round him, a little wistfully.

"I must speak to him, I must," Lucy cried. "I *must!* Oh, what a darling he is!"

She ran down the steps from the gallery and straight to Cæsar. He smiled when she reached him, and gently pinched her ear.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said Philip. "How splendid you are! I'll swot up my Latin like anything next term so as to read about you."

"Are they all in?" Lucy asked. "I do hope nobody was hurt."

Cæsar smiled.

"A most unreasonable wish, my child,

after a great battle," he said. "But for once the unreasonable is the inevitable. Nobody was hurt. You see, it was necessary to get every man back into the book just as he left it, or what would the schoolmasters have done? There remain now only my own guard, who have in charge the false woman who let loose the Barbarians. And here they come."

Surrounded by a guard with drawn swords, the Pretenderette advanced slowly.

"Hail, woman!" said Cæsar.

"Hail, whoever you are!" said the Pretenderette, very sulkily.

"I hail," said Cæsar, "your courage."

Philip and Lucy looked at each other. Yes, the Pretenderette had courage—they had not thought of that before.

"And I demand to know how you came here."

"When I found he'd been at his building again," she said, pointing a contemptuous thumb at Philip, "I was just going to pull it down; and I knocked down a brick or two with my sleeve, and, not thinking what I was doing, I built them up again, and then I got a bit giddy, and the whole thing seemed to begin to grow—candlesticks and bricks and dominoes and everything, bigger and bigger and bigger, and I looked in. It was as big as a church by this time, and I saw that boy losing his way among the candlestick pillars, and I followed him and I listened. And I thought I could be as good a Deliverer as anybody else."

"You tried to injure the children," Cæsar reminded her.

"I don't want to say anything to make you let me off," said the Pretenderette; "but at the beginning I didn't think any of it was real. I thought it was a dream. You can let your evil passions go in a dream and it don't hurt anyone."

"You sought to injure and confound the children at every turn," said Cæsar, "even when you found that things were real."



"CÆSAR STOOD FACING THE CHILDREN, HIS HAND HELD OUT IN FAREWELL."

"I saw there was a chance of being queen," said the Pretenderette, "and I took it. Seems to me you've no occasion to talk if you're Julius Cæsar—the same as the bust in the library. You took what you could get right enough in your time, when all's said and done."

"I hail," said Cæsar again, "your courage."
Vol. xl.—79.

"You needn't trouble," she said, tossing her head; "my game's up now, and I'll speak my mind if I die for it. You don't understand. You've never been a servant, to see other people get all the fat and you all the

bones. What d'you think it's like to know, if you'd just been born in a gentleman's mansion instead of in a model workman's dwelling, you'd have been brought up a young lady and had openwork silk stockings and lace on your under-petticoats?"

"You go too deep for me," said Cæsar, with the ghost of a smile. "I now pronounce your sentence. But life has pronounced on you a sentence worse than any I can give you. Nobody loves you."

"Oh, you old silly!" said the Pretenderette, in a burst of angry tears; "don't you see that's just why everything's happened?"

"You are condemned," said Cæsar, calmly, "to make yourself beloved. You will be taken to Briskford, where you will teach the Great Sloth to like his work, and keep him awake for eight play-hours a day. In the intervals of your toil you must try to get fond of someone. The Halma people are kind and gentle. You will not find them hard to love. And when the Great Sloth loves his work, and the Halma people are so fond of you that they feel

they cannot bear to lose you, your penance will be over and you can go where you will."

Lucy would have liked to kiss the Pretenderette and say she was sorry, but you can't do that when it is all other people's fault and *they* aren't sorry. And, besides, before all these people it would have looked like showing off. You know, I am sure, exactly how Lucy felt.

The Pretenderette was led away. And now Cæsar stood facing the children, his hand held out in farewell. The growing light of early morning transfigured his face, and to Philip it suddenly seemed to be most remarkably like the face of that man, Mr. Peter Graham, whom Helen had married. He was just telling himself not to be a duffer, when Lucy cried out in a loud, cracked-sounding voice, "Daddy! oh, daddy!" and sprang forward.

And at that moment the sun rose above the city wall, and its rays gleamed redly on the breastplate and the shield and the sword of Cæsar. The light struck at the children's eyes like a blow. Dazzled, they closed their eyes; and when they opened them, blinking and confused, Cæsar was gone and the marble book was closed—for ever.

Three days later Mr. Noah arrived by elephant, and the meeting between him and the children is, as they say, better imagined than described. Especially as there is not much time left now for describing anything. Mr. Noah explained that the freeing of Polistopolis from the Pretenderette and the Barbarians counted as the seventh deed, and that Philip had now attained the rank of king, the deed of the Great Sloth having given him the title of Prince of Pineapples. His expressions of gratitude and admiration were of the warmest, and Philip felt that it was rather ungrateful of him to say, as he couldn't help saying:—

"Now I've done all the deeds, mayn't I go back to Helen?"

"All in good time," said Mr. Noah. "I will at once set about the arrangements for your coronation."

The coronation was an occasion of unexampled splendour. There was a banquet, of course, and fireworks, and all the guns fired salutes and the soldiers presented arms, and the ladies presented bouquets. And at the end Mr. Noah, with a few well-chosen words which brought tears to all eyes, placed the golden crown of Polistarchia upon the brow of Philip, where its diamonds and rubies shone dazzlingly.

There was an extra crown for Lucy, made of silver and pearls and pale silvery moon-stones.

You have no idea how the Polistarchians shouted.

"And now," said Mr. Noah, when it was all over, "I regret to inform you that we must part. Polistarchia is a republic, and, of course, in a republic kings and queens are

not permitted to exist. Partings are painful things, and you had better go at once."

He was plainly very much upset.

"This is very sudden," said Philip; and Lucy said, "I do think it's silly. How shall we get home—all in a hurry like this?"

"How did you get here?"

"By building a house and getting into it."

"Then build your own house. Oh, we have models of all the houses you were ever in. The pieces are all numbered. You only have to put them together."

He led them to a large room behind the Hall of Public Amusements and took down from a shelf a stout box, labelled "The Grange." On another box Philip saw "Laburnum Cottage."

Mr. Noah, kneeling on his yellow mat, tumbled the contents of the box out on to the floor, and Philip and Lucy set to work to build a house with the exquisitely-finished little blocks and stones and beams and windows and chimneys.

"I cannot bear to see you go," said Mr. Noah. "Good-bye! good-bye! Remember me sometimes!"

"We shall never forget you," said the children, jumping up and hugging him.

"Good-bye!" said the parrot, who had followed them in.

"Good-bye! good-bye!" said everybody.

"I wish the *Lightning Loose* was not lost," Philip even at this parting moment remembered to say.

"She isn't," said Mr. Noah. "She flew back to the island directly you left her. Sails are called wings, are they not? White wings that never grow weary, you know. Relieved of your weight, the faithful yacht flew home like any pigeon."

"Hooray!" said Philip. "I couldn't bear to think of her rotting away in a cavern."

"I wish Max and Brenda had come to say good-bye," said Lucy.

"It is not needed," said Mr. Noah, mysteriously. And then everybody said good-bye again, and Mr. Noah rolled up his yellow mat, put it under his arm again, and went—for ever.

The children built the Grange, and when the beautiful little model of that house was there before them, perfect, they stood still a moment, looking at it.

"I wish we could be two people each," said Lucy, "and one of each of us go home and one of each of us stay here. Oh!" she cried, suddenly, and snatched at Philip's arm. For a slight strange giddiness had suddenly caught her. Philip, too, swayed a little un-



"THE CHILDREN BUILT THE GRANGE."

certainly and stood a moment with his hand to his head. The children gazed about them bewildered. The room was gone, the model of the Grange was gone. Over their heads was blue sky, under their feet was green grass, and in front stood the Grange itself, and on the steps Helen and Mr. Peter Graham.

That telegram had brought them home.

You will wonder how Lucy explained where she had been when she was lost. She never did explain. There are some things, as you know, that cannot be explained.

When the four people on the doorstep of the Grange had finished saying how glad they were to see each other—that day on the steps when Philip and Lucy came back from Polistarchia, and Helen and Mr. Peter Graham came back from Belgium—Helen said :—

"And we've brought you each the loveliest present. Fetch them, Peter, there's a dear."

Mr. Peter Graham went to the stable-yard and came back followed by two dogs, who rushed up to the children in a way they well knew.

"Why, Max! Why, Brenda!" cried Philip.

"Oh, Helen! are they for us?"

"Yes, dear, of course they are," said Helen; "but how did you know their names?"

That was one of the things which Philip could not tell, then.

But he told Helen the whole story later, and she said it was

wonderful; and how clever of him to make all that up, and that when he was a man he would be able to be an author and to write books.

"And do you know," she said, "I *did* dream about the island—quite a long dream, but when I woke up I could only remember that I'd been there and seen you. But no doubt I dreamed about Mr. Noah and all the rest of it

as well, only I have forgotten it."

And Max and Brenda, of course, loved everyone. Their characters were quite unchanged. Only the children had forgotten the language of animals, so that conversation between them and the dogs was for ever impossible. But Max and Brenda understand every word you say—anyone can see that.

You want to know what became of the red-headed, steely-eyed nurse, the Pretenderette, who made so much mischief and trouble? Well, I suppose she is still living with the Halma folk, teaching the Great Sloth to like his work, and learning to be fond of people—which is the only way to be happy. At any rate, no one that I know of has ever seen her again anywhere else.

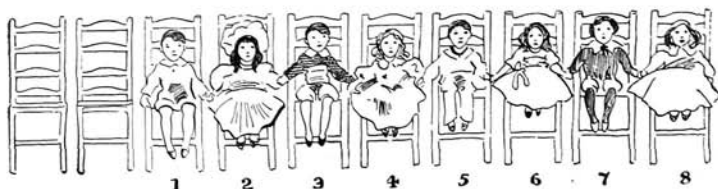
PERPLEXITIES.

A Page of Puzzles. By Henry E. Dudeney.

19.—BOYS AND GIRLS.

If you mark off ten divisions on a sheet of paper to represent the chairs, and use eight numbered counters for the children, you will have a fascinating pastime. Let the odd numbers represent boys and even numbers girls, or you can use counters of two colours or coins.

