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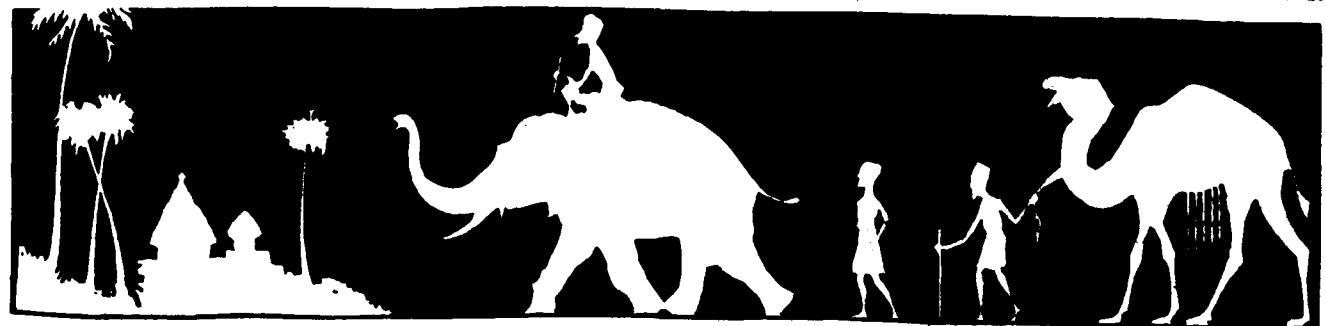
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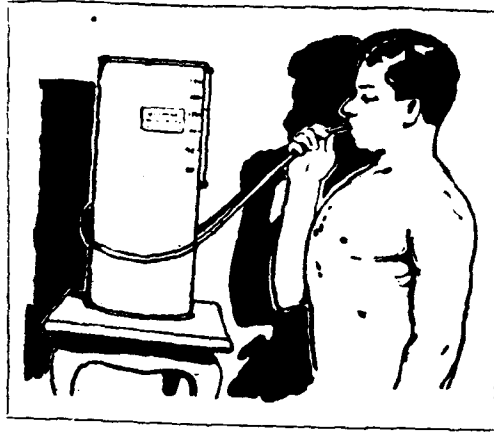


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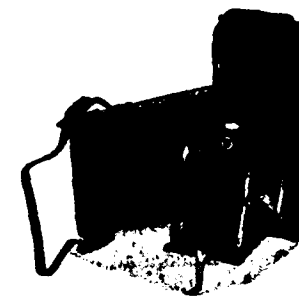


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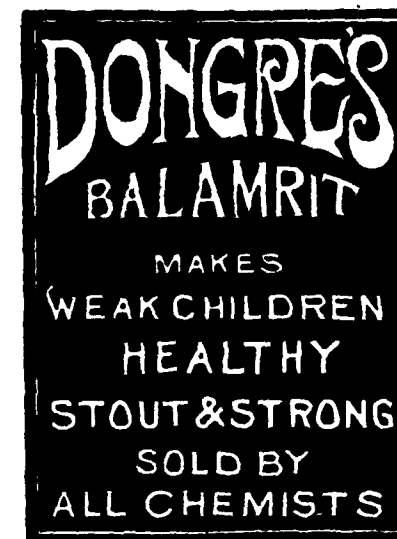
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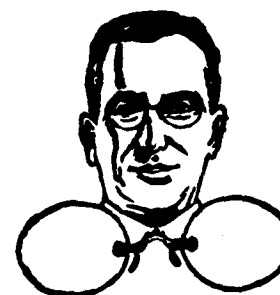
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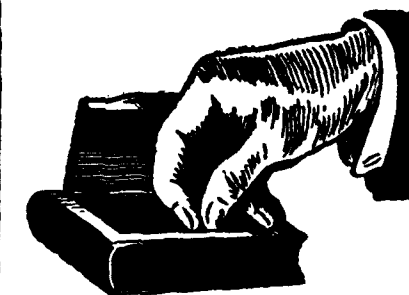
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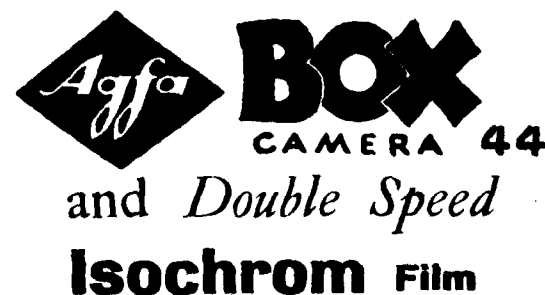
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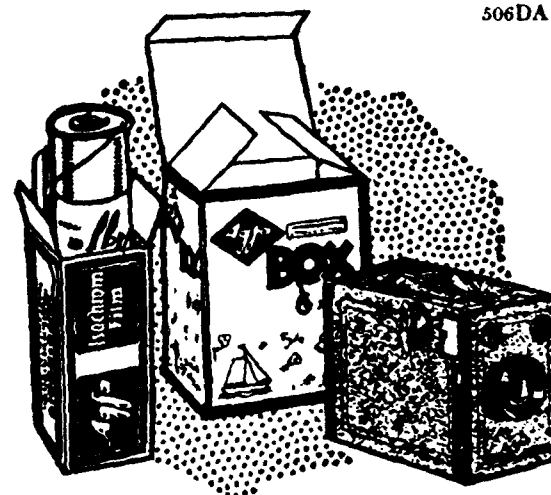


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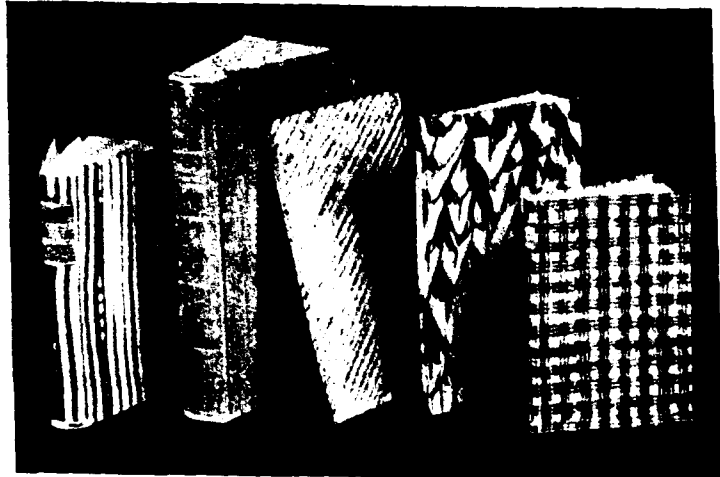
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Indian Magazine

ANNUAL

NO. 10-12 VOL. IV

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY F. H. RAULEDER

JULY-SEPT. 1934

DEAR READERS

It gives me very great pleasure to place before you this issue of the Indian Magazine—which now completes the fourth year of its useful and prosperous existence—as an Annual, though I regret very much to bring to your notice that as I sever my connection with the B-M-Press, where this Magazine, under my management and editorship, was being printed and published, I am compelled to put an end to its publication with this issue.

This news, I am sure, will come as a shock to many an advertiser and subscriber who by their loyal support made it possible to maintain a high level during the past four years. But the fact stated above will plainly explain to them my inability to continue the publication and thus be in touch with them as in the past. As such, I am confident that they will pardon me.

At this juncture I feel it my bounden duty to thank one and all of my readers, advertisers and more especially my literary contributors for their hearty cooperation, year in and year out, in making this venture a success. If at all this Magazine maintains a high standard in the field, it is mostly due to the uncalled for help rendered by most of the subscribers, advertisers and contributors. I am really very grateful to all of them for the help they rendered during the past four years. To all my well-wishers once more my hearty thanks.

Finally, presenting this combined number of the Magazine as a last Annual of the Indian Magazine and bidding good-bye to all the readers, advertisers, literary contributors and to my other friends and well-wishers in India and Europe, who know me either personally or as the Manager of the B-M-Press and Editor of the Indian Magazine.

I remain, sincerely yours,

F. H. RAULEDER
Mgr. Editor Indian Magazine

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES

V

THE quantities of organic matter, or vegetable and animal remains, that are accumulated on the earth's surface, and that gradually sink into the interior during the formation of overlying rocks, cannot as yet be estimated. They possibly amount on an average to five per cent. of the deposited rocks; it is improbable that they should be less than a hundredth part. Rocks that have been again exposed at the surface have, however, been usually long submitted to the wasting action of the atmosphere before they meet the eye of the observer. Deep excavations hardly exist except in actual coal deposits, or in rocks submitted to the powerful chemical actions that take part in the production of mineral veins; and even in these last the occurrence of residual patches of carbonaceous matter is not uncommon, while explosions of combustible gas occasionally occur in metallic mines. To what extent the buried organic matter may become subsequently concentrated in particular beds of rock is also as yet unknown. Nor is it by any means certain that organic matter is not actually forming in rocks at considerable depths. Ehrenberg discovered that the volcanic ashes which have buried Pompeii are in great part composed of the remains of microscopic infusoria. Lyell affirms that this extraordinary fact "is by no means a unique or exceptional example of the intimate relation that exists between organic life and the results of volcanic action." He states that similar extensive beds of ashes on the Rhine are entirely composed of the remains of microscopic infusoria, often partially fused; and that in Mexico, Peru, and other volcanic regions similar phenomena have been detected. Beneath Berlin a mass of living infusoria forms a subsoil of vast extent. In the Pyrenees, in the neighbourhood of Rome, and in other districts, infusoria have been found to thrive and multiply in the fissures of thermal springs very nearly approaching the boiling temperature, and gelatinous, silicious masses are formed from their remains at the points of exit of the springs. In the neighbourhood of volcanoes of the Pacific coast the fissures produced during earthquakes emit a substance called *moya*, composed of augite, carbon, and infusoria, and actually certainly be susceptible of gradual and spontaneous transformation into basaltic lava like that already mentioned as preserved in the cold climate of Ovifak.

Apart from the obscurities and possibilities of this subject which cannot be here profitably discussed, it

may be positively affirmed that the presence of abundant fuel is sufficiently ascertained as a feature of volcanic action, and that such fuel very probably exists in the earth's interior in sufficient quantity to account for the main facts of volcanic eruptions. As regards the access of air sufficient to maintain combustion, it may be remarked that ignited coal mines have continued burning for centuries; that the residual constituents and products of burnt air are regularly emitted from volcanoes; and that, however hard to understand in the present stage of observation, there is good reason to suppose that sufficient air may obtain access to the subterranean fuel. The old iron-smelting works of the Pyrenees are furnished with a wooden pipe, down which a stream of water is allowed to fall, dragging with it a sufficient stream of air to form the powerful blast necessary for the smelting of the ore. On one side of the harbour of Cephalonia, at the foot of a low narrow ridge of land, where no stream could be expected, one perceives two mills whose water-wheels turn rapidly beside the tideless sea. Powerful streams of sea water there flow perpetually into fissures in the rocks, turning the mill wheels in their course. Quantities of oil, paper and shavings have been thrown into these streams in hope of detecting some point of exit, but without success, although a body of fresh water is said to rise at some distance in the sea. The earthquakes of the neighbouring islands have been supposed to be connected with these singular phenomena. The amount of air that might be dragged down by the action of such water-blasts, which probably occur in many other places, may be capable of tremendous oxydising effects, and future observation may doubtless enlighten us regarding the complete mechanism of volcanic furnaces.

Another source of heat has been especially treated by Mallet as the direct cause of volcanic phenomena. He has proved that the crushing of deep-seated rocks that must result from those movements of rock masses which undoubtedly take place would necessarily produce vast quantities of heat; and he argues that in this manner sufficient rock might be actually melted to account for the emissions of lava, while the access of water to these melted masses would explain the emissions of steam and other gases. Undoubtedly in this manner some volcanic phenomena may be explained; but Mallet supposes the movements of rock masses to be originally produced by the contraction of a highly-heated nucleus of the earth, and his theory ignores the chemical characteristics of volcanic action, besides

being open to other objections. What has been already remarked regarding the illusory character of volcanic heat, and regarding the other causes of subsidence certainly ascertained to exist, may suffice to justify the opinion that the processes invoked by Mallet may, together with the chemical processes already described, account for all the phenomena, without any necessity for supposing the existence of a cooling nucleus as an ulterior cause of the movements concerned. But the production of heat by crushing may be noted as supplying a most beautiful provision against the occurrence of catastrophes of very general character. Where the shock is most intense, there the rocks would be softened by the heat struck out; and thus, in the marvellous mechanism of our earth, the working parts of the machine supply their own lubricant from their own substance, that substance being perpetually renewed by mechanical deposition at the surface or volcanic intrusion and chemical deposition in the interior.

Volcanic dykes, mineral veins, eruptive detritus, and similar structures, are like the growths of bones and tissues in the living organism. The circulation of dissolved salts by water, washing from the rocks the salts that maintain the composition of the ocean in spite of what is taken from it by the deposition of salts in the new rocks continually forming beneath its surface; and the dissolving of salts from the superficial rocks by the water that sinks deep to produce metamorphic and crystalline schists at great depths—make up a process of external decay and internal renovation that is very similar to the circulation of the sap of trees or of the blood in the animal organism. Soils are truly the bark or skin of our earth; granite, trap dykes,

and mineral veins are its bones and nerves; mineral waters are its renovating blood; gradual oxydation of carbon and hydrogen maintains its temperature; electric currents in its metallic nerves represent nervous force; its voracious appetite swallows cities and continents with slow but resistless absorption, producing from their renovated materials the ever similar structures of its abiding frame. The Typhon of the ancient Greeks, the panting monster of Vesuvius, has much the aspect of a living thing.

It is only those who have never realised by rough experience the practical difficulties that meet the genuine observer in the field who can seriously propound rash theories. Some naval friends of the present writer once stepped upon the summit of Etna in the chill grey of morning, before the sunrise which they had come to witness. At the door of a small tent they found an aged man seated with a lantern and a book. "Hallo, old cock, you're an early riser!" was their impromptu greeting. "The early bird catches the worm," was the answer of the student. It was Sir Charles Lyell, in the last years of a long life occupied in similar observation, spending some weeks beside the crater of Etna, patiently recording the observations that would probably serve to add some dozen lines of modest conjecture to the records of his researches. When a hundred Lyells have done similar work it may be time to dogmatise on what *must* or *must not* be the ulterior causes of earthquakes and volcanoes.

Meanwhile, there is no need to visit the distant craters of Etna or Vesuvius to view the products and effects of volcanic action. The Giant's Causeway on the coast of Ireland, the cave of Fingal on the Scottish



VOLCANOES
IN ACTION

coast, afford as fine examples of basaltic lava as can be found in Europe. The hills round Edinburgh, the slopes of Snowdon, the cliffs of Devonshire and Wales, present instructive sections of the volcanic ejections and lava flows of a whole series of geological periods. Nor are our islands deficient in the records of earthquake shocks. About two hundred and fifty earthquakes have been noted in Britain. The last serious earthquake occurred in the middle of the last century, and general panics, both then and at other dates, were produced in London by the severity of the shocks.

Nor is the study of earthquakes and volcanoes deficient in practical interest. There is ample promise that the patient drudgery of eminent observers will be rewarded by alleviations of human suffering and provisions for human necessities, such as, when all is said and done, from the highest justification of scientific pursuits. The prediction of earthquakes is as yet in its infancy, and will require especially a detailed perfection of geological surveys, which has not as yet been attained. But the first steps in this direction have been definitely taken, and we may confidently expect a time when ample warning will be afforded regarding the insecurity of particular sites or the imminence of unexpected catastrophes. Nor can the utilisation of volcanic heat as a source of industrial activity be regarded as a visionary anticipation. Many a tourist has roasted eggs in the cracks of the crater of Vesuvius, and the inhabitants of Chaudesaigues and other thermal stations cook their soup by the heat of the thermal springs. At Baresges and Amelie, in the Pyrenees, the houses are warmed by the springs and before the building of the former watering-place the bears are said to have been addicted in winter to sitting round the mouths of the springs. At the Solfatara of Naples chemical manufactures are carried on by means of the volcanic heat of the old crater, serving as the only furnace. In the boracic acid works of Tuscany a vast manufacture, supporting a considerable population, is maintained by similar utilisation of volcanic heat. At Erturt a large revenue is derived from watercress grown by the aid of thermal springs. Beside the hot springs of Ischia plants flourish that elsewhere grow only in the tropics. Valuable horticultural industries might be cheaply developed beside many volcanic emanations. It is not impossible the vast stores of volcanic heat may replace in part the increasingly dangerous extraction of deep-seated coal.

While looking to the future for such alleviations of human wants and miseries, and similarly waiting for the satisfaction of human impatience of fragmentary explanations, we are not bound to accept the elegant solutions of the *a priori* philosopher. Mud volcanoes admittedly due to buried organic matter, may be regarded as the elementary or infant type of volcanic action. In the occasional fiery eruptions of mud volcanoes, as observed in Modern and the Caucasus, and in their occasionally considerable size, we observe a passage to

the more permanently fiery volcano. In the whole Pyrenean chain there is only one little group of small extinct volcanoes, which is situated in the immediate vicinity of, and almost certainly overlies, the only known deposit of coal in the chain. Throughout Spain there appears a similar peculiarity of geological position of extinct volcanoes; and so, step by step, we may proceed by analogy to link all volcanic phenomena in one class, till at length we arrive at the general and somewhat vague conclusion that, in one form or another, the organic matter daily buried at the earth's surface is the fuel of the volcanoes of the future. The gradual oxydation, or slow burning, of this buried fuel by the penetration of air and moisture from the surface, may be regarded as the main exciting cause of chemical changes in the earth's crust, these changes producing very general expansions and contractions, and consequent changes of level. The combination of these changes with those proceeding at the surface through the shifting effects of seas, streams, wind, and rain, aided by intrusion and emission of volcanic masses from below, will in great part account for the gradually changing alternations of mountain, plain, and ocean bed. Earthquakes may be regarded as the results of sudden fractures and shiftings such as would accompany the general movements or even the more local details of the processes of change. For all that remains to be explained we may reasonably invoke the agency of electric currents, pressure, friction, and other complex relations between the parts of the stupendous masses of the earth, such as in the present state of our knowledge we can only roughly conjecture as inevitably operative. The general process may be fairly considered as amounting to a perpetual oxydation and loosening of rocks at the surface, simultaneously with a deoxydation and consolidation at great depths, producing the effect of expansion of the outer shell and contraction of the interior, with much crumpling of the outer rind in fitting itself to the inner core, the whole process being a general result of many particular actions, and being only realised in course of long ages by the accumulation of minute effects. In this view the changes of earth's surface are ultimately due to the rays of the sun, which enable plants to secrete carbon and hydrogen from the atmosphere. Volcanoes, as has been said of steam-engines, are "worked by the light of other days."

The mechanism by which the sun is enabled to pour out a perpetual supply of force is as yet beyond our ken. The researches of Nasmyth and other practical observers have proved, however, in the opinion of Sir J. Herschel, that the sun's surface is covered with gigantic organisms which are the direct sources of its light and heat. Spectroscopic observations and the examination of meteorolites have proved the existence of carbon and hydrogen throughout those portions of space where the followers of Laplace had been accustomed to assume their absence, and have strongly supported the well-grounded belief that the atmosphere

THE DAWN



*A holy stillness reigns the weary Ocean fair
Below the dappled canopy of Heaven.
The cool, misty wind athwart the shore does bear
The sweet aroma that foamy vapours 're driven.*

*A mirthful tone in the colour of the cloud,
A strange eager feeling in the air
Doth make the silence echo aloud!—
And you wonder, wait and stare!*

extends throughout the solar system. In this atmosphere, perpetually decomposed by the sun's rays, Siemens has discovered the fuel of the sun, revealing by his ingenious experiments a new process of renovation hitherto unsuspected. To similar discoveries of unsuspected sources of force we may confidently look for a satisfactory solution of every difficulty discovered by the acumen of the mere laboratory critic. It is sufficiently significant that the latest observations tend to establish, on the one hand, the organic origin of the fires and movements of our earth, on the other the somewhat similar origin of the perpetual energy of the sun, while in the intermediate atmosphere we may recognise a bond of union that knits the organic com-

*And there, anon, in the Eastern Gate
Behold the azure heav'ns blush!
A thousand clouds, like a legion great
To welcome Him, in multi-colours rush!*

*And lo! the Lamp of Heaven is lit!
The ruddy flame does shoot above the watery plain
And there it grows—and glows the molten mass in it;
And anon, the Lord marches with all his train!*

*The Heavenly Path is all ruddy and bright.—
The waves glitter,—and the cities shine!
And the grand panorama of the scorching Light
Blinds your vision;—it is all sun and brine!*

Krishna Mangesh Talgeri

plexity the wondrous sections of the whole. Nor can we doubt that the progress of discovery, unless abruptly changing from the present date, will fail to reveal to our successors unsuspected connections and unsuspected processes as strange and complex as those which have already been added to the meagre records of the era of Laplace.

URASHIMA TARO

A J A P A N E S E L E G E N D

Long, long ago—so long that grandfathers dimly remember the wondering childhood days when their sightless grandfathers told them of a long past story—The hills stood like some sleepy men who having inhaled magic fumes, felt no wish but the wish for eternal slumber, wherein a waking body might lull its mind. And the clouds flirted at ease with the wind like girls who knowing their lovers throw now and then an effortless hint.

太郎

On such a day, when the land had allowed its clothes to droop as they liked, Urashima Taro caught the love-laden eyes of the heavy sea. So whispering into the ear of his ready boat the object of their pleasant venture, he threw himself into its buoyant breast and floated away.

Ere long, the unseen arm of the Summer-Queen had curved itself round his neck and under the possession

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of her drowsy breath his eyelids closed and Urashima was borne into the land of dreams.

Then, out of a sea of light walking on waves of vapour came a pure white form; a gossamer dress woven of the yearnings of flowers and the beauty of desires floated about her. Seeming to press back the suppliant wind with her gentle heedless hands, she



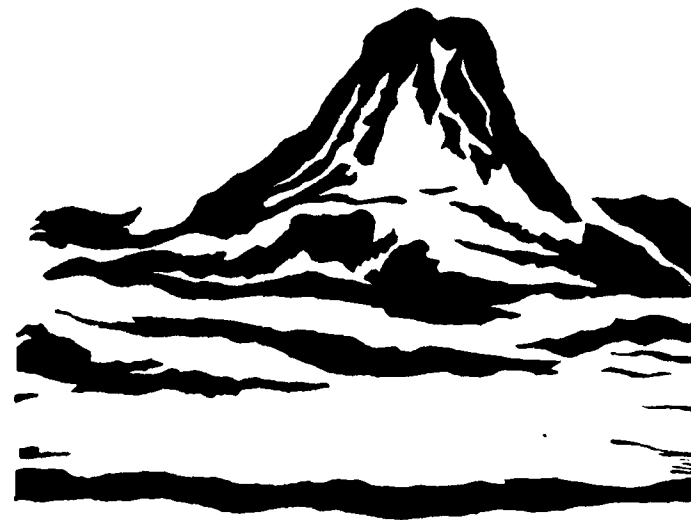
came towards Urashima and as her crystal eyes fixed him longingly a sweet thrill flew over his face. It was a tale sweet and wondrous that she told him and Urashima's ears listened with a rapt delight to her account of the Land under the Sea. And in the telling and hearing they both forgot that their hands plied the oars and so swiftly that Suminoyé's shore was long left behind.

And they came to her land, so strange and fresh it seemed to Urashima. The untold marvels of the deep, the endless stores of worldly wealth as they pined in neglect (for how could gold and silver excel the sea-coral in its native home), these kept Urashima in one rapture of delight and at the end of three years she had but half spent her first day's joy.



But often would his native Suminoyé, its blue-capped hills, sea-side games, and his own sorrowing parents, often would they glide on silent feet to his reveries. At last, one day Urashima told her his sorrow and his wish to go back just for one sight more of his loved things. Grieved at this though she was, she held back a choking pain and let him go. But before he went she gave him a box tied with a silken cord. "In this beloved lies the charm that will bring you back. Keep it safe and never, never, dare open it."

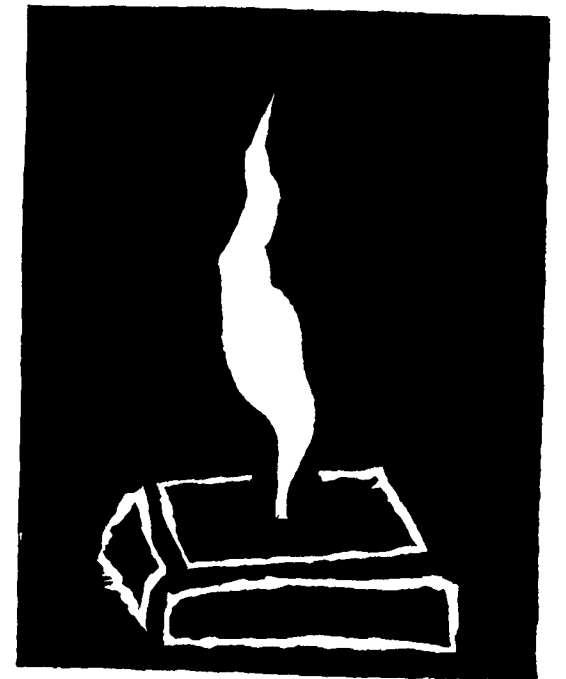
He promised, as all men do, and with a throbbing heart arrived at Suminoyé. But lo! "Is this Suminoyé,



the Suminoyé that I left three years ago. Where are the homes, where are the folks that I knew and where are my parents dear! The hills they are here, and the rippling stream, but where, oh where! are those that I loved!"

At last Urashima went up to a gray sire, whose aged head bent over his trembling staff and asked him. "What! Who is this and where comes he from that he knows not the fate Urashima Taro who was drowned four hundred years ago!"

Ah Fate that sent him first on that enchanted sea! Ah Fate worse still that sent him back to hear his own funeral laments! "What charm has thrown her cloak over me? What secret waits in this box?" And with that he broke open the fateful box.



A sceptral smoke, a precious breath, preserved by the passion of a Sea-Daughter arose, and vanished back into its rightful home. A weight, the weight of four hundred stolen summers which Love had cunningly held back sank down! And Urashima crumbled into dust.

Ah men, tear not what Illusion has wrought, but content in what Love has won.



A TROUBADOUR'S MAY-DAY TALE

In the olden times the city of Toulouse saw rare festal scenes at the opening of May. Whether it was that remnants and traditions of the ancient Roman *Floralia*, or flower festivals, lingered in the capital of the *Provincia*, retaining the French name of *Provence*, or whether the beauty and romance of the region itself gave origin to the custom, there was no place so famous once in May Day merriment. Nowhere was the popular entertainment less of a gross and material, and more of an intelligent and romantic sort, than in the city of Toulouse.

The beautiful Provençal language had much to do with this character of the festivals. Hallam, in his history of the literature of Europe in early times, speaks of "the flexibility of this tongue, which gave free scope to the graceful turns of poetry." William, Duke of Guienne, has the glory of leading the van of the Provençal songsters. He was born in 1070, and composed some of his poems before he joined the Crusaders in 1096. They denote a considerable degree of previous refinement in the language. "We do not," he says, "meet with any other troubadour till after the middle of the twelfth century. From that time till about the close of the thirteenth century, and especially before the fall of the house of Toulouse in 1228, they were numerous as the gay insects of spring; names of illustrious birth are mingled in the list with those whom genius has saved from obscurity; they were the delight of a luxurious nobility, the pride of Southern France, while the great fiefs of Guienne and Toulouse were in their splendour."

