

# WILLIAM McKINLEY.

## A MURDERED PRESIDENT.

**A** STUDY of the lives of successful men almost inclines one to ask what becomes of all the brilliant boys of the world? The truth apparently is, that, however great an aid brilliance may be, it does not, in itself, command success.

Now and again a real genius comes along, who not only dazzles but holds the world for centuries, perhaps for all time. Still, the birth of such a one is rare, and for all practical purposes he is outside the laws of every-day life.

The ordinary man whom the world calls successful, and who makes for himself a name in history, is not necessarily brilliant, nor does it often happen that he possesses any wonderful talents setting him apart from his fellow men. Certain qualities he must have, but, these very same qualities are within the reach of most of us.

Let us take for example the life of the man, who, a short time ago, to the grief, not only of America, but of the whole world, was struck down by an assassin's hand. As he lay dying a mighty nation waited anxiously, hoping that death might yet be turned aside; from thousands of churches earnest prayers went up to heaven for his recovery; kings and princes, and powerful rulers sent messages of grief and sympathy to the stricken man; every phase of the desperate struggle for life was watched with mingled hopes and fears.

His death was lamented in every civilised kingdom; his funeral was a striking pageant, at which numerous thousands assisted in reality, and millions in imagination, while memorial services were held throughout the world.

Now who was William McKinley, who died the loved and respected chief of one of the mightiest nations on the globe?

In the eighteenth century the McKinleys were Scotch farmers, settled or "planted" in the north of Ireland. One branch of the family crossed the Atlantic in 1750, and William McKinley's great-grandfather, having fought during the Revolutionary War, settled down in Ohio.

There, at Niles, Ohio, William was born in 1843. His father was not in good circumstances, and the boy, having left school, found employment as clerk in a post-office. At this time no one, he himself least of all, would have predicted that he would die President of the United States.

There can be little doubt, however, that the boy had ambition, and meant to "get on." He worked for a living during the day, and studied hard at night, knowing that although education might not bring promotion, it would not come without.

When he was 17 years old the terrible Civil War broke out. The country was divided into two hostile camps: North against South: those who would die for the maintenance of the Union and the abolition of slavery, and those who would give their lives freely for the independence of each State.

In the modern annals of the world this devastating war occupies a unique position. The whole country was involved; ruin stalked everywhere, and the volunteer soldiers went to death by thousands.

William McKinley had now a prospect of a fairly successful career. Judging by the records of his life I should not think that military glamour had much attraction for him, but the country called for volunteers, and the boy clerk thought it his duty to respond.

He enlisted as a private, and his regiment had a full share of the terrible fighting which occurred. It is needless to enlarge upon this period of his life, though it was very exciting and in a sense romantic. It is hardly likely that he coveted military glory, yet he gained it all the same, rose step by step from the ranks, was mentioned for distinguished gallantry in the field, was praised by General Sheridan, received his captaincy when he was twenty-one, and before the end of the war was awarded his commission as major. This was rapid promotion, and every step had been faithfully earned by meritorious services, for the youthful volunteer had no influential friends to back him up.

The war ended, as you know, in the success of the North; the huge armies were disbanded, and the great majority of the soldiers returned to civilian life. Among these was young McKinley, now just twenty-four years old, and he settled down at Canton, Ohio, to practise as a lawyer. Here he met, fell in love with, and married Miss Ida Saxton, the charming and highly-educated daughter of a Canton banker, and from that time he began steadily to rise.

Still there was nothing particularly brilliant about him, nothing dazzling or fascinating which marked him out from the crowd. But his friends knew him as a prudent man,

shrewd, quiet, self-restrained, upright, cool, calm, and resolute. His qualities were more for use than for show.

His Ohio neighbours remarked that he was a sincerely religious man, that he was courteous alike to rich and poor, and devoted to his wife. His public actions proved his honesty, and, to those who looked beneath the surface, his quiet determination. In 1876 he was sent to Washington as one of the representatives of his native state. Here he made steady progress, but did not attract much outside attention until 1890.

