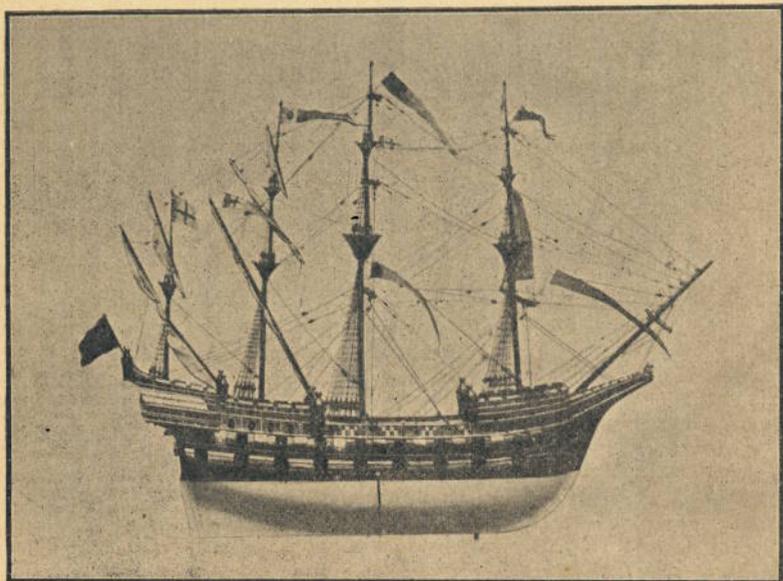


The EVOLUTION of the MAN=O'=WAR

By HERBERT S. JEANS.



THE "GREAT HARRY."

THERE can be no doubt that the "Great Harry," otherwise known as the "Henri Grace de Dieu," of Henry VII.'s time was the first line of battle ship of the English Navy. She was launched in the year 1514. At that time the Cinque Ports were bound by their Charters to furnish ships when called upon to do so in times of national peril. When a sufficient fleet could not be raised in this way, vessels were impressed at the different English ports or hired either at home or from Italy and Germany.

Before the time of Henry VII. there were no fighting ships carrying more than one mast, but the "Great Harry," as you may see from the accompanying illustration, was built with four masts. She was a vessel of 1000 tons burthen, and carried a crew (all told) of 700 men. Of these, 50 are described as gunners, 349 as soldiers, and 301 "marines"—the word "marine" standing in those days rather for mariner than for the compound of "soldier and sailor too" that the name implies at the present time. As regards the soldiers a contemporary print shows a crowd of pikemen congregated on the upper deck of the "Great

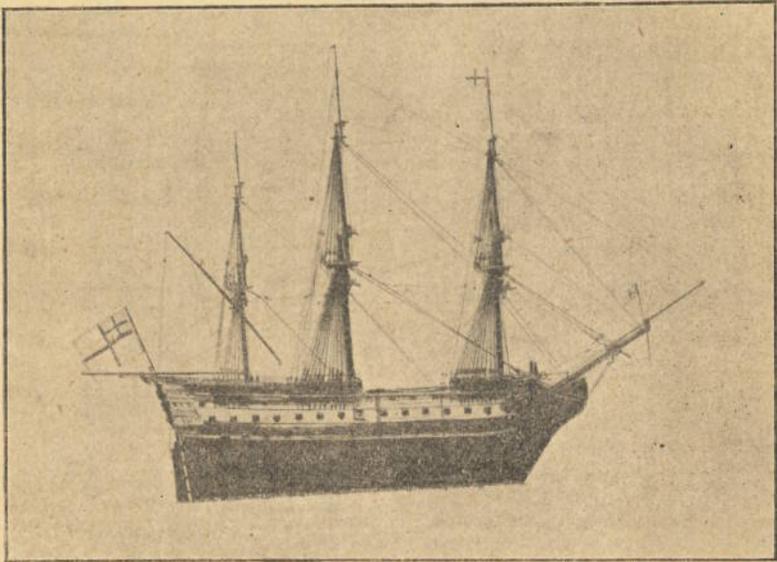
Harry," whose duty it was, doubtless, to act as boarding parties; whilst the four citadels at the waist of the vessel gave cover and a vantage ground each to 14 archers and those on the poop to 10 each. The "Great Harry" carried as many as 122 guns, but only thirteen of them were 9-pounders and upwards; so a broadside from this first of men-o'-war was not such a devastating thing as it became in later days. Still she managed to give a good account of herself in fights with the French off the Isle of Wight and elsewhere; and she did her full share of guarding the shores of Old England until the 27th August 1553, when she was accidentally destroyed by fire at Woolwich.

The Spanish Armada did not make its ill-fated appearance in English waters until rather over 30 years later. The "Great Harry" therefore took no part in that glorious victory; but as Henry VIII. raised during his reign a navy (in all) of 58 ships, there must have been other vessels of the same class engaged in the battle, so you may gather from this picture a fair impression of the ships that Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher commanded.

A remarkable ship of the early days of the Royal Navy was "The Sovereign of the Seas," built at Woolwich in the year 1637. She was the largest ship that had ever been built in England. Her tonnage was identical with her date—1637; and she carried 110 guns, of somewhat larger calibre than those of the "Great Harry." The "Sovereign of the Seas" was designed in the first place more as an example of sumptuous shipbuilding than for practical purposes as a fighting ship. For a vessel of the period, she was most luxuriously fitted, and her sides were embellished with panels of rare carved work. Originally a three-decker, she was later on cut down a deck lower, when she became one of the best men-o'-war in the world. She took part in nearly all the great engagements fought with

gar, was built in 1765. She carried 100 guns, mostly 32 pounders and 24 pounders; and her crew would range from 600 to 800—much the same as carried by a first class battleship of the present day. Her warfare has long been accomplished, and she is now preserved at Portsmouth to keep us in memory of the debt we owe to Nelson, who saved us, almost alone among continental nations, from the horrors of a French invasion.