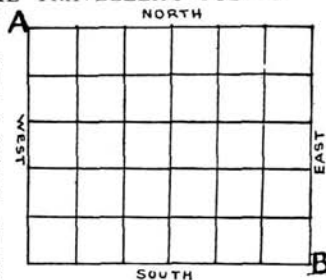
The puzzle is to remove two children who are occupying adjoining chairs and place them in two empty chairs, making them first change sides; then remove a second pair of children from adjoining chairs and place them in the two now vacant, making them change sides; and so on, until all the boys are together and all the girls together, with the two vacant chairs at one end as at present. To solve the



puzzle you must do this in five moves. The two children must always be taken from chairs that are next to one another, and remember the important point of making the two children change sides, as this latter is the distinctive feature of the puzzle. By "change sides," I simply mean that if, for example, you first move 1 and 2 to the vacant chairs, then the first (the outside) chair will be occupied by 2 and the second one by 1.

20.—THE TRAVELLER'S PUZZLE.

THE diagram represents a puzzle-land road map. A traveller wishes to go from A to B, but he will only travel due South or due East. How many different routes are



there from which he may select?

21.—THE MYSTIC ELEVEN.

CAN you find the largest possible number containing any nine of the ten digits (calling 0 a digit) that can be divided by 11 without a remainder? Can you also find the smallest possible number produced in the same way that is divisible by 11? Here is an example, where the digit 5 has been omitted: 896743012. This number contains nine of the digits and is divisible by 11, but it is neither the largest nor the smallest number that will work.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

16.—THE DUTCHMEN'S WIVES.

THE money paid in every case was a square number of shillings, because they bought 1 at 1s., 2 at 2s., 3 at 3s., and so on. But every husband pays altogether 63s. more than his wife, so we have to find in how many ways 63 may be the difference between two square numbers. These are the three only possible ways: the square of 8 less the square of 1; the square of 12 less the square of 9; and the square of 32 less the square of 31. Here 1, 9, and 31 represent the number of pigs bought and the number of shillings per pig paid by each woman, and 8, 12, and 32 the same in the case of their respective husbands. From the further information given as to their purchases, we can now pair them off as follows: Cornelius and Gurtrün bought 8 and 1; Elas and Katrün bought 12 and 9; Hendrick and Anna bought 32 and 31. And these pairs represent correctly the three married couples.

17.—THE TUBE RAILWAYS.

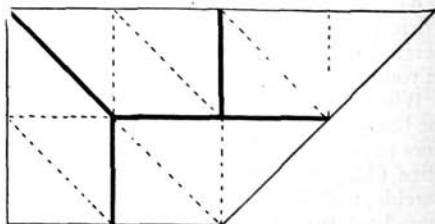
THERE are only four different routes (or eight if we count the reverse ways), as follows:—

A I P T L O E H R Q D C F U G N S K M B A
 A I P T S N G L O E U F C D K M B Q R H A
 A B M K S N G L T P I O E U F C D Q R H A
 A I P T L O E U G N S K M B Q D C F R H A

If the inspector takes the first route he will make C his 12th station (counting A as 1); by the second route C is his 13th station; by the third route his 16th station; and by the fourth route his 17th station. If he goes the reverse way, C will be respectively his 10th, 9th, 6th, and 5th stations. Then it is very evident that if the inspector wishes to put off his visit to C as long as possible he must take the last route, reading from left to right.

18.—A LITTLE DISECTION PUZZLE.

THE solution to this puzzle is shown in the illustration. Divide the figure up into twelve equal triangles, and it is easy to discover the directions of the cuts, as indicated by the dark lines.



CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A MODERN ATLAS.

IN the woods a short distance from the Palisade road, some two miles above Fort Lee, New Jersey, U.S.A., there is a tree, about one foot and three inches in diameter, on the trunk of which, about five feet from the ground, an excrescence or burl has grown, measuring over eleven feet in circumference, thus making quite a remarkable natural curiosity. On a recent occasion it was visited by a small party



of cyclists, and one of the ladies posed under the burl in the position of the fabled "Atlas supporting the world upon his shoulders," and was photographed as shown in the picture. The tree above the burl not showing distinctly on account of the bright sunlight, and the lady standing in front of the part below the burl obscuring that part of the tree entirely, makes the illusion that the lady is

really holding a large ball upon her shoulders almost complete.--L. R. Kidder, Hotel Cadillac, 43rd Street and Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.



A LIVELY LOBSTER.

HERE is a photograph of a curious figure in my possession, which is made from a single lobster, the big claw forming the head. It is, I think, remarkably lifelike in its pose.—Mr. A. D. Grace, Harcourt House, Anerley.



ENGINE MADE BY A BLIND MAN.

SEEING in a recent number your photograph of an engine made of odds and ends, I send you a picture of one made solely by a blind man. He is seen standing behind the machine, which he uses for driving a gramophone. It is not driven by steam, but by three gramophone springs working together inside the wooden boiler. It may be thought that the engine is somewhat primitive, but when it is remembered that this man has lived all his life in a village of about twelve houses, at a distance of five miles from a railway station, and that he has not seen daylight since he was eight years old, I think you will agree with me that it is a most wonderful piece of work.—Mr. C. Simmonds, 34, Rushmore Road, Clapton, N.E.



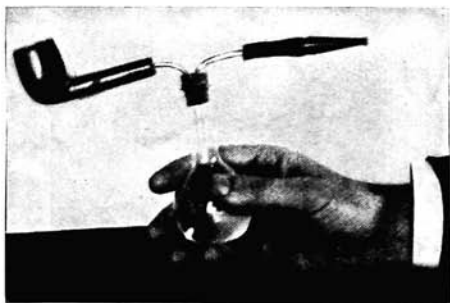
CAN YOU DO THIS?

THE photographs you have recently published, showing some extraordinary instances of flexible fingers, must be my excuse for sending you this picture. Both my son and myself have always been able to bend our fingers in the manner shown by your other contributors, but I have never yet met anyone able to bend the thumb down so that it touches the wrist, as shown in this photograph.—Mrs. C. Lees, 11, Zetland Road, Bristol.



AN EQUATORIAL SIGNBOARD.

I RECENTLY received this curious photograph from my brother in British East Africa, but how or why this announcement found its way to the Equator is more than I can say. However, there it is in the Londioni Ravine Road, British East Africa, where it doubtless causes any Londoners who happen to catch sight of it to think longingly of home and the delights of shopping.—Mr. Johnson S. Jeffree, 57, Lea Bridge Road, Leyton, Essex.



SOMETHING NEW FOR SMOKERS.

MY photograph may be of interest and use to many of your readers who pay homage to My Lady Nicotine. Having experienced great difficulty in getting a clean and cool smoke from many pipes, I rigged up a small water-flask, half filled with water, and made the smoke pass through the water chamber. It is quite compact. The parts can be removed at once, and it is surprising what a pleasant smoke it provides. It is, of course, a homely adaptation of the principle of the Oriental hookah or "hubble-bubble." It is not quite suitable for carrying in the pocket, but most of us enjoy a clean cool smoke in our rooms

at evening time with, say, THE STRAND to while away the weary hour.—J. R., Castleknock, Dublin.

MONUMENT IN A RIVER.

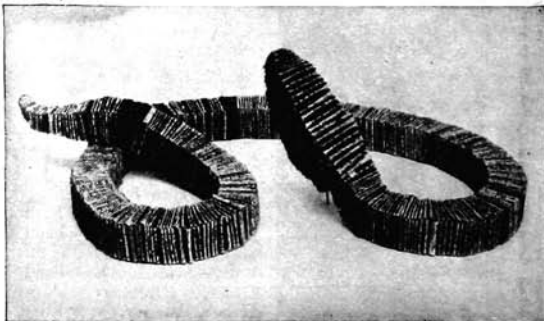
THERE are monuments in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, but the one in the following photograph is unique in that it was erected in a river. It stands in the Parramatta River, New South Wales, a stream known the world over for the rowing events



that have taken place upon it. This monument, which is in memory of the world-famed rower, Searle, is also unique from the fact that it has been used as the winning-post for many of the races for the world's championship, and is still used as such for local events.—Mr. F. T. Charles, Cowles Road, Morman, N.S.W.

A NEW USE FOR TRAM-TICKETS.

THIS snake, made of about seven hundred and fifty tram-tickets, is probably the first of its kind ever constructed, and is the work of a boy eleven years of age. As may, perhaps, be seen from the photograph, the snake is made by placing the tickets crossways one over the other and folding over the edges.—Mr. H. J. Jones, 127, Holmesdale Road, South Norwood.





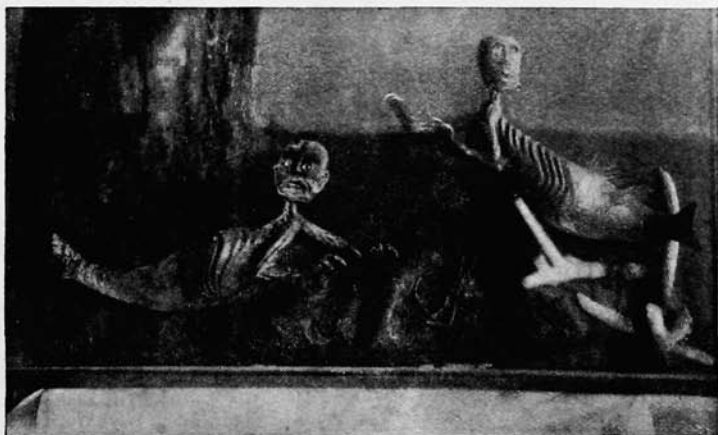
A REAL BONE-SHAKER.

THOUGH this antique tricycle certainly looks as if it might have been in use a thousand years ago in the South Sea Islands, it was photographed by myself only a few weeks since at a farm in Essex, little more than thirty miles from London. It is of the kind a curio-dealer would speak of as a "fine museum piece."—Mr. Miller Christy, 115, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.



MESMERIZED LOBSTERS.