In that year he became Chairman of Congress, and had a chance to show his mettle. A Tariff Bill was introduced which he had to pilot through the House. This bill was the greatest Protection measure ever drawn up, and it had all McKinley's sympathy. Whether he was right or wrong need not be discussed here; he believed in it, fought for it, worked for it day and night, and finally passed it through Congress.

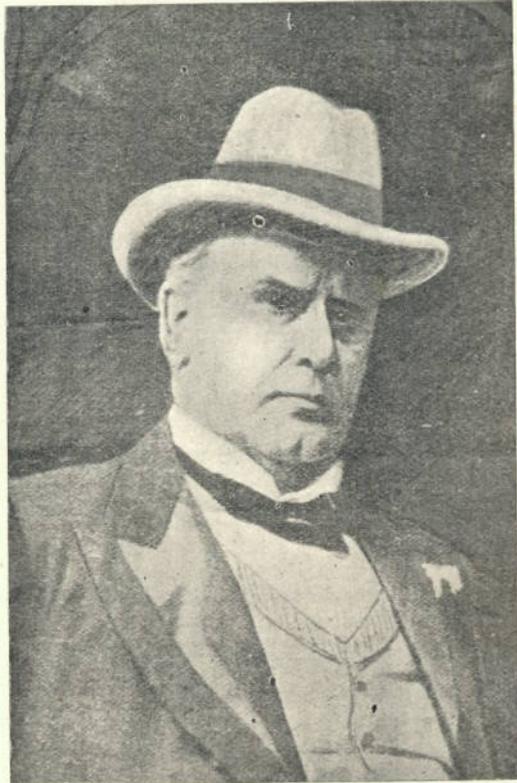
Now mark what happened. In the election which followed, his party was utterly defeated, and he himself lost his seat; the country would have none of the McKinley Bill, as it was called. Most of its supporters fell away, and bowed before the storm. McKinley did nothing of the kind. Believing he was right he stood up for his principles, fought for them tooth and nail, refused to be beaten, and after a severe contest was elected Governor of Ohio.

In a few years people began to alter their minds; they wanted the tariff, and the name of McKinley was on everyone's lips. The more brilliant men were forgotten or passed over, and the Ohio lawyer, who had stuck to his principles, was chosen President of the United States. Beginning almost at the bottom of the ladder he had climbed to the very highest rung.

During his first term of office a serious question arose. Cuba was a Spanish colony, and the natives desired independence. The island, for many years, had been in a frightful state of disorder, and at last the United States decided to interfere. In February, 1898, the United States warship "Maine" was blown up while stationed at Havana, and this increased the bitterness of the American people who, rightly or wrongly, attributed the cruel deed to sympathisers with the Spanish nation.

There is no doubt that Mr. McKinley was very reluctant to proclaim war. As a Christian statesman he earnestly desired a peaceful solution, but the country was in dead earnest, so after long hesitation, he submitted to the will of the nation.

From the American point of view the war was carried through to a successful conclusion; Spain was beaten on sea and land; Cuba and Porto Rico passed under the protection of the United States, and the Spaniards ceded the Philippines on payment



THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

of 20,000,000 dollars. Thus under the rule of President McKinley the United States launched out as a colonising power.

This military success aroused great enthusiasm among the Americans; the President's popularity increased by leaps and bounds, and in November, 1900, he was triumphantly re-elected to the highest position in the country. Then in September, 1901, at the very summit of his successful career he was stricken down by the assassin's bullet. For a short while it seemed that he might recover, but it was not to be, and the wounded President, still cheerful and undaunted,

passed with perfect faith to his long rest.

Now I think it may fairly be granted that love and honour were not showered on William McKinley because of his brilliant gifts. As a statesman he did not desire to dazzle by any stupendous feats; he was rather what one might call a "safe" man.

There is an old story of a gentleman who advertised for a coachman, and having selected three of the applicants, put to each of them this question: "How near could you drive to the edge of a precipice without overturning the carriage?"