From the Georgian we pass to the early Victorian period; and it is now that we see the first indication of those stupendous changes in armament and propelling power that mark our beloved Queen's reign as the most progressive in Naval, as in all other matters.



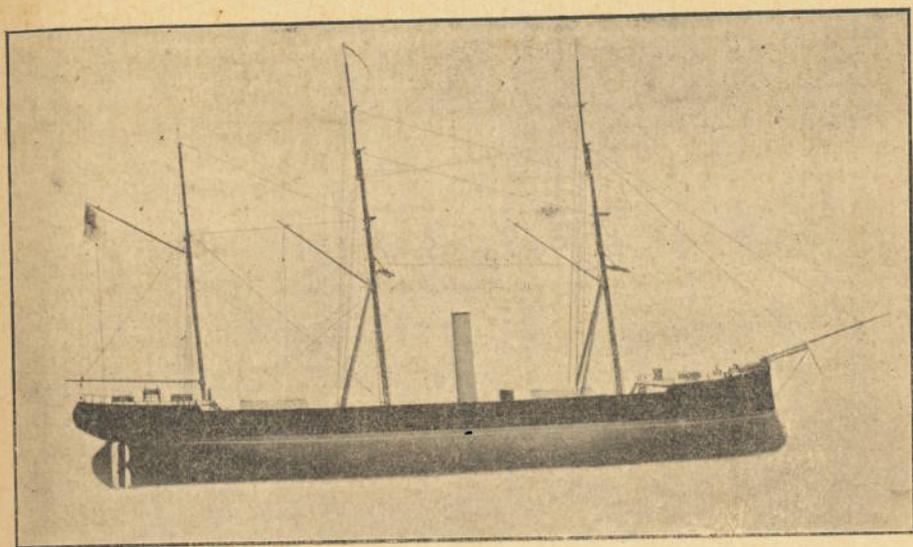
THE "VICTORY," SHOWING STANDING RIGGING AS IN THE TIME OF NELSON.

Holland at a time when the Dutch under the leadership of Van Tromp were causing us even more trouble than their descendants in the Transvaal are at the present day; and it need hardly be said that she worthily upheld the increasing fame of the British Navy. In 1684 this vessel was re-built and re-named the "Royal Sovereign;" and on 27th January 1696, on being laid up at Chatham in order to be re-built a second time, she, too, accidentally took fire and was entirely destroyed.

Passing from the typical vessels of Tudor and Stuart times, we come to the Georgian period, and to the days of the greatest admiral that ever sailed the sea. The "Victory" which, as all the world knows, was Nelson's flagship at the Battle of Trafal-

Progress in the arts of shipbuilding and gun founding had been made, certainly, during the three hundred odd years that had elapsed since the days of the "Great Harry;" but what had gone before was as nothing compared with what the next fifty years were to bring about.

Soon after the commencement of Victoria's reign, steam began to assert its superiority as a means of propulsion. The Admiralty did not build steam ships straight away. What they did was to convert sailing vessels into steam vessels. The first ship of war of any note to be fitted with paddle wheels was the "Penelope;" and after this first experiment several other sailing ships were converted into steam ships, but they were never of much use.

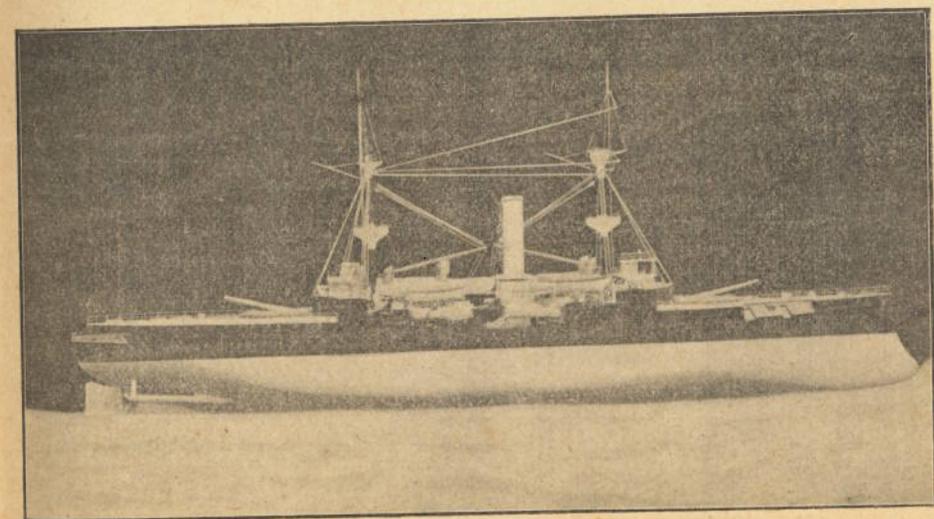


THE "WIVERN."

A little later, the screw propeller was invented, and the Admiralty were not long in discovering that it was a great improvement on the paddle wheel system. The screw was preferred because, being under the water line, it was out of the way of the enemy's shot, and also because it did not interfere with the sailing of the vessel. For it must be remembered that at that time sails were used under all ordinary circumstances, and steam was regarded chiefly as a stand-by, to be resorted to in emergency.