HERE is a photograph illustrating a curious and little-known experiment that can be made with live lobsters. It is quite impossible to stand a lobster up in the position shown unless it is first put to sleep, which is done by slowly stroking its tail downwards with the hand two or three times, when the fish is at once thrown into a state of coma, or deep sleep, and remains in that position, without a movement of any kind, for about ten minutes. Even its eyes are fixed,



and it has every appearance of being dead. Another curious thing is that when one lobster wakes up the noise it makes in falling down wakes up all the others; and the effect of one or more waking up is very strange.—Mr. P. H. Ridge, Favonius, Forest, Guernsey.

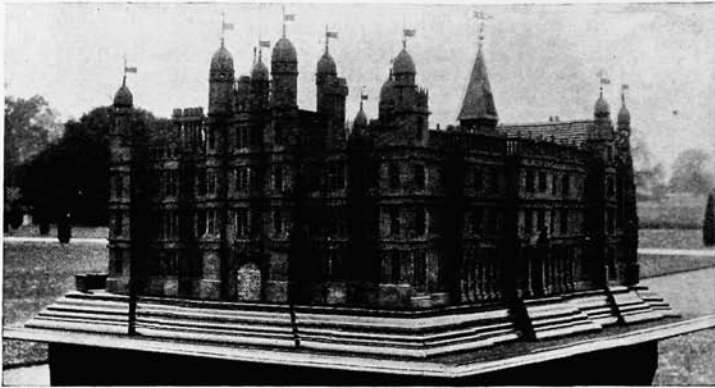


TREE TRUNK AS BANDSTAND.

THE hollow stump of a red cedar, which is estimated to be about two thousand years old, is used as a bandstand in Wright Park, Tacoma, Washington, U.S.A. Across the concrete foundation it is thirty feet wide, and the diameter at the top is twenty feet. Inside it is furnished with seats and tables, and is a popular resort for picnic parties. At the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition held in Seattle, Washington, it was placed inside the huge Forestry Building, and served as a real estate office.—Mr. E. K. Daniels, No. 2,112, Steele Street, Tacoma, Washington.

VERY QUEER FISH!

THESE strange fish are stated to be of an extinct species known as "monkey fish," and to have been caught some seventy years ago in the Indian Ocean. Opinions differ as to their being genuine specimens, but their owner is asking a very high price for them. I photographed them in an auctioneer's in Belgravia.—Mr. B. Chamberlain, 24, Hugh Street, Victoria, S.W.



CORK, PERSEVERANCE, AND GLUE.

WITH these ingredients Mr. Charles Hawkins, of Peterborough, has succeeded in building a series of most interesting models, the chief of which is a large and comprehensive model of Burghley House, the historic seat of the Marquis of Exeter, near Stamford. As may be imagined from the accompanying photograph, this proved to be no light task. It took Mr. Hawkins, in his spare time, ten years to complete, during which time he walked nearly three thousand miles in repeated visits to the house in order to secure accuracy. The model measures five feet in length, four feet in width, and three feet in height, and no fewer than half a million bottle corks were used in its construction.—Mr. Henry Walker, Public Library, Stamford.

BIRD'S NEST IN A LETTER-BOX.

VENTURE to send you an interesting photograph of a rural letter-box near Barnet containing a bird's nest with the bird actually sitting on the eggs. This box was cleared three times every day, and the letters, when dropped into it, fell on to the nest. I may add that I am the postman who cleared this box, and that the photograph was taken by myself.—Mr. W. G. Stringer, 19, Carnarvon Road, Barnet.



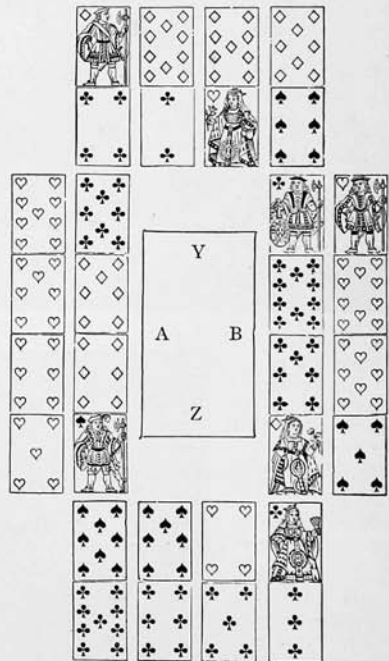
AN EASY CIPHER.

HOW many readers of THE STRAND can decipher this sentence? It is, like most ciphers, simple enough, being made by using a small typewriter that has a shift-key for figures, etc., and writing a sentence according to the keyboard, but with the shift-key down. The beauty of the cipher is that by merely reversing the process the receiver of a message can, on a similar machine, decipher the message

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 ?99£ _3; 59 /9_3 59 5@3
 ¾8£ 9" 5@384 0¼456.

mechanically.—Mr. Alfred B. Cornish, Kingston Street Station, L. and N.W.R., Hull.

A PROBLEM FOR BRIDGE-PLAYERS.



Clubs are trumps and Z is in the lead.

Y and Z want six out of these eight tricks. How do they get them regardless of any defence open to A and B? The solution will be given next month.—Mr. Frank Roy, Watervliet, New York.

OVERSEAS EMPIRE SUPPLEMENT.



A Chapter of Creative Canada.

By J. OBED SMITH.

“**A**ND then God said, ‘Let there be a nation!’ and there was a nation in a night and a morning.” To the writer this is the most striking passage in Mrs. Humphry Ward’s new book, “Canadian Born,” and no matter how much of this startling figure of speech may be allowed as the right of a famous story-teller, there is an element of actuality that is very obvious to the casual visitor to Canada, and much more so to the observant pioneer and resident. There is no more wonderful story than the almost creative development of that Dominion.

Canada’s capacity for creating a good manhood, a good nationhood, and a good prosperity is a tale that is by no means told, although the telling has commenced.

“Rome was not built in a day” is an accepted truism, and it may be impossible to discover, even amongst the oldest inhabitants, anyone who has seen the commencement of any village or town in the Old Land. Indeed, history, ancient and modern, has covered the Old World towns and cities so completely that no one seems to busy himself about the real beginnings. But in the New World every few days vacant places are giving birth to new communities and prospective towns, destined to be the home and business centres of ones and twos, then hundreds, and perchance thousands. Settlement on the land demanded a business centre, and Canada’s creative capacity responded immediately to the request. In England towns merge into each other and

the countryside is without gaps, but in Central Canada it is different. The great prairies with unbroken soil, waiting for man to discover their virtues and bountiful crops, are a real inducement for incoming thousands; and centres of commerce, small though they be, are the natural consequence. The growth of towns in the Dominion has been likened to mushrooms; and flamboyant as this figure of speech seems, it is beyond question that the commencement of hundreds of towns has been evident overnight, when the identical moment arrived, and someone said, “Here shall be a town,” and the next day appeared the first-fruits.

The prairies of Central Canada—so silent from the beginning of things, and until this generation hardly trodden by the foot of man—are themselves the basic evidence of wealth and possibility that can only be realized by him who knows that the first and true source of wealth is land. On these prairies the earth and sky meet, and only the steel threads for the iron horse make it possible to continue towns and communities every few miles along its ever-extending length. First the survey, then the grade and the steel, and, lastly, the train; but often has a town been planned and platted by some enterprising member of the survey party, who believed his ideal town site lay before him; survey stakes mark out corner lots, and then appears the first trader—the man with a tent and groceries, and other articles of everyday use—the keg of nails, the coil of rope, the window-sash, etc., such as pioneers on the land most need. If it should happen the location of the railway be moved, this “oldest



THE MAIN STREET AT SEDGEWICK.

inhabitant" loads up his tent and goods; or if he has in the meantime erected a building, and been joined by his fellows with other buildings, they haul the buildings and their goods to the new town site of the railway. The new location of the town is not allowed to lose the pioneer his first advantage, and the moving of a hundred buildings from one town site to another is not an unusual proceeding in Canada. Sometimes one wonders if it would not be a good thing for industrial England if some of her town sites could be moved to more remunerative localities.

It is common enough to see a couple of tents staked down by an embryo shopkeeper on the "bald-headed prairie," near the location of a prospective town, indicated by the approaching grade of the railway itself, and in these he shelters himself and his goods from all kinds of weather. His customers are the homesteaders and farmers who have been the forerunners in this adventurous age of the railway itself, and when the town exists in fact he will be one to realize financial benefit. A string of new stations along the new lines of railway in Canada means, in effect, a new town site every ten miles. Indeed, in one year no fewer than one hundred town sites were thus established.

The birth of a town is typical, and its progress illustrative of the activity of Western life. One day the sky-line is unrelieved by even a solitary shack; the next the temporary canvas structure of the courageous pioneer tradesman, who dares the conditions and the elements to be first in the field, is seen. A few days afterwards another business man arrives with a load of building material from a far-away station, if perchance the railway is not yet planned. This may be to build his own house or shop, or it may be for sale. The traveller by train is mystified with the almost daily increase in building operations, and the sound of hammer and saw strikes him at every town. Nothing daunts men of this class, who—modestly unconscious—are features in the foundation work of the Empire.