Their style soon extended itself to the northern dialect of France. Abelard was the first of recorded singers who taught the banks of the Seine to resound a tale of love; and it was of Eloise that he sung. But we confine our view now to the Provençal troubadours.

In the year 1323 several persons of rank gave formal invitation to the troubadours of Provence to assemble at Toulouse for a competition for prizes, to be given to those who excelled in song and verse in praise of the month of May. Crowds came from all parts to the festival, and so profitable did the concourse prove to the burgesses, that each succeeding year the feast was renewed, the prizes given at these *Jeux Floraux*, as

they were called, being supplied at the public expense. The first prize was a golden violet, the second a piece of eglantine, the third a marigold; all fashioned with the skilful and tasteful cunning of the goldsmith's art.

One of the nobles who had called the assembly was selected to make the rules of the competition, and to preside at the ceremonies, and he was called the "Chancellor of the Gay Science." Some of the rules were highly commendable, and a decree was issued in which it was said, "Let it be understood that these games are for the amusement of the people, for the honour of God as giver of the good gifts of trees and flowers; and to praise Him, because nature, which had been dead, now lived again; that they were to dispel all sadness, and cause joy, but that all undue revelry was to be avoided." These are the very words in one of the decrees, and the festivals were intended to be moral, only such verses as were virtuous and to the honour of God being allowed to be sung. So far as regulations went, nothing could be more orderly and proper than these festivals; in fact, a Welsh *Eisteddfod* in our own day could not be more decorous.

It is said that a high-born dame of Toulouse, the Lady Clemence Isaure, took a leading part in these festivals. She did not join in the singing, but she taught a page to sing and to play on the zither pieces composed by her, one of which was a song of welcome to the troubadours who assembled for the competition, of some of the lines of which this is a literal translation:—

Beautiful season, youth of the year,
Thou comest again full of the sweet things we
love,

And to give welcome to our faithful troubadours
Thou hast crowned thy head with flowers!
City of our forefathers, O gentle Toulouse,
Be thou for ever worthy of our praise,
Always noble as thou hast been, and powerful as
thou art.

The name of the page, whom she called her young knight, was Fidèle—a name given by his noble mistress for his faithful service, and his right to which he well proved by the way he served her when days of trial and sorrow came, as we are about to narrate.

little more about these floral festivals. In the closing days of April preparations were being busily made, so that by the dawn of the first of May the beautiful city might be *en fête*. Vehicles of every description had been journeying from far and near, from the lumbering country waggon to the light *calèche*. The former was the ordinary conveyance of the country folk, and could carry whole families. Most of them were divided into two parts, one of which was used as sleeping apartment, as they were often many days on the road. All wore their best garments, and abundant flowers were brought. It was an incidental and notable feature of these festivals that they encouraged emulation among the peasantry in the cultivation of flowers, so that they might have the choicest ready when the time of display came. The same profusion of flowers appeared in the decoration of the squires and dames of higher degree.

When the flower-wreathed arena for the guests was fully occupied, the Chancellor of the Gay Science and his attendants took their seats beneath a grand arch of flowers, and behind a table upon which were displayed the prizes—the golden violet, eglantine, and the golden marigold.

Silence being proclaimed, and the rules of competition read, the singers and players came one by one to the dais prepared for them, and poured forth their melodious songs and recitatives. The festival lasted for three days, for there were many competitors, and the judges might desire to hear some candidates a second time. Not seldom the competitors were themselves of high birth and noble lineage, and men of learning and position aspired to the honour of getting a prize. We read of one gentleman from Languedoc, whose name was Fabre, who gained the second prize, the eglantine; and he was so charmed by his success that

he added the graceful flower to his family name, and was thereafter Fabre d'Eglantine, also affixing the flower to his arms.

These festivals at Toulouse lasted for several centuries. Whether they always continued as popular and as decorous we do not know, but the fame of them came to the ears of the Grand Monarque himself, and Louis XIV gave orders that a similar festival should be held in Paris, and an "Académie des fleurs" was formed, with forty members, as in the Académie Française. The institution remained, we believe, till the troubled times before the Revolution.

We conclude with brief recital of the story told in verse by one of the later troubadours, the heroine of which is that noble dame, Clemence Isaure, of whom we have already spoken.

This lady had many admirers, but she gave preference to one ardent lover, the Chevalier Arnaldo (or Arnaud) de Lautrée, to whom at length she gave her promise to become his wife if her father consented. The father, Alphonse Isaure, was an ambitious and also an avaricious man, and looked for a higher match for his only daughter. The poor chevalier departed in great grief, for Clemence was too dutiful to disobey her father, yet secretly resolved to

wed no other than her loving Arnaud.

After a prolonged absence from Toulouse the chevalier returned, to her great joy, just at the commencement of the flower festival, and there he gained the first prize, and from the hand of Clemence the golden violet.

Alphonse Isaure, who had also been away from Toulouse, soon afterwards returned; and as his noble-minded daughter disdained to deny that her lover had seen her, when asked the question, her father became furious in his anger, threatening her with all kinds of



TENPLE STREET

E. H. RAULEDER

punishment for disobeying his commands. Tearfully the poor girl heard her father's harsh words, the worst epithets were applied to her lover Lautrée, the more because he had no reason for denying to him his daughter's hand, as his family were of noble descent, and he one of the most brave and gallant soldiers, with a reputation and character without reproach.

When the Chevalier Lautrée heard from Clemence, by means of her little page Fidèle, all that her father had said and done, he presented himself to the Sieur Isaure, and asked in due form for the hand of his daughter a second time, pleading his constancy and her obedience to his commands as a proof of their love, but the father told him he wanted him not, for that the old Sieur Moreau was to be her husband.

Both Lautrée and Clemence naturally rebelled at this harsh decision, the lady asking her father why he would not let them be happy; but he bade her keep her tongue, and then commanded her to go to her chamber, which she did, "wailing bitterly for that she had no joy in life!"

But Lautrée did not lose heart at first; he depended on her constancy to him, and he knew his own resolution.

The same night, when Clemence sat in her turret chamber, she trembled at hearing her father's step on the

stairs leading to her room. Terrified, she knew not wherefore, except that he never before visited her there, she softly bolted her door, making no answer when he claimed admittance.

"Open, or I break the door," said the irate man.

The door was quickly opened, and Clemence stood tearful and trembling before her father.

Behind Alphonse Isaure stood a prim, sour-faced duenna, who, since the death of Madame Isaure, had been house-woman, and who took upon herself the management of the affairs of the château, as when Clemence was a child.

"Put up your mistress's robes for night and day, also her travelling gear; we go hence to-night."

"Oh, my father!" was all the poor girl could say.

The duenna, in grim silence, packed her mistress's valise, saying not one word of loving-kindness to the grief-stricken girl, who yearned with all her womanhood for the kindly word, the loving caress of a mother,

or of the nurse of her childhood, which would have calmed the throbbing temples, and stilled the uneasy beating of that tender, loving heart. But there was no one to show sympathy. In grim, unbending silence did the unwomanly woman see that her want of feeling troubled her young mistress, to whom she never lifted her cold grey eyes.

When all was ready, Clemence, who had seen the heavy travelling *calèche*, with four stout horses attached, with the coachman and two mounted grooms, their saddle-bags and holsters all ready, felt her heart sink within her. The poor girl fell on her knees, beseeching her father not to banish her from all her friends; but he only smiled a grim, cruel smile, and bade her follow him.

"At least tell me where we are going!" But he bade her hold her peace and follow him, and she would soon know; menacing her with his heavy riding-whip when she prayed

him, in the name of her mother, and by her memory, to let her stay in peace at the château.

Doubtless her mother's name revived distasteful memories to the morose, tyrannical old man. Clemence said no more, but went out into the dark night, followed by her father, who, after they were seated in the lumbering old vehicle, locked the door, showing to the affrighted girl that she was a prisoner.

But where was Fidèle, her faithful little page? He had by chance heard some words addressed to the old duenna by her master, by which he understood the peril his loved young mistress was placed in; and, young

as he was, he made up his mind to find out where they were taking her.

Hidden behind a clump of wild cherry-trees, he saw all that passed, and directly the carriage began to move Fidèle also moved.

The roads in those days, particularly in France, were bad in the extreme. A sort of snail's pace was obliged

to be kept up, so as to avoid the many pitfalls which beset the traveller's way. When going on a journey the moonlight was usually chosen, but old Alphonse Isaure did not wait for that, or anything else; so, in the almost total darkness of the night, save for the lanterns the grooms carried at their saddle-bows, the lumbering vehicle went on its way.

When Fidèle felt himself safe from the sharp eyes of his master he took a ball of twine from his vest and tied one end to the first large tree outside the gate of the demesne, following the route his mistress had taken, and knotting here and there the string to the poplars which lined the way, he made way-marks that he might know the route that had been taken in the night, intending to wait until the morrow to act.

It was a bold thing for a child scarcely in his teens to do, but he wanted to serve his mistress, feeling with all a boy's pride that she had made him her knight, which in those far-off days meant a great deal.

But suddenly footsteps sounded near him, and as he was about to lie down in the shelter of the trees, he received a cuff on the ear, a harsh voice saying, "What, varlet! watching thy master and his daughter! Thou shalt have thy dainty skin well whealed when thy master returns! Dost hear?" It was the Sieur Moreau, and he pulled the poor boy savagely by the ear, for he answered nothing.

Poor Fidèle! By this interruption he lost sight of the *calèche*, and, sitting down, he wept bitterly. On returning to the château he encountered the Chevalier

Lautrée, who held out a missive bound with violet silk—"For thy mistress, Fidèle. Mind that old Loys does not see thee give it to her."

The lad shook his head and drew back, his tears would not let him speak at the moment, and then came the words, "She has gone—gone with my master, and I do not know where!"

By means of kindly sympathy Arnould de Lautrée at length learnt with indignation the wicked treachery of the Sieur Isaure, suffering the more deeply because his regiment had been called to assist at the war.

With deep sadness he left Toulouse, giving to Fidèle a letter to Clemence explaining his absence, and begging her to trust and love him still, for that if he lived to return he would find her wherever she might be hidden by her father.

Many weeks had elapsed, when one bright July morning a boy was seen climbing with the agility of a monkey up the few projecting footholds of an old dilapidated château in the depths of Le Forêt. After painful travel far and wide, Fidèle had found, by means of some woodcutters, the direction the carriage had gone, and he found the place where the Lady Clemence was hidden. At last the boy reached a window high up in a turret, and, looking steal-

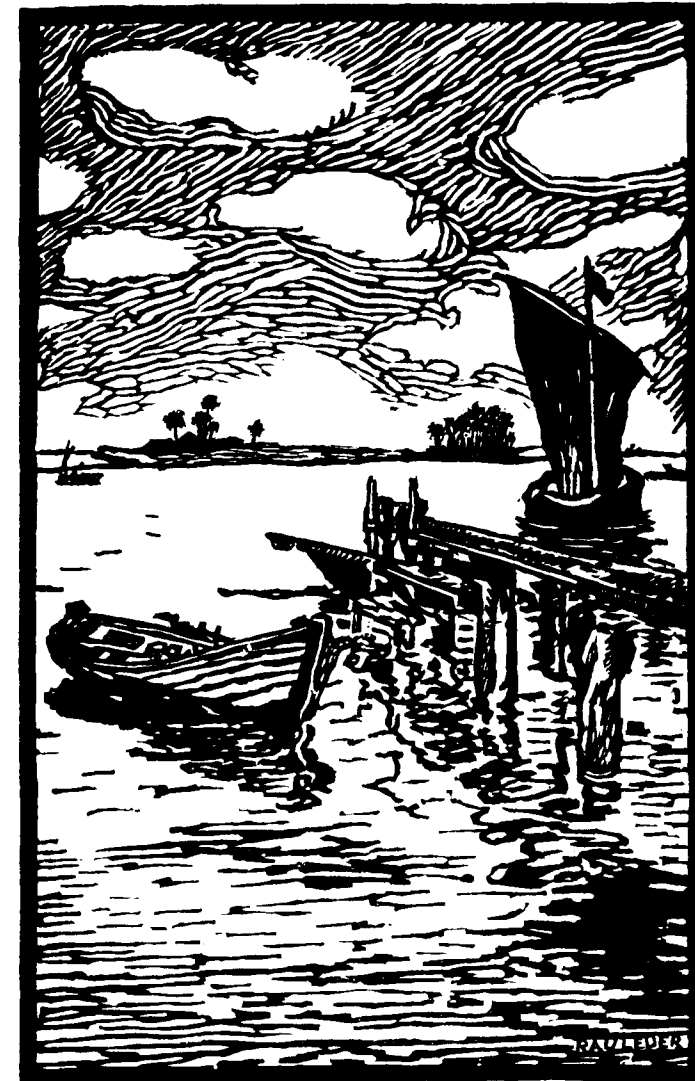
thily in, almost tumbled back again at what he saw.

Seated—for she evidently was too ill to stand—in a huge fauteuil was his dearly-loved mistress Clemence Isaure; chains, heavy and galling, bound her, so that only a short space was allowed her for exercise; and near to her was her hateful duenna, Loys. Although Fidèle had been cautious in approaching the window, Loys had heard him, and, coming near to close the casement which had been opened, the spiteful woman aimed a blow at the lad, which, had it touched him, must have sent him down, when every bone would have been broken.



WAY TO NERVARA

F. H. RAULEDER



RIVER-SIDE

F. H. RAULEDER

But Fidèle knew the woman's nature, and as she raised her heavy hand to strike he gave her a blow which, being unexpected, threw her off the stool she stood on, and at the same moment threw into the room the missive with which De Lautrée had entrusted him.

Poor Clemence! The first ray of hope entered her heart when she gathered to her bosom the letter which had come to her through so much tribulation and trial, just in time to save it from the serpent eyes which watched her. But Fidèle claimed her attention at the time, and the brave child was at the bottom of his perilous descent before Loys had had time to strike again.

When Clemence had read her lover's letter she thought herself how she could answer it, for as a matter of course she had no means of doing so. But her faithful little page had divined her want, and kept in the vicinity of the old château so that he might take advantage of opportunities. The lad remembered that Clemence had dubbed him her knight, and, young as he was, he felt all the dignity of his office.

He was loitering near the dreary abode of his loved mistress one evening when he saw his master, the Sieur Alphonse Isaure, approach the place where he had hidden his daughter, little thinking of the sharp eyes which were watching him. When next he observed the cruel old man he was again in the saddle, and speaking to his *valet-de-place*.

Fidèle heard these words: "If I should not return from the war to which my king has called me, you will give this packet to Loys, my daughter's maid, bidding her do as herein I have ordered her. Mind, Gaston, do not fail!"

Three months have passed away, and it is the May-time come again, and with it all the rejoicings of the floral games. But where is she who inaugurated them? The story is a pitiful one.

In the war then raging between England and France, by a strange coincidence Arnauld de Lautrée, being in the thick of the fight, saw an old officer struggling in the vain endeavour to get a thrust at a stalwart soldier who had almost overpowered him.

For Arnauld de Lautrée to see was to act. Putting his horse to the charge, he rode boldly to the rescue of the old officer, whom, to his surprise, he saw was Alphonse Isaure, whom he quickly relieved from his perilous position, though he received his death wound.

The soul of Alphonse Isaure was stricken indeed when he recognised that his gallant deliverer was none other than the lover of his daughter—the man whom he had despised, and who had thus shown the true nobility of his heart in the extremity of his danger.

Alphonse, old as he was, took the wounded lover of his daughter in his arms, bearing him beyond the lines of battle, wiping the blood from his face and calling on De Lautrée to live for Clemence's sake.

Poor De Lautrée! Life was closing for him without one look upon her he loved so well. Raising his hand for Isaure to approach nearer to him, he took from his bosom the golden violet the hands he loved had

given him, and, blessing it, he pressed it to his heart, and in a few words conjured the Sieur Isaure to convey it to Clemence with his last thoughts and prayers, saving those which were given to his God; and so he died with her name on his dying lips. But a last ray of comfort came to him just before he died.

Fidèle had heard whilst wandering about the camp something of the tragic story, and arrived on the scene just before De Lautrée breathed his last, giving into the cold hands of the faithful lover a bunch of violets, which was the message of faith and love from Clemence Isaure to Arnauld de Lautrée. Fidèle had gathered them under the moss and fern near to the place of his mistress's prison, and, knowing that De Lautrée was at the war, he had climbed to the window where Clemence sat, and, showing his flowers to her and saying, "For the faithful chevalier," she with joy understood the boy's devotion expressed in the mission he had undertaken and in the flowers which he had gathered.

The Sieur Alphonse Isaure had the grace to repent him of his wicked conduct, and after consigning the body of the man who had saved his life at the expense of his own, he took horse to his daughter's prison-house, but, alas! too late to remove her. On her bed she lay, pale, and suffering from that cruel malady, a broken heart. On looking up and seeing her father, a mortal terror seized her, and, cowering under her bedclothes, she hid her face in fear. But the tone of his voice was no longer stern; on the contrary, tears were in that voice as well as in his eyes as he told her the story of the man who had saved his life because, being her parent, he held his life dearer than his own. And then, with gentler words than had ever before passed his lips, he gave her the golden violet, telling her of her lover's dying words. Clemence kissed tenderly the flower, and, with a "God bless thee, my father!" turned her eyes to the evening sky, and when her father looked on her face it was as that of an angel whom a merciful God had taken to Himself.

When the year came round again, and fair, lovely Toulouse was *en fête* for the floral games, a ceremony of great interest to the troubadours and Minnesingers was going forward, of which all Toulouse, Provence, and Languedoc were talking.

The Lady Clemence Isaure had left her large fortune for the better observance of the floral games, and the Chancellor of the Gay Science, with his *confrères*, had made ready a full-length figure of the Lady Clemence in purest marble.

On this first day of May the scene was an enchanting one. On the middle of the flower-decked arena, under a canopy of hanging blossoms and flowers, and on the dais where she had stood when inaugurating the festival, the statue of the gentle lady of the flowers was placed. Solemn music was then played, to which the troubadours and minnesingers walked slowly past, each one wearing the prize he had gained, doffing deeply his plumed bonnet to the memory of the loved one who had passed away.



Instalment 10.

Synopsis.

Harvey Greaves, a pilot of some repute, flies home from abroad to find his step-brother Charles in the clutches of Hendrich Baker, a shady character, out to steal aeronautical secrets to sell at a profit. Baker whose real name is Stefan Marcoski, holds Charles's I. O. U. for gambling debts incurred trying to win money to enable the girl with whom he is in love, Alethea Manders, to follow her flying ambitions. Harvey determines to fight Baker, but is prevented from doing so openly lest Baker takes his step-brother's I. O. U. to their father, Angus Greaves, who sternly disapproves of gambling. Harvey is captivated by Alethea and determines to teach her to fly, hoping she may win the £10,000 prize offered by his father for the most outstanding aeronautical achievement by a woman during the next six months. To this end he at once starts giving her flying lessons, but soon discovers Baker intends to pit against her Constance Carwell, the famous woman pilot.

Meanwhile, down in Sussex, Hendrich takes Rosenkrantz, a confederate, to a concealed hut in the grounds of Threeways Manor, and shows him stolen plans. Suddenly they hear a noise outside. Hendrich discovers it is Harvey eavesdropping, but he escapes.

A new monoplane is built for Alethea, which she christens Silver Queen. Harvey tests it and crashes. They know it is sabotage, and that Baker is responsible, but cannot prove it. Stella Wrenington, in Baker's power, takes him with it, and is promptly put under lock and key with the help of Bolsoff, Baker's chief.

While Harvey is recovering he learns Simons, the great designer, is making a new machine for Constance Carwell. He warns Simons Hendrich is a spy. Harvey has now fallen deeply in love with Alethea, and finds his love is returned. He grows fearful of the audacious plan he has for her.

The Red Light.

STELLA saw in Hendrich's eyes every sign of menace. It was undoubtedly a surprise to him that she was aware of the secrets of The Hut, though it was of minor importance now that he had moved the documents to other and more remote quarters. Still, it had opened his eyes to the fact that she was not so easily to remain within his grasp as he thought, and he was fully aware that in the chain of evidence that might be built up against him Stella Wrenington would form a valuable link. She had seen and overheard the shooting, the only witness apart from Rosenkrantz—and he was safe enough. She might, if pressed too far, go over to the other side and ally herself with Harvey Greaves.

near the door, she was to be treated, and he did not intend to take the risk of giving her back the letters and not getting any definite guarantee of her silence in return.

"I tell you," Stella continued, "I'm not going to be at your beck and call any more. You'll return those letters to me or—"

Hendrich stared malevolently.

"Cut that out!" he yelled, seizing her by the wrist until she almost shrieked with pain. "There's going to be no bargaining with me. If there's—"

At that moment a knock at the door brought an abrupt conclusion to Hendrich's threat. He wheeled round, releasing his hold, and a second later the daily parlourmaid entered the room. Stella, white and trembling, pulled herself momentarily together with a superhuman effort and then sank helplessly into an easy chair.

"There's a gentleman to see you, sir," said the woman who had entered.

"Who is it?" he asked agitatedly, his mind connecting the visit with that of Stella Wrenington.

"He would give no name, sir, but said you'd know him at once. And he's come a long way to see you."

"What's he like?"

"A dark gentleman, clean-shaven and with very thick black hair."

Hendrich smiled.

"All right—show him up here."

The parlourmaid withdrew, and Hendrich immediately swung round to Stella.

"You're lucky. You've better get up—quickly. I've a very important visitor coming up. And try to behave rationally. I'm sorry if I hurt you, but you shouldn't play the fool with me!"

"I want those letters!" Stella said faintly.

Hendrich only laughed.

"Your request cannot be granted—at the moment," he said graciously. "My visitor is a high official, and I really can't deal with trivialities just now. He'll absorb all my attention and I must ask you to go—and, unless you get a message from me at the town house, bring a party down here at midnight."

"I shall do nothing of the kind unless you return those letters now," Stella replied obstinately.

Stella Imprisoned.

"Very well—I've nothing more to say. My visitor will be here in a minute and it will be the worse for you. Take my advice and leave now."

"Not until—"

The door was suddenly opened, and the parlourmaid admitted the visitor, closing the door after him. He was obviously surprised at not finding Hendrich alone. He looked across at Stella inquiringly. For a moment a strange silence reigned, to be broken by Hendrich.

"A lucky arrival," muttered Hendrich. "A very lucky arrival, indeed. Say nothing, but give me a hand with this woman. I want her gagged and bound, for her own safety and ours!"

open pocket and covered the girl. Stella would have screamed had Hendrich's great hand not swiftly covered her mouth. She fought valiantly, but masculine strength was too much for her. Hendrich gave rapid instructions to his visitor, who, going to the desk, pulled out a gag and rope, which were quickly applied to the struggling woman. Though she kicked wildly the two men were not long in getting her within their power, and in a few minutes she was lying an inert mass on the chair.

Hendrich left her and crossed to the far end of the room. Here he swung open one of the manifold bookcases, revealing what appeared to be an adjoining room.

"We'll have her in here," he said curtly.

"No one knows the existence of this place, and what I do with her later is my own special business."

Together the two men grasped the inert figure and somewhat unceremoniously threw her into the concealed chamber. There was a sardonic grin on Hendrich's features as he swung the bookcase back into its place. An ominous click indicated that from the hidden recess there could be no escape.

"So that is that, friend Bolsoff," he said grimly. "A most opportune visit—but one which, however, surprises me."

Bolsoff smiled cunningly.

"First of all, who's the lady? An enemy?"

"Likely to be," returned Hendrich.

"Then get rid of her! You know our methods in Russia!"

Hendrich has a shock.

With that, he dismissed the subject and continued: "I've come all the way from Moscow by air. Moscow to Berlin, Berlin to Cologne, Cologne to Croydon. And very pleasant, too. I'll have a drink if you don't mind."

"Whisky or cocktail?"

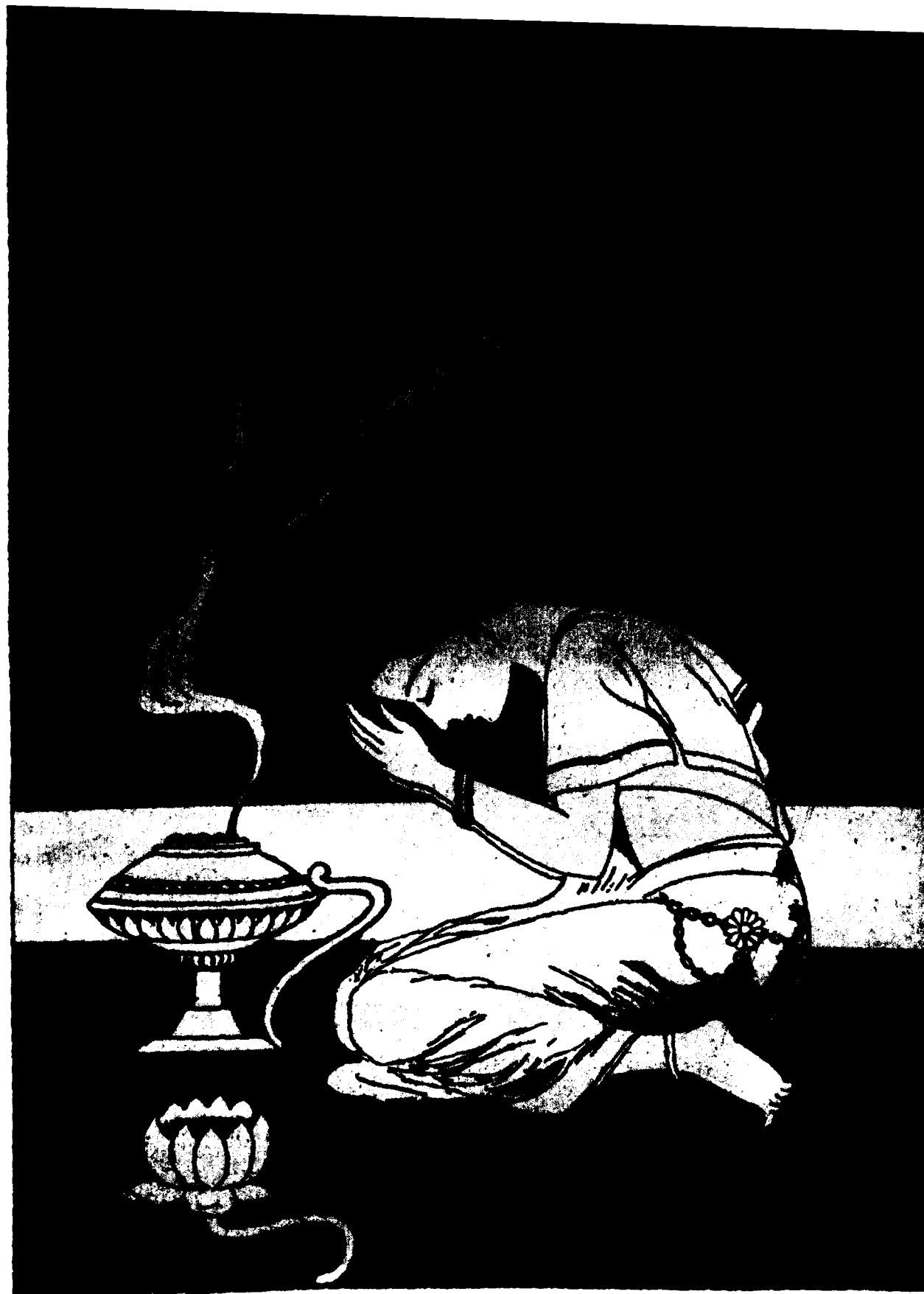
"Cocktail—thanks. I saw Rosenkrantz in Berlin. Very good work of yours lately, Stefan," referring to Hendrich by his real name. "You are just wonderful. We've decided to vote you a bonus!"