Whilst these improvements were being brought about in the mode of propelling ships,

equally rapid strides were being made in the manufacture of guns and projectiles. Explosive shells began to take the place of the old fashioned cannon balls and bar shot about the time of the Crimean War; and these, together with the introduction of a heavier class of gun, were the cause of still further changes in the man-o'-war. Walls of oak gave place to walls of iron. In 1861 five wooden ships were converted into ironclads; and from that date to the present time the power of the guns and the thickness of the armour-plate have been growing together in stern competition.



THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."

The "Wivern" may be regarded as one of the latest of the sailing men-o'-war, and one of the first of modern armament. She is an armour-plated vessel of 2750 tons, built in 1865 for coast defence service. She is barque-rigged and fitted with 1000 H.P. engines with screw propeller—thus being adaptable both for sailing and steam power.

Her big guns are only four in number; but they are 12 ton muzzle-loaders mounted on revolving shields. These guns, you will observe, are not fired through portholes, but are brought into action by the lowering of the bulwarks (which are built in hinged sections) over the sides, flush with the level of the upper deck—thus leaving an open course for the passage of the projectile.

The "Wivern," it may be interesting to note, although somewhat old-fashioned, is at present doing duty in the China Seas, so it may be that her fighting days are not yet over.

The "Wivern" class of battle-ship was superseded by the turret ship proper; and the turret has now given place to the modern form of barbette, which is sunk into the upper deck for protective purposes, and raised to its firing position by hydraulic power. There seems to be an impression abroad that the term barbette signifies only a firing platform that can be raised and lowered in this manner. But such is not the case. Guns are properly said to be placed *en barbette* when they are fired *over* the parapet of a fort or turret, instead of through embrasures or loop-

holes. In the accompanying picture of the "Royal Sovereign" the barbettes are shown as sunk in the deck (they could be raised some feet in the time of action), but you see that the guns stand well out over the parapets, or tops, of the turrets.

The "Royal Sovereign" is a ship of the most modern class. She is a twin screw armour-plated vessel of 14,500 tons, with a crew of about 750 souls. She carries four 67-ton guns, two in each barbette; on her broadside are 12 quickfiring guns, and in her fighting tops (where archers were placed on the "Great Harry") machine guns are stationed—2 each in the lower tops and 1 in the upper foretop. In the upper maintop is the semaphore apparatus for signalling. She is fitted also with torpedo tubes, besides carrying two torpedo boats.

Whereas the "Great Harry" would probably have been considered to be "going strong" if she covered the distance between Dover and Calais in 7 or 8 hours, the "Royal Sovereign" is capable of doing it in an hour, and the guns of the former might have served as projectiles for the latter.

The times have changed, and the man-o'-war, as you may see from this brief sketch of her history, has changed with them. The conditions of life for Jack at sea have changed too—vastly for the better. But in the old sailor-like qualities of steadfastness, pluck, and devotion to duty, Jack himself has not changed one whit.

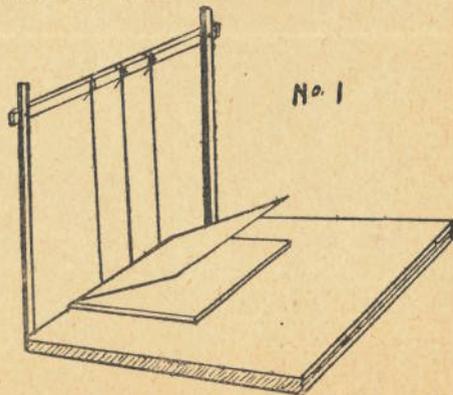
BOOKBINDING FOR BOYS.

BOOKBINDING as a hobby has the advantage over most other hobbies of being practically useful, as well as interesting and amusing. In this article I propose to deal very simply, and from an amateur's standpoint, with the binding of, say, the twelve numbers of a monthly Magazine, not attempting anything which cannot be done by any boy with the materials which are within his reach.

The only apparatus necessary will be a sewing frame and a press, the latter consisting of two pieces of board and two strong iron clamps, or a vice and a clamp. The sewing frame can be simply made with a piece of deal about 12 x 9 ins. and $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick. On this are screwed two uprights and a cross bar of thinner wood as shown in sketch No. 1.

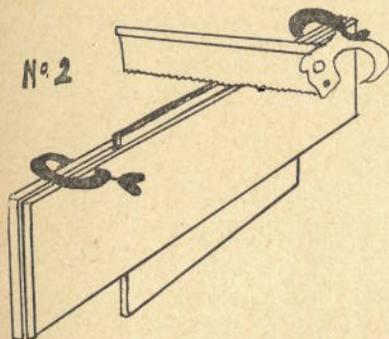
Now take your magazines and see how they are held together; if with wire, open the turned down ends of the staples and draw them out with a pair of pincers; if with thread, cut the threads and unbind the

numbers. Remove the covers and advertisements, or as many of the latter as will come away without taking any of the reading matter with them, and be careful to keep the



pages in the same order as before. Next take all the pages which are to make up the book and clamp them between your boards, putting

a board at each side and screwing up the clamps so as to press the book tightly between them, and leaving about an eighth of an inch of the backs above the boards. See that the backs are all level, and the ends as even as possible before proceeding any further. Now with a saw, make a cut in the back just half way between the ends, cutting until the saw has penetrated the inside sheet of each pack of pages. Repeat this process half way between the first cut, and each end, and then make two more cuts one inch nearer the end than the last two. Sketch No. 2 shows this operation.