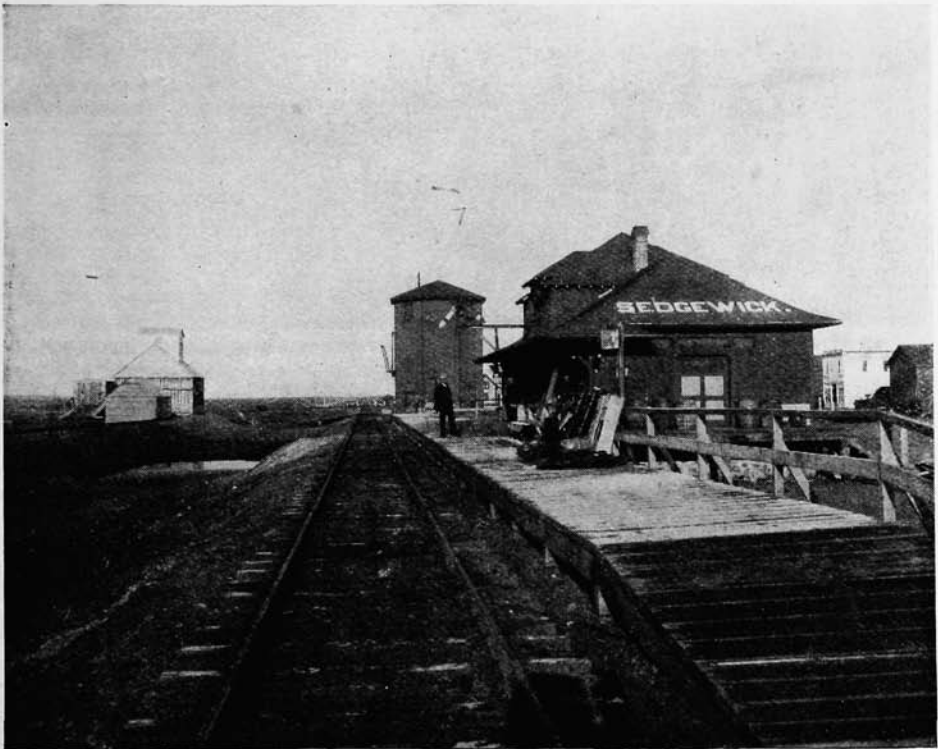
Following closely on the advent of the railway is the arrival of the man to open a "stopping-place," or hotel, for travellers and erstwhile farmers, who seem to arrive by magic when such a convenience is established. Given a general store and boarding-house, a lumber-yard and blacksmith's shop, the town may be considered started; its progress is so rapid that in two years the population reaches from 500 to 1,000, and town lots originally bought for 200dols. or

goodols. are sold from ten to twenty times that sum. The keen man of business sees financial advantage in early buying. By this time the "oldest inhabitant" has seen gathered round his humble beginnings several general and hardware stores, a church and school, a furniture shop, a doctor, and a lawyer; drug store, stationery and fancy goods store, the necessary flour and feed store, confectioners' and bakers' shops, an implement warehouse, some lumber-yards, with building materials for sale; livery-stables, where conveyances can be hired or where the visiting farmer can bait his horses; fuel or coal yard, a jeweller's shop (because people there early learn to live well), a harness-maker, a butcher, a restaurant, the inevitable real-estate office, a newspaper and printing office, a branch of a chartered bank, a veterinary surgeon, a schoolmaster; and, perhaps most important of all, two or three grain elevators, at which the farmer can obtain cash in hand for his grain on delivery there at any time of the year.

By this time the business men have formed themselves into an active Board of Trade, and

the town has probably become incorporated, while a mayor and council are beginning to levy taxation for public purposes, including fire protection, which up to this time has probably been limited to the bucket brigade. Sidewalks and graded streets appear, a town hall and civic offices help to complete the modern corporate appearance, and then the town may be considered safely on its way to a progress which is a replica of prosperity of the farming land in the district, which has increased in value four or five times. Such enhancement is the result of human energy, plus good soil.

The virgin land was given gratis by the Government, the sky was the only thing above the grass, and yet in two years there is an established progressive farming and business community—clear evidence of the creative capacity. Something for nothing. These results are largely due to the unfailing industry of optimistic inhabitants. Hope is a real asset in Canada, and valuable in its plenitude. Without it one would miss the predominant feature of all successful business life there; with it all things seem



THE STATION, SHOWING THE ALBERTA PACIFIC GRAIN ELEVATOR IN THE REAR.

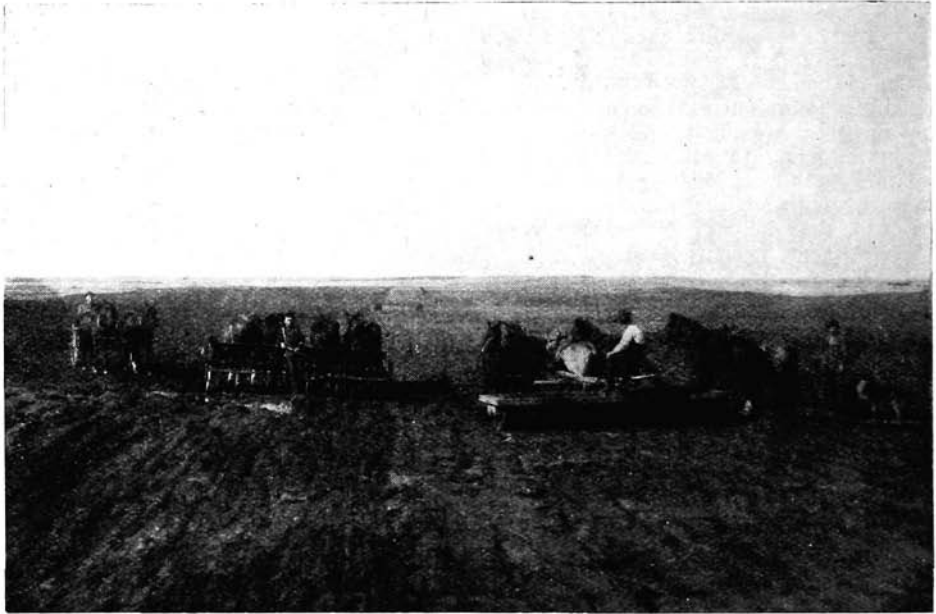
possible, and each town seems to its inhabitants a very metropolis, and the neighbouring communities mere specks permitted to exist.

A record shipment from grain elevators in a large town is a million bushels of wheat. If one-half the land within a radius of seven miles round any town on the central prairies was cropped it would average more than a million bushels each year, so the future possibilities of these newly-created centres, considering their number, open up a vast field for comfortable reflection.

A typical town is Sedgewick, on the

addition to the original Sedgewick town site. Such is the story of other towns similarly situated.

At a district fair held in January last year, winter wheat weighed $66\frac{1}{4}$ lb. to the bushel, spring wheat $67\frac{1}{4}$ lb., and oats $45\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Table vegetables grow in abundance, and small native fruits are in wild profusion. Cucumbers, green corn, tomatoes, and citron are provided for the townspeople by the farmers around, affording another instance of how quickly the uncomfortable vicissitudes of pioneer life give place to creature comforts in creative Canada.



HOW THE LAND IS PREPARED FOR SEED—A VIEW ON A FARM ONE MILE EAST OF SEDGEWICK.

Canadian Pacific Railway from Winnipeg to Edmonton. It came into existence before any railway was in sight, and until a short while ago was only reached by rail eastward from Wetaskiwin, but is destined to be the railway junction for the capital of Alberta. It is now the detraining point for those securing "ready-made farms" from that great railway corporation. This would mean an added impetus to the already prosperous conditions of this business centre, which is situated in the very heart of the rich Alberta Park country, and comprises river and woodland, hill and dale. Settlement has been so rapid that it has been necessary to make an

The creamery in operation has 125 patrons among the farmers. Coal may be purchased at 5s. a ton; but, of course, the settler has to help load his wagon and team it himself.

Apart from the shops in the town, a number of general stores and post-offices are to be found scattered throughout the territory where the "ready-made farms" are located. The advent of new-comers is of immense value, because every additional acre of crop means additional business; and after viewing such a condition one's mind reverts to a few years ago, when there was no railway and nothing between the grass and the blue sky.

Nov.,
1910.

FASHIONS OF THE MOMENT

By "EVE"



FASHIONS in velvet are delightful in prospect, but Parisian modistes have been quick to see that a combination of soft satin will relieve its weightiness and warmth when in wear.

The alliance of the thinner fabric is extremely becoming and adds even a richer touch to an already rich material, while the added comfort it gives is more than a pleasing change, seeing that we shall have to wear it for some little time yet if we would be in the mode.

This applies, however, only to indoor dresses and blouses, the smartest of walking costumes in this fabric being destitute of trimming of any sort, except that slight touch which is imparted by large ornamental buttons. These are in most cases of oxidized silver or fancy steel, and cut jet examples are also seen.

While fancy silk braids, and particularly the plain military variety, will appear on most outdoor cloth costumes this winter, this form of trimming is used very sparingly on the velvet suits.

Full revers, big cuffs, and loosely-fitting shapes characterize the latest of the velours costumes, and this material is just as popular for children's garments as for their elders.

Children's overcoats, protective coats, tunic suits, and pinafore frocks are all fabricated in it, and suit the little wearers to perfection.

An old fashion revived is that of the deep border of fur or astrachan with which some of the handsome long coats are now edged. A narrower continuation of the same trimming up the front to join under a deep collar and revers of the fur trimming is smart in the extreme and—expensive, the cuffs and muff, of course, matching.



Fig. 1.—The original of this Paris blouse model was seen at the *magasin* of one of the leading *couturières* there, and was composed of black velvet allied to powder-blue satin, with covered buttons of the same, and collar and cuffs of the fashionable dyed embroidery to match. The satin ribbon peeping coquetishly from beneath the side fastening is flatly pleated and edged with oxidized silver fringe.

Fig. 2.—This charming evening toilette is another French example. "built" of pale pink chiffon, with overskirt of pink charmeuse, the hem of which is gathered into a huge gold embroidery buckle. The underskirt was also faced up with gold embroidery as a deep hem. Gold-spotted pale green chiffon, mounted over soft silk of the same shade, composed the elegant wrap, the voluminous edges of which were bordered with chinchilla.



Chinchilla, tailless ermine, Persian lamb, seal coney, bear cub, and grey squirrel are the most fashionable varieties of peltry for this winter for the composing of toques, muffs, and scarves, while the first-named variety is to be much seen on silken evening wraps.

Materials are richer and more ornate than ever for evening wear. Silver, gold, and oxidized threads are darned through exquisite dyed silk laces, soft satin is veiled with bead-besprinkled tulle, and embroideries are jewelled, particularly with pearls and dull paste.

Such an early revival of the Empire and Directoire styles was hardly to be looked for this season, though not surprising, since the amalgamation of the two styles, which really comprise the present mode, is extremely becoming, and is generally more graceful in its combined form. These styles have also called up revivals of old-time materials, striped velvets, brocade, and the like now being much seen in Paris.

In the matter of colours, the newest shades are more than usually beautiful. Mulberry and strawberry, or *fraise*, have quite ousted the *vieux rose* of a while since, and mustard-yellow has given place to golden or Egyptian sand. Tarragona red and rowanberry are also lovely new colours, while all other blues have given place to the variety designated "Swallow."