The first man answered that he could drive within two feet; the second was more skilful and declared he would take the carriage half a foot from the edge; the third said he did not care for useless risks of that sort, and he would keep as far off as possible.

"Well," said the gentleman, "as I do not wish to break my neck, I think you will suit me best," and the third candidate obtained the post. I fancy President McKinley would have been a coachman of this type.

In his private life the President was altogether lovable, and it was as a man that he obtained such firm hold on the affections of the American people. His two children died in early infancy, while for twenty years his wife has been a confirmed invalid. During all that time he waited on and tended her with the greatest devotion, lavishing upon her all the attention in his power.

One admirable trait in his character cannot be overlooked; he was, like the majority of the world's foremost men, a loving son. His mother always loomed largely in his eyes. When he was at home in Canton, not a day passed without a visit to her simple cottage. At one time while Governor of Ohio, during a period of great stress and trouble, he could scarcely find time, for nearly a fortnight, to sleep. But every night he sat down to write her a little note, knowing how anxious she would be concerning him.

When, having won the greater prize, he was installed as President at Washington, he kept up the custom. From the White House there went out every day a little note addressed to his mother, and every day there arrived without fail at the Canton Post Office this brief but tender communication from one of the world's rulers to the sweet and simple woman who called the writer her "William at Washington."

Personally I like this beautiful and touching trait in the dead President's character more than any other. There was, according to the world's conception, a tremendous difference between the Chief of the State and a simple woman in a little provincial town. He did not recognise it. Power and honour and glory could not stifle the love he bore for his mother, could not weaken it even, and while she lived he cherished her with his whole heart.

Soon after he became President for the first time he invited his relatives to a dinner at the White House. His mother, you may be sure, was there, almost too happy for words. The dinner was rather a grand affair, very different to what she had been accustomed to in the old home. Noticing the large quantity of cream served with the fruit and coffee, she said to her son, "William, you must keep a cow now."

Some of the younger guests felt rather inclined to smile at her simplicity, but not so the President.

"Yes, mother," said he kindly, "we can afford to keep a cow now, and have all the cream we can possibly use."

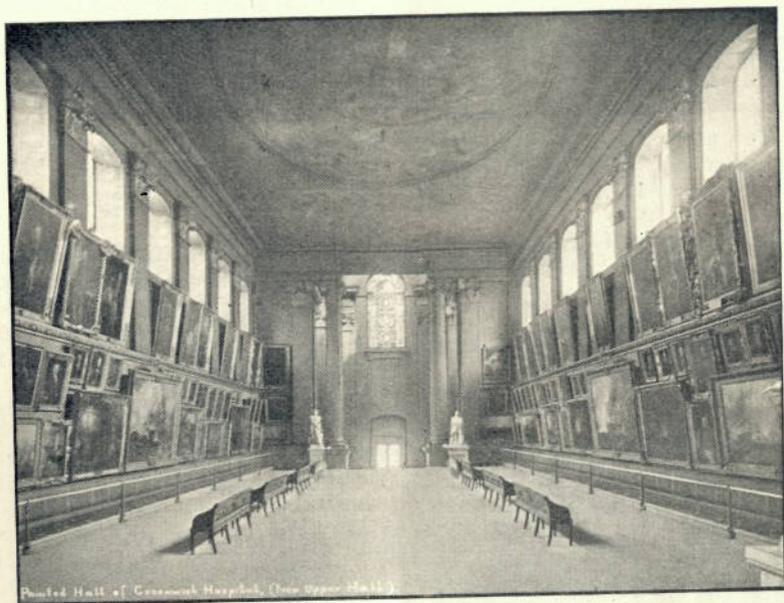
President McKinley kept his simple and homely tastes to the last. His friends were fond of saying that he resembled Napoleon, but it could only have been in his outward appearance: otherwise there was little in common between the occupant of the White House, and the man who soaked the fields of Europe with blood.

J.O.E.



# Some Pictures in the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital.

By HERBERT S. JEANS.