You are now ready for the sewing frame. Stretch three pieces of fairly stout string on the frame as shown in the sketch No. 1, and just the same distance apart as the first three cuts made in the back of the book. You can put tacks in the edge of the board to fix the lower ends of the strings to, and tie the upper ends round the cross bar. Unclamp the book, and turn it face downwards on the table, and taking the last pack of pages, place it on your sewing frame face upwards and fit the strings into the cuts. Take a large needle and a long piece of strong thread, and opening the pack at the centre page, pass the needle in through the cut nearest and out again on the near side of the first string. Now tie the loose end of the thread to itself outside the second cut, and pass the needle in again beyond the first string. Bring it out again on the near side of the second string, and in again on the far side, and the same with the third, finally passing it out through the last cut. Now place the next pack on top of the last one, again face upwards, and proceed as before, only working towards you this time, and bringing the thread out at the cut nearest to you. Repeat this process with each pack till the whole book is fixed to the three strings. Now cut off the strings an inch or so on each side of the book. If the edges are very uneven you will have to take the book to the nearest printer and ask him to trim it for you which he will do for a few pence. The back should now be rounded, but

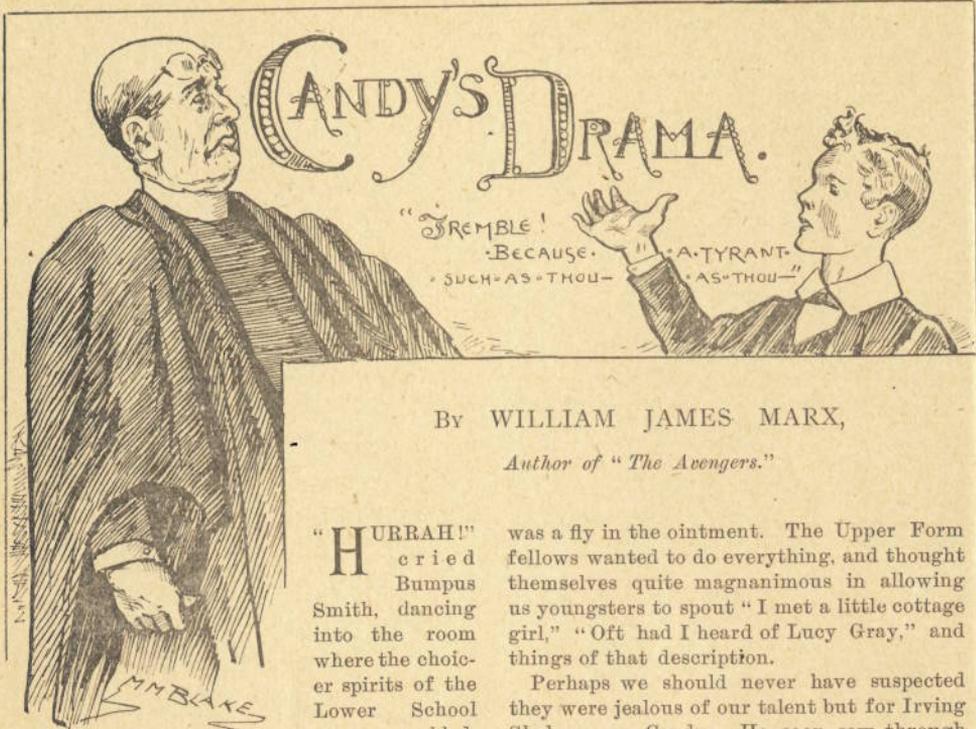
this is not absolutely necessary and as it would be beyond most of my readers I will not go into it at present. Clamp the book between the boards, glue the back well, and press on to it a piece of strong brown paper, or if it is a thick book, a piece of net, such as is used for crewel work, and a piece of brown paper over it, and leave it in the press for a time to dry.

The next thing is the cover. Paper boards are the simplest form of cover, and last very well, so we will content ourselves with these. Take two pieces of stout card or millboard, and cut them with a knife, nice and square, an eighth of an inch wider and a quarter of an inch longer than the book. Fray out the ends of the strings, and placing a piece of brown paper under the frayed ends, on the first page, smear some glue upon the strings. Now lay one of the pieces of card carefully so as to project just beyond the edges of the book equally on the three front sides, on the glued strings, and turning the book over repeat the process with the other cover. Then clamp the book and leave it to dry. Now you want to make a back for the book. Take a piece of stout paper and fold to the length of the book, but about a quarter of an inch wider. Cover this with a piece of glazed linen, or, if you can get it, bookbinders' cloth, leaving about an inch free on each side; then turn in and glue down about half an inch at each end. Curl this to make it take the shape of the back of a book, and glue the loose edges of the cloth to the back edges of the covers. Now clamp it again till dry, and then cover the cardboard with any kind of paper or material you fancy, cutting the corners neatly and turning in the edges. Glazed brown paper answers the purpose well, and should be pasted on so as to allow a quarter of an inch of the linen back to show. Cut a double sheet of white paper the size of a page of the book and paste on the inside of the front cover, leaving a loose page between the first page of the book and the cover. Do the same with the back cover and your book is bound.

I will finish with a few hints which may be useful. If there are any loose pages, or separate illustrations, paste these carefully along the back edge, put them well back in their right places, and press the book for a while.

Do not use too much glue or paste, and take care to avoid lumps. Be very careful not to fingermark the pages as nothing looks worse. Keep the book under a weight for a day or two after it is finished to make sure that the covers do not curl. Use a very stout millboard for the cover when binding a thick book.