For those who love the quietness of grey, yet deplore sometimes its unbecomingness to the complexion—this is often the brunette's lament—there is the new cygnet grey, which manages to comprise depth and brightness in its folds while retaining its subdued hue.

Then, also, we are treated to bright flashes of really tropical colours—just tiny suggestions on otherwise sedate gowns, such as the merest little turnover collar of parrot green or bright red on a dark blue indoor dress. A touch of flamingo, orange or lemon, is also successfully applied to black and black and white dresses.

Aluminium and burnished gold trimmings are much beloved of the smart Frenchwoman at the moment, these appearing in the form of alluring little neck finishes, buckles, belts, military braid, and millinery lace.

Ribbon in several varieties plays an important part, contrary to expectation this season, in the millinery world, plain glacé, moiré, and velvet-backed satin being the chief of these. Hat shapes of satin and chiffon velvet are trimmed solely with glacé ribbon loops, massed in a huge bunch or tied in a

large bow with long spiked ends upstanding, in the form of a bird's wings.

Muffs of the large, flat variety, a few of

which made their appearance last season, are to be universally worn this winter.

It is comforting to know that the length for evening skirts will for the most part be of the even-all-round, just-clear-the-ground length, to permit a peep of dainty little satin shoes of the same colour as the toilette.

A very pretty idea for the fastenings of evening shoes is now seen on the latest silk or satin models. Narrow ribbon strands of the same colour are attached to the back of the shoe, then brought round, crossed in front, then at back, then again brought round and tied in front, after the style of bathing-shoes.

Fig. 3.—A seal coney coat heavily trimmed with chinchilla. The drapery on this hat is light in the extreme, being of oxidized gauze finished with one of the new suède roses dyed a rich wine colour.

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Fig. 4.—A delightfully *chic* costume for a young girl, of velvet, ornamented with large buttons of oxidized silver. The gauntlet cuffs and shawl collar are noticeable features on this suit. The stretched satin hat shape of this young wearer's was trimmed with glacé silk ribbon, the inside of the brim having a softening touch of narrow gathered lace.

The new cashmere or Paisley designs are only suitable for the slim and fairly tall woman. The unusually large and brilliantly-coloured patterns are trying to the most perfect figures. They are charming combined with chiffon in plain shades, but the colours must be sparingly used or skilfully covered by the veiling of chiffon forming a part of the design of the gown. Almost every unnecessary detail in the way of trimming is suppressed in the latest Parisian models, while the arrangement of the colour scheme and the clever combining of fabrics are made to supply the place of superfluous ornament.

The charmeuse is one of the best qualities of the new satins. It has a slightly twilled weave, and is lovely for gowns and cloaks.

Fig. 6.—This practical model, designed for hard wear, is of silk-finished felt, with soft satin ribbon trimming and a large enamel buckle.



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Fig. 5.—A miroir velvet-covered shape in golden brown, lined with gauged pale coral chiffon. A band of burnished gold embroidery is secured beneath two glorious shaded brown and cream plumes.

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Fig. 7.—A useful little silk-covered toque, the brim being covered with rows of stitching, and a big bow of soft satin ribbon being its sole adornment.



Among other practical silks which may be used in combination with cashmeres and woollens for costumes, and also for separate coats, is ottoman. The new ottomans are as soft as chiffon cloth, and quite unlike those with which we have been familiar.

The new fancy silk brocade is a stately-looking silk, and has been softened to a chiffon texture. It is very lovely combined with plain satin and chiffon for evening gowns. For dressy afternoon gowns the very soft, light-weight broché silks are charming, made up in combination with chiffon.

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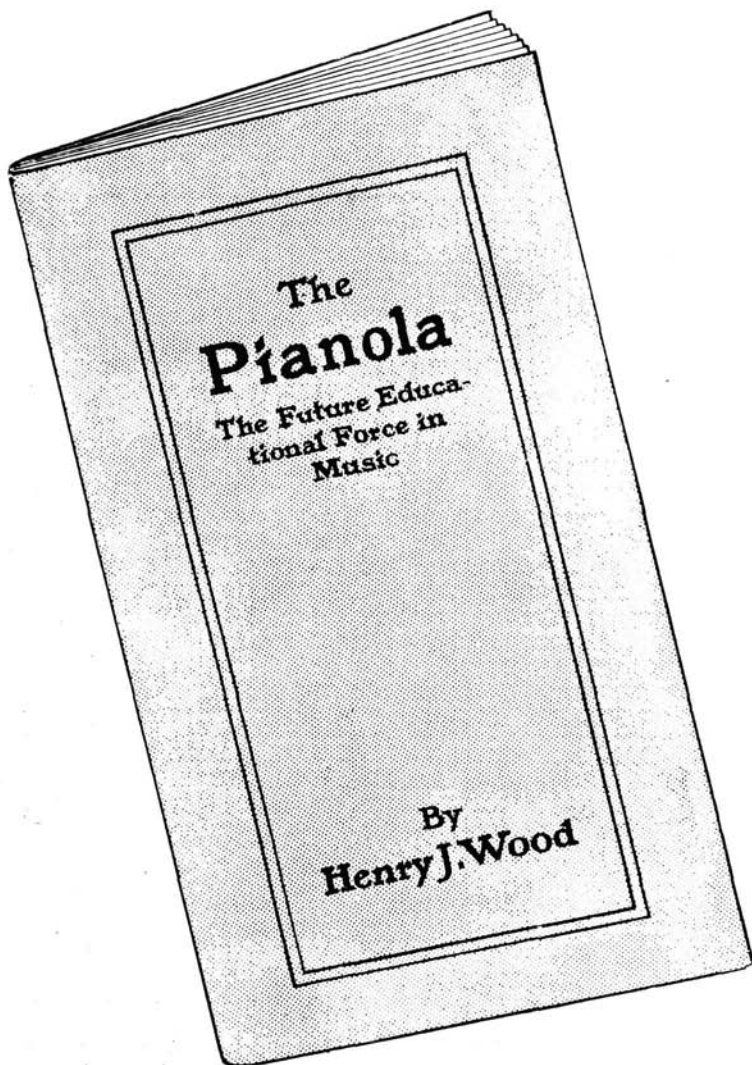
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While there can be no doubt that good music is well worth the price usually paid for it, it is equally certain that music-lovers are unable to buy anything like the amount they would like to possess. For every song or piece of music they are able to secure at the copyright price, there are a dozen or more that have to remain as something longed for.

Hence it was thought that there was an immense public who would welcome with open arms an opportunity to get copyright music at reduced prices, and Part I. of "The Strand Musical Portfolio" was published.

The part that inaugurates this sensational departure is only typical of what all the remaining numbers will be. Here is what it contains:—

- 1.—The celebrated Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana."
- 2.—Song: "Whisper and I Shall Hear."
- 3.—"The Mountaineers" Waltz (from the popular Comic Opera).
- 4.—Song: "To My Sweetheart."
- 5.—Prairie Two-Step, "Red Wing."

The copyright value of the contents of Part I. alone is approximately £10,000, and each item in it is among the most popular modern high-class music.

Since Gounod's "Soldiers' Chorus," from "Faust," no piece from any opera has achieved the enormous sales of the beautiful Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Then what sentimental song is more popular than "Whisper and I Shall Hear"? This charming melody and enchanting refrain is known all over the world, and it was undoubtedly Piccolomini's biggest success. "The Mountaineers" is a beautiful waltz,

arranged by Mr. Reginald Somerville from melodies in his Savoy opera of that name, which was one of the features of last autumn's theatrical season, and is now having a most successful provincial tour. "To My Sweetheart," the music of which is by Dorothy Beckwith, is one of those songs which, once heard, will always linger in one's memory. It is simplicity itself, and is suitable for vocalists of either sex.

And for those who prefer something more sparkling there is the "Prairie Two-Step" (Red Wing), the gay music of which has gained great popularity both here and on the Continent. Thus it will be seen that the contents of Part I. of "The Strand Musical Portfolio" are of a most varied and popular character, and no one can say that it is not amazing value for 7d.

There is still more, however. Part I. contains a special article by Mme. Clara Butt, telling how to sing a song, in which the famous contralto gives many valuable hints.

The contents of Part II. and Part III. are no less interesting. Part II., for instance, contains, among other pieces, "The Broken Melody" (piano solo), by that famous actor-musician, Auguste Van Biene; and "Life's Dream is O'er," by J. Ascher (a duet arranged from the very popular romance of "Alice, Where Art Thou?"). Duet singing in the home is always to be commended, and readers will find that "Life's Dream is O'er" is one of the most fascinating, yet simple, duets ever published. That celebrated song from "The Belle of New York," "Teach Me How to Kiss, Dear," is also included in Part II.

Then the contents of Part III. comprise that famous song, "True Till Death," the copyright of which a few years ago realized the sum of £800—one of the biggest prices ever paid for a single copyright; a delightful waltz, "Dolores," by Emile Waldteufel; a dainty Japanese intermezzo, "Hanako"; and a charming sentimental song, "Tell Her I Love Her," the words being by the well-known writer, Fred E. Weatherley. Part III., in addition, will contain an interesting article on "How to Study the Piano," by Paderewski.

In face of the above, surely there is none who will disagree with the claim that "The Strand Musical Portfolio" is the finest publication of its kind ever issued, and those who do not wish to be disappointed should place an order at once with their newsagent.

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Two Things for Children.

It is worth while considering a few typical examples of what can be done by means of life assurance. We naturally begin with the beginning of life, and for a child there are two principal things to provide. One is the money for education. A very small payment each year from birth until some such age as 15 will provide either a lump sum or an income for four or five years, out of which the expenses of education can be paid. The money thus paid to the life office is increased by compound interest, so that the policyholder receives back more than he has paid in, at the same time that he has had the convenience of making many small payments instead of a few large ones. He has also made sure that the money for education will be forthcoming when it is wanted, since it is an excellent plan to take a form of policy which provides that, in the event of the premature death of the parent, no further premiums have to be paid, but the sum assured under the policy will be paid in full at the due date.

Another splendid thing to do for a child is to provide him with a policy when he reaches the age of 21. A very small premium, something like £1 a year for each £100 assured, secures a policy that comes into force at age 21, and begins to share in the profits of the life office, while the same infinitesimally small premium is continued for the rest of life or up to some selected

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Next Best.