*Illustrated with the permission of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, by Messrs. Elliott & Fry's photographs of the pictures in the Painted Hall.*

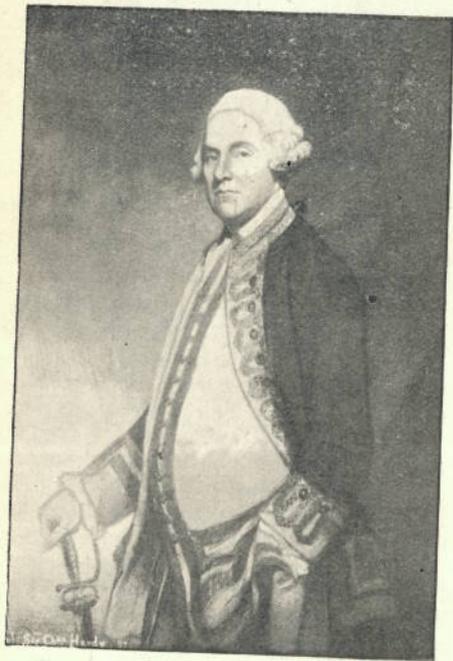
**W**E have all read of how jealously the Spaniards guarded their West Indian colonies in Drake and Hawkins' time, and with what cruelty they treated any British sailors who were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. It was but little different in the reign of George II. In 1738 a captain of the merchant service named Jenkins, presented himself at the bar of the House of Commons, and told a horrible tale of his rough usage at the hands of the Spaniards. He produced an ear which, he said, had been severed from his head by Spanish sailors in the West Indies; who had afterwards presented him with the gruesome token to an accompaniment of taunts and jeers at the English King. Similar complaints were constantly reaching the Government. The coastguard on the Spanish Main were insolent and hostile towards all British subjects with whom they had dealings. Our West Indian trade

in salt and logwood was objected to; our Carolina frontier line was impudently disputed. At length the string of vexatious acts on the part of the Spaniards grew so long that it provoked a cry for redress from all classes of the community. Admiral Vernon, who sat in the House of Commons as member for Portsmouth, arose in his place and undertook by way of reprisal to reduce Porto Bello, a Spanish stronghold on the Isthmus of Panama, with a fleet of six ships. It was a rash undertaking, but the gallant Admiral was given his six ships and permitted to try the hazard. He sailed out of Plymouth Bay on 23rd July, 1739, and on 21st November his squadron appeared off the harbour of Porto Bello. The harbour was protected by a strong fortification known as the Iron Castle. Commodore Brown in the "Hampton Court" led the attack and each ship in turn poured a broadside into this formidable defence. For a while the Spaniards

replied by considerable spirit, but their resistance was gradually beaten down by the fierce and accurate firing of the British. As the artillery fire of the defenders began to slacken, the Admiral sent the boats ashore armed with seamen, who swarmed into the Iron Castle and very quickly brought its occupants to subjection. So alarmed was the Spanish Governor by the vigorous attack and capture of his main fort, that the other defences were surrendered by him on the following day.

Thus, in a few hours, Admiral Vernon had fulfilled his boast to reduce Porto Bello with six ships of the line; and, although he has been accused of dilatoriness in subsequent engagements, the temper shewn by himself and those serving under him in this brilliant achievement, could manifestly be open to no such charge.

Admiral Sir Charles Hardy must not be confounded with the more famous Thomas Hardy, in whose arms Nelson drew his last breath. Sir Charles died before the days of St. Vincent, and the Nile and Trafalgar, yet in his day he saw a fair amount of active service. He served with Boscawen on the



coast of North America, at the commencement of the long series of engagements which ended in the taking of Quebec, and the addition of Canada to the British Empire. Subsequently, he was second in command at the battle of Quiberon Bay; that brilliant action in which 12 English ships under Hawke

destroyed the French fleet, and thus prevented the descent of an army of invasion, 18,000 strong, upon the English coast. The Army was ranged on the shore of Quiberon Bay, ready to embark on the French fleet, when Hawke came in sight of the latter, and at once prepared to attack. It was a tempestuous night in November. The sea was rolling in great waves, and the coast where the French ships lay was so dangerous from its shoals and granite reefs, that the pilot warned the British Admiral against going in.