"Very decent of you. It's always encouraging. But—what's the object of this visit, which honours me so considerably?"

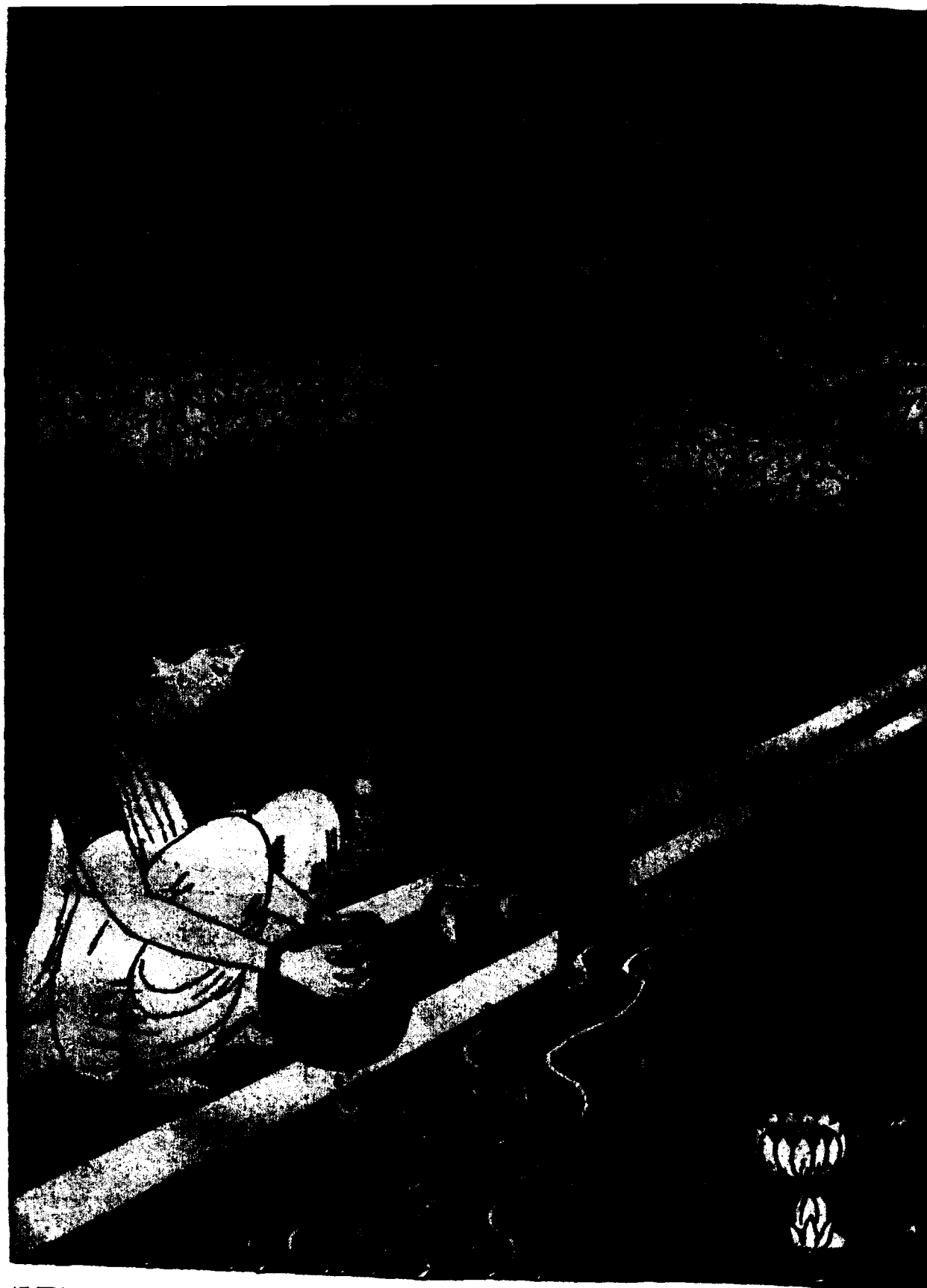
"Well," he said, "there are some things that can't be communicated by letter, not even in code. This is one of them. I think you know a certain British pilot, Harvey Greaves—"

"Indeed I do, but what about it?" Hendrich broke in, surprised.

"We know more in Russia than people in Britain give us credit for. I know most things about Harvey Greaves. First of all, he's by no means the innocent private pilot everyone makes him to be. Within the last six months, when he was supposed to be touring Europe, he got into Russia—heaven knows how—and got back from us the design of the new Smith helicopter which we had not, for some obscure reason copied."



TRIUMPH OF LOVE



AT THE TANK

"The Smith demanded," Hendrich cried incredulously. "But that was my job. Why don't you tell me?"

"Because I wanted a trip to England, my friend," Bolsoff said. "And it was no use hurrying matters. Once it was returned to England you could be sure it would be very well protected—and you might have overstepped yourself in your eagerness to retrieve the prize. And we don't particularly want to lose you—if we can help it, Hendrich."

"Thank you—Bolsoff. You're very kind and generous. Of course, I was aware that Greaves has a friend or two inside diplomatic circles. You remember the Berlin affair? But you don't think he's officially employed, do you?"

"I know he is."

"But he's talked about going into his father's tea business and settling down!"

"Even his father doesn't know," Bolsoff explained.

"It's a well kept secret."

"Which you have discovered?"

"Yea."

"Marvellous, Bolsoff. One would think you had a thousand ears and eyes!"

Bolsoff's Warning.

"I have. But I came to talk of other things as well. There are the plans of the new French dirigible, for example. Egmont got them to you—and I happen to want them urgently."

Hendrich started.

He was not prepared for this sudden attack, for he had hoped to have plenty of time in which to work up the price of the plans before releasing them to Bolsoff.

"I haven't got them here," he explained, and then related the recent episode with Rosenkrantz.

"Well—you must get them to-morrow. Where are they?"

"In my room at Bermondsey. I've a place there over a shop—rented as a store-room for books in my character as a miserly book-worm. It's almost as safe as The Hut used to be."

"Splendid—then you can get them to-morrow, or perhaps even to-night?"

Bolsoff was almost wheedling in his persuasion.

"Not to-night, Bolsoff—but tomorrow, if the terms are right."

"Ah!" said Bolsoff, rubbing his hands together and thrusting his uncanny eyes towards Hendrich, "you have never been backward when it comes to money. Perhaps it's that which gives you your remarkable enthusiasm. Well, well—we won't argue. See that you get the plans and deliver them to me to-morrow evening at eight at the Seville Hotel. I'm staying there. The money will be ready."

"How much?"

"Fifteen hundred, English money."

"Two thousand!" countered Hendrich.

"My dear Hendrich," returned Bolsoff, smoothly, "this is not an auction mart. I have said fifteen hundred—and fifteen hundred it remains. If you do not

agree, then say so, and I will make the plans for myself!"

Hendrich swallowed hard.

He knew Bolsoff and his mood, and he knew better than to try to thwart him. With a gesture of surrender he gave in, cursing his luck for Bolsoff's unexpected and unwelcome visit.

"Splendid," Bolsoff said, glancing curiously at Hendrich. "And now what are you going to do about the young lady inside?"

"Leave her there—for the time being, at all events." He looked at his watch. "The day staff goes at seven-thirty—I dine off sandwiches and claret when I'm here; the book-loving eccentric you know!—and I'll put her car away then. There was to have been a party to-night. What about an evening in town? I'll drive you up."

Bolsoff grinned knowingly.

"Not to-night, my dear friend, not to-night. I have a good deal of work to do when I get back to town."

"All right. Then I'll call at the Seville to-morrow at eight o'clock. Fifteen hundred, you said? Very well. And when you leave Threeways presently I want you to take two or three books with you. Make some remark about them as you go out. It all helps to keep my character of book-worm with the staff here!" He went to a bookcase and withdrew a few volumes, "I frequently make little private sales of this nature, but you are lucky. You can have these for nothing!"

"How amazingly generous of you!" Bolsoff said with a tinge of irony. "Perhaps you will be even more generous when you have pulled of Mr. Angus Greaves's ten thousand!"

Hendrich looked queerly at Bolsoff, startled by his infinite knowledge.

"So you know about that, too?"

"Why, of course! As I said, I have a thousand eyes and ears, and even a famous woman pilot like Miss Carwell can't blind and deafen them all at once. Do you know, Hendrich, I've a great admiration for you, but sometimes I'm a little doubtful about—well, about your loyalty. So I keep myself informed—yes, very well informed. And so long as I find you avarice doesn't lead you to betray me I am more than satisfied with your services. But watch your greed, Hendrich. If it lets me down—I shall have you killed, as much as I like you, for the State is first and the individual last. Remember that, Hendrich; and now I think we'll have some of those sandwiches you spoke off."

Instalment 11.

Harvey Recovering.

The room was very quiet. A myriad flowers decorated its restful interior. For four weeks Harvey Greaves had lain in bed staring dismally at the white ceiling of the hospital, but for the last two weeks he had been down at Woodcote, where he was allowed to sit about in his room and occasionally to take a short walk in

ported sometimes by Alethea and sometimes by her mother, who had been mainly responsible for nursing him back to the stage when he could look forward to complete recovery.

His father had been very decent about it all, permitting frequent visits by Alethea, and even encouraging Mrs. Manders to continue her ministration out of hospital.

Harvey was sitting quietly in an easy chair smoking a pipe and reflecting upon the accident which had put him out of usage for a few weeks. He could believe a good many things of Hendrich Baker, but he could not understand how he could have interfered with the Silver Queen before the trial. Still, the matter was being investigated, and for the moment he himself would have to leave it at that.

But he determined not to be beaten. As soon as he was fully recovered he would set out once more to bring Hendrich Baker to his knees. As he sat reflecting on the various issues of his present situation, the door opened and the nurse-in-charge admitted the first visitor that morning.

Harvey had sent for Montague Simons, the great designer, who, though unknown to the public, had done more to advance the science of flight than many of the more famous people who had flown his machines. He was the recluse of the business, hidden from public view—but the man from whose brain sprang the results of concentrated knowledge and study.

"How goes it this morning, Greaves?" Simons said cheerfully. "You're looking better, I'm glad to see. No—don't get up."

Harvey, however, detested the suggestion of his invalidism and got to his feet.

"I'll be flying again in a couple of weeks. How's the bus getting on?"

"Oh! slowly, you know. Baker's an impatient sort of devil—he's so darned anxious to get one up on you."

"Yes—I know. Sit down and help yourself to one of those soft drinks they give me."

"Thanks. It's rather strange that this fellow should have ordered a machine from me for this competition, isn't it?"

"That's what I wanted to see you about. Of course, I don't blame him for going to the best man, or you for taking on the job. That was a wise move. And it's frightfully difficult for me, as a rival to Hendrich Baker, to put my point of view without appearing to be unsporting about it all."

Greaves paused thoughtfully as if finding it difficult to continue. After a little while he went on:

"Quite frankly, in open competition I welcome the entry of anyone against Alethea. It's all in the game, and I'll back her to win. But you know me well enough, Simons, to realise that I like a straight game with no hanky-panky. You're heard the rumour about my crash, of course?"

"I have. But I don't think there's much to them; quite the reverse, in fact. There are always people ready

to set up some canard when anything goes wrong in our business."

"But sabotage has happened before in aeronautical history," said Greaves seriously.

"I know, but—"

"You hate to believe badly of anyone, Simons, and in a way, you're right. But I've asked you here for your own sake, not for mine. I've nothing but admiration for your genius, and, as I said, Hendrich Baker's made a wise move in getting you to design and build a machine for Constance Carwell. I've nothing against that—all I want to do is to warn you not to let Hendrich Baker get to know too much about you and your job."

A thoughtful frown crept over Simons's face, and Greaves felt that he was displeased.

"You take life seriously, Greaves?" Simons said.

"If you only knew—you'd understand why, Simons, you're a mighty clever but simple soul. Because the war's been over so long now you imagine the whole world's a flower garden with not a damned weed in it. I can trust you, and I don't need to ask for your word of honour not to repeat what I'm going to tell you—"

Simons nodded.

"The fact is," said Harvey slowly, "Hendrich Baker has given you his order for the Carwell machine not only for the sake of the prize-offer, but also because he is after something that you have. The truth is that Hendrich Baker is a spy!"

Simons was literally staggered. He knew Harvey Greaves would not exaggerate, nor would he do anything to undermine the chance of success of any rival in open competition.

"You see," continued Harvey, "Hendrich Baker has been trying to get at you through Alethea Manders."

"But Alethea wouldn't fall for a trap like that," interrupted Simons.

"Exactly—which is why you've got the order for Hendrich Baker's machine. By all means go ahead with your job, Simons, but be on your guard against the fellow. That's all I've got to say. As soon as I'm fit again I'll be on to his track and, once I've overcome one great stumbling block, I'll land him!"

Simons had no alternative but to accept everything that Harvey Greaves had said. There was evidently sufficient reason for the warning, and though Simons, at first, was disinclined to believe anything unsavoury about his very welcome customer, he was fully aware Harvey would not lie to him.

Harvey related some of the circumstances that led up to Hendrich's possession of Charlie's I. O. U. which further helped to strengthen Simons's resolution to keep a wary eye on Baker's activities. Still, it was no small achievement to get an order for Constance Carwell's new machine, and if she succeeded in winning the £10,000 prize it would naturally be a source of pride to the designer who made the performance possible. It would, in Simons's case, add another success to many that had gone before. His position, therefore,

was a trifle awkward, being that of a very good friend of Harvey Greaves and, at the same time, that of a rival for aerial honours.

The two went on to discuss the minor gossip of the aviation world when they were interrupted by the arrival of Alethea herself. The two men stood up and greeted her, Harvey with unconcealed admiration.

Alethea has her Say.

"What have I told you about visitors?" she said, with mock severity. "Myself as the first—and only one other allowed during the day; that was the rule, you naughty patient!"

"I'm afraid I've stolen the privilege," Simons remarked with a smile. "But he seems to be getting on pretty well. Still, I must go—I'm frightfully busy, and I'm sure you'll be glad to get rid of me."

"Like all men," Greaves said, laughing, "I am no good as a convalescent—I want to be getting about. I'm certain I could fly to-day if only they'd let me out, Simons?"

Alethea turned to the designer.

"So you're helping Constance Carwell to beat me then," she remarked. "That's a fine kind of loyalty indeed! But business is business, as men say, and I know you'll make a very wonderful machine for Constance."

"And if she wins you'll be the first to congratulate me," said Simons gallantly.

"Of course she will—and so will I, Simons," Greaves put in. "You're a much better man at the job than I am—but we'll give you a run for your money."

"I'm certain you will," Simons agreed. He took Harvey's hand, and added: "The best of luck then. I must be off. Good-bye, Miss Manders—if we don't meet again before, I shall come and see you off on the great day, wherever you may be flying to. I suppose that's a secret?"

"For the time being," Alethea said. "Goodbye—and good luck to you, too, though I can't say I'd be thoroughly happy if Hendrich Baker's pilot beat me."

Alethea showed Montague Simons out and returned to the convalescent.

"You're certainly very much better, Harvey," she said with obvious pleasure. "But you really mustn't overdo it. Mother thought it was going to be a much longer job."

"So did the doc.," laughed Harvey. "Let me pull a chair up for you. Then you can come and talk to me."

"I order you to sit still," Alethea said, again with mock seriousness.

She drew her own chair up close to Harvey.

"You're warned Montague Simons?" she asked.

"Yes—but it was difficult. I don't think he liked it at first. I had to tell him more than I wanted to. But never mind about that—how did you get on this morning? And how is Silver Queen II progressing?"

"I was up for two and a half hours before break-



THE INDIAN PAINT-BRUSH

Thou, like some brilliant genius in the swirl

Of mankind, dost stand glorious by the stream.

Where grow rank weeds and greenest vines, that twirl

Their tendrils round the trees and shrubs, that seem

In their wild freedom like a jungle lone

Within the wilds that border some stream-side—

There, queen of brook-side flowers, thou dost abide;

Thy crimson leaves like brightest ruby stone!

Not many are thy comrades, like hoar minds

That stand forlorn, yet loveliest in their sphere!

Alone, or two are all thy company;

Yet in that stream-sung jungle no one finds

More beauteous flower deep-red as ruby clear—

So lone, like genius in humanity!

Dr. Louis M. Eilshemius, M. A., M. M. M., S. P., G. T. E. A., etc.

fast this morning. Oh! Harvey, it was just divine. If only you'd been there to enjoy it with me!"

"I wish I had," Harvey said rather sombrely.

"And they're getting on fine with the new bus. In a few weeks she'll be ready. There will be no risk this time. The foreman's put a double guard on, all trustworthy fellows, and he said he'd shoot the scoundrel who tried to get even a sight of the machine. You know what he is when he's roused. Only yesterday a newspaper reporter nearly lost his life in trying to get into the works! It was a great joke!"

"That's all right. I like reporters, and so long as they don't give any secrets away, I don't mind. If the bus will be ready in three weeks I shall be able to do the test myself."

"We'll see about that, too!" said Alethea. "I may want to do it!"

"We'll see about that, too!" laughed Harvey. "Still, you'll need a good deal of practice flying on her, though she ought to be quite easy to handle."

Dreaming Tragedy.

During the enforced idleness following his crash Harvey had spent much of his slow passing time reflecting on the adventures that had befallen him since his unexpected landing in the grounds of Threeways Manor, but nothing had impressed him so much as the extraordinary enthusiasm displayed by Alethea in her love of flying. This alone was sufficient to draw him to her, but beyond that was the mysterious appeal she made to him for herself alone.

Harvey had no doubt now of his consuming love for her. But though they were on the closest terms of friendship since they had embarked on the joint flying adventure he had remained silent concerning his deeper emotions. Alethea's uneasiness about him and her close care after the accident had awakened in him the hope that there might be some response to his overwhelming affection, and now that he was recovering from the shock of his disaster he grew bolder in his desire to reveal to her the love which was consuming him body and soul.

He sat watching her intently. Though himself a pilot of wide experience, a sudden doubt crossed his mind as to whether he was really justified in letting this frail girl undertake the risk he had in mind for her. Ordinary air travel was safe enough, but enthusiastic as he was, he could not hide from himself the fact that the feat he had suggested would be one in which terrific risks had to be admitted. The odds would be tremendous, but success, if it came, would write the name of Alethea Manders on the scroll of history, and give her the glory she so wildly desired—together with the certainty of a great career. Yet, somehow, he suffered a piercing uneasiness. But for him her potential flight would have been impossible and her safety assured.

For a second his imagination ran way with him, and he pictured all kinds of tragedies that could befall her on the journey he had planned. To launch the

object of his love into the great unknown would, he knew, be the most agonising task of his whole life. And there could be no drawing back now.

Alethea, noticing his silence, thought that it was the after-fatigue of Simons's visit. He had closed his eyes and was dreaming tragedy in its starkest form, unhappy and a little fearful. As he felt the caress of Alethea's cool hand on his brow he came back swiftly to reality and her near presence.

"Alethea—Alethea darling," he sighed. He looked into her eyes, and there saw the response which gave new gladness and, at the same time, increased suffering to his heart. He was afraid—for her.

She bent down and kissed him, and heard him whisper his love.

Instalment 12.

Alethea's Ambitious Plan.

The Press of the country was indulging in a frenzy of delight at the prospect of Alethea's ambitious flight. Silver Queen II was finished, and Harvey, now practically recovered, had tested her and found her good. Montague Simon's craft, built for Constance Carwell to the order of Hendrich Baker, was nearly ready, a magnificent looking twin-engined biplane painted crimson and christened the Red Rose.

There had been no such episode in the history of aviation as this coming battle between the Silver Queen and the Red Rose. There were several other craft in the field for the great prize, but the story of the two machines that were to carry Alethea Manders and Constance Carwell either to glory or disaster had captured the public's imagination to such an extent that the smaller fry were almost overlooked.

To Hendrich's disgust the Silver Queen was ready to start on any flight that Harvey might choose for her, and when he read in the paper one evening that she was to attempt the Atlantic from East to West he immediately decided that Constance Carwell should undertake the same journey. Alethea, having entered herself, had told the reporters of her plans to cross the great sea—that terrifying stretch of water which has lured so many ambitious flyers to their doom and given fame and fortune to a few men who had flung out their challenge.

And the Red Rose was not yet completed.

Constance Carwell, however, gave out the news that she, too, would make a bid for Atlantic honours, and she and Hendrich had conspired secretly that if both planes got across successfully the Red Rose was to make a further stage to New York and California; was always to go on till the pilot was sure that her performance excelled that of her main rival. She had calculated the chances of all the entrants who had so far announced their intention of competing, but the only craft for which she had any regard at all was the Silver Queen.

She had been astonished at Alethea's progress in the air, and neither she nor Hendrich any longer held Harvey's pupil in contempt. Alethea seemed to be born to flight, exhibiting a mastery that might well have been envied by pilots of considerably greater experience.

Harvey smiled when he heard of Hendrich's plans.

Public feeling was running high, but the betting was in favour of Constance Carwell, who had the wider experience and had already become something of a public idol. Alethea accepted her second place good-humouredly and was undisturbed by it. She would do her best and, so far as she was concerned, that was all there was to say.

Harvey had watched Alethea handling the new Silver Queen and was perfectly satisfied, but he was now in search of a suitable navigator to guide her during her tremendous ordeal.

He went to his club in Pall Mall and found Charlie there, learning from him that there was still no news of Stella Wrenington, who had disappeared on the evening of his accident. Charles was obviously agitated and in not too pleasant a mood.

"About this flight of Alethea's," he said over dinner, "I think it's a crime to send her across the Atlantic. You know she may lose her life."

"I know that," Harvey admitted gravely.

"That's why I want the best possible navigator. Bentley isn't free, or I'd have him."

"He's going with Constance Carwell," Charles stated to Harvey's consternation.

"How do you know that?"

"It's on the tape outside the smoking-room."

Harvey sprang up and went to confirm the news. When he returned he said: "Bentley never told me. It must be a last-minute offer made by Hendrich Baker. He knows how to get his way, does that fellow. And he's still playing you against me. I've a mind to let him go to the gov'nor if he wants to."

"But you wouldn't let me down now, would you?"

"No—I don't think I would," Harvey said after some reflection.

"Have you heard anything more about the sabotage business?" Charles inquired.

"No, I'm not bothering much about it now," Harvey replied. "The police keep worrying me, but I don't think they'll ever be able to prove anything definitely against Baker. Besides, I'd rather handle friend Hendrich myself—and I'm certain the chance will come."

"But if Constance Carwell wins the prize, he'll slip you sure as fate, won't he?"

"That's why Alethea must win," said Harvey gravely. "But I wish to heavens I'd been able to manage it without getting her mixed up in the affair."

"So do I—now," Charles remarked regretfully. "I'm still very fond of her."

Harvey's glance shot directly towards his step-brother, and a pang of jealousy wrung his heart. In

more ways than once Charles was an infernal nuisance, he thought.

"Still, if I can get a good navigator she'll be all right," Harvey remarked, suppressing the emotions that were sweeping through him. "Bentley's the best I know—but there are others."

The Truth about Harvey's Crash.

After their meal was finished they went on to the terrace to take coffee and liquors, and it was while they were chatting rather aimlessly, for Harvey was sorely perturbed, that a page boy was heard piping the name of Harvey Greaves throughout the club. Harvey left the terrace and found the boy, who told him that there was a gentleman called Bridges waiting to see him.

Harvey could recall no one of that name known to him, search his memory as he would. He went down to the hall, where the boy took him to the caller.

The man had the appearance of a respectable artisan, and had obviously dressed himself up in his best clothes.

"Good evening sir," he said respectfully when the page-boy had gone. "May I see you privately, sir, please?"

"Well—what is it?" Harvey asked, a little impatiently.

Bridges looked round furtively, indicating to Harvey that he did not care to speak too freely with other people about.

"Sir—it's about your crash. I've got somethin' to tell you. I'm—I'm frightened, sir!"

There was no doubt that the man was very much disturbed. Harvey signalled him to follow to a private conference room. As they ascended in the lift the air pilot made a close study of Bridge's features, observing that there was something vaguely familiar about them.

"Where have I seen you before?" he demanded, when the door of the conference room closed upon them.

"On the aerodrome, sir. I was one of the watchmen of the first Silver Queen. You see, sir—the police 'ave called on me—and I'm frightened. So I thought I'd try to see you. I didn't like to write in case—well, it's dangerous—and I knew you often came to this club, sir. So 'ere I am—"

He looked round again nervously, as if suspecting the presence of an eavesdropper. Harvey reassured him.

"You've 'eard these rumours, sir, about your crash?"

"I know that my bus was deliberately tampered with," Harvey snapped out, at the same time watching Bridges's countenance. The man was visibly startled and his nervousness grew.

"Well, sir—you don't think I did it? It isn't that I've come about. You don't think I'd risk a man's life, do you, sir?"

Harvey gazed at the man intently.

"How can I say?" he said easily. "All I know is that the machine was deliberately tampered with. What have you told the police?"

"Nothing, sir. I just didn't know anything to them—but I intended to come to you. I've been mortal worried since the accident and I've got to speak now." There was a tremor in his voice, betraying extreme anxiety. With an uncertain hand he drew from his pocket a grubby wallet, from which he carefully extracted ten one-pound notes. Handing them to Harvey, he added: "These are yours, sir, I can't touch them any more."

The pilot was mystified.

"Mine? Whatever for?" he asked with a smile.

"They were given to me, sir, by a gentleman. 'E said 'e was a reporter for a foreign newspaper, and 'ad to get a sight of the bus before 'e left for 'is own country. So we let him in, and—"

"What were you doing while he was looking at the machine?" Harvey demanded seriously.

"Well, sir, you've got to know the truth. We were playing dice!"

"A fine way to look after a special 'plane. So you didn't see what this fellow was up to then?"

"No, sir. As a matter of fact, we weren't playing dice all the time either. In the middle of a throw—it was my turn—there was a yell of 'Fire!' from outside and we all rushed out to see what was up. There were some men running and we started to run with them. The end shed was alight—not much, and we 'elped to put it out."

"The stranger didn't go with you?"

"No, sir. When we returned 'e 'ad gone."

"How long were you away?"

Again Bridges paused uneasily, as if afraid to answer. After a long silence he said:

"About a couple of hours, sir?"

"A long time to put out a little fire!" Harvey commented.

"Well sir—you see, we 'ad a drink or two before we went back, I'd 'ave gone back before, sir, only I thought someone 'ad remained beh'nd. I didn't know de'd all left the bus unguarded."

"And what do you want me to do with this money?"

"Anything, sir. I don't want it. I can see now what 'appened. The man who said 'e was a reporter was the man who did the crime—and this money's tainted. I can't touch it, sir."

A signed confession.

"What about the other watchman?" Harvey asked, his eyes fixed on his visitor.