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If we are in the happy position of having an estate upon which death duties will have to be paid, then a policy which calls for premiums so long as we live is no hardship, but is, in fact, the most suitable kind of policy. Still, even so, the annual premium for the assurance of a given sum is a great deal less at young ages than at old.

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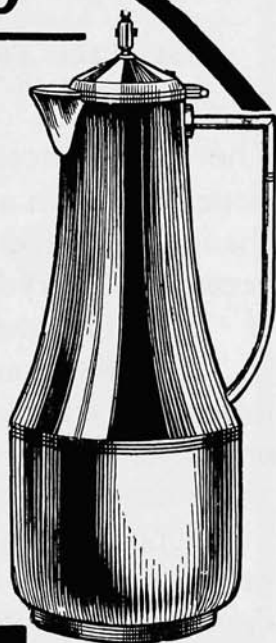
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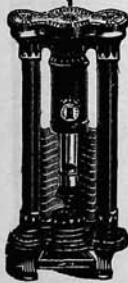
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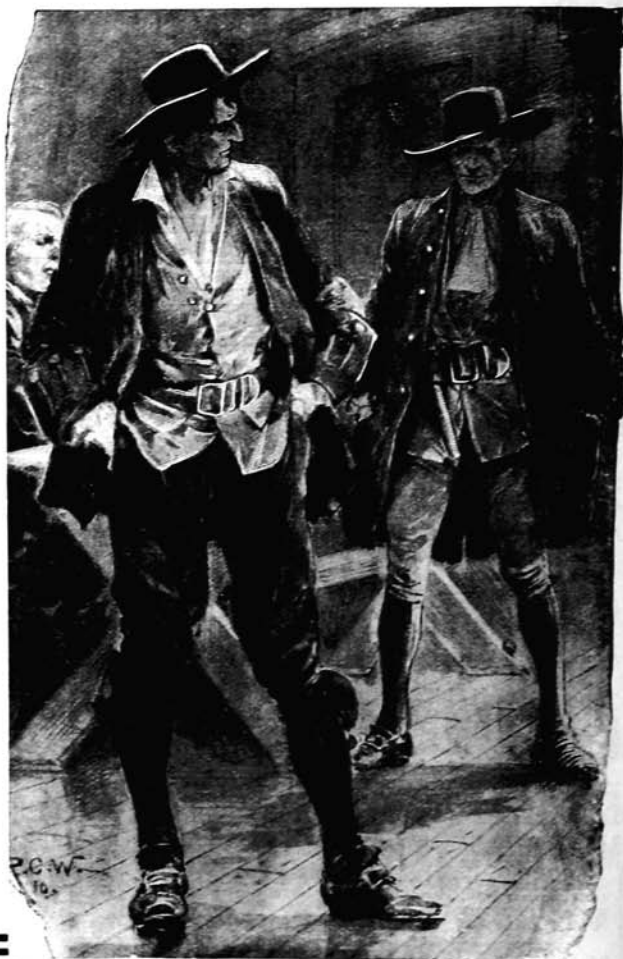
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Jane Mary, by Francis Marlowe. One of the illustrations (which are by R. Caton Woodville) to this latter story is reproduced in this announcement. The complete stories include *Between Avalanche and Bear*—a story of an exciting adventure in the Rockies, by John Mackie; *The Fall of Oridge*—an A 1 school yarn, by Harold Avery; *An Extra Performance*—a delightful story by Gunby Hadath, etc., etc. In addition, there are several articles dealing with subjects dear to the hearts of all boys; these include expert articles on *Stamp Collecting, Models and Model-Making, Testing a Watch, Competitions, etc., etc.*



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"Nicholas Nickleby," Chap xxxvii.

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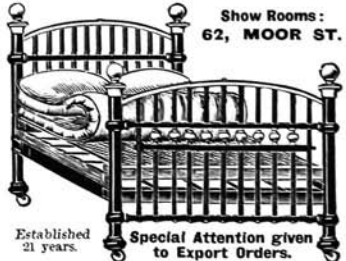
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Index to Advertisers.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
ART EMBROIDERY.		Pelman School of Memory	57	Kerol	76
Osoilkie	40	Sloan-Duphon Shorthand	70	Kolecon	101
ART FURNISHERS.		ELECTRICAL LIGHTING, Etc.		Kyl-Fyre	107
Williamson & Cole, Ltd.	43	Ever-Ready Electric Appliances	65	Marshall's Sanitary Mattress Co.	41
BANKS.		Mazda Electric Lamps	63	Panshine	75
Farrow's Bank	73	Smith, F. W., & Co.	77	Polivit Mfg. Co.	13
BATHS, Etc.		ENGRAVINGS, Etc.		Scherzing's Formalin	27
Foot's Baths	38	Artistic Photo.	Insets	Thermos Table Jug	103
BILLIARD TABLES, Etc.		FOUNTAIN PENS, INKS.		Varnoid	91
Holt, W.	Cover 2	Jewel Pen	66	Veritas Mantles	75
Padmore & Sons	87	Kidd, W., & Sons	26	Watson & Coomber	54
Riley, E. J.	Insets	Neptune Fountain Pen	68	Witney Blanket Co.	80
Thurston & Co.	71	Onoto Ink	64	HYGIENIC APPLIANCES, SUR- GICAL INSTRUMENTS, Etc.	
BOOTS & SHOES, Etc.		Onoto Pen	37	British Electric Institute	43
Cherry Blossom Boot Polish	33	Star Pen Manufacturing Co., Ltd.	65	British Electric Medical Co.	20
Freeman, Hardy, & Willis	34	Swan Pen	10	British Ryng Syndicate	17
Greenlees & Sons	94	Waterman Pen	3	Brooks, C. E.	46
Hogg, A. T.	112	FURNITURE, Etc.		Duchattelier, Mme.	76
"K" Boots	30	Abingdon Carpet Mfg. Co., Ltd.	31	Lees Ray, C.	63
Osmond, E.	86	Allen, J. J., Ltd.	12	Maxim Inhaler	43
Patent Canvas Shoe Co.	36	Catesby, Ltd.	44	Rice, Wm. S., Ltd.	113
Ruthstein, N. M.	86	Foot, J., & Son	79	Sanche Oxodonor	82
Saxone Shoe Co.	95	Furniture & Fine Art Depositories, Ltd.	33	Stolz Electrophone	34
CHINA.		Globe Furnishing Co.	5	Stuart Plaster-Pad	3
Ceramic Art Co., Ltd.	21	Globe-Wernicke Co., Ltd.	13	Vacuum Massage Appliance Co.	65
Fenton Pottery Co.	33	Hackney Furnishing Co., Ltd.	50	White's Truss Co.	36
Vincent Fine Art Pottery	78	Hodgson, F., & Sons	24	Wilson Ear-Drum	112
CIGARS, Etc.		Inglesant, T., & Sons, Ltd.	40	INSURANCE.	
Calana Cigar Co.	13	Riley, Chas. H., & Sons	112	Norwich Union	103
Fior de Dindigul	110	Searle, H. J., & Sons	59	INVALID APPLIANCES.	
COACHBUILDERS, Etc.		Westminster Flooring Co.	76	Foot's Adapta Bed Table	38
Offord & Co.	18	GUNS, Etc.		JUVENILE OUTFITTERS.	
CORSETS, Etc.		Wild, T.	63	Bon Marché	44
Knitted Corset & Clothing Co.	76	HORTICULTURAL, Etc.		Constantine Bros.	69
COSTUMES, Etc.		Kennelly, C.	35	KNITTING MACHINES.	
Foster, Allen, & Co.	20	HOSIERY, CLOTHING, Etc.		Foster, James	50
Poppestone, W. H. & A.	Cover 2	Bell's Patent Supply Co.	66	LACE.	
Wood Bros.	41	Evans, Ben, & Co., Ltd.	46	Armstrong, Mrs. H.	30
CUTLERY & PLATED GOODS, Etc.		Fox's Spiral Puttees	24	Murphy & Orr	30
Arbenz Razor	44	George, Robert	30	Sands, S. A., & Co.	97
AutoStrip Safety Razor	1	Hanna & Co.	26	MEDICAL.	
Cheatham, W.	Cover 2	Horne Bros.	25	Bragg's Charcoal	41
Clemak Safety Razor	35	Jacksons', Ltd.	91	Burgess' Lion Ointment	52
Foot's Scissors	32	Jaeger Co.	110	Claramo	33
Seabrook Safety Razor	31	Lahmann, Dr.	79	Dalloff Tea	105
Star Safety Razor	52	London Glove Co.	92	Eno's Fruit Salt	116
CYCLES AND ACCESSORIES.		Lyle & Scott, Ltd.	57	Espanola Medicine Co.	77
Roman Rim, Ltd.	111	Macintosh	92	Evans' Pastilles	26
Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd.	49	Parker's Collars	18	Hinkman	80
DENTAL.		Pesco Underwear	27	Ison	90
Browning, S. M.	92	Phoenix Mufflers	101	Keely Treatment	76
DOG FOODS.		Pryjo Underwear	35	Kutnow's Powder	47
Molassine	2	Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd.	110	Mackenzie, Dr.	68
Spratt's Dog Cakes	51	Samuels, J. & S.	99	Mackill's Cure	65
DRESS MATERIALS.		Shirley President Brace	39	Magick Foot Draft Co.	51
Hamilton's Irish Homespuns	89	Sphere Suspender Co.	39	Peps	57
Lewis's Velveteen	18	Wolsley Underwear	45	Percival, P., Nea Vita Eye Institute	56
EDUCATIONAL.		HOTELS, Etc.		Pottage, J. C., & Co.	105
Alston's College	32	De Vere Hotel	33	Potter & Clarke	49
American College of Mechano- Therapy	32	Imperial Hotel	37	Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles	61
Broadbent's College	40	Lexham Mansion Hotel	79	Rhycol	91
Concentro Co.	70	HOUSEHOLD LINEN, CURTAINS, Etc.		Scott's, Dr., Pills	97
Dixon Institute	86	Gorringe & Co.	38	Spermin Essence	39
Electrical Engineer Institute	51	Peach, S., & Sons	63	Stroopool	76
International Correspondence Schools	19	HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES.		Taylor & Co.	59
London Syllabic Correspondence Schools	27	Ashford, W. & G.	35	Taylor & Co. (Blushing)	51
Page-Davis	Insets	Baldwin, J. & J.	64	Temple, A. T. (Red Noses)	36
		Bond's Marking Ink	27	Temple, Helen S. W.	41
		Cole, G. W.	81	Temple, S. G. (Blushing)	45
		Daisy Vacuum Cleaner Co.	Cover 2	Theo. Noel Co. (Vitae-Ore)	16
		Direct Supply Co.	92	Vapo-Cresolene	45
		Ewbank Carpet Sweeper	26	Ward Chemical Co.	7
		Fluxite	28	Wildor, Mae Edna	26
		Follows & Bates	41	Wincarnis	62
		Goddard's Plate Powder	92	Wm-Buk's Schnapps	Cover 1
		Hunt, Hedley S., & Co.	36	Zalf-Wolf	111
		Jevons & Mellor	30	MISCELLANEOUS.	
				Excelsior Co.	97