"You have done your duty in this remonstrance," was Hawke's characteristic reply, "now lay me alongside the French Admiral."

The order was obeyed, and in a short time the greater part of the French fleet was destroyed, the few vessels that managed to get away being glad to find a refuge in the neighbouring rivers.

These adventures were followed by a peaceful period on land as Governor of Greenwich Hospital, but in 1779 Sir Charles Hardy was at sea again as Commander in Chief of the Channel Fleet, a position which he held till his death in the following year.

On a fine morning in May, 1800, a boy of 13 in midshipman's uniform, might have been seen at the Tower Stairs, London, sitting on his sea-chest with drawn dirk, defending his property against the violent raids of a crowd of porters. The boy was Charles Napier, then on his way from Edinburgh to Spithead, to join his first ship, "The Renown." Nine years later, with equal resolution, whilst Post Captain in "The Recruit," he distinguished himself in the pursuit of three French ships in the West Indies, ending in the capture of the frigate "La Hautpoult." The extraordinary gallantry displayed by Charles Napier on this occasion may best be exemplified by a remark which fell from the French Captain's lips on learning the name of the vessel to which he had surrendered.

"Recruit," he exclaimed. "No! that no recruit, that one very old soldier!"

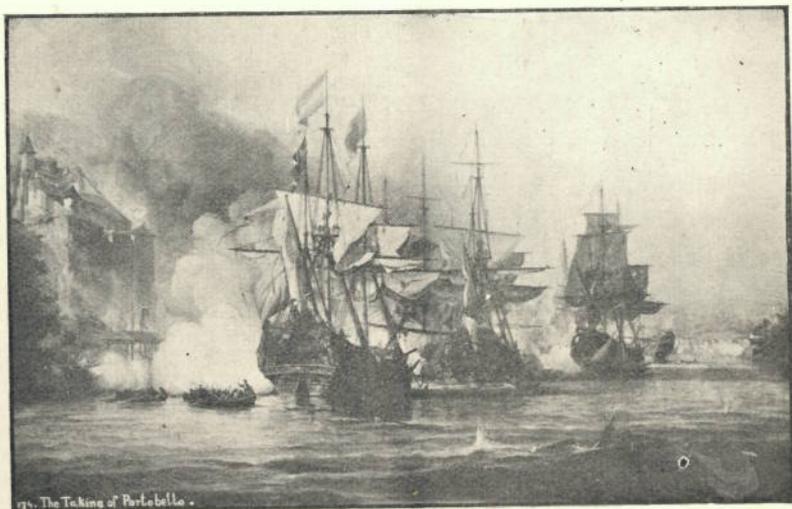
As a reward for this dashing achievement, Charles Napier was promoted by the Admiral on the Station to the rank of Captain; but on his return to England, he found that the promotion was not confirmed by the higher authorities. On this, he obtained long leave of absence, and being fond of "a bit of soldiering on land," he betook himself to the Peninsula, and surprised three of his cousins who held commissions in Wellington's army, by joining them one night, without a word of warning, as they sat round their camp fire. "Black Charles" as he was known among his friends, by reason of his dark complexion, fought and was wounded at the battle of Busaco, and he remained with the forces

until Wellington's famous retreat to the fastness of Torres Vedras. It will be remembered that by taking a position on these heights, Wellington was able to hold the French Army in check, and, finally, to compel them to retire. This inaction was not at all to Charles Napier's liking, and he caused the great General considerable amusement over the mess-table by suggesting that they should make a "boarding" dash at the enemy who lay so close to hand.

On his return to England, Captain Napier was given the command of the "Thames," a thirty-two gun frigate, with which he was sent to the Mediterranean to harass the enemy wherever the opportunity offered. During this cruise he managed to play considerable havoc among the French convoys,

he sent a challenge to the U.S. ship "Constellation." The challenge was actually accepted, and the duel between the two ships was only averted by the news of peace bringing the war to an abrupt end.