"We all 'ad something, sir, but I couldn't touch the

money when I knew what 'ad 'appened to you. Conscience, if you like, sir," was the quiet reply.

"I see," said Harvey gravely. "Now—would you recognise this man if you saw him again?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was he like?"

"Short, and with dark 'air, clean shaven—a foreigner without a doubt."

"I see. But why didn't you say anything about this before?"

"I was scared, sir, and then it began to worry me until I couldn't sleep, and so I thought I'd 'ave to clear myself of all the trouble by confessing to you."

"Well, Bridges, this is a very serious matter. I don't quite know what I ought to do." Harvey paused thoughtfully. "It ought really to be reported to the police, but—well, I don't want the police too much in the business just yet. I take it you're prepared to write all this down and sign it?"

The man hesitated, unwilling to commit himself.

"If you are not," Harvey continued, "there will be no alternative but for me to report this conversation immediately to the authorities." His threat had the desired effect, for Bridges lost no time in agreeing to the suggestion, although at first he felt that he was being trapped.

"Presently," Harvey went on, "I shall want you to identify the man you saw that night. I think I know who he is. You've done a very right and proper thing in confessing to me, but you must keep yourself in readiness to come to me again when I want you. I'll get a witness up to sign your confession. Meanwhile, I'll keep these notes. I may need them as evidence." Motioning the man to a seat at the table, he pushed paper and pen towards him. Then he rang the bell and sent for Charles, whom he wanted as a witness to the confession.

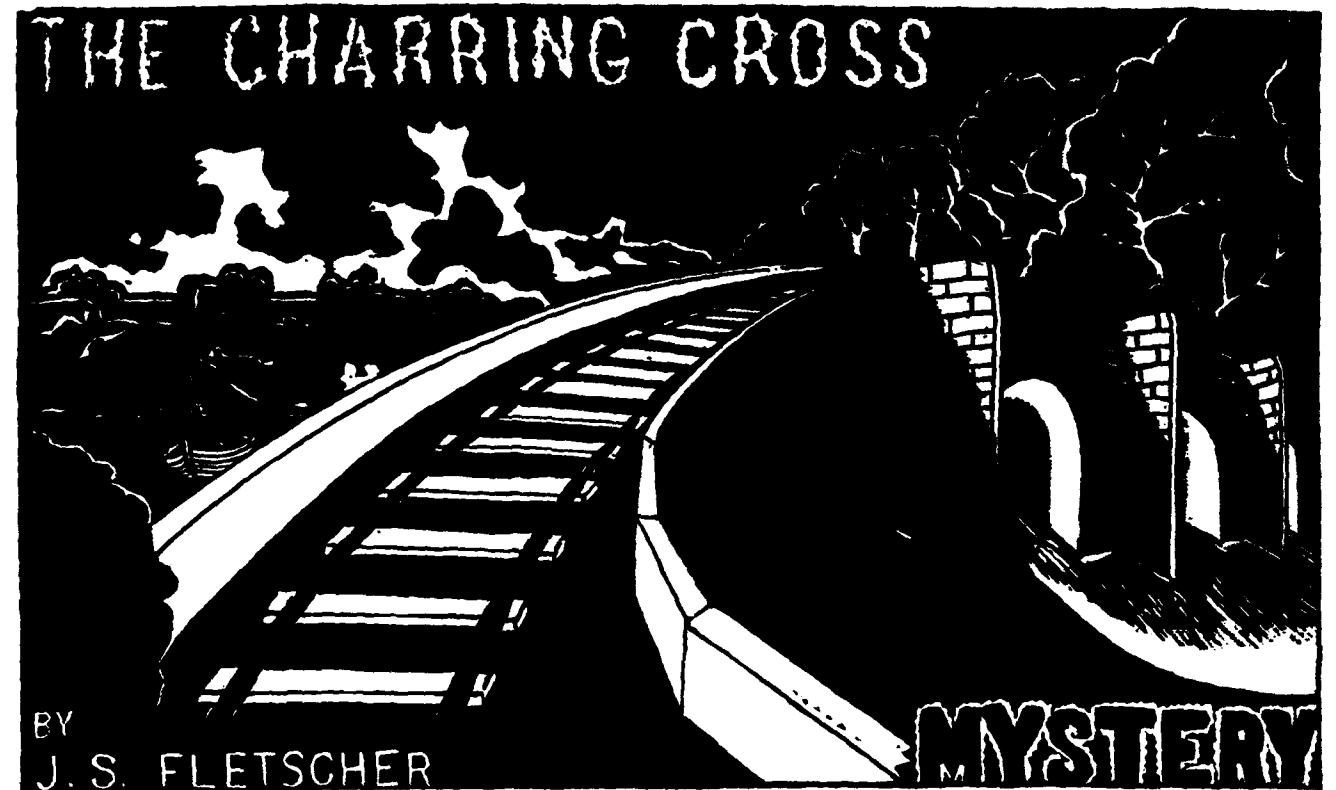
Slowly and laboriously the man wrote down the substance of what he had already said in conversation. When the task was completed Harvey read it over and Charles witnessed it.

"You can rely on me to keep silent about this for the time being," Harvey explained to Bridges as he saw him out of the club, "but I may want to use this confession later on. If I do it will be none the worse for you. Your dismissal has been sufficient punishment—and later I'll see what I can do for you."

He returned to Charles, waving the document with obvious satisfaction.

"This," he said, "is likely to be of considerable use to us, Charlie! Come and have a drink in the bar. Then we'll push off down to Woodcote and see the old man."

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Chapter 9.

The Medicine Bottle.

HETHERWICK went away from the sordid atmosphere of Fligwood's Rents wondering more than ever at this new development; he continued to wonder and to speculate all the rest of that day and most of the next. That Granett's sudden death had followed on Hannaford's seemed to him a sure proof that there was more behind this mystery than anybody had so far conceived of. Personally, he had not the slightest doubt that whoever poisoned Hannaford had also poisoned Granett. And he was not at all surprised when, late in the afternoon of the day following upon that of the visit to Dorking, Matherfield walked into his chambers with a face full of news.

"I know what you're going to tell me, Matherfield," said Hetherwick, motioning his visitor to an easy chair. "The doctors have held a post-mortem on Granett, and they find that he was poisoned."

Matherfield's face fell; he was robbed of his chance of a dramatic announcement.

"Well, and that's just what I was going to tell you," he answered. "That's what they do say. Same doctors that performed the autopsy on Hannaford. Doesn't surprise you?"

"Not in the least," replied Hetherwick. "I expected it. They're sure of it?"

"Dead certain! But, as in Hannaford's case, they're not certain of the particular poison used. However—

also as in his case—they've submitted the whole case to two big swells in that line, one of 'em the man that's always employed by the Home Office in these affairs, and the other that famous specialist at St. Martha's Hospital—I forget his name. They'll get to work; they're at work on the Hannaford case now. Difficult job, I understand—some very subtle poison, probably little known. However, I believe we've got a clue about it."

"A clue—about the poison?" exclaimed Hetherwick. "What clue?"

"Well, this," answered Matherfield. "After you'd gone away from Fligwood's Rents yesterday afternoon, and while I was making arrangements for the removal of the poor chap's body, I took another careful look round the room. Now, if you noticed things as closely as all that, you may have observed that Granett's bed was partly in a sort of alcove—the head part. In the other corner of that alcove, or recess, just where he could have set them down by reaching his arm out of bed, I found a bottle and a glass tumbler. The bottle was an ordinary medicine bottle—not a very big one. It had the cork in it and about an inch of fluid, which, on taking out the cork, I found to be whisky, and, I should say by the smell, whisky of very good quality. But I noticed that there was the very slightest trace of some sort of sediment at the bottom. There was a trace of similar sediment in the bottom of the tumbler. Now, of course, I put these things up most carefully, sealed them, and handed them over to the doctors. For it was very evident to me—recon-

gust. "We've done our best and our better than best! I've had special men all round that Victoria district; I should think every tall man in that part's been eyed over. And I believe that Mr. Ledbitter has so got the thing on his brain that he's been spending all his spare time patrolling the neighbourhood and going in and out of restaurants and saloons looking for the man he saw—of course, without result!"

"All the same", said Hetherwick, "that man is—somewhere!"

Matherfield went away, and except at the inquest on Granett—whereat nothing transpired which was not already known—Hetherwick did not see him again for several days. He himself progressed no further in his investigations during that time. Rhona Hannaford betook herself to Riversreade Court, as secretary to its mistress's Home, and until the Sunday succeeding his departure Hetherwick heard nothing of her. Then she came up to town on the Sunday morning and, in accordance with their previous arrangement, Hetherwick met her at Victoria, and took her to lunch at a neighbouring hotel.

"Anything to tell?" he asked, when they had settled down to their soup. "Any happenings?"

"Nothing!" answered Rhona. "Everything exceedingly proper, business-like, and orderly. And Lady Riversreade appears to me to be a model sort of person—her devotion to that Home and its inmates is remarkable! I don't believe anything's going to happen, or that I shall ever have anything to report".

"Well, that'll have its compensations", said Hetherwick. "Leave us all the more time for ourselves, won't it?"

He gave her a look to which Rhona responded, shyly but unmistakably; she knew, as well as he did, that they were getting fond of each other's society. And they continued to meet on Sundays, and three or four went by, and still she had nothing to tell that related to the mystery of Hannaford and Granett.

Three weeks elapsed before Matherfield had anything to tell, either. Then he walked into Hetherwick's chambers one morning with news in his face.

"Traced it!" he said. "Knew I should! That five-pound note—brand new. Only a question of time to do that, of course".

"Well?" inquired Hetherwick.

"It was one of twenty fivers paid by the cashier of the London and Country Bank in Piccadilly to the secretary of Vivian's", continued Matherfield. "Date—day before Hannaford's death. Vivian's, let me tell you, is a swell night club. Now then, how did that note get into the hands of Granett? That's going to be a stiff 'un!"

"So stiff that I'm afraid you mustn't ask me to go in at it", agreed Hetherwick good-humouredly. "I must stick to my own line—when the chance comes".

The chance came on the following Sunday, when, in pursuance of new established custom, he met Rhona.

GOD MARKS MY BROWS WITH SEAMS OF AGE

God marks my brows with seams of age,

He gives me free of the woes of the world;

He chooseth those who suffer most,

And gives His Word to the sad of thought.

He taught me all the sweet sorrows,

He rubbed me soft in His touch—stone true;

And every tear that fell on earth,

He gathered in this heart of ruth.

He harvested the ripening sighs,

And heaped them in my fulfilled heart;

He made me lord of anguishes,

The Prince of the Cross Insufferable.

He gave the draught—humanity,

And left me in the tipsy of pain;

He drained me from His crimson Heart,

He drew for me from the depth of thought.

He wore my little self thread—bare,

And cast me out into the dust of earth;

He left me in the midst of the dark,

That I may see His crystal Light!

She gave him a significant look as soon as she got out of the train.

"News—at last!" she said, as they turned up the platform. "Something's happened—but what it means I don't know".

Chapter 10.

The Mysterious Visitor.

The head-waiter in the restaurant to which Hetherwick and Rhona repaired every Sunday immediately upon her arrival now knew these two well by sight, and forming his own conclusions about them, always reserved for them a table in a quiet and secluded corner. Hither they now proceeded, and had scarcely taken their accustomed seats before Rhona plunged into her story.

"I expect you want to know what it's all about, so I won't keep you waiting", she said. "It was on Friday—Friday morning—that it happened, and I half thought of writing to you about it that evening. Then I thought it best to tell you personally to-day—besides, I should have had to write an awfully long letter. There are things to explain; I'd better explain them first. Our arrangements down there at Riversreade, for instance. They're like this: Lady Riversreade and I always breakfast together at the Court, about nine o'clock. At ten we go across the grounds to the Home. There we have a sort of formal office—two rooms, one of which, the first opening from the hall, I have, the other, opening out of it, is Lady Riversreade's private sanctum. In the hall itself we have an ex-army man, Mitchell, as hall porter, to attend to the door and so on. All the morning we are busy with letters, accounts, reports of the staff, and that sort of thing. We have lunch at the Home, and we're generally busy until four or five o'clock. Got all that?"

"Every scrap!" replied Hetherwick. "Perfectly plain".

"Very well", continued Rhona. "One more detail, however. A good many people, chiefly medical men and folk interested in homes and hospitals, call, wanting to look over and to know about the place—which, I may tell you in parenthesis, costs Lady Riversreade a pretty tidy penny! Mitchell's instructions as regards all callers are to bring their cards to me—I interview them first; if I can deal with them I do; if I think it necessary or desirable, I take them in to Lady Riversreade. We have to sort them out—some, I am sure, come out of mere idle curiosity; in fact, the only visitors we want to see there are either medical men who have a genuine interest in the place and can do something for it, or people who are connected with its particular inmates. Well, on Friday morning last, about a quarter to twelve, as I was busy with my letters, I heard a car come up the drive, and presently Mitchell came into my room with a card bearing the name Dr. Cyprion Baseverie. Instead of being an engraved card as, by all the recognised standards, it should have been, it was a printed card—that was the first thing I noticed".

"Your powers of observation", remarked Hetherwick admiringly, "are excellent, and should prove most useful".

"Thank you for the compliment!—but that didn't need much observation", retorted Rhona with a laugh. "It was obvious. However, I asked Mitchell what Dr. Baseverie wanted; Mitchell replied that the gentleman desired an interview with Lady Riversreade. Now, as I said before, we never refuse doctors, so I told Mitchell to bring Dr. Baseverie to me. A moment later Dr. Baseverie entered. I want to describe him particularly, and you must listen most attentively. Figure, then, to yourself a man of medium height, neither stout nor slender, but comfortably plump, and apparently about forty-five years of age, dressed very correctly and fashionably in a black morning coat and vest, dark striped trousers, immaculate as to linen and neckwear, and furnished with a new silk hat, pearl-grey gloves and a tightly rolled gold-mounted umbrella. Incidentally, he wore a thin gold watch-chain, white spats and highly polished shoes. Got that?"

"I see him—his clothes and things, I mean", assented Hetherwick. "Fashionable medico sort, evidently! But—himself?"

"Now his face", continued Rhona. "Imagine a man with an almost absolutely bloodless countenance—a face the colour of old ivory—lighted by a pair of peculiarly piercing eyes, black as sloes, and the pallor of the face heightened by a rather heavy black moustache and equally black, slightly crinkled hair, thick enough above the ears but becoming sparse and thin on the crown. Imagine, too, a pair of full, red lips above a round but determined chin and a decidedly hooked nose, and you have—the man I'm describing!"

"Um!" said Hetherwick reflectively. "Hebraic, I think, from your description".

"That's just what I thought myself", agreed Rhona. "I said to myself at once, 'Whatever and whoever else you are, my friend, you're a Jew!' But the creature's manner and speech were English enough—very English. He had all the well-accustomed air of the medical practitioner who is also a bit of a man of the world, and I saw at once that anybody who tried to fence with him would usually come off second-best. His explanation of his presence was reasonable and commonplace enough: he was deeply interested in the sort of cases we had in the Home, and desired to acquaint himself with our methods and arrangements and so on. He made use of a few technical terms and phrases which were quite beyond my humble powers, and I carried in his card to Lady Riversreade. Lady Riversreade is always accessible when there's a doctor in the case, and in two minutes Dr. Baseverie was closeted with her".

"That ends the first chapter, I suppose?" said Hetherwick. "Interesting—very! A good curtain! And the next?"

"The events of the second chapter", replied Rhona, "took place in Lady Riversreade's room, and I cannot

structing things, you know—that Granett had mixed himself a drink, a nightcap, if you like to call it so, from that bottle on getting into bed, and then had put bottle and glass down by his bed-head, in the corner. And just as I mean to trace that five-pound note, Mr. Hetherwick, so I mean to trace that bottle!"

"How?" asked Hetherwick, closely interested. "And to what, or whom?"

"To the chemists where it came from", answered Matherfield. "It came from some chemist's, and I'll find which!"

"There are hundreds of chemists in London", said Hetherwick. "It's a stiff proposition".

"It's going to be done, anyway", asserted Matherfield. "And it mayn't be such a stiff job as it at first looks to be. See here! There were labels on that bottle, both of 'em torn and defaced, it's true, but still with enough on them to narrow down the field of inquiry. I've had the face of the bottle photographed—here's a print of the result".

He brought out a photographic print, roughly finished and mounted on a card, and handed it over to Hetherwick, who took it to the light and examined it carefully. It showed the front of the medicine bottle, with a label at the top and another at the bottom. Each had been torn, as if to obliterate names and addresses, but a good deal of the lettering was left.

C. A. , Esq.,

The mixture as before
No. A. 1152

Note.—This medicine has
been dispensed by a fully
qualified Chemist with the
to possible drugs
and is guaranteed
the wishes of
the Pres—

M. P. S.

St. W. C.

"That bottom label's the thing, Mr. Hetherwick", remarked Matherfield. "Let me get that hiatus filled up with the name and address of the chemist, and I'll soon find out who C. A. Blank, Esquire, is! The chemist is one in the West Central district; he's a member of the Pharmaceutical Society; he'll have somebody whose initials are C. A. on his books; he'll recognise the number A1152 of the prescription. It's a decided clue; and even if there are, as there undoubtedly are, scores of chemists in the West Central district, I'll run this one down!"

Hetherwick handed back the photograph and began to pace up and down the room. Suddenly he turned on his visitor, his mind made up to tell him what he himself had been doing.

"Matherfield", he said, dropping into his chair again and adopting a tone of confidence, "what do you make of this? I mean—what's your theory? Is it your opinion that the deaths of these two men are—so to speak—all of a piece?"

"That is my opinion!" answered Matherfield with an emphatic nod. "I've no more doubt about it than I have that I see you, Mr. Hetherwick. All of a piece, to be sure! Whoever poisoned Hannaford poisoned Granett! I'll tell you how I've figured it out since the doctors told me, only a couple of hours since, what their opinion is about Granett. This way: Hannaford and Granett knew each other at Sellithwaite ten years ago. That night when Granett left Appleyard in Horseferry Road and turned into Victoria Street, he met Hannaford—accidentally".

"Why accidentally?" asked Hetherwick.

"Well, that's what I think", said Matherfield. "I've figured in that way. Of course, it may have been by appointment. But anyway, they met—we know that. Now then, where did they spend their time between then and the time they got into your carriage at St. James's Park? We don't know. But here comes in an unknown factor—what about the strange man at Victoria, the man muffled to his eyes? Two things suggest themselves to me, Mr. Hetherwick. Did Hannaford take Granett to see that man, or did Hannaford and Granett meet at that man's? For I think that man, whoever he is, is at the bottom of everything".

"Why should they meet at that man's?" asked Hetherwick.

"Well", answered Matherfield, "I think that secret of Hannaford's has something to do with it. He had the sealed packet on him when he left Malter's Hotel; it had disappeared when we searched his clothing after his death. Now, the grand-daughter says it had to do with chemicals. Suppose the tall, muffled man was a chap whose business opinion on this secret Hannaford wanted, and that they met at Victoria and went to the man's rooms somewhere in that district? Suppose Granett—another man in the chemistry line—came there, knowing both? Supposing the muffled man poisoned both of 'em, to keep the secret to himself? Do you see what I'm after? Very well! There you are. The thing is to hunt out that man, whoever he is. I wish I knew what Hannaford's secret was, though—it's precise nature".

"Matherfield", said Hetherwick, "I'll tell you! You've been very confidential with me; I'll be equally so with you, on condition that we work together from this. The fact is, I've been at work. I'm immensely interested in this case. Ever since I saw Hannaford die in that train and in that awfully mysterious fashion it's fascinated me, and I'm going to the very end of it. Now I'll tell you all I've been doing, and what I've discovered. Listen carefully".

He went on to tell his visitor the whole details of his visit to Sellithwaite, of the results of his investigations there, and of Rhona's doings and observations at Riversreade Court. Matherfield listened in absorbed silence.

"Is Miss Hannaford going to this secretaryship then?" he demanded abruptly, at the end of Hetherwick's story. "Is it settled?"

"Practically, yes", replied Hetherwick. "I heard from Lady Riversreade this morning; so did Mr. Kenthwaite. We gave Miss Hannaford—to be known to Lady Riversreade as Miss Featherstone—very good recommendations for the post, and I expect that as soon as she's had our letters, Lady Riversreade will telephone to Miss Hannaford that she's to go at once. Then—she'll go".

"To act as—spy?" suggested Matherfield.

"If you put it that way, yes", assented Hetherwick. "Though, from what she saw of her yesterday, Miss Hannaford formed a very favourable opinion of Lady Riversreade. However, I'm so certain that somehow or other, perhaps innocently, she's connected with affair, that she mustn't lose any chance".

"And Miss Hannaford will report anything likely to you?" asked Matherfield.

"Just so! Miss Hannaford's duties don't include any Sunday work; on Sunday she'll come to town, and if there's anything to tell, she'll tell it—to me. She's a smart, clever girl, Matherfield, and she'll keep her eyes open".

Matherfield nodded, and for a while sat silent, evidently lost in his own thoughts.

"Oh, she's a clever girl, right enough!" he said suddenly. "Um! I wonder who this Lady Riversreade really is, now?"

"This Lady Riversreade!" laughed Hetherwick. "A multi-millionairess!"

"Aye, just so; but who was she before her marriage? If she is the woman who was known as Mrs. Whittingham—"

"Can there be any doubt about it after what I found out?"

"You never know, Mr. Hetherwick! Lord bless you! They talk about the long arm of coincidence. Why, in my time I've known of things that make me feel there's nothing wonderful about the most amazing coincidence! But—if Lady Riversreade used to be Mrs. Whittingham, then I'd like to know all about Mrs. Whittingham until she became Lady Riversreade, and who she was before she was Mrs. Whittingham, if she ever was Mrs. Whittingham!"

"Stiff job, Matherfield", said Hetherwick. "I think we shall have enough to do to keep an eye on Lady Riversreade".

"You anticipate something there?" suggested Matherfield.

"I think something may transpire", replied Hetherwick.

Matherfield got to his feet.

"Well," he said, "keep me informed, and I'll keep you informed. We've something to go on—Lord knows what we shall make out of it!"

"You're doing your best to trace the tall man?" asked Hetherwick.

"Best!" exclaimed Matherfield with an air of dis-



THE ROMANCE OF 'ONCE UPON A TIME'

Ah 'Once upon a time'; what sweetness wells
Up from thy lips, what charm and freshness quiver
Upon thy breath like mist on Summer bower,
Enriched by the hum of bees on Champak bells.
O soft enchantments mid romantic dells!
O 'nfathomed sea of melodies for ever
In ravishment, edge-silvered clouds that shiver
With Phoebe in their fold of magic spells.
O golden threshold of our sorrows deep
And pleasures past, O breezy avenue
Rustling through realms of flowery felicity,—
Fairy flowered isles that by moonlight keep
Revels and feasts ambrosial! . . . nymph, renew
Thy lead to the elf lands of Eternity!

R. Balakrishnan, B. A., L. T.



LIFE

A gasp for liberty!
A struggle for eternity!
And a groan, so deep and loud
Like the roar from a mountain's cloud!
Of joy—a short delay!

And thus is life fashioned for toil, hardship—
The gloss of its garb glitters but a while—
A while—a short, short while—
O, like the glare of the thunder's whip
O'er a dark, lone sky, on an Autumn's day!

A continual tear of dismay
A—flowing down the wan cheek of Man—
Yea, so the ceaseless founts of Yemem ran—
O, God! A vale of disdain
Nurtured by sorrow and pain.—

But oh—and too
A garden of bliss—
A woman's kiss—
A sky of blue,
Dark, wide and rich—
Like eye of playful witch—
But oh—and too
A dale with founts
And maids athrough
Ascend the mounts
Of greenest hue—
Where cataracts chant
To fays, in haunts,
To hearts that pant.
And all is glow—
A Heaven below!

And Life—a great mutation of bad and good—
Is thus a sigh—a beat of rapturous blood!

Dr. Louis M. Eilshemius, M. A., M. M. M.

twenty, and even fifty-pound notes for their customers—it's a swell lot who forgather there—and of course they've no recollection whatever about that particular note or night. Still, the fact remains—that note came through Vivian's, and through one of its frequenters, to Granett, and I'm in hopes".

"And the medicine bottle?" suggested Hetherwick.

"Ah, there is more chance!" responded Matherfield, with a lightening eye. "That's only a question of time! I've got a man going round all the chemists in the West Central district—stiff job, for there are more of 'em than I believed. But he's bound to hit on the right one eventually. And then—well, we shall have a pretty good idea, if not positive proof, as to how Granett got hold of the stuff—that poisoned him".

"I suppose there's no doubt that there was poison in that bottle?" inquired Hetherwick.

"According to the specialists, none", replied Matherfield. "And in the glass too. What sort of poison, I don't know—you know what these experts are—so mysterious about things! But they have told me this—the stuff that settled Granett was identical with that which finished off Hannaford. That's certain".

Then it probably came from the same source", said Hetherwick.

"Oh, my notion is that the man or men who poisoned one man poisoned the other", exclaimed Matherfield. "And at the same time. At least, I think Granett got his dose at the same time—probably carried it off in his pocket and drank it wher. he got home. But—we shall trace that bottle! Let me know what you find out about this man Baseverie, Mr. Hetherwick—every little helps".

Hetherwick duly coached Mapperley in the part he wanted him to play, and Mapperley, with money in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth, lounged off to Victoria on the following Friday morning. His principal saw nothing and heard nothing of him all that day.

Chapter 11.

Lady Riversreade.

As Hetherwick was breakfasting next morning, Mapperley, outwardly commonplace and phlegmatic as ever, walked into his room.

"Brief outline first, Mapperley", commanded Hetherwick, instinctively scenting news. "Details later. Well?"

"Spotted him at once at Victoria", said Mapperley. "Followed him down there. He was at Riversreade an hour. Then went back to Dorking—had lunch at 'Red Lion'. He stopped there till four o'clock, lunching and idling. Went back to town by the 4.29, arriving 6.5. I followed him then to the Café de Paris. He dined there and hung about till past ten. And then he went to Vivian's Night Club".

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DRINKING



MUSICIANS



DRINKING



RIVER NETRAVATI

even guess at their nature. I can only tell of things that I know. But there's a good deal in that. To begin with, although Dr. Baseverie had said to me that he desired to see the Home—which of course, in the ordinary way meant his being either taken round by Lady Riversreade or by our resident house physician—he was not taken round. He never left that room from the moment he entered it until the moment in which he left it. And he remained in it an entire hour!"

"With Lady Riversreade?"

"With Lady Riversreade! She never left it, either. Nor did I go into it; she hates me to go in if she has anybody with her at any time. No!—there those two were together, from ten minutes to twelve until five minutes to one. Yet the man had said that he wanted to look round!"

"Is there any other way by which they could have left that room?" suggested Hetherwick. "Another door—or a French window?"

"There is nothing of the sort. The door into my room is the only means of entrance or exit to or from Lady Riversreade's. No—they were there all the time."

"Did you hear anything?"

"Nothing! The house in which Lady Riversreade set up this Home is an old, solid, well-built one—none of your modern grim-crack work in it!—it's a far better house than the Court. All the doors and windows fit—I never heard a sound from the room."

"Well", asked Hetherwick, after due meditation, "and at the end of the hour?"