Harris, A. C. (Mysterion)... ..	PAGE	87	Red, White, & Blue Coffee	PAGE	64	TOILET.	PAGE
Hearson's Incubators	41	Reynolds' Bread	80	Alexandre, S. T., "Shadeine"	10	Bates' Pelletta	81
Marion, Mme.	66	PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.	100	Bond, Mme.	79	Bronnley, H., & Co., Ltd.	108
Mercury, Prof.	105	Bazaar, Exchange, & Mart	100	Chesebrough Mfg. Co.	108	Colgate & Co.	Cover 4
National Fretworkers' Association	66	Captain Library	28	County Chemical Co.	56	Crytolis	52
Old Sol	68	Captain, The	106	Daggett & Ramsdell	85	Dixon's Mousta	112
The Strand Magazine Telephone		Caxton Publishing Co.	42, 60	Edwards' Harlene Co.	9	Ethymol Tooth Paste	7
Shield	70	Newnes' Brownie Books	82	Firmin, Kathryn B.	82	Hoseene Co.	70
Verity, Newton	78	Newnes' Sixpenny Novels	72	Iclima	59	Jewsbury & Brown	31
Zazra	84	Scholars' Own	86	Lane, R.	18	Necroceine	18
MODELS, Etc.		The Strand Musical Portfolio 68, 74, 94		Nottingham Perfumery Co.	40	Oatine Co.	68
Clyde Model Dockyard Co.	18	Tit-Bits	44	Osborne, Bauer, & Cheeseman	48	Petrole Hahn	20
Gamage, A. W., Ltd.	46	Wide World Magazine	53	Rowland's Macassar Oil	88	Seeger's	112
MOTORS, Etc.		Woman at Home	84	Tatcho	4	Thompson, R. H.	3
Argyll Motors	59	Woman's Life	98	Zenobia	80	TOYS AND GAMES.	
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, Etc.		SAFES, Etc.		Dean's Rag Book Co.	67	Gyro	66
Campbell's Melodeons	43	Ratner Safes	48	Harbutt's Plasticine	76	Meko Steero Motor Car	31
Cecilian Player-Piano	54	SEWING MACHINES.		Meccano, Ltd.	13	Shy-Nall Chemical Co.	40
Coppleston & Co.	2	Atlas Machine	36	Rowland's Macassar Oil	88	Wisbey, J., & Co.	31
Ehremayer, L. H.	92	Sewing Machine Co.	112	Seeger's	112	TYPEWRITERS AND ACCESSORIES.	
Imperial Publishing Co.	32	SOAP.		Taylor's Typewriters	27	Smith Premier	63
Kastner & Co., Ltd.	95	Cuticura Soap	113	UMBRELLAS.		Taylor's Typewriters	27
Keith, Prowse, & Co., Ltd.	17	Sunlight Soap	6	Stanworth & Co.	12, 82	WATCHES & JEWELLERY, Etc.	
National Phonograph Co., Ltd.	23	Vinolia	Insets	Allen & Daws	3	Benson, J. W., Ltd.	100
Newnes' Pianoforte Tutor	44	STAMPS.		Camerer, Kuss, & Co.	78	Davis & Co.	46
Orchestrelle Co.	93	Bright & Son	52	Davis & Co.	46	Fraser, R. D. & J. B., Ltd.	67
Robey, Geo., Ltd.	32	STATIONERY, Etc.		Fraser, R. D. & J. B., Ltd.	67	Grenfell, Frazier, & Co.	31
Smith, J. Macdonald	101	Black Autocopyist	67	Grenfell, Frazier, & Co.	31	Keystone Watch Co.	37
Steck Piano	101	Gillott, J., & Sons	26	Keystone Watch Co.	37	Langdon, Davies, & Co.	40
Thelwall, Walter H.	40	Koh-i-noor Pencils	14	Langdon, Davies, & Co.	40	Manufacturing Jewellers' Co.	38
OPTICAL.		McMeekin, M.	48	Manufacturing Jewellers' Co.	38	Masters, Ltd.	69
Hughes' Lanterns	30	Quadruplex, Ltd.	43	Masters, Ltd.	69	Samuel, H.	15
Mirroscope Projector	69	Sharp Walker & Co.	109	Samuel, H.	15	Sims & Mayer	51
Pain Bros.	66	Stringcutters, Ltd.	38	Sims & Mayer	51	Waltham Watch Co.	70
Watson, W., & Sons, Ltd.	66	Twin-Grip Paper Fasteners	64	Waltham Watch Co.	70	White, H., Manufacturing Co.	11
OVERSEAS GOVERNMENTS.		STOVES.		WATERPROOFS, Etc.		Barbour, J., & Sons	36
Australian Commonwealth	91	Carron Co.	39	Barbour, J., & Sons	36	Parker's Drio	18
Canada	96	Clark's Stoves	105	Parker's Nonwetto	20	Samuel Bros., Ltd.	30
Canadian Townsites, Ltd.	97	Duplex Radiators, Ltd.	90	Samuel Bros., Ltd.	30	WINES & SPIRITS, Etc.	
Kootenay District (British Columbia)	97	Lasco Stove	65	Cambus Whisky	69	Dixon's Port	111
PATENT FOODS.		Rippingill's Lamp Co.	30	Dixon's Port	111	WORTH OF COPYRI	
Allenburys' Diet	88	SWEETS.		MUSIC			
Frame-Food	Cover 3	Fry's V-nello Chocolates	112				
PHYSICAL CULTURE.		TABLE WATERS, Etc.					
Cleese, F. Meredith	77	Vittel	85				
Inch, Professor	52	TAILORS.					
Moss, Staff-Sergeant	97	Brierley, C. E., & Co.	112				
Sandow, Eugen	53	Curzon Bros.	3				
Wallace, A. Gordon	55	Day, A.	92				
PROVISIONS.		Everitt Press Mfg. Co.	3				
Beaulah, J. & J. ("Cake Royal")	54	Presto Coat Collar Co.	36				
Bermaline Bread	87	Roberts, Somerville, & Co.	56				
Chivers' Jellies	81	TOBACCO, PIPES, Etc.					
Cox, J. & S., Ltd.	105	Bewlay Pipes	56				
Elite Fish Co.	20	Lea, R. J.	83				
Fry's Cocoa	Front Cover, 22	Masta Pipe	84				
Isaac, R., Ltd.	32	Stewart, C., & Co.	36				
Lemco	37	Yeomans, T. E., & Sons, Ltd.	88				
Macfarlane, Lang, & Co.	29						
O. K. Sauce	27						
Plasmon	91						



See full particulars on page 74.

There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable preparation than

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

THE OLD-TIME, EVER-POPULAR
HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR

Biliousness, Sick
Headache, Consti-
pation. Errors
in Diet—Eating
or Drinking.
Thirst, Giddi-
ness, Rheu-
matic or
Gouty
Poison.



Feverish
Cold with
High Tem-
perature and
Quick Pulse,
and Feverish
Conditions
generally. It
proves beneficial in
the early stages of
Diarrhœa.

IT IS MOST VALUABLE TO
TRAVELLERS, ESPECIALLY IN
HOT COUNTRIES.

CAUTION.—Examine the Capsule, and see that it is marked ENO'S
'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have the sincerest
form of flattery—IMITATION.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Limited,
'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

TO ALL WHO THINK.

THE LUSTRE OF YOUR HAIR, its Beauty, Richness, Strength and Length, all depend upon the Hair Roots, which are nourished THROUGH THE BLOOD ALONE; therefore, when the roots are not healthy and strong, or when they are affected by germs,

**YOUR HAIR WILL NOT—
INDEED, CANNOT GROW.**

That is why nothing CAN be ANY GOOD for

**FALLING OUT or
PREMATURELY GREY**

HAIR

EXCEPT

CAPSULOIDS

BECAUSE the harmful germs which injure the Hair Roots check Nature's efforts to produce luxuriant Hair, and those germs can be destroyed ONLY THROUGH THE BLOOD—and the only remedy which does reach them through the Blood is CAPSULOIDS. It is utterly useless to rub preparations on the scalp, because Nature has so constructed it that it is a physical impossibility for anything to be rubbed through the outer layers of the scalp—and the Hair Roots, where the germs feed, lie far below those layers (SEE ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF HAIR ROOTS, PAGE 3).

Begin Treatment to-day, before the germs have seriously injured or destroyed the Hair Roots.

24, Arnccliffe Terrace,
Bradford,
Gentlemen,

I sincerely believe your Capsuloids to be all that you claim for them. A friend of mine near London who had seen them advertised for the hair, and who had derived the greatest benefit from taking them, sent me a few. It was after an illness to which I had been subject, and which always leaves me in a low, depressed state.

Previously it has seemed impossible to regain strength, and from one attack to another I have never known the feeling of health—existence being a drag. Unfortunately (being a professional singer, and a teacher of singing), this weakness manifested itself chiefly in my throat, besides



affecting my hair. I could get no relief. My hair has always fallen out very much after these attacks, but the Capsuloids completely stopped this falling, and my hair soon began to grow rapidly. Besides to my surprise, my throat trouble disappeared. I find now remarkable ease in giving instruction to my pupils, while the manner in which I control my own voice is a source of constant delight.