E. S.



By WILLIAM JAMES MARX,

Author of "The Avengers."

"HURRAH!" cried Bumpus Smith, dancing into the room where the choicer spirits of the Lower School were assembled.

"I've got permission! Carstairs said we were a lot of little idiots, but old Danvers stood up for us no end. I vote we pass round the hat, and make Danvers a present on 'Entertainment night.'"

"End of Term!" sighed Robson disconsolately, turning out his empty pockets.

"Why not write home and ask for a special sub?" suggested Bumpus. "It's a worthy object!"

Everyone agreed this was a brilliant idea which should be carried out at once.

But, before proceeding with the story, I had better explain the cause of our excitement.

"Entertainment Night" was a grand institution at Pendlebury, and a jolly wind-up to "Speech Day." In the afternoon we had the Latin Poem by the head boy, and the prizes, and a lot of learned talk from the town swells who came to give us good advice. After that came tea, and then we boys took possession of the platform and astonished the visitors by our musical ability and power of elocution. They seemed to enjoy themselves, and, at any rate, as Robson said, it was only a *quid pro quo*: we had listened to their speeches in the afternoon.

The whole affair was managed by the boys entirely, the cock of the school acting as head cook and bottle washer; the masters retiring into the background.

This was all very well in its way, but there

was a fly in the ointment. The Upper Form fellows wanted to do everything, and thought themselves quite magnanimous in allowing us youngsters to spout "I met a little cottage girl," "Oft had I heard of Lucy Gray," and things of that description.

Perhaps we should never have suspected they were jealous of our talent but for Irving Shakespeare Candy. He soon saw through their dodge, and egged us on to rise in revolt against the oppressors.

"Old Danvers isn't half a bad sort," said he, "but he's no good as a manager. It's quite time we were allowed to take a more important share in 'Entertainment Night.' Why can't we draw up our own programme?"

At first the daring proposal fairly took away our breath; but by degrees we came round to his opinion, and appointed Bumpus Smith to interview the Upper Form on the matter. The result was that Danvers had given us permission to make our own arrangements, and we were in high glee.

Standing on a desk, Irving S. Candy began an address,

"Gentlemen," said he, at which Robson applauded vigorously, "Gentlemen, our hopes are realised; our ambition has borne fruit. We will show Carstairs if we are little idiots!"

"Bravo, Shakes!" cried Robson, "So we will!"

"Exactly, and the question now is, what shall the nature of our performance be?"

"Hurrah!" cried Robson, as Irving S., losing his balance, sprawled on the floor. "The very thing! Who's for a Knockabout Troupe? There's more fun in that than in Lucy Gray!"

"Don't be such an ass!" growled Candy, picking himself up.

"Let's have Mother Jarley's Waxworks!" cried little Jenkins. "They're stunning! We had 'em down at our place last Christmas and they were just a treat! Dress up, you know, as the old gunners did years ago. Julius Cæsar and Mary Queen of Scots, and that kind of thing. If you like I'll be showman and do all the business."

"I vote for Christy Minstrels" cried Robson. "I know a lot of good jokes, if any of you fellows will be the other corner man."

"But Christy Minstrels sing!" objected Jenkins.

"Of course, you little duffer! I know some rattling songs. Here, listen to this. It's called 'When the cat comes home.' I'll give you the first verse."

"If you do," observed Peters solemnly, "I'll sit on you. I've heard you sing before, Robbie!"

"Oh, you're a savage! You're no judge of good music! Well, anyway, I vote for Christy Minstrels. Hands up those in favour."

Jenkins was sulky because he couldn't have waxworks, Peters said the visitors hadn't done him any harm, and he wouldn't be party to ill-treating them, Smith had a scheme of his own, while Candy was rubbing his back and talking to himself, so Robson's proposal fell flat. It began to look as if we had got a white elephant on our hands.

"Look here!" exclaimed Smith suddenly, as if the idea had just struck him, "why not do one of Shakespeare's Plays? That would take the shine out of the upper fellows! There's Hamlet now, I think I could do Hamlet pretty well. What do you say Candy? You'd make a fine stage-manager."

"Ripping!" said Irving S., "but Shakespeare's no good. Everyone knows what's coming. That takes away the interest. What we want is an original play that's never been acted."

Peters was doubtful, but he always was a wet blanket; little Jenkins preferred his waxworks, but finally gave in; while Robson agreed to join the company on condition of having a good part.

"Well" said Smith, "that's settled. And now about the piece. I say, Candy, couldn't you write one yourself? It would be your own property, and, after we have produced it, you could sell it to some London Company. There's no end of money in play-writing."

Candy blushed and looked so very modest that none of us suspected he and Smith had arranged it all between themselves long before the interview with Danvers.

"I've only tried my hand at it once" said he, "for private theatricals, but if you think—"

"Think?" cried Smith, "I am sure you can

do it! A fellow that could make up those verses about a dead fish can easily write a drama. And it will be heaps better than a ready-made one. You'll know your actors, and just what each can do best. Here's little Jenkins will make a splendid princess"—Jenkins blushed with delight—"and Robson can play the hero, and then you've two good parts to find for Peters and Braxton,"—that's me.—"Why, my boy, you'll rattle it off like wildfire!"

"Don't forget Bumpus!" remarked Robson, who was charmed at the notion of playing the hero. "He's as good as any of us, and I say, Candy, if you can work in a song for me, eh? I'm sure it would take."

"And I can do a horn-pipe" volunteered Peters. "Get in a horn-pipe, won't you? That would be easy enough."