"At the end of the hour the door suddenly opened and Dr. Baseverie appeared, hat, gloves and umbrella in hand. He half turned as he came out and said a few words to Lady Riversreade. I heard them. He said, 'Well, then, next Friday morning at the same time?' Then he nodded, stepped into my room, closed the door behind him, made me a very polite, smiling bow as he passed my desk, and went out. A moment later he drove off in the car—it had been waiting at the entrance all that time."

"I suppose that's the end of chapter two", suggested Hetherwick. "Is there more?"

"Some", responded Rhona. "During the hour which Dr. Baseverie had spent with Lady Riversreade I had been very busy typing letters. When he had gone I took them into her room, so that she could sign them. I suppose I was a bit curious about what had just happened and may have been more than usually observant—anyway, I felt certain that the visit of this man, whoever he is, had considerably upset Lady Riversreade. She looked it."

"Precisely how?" inquired Hetherwick.

"Well, I couldn't exactly tell you. Perhaps a man wouldn't have noticed it. But being a woman, I did. She was perturbed—she'd been annoyed, or distressed, or surprised, or—something. I saw signs which, as a woman, were unmistakable—to a woman. The man's visit had been distasteful—troubling. I'm as certain of that as I am that this is roast mutton."

"Did she say anything?"

"Not one word. She was unusually taciturn—silent, in fact. She took the letters in silence, signed them in silence. No, on reflection, she never spoke a word while I was in the room. I took the letters away and began putting them in their envelopes. Soon afterwards Lady Riversreade came through my room and went out, and I saw her go across the grounds to the Court. She didn't turn up at the usual luncheon at the Home, and I didn't see her again that afternoon. In fact, I didn't see her again that day, for when I went home to the Court at five o'clock, Lady Riversreade's maid told me that her mistress had gone up to town and wouldn't be home until late that night. I went to bed before she returned."

"Next morning?" suggested Hetherwick.

"Next morning she was just as usual, and things went on in the usual way."

"Did she ever mention this man and his visit to you?" asked Hetherwick.

"No—not a word of him. But I found out something about myself on Friday afternoon."

"What? Something relevant?"

"May be relevant to—something. I was wondering about him—and his printed card. I thought it odd that a medical man, so smartly dressed and all that, should present a card like that—not one well printed, a cheap thing! Besides, it had no address. I wondered—mere inquisitiveness, perhaps—where the creature came from. Now, we've a jolly good lot of the usual reference-books there at the Home—and there's a first-class right up-to-date medical directory amongst them. So I looked up the name of Dr. Cyprian Baseverie. I say, looked it up—but I didn't do that—for it wasn't there! He's neither an English, nor a Scottish, nor an Irish medical man."

"Foreigner, then", said Hetherwick. "French, perhaps, or—American?"

"May be Egyptian, or a Persian, or a Eurasian, for anything I know", remarked Rhona. "What I know is that he's not on the list in that directory, though from his speech and manner you'd think he'd been practising in the West End all his life! Anyway, that's the story. Is there anything in it?"

Hetherwick picked up his glass of claret and looked thoughtfully through the contents of the bowl.

"The particular thing is—the extent and quality of Lady Riversreade's annoyance, or dismay, or perturbation, occasioned by the man's visit", he said at last. "If she was really very much upset—"

"If you want my honest opinion as eye-witness and as woman", remarked Rhona, "Lady Riversreade was very much upset. She gave me the impression that she'd just received very bad, disconcerting, unpleasant news. After seeing and watching her as she signed the letters I had no doubt whatever that the man had deliberately lied to me when he said he wanted to see the Home and its working—what he really wanted was access to Lady Riversreade."

"Look here!" exclaimed Hetherwick suddenly. "Were you present when this man went into Lady Riversreade's room?"

"Present? Of course I was! I took him in—myself."

"You saw them meet?"

"To be sure!"

"Well, then, you know! Were they strangers? Did she recognise him? Did she show any sign of recognition whatever when she set eyes on him?"

"No, none! I'm perfectly certain she'd never seen the man before in her life! I could see quite well that he was an absolute stranger to her."

"And she to him?"

"Oh, that I don't know! He may have seen her a thousand times. But I'm sure she'd never seen him."

Hetherwick laid down his knife and fork with a gesture of finality.

"I'm going to find out who that chap is", he answered. "Got to!"

"You think his visit may have something to do with this?" asked Rhona.

"May, yes. Anyway, I'm not going to let any chance go. There's enough mystery in what you tell me about the man to make it worth while following him up. It must be done."

"How will you do it?"

"You say he said that he was going there again next Friday at the same time? Well, the thing to do, then, is to watch and follow him when he goes away."

"I'm afraid I'm no use for that! He'd know me."

"Nor am I!—I'm too conspicuous", laughed Hetherwick. "If I were a head and shoulders shorter, I might be some use. But I've got the very man—my clerk, one Mapperley. He's just the sort to follow and dog anybody and yet never be seen himself. As you'll say, when you've the pleasure of seeing him, Mapperley's the most ordinary, commonplace chap you ever set eyes on—pass absolutely unnoticed in any Cockney crowd. But he's as sharp as they make 'em, veiling

a peculiar astuteness under his eminently undistinguished features. And what I shall do is that—I'll give Mapperley a full and detailed description of Dr. Cyprian Baseverie: I've memorised yours already; Mapperley will memorise mine. Now Baseverie, whoever he may be, will probably go down to Dorking by the 10.10 from here; so will Mapperley. And after Mapperley has once spotted his man, he'll not lose sight of him."

"And he'll do—what?" asked Rhona.

"Follow him to Dorking—watch him—follow him back to London—find out where he goes when he returns—run him to earth, in fact. Then he'll report to me—and we shall know more than we do now, and also what to do next."

"I wonder what it's all going to lead to?" said Rhona.

"Pretty much of a maze, isn't it?"

"It is", agreed Hetherwick. "But if we can only get a firm hold on a thread—"

"And that might break!" she laughed.

"Well, then, one that won't break", he said. "There are several loose ends lying about already. Matherfield's got a hold on one or two."

He went to see Matherfield next morning and told him the story that he had

heard from Rhona. Matherfield grew thoughtful.

"Well, Mr. Hetherwick", he said, after a pause, "it's as I've said before—if this Lady Riversreade is mixed up in it, the thing to do is to go back and get as full a history as can possibly be got of her antecedents. We'll have to get on to that—but we'll wait to see what that clerk of yours discovers about this man. There may be something in it—in the meantime I'm hard at work on my own clues."

"Any luck?" asked Hetherwick.

"Scarcely that. But, as I say, we're at work. The five-pound note is a difficult matter. Given in change, of course, at Vivian's Night Club—but they tell me there that it's no uncommon thing to change ten,



DRAWING WATER

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PLANTING



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SYRIA, TELL AR



PALM

Miss LIMPETT'S LODGERS

I thank you that the heart I cast away
Upon a worthier altar I can lay!
I thank you for a terrible awaking!
Know that my blessing lay in your forsaking.
—A. A. Proctor.

CHAPTER I—Miss Limpett at Home.

Yes, Miss Limpett was an old maid. She was one, and did not pretend to be anything else. One of the good things done in the present day is the removal of opprobrium from that name. Or rather, perhaps, the single women of the present day have shown themselves to be something better than the single women of the past generation. They no longer sing.

"Dressed in yellow, pink, and blue,
Nursing cats is all we do;"

but they go forth bravely among the poor and sick, into hospitals and upon battle-fields, doing as true and good a work as their sister matrons. They no longer sit spending days of idleness over useless cross-stitch, or in gossiping from house to house. They no longer paint their skin, or put plumpers into their cheeks to revive a ghastly suggestion of youth, but they accept their condition and age more gracefully and with more dignity than of yore, and are respected in consequence. Some of the sweetest and best and bravest, nay, the most beautiful women I have known, have been single women; and one of these was Miss Limpett. When I first knew her she must have been past fifty, and yet I think many would have agreed with me that she might have been called beautiful. There

is, I maintain, a certain beauty in every stage of life when God's purpose has not been marred by sin, deformity, or untruth, of which all artificialness is a form. True, there were streaks of grey in her hair, and lines in her face, and marks of suffering about the kindly sensitive mouth; but still I maintain that, as I first remember dear good Miss Limpett, she was beautiful. God bless her!

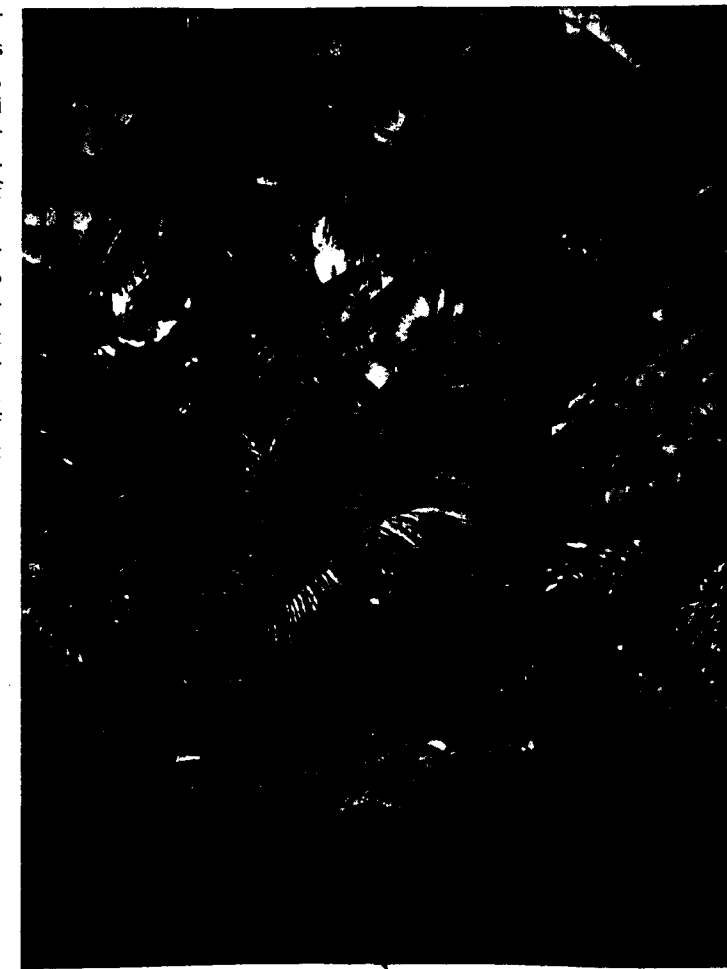
She lived alone in a cottage just outside the little town of Millbrook. It was a queer little cottage, standing cornerways to the road in a twisted, awkward way, and do all she would she could not make it pretty. In vain she covered the walls with creepers, and planted her little garden with gay flowers; still Crab Cottage had a screwed-in, pinched-up, angular appearance, as if it never ought to have been there.

"It had been built," Miss Limpett used to say, laughing, "by a very shy man, who had wedged in his little property between two neighbours' plots, as if he thought his right to live like other people was doubtful, and might be disputed."

It was a trial to her to live in that house, for she had a wonderful love of order and symmetry and beauty. All the rooms inside were queer in shape, the chimneys came in the wrong places, and there were more corners in each than you would have thought it possible to make.

The little dining-room was a triangle, the drawing-room had seven corners, and Miss Limpett's bedroom was of a strange shape that the window winked in one corner, and the arrangement of the bed and of other furniture in it was a problem hard to solve.

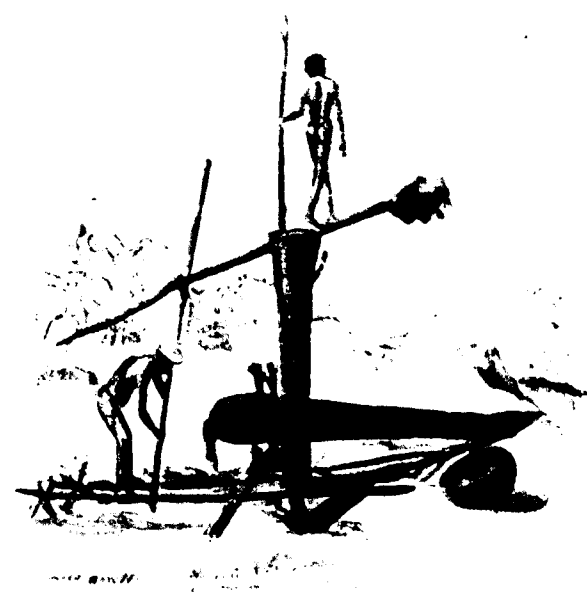
Nevertheless it was a pleasant little place, for it had a presence in it of a sympathising,



NOON SILENCE



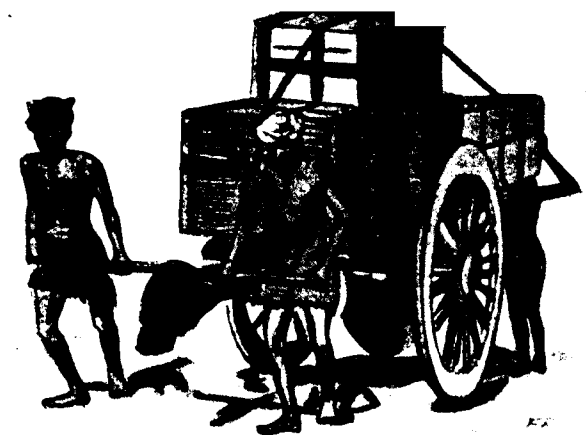
PLUGHING



WHEEL



SADHUS



COOLIE CART

SOME SKETCHES OF LIFE

AND ACTIVITIES IN INDIA



MOHAMMEDAN



PHORI



WINNOWER



GIPSY

and a home is made up of its inmates, for surroundings, be they what they may, take their coloring from them. When we go into a house, the inhabitants of which are strangers to us, do we not see much in many little indescribable details which indicate to us the character of the occupants? The spirit of the home-maker hovers about a home strangely, and gives a peculiar character to each. Some are cold, stiff, and rigid; others warm, comforting, and open-doored; others are refined with a subtle delicacy, which is told in touches legible only to a kindred spirit; others are pretentious, untrue, full of shams; others are real, brave in their truthfulness, and natural; and so forth. Indeed, each home varies as much as the occupants vary.

And so it was with dear Miss Limpett's home. There was a pervading presence of loving comfortableness and a sense of welcome in the very atmosphere.

The little wicket-gate at the bottom of the garden opened gladly with no creak or jerk; no little snarling dog barked at you as you knocked with the particularly manageable knocker (there is a great difference in knockers) at the little painted door. Lydia, the maid, who opened it, met you with a smile and a courtesy learnt from her mistress, and you were shown into the little seven-cornered room with a cheerful gladness as if you were a pleasant sight to see.

Then down came dear Miss Limpett, with a gentle, soothing greeting; and when she had put you in the most comfortable chair in the room you felt perfectly happy. As for herself, she always sat in a straight-backed one; she said she preferred it, just as she always seemed to prefer the joints of chickens other people did not, or the top pieces of tea-cakes at her little tea-parties, which were dry and hard.

I believe she did, dear lady!—that is, she deceived herself into thinking she did, because unselfishness had become in her a habit so ingrained that to act otherwise than unselfishly was unnatural to her. I have known a few other such saintly-minded people, and they have realised to me the ideal of Christian life—souls who had borne the daily cross with no fret or murmur, and so had learnt the lesson it is given to teach, of sweet contentedness.

But I must not go on talking longer about my dear old friend, save just to speak of her dress, without which my picture of her would be incomplete. It was part of herself, like her home, and, as dress generally does, told tales of character of the wearer little guessed. It was always made of some soft flowing texture, and never rustled or stuck out inconveniently. It was fine in material, and of soft and sober tints, harmonising with the greyer years of advancing life, and its delicacy and neatness were always extreme. No matter though in wet and wintry seasons she sat alone all the day through, she was as carefully and perfectly dressed as though she expected honoured guests. The good Miss Limpett was ready for any summons, else we had not seen that serene calm upon her gentle face.

CHAPTER II—Miss Limpett's Story.

I suppose most people have "a story." The "stories" of real life, to my mind, are far more intensely and thrillingly interesting than any devised by a cunning and imaginative novelist. Still some people seem to live in the thick of the storm, while others lie sheltered in some quiet haven.

But Miss Limpett had had her one little bit of romance, and it was this.

Her father had been a prosperous solicitor in Millbrook, and had lived in a large square brick house a little out of the town, called "The Hall." Miss Limpett could just see the chimneys of it out of one window in Crab Cottage by craning her neck dangerously, and when she felt a little lonely and dull she would mount to this room and stand on a stool and look if any smoke was coming out of them.

Her mother died when she was fifteen, and she was taken hastily away from school, where she was very happy and a great favourite, to come and take charge of her father's house, and of him and her three brothers. She at once took up her duties in an earnest and unselfish way, as she had always done everything all through her life, and after a manner, perhaps, was happy. Her father petted her and made much of her, and yet also expected much of her, forgetting her extreme youth, and that there is a time for play. Her brothers were proud of her, for she was very pretty; yet they made her a slave to their many wants and fancies, and altogether the poor girl lived no easy life. She did not think so—nay, she looked back to those years as we many of us do look back to our youth—as an oasis in a dreary wilderness.

She had few friends, for it so happened—as is the case curiously enough sometimes in the history of neighbourhoods—there were no young people who were companionable about her. There was actually nobody she could have married if such a prospect had passed through her mind. The doctor of the town had only daughters, all of a different tone of mind to Bessie Limpett. They took in "fashion books," and spent their whole time in devising fashionable attire out of a small allowance, and in angling for invitations for every possible small gaiety within twenty miles round. They thought Bessie Limpett dull and old-fashioned, and she truly was not of their mind. The clergyman was an old man and a bachelor, and kept every one at a sublime and dignified distance. His guests, when he had them, were only seen in his church pew, or driving out with him in an impervious close carriage. To the country families the Limpett had no access, and they were on a little higher platform than the farmers. So it happened that pretty Bessie Limpett was left alone, by an accident of a "social eddy," unwooed and unwon.

I am inclined to think myself that there are many girls in the same position, who really have no chance of marrying—who never see any one they could marry; and then in these cases it must surely be helpful to

remember that it is a calling to a single life, and to the duties which are so manifold and useful, and only stand second to the duties of mother and matron.

Bessie's brothers used to say, as they watched their pretty sister going about the house intent upon her housekeeping duties.

"I say, it is a pity Bess shouldn't marry. She'd make a wife a man ought to be proud of."

"Yes; and who's she to marry? unless it is old Pulliver, the miser, and he isn't her sort; and Jack Miller, whom she would not look at; or Spence, of the mill, who isn't fit to wipe her feet."

"Oh! some enchanted prince will come some day," said another; "people never marry the people you expect. But it would be a sin and a shame for our Bess to be an old maid."

Well, whether he was an enchanted prince or not, some one did at last turn up, in the shape of a school friend of her youngest and favourite brother, Sam. Anthony Meade was the son of an officer who was in India. He was a good deal older than Sam, but somehow they were friends, and for several summers he spent his holidays at the Hall. There was plenty of enjoyment for young folk there, what with haymaking, and picknicking, and riding, and boating on the mere—as a big black pond in the grounds was called; and by degrees Bessie and Anthony drifted into a very close friendship. Nothing more—at first. She would have told you only that Anthony was like a brother to her, that's all! Then he went to Addiscombe—Addiscombe existed in those days. Then to Chatham; and the military atmosphere in which Anthony lived added a charm to him in poor Bessie's eyes, as I fancy it does to most young girls. Bessie even went down at his wish to a ball there with her eldest brother; but she was not at home somehow, and it was her first and only ball. At last he came to spend his last vacation at Millbrook before he went to India. It was spring time, and Bessie long remembered how beautiful that spring time had been. It came that May with unwonted loveliness. Never had the meadows been so richly jewelled with cowslips, buttercups, and daisies; never had the woods been carpeted with hyacinths of so intense a blue; never had the birds sung among the budding willows with so sweet a chorus; or the cuckoo and the stock-dove sung their sweet, monotonous song so unceasingly. Anthony and Bessie fell at once into their old intimacy. It is impossible to say how definite the feelings of these two were. It is the sweet indefiniteness that makes much of the charm of such associations. If Bessie had asked herself questions about how much she liked Anthony, and if Anthony had taken the measure of his affection for Bessie, perhaps much of its charm would have been marred. Like the butterfly's wing and the bloom on the peach, it could not bear a touch.

He was wrong, doubtless; but not so she. A girl is in a cruel position often. She is not supposed to have a preference unless she is sought. It is unmaidenly, she is taught, to care for those who do not especially

The Divine Call

My Love calls me and I must not stay.

He comes with the glory of the Dawn,

A star upon his brow, a flower in his hand.

He calls the child unto his bosom,

Like a fawn bleating unto his babe.

My Love calls me and I must not stay.

He comes with light in his eyes, love in his lips,

Moving like vision in a dream.

He smiles and the stars do glisten.

He glows and the planets take fire.

T. S. Ramanathan, B.A.

care for you. Nevertheless, if she be of a refined and sensitive temperament, she will be peculiarly open to outward influences, and if she fall in with a kindred spirit she inevitably will be attracted by it. So it was with Bessie. She loved Anthony with all her heart, and yet she fought shy of herself. She dared ask herself no questions. What right had she to love him?—he had never told her he cared for her otherwise than as a dear friend. I am inclined to think that Anthony came to Millbrook that vacation with a full intention of asking Bessie to be his wife. Nevertheless, he considered himself quite free; he had never said a word to her to lead her to suppose that that would be the end of their friendship—he had been most prudent, he flattered himself.

And so sped that sweet Maytime. When one morning when the sun broke through dripping boughs of laburnum, and a playful breeze tossed the lilac and the hawthorn till their scent filled the air, the postman put a letter in at the open window of the breakfast-room addressed to Miss Limpett in a strange hand.

Bessie broke the seal amidst the badinage of her brothers.

"A love-letter at last," said John, the eldest. "Bessie has only two correspondents, Anthony—old Miss Mills, who writes for subscriptions, and her godfather, Dr. Brown, who is eighty-four!"

"See how she is blushing. Come, Bessie, we are waiting to hear all about it," said Tom.

Truly Bessie did colour up, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure, as she said,

"Only think, Annette Bell, my old schoolfellow, is passing through Millbrook, and asks if she can stay here for the night. Come, Sam," she added, looking at her watch hastily, "get the pony carriage quickly to the door, we must go to meet her by the 9.15 train."

"Well, we shall see blue roses next," said Sam. "A lady visitor, and a young one, in this house is an apparition! What is she like, this Belle Annette?"

"Like other girls, I suppose," said John, who was a misogynist.

"No she isn't," said Bessie, gathering up her keys and work-basket to leave the room. "Unless she is much changed she is a very beautiful girl. Have some breakfast ready in half an hour," she added, addressing a maid. "A young lady will be here who has travelled all night from Scotland, and she will be tired."

"And where is she going?"

"Somewhere in the south of France. Her mother was French and her father Scotch. They are both dead, and she lives with some dreary old lady relation who keeps her as close as a nun. So she says in her letter. I have not heard from her for years till to-day."

The pony carriage was at the door, but instead of Sam being in it to drive her, Anthony was there.

"I want you, Anthony," said Bessie, as she got in; "but do you care to come?"

"Of course I do," Anthony said, as they drove off. "Why do you ask me such a question?"

It was not much to say, but Bessie often thought of it, and of the kind yet reproving look that accompanied it, in after years!

CHAPTER III—Miss Limpett's Story Continued.

What a drive it was through those embowered lanes. It had rained in the night, and the fresh young leaves shone as the sunbeams glanced through them, and the birds shook showers of glistening drops from the branches as they sprang away from the approach of the little carriage. Veronicas, blue as maiden's eyes, studied the banks; larches tasseled with the tenderest green covered the hills; lambs, half-buried in daisy-bespangled grass, bleated and gambolled by the side of their sober and experienced mothers; little children stood by the way clenching huge bunches of cuckoo-flowers and marsh marigolds, their own sweet, fresh young faces harmonising well with the day and the season. Bessie laughed and chattered quite at her ease, taking the reins from Anthony's and driving, while he lay back in indolent enjoyment.

"You can't drive," she said, laughing, "you never could. You'll always want some one to drive you or you'll come to a bad end."

"Shall I?" he said. "I hope not. Then I ought to have a wife with a strong hand and a stout heart. Bessie, I wonder whether—"

Bessie never knew what he wondered, for at that moment the train whizzed up, and they had to rush on in a hurried and flurried condition in order to be in time.

"You stay with the pony while I go in and meet her," she said to Anthony. "You wouldn't know her if you went, so I must go."

"I had rather come," said Anthony, pathetically; "but if it is my destiny to be driven, I must stay!"

So Bessie flung the reins to him and ran into the station. She looked in at many carriages, and at last saw one the windows of which were closed. Some one was lying full length upon the seat.

A guard passing by opened the door for her, and Bessie actually had to get into the carriage and shake in order to awaken a small figure she recognised to be Annette.

Even then she was very deliberate in her movements, sat up, rubbed her eyes, shook back her hair, and said, "Where am I?"

"At Millbrook," said Bessie, rather severely; "and the train only waits three minutes. Have you any luggage?"

"I should think so!" said the drowsy traveller. "Oh, dear! where are all my things? Three boxes are under the seats—my book, my smelling-bottle, my hat, my umbrella!"

"Get out, and I will give them to you," said Bessie, sternly, for the guard was already banging the doors in carriages close by, and she was in despair.

So Annette tumbled out, a curious, crumpled, dishevelled spectacle, but withal very charming in her fresh morning beauty.

"Oh, dear;" she said, laughing, as Bessie flung out handfuls of property—shawls, umbrellas, baskets, books, smelling-bottles, and hand-bags—"I feel so absurd, like the—"

"Sleeping Beauty," suggested Bessie. "Now where's your luggage?" for an ominous whistle sounded.

"I have got it," said a voice behind—"at least, if these five large boxes are they."

Bessie started, and turned round and saw Anthony at the door of the carriage.

"You bad boy!" she said, hastily; "what about the pony? Let me introduce Mr. Meade—Miss Bell."

Anthony carelessly raised his hat, and took both hands full of hats and umbrellas and cloaks and plaids, and led the way to where a porter stood holding the pony. Of course Bessie had to sit behind, and to give her place to her friend, and soon the tossed, rumpled bundle of shawls and wraps was packed into the carriage, and they were off. Even Bessie herself could not help thinking how lovely that little creature looked in spite of her travel-worn appearance, and there could be no doubt but that Anthony thought the same.

Annette Bell was now three-and-twenty, a little older than Bessie, and she had an advantage over her in many ways. She had much more confidence in herself, much more knowledge of the world, and much more experience generally of life. In a moment Bessie felt herself at a disadvantage. Good, patient, wise, thoughtful girl as she was, she felt she was not at her best by the side of Annette.

Somehow Annette's ruffled hair, tumbled up anyhow, was charming. Annette's bent-about, rather shabby bonnet was very becoming. Even the crumpled blue merino dress, trimmed with rather worn fur, looked well on her as she lounged back in the pony carriage, telling her adventures to Anthony as if she had known

him all her life. She told every little incident of her journey with an assurance of meeting with interest, which gets its reward generally, though they were, many of them, no more interesting than the rudeness of the porters, the coldness of the water in her foot-warmer, or the tardiness of the guard who brought her some tea at Carlisle so late that she actually carried away the cup and saucer with her. All the little stories

she told welled up from a source tinged with self and self-worship, as a more experienced ear than Bessie's would have learnt. But as it was, Bessie sat meekly behind—extinguished, set aside, nobody. Dear, good Bessie! what a shame it was! Bessie, who had the heart of a heroine, who could do and strive and toil and forget herself, who was beautiful in the best sense of the word, and true and noble in nature.