During the peaceful period which followed the year 1815, Captain Napier gave a good deal of time to his pet project of hand-power paddles. The use of this means of propulsion may seem curious to us, who have lived to see the steam-paddle superseded by the twin-screw; but it aroused considerable interest and excitement at the time. Napier's plan was to work the paddles by winches on each side along the whole length of the main deck, the united efforts of about two-thirds of the ship's company being employed to work them. By this means a speed of 3 knots an hour



besides now and then carrying out a useful little expedition on land.

In 1814 Captain Napier was in command of the "Euryalus," one of the five vessels which successfully navigated through the sandbanks and shoals of the Potomac, and seized the shipping and stores at Alexandria, the port of Washington. This was during the American War, in which the British seamen scored the memorable victory of the "Shannon" over the "Chesapeake." The captain of H.M.S. "Shannon" challenged the U.S. vessel "Chesapeake" to come out of Boston Harbour and fight a duel. The challenge was accepted, and within 15 minutes the English colours were flying from the American frigate's masthead. Charles Napier was so impressed with this brilliant achievement of a brother officer that he wished to emulate it. Two years later (in 1815) with a view to carrying out this object,

could be attained; and when a vessel was required to leave harbour and the land breeze failed, she could be paddled out to sea, until she got sufficient wind to fill her sails.

But Sir Charles Napier's most famous exploit was his victory off Cape St. Vincent on 5th July, 1833, when, with three frigates, a schooner, and a brig, mounting, in all, 176 guns, he attacked a fleet carrying 372 guns, defeated it, and actually captured two line of battle ships and two frigates, which he carried into Lagos as prizes. Captain Napier was not at that time in the English service. He had been appointed to the command of the Portuguese Navy by Don Pedro, who was endeavouring to put down the usurper Don Miguel and place the rightful claimant, Donna Maria, on the throne. Napier sighted the Miguelite fleet off Cape St. Vincent on the 13th July, and despite their overwhelming numbers, he attacked on the afternoon of the

15th. It being hopeless to expect 176<sup>g</sup> guns to fight 372, every man looked to his sword as the weapon by which victory must be won.



In the fighting that followed, Napier in his frigate out-mancœuvred the enemy's line of battle ship "Rainha," grappled her and boarded, and after a short but fierce hand-to-

hand struggle on deck, the liner surrendered. The second liner, the "Don John," later on surrendered to the frigate "Don Pedro," two frigates and a corvette also struck their colours, and before nightfall the power of Don Miguel was broken, and the crown of Portugal reverted to its lawful heir. For these services Charles Napier was created by Don Pedro, Viscount Cape St. Vincent.

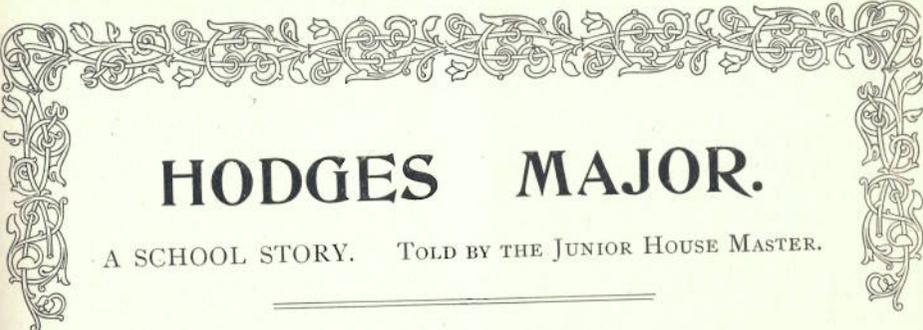
This, it must be borne in mind, was a Portuguese, not an English title. Sir John Jervis was created Earl St. Vincent by George III. for his splendid victory over the Spanish Fleet in the same waters on 14th February, 1797.

Having succeeded in his purpose of establishing Donna Maria as Queen of