The enclosed photo shows how abundant my hair is now. My hair still continues growing thicker and longer.

I am, with the greatest pleasure, recommending Capsuloids to all my friends.

Faithfully yours,
Madame B. MILNER.

It now costs only about 3d. PER DAY to produce a Magnificent Head of Hair.

Copyright.]



Unique photograph of lower end of a hair root in a section of the human scalp, clearly showing little blood vessel which carried blood during life to this hair root (magnified).

THIS actual photograph of the root of a hair greatly magnified shows that a hair is fastened only at the bottom of its root, where all the growing occurs, and that no nourishment of any sort can reach it through the sides.

You can also see that it gets its nourishment altogether from the blood, which is carried to the bottom of the root in a little artery. As the hair falls out or turns prematurely grey when germs settle in the growing cells and multiply, it is clear that they must be killed, and the growing cells of the roots nourished and built up before the ailment can be cured, and anyone can see that those germs can be reached **only through the blood.**

52, Adames Road,
Kingston,
Portsmouth, Hants.



Gentlemen,

I think it is my duty to send this testimonial, for I have derived so much benefit by taking Capsuloids. My hair was falling out and full of scurf, and I was almost ashamed to take my hat off. I had tried nearly everything for it, but nothing seemed to do any good. I saw your advertisement and started taking Capsuloids, and I could soon see a difference in my hair. I found all the scurf had left my head, and my hair became much stronger, and I am thankful to say I never had a better head of hair.

Yours sincerely,

C. R. GREEN.

"Capsuloid" Non-Rinse Shampoo Powders. One for Oily Hair. One for Dry Hair.

The Hair and Scalp should always be kept in a perfectly hygienic condition, and should be washed not more than from two to four times per month. A Shampoo Powder which will cleanse the hair and scalp when it is very dry will not cleanse it if it is oily. Two kinds, of Shampoo Powders are therefore necessary—one for dry hair, and one for oily hair. Such Shampoo Powders have been prepared by Dr. Campbell. The hair and scalp can be perfectly cleansed with them in three or four minutes, and it is not necessary to rinse the hair unless desired. Any natural tendency to curl in the hair is increased by their use.

Price: A Box of Seven for 1/-

**Hairs
through
the**



**These hairs we
fingers and so**

When hairs are
cannot repair
there is no
through the
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These photog
dangers of rub
even a slight
and its proper
one to realise
generally look
after being r
lotions, still
strengthened
but that it
treated only

**Injured
Rubbing
Scalp.**



THIS actual photograph (magnified) of a section of scalp, containing hairs just where they grew, enables you to see how thick the scalp really is, and how impossible it would be to rub any preparation through all those layers of tissues down to the growing cells at the bottom of the hair roots where the germs are doing their harmful work. There is as much sense and reason in claiming to rub nourishment or food down through the scalp and into the hair roots, as there would be in claiming to feed and satisfy a hungry man by rubbing food through his skin into his system.



209, Anlaby Road, Hull.

Dear Sir,

I have great pleasure in testifying to the good Capsuloids have done for my hair.

Owing to severe weakness, the result of influenza, my hair was falling off in large quantities, and the scalp became very dry. After taking Capsuloids for some time, my hair improved very rapidly and it ceased falling off. I have discontinued taking them for several months, and the improvement to both hair and scalp still continues.

I have very great pleasure in recommending Capsuloids to all who may be suffering from hair weakness.

Yours truly,

(Mrs.) A. HARDING.



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be nourished and
g the blood.

Nothing can increase the size of the downy hairs which grow from the tiny roots on a lady's face and arms. It's Nature's Law.

OVER 60,000 LADIES

have taken Capsuloids, without one having hair grow upon the face or limbs.

Hair Lotions contain alcohol, which always extracts the natural oil from the hair, leaving it dry and brittle.

HOW THE GERMS INJURE THE HAIR ROOTS.

As the germs are carried in the blood to the hair roots, settle there, multiply, stop the formation of the colouring matter of the hair, which is all made in the roots, make the roots soft and loose, so they finally fall out—it is clear those germs must be reached and destroyed, and they can be reached **only through the blood.**

HOW CAPSULOIDS ACT.

Nature is always striving to destroy harmful germs and to grow healthy, beautiful hair. Capsuloids dissolve in the stomach, they pass into the blood, rapidly increasing its Oxygen-carrying power, thereby **giving Nature that element with which alone she destroys all germs.** A little blood vessel carries the blood to each hair root, so that by taking Capsuloids the germs in every root are killed.

There is no other method. When Capsuloids are taken and the germs are destroyed, the roots are then quickly nourished and the damage repaired, so that they become firm, growth proceeds, the pigment matter, which gives the hair its colour, is again formed, falling out ceases, and as the roots grow, the hair rises steadily above the scalp and becomes long, healthy, and more luxuriant. At the same time the Capsuloids are producing a curative effect upon the little Oil Glands. The condition of the hair largely depends upon the Oil. No Oil or Lotion from a bottle will take the place of Nature's Oil. The brilliance of the hair largely depends upon it. Through taking Capsuloids it is formed in proper quantities by the Oil Glands, and it gives to the hair a healthy, natural, pleasant odour, which adds so much to its attractiveness.

10, Dean House,
116, Great Titchfield Street,
London, W.

Sirs,

I never required anything for my hair until recently, when it lost its lustre, and started coming out when combed. Your advertisements convinced me, and as I found some of my friends were also taking Capsuloids, I commenced doing the same. My hair is now, after about three months, much finer than ever before, and it is steadily becoming thicker and longer. I never felt so well in my life before.

Capsuloids have a great future, I am sure.

Very truly yours,
KATHLEEN O'CONNOR.



Sold by all Chemists, or direct from us, price **2/3** per Box. Large Size, **5/-**, which contains three times as many as the small. If you order 3 Boxes, and enclose this Coupon, you will receive Samples of Capsuloid "Non-Rinse" Shampoo Powders.

Send **3d.** for postage, etc., and this Coupon for Free Copy of Dr. Campbell's New Illustrated Work on the Hair, and a Capsuloid "Non-Rinse" Shampoo Powder.

CAPSULOIDS (1909) LTD.,
79, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

COUPON.

71

THE WORLD-KNOWN FRAME-FOODS

surpass any other Food in their power to form and sustain bone, teeth, brain, nerves, muscle, and tissue.

ROBUST CECIL the "Jolly Farmer."

Little Cecil's mother, Mrs. E. Minett, residing at 117, Bromley Road, testifies:—

"I write to thank you for the great benefit your food has been to my baby boy. He suffered terribly from indigestion until, at four and a half months, I gave him Frame-Food. Since then he has got on splendidly; he had never a day's illness of any kind, and we had quiet and peaceful nights, which we did not have before we gave him Frame-Food. At the age

of ten months his weight was 29-lb., and now at one year eleven months he weighs 38-lb. and is 35-ins. in height. He is so very strong and robust we call him the 'jolly farmer.' As his photo bears witness, *Frame-Food did all for him.*"

TESTIMONIAL.



Sold by all Chemists and Grocers, who also procure large "Family" tins, sent post free direct from factory, for their customers living in outlying districts.

Write at once for Free Samples and Celebrated Dietary.

FRAME FOOD CO., Ltd.,

STANDEN ROAD, SOUTHFIELDS,
LONDON, S.W.



One Nursery Problem Solved

Your children won't have to be urged to brush their teeth with

COLGATE'S
RIBBON
DENTAL CREAM

Its delicious candy flavour makes its constant use a treat to every youngster.

Cleanses *thoroughly* and *antiseptically*, prevents the growth of decay-germs, and counteracts the effects of injurious mouth-acids.

Just as Colgate's efficiency acts as a body-guard against disease, so its pleasant flavour proves that a "druggy" taste is not necessary in a dentifrice.

42 inches of Cream in trial tube sent for 2d. in stamps.

COLGATE & CO., British Depot (Dept. N1), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Makers of the famous Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

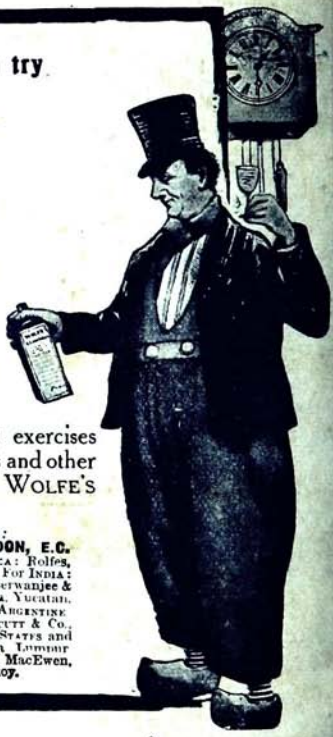
Est. 1806.

What's the Time? NOW is the time to try.

Wolfe's Schnapps

The most wholesome spirit obtainable, and the very best stimulant for general use. As a pick-me-up, tonic, and digestive, WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS is always opportune.

Before meals it gives a zest to the appetite, and sets the digestive functions into healthy activity; exercises an entirely beneficial effect upon liver, kidneys and other organs. Invaluable for stomach disorders, WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS should be kept in every house.



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For AUSTRALASIA: M. Moss & Co., Sydney. For SOUTH AFRICA: Rolfe, Rebel & Co., Port Elizabeth, and E. K. Green & Co., Cape Town. For INDIA: O. F. Kellner & Co., Calcutta; Oakes & Co., Ltd., Madras; Nusschwanger & Co., Kathi and Lahore. For MEXICO: M. Zapato, M. Merida, Yucatan. For OYRA: Michelsen & Prasse, Otrapia, 18, Havana. For ARGENTINE: J. F. Macdonald & Co., Buenos Aires. For CANADA: T. Colclitt & Co., Hoher Street, Vancouver, B.C. For the FEDERATED MALAY STATES and STRAITS SETTLEMENTS: Messrs. A. C. Harper & Co., Kuala Lumpur. For BURMA: Messrs. A. Scott & Co., Rangoon. For CHINA: MacEwen, Frickel & Co., Hong Kong, Canton, Macao, Swatow, and Amoy.
(Edolph Wolfe & Co., New York.)