She felt conscious of her country-made dress. She felt as if her neat, smooth, and glossy hair was somehow out of the sunshine, and that her carefully-kept cloak and bonnet, trimmed with spotless and dustless velvet, did not look their best. Generally she could forget herself and forget her dress, but by Annette's side she



FISHING-BOAT IN A ROUGH SEA

could not.

And at that moment, as they dashed through those lanes that had been so full of joy not half an hour ago, the sun went in, a dark cloud rapidly spread itself over the sky that had been so blue, and down came a chilling shower of hail. Such a change often occurs in our climate, but it seemed that day to have a special meaning to Bessie.

"Take care how you drive," she said to Anthony, who was always a reckless driver, and who was chattering and laughing with his companion in a manner that jarred upon Bessie's finer sense of fitness. "He talks to this girl," she thought to herself, almost tearfully, "in a way he never talks to me, and has not

known her half an hour. I suppose I am dull, I have lived so much out of the world. Take care, Anthony!" she cried out, but too late. They were running over a mound of rubbish and stones as they came upon a turn in the road, and before her words were fairly spoken they were all turned over, some into a ditch, she unfortunately upon a less soft bed.

She was stunned for the time, and only came to herself when she found herself on her own bed. She had been thrown with more violence than those in front from her seat, and had fallen upon a heap of stones. A slight concussion of the brain ensued, and she was ordered to be kept perfectly quiet.

Anthony, she was told was quite unhurt, and Miss Gray had only sprained her ankle slightly, but still, slight as it was, it was considered a sufficient excuse for keeping her at the Hall. "Miss Mills" was sent for as a kind of chaperon and duenna, and the four young men and the young lady with a sprained ankle had a merry time of it, if the poor girl who lay in bed upstairs was a fair judge. Certainly many merry peals of laughter reached her from the drawing-room, and gay laughter and banter sounded up through her open window.

She was to be kept quiet, and for this reason no one came to her room but her father and her nurse—her father only three times a day to ask formal questions as to her health and kiss her and pat her head, and go away stealthily as if on forbidden ground, for, like many men, he hated a sick-room. I say no one came, but there was one who came in the evening in the dusk and sat by her bed for hours, just holding her hand and kissing it. This was Sam, her youngest brother. He was a "ne'er-do-weel," who got into endless scrapes at school, was rusticated his first term at Cambridge, could do nothing right at home, and had no one to take his part but Bess. Now he was in his father's office, but with a doom hanging over his head, for his father had said if he did not satisfy him at the end of the year he was to be shipped off to the colonies. And so as to satisfying him, why, Sam's very name made him angry, and the lad could scarcely eat an egg in a way to please his father.

"Just like Sam!" old Mr. Limpett would say when

he went to the stable to look at the horse Sam had been riding. "Just like Sam!" he would say when the lad hurt himself at football. "Just like Sam!" when some paper from the office miscarried which had been directed by him. It might have happened to any one else, still it was "just like Sam!"

I do not say Sam had no failings. He was a careless, slovenly, slap-dash, neck-or-nothing boy, but still that "Just like Sam!" gave him a push in the downward road.

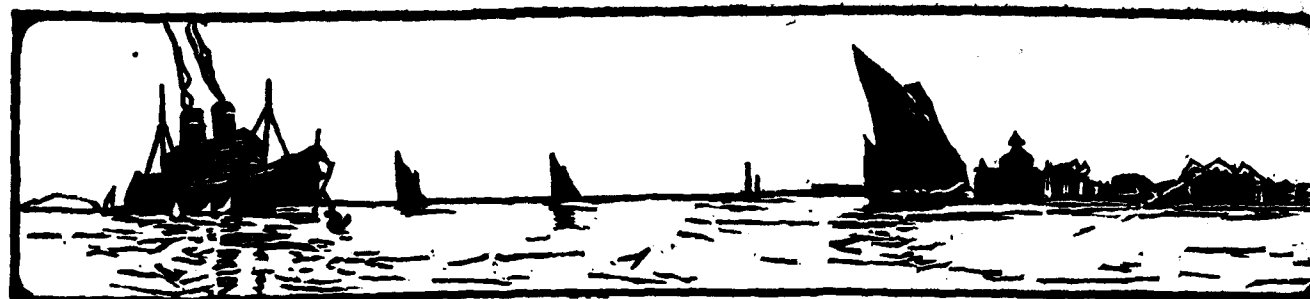
I hate saws. I think, independently of the vulgarity of them, that they encourage the indolence of the human mind. People remember some stupid saw, and use it rather than put the good thought embodied in sterling, beautiful, and original words. Still, if ever a saw was applicable, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him" was applicable to Sam. He felt his character a doom. He did not want to be bad, but everybody said he was bad.

"It's of no use. I suppose I was born to be a worry to everybody," he would say to Bessie, and to no one else. "I had better go away. As to trying, it's no use. I am not made of the same stuff as father; and if I sat at a desk from morning to night at my work, and said a word, he'd be cross with me, and say, 'Just like Sam!'"

One night—it was the evening before the day the doctor had fixed for Bessie to come down into the drawing-room—Sam stole up to her room, and sat holding her hand by her bedside in the dark. Why did he hold it so tightly that night? and why did he kiss it again and again? Surely, too, some tears fell on that dear, good, gentle hand more than once!

I personify the hand somewhat, and call it dear, and good, and gentle, because I think there is so very much in a hand. The hand seems to me to express the character in a most wonderful way—almost as much as the face—and therefore I do not think I overstep the limits of propriety when I call a hand good.

Bess was very tired that night. She had been walking about and preparing herself for her change of scene and room the next day, so that she fell asleep while Sam was holding her hand, and knew nothing of the kisses and the tears that fell upon it.



SAHIBS AND SALESMANSHIP

"It's a funny thing," said the man in charge of Overseas Orders, "but two Colonels in Kenia or Karachi can make your life more of a burden than all the aunts in England choosing birthday presents for their nephews on the cheap".

The mails from the East were in, with their usual crop of acrimonious letters beginning: "Dear Sirs, I entirely fail to understand....." and "Dear Sirs, Can you explain to me why....." I had been told off as a beginner in process of being instructed in book-selling to help him with the foreign correspondence.

"The grimmest people write every week from the Outposts of Empire," he said gloomily, flicking his way through a pile of flimsy, faint-ruled sheets scrawled over with indelible pencil which had usually run through exposure to one of the convulsions of a tropical climate into a next-to-illegible conglomerate.

I said: "Goodness, what do they write about? I always thought that Empire-building was such a strong, silent job, mostly polo and siestas and pegs and punkahs and dances at the club and 'Mad Dogs and Englishmen.....' Can—I mean—do they really read?"

"Do they not," said the head of Overseas Orders. "Most particular they are, too. Easy to shock and impossible to please. It's the climate, you know. Surprising what it does to temper."

I looked out at the ghosted street, where buses, taxis and drays crawled honking at a foot's pace through the wreaths of yellowish fog with pedestrians risking their lives at every street crossing, and remembered the extra half-hour it had taken to come to work and the way hostile elbows had competed with mine at the bus stop. "Can anything be worse for the temper than weather like this when it ought to be spring?" I said. "I've been cross enough to bite myself for nearly a week."

The head of Overseas Orders nodded. "The Tropics seems to be. I once made a map of the world," he said thoughtfully, "after one Christmas rush it was, when I had it all fresh in my mind. I coloured it according to the tempers of the inhabitants, as shown by the letters we'd been having. The worst places I made red, and graded the others off gradually to peaceful blues and greens. It was a sight, I can tell you. Most

of the inhabited globe seems to live in a chronic state of rage. Kenia was like a firework, and bits of India came a good second—curry and mosquitoes, I suppose—and the Gold Coast next. For fretfulness, though, you can't beat China. It's something to do with all the fancy writing that the Chinese do, all back to front, I expect. The English get peevish when they don't get their bit of plain print. Can't blame them."

"What d'you do with people who keep writing?" I said. "Pay no attention?"

"That's worse than useless," he said. "Catch the British Bulldog giving up letter-writing because his letters aren't answered! He just writes another stinker by the next mail and marks it 'For the Manager's Special Attention'. No, the only way of dealing with that sort of thing is to write one of our Tropical Soothers immediately and look into the trouble when the mail's gone."

"What's a Tropical Soother?" I asked.

"Stationery cupboard, second shelf, left-hand side," said the Overseas expert, jerking his head in that direction. "There's a boxful."

I pulled out a specimen letter, all ready, with a space left for the name and address of the fulminator, and two paragraphs of meek and honeyed general apology, assuring him that the special circumstances of his particular case were fully appreciated and would be reported on by next mail. It concluded with the promise of personal attention and quite spectacular care which would be lavished on any orders which he might care to give us in the future. I expressed admiration.

"Yes, it's a good enough letter, though I composed it myself," he admitted. "Nearly foolproof. But not quite. We once got into trouble over it. A gent with gout had a book on greenfly sent him by mistake instead of the work on Greenland he'd asked for, and by the next mail he wrote us a letter about it that fairly came through the paper in holes. I was in a rush, so I just scrawled 'Send him a Soother' across it and handed it to the typist. She got him out the Tropical Soother all right, but unfortunately someone else was in a hurry over the post and the original stinker from Poona got sent back to him too, with my directions in red ink across the top. He changed his bookshop."



I put the letter gingerly back in its box.
 "Can you wonder! But what sort of books do they like in the tropics?"

The Head of Overseas Orders tilted his chair on its hind legs and looked thoughtfully round the shelves of library volumes in their parti-coloured ranks which surrounded us from floor to ceiling.

"Now you're asking," he said. "I can tell you what most people like. I've chosen books for vicars' wives and shop assistants and billiard markers and dustmen and Cabinet Ministers and nose-and-throat specialists and master bakers and railway porters. And pleased them too. But the people overseas don't work on the same lines. They're twenty years behind in their standards of propriety, for one thing—except the ones who're still in the Naughty 'Nineties and the others who've never had any standards at all. We get some of those now and then. They write home for 'snappy stuff' and we just send them something that's been banned in the Irish Free State. But as a general rule we avoid contentious stuff for overseas. The proportion of missionaries is too high for it."

He paused to answer the telephone. "Can we do with a couple of dozen cheap editions of *Pamela's Passionate Past*? Certainly. Send them right up. As I was saying," he went on as he put back the receiver, "the people in the tropics are about the tropics. Naturally."

He paused to answer the telephone. "Can we do with a couple of dozen cheap editions of *Pamela's Passionate Past*? Certainly. Send them right up. As I was saying," he went on as he put back the receiver, "the people in the tropics are about the tropics. Naturally."

AS IF TO CALL!

'Tis dark midnight and all the air is still:

A lamp in the palace chamber lits the child

Close to its mother in her dream. Ah wide

Awake Great Buddha sits beside them ill

At ease! He gazes thoughtfully. O spell!

Strange Beauty and Innocence in one stem lulled

To sleep. What do they know of thoughts that thrilled

The Prince's bos'm. Between two worlds his will

Sat brooding which its heaven-abode to make.

O fateful hour! He bent to kiss his bairn

A warm tear fell, the child hugged close its ma,

She tossed in her dream. The lamp went out! O hark!

The horse's neigh! And the glow-worms flit in turn

As if to call! He sighs and slips away.

R. Balakrishnan, B. A., L. T.

interpret their wishes and send books is the familiar law living relatives of the authors they are living in nature will they'll still dance with rage because The second is the the wrong kind of books after all. The third is the

"Head I win.....?"
 "Tails you lose," agreed the Overseas expert. "There's one thing you can be pretty sure of for every action long books. They can't just run to the end. For instance, they've finished one if they're hundred pages, so they don't thank you for it. It is also trying of writing if it doesn't run to a certain number of pages. They want their pound of prime meat. I'll just send them....." Cottle and the publication of send *Antony Adverse* to the Outposts at night. to a fault. After

"Everybody's trying to write a book," said Halley, "we man next door just now," I said, "they like to work by the law I'll just send them....." path of a planet in

The Overseas expert held up a book. "Not just as simple as that. Things aren't always works by the law he added gloomily. "They like to work by the law seas, and if you can find me a path of a planet in make their books light as we"

The long books haven't answered Newton. you, can you see my book by Newton's readiness. chuckling over sordid law?" he gasped. of a family tree in the

"But works of law papers."

The Hermit went to his desk, but was unable to find the papers. So careless was he and so modest that he had thrown them away. But he re-worked the figures for Halley and in addition showed him all that he had written on science. Halley was lost in admiration.

"These are the greatest discoveries ever made," said he. "I shall have the Royal Society publish them."

The Royal Society, however, had spent its last farthing on printing a book on fish, so that Halley had to publish Newton's "Principia" at his own expense.

Colours and Telescopes.

Gazing through one of Galileo's crude telescopes, Newton noted a sort of hazy nimbus around the edge of the moon. This he rightly attributed to the fact that the lenses acted like prisms, breaking up the light and blurring sight.

This led him to an investigation of the nature of light. On a bright, sunny day Newton proceeded to make his study completely dark, leaving only one tiny hole in a curtain through which a single, slender beam of sunlight shone. In the path of this beam he placed a prism, with the result that instead of simply a spot of light on the opposite wall he saw the seven colours of the spectrum. Thus he discovered that sunlight is composed of all colours, a prism merely breaking it up into its component parts—and promptly proved his deduction by inserting a second prism and transforming the colours into sunlight again.

This test sufficed for his own conviction that he was right, but before trying to convince others of his discovery, he sought further dramatic proof. This was at hand in the everyday colours used by painters. He took

common paints and matched them with the colours of the spectrum as revealed to him. Then, pouring all these colours together, he sought to get white. What he actually got was a sort of gray. But when a paper painted in this colour was placed in a beam of sunlight, it looked more like the sunlight itself than a piece of pure white paper placed beside it. In this way the general public was convinced of the complex character of light.

To eliminate the blurring tendency of existing telescopes, Newton devised one of a different kind—the first practical reflecting telescope. This was no more than a hollow tube with a polished disc about one inch in diameter blocking one end. Pointing the open end at the object to be seen, he looked through a peep hole in the side, where the image was reflected, undistorted. This little telescope was a huge success at the time, and its principle is that used in the best instruments made to-day.

Master of the Mint

Newton's open-handed generosity kept him in continual financial difficulties. He could not resist anyone who asked for help, and a host of cadging relatives kept his pocketbook drained. Elected to membership in the Royal Society in 1672, he at one time found himself unable to meet the annual dues of one shilling. Even this nominal sum was waived, however, in view of his ranking as Her Majesty's foremost scientist.

His sovereign finally sought to alleviate this chronic penury by making him Master of the Mint, an office which he held up to the time of his death in 1727. Further honours also fell to his lot about this time. He was elected President of the Royal Society in 1703 and knighted by Queen Anne in 1705.

Newton's attitude toward his duties as Master of the Mint is typical of his conscientious application to everything he undertook. The office with its stipend was conferred simply as a pension, to give him an assured income and more leisure for scientific research. But no—Newton forthwith began spending long hours at the Mint, and brought its operation to the highest state of efficiency in the history of the institution.

Soul of Modesty.

Few men of Sir Isaac Newton's mental calibre have shown such consistent modesty throughout their careers. His investigations seem to have been pursued purely for his own satisfaction. He seldom published anything, and then only when repeatedly urged to by fellow scientists. The Royal Society often wrote asking for his latest findings, and, while he might have plenty to tell them, he was as likely as not to forget to answer their letters.

Yet despite his innate diffidence, Newton's priceless contributions to scientific knowledge were appraised at their full value then as now. His contemporary Voltaire, the great French philosopher and writer, hardly noted for a generous nature, said of him, "If all the geniuses of the universe were assembled, Newton should lead the band." And in our own day, when

Einstein's theories promise to conflict with some of Newton's basic laws, it is interesting to note that no less a personage than George Bernard Shaw includes both Newton and Einstein in his "Eight Discoverers of the Universe."

This remarkable man's unassuming estimate of his great intellectual achievements is best expressed in these words of his own, "I have been but as a child playing on the seashore, now finding some prettier pebble or more beautiful shell than my companions, while the unbounded ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me."

ON A STEAMSHIP

All night, without the gates of slumber lying,

I listen to the joy of falling water,

And to the throbbing of an iron heart.

In ages past, men went upon the sea,

Waiting the pleasure of the chainless winds;

But now the course is laid, the billows part;

Mankind has spoken: "Let the ship go there!"

I am grown haggard and forlorn, from dreams

That haunt me, of the time that is to be,

When man shall cease from wantonness and strife,

And lay his law upon the course of things.

Then shall he live no more on sufferance,

An accident, the prey of powers blind;

The untamed giants of nature shall bow down—

The tides, the tempest and the lightning cease

From mockery and destruction, and be turned

Unto the making of the soul of man.

Upton Sinclair



THE AGE-OLD GLORY OF CHAMPAGNE

Some Cellar Secrets as Learned from France's Largest Producer of "The Prince of Beverages".

In the last two months millions of Americans have had a new and slightly bewildering sensation. They have had to stare straight into the teeth of a Carte des Vins. The French names of various French wines and French champagnes look confusingly French. Since 1919 between 15,000,000 and 20,000,000 people who once knew the existence and reputation of French wines have died in this country. In the meanwhile, from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 young men and young women have reached maturity. Most of them know nothing except hearsay about the existence or reputation of the wines of France.

A Rare Discovery

Let us go back a bit. Champagne (not to be confused with *champagne fine*, popularly called brandy or cognac) is a sparkling wine from Northeastern France. The two main fountain-heads for this noble drink are Epernay and Rheims.

In 1683 a Benedictine Monk of the *Abbaye d' Haut-villers*, named Dom Perignon, discovered the process of making champagne wine *sparkle*. From that time on it was a favourite drink of the French court. In the year just passed when America celebrated the return of legalized drinking, the French people celebrated the 250th anniversary of the Dom's discovery. But to Moët & Chandon, France's largest producers of champagne and present owners of that ancient Abbaye, time has meant little. Their champagne was old when Napoleon knew it—Madame de Pompadour—Voltaire—the Court of Versailles.

After Waterloo, during the occupation of the Allied Armies, the Moët cellars were looted by the soldiers. But when his neighbours commiserated with the owner, Jean Remy Moët, he replied, "Let them take all they want. They will become our best customers!"

In 1833 when this firm produced 100,000 bottles, the entire champagne region dropped its jaw. No one had dreamed so much champagne could be produced. Now, with the inhabitants of Epernay and Rheims on pins and needles, we wonder what will happen to the one hundred and fifty million bottles lying in the long damp galleries that honey-comb the chalk soil under these two towns.

Champagne Growers.

To-day there are approximately 30 champagne firms of which the old House of Moët & Chandon is the largest, with some sixteen miles of cellars. All have their cellars cut in the rock and chalk of the province and keep enormous permanent stocks on hand in bottles, barrels and tanks.

Champagne making is not easy. The large companies are owned entirely by one family and all of them

date back hundreds of years. If a firm were to start to-day to buy vineyards, grapes, put up buildings, and dig cellars, a bottle of champagne would cost four times its present price. Most of these initial expenses were written off centuries ago by the larger firms.

The Art of Blending.

The most important operation in the making of champagne, and the one from which the vintage is dated is the blending, which takes place in the spring of the year after the grapes are picked. This blending is said to be 90 per cent. of the art of making champagne, which is above everything else, a blended wine. The "wine of the year," after standing dormant through the winter, ferments in the spring and is then blended with older wines whose fermentation is finished. Often these older wines have stood for as many as ten years. It is this blending of the "wine of the year" with the older wine and the addition of a little cane sugar several years later which causes the fermentation that puts sparkle into champagne.

This was the process smart monk Dom Perignon discovered back in 1683; a process which nature had jealously guarded for thousands of years until then. Every year a part of the "wine of the year" is kept for blending wine of future years. The blending is essential as the proper mixture of the old and new wines enables the growers to produce champagne of the same quality year after year. The proportion of the "wine of the year" to the older wine is about 80-20 in a normal blended champagne.

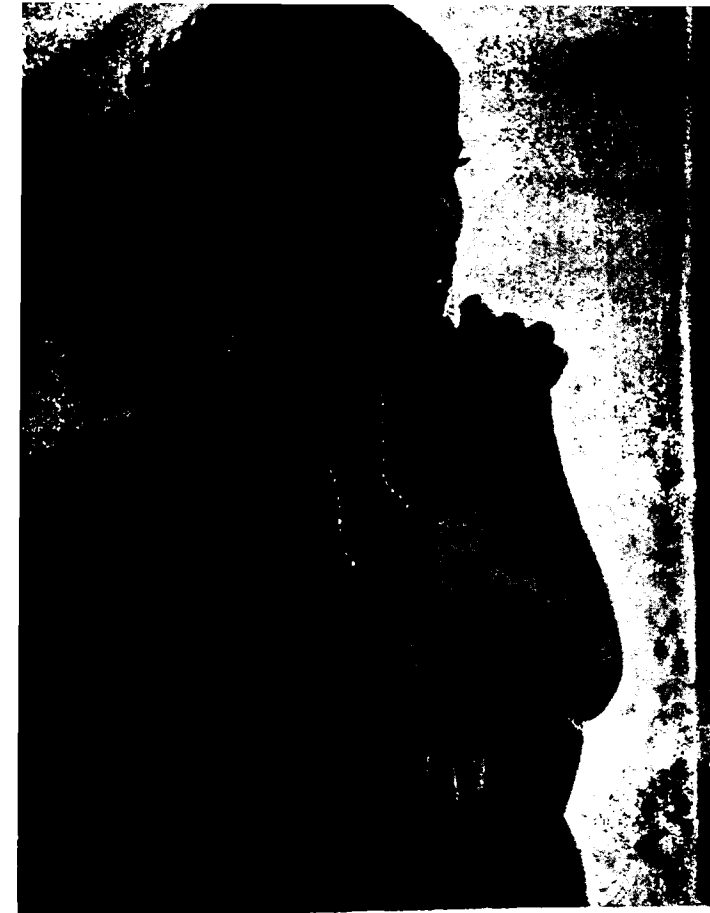
When the new wine is blended with the older wine, often as many as 250 samples are prepared. Then every member of the firm and all of the old cellar specialists are called in to taste. They taste and taste. They compare it with the standard wine samples in a kind of blindfold test, not knowing which is which. It is a great day for the champagne-makers.

Even the Moon Plays a Part.

Weather conditions play an extremely important part in determining the quality of champagne. The drawing from casks and blending must be done when the weather is most favourable, and when the moon, according to ancient knowledge, is in a very certain spot in the heavens!

After the proper blend has been determined, the wine is bottled, corked and taken to the cellars. The bottles, contrary to popular supposition, do not contain a quart but 26 fluid ounces. A magnum contains two bottles. A Jeroboam, four.

The bottles are stood heads downward on racks where they must be constantly tended by a man whose sole duty is to turn the bottles around and shake them slightly. While this is happening—during the summer—the wine is fermenting again. Then these bottles are left alone in their subterranean racks for four years.



THE CHILD

I wandered weary on my way,
My mind in contemplative mood,
When right upon my path, in play,
A sunny child before me stood.

Beyond, the hills in splendour rose,
The fields were waving bright and green,
A picture every artist knows,
In vivid colours was the scene.

I hailed the child as I passed by,
In innocence he smiled in turn,
A tuft of grass he held, while nigh
Were popples strewn and frondent fern.

"How beautiful lies all around!"
I muttered in soliloquy,
"God is in Heaven, this world, this ground,
Is His, yet Him we never see."

The boy looked up, he stood amazed,
"Can you not see God living here?
If you will look with eyes upraised
God will be seen, both far and near."

"Just turn towards the sky, the plain,
Unto the hills, the waters clear,
And when the evening comes again
His presence hovers everywhere."

"God is in Heaven, how can it be,"
I asked, "that He come here again?
His face of love I cannot see
Though far I gaze and think amain."
"When I come to these fields to play,
I feel as if my father stands
Near by my side, whom I obey
And carry out his just commands."
"In all my ways with joy I learn
His constant love to me is given;
So knows my heart, where'er I turn,
That God is near—and that is Heaven."
"But Death will one day come, my child,
To snap the tender cord of life,
Where sorrow enters, stark and wild,
And carking care and cankering strife."
"My father dwells at home," said he,
"Where I shall go, when play is o'er,
I know that he will welcome me,
And open wide for me the door."
"So when my life on earth is done,
God in His Heaven will wait for me;
For brighter there the glories run,
Where He and I shall ever be."
"True, true, my child," I turned aside,
"His words were unto me as leaven,
Unless like these we shall abide,
We cannot, shall not, enter Heaven."

Dr. H. W. B. Moreno



On Sweetening.

At the expiration of this period, the neck of each bottle is frozen, the cork strings are cut and the frozen part, containing any impurities and sediment which may have gathered, is forced out by excess gas. The sweetening process then begins, for all except the very driest variety.

There are various types of champagne ranging from very dry to very sweet. The driest of all is called Brut, the next, extra dry, then dry, half-dry and sweet. Brut is a natural wine made without an addition of sweetening agent. All other qualities contain a certain amount of a liqueur which is a mixture of candy sugar, cane syrup and old wine. This mixture is added at the end of the four-year period at the time the frozen sediment is expelled. The sweeter the champagne is to be the more syrup is put into it. The sweeter wines usually contain from 10 to 12 per cent. The sweet champagnes may be made with wines of a mediocre quality, as it is easy to disguise a bad wine by adding a quantity of sugar to it.

The best champagne firms prefer to sell as much Brut as possible usually, at least 50 per cent. of their output, as competition is easier to meet on this grade which can be produced only by first class houses.

If a comparison is to be made between two brands of champagne only the Brut wines are tasted, as they alone contain the pure unchanged flavour. It is a recognized fact that the taste of people goes from sweet to dry wine as they learn more about it. The connoisseur prefers the driest of wines. Nobody knows yet about the new Americans.

After the frozen sediment is removed and the sweetening has been accomplished the champagne bottles are re-corked, and wired down for the rest of their lives, this time dressed up with gilt caps and straw jackets.

About Corks.

Every one of those bottles of champagne gets a brand new cork before it is shipped out into the world. Champagne corks are one of the most expensive items in the business. They are made only from the best cork obtainable, which usually comes from Spain. The top part is made of amalgamated crushed cork and is affixed to the lower part which is of solid cork. The lower part, however, is sectioned in the middle and the two sections are put together after being given a fourth of a turn so as to prevent any possible leakage through any minute hole which might run through the cork. Bad corks are practically unknown, although once in a great while, in a very warm climate, a kind of fungus develops in them causing deterioration. A champagne cork costs almost as much as the bottle.

One slight defect in the cork which will permit leakage is enough to utterly ruin a bottle of champagne and destroy the work of from five to fifteen years, during which time the wine ages in dark caverns until it is perfectly matured.

And why should champagne bottles always be kept

lying down? Because the cork, unless it is constantly soaked with the golden liquid, becomes dry and shrunk, and lets in just enough air for the famous "mousse" to disappear. The champagne goes flat.

How to Serve It.

Champagne should be kept in dry, well-aired cellars at a temperature of between 50 and 53 degrees Fahrenheit. Before serving, it should be thoroughly chilled. Once chilled it must be kept so and never be allowed to become tepid again, for if it is, it will soon become dead. Ice should never be put in the champagne itself.