"All right" cheerfully responded the dramatist. "I'll manage it; but mind, it's to be a secret. I don't want the fellows to know who wrote it, till the author is called for. It will come on them as a surprise."

"Won't the Upper School be waxed!" laughed Robson, after we had given the required promise. "Carstairs will have to take a back seat with his dreary old Coeles and the keeping of the bridge. And I say Candy, won't there be a roar when you appear as the author? I shouldn't be surprised if the Head invited you to supper. When do you think you can have *It* ready?"

"In a week; but I mustn't be worried. You fellows will have to keep things quiet."

I think none of us will ever forget that week. Talk about Slaves of the Lamp! their duties were a minus quantity compared with ours. We were Slaves of the Pen! We guarded our dramatist as though he were a Chinese deity. All our spare time was occupied in keeping off the profane vulgar, and in writing impositions. For it is not to be supposed that an author deep in the throes of composition can turn his attention to such trifles as Latin verbs and problems in Euclid. So every day, nay, every lesson, brought its two hundred lines to Irving S., which we, his bond-slaves, were compelled to write for him. It was a glorious thought that in a sense we were martyrs to literature; yet, as Robson said, it was a beggarly nuisance.

Yet were we not without reward. An evening came when the dramatist, throwing down his pen, exclaimed exultingly "Finished!"

We crowded around him in joy; we feasted our eyes on the scraps of dirty paper containing the fruits of his genius; we felt that we were in the presence of a master.

Then, when the first warm glow had passed, we sat down to write each his own part. But

our troubles were by no means over. There were the lines to be committed to memory and declaimed in quiet corners far from the common herd.

These attempts were not always successful, and more than once our zeal led us into grief. One evening, for instance, we had gathered in a far corner of the playing-field to practise our parts. Peters, in the guise of a robber-baron, had just caught little Jenkins, the persecuted princess, and there was a great scene between the two.

"Ha, ha!" roared Peters. "Is it thou? Thought'st thou to escape me? Now shalt thou see the power of him at whom thou once did mock! Prepare thyself to die; for

are strong, I am weak. Oh, pray, my lord, you hurt me!"

It was certainly very good. Jenkins seemed on the point of bursting into tears. Peters was pretending to twist his arm. We others stood round applauding. Another piteous scream, and then —!

I've heard since that the Upper Form fellows nearly killed themselves laughing at the accident, but it wasn't so very funny to me.

"You cowardly cads!" shouted someone, when smack went my head against Robson's, over went Smith and the author with two sounding blows, while the toe of a boot sent the robber-baron nearly a couple of yards from his victim.



"BAH! YOU WRETCHED COWARDS!" CRIED CARSTAIRS.

by my father's sword, I'll give thy head to feed the ravenous kites!"

"Bravo! Good! Good!" cried Robson. "That will fetch 'em, my boy! The ladies will all go into hysterics."

The author stroked his face complacently.

"It isn't half bad!" said he. "Now, Jenkins, scream!"

Jenkins did. It was a triumph of a scream. Something like the noise you may expect to hear given off by a dyspeptic steam engine or ship's siren. Jenkins was a born actor. He clung to Peters in an agony of despair.

"My lord," wailed he, "have mercy! You

The new actor was Carstairs; Carstairs with eyes flashing, cheeks burning, and chest heaving.

"Bah, you wretched cowards!" cried he, "to stand by and see a little kid like that set on! Come with me, young 'un, I'll see they don't touch you again!" and, virtuously indignant, he marched off with Jenkins screaming with laughter—the ungrateful little beast!

Carstairs apologised afterwards, but what's an apology worth to a fellow who's been seeing stars that weren't there?

Peters got up very sulkily saying he would

have nothing more to do with our tom-foolery, while Bumpus Smith and Robson felt each other's heads to find if there were any cracks. Away in the distance little Jenkins was stuffing a handkerchief into his mouth.

"Well," said Irving S. presently, "I call that a splendid compliment to you, Peters. It just shows how well you and Jenkins were acting. That idiot Carstairs thought it was all real. If you can only do as well on the stage 'twill be grand! You'll get an *encore*, Peters; take my word for it!"

But Peters was not to be appeased just then. He said quite truly, that what had happened wasn't in the play, and he wasn't going to be knocked about by anybody. He didn't think much of Carstairs as a payer of compliments, and, saying he shouldn't play the fool any more, stalked angrily away. "Just as if," as Robson wisely remarked, "he was the only sufferer."

After much coaxing and a good deal of flattery we had just wheedled Peters back into the fold when a second accident threatened to deprive us of Bumpus Smith's services.

Bumpus was very enthusiastic in the cause. He had a good part and was always studying it, in and out of season.

"This kind of thing's no good" said he "unless you're word perfect. I mean to get up my part."

He certainly did his best, though perhaps the masters would have called his industry misapplied. He took his lines to bed with him, whispering them over in the dark; he got them out as soon as it was light enough to see; he conned them over at every meal; he used all the time set aside for "prep," and snatched brief periods to study them even in actual class. We felt that, whoever failed, Bumpus would do us credit. Yet, through this very excess of zeal we nearly lost him.

It was thus. We were construing Virgil, and Mr. Burton was in charge of the class. Smith sat next to me; his book lay open on the desk, but, as usual, his attention was taken up by the paper which he held in his hand.

"That will do" said Mr. Burton suddenly to the boy construing. "Go on Smith."

Bumpus had eyes which saw not and ears which heard not.