In serving, the champagne should be poured into thin white and transparent glasses, elegant in shape but not ornate and preferably with hollow stem. If it has been properly chilled a slight mist will form on the outside of the glass.

Good champagne is not supposed to have a tremendous amount of foam. Once poured into the glass it should fizzle at first. This will subside after a few seconds and a little circle of foam will then form around the outer circle of the surface of the wine.

How Much Will America Drink?

There was four times more champagne sold in the United States prior to prohibition than still wines. In 1913, the last year before the war, people in this country swallowed 1,728,875 bottles.

The initial advertising blasts of the wine and spirits makers have been resounding. Who can foretell what the outcome will be? Advertising made America drink orange juice every morning for breakfast. It made millions of families eat dried, shredded or flaked cereal every day. It makes millions eat yeast cakes raw every day.

Here are the American people—the thirsty American people—who used 926,000,000 gallons of bootleg or home-brew spirits, wine and beer in 1929—the vast majority of whom know the age-old glory of champagne only as a Legend.

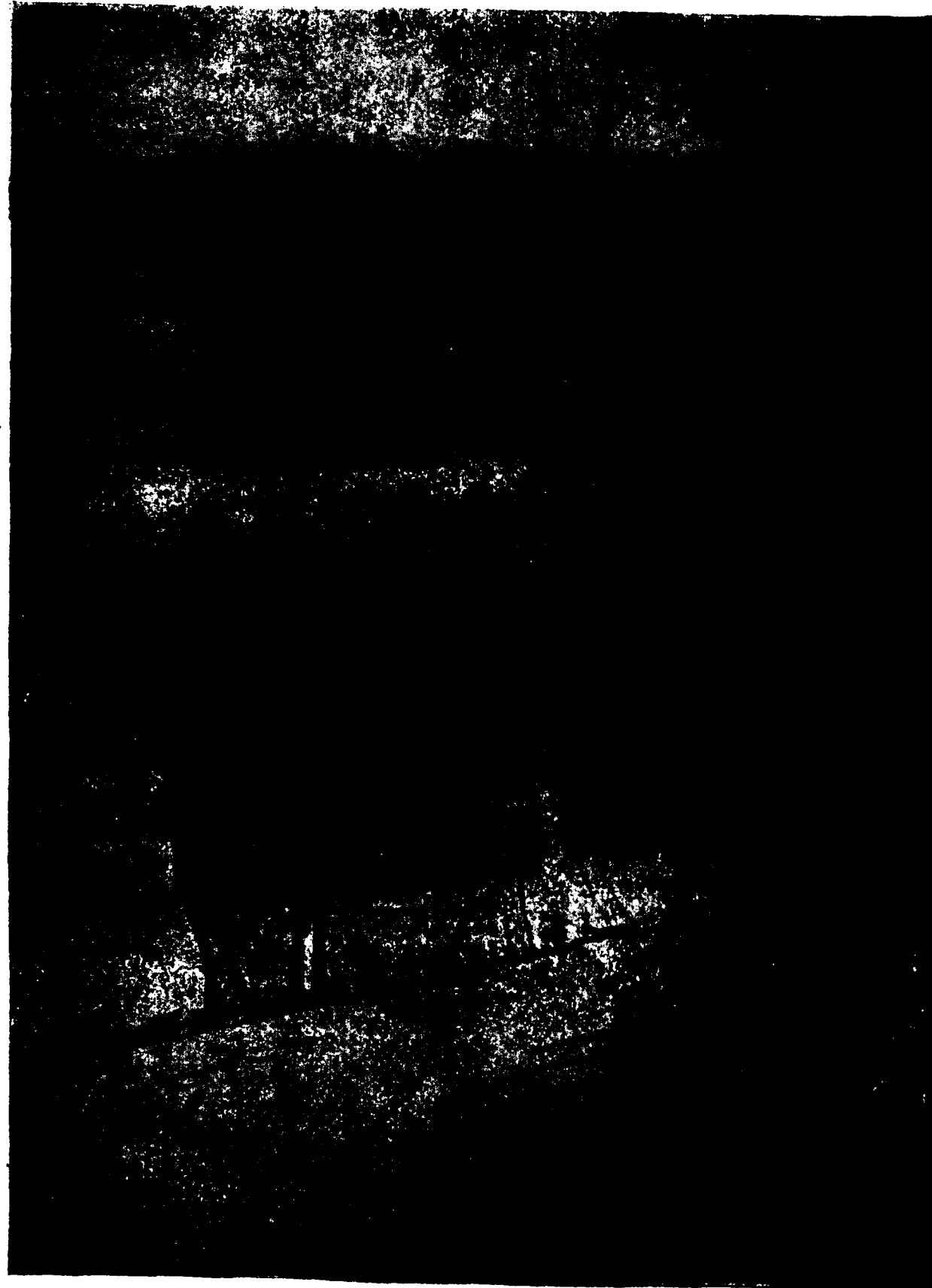
Some of the best champagnes now available are those of the vintage of 1911, 1915, 1921, 1923 and 1926. One of the most prized of all champagnes now existing (in precious few bottles) is Coronation Cuvee, which was bottled by Moët & Chandon in 1898 for the coronation of King Edward.

Will Americans be taught the true enjoyment of such glorious wine? Will they regain the peace of understanding which their great-grandfathers had? Or don't they care? Are they for ever condemned to bath-tub gin and raw whisky mellowed with prune juice?



UP IN NILGIRIS

PHOTO: F. H. RAULEDER



IN THE DESERT

1934 - THE YEAR OF THE "EASY RIDE"

New Chassis Design and Streamlining Present
New Problems for the Petroleum Engineer.

NOT for years has there been an automobile show like the National Exhibition in New York which opened the 1934 automobile show season. Without attempting to go into the politics or economics of the situation, it seemed as if the automobile manufacturers recognizing some kind of upturn in affairs, had on their own account revealed at last a lot of the improvements that they had been working on for years.

If 1934 is going to be known as anything in automobile building, it is going to be known as the year of the "easy ride." Nearly every automobile manufacturer apparently has done something to front wheels or to weight distribution to make cars run better. Without appearing critical it is only belated justice with some manufacturers whose cars for years have been pretty deficient on the side of giving a good back seat ride, however much may have appeared in publicity and advertising about that factor.

Giving the public an easier ride, certainly as far as the new front-wheel suspension is concerned, presents a new problem for the oil industry. Indeed with all modesty it may be said that the oil industry falls heir to many problems which originate with new designing in cars whose operation is decidedly up to the maker of gasoline, oil and grease.

What Makes Them Go.

It is an obvious and perhaps not profound thought that no automobile in the world can run without oil and grease. No matter what the manufacturer intends to build into his car, it is nothing but a museum piece until the gas goes into the tank, the oil goes into the crankcase and gears, and grease is applied to prevent wear of working joints. In other words, the automobile manufacturers build them to run and the oil industry makes it possible for them to run.

There is probably nothing so much taken for granted as petroleum products for automobiles. And why not? It is hard to pass an important intersection or to travel along any road, highway or byway where you can't find some kind of gasoline, some kind of oil and some kind of grease.

Again apologetically, isn't it perhaps just the least bit true that automobile dealers and their salesmen take a good deal for granted about petroleum products? Certainly the automobile factories are never deficient when it comes to supplying information about car design and car performance to their sales people in the field. Of course, the automobile salesman may not always learn the story or tell it as intelligently as he could, but it is pretty hard to go into an automobile salesroom or stop at a booth at the automobile show without getting some approximation of the automobile manufacturer's story about his car.

But, when it comes to gasoline, oil and grease, the average automobile salesman has a very shaky knowledge—if any at all. In fact, neither he nor the general public has any idea of the job which confronts any conscientious oil company endeavouring to build products to keep these creations, old and new, running smoothly.

Changes bring New Problems.

It isn't alone chassis improvements which set up new jobs for the oil industry. It is obvious that independent springing, if for no other reason than that a good many new points of lubrication have been added and that the lubrication has to meet a different type of action, makes it necessary for the petroleum industry to be right on top of the new job.

Pistons of new design and material, new types of piston rings, lighter reciprocating parts, changes in bearing design and material, cylinder heads of new composition, changes in method of oil feed and oil cooling—all these the engineers, technicians and chemists of the oil industry must study carefully and provide for in their products and the specific recommendations of these products for each new model.

Without going through the new chassis from stem to stern, without studying the new all silent transmissions and without paying regard to new types of differentials, there is something very much beyond all of these mechanical changes which is bound to have its effect on gasoline performance in the cars of 1934.

Speed a big Factor.

Streamlining, whether extreme or moderate, plus easy riding, is bound to increase the average road speed of the new cars. You cannot by implication or in so many words, encourage people in the belief that they are going to get a good, comfortable ride regardless of speed on any road however rough, without having them try it. You can't talk a new kind of acceleration without having folks try to get it.

It is fair to say that automobile manufacturers have, by building this new ride into the cars, increased expected road speeds over night a good ten miles an hour. Whether the more comfortable ride is due to the new individual mountings of front wheels or to the new streamlining, the greater speeds mean a whole lot to the petroleum engineer. It certainly means a bigger job for engine and chassis lubrication and has a decided bearing on gasoline economy. It is an old saying in the automobile business that speed is expense, and yet it is up to the petroleum engineer to do his best to keep expense down as far as his part of it is concerned.

To be sure the automotive engineer hasn't left it all up to him. Great improvements have been made in engine lubrication—more efficient cooling of the engine oil, increased oil pump capacity, greater precision in oil passages, all of which contribute to increased efficiency of lubrication within the engine. But the job

for the petroleum engineer has been suddenly complicated by the rather complete changes in chassis design which characterize the 1934 automobiles.

No Easy Job.

Undoubtedly there never has been a year when the lubrication charts of the leaders in the oil industry meant so much. Each new model is an individual study and the specifications which have applied in years past can no longer apply to these entirely new and different cars.

Meantime there are literally millions of cars on the road growing more and more in need of specialized lubrication with every turn of the wheels. The type and

kind of motor oils which fit their needs is just as important as ever. The new cars themselves as we have said constitute an utterly new problem, so that the petroleum marketer can certainly look forward to a busy year and one that will tax his best skill and energy. He must have the proper lubricants and fuel, and the proper information regarding their uses for the owners of these new models.

It may be that 1934 is the year of the easy ride as far as the motor car owner is concerned. But preparing for it has been anything but an easy ride for the petroleum engineer. He had his work cut out for him—foresaw the situation and is ready for all emergencies.

A DANE ABOUT THE GERMAN LABOUR SERVICE

A DANISH student, having been on his own account in the German Labour Service for 3 months, wrote from at home a letter to the leader of his skeleton-detachment, of which may be quoted the following passages:

"It will be a constant remembrance for me, not to be forgotten, to recall those days I spent at Schwedt, and also at Dölzigerbrück in the midst of young comrades. Having been in two camps as Labour Service man, firstly at Dölzigerbrück near Vietz and later at Schwedt on-the-Order, I had most ample opportunity to observe the fine spirit and the good comradeship at the camps. Moreover both camps were extremely different. The camp at Dölzigerbrück consisted of a comparatively small group of about 50 men under a field-master, living in an emergency barrack in the depth of the woods, so that for days no living soul was to be seen except the camp inmates. In spite of this or for this very reason, as my stay took place in the fall, this living in the woods has been for me as townsman a particular adventure. The woods in their autumnal foliage, the nightly firmament not diminished by any artificial light have given me an enjoyment not offered to many young men having to live in the city day by day. The fine spirit of comradeship, the know-

ledge that our afforestation-work was contributing to benefit coming generations was the reason that, everybody in the camp took real pleasure in his work. In addition to that, the healthy air and a simple but good food.

At the camp in Schwedt, which counted 200 men, being lodged in former military barracks, I could, I am sorry to say, not remain any longer than four weeks, personal private matters calling me back. Yet, also at this camp, I have met a fine spirit of comradeship. The former residence-city Schwedt was not quite so lonesome as Dölzigerbrück, which on account of being Winter time, was greatly appreciated by all men.

Real Labour Service work could not be performed in the short time of one month during which I was a member of this camp, as the weather did not allow it. Instead, we young fellows were put through bodily exercise and attended very interesting lectures on economical and historical subjects, being in every respect very useful to us. I have no doubt, the Labour Service means for all young men of the different ranks and classes an exceptional useful physical as well as mental education, improving in the best of ways their social and companionable intellect.

THE LITERATURE OF THE THIRD REICH

At present, Germany passes through a period of profound revolutionary change as to the general view of the world, of a revaluation of all values of life. To suppose that the mission of the National-Socialism is fulfilled by the acquisition of the political power would be to misjudge its character and import. The National-Socialism is most deeply rooted in the spiritual life, therefore it strives to pervade the whole nation with the National-Socialist spirit. The fundamental transformation of the outer and inner world by the struggle for a new view of the world the change of the spiritual and mental attitude is reflected in the literature of the new Germany.

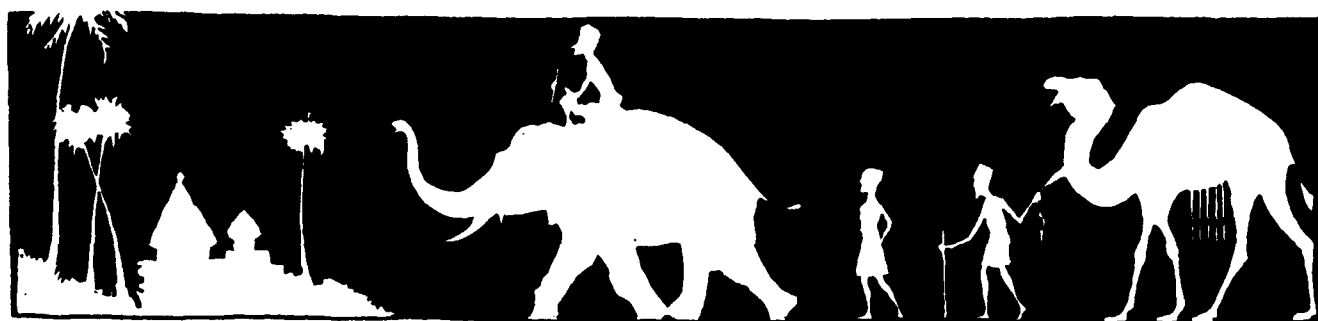
Houston Stewart Chamberlain's word: "Nothing is more important than to gain a generally recognized conviction of what 'German politics' have to be and what they have not to be," provides us with the point of view from which alone it is possible to understand the mental situation of the present Germany. For the German position is a prominently political one. The fact that the Germans reason exclusively from the political point of view can only be understood and justified by their complete turning away from what was meant by politics before the establishment of the Third Reich. Adolf Hitler's activity turned the abstract conception of politics into the very essence of life in its multifariousness. The leader's work "My Struggle" in its epoch-making importance tells us what "German politics have to be and what they have not to be." Having an edition of more than one million and a half, the highest one hitherto existing in Germany, it proves the political growth of our nation. To-day the primacy of the political sphere is uncontested in all the manifestations of our national life. Therefore the literature of the Third Reich is valued particularly its effect on the will of our nation to live.

Those front-fighters of the spirit, embodying the National-Socialist idea, who were ready to uphold their conviction at the risk of their life have to be looked upon as the pioneers of the National-Socialism with a reservation as to the fallibility of their mental reclamations if the National-Socialism had not fulfilled its historical mission. The fact that the National-Socialist revolution has been victorious affects the appreciation of their writings. Here we must mention above all the

account by the "conqueror of Berlin", the present Reich Minister for Propaganda Dr. Joseph Goebbels, "The Fight for Berlin, the political conquest of a great city" and the confession of a soldier-like mastering of life "The History of One Guilty of High Treason" by the S-A-Chief-of-Staff, retired Lieutenant-Colonel Ernst

Röhm. The first work of the National-Socialist literature written down without a break in 1922 deals with the "Character, Principles and Aims of the NSDAP." It is the programme of the movement edited by Alfred Rosenberg, a condensed deduction, which, as an early intelligible catechism of political education, ends up in the 25 theses of the movement; it is an ideal

proof of mental discipline and the demonstration that a resolute leadership in the accomplishment of the programme is bound concerning the view of the world. This starting-point for the discussion of the problem of National-Socialism is even more intensely emphasized in the works and the personality of Alfred Rosenberg. He speaks of future things and the prophecy of his words gains incredibility by Hitler's appointing him as the leader of the entire mental training of the party and of their education as to the view of the world. His work "The Myth of the 20th Century, an appreciation of the spiritual and mental struggle for the formation of our age" completes the leader's work in its eruptive force and its proximity to reality by penetrating into the spheres of spiritual reserves that can only be explained by the intuitive vision of a hero of liberty favoured with spiritual revelation and unbound by any conservative regularization of thought. This valuation of our view of the world from the absolute compels us to connect what is developing with what has past. From the row of our spiritual ancestors we name Nietzsche, Lagarde and Chamberlain, without charging them with the awkward expression of "actual". The struggle of the movement was rendered most difficult by the slowness of comprehension and the perseverance of the middle-class. Therefore the National-Socialism took the instrument and the material of theoretically cogent alternatives from the mental vitality and activity of a philosophical leader as Nietzsche. In Lagarde's "German Writings" we find the most sublime interpretation of the urgent necessity of fulfilling the National-Socialist principle: "Public



the self-determination of peoples, an independent republic.

And it was more than a mere empty gesture. The Republic of Schwenten successfully maintained itself for seven months—exactly till August 19, 1919, when its inhabitants plebiscited unanimously and without a single dissentiment voice in favour of adhesion to the German Reich, with which, in conformity with this decision, Schwenten was duly incorporated.

The whole story reads like a novel, but it was a novel based on grim reality. At the approach of the Polish troops, the little town nominated a "Government Commission" of nine members which declared Schwenten to be neutral territory and a Sovereign Republic. The Burgomaster was appointed Minister of the Interior, the Inspector of Forests became Minister of Defence, on whom the—under these circumstances onerous—task of forming and training a Civic Guard was incumbent, whilst the Pastor of the community assumed the duties of Minister for Foreign Affairs. One of the first acts on this self-constituted Ministry of the self-constituted Republic of Schwenten was to abolish all restrictions on trade with living or slaughtered cattle, with the result of encouraging a lively contraband which proved, financially, most advantageous to the inhabitants.

The Pastor, now Minister for Foreign Affairs, was for his part no less active. A rigorous passport control was introduced on his initiative, and every traveller through the town had "nolens volens" to have his passport stamped with the ecclesiastical visa of Schwenten parish church.

It goes without saying that the position of the little town, between Polish "frontier guards" and German

"frontier guards", was not an easy one. Yet, curiously enough, neither the one or the other invaded, unless temporarily, a mutually recognised neutral territory. This may, perhaps, have been in part due to the devoted and impartial aid given to the wounded on either side by the two nursing sisters of the Republic, who despite frost and snow never tired in their efforts to bring succour to those in need. It is possible, nay, even probable, that the self-sacrificing labour of two humble and heroic women proved eventually to be of even more value to the Republic than the energetic language of the Pastor, who added to his duties as custodian of souls those of custodian of the new State's foreign affairs.

In any case, when August in the year of grace 1919 arrived, Poland grew tired of recognising any longer the miniature State. Hence on the 10th of that month the Cabinet of the Schwentenese Republic took the decision to organise a plebiscite of the inhabitants concerning their ultimate destiny. For this purpose it negotiated with the German High Command in Silesia, whose headquarters were at Glogau, and German troops occupied Schwenten in consequence on August 16, 1919.

Ten months later, on June 9, 1920, a plebiscite was held in Schwenten under the control of an Inter-Allied Commission. The voting was unanimous in favour of the retention of Schwenten by Germany. To-day Schwenten is a German frontier-post, and the former Minister for Foreign Affairs has returned to his pastoral task, with his reputation, which had already previously been great with his flock, still further enhanced by the part so actively played by him in preserving the moral heritage of many centuries. (Copyright by Transocean)



MERMAID'S LAND



It was a tumultuous evening. The infuriated elements roared. The waves shrieked and rocked my canoe like a cradle.

Sudden the timbers creaked. Water rushed in. Down rolled my canoe. Next moment I sank down into the profundities of the mighty ocean.

Soon I arrived at the gates of a magnificent fort.

"Good-morning," came a voice.

"The same to you", I said.

"I regret I have not the pleasure of knowing you," said the Merman.

"I come from Man's Land. I wish to have a look within," I said. He nodded assent.

In a flash the massy door flew on its hinges. My eyes roved. It was a large city, littered with antiquated objects. Among these tawdry rubbish, the immemorable legacy of, perhaps, their twentieth century, the sky-touching Gopurams of sublime temples reposed their gleaming tops in the motherly bosom of the air.

To my utter consternation, the effulgent disc of the young, rising sun rose, nestling up the vacant hugeness of the western firmament. I gasped in apprehension at this portentous sight.

While I stood dazed, my oceanic friend patted my shoulders and said, "You people on earth don't know the mystery of day and night. After setting in the west, the sun shines here all the night."

You should alone imagine how I flowed in wonder.

At that time a lovely girl slid by. I was really struck with surprise when I saw her in a blue saree, her whole features covered with apparels and jewels.

"Our women", I told him, "have gone back to a state of nature. I couldn't understand the conservatism of your people."

"Not exactly that. To us women are the objects of adoration. To sit before a woman is sacrilegious."

I expressed my desire to know more about their polity. My friend smiled.

"Our Dictator is a female. The candidature of man for official duties is not eligible here."

"Even executive?"

"Yes."

My curiosity grew thousandfold.

Divining my ineffable eagerness, he took me round the city.

The strangest spectacle was the absence of men in the streets. My friend dropped elegant bows wherever

we came across a lady in a coach. One thing infinitely pained me. Men drove the carts while women rode like lords.

I was led into a big temple. What struck me strange was the enviable sight of a transcendent Beauty, seated on a majestic throne, amidst the blazing lights of priceless gems. A keen thrill flashed through my veins. Not an idol was found and not a drum was heard. Men crooned solemn psalms.

"How long will you bore her to sit on that godly seat?" I asked.

"Only from morn to eve," came his calm reply.

I was aghast. Thank heavens! Our women are saved this painful, spiritual eminence.

"She is our Supreme Judge. Our temple is our Court", he said.

Really women are the strangest gift of Heaven. But their remarkable position in the deep bottoms of the sea, their reverential superiority over men and, in fine, the firm acknowledgement of Merman that she is the fountain-light of Justice and Divinity and controller of the destinies of men greatly struck me with speechless wonder.

A roar came from without. We shuffled out. I was spell bound. I could not believe what was going on before my very eyes.

A regiment of lady constables, spotlessly dressed in police-garb, were giving a lathi-charge on a band of squatting men. Truth suddenly dawned upon me.

Those non-violent men were offering Satyagraha to the tyranny of bureaucratic women. The shrill cries of men "merman-ki-jai" tore through the reverberating, diabolic rustle of the lathi-charge.

I shuddered. My friend looked sheepish. His face grew pale—tragic—eerie. His teeth began to chatter. He plucked at his lips, torturing them. Up he started and fled away.

I was in an awkward predicament. In one gaze, their eyes fell on me and in a trice, I was surrounded.

"Down with him", thundered their leader.

I broke the fetters of shore-made laws and staring at them, I knocked down a girl and ran pell-mell.

On and on I ran till I was thrown into the dainty palanquin of a caressing wave which landed me alone, safe and unplastic at the foot of Daylight Palace.

K. Srinivasan, B.A.



interest precedes self-interest". As a defender of the Norse culture the Englishman Chamberlain, German by congeniality, became an advocate of the German cause in his "Foundations of the 20th Century". He pleaded for the recognition of the national conditionality against the boundless striving after humanity, which is a sign of German weakness. To Chamberlain universal history is racial history.

The most important pioneer's work for the popularization of this idea in Germany, thoroughly scientific without being dogmatic, is the "Racial Description of the German Nation" by Prof. Dr. H. Günther, who also, by his "Racial Description of the Jewish People" makes an objective discussion of the Jewish phenomenon possible.

The dyad of blood and soil has been brought to unison by the German Peasant leader R. Walther Darré in his works: "Peasantry as the Source of life of the Norse Race" and "New Nobility from Blood and Soil." We mention here the American Ralph Waldo Emerson, too, whose studies show a unique parallel to the National-Socialist ideas. Madison Grant, Chairman of the New York Zoological Society, Trustee of the American Natural History Museum and Secretary of the American Geographical Society is another defender of the Norse racial values. His work: "The Extinction of the Great Race" (race as the basis of European history) is a splendid justification of the German eugenic legislature.

As to economics and finances the National-Socialism refers to Gottfried Feder, whose inspiration most vigorously incited Hitler to found his party. He has written the "Manifesto for the Destruction of Interest-Bondage" and to the same end the catechism of the movement: "The German Reich on National and Social Basis". This reformer of economics is a violently discussed theorist. He is the editor of the "National-Socialist Library" which, authorized by the party, defines its attitude regarding the most important contemporary problems as land-settlement, trade-unions, law, military politics, technics and other questions. As contrasted with Rosenberg, Feder chooses the inductive method for the composition of the programme in order to show the consistency of the points of the programme.

Turning from the literature with agitatorial tendencies to polite literature and poetry we perceive that it differs from the demonstratively intolerant character of political protest, the tone of antagonism in our representative poets being expressed by their renouncing the momentary success of literary speculation. By no means only those who have come before the public during the short time since the realization of the Third Reich after the seizure of the political power represent the new Germany, but all those whose work was genuinely and

truly German, even if many of them still belonged to other political parties at that time. All those, who with solemn seriousness had in view the recovery of the inner mind of our nation are gladly and gratefully recognized by the National-Socialism as fighters for the great common aim. But the National-Socialism most decidedly refuses that kind of literary people of the epoch that now is past, who then laid claim to the exclusive right of creating "contemporary poetry", which, however, did not fulfil its task of comforting and encouraging the German nation in their most difficult time, when they were mentally and economically depressed. The analysis of man tormented by problems and touching his mental wounds daily afresh, was characteristic of the literature of the dark years after the war, but it is out of place in the Third Reich. In this sense youth and the entire new Germany is wonderfully young, seeking something to comfort them, to inspire them with new courage and new hope. The characteristic feature of the new literature is the thesis of the heroic personality that rings through all the National-Socialist feeling and thinking. The strong and healthy, its struggle and victory, but its heroic defeat as well are to-day in the centre of the poetical works.

It is not our task here to review single books or even completely to enumerate those which are entitled to be noted down in the history of the literature of the Third Reich but to show the destination and the necessity of the subjects chosen by typical representatives of the poetic culture of a nation whose continuation is menaced. The nation without space becomes a political vision of Hans Grimm's in the desert of African steppes, while Erwin Guido Kolbenheyer, brought up to a biological mode of thinking by his forefathers' having lived for centuries on German-Bohemian ground, makes the pure inheritance of his ancestors and the eternal longing of his nation survive in gigantic poems the acme of which is "Paracelsus". The far distance into which we look at the beginning of the Third Reich makes the prehistoric poems by Will Vesper and Hans Friedrich Blunck appear akin to our blood and near to our life as well. By the common Low-German origin Friedrich Griese and Ernst Barlach are congenial to Blunck. All of them see man as being himself part of the landscape, living and dying in his country where, however humanity does not only begin at his birth and end at his death, as his appearance cannot be separated from the ground on which he lives, believes and works. In Hermann Stehr the Silesian, too, we see an exponent of that voluminous literary production, in which the blessing of the ground reveals itself to us. With the creation of a Stefan George-Price the new government takes charge of the legacy of a lyric poet with a self-willed heroic attitude in life.