"Smith!" repeated the master, a little more loudly, and I gave him a sharp nudge. Up sprang Bumpus hurriedly, planted his feet firmly on the ground, threw back his head, cleared his throat, and began boldly.

"Pr'y thee, say on;

My hand is on my sword, my eagle eye
With firm unvarying gaze is fixed

Upon thy baleful countenance. Repeat thy threats!

I heed them not. Shall I, a man free born,
Tremble, because a tyrant such as thou—as thou—as—

Oh, I beg your pardon, sir! It's in the play," and he blushed profusely.

You might have heard a pin drop when Bumpus finished. Every boy's eyes were fixed firmly on his text-book, while we waited in awe-struck silence for the coming storm. The unhappy delinquent stood staring at the master like a bird fascinated by a deadly serpent.

"Oh!" said Mr Burton grimly, "it's in the play, is it? What play?"

"Please sir, our play, I'm Don Armado, sir, and I thought you were Peters. No, I don't mean that," struggling in deeper water than ever, "I mean the robber-baron, and you were after the princess, sir. And so" concluded he of the eagle eye, "it was like that."

"Oh" said Mr Burton calmly, much too calmly for a school-master, "it was like that, was it? And I was after the Princess, eh?" We all shuddered at the bare idea of Mr Burton being *after* anything save some musty, fusty, thousand-year old book—"And it was your play? Very good, Smith, *very* good!" Why do masters always say that, when it turns out so very bad for us, I wonder? "Oh, ver-r-y good, Smith! We will let things wait, Smith, till Virgil is over."

Now by this time poor Bumpus was verging on a state of imbecility, and, without meaning any harm, he answered briskly "Very good sir! As you say, sir; we will let things wait."

Irving S. groaned, Peters frantically searched his vocabulary for words he didn't want, while that wretched little Jenkins was using his handkerchief again, careless of the fate about to overtake his gallant preserver. To make things worse, Robson, in trying to draw my attention, used a pin which he unhappily stuck into Smith's leg, whereupon Eagle Eye uttered a yell that sounded like a whoop of defiance.

It was all very sad, and shows again how hard genius has to fight against an unfeeling world. Poor Smith! We hung about the door after dismissal till he appeared, intending to give him a hearty welcome, but he would have none of it. He seemed flushed and excited, called us a pack of grinning idiots and various other things, tore his copy into a thousand pieces and danced on them like a howling dervish. And his temper was not soothed when, on entering the playing-field the boys there sent up a great cry of "Eagle Eye! Eagle Eye!"



Alas! Poor Bumpus! Rarely again during his stay at Pendlebury was he known by any other name.

For two days he moped about by himself, and it cost us one double-bladed knife, one fishing-rod, five blood alleys, and one cake of toffee to lure him back into the fold. Besides this, the disgusted author had to write him a fresh copy of his part.

It isn't all fun getting a play ready for the stage, I can tell you. There were plenty of minor troubles still coming along, but we worried through those, till at last Danvers sent word that we were to go to the upper schoolroom for a grand rehearsal.

"Ah!" said Irving S., "this is prime. Keep your peckers up, you fellows, and don't get nervous. We'll show 'em a thing or two. They'll open their eyes wide before we've done."

And they did—long before!

The fuss commenced at the opening of the piece. It was a good opening, too. Scene, a mediæval castle with the princess (Jenkins) looking over the battlements. Enter Peters as a robber-baron.

"Ha, ha!" cried he, "so you're there, my pretty maid, are you? Then I'll entertain you with a horn-pipe!"

I must say that Danvers, Carstairs, and the rest were very rude. It's all very well to say that robber-barons didn't dance horn-pipes in front of castles, but, if Peters was a robber-baron, he was bound to know more about it than they. Besides, that was the only thing he could do, and it seemed a pity to waste his one talent!

It was plain, however, that they were bent on picking holes.

When Don Armado serenaded the princess by playing on two tin whistles at one time—and none of *them* could do that!—they hooted him off the stage and talked a lot of rubbish about its being ridiculous. I think it just



"HA! HA! SO YOU'RE THERE MY PRETTY MAID, ARE YOU?"

showed what a clever knight Bumpus would have made. They treated the hero even worse. You couldn't hear his celebrated song "When the cat comes home" for noise. Carstairs observed it was evident she *had* come, whatever he meant by that.

But the climax—I think that's what it's called—came when Bumpus began the delivery of the famous lines:—

"Pr'y thee, say on;

My hand is on my sword; my eagle-eye—"

"Good old Eagle-Eye!" shouted Carstairs—

Carstairs always was a brute—and the audience rose, cheering like one man:—

“Bravo, Eagle-Eye!”

“Three cheers for Eagle-Eye!”

“Hurrah! Eagle-Eye for ever!”

I'm proud to say no Lower School boy would have so disgraced himself—Bumpus would have given him socks if he had.

At length Danvers, holding his sides succeeded in restoring order, and Bumpus continued; but all the spirit was gone from the thing by this time. We said our lines listlessly, the hero cut out his second song, and nobody cared a button whether the princess was rescued from the robber-baron or not.

Danvers was very nice when it was all over. It was a rollicking comedy, he said, and he hadn't enjoyed himself so much for a long time. It did the talented author credit, and as to the actors, they had performed splendidly. For his part, he thought Robson's song was a gem, and only wished he could have heard it. He also praised the hornpipe and tin whistle serenade, but feared—that's how he put it—that the comedy—which, by the way, Irving S. called a drama—was a little too advanced for our audience.