THE REPUBLIC OF SCHWENTEN

A romance of Germany's Eastern Marches.—The chaos after the War.—"Heaven helps those that help themselves".—The seven months of the Republic of Schwenten.

BERLIN (By Mail)

EVERYONE has heard of Andorra and San Marino, those miniature Republics in the Pyrenees and the neighbourhood of the Adriatic, whose sturdy and valiant inhabitants have maintained their independence for something like 800 and 600 years respectively. But, outside the handful of its own inhabitants, it is probable that nobody has ever heard of Schwenten—or, even having perhaps vaguely heard of it many years ago, still recollects the name to-day.

Yet they also were brave and stout-hearted men who called into existence that tiny republic in Germany's Eastern Marches early in January, 1919, and thereby preserved, presumably for all time, their hereditary. German patrimony and that of their fellow-citizens. Had there been more similarly resolute men along that hotly contested and vaguely defined ethnological frontier between Germany and Poland which stretches from Upper Silesia to the Baltic, Germany would very likely have saved for herself various localities that were later on arbitrarily adjudicated to Poland.

Although only fifteen years and some months have elapsed since the Great War, the memory of the events which immediately followed that appalling tragedy have gradually faded from the minds of most of their contemporaries. And a new generation has meanwhile grown up in all countries to whom the War and its immediate consequences are mere hearsay. This, in itself, is, of course, a subject for sincere rejoicing. For time alone, the great healer, can pour balm on the fearful wounds then created, can bring about the appeasement of the violent passions which threatened to destroy the very fabric of Western civilisation.

But from a purely historical point of view it would surely be a pity if all the stirring happenings which marked the end of 1918 and the beginning of 1919 were to be relegated to oblivion. The Armistice of November 11, 1918, left the entire burning question of the German-Polish frontier in suspense. It was evident that, pending a settlement, the Poles would endeavour to reclaim by force of arms as much of their ancient frontiers as they could, and thus place the diplomatists in Paris before an accomplished fact. Germany herself was entirely defenceless. Her Government, the so-called "People's Commissaries" in Berlin, had more than enough to do to keep order at home and defend its own position against the assaults of the Communists, who at that time were known as Spartacists. This unfortunate Government, composed of men utterly inexperienced in the art of governing, and placed by fate in charge of a starving and frantic nation

driven to the frenzy of despair by hunger and defeat, was hopelessly distracted; and this is psychologically comprehensible, when it is borne in mind that it was in the inexorable grip of a tongs, one of whose shafts was represented by pitiless and shortsighted foreign foes, and the other by not less relentless internal enemies. How could such a helpless Government defend Germany's frontier, when machine-guns were roaring in the very streets of the German capital itself, and the Allies in Paris were daily putting forward more exorbitant demands?

Under such circumstances the valiant and stout-hearted inhabitants of the little town of Schwenten bethought themselves of the old proverb according to which God helps those who help themselves. On December 27, 1918, when the Allied statesmen in Paris were still discussing the preliminaries of a treaty destined, in their minds, to ensure the peace of Europe for centuries, Polish troops took possession of the town of Poznan. They then proceeded southwards, and their advance brought them, shortly after New Year, 1919, to the boundary of Silesia and the Marches of Brandenburg. On this boundary, to the north of Glogau, and south-west of Poznan, lies the little town of Schwenten.

Its inhabitants realised the peril that menaced them. They knew that no help could be awaited from a distraught and impotent Government in Berlin. On the other hand, defence against the superior forces of the Poles was in the long run impossible. The inhabitants therefore hit upon an idea which, as it turned out, was inspired by genius, but which might possibly have proved less successful in the result than it did, had the Poles been led by a Napoleon, which, manifestly, they were not. The idea in question was the cardinal idea of the Allied and Associated Powers, in fact, the solitary idea which ever suggested itself to the brains of the august representatives of upwards of twenty Powers, and which was originally suggested by President Wilson, whose knowledge of European affairs was, to say the least, faulty; namely, the idea, which played so prominent a part in the President's famous Fourteen Points, of the self-determination of peoples.

The inhabitants of the little town of Schwenten, being Germans, had not the slightest desire or intention of becoming Polish citizens. When Polish troops, coming from Poznan in a southerly direction, got dangerously near the little town, its inhabitants—or, rather, their leaders, since a flock of sheep always supposes a ram—declared Schwenten, on January 5, 1919, to constitute, conformably with the principle of



VARIETIES

Shakespeare and Dollars.—The dollar is of German origin, and its first coinage was 1520. In the course of trade such money would naturally reach London, and Shakespeare, who wrote less than eighty years afterwards, mentions dollars in two of his plays. One of these is "Macbeth," and, though this king lived five hundred years previously, the dramatist, with his usual indifference to chronology, makes Ross exclaim—

"Sveno, the Norway king, craves composition;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men

Till he disbursed, at St. Colme's isle,

Ten thousand dollars to our general use."

We may infer from the above that Shakespeare was pleased with the new coinage, but the old currency remained in use. The United States, however, notwithstanding ancient custom, prefers the dollar and also the decimal system—thanks to Jefferson, who brought it from Europe. *New York Observer.*

The Sultan Abdul Hamid.—A correspondent of the "Times" who obtained an interview with the Sultan thus describes his personal appearance:—He is slightly over middle height, slim, and rather thin; his complexion dark, his trimmed beard black, short, and thick; his mouth resolute and melancholy, his nose a Turkish one, large, long, and bony; his eye dark, frank, and penetrating, looks of great depth when the light falls on it. His forehead is broad, of average height, slightly furrowed; the black hair below the fez is short, almost close cut. Abdul Hamid is forty-one years of age, but looks older, chiefly from having lost one of his upper teeth. He speaks in a louder tone than Turks usually do, his voice is sonorous, his enunciation distinct, and his sentences are long, but without hesitation. He rarely smiles, but his countenance easily assumes a friendly expression, and he shows manifest satisfaction when his words—for he understands European languages—seem faithfully translated.

Sir Walter Scott and the London Bill-broker.—In 1825, when at the age of fifty-five, a catastrophe unparalleled in its magnitude overtook Sir Walter. "His reverses called forth," says Lockhart, "the general sympathy of mankind." With one exception, his creditors applauded his honourable intentions of devoting the remnant of his life to writing that he might pay a debt of more than one hundred thousand pounds, for which, as a sleeping partner in the bookselling house of Messrs. Ballantyne, he was liable. The single firm of

creditors by whom he was mercilessly harassed was one in which some London bill-brokers, named Messrs. Abud and Co., were partners. "It is to no purpose," writes Sir Walter, in the frankest and most unreserved diary that was ever kept by man, "being angry with Abud, or Ahab, or whatever name he delights in. He is seeking his own, and thinks by these harsh measures to render his road to it more speedy." Sir William Forbes, whose banking-house was one of Messrs. Ballantyne's chief creditors, privately paid the whole of Abud's demand, amounting to nearly two thousand pounds. Between the January of 1826 and the January of 1828 Scott earned for his creditors close on forty thousand pounds. Had his health lasted he would have redeemed, within eight or nine years from the time of his failure, the whole of his commercial obligations. He had been nearly fifteen years in the grave before the debt, which within six years he had more than half discharged, was extinguished through the value of the copyrights he had left behind, and thus Abbotsford was at length cleared.

The little word "If."—There is an "if" in every life. Most people can remember, when as boys or girls they bent over dull tasks on hot summer afternoons, how the drone of their companions' voices died away in their ears, how the words in the open book before them became a mist and an emptiness, and how a beautiful fairy "if" came gliding down to visit them. And then they wandered off with this charmer, called "If I were grown up," killing lions in Africa; fighting (successfully, of course, or there would be no point to it) against tremendous odds; leading a forlorn hope; saving lives in a shipwreck or fire. Or if you were a girl you saw yourself dancing at an ideal ball; or nursing the sick and wounded, like Miss Nightingale; or, it may be, you beheld, yourself arrayed in white satin, the most delightful of brides, followed by a train of bridesmaids in pink (or was your favourite colour pale blue?) who envied and admired you. The bridegroom, of course, was merely a lay figure, about whom you did not trouble your head. Those were all very hopeful "ifs" in those days; "if only I were grown up!" we used to say then, just as now we sigh, "if only I were young again!" For there is many a sad "if" later on in life. "If I might only see that dear face once more;" "if I could only say one kind word;" "if I could but bring the dear old times back again;" "if only the dead could find out when to come back and be forgiven."

Poor vain words! For the grass is growing green above the sweet face that will never smile on us again; the opportunities for the kindly word or deed were lost long ago; the dear old times have departed; and no cries or sobs of ours can break the stillness of the dead who once waited so long in loving penitence, hoping to hear the sound of our voice, or the fall of our footstep, that they might learn from our lips that they were forgiven. *Anne Fellowes.*

Braham.—Braham once staying at the house of a friend, sang to him in private. His style was there quite different from that which he exhibited in public; it was simple, unadorned, but extremely pure and effective. "Why is it," said his friend, "that you do not always sing like this?" Braham's reply was remarkable, and at the same time just. "If," said he, "I could always have my own way, I would always sing as I have done now, but that is impossible. The public are too fond of boisterous passages and rapid execution, and would not be satisfied without them. If I were to sing in public in the style you have just heard, everybody would say, Where is Braham? And if Braham lost his attraction, he would lose his engagements."

Begging in Paris.—An American correspondent is answerable for the following anecdote:—"A gentleman in Paris, who had been wont to give five sous daily to a blind beggar whom he passed every day on his way to his business, gave him one morning by mistake a napoleon, and, afterwards discovering his error, ascertained from another beggar his beneficiary's address, and called there to recover his gold piece. A tidy maid opened the door of a comfortably furnished suite of apartments. Monsieur was requested to take a seat, and in a minute or two the beggar made his appearance, neatly dressed, and with faultless shirt-front. The object of the visit was stated. 'My clerk is just making up the day's accounts,' he observed; 'if a napoleon has been found in the box it shall be restored to you.' The piece of gold was found, and the beggar handed it back to his visitor. As the latter was retiring, the beggar called out to him, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but you have forgotten to give me the five sous.'"

Relics of a Lost Explorer Discovered.—Campbell's "lines written in a blank leaf of 'La Pérouse's' voyages" contain a touching tribute to the memory of a famous sea captain and explorer, whose mysterious end was long the subject of anxious inquiry, and was never fully cleared up:—

Far on the vast Pacific, midst those isles
O'er which the earliest morn of Asia smiles,
He sounded, and gave charts to many a shore
And gulf of ocean new to nautic lore;
Yet he that led discovery o'er the wave
Still fills himself an undiscovered grave.

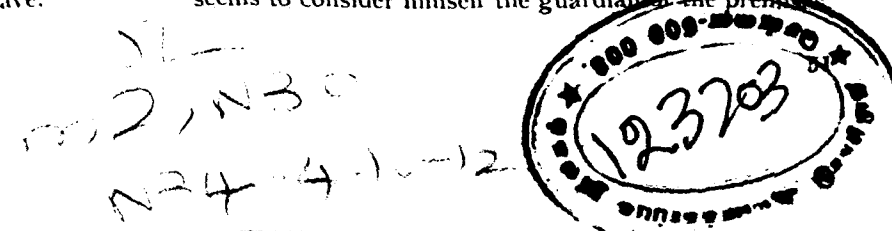
An age elapsed, when men were dead or grey,
Whose hearts had mourned him in their youthful day;

He came not back—conjecture's cheek grew pale
Year after year—in no propitious gale
His lilled banner held its homeward way,
And science saddened at her martyr's stay.

The loss of La Pérouse was a mystery far longer than that of our own Franklin. At length a successful search has been made by the Bruat, commanded by Lieutenant Benier, for the remains of the wrecks of the Boussole and Astrolabe, which went down near Vanikoro about a century ago. They were the two ships with which the ill-fated La Pérouse went on his last voyage. Anchors, cannon, and numerous other relics were found, and conveyed to Noumea in New Caledonia. They were received by the French authorities with impressive ceremony, the garrison and blue jackets being ordered to give military honours, and a salute of twenty-one guns being fired by the guns of the forts. Among the trophies of the search is a bronze cannon, dated 1621, and the anchors are covered over with coral in the strangest manner. The relics will be sent to the Louvre, and placed in the La Pérouse room.

The Hoof of the Sheep is Golden.—This Spanish proverb has usually been considered to refer merely to the wealth that lies in the wool-bearing sheep for which the Peninsula is famous. But it may possibly have reference also to the agricultural value of sheep to the soil, as when they are turnip-fed in pens. It is said that sheep return to the soil, in manure, the largest percentage of the manurial value of the food consumed of any other animal. According to accurate experiments, made at German agricultural stations, where the food given and the manure obtained were carefully analysed, 95 per cent. of all the manurial elements of the food consumed was found in their manure, solid and liquid.

Talking Ravens and Crows.—Visitors to the Brighton Aquarium have been often startled by the human-like salute of an unseen raven near the entrance, "Good day, good day," and "Good-bye," to departing guests. An American journal thus describes the performances of a crow, whether the common crow known to us, is not stated. His curiosity is always aroused by the approach of a stranger. Upon seeing a person for the first time he deliberately walks around him, examining him in the keenest and most critical manner, frequently ordering him with great sternness to "go home" or "go away." Possibly, if "Grip" is in a pleasant frame of mind, he will greet a stranger with "Hello, hello." He imitates every noise that may be heard in the farm-yard; calls like a hen when she fears danger to her brood of chickens; scolds like a sitting-hen; whinnies like a horse in the fields, and after an intermission will crow like the king of chanticleers, and again like a young cock just trying his feeble, cracked voice. He seems to consider himself the guardian of the premises.



walking up and down the street in front of the house and driving before him cats, dogs, or any unfortunate stray chickens that have wandered beyond their limits. He has never shown any desire to fraternise with the wild crows who come about him. Not long since being addressed by some of these crows with a loud "caw caw," Grip responded by saying, "bow wow wow," following this with a loud "hello," which so frightened them that they took rapid flight and did not return.

Singing Sand.—At Manchester, Massachusetts, there is a "singing beach," so called from the sound emitted from the loose sand above the ordinary high-tide mark. The sounding sand is near the surface; at the depth of one or two feet it ceases, perhaps because of moisture. The sound is produced by pressure, and may be likened to a subdued crushing; it is of low intensity and pitch, is not metallic nor crackling. It occurs when the sand is pressed by ordinary walking, increases with sudden pressure of the foot upon the sand, and is perceptible upon mere stirring by the hand, or even plunging one finger and removing it suddenly. It can be intensified by dragging wood over the beach. The singing sand of the island of Kauai, one of the Hawaiian group, gives a sound as of distant thunder when anything of weight is dragged over it. Dampness prevents the sound. That sand is calcareous. Hugh Miller cites similar instances at Jebel Nakous in Arabia Petrea, and Reg Rawan near Cabul. Those are silicious sands. The sounds were a sort of humming. In Churchill county, Nevada, a similar phenomenon is described with regard to a sand hill when wind blows them.

The Voice of the Turtle.—Sir Henry Thompson irreverently said that conger eel was the chief ingredient in real turtle soup. This statement brought upon him a severe rebuke from more than one importer of turtles and purveyor of turtle soup. Here are two of these rejoinders, the first of them coming appropriately from "The Ship and Turtle" Tavern in Leadenhall Street: "There is not a single word of truth in Sir Henry Thompson's letter, and we are surprised that a gentleman of his standing should write on a subject on which he is profoundly ignorant. We never use or have ever used conger eel, or stock meat of any kind; the stock is from the turtles themselves, of which we kill from four to eight daily." Another tavern-keeper says: "I cannot understand why people should go out of their way to make turtle soup of conger eel or beef, or anything but turtle meat, when turtles are cheaper than beef or mutton, as they have been for some months past. I never heard of turtle soup made of conger before, although it may exist. Some people there are who always think it cleverer to go a roundabout way than a straight one; but my experience is that more good soup is got by boiling a turtle than a similar weight of any other substance; and lately, for some months past, there has been no possible inducement to adulterate, as the genuine article has been about the

cheapest that could be obtained." It will be news to many people that turtle is so cheap. The charge at any west-end confectioner or restaurateur for a basin of soup hardly bears out the statement. Sir Henry Thompson maintains his opinion that conger eel is often used, and that when it is not used it ought to be, as being more readily procured and more wholesome!

Teaching a Dog to Read.—Sir John Lubbock, M. P., has been attempting to teach a dog to read. In a letter to the "Spectator," he says: "I prepared some pieces of stout cardboard, and printed on each in legible letters a word, such as 'food,' 'bone,' 'out,' etc. I then began training a black poodle, Van by name, kindly given me by my friend Mr. Nickalls. I commenced by giving the dog food in a saucer, over which I laid the card on which was the word 'food,' placing also by the side an empty saucer, covered by a plain card. Van soon learnt to distinguish between the two, and the next stage was to teach him to bring me the card; this he now does, and hands it to me quite prettily; and I then give him a bone, or a little food, or take him out, according to the card brought. He still brings sometimes a plain card, in which case I point out his error, and he then takes it back and changes it. This, however, does not often happen. Yesterday morning, for instance, he brought me the card with 'food' on it nine times in succession, selecting it from among other plain cards, though I changed the relative position every time. No one who sees him can doubt that he understands the act of bringing the card with the word 'food' on it, as a request for something to eat, and that he distinguishes, between it and a plain card. I also believe that he distinguishes, for instance, between the card with the word 'food' on it and the card with 'out' on it. This, then, seems to open up a method which may be carried much further, for it is obvious that the cards may be multiplied, and the dog thus enabled to communicate freely with us. I have as yet, I know, made only a very small beginning, and hope to carry the experiment much further."

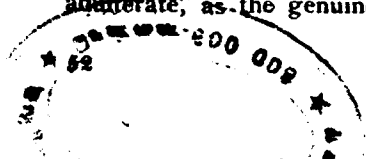
The Indian Nabob and his Geographical Knowledge.—An Indian Nabob ordered his minister to draw up a firman, or grant of land, in favour of an ameer, or nobleman, a near relative. The minister and the ameer were not good friends. So he drew up a firman including lands which were at the distance of hundreds of miles from one another. The ameer complained to the nabob against the minister. "Minister," said the nabob, "see that my kinsman gets lands as near one another as practicable." The minister, producing a paper in which the names of the distant estates were entered *one below the other*, replied, "Quite so; the first estate is there," pointing to the paper. "Well, next to it is the second, and next to it the third, and so on, as your majesty clearly sees." His majesty was satisfied that the estates were close to one another, and sent his kinsman on his business with severe scolding!

To the Cuckoo

Sweetest chirping bird of plumage soft!
How small thou art, how fleet thy wings fragile
Thou flyest fast and singest all the while.
Floating song! we call you *kokil* oft
Creation's small but greatest marvel, sing!
And chase my sorrows; help me soar with thee.
Aloft away from human frailty
Where twinkling stars in shining clusters cling.
There let us with love the world survey
To drive dull gloom and wipe out e'ery wrong.
Thou by song and I by listless lay.
For love when fills the heart doth often long
To hear thy lulling music sweeter far
Than lute and harp which but my lone state mar.

2. Elusive bird! thou likest not my plea?
Wherefore aflutter quickly flyest thou
Beyond my yearning grasp? Why movest now?
Do fingers rude and rough of mine hurt thee?
Or else my courting coarse doth often jar
On senses thine so fine and delicate?
List, O list my longing forlorn state
'Fore leavest thou to roam in realms afar.
Cunning warbler! yet thou soarest high.
But widen not the gaping void between
Our different states of life. Towards the sky
Thou climbest o'er the sun-kissed treetops green.
But drowned in despair now I roll in mud
In vain I try to pluck th' unblossomed bud.
3. A bird though born thou stole my throbbing heart
Yet bird thou ever art; for birds alone
Could rise above and wander in astral zone.
Before this conscious gulf our lives did part
Thou flew to me with glee and sang to me
Those lilting love tunes sweet I hear no more
Suddenly on me thou hast closed the door
Of cruel circumstance and destiny.
Farewell! cuckoo, cooing *kokil* sweet!
Tho' soaring far, pray keep within my sight.
I know not what strange fate I yet must meet
Or what awaits thee merry winsome mite!
Blest be thou! May happiness be thine
But sing to me—for thee I e'er will pine.

P. G. Sundara Rajan



A WHOLE PAGE OF GOOD SHOTS

GETTING OUT OF IT

"Here is an apple, Freddie. Divide it generously with your sister."

"How shall I divide it generously, mamma?"

"Why, always give the larger part to the other person, my child."

Freddie reflected for a moment, then he handed the apple to his little sister, saying, "Here, Betty, you divide it!"

UNPRECEDENTED

Throwing back his shoulders and putting on his bravest smile, Jones approached the cashier's desk at the Income-tax Collector's office.

"Good morning!" he said. "I should like to pay my Income-tax."

"Well," said the cashier, "you're the first!"

"Surely not the first to pay!" exclaimed Jones.

The cashier smiled.

"No," he replied, "the first to say he'd like to."

STILL INTACT

Bill: "I woke up last night with a terrible sensation that my new watch was gone. The impression was so strong that I got up and looked."

Tom: "Well, was it gone?"

Bill: "No, but it was going."

NO SUCH CAR

The teacher was trying to give her young pupils an illustration of the word "perseverance."

"What is it," she said, "that carries a man along

rough roads, and smooth roads, up the hills and down the hills, across the valley, and through the pass, through the mighty jungle, swamps, deserts and raging torrents, across the sun-drenched veldt and the wind-swept plain?"



There was a long silence, and presently little Bobby, whose father owned a local garage, rose to his feet.

"Please teacher," he said knowingly, "there isn't such a car!"

INDISTINGUISHABLE

The doctor gazed critically at his patient. "H'm," he murmured. "Have you been drinking ten glasses of water every day as I told you?"

His patient nodded. "Yes, doctor," he replied. "I have been drinking six cups of coffee and four glasses of water each day."

The doctor gave a start of surprise. "Coffee!" he snapped. "But coffee and water are not the same."

"They are where I have my meals," said the patient.

HARD TO PLEASE

It was a bitterly cold day, and the hawker pushing his barrow along the village high street was not feeling in the best of tempers.

Presently an old lady came out of a nearby house and beckoned to him. He stopped.

"H'm," she murmured, after gazing at his stock for some time, "not much here." She picked up a bunch of bananas. "Not ripe," she sniffed.

"Course they're ripe," returned the hawker, with some warmth.

"I tell you they're not," she persisted. "They are hard to skin."

The hawker gasped.

"Crikey!" she ejaculated.

"What do you expect for three for tuppence—bananas with zip fasteners?"

A BIG EVENING

High Mucky-muck—Let's get our wives together tonight and have a big evening.

Brother Lion-tamer—O. K., but where shall we leave them?



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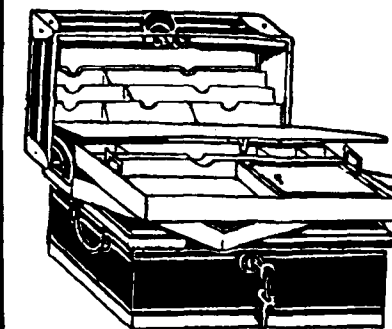
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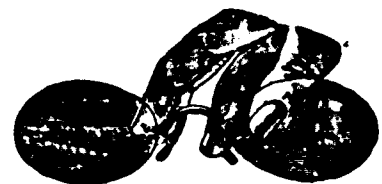
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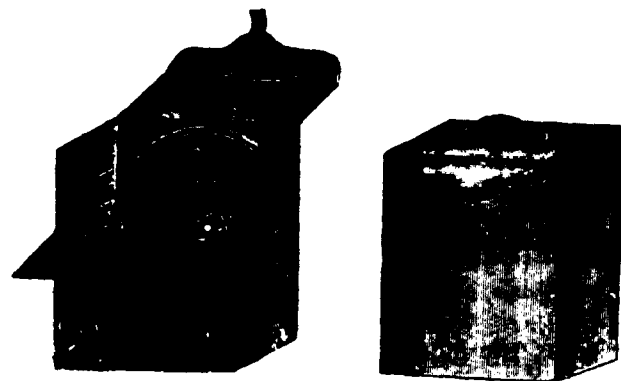
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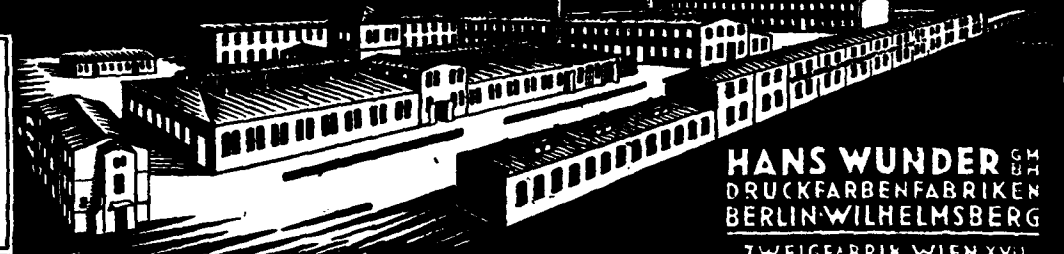
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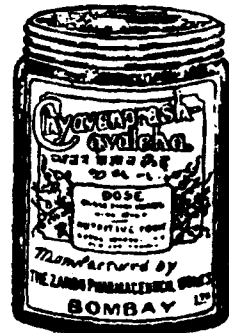
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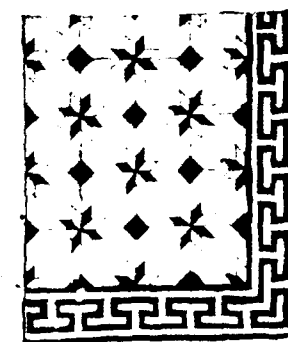
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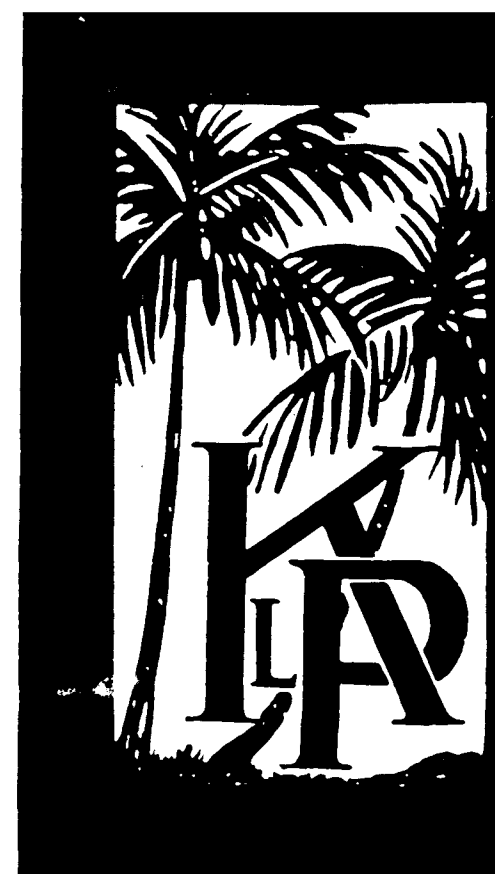
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