“They aren't educated up to it, my dear fellow,” said he familiarly to the author, “that's what's the matter. They wouldn't see the beauties of the play as I do. Perhaps

this year we had better fall back on the old familiar lines, eh? Ah! I'm glad you think with me. I felt sure that a fellow with your superior abilities would. Well, run along now. We've had a very pleasant evening, I'm sure.”

“He's a regular humbug!” growled Peters, as we left the scene of our woes.

“I'll tell you what,” said Irving S., “it's just downright mean jealousy! They're afraid to let us act for fear we should get all the praise!”

“Danvers couldn't dance a hornpipe to save his life!” remarked Peters.

“Nor play two whistles at one time!”

“Ner sing ‘When the cat comes home’!” chimed in the others.

“It's a beastly fraud!” groaned Jenkins, “and, I say, Bumpus, give me back that cake of toffee!”

But, alas! Bumpus, though a great actor, could not do the impossible.

Thus it was that the audience on Entertainment Night lost an intellectual treat, and Candy's drama remained unacted.

I fancy he has not given up play-writing, however, and anyone who wishes to secure a spirited and original drama cheap, can do so by applying to—

“Irving Shakespeare Candy, Esq.,

“Pendlebury School,

“Loamshire.”



SCRAPS.

Something like Politeness.

“I hope we shall get on with our new neighbours,” said Muffkins to his wife the other evening. “What kind of people are they?”

“They're very polite, my dear, I must say.”

“What makes you think so?”

“Well, I sent to borrow their step-ladder this afternoon. As it happened they hadn't one, but they said if I could wait till the morning they'd send up town and buy one.”

* * *

Theodore Hook's jokes and drolleries are innumerable. The following verse carries its explanation with it.

ON TWINING, THE TEA MAN.

It seems as if nature had curiously plann'd
That men's names with their trade should agree;
[Strand,
There's Twining, the tea man, who lives in the
Would be whining, if robbed of his T.

The Art of Borrowing.

First Passenger: “Would you kindly lend me your spectacles a moment?”

Second Passenger: “Certainly, sir, with pleasure.”

First Passenger: “Thank you. Now, as you cannot see to read your paper without glasses, would you oblige by letting me have it too?”

Collapse of Second Passenger.

* * *

“Will you walk into my parlour?” said the spider to the fly.

“I thank you very kindly, but you see I'm rather shy;

I'm so very very nervous that I know I'd never dare

To lounge across your sofa, or to sit upon a chair,

Besides, my mother told me on no account to stay,

So perhaps I'd better leave my card, and call another day.”

STAMP PAGE.

THE Winter is here, and we open our Stamp Books with sorrow that Summer is gone; but the Stamp disease works quickly and we shall all be well infected within a week.

* * *

Orange River Colony goes on merrily. There are now three printings of the "V.R.I.'s" on O.F.S. stamps. Of these printings the first is the best, and can, roughly speaking, be distinguished by the dots all being in their right place on the line.

The O.F.S. Stamps are being used up, and a 2½d. Orange River Colony on the blue 2½d. Cape has appeared.

All this points to securing copies of the "V.R.I.'s" while we can.

* * *

The Philatelic world seems mad on "Mafeking"—the prices realised are very high—such as, a set of 20 used at £33 10s.; nine unused at 31 guineas.

The Transvaals surcharged "V.R.I." in short, dumpy capitals have been issued, and have fallen rather flat at present; they seem to have no "errors," and can be bought at moderate rates. An enormous quantity have been surcharged.

* * *

The Chinese War has led to the issue of S. Indian Stamps, surcharged "C.E.F.," this signifies "China Expeditionary Force." The Stamps are only to be current in China, and should certainly be worth getting, and most interesting in the used condition.

* * *

The new 1/- Great Britain is decidedly pretty in carmine and green.

* * *

If you like quantity instead of quality, you should secure the 3 new Swiss; they are large pictures which commemorate the Jubilee of the "Postal Union." Perhaps some of our readers may not be aware that matters postal between all countries were settled 25 years ago at a meeting of representatives from each nation in Switzerland.

Northern Nigeria adds another country to our Stamp Books. The Stamps are of the same type as Gambia, and range in value from ½d. to 10s.

* * *

This is the season when some of us like to pull all our Stamps out and re-arrange them. Then comes the question of "What sort of a new Album shall I buy?"

We have often been asked for advice and proceed to give it with some little hesitation as it is not the common view.

STAGE I. A small Album with *plenty* of pictures.

STAGE II. A larger Album with *no* pictures, but much more room for each country.

Then comes a pause. If you decide to keep a *general* collection *only*, buy a larger Album with a space for each Stamp. If you decide to *specialise* certain countries, take to blank Albums (cost about 1/-) for your *special* collections, and go on with your general collection in the Stage II. Album. Beyond this we are unable to guide you, for you will have developed your own opinions.

* * *

Now, as to *what to collect*. If you are a beginner, collect everything; do not reject damaged specimens of rarer stamps if you are offered them by older collectors. Put them in until you get better ones, and study them. When you have learnt a good deal about one country and are a little tired of it, exchange the country you know for one that you do not know, otherwise a dearth of exchange duplicates will stop you collecting altogether. This may seem heretical advice, but it is the way to learn about Stamps, and is a cheap way of buying experience.

When you have collected for, say, a year, make up your mind what you will *not* collect.

You will then probably reject some or all of the following—Fiscals, Envelopes, Locals, Reprints, and Post Cards.

We believe strongly in collecting everything for a time, and from the very start, getting as many as you can of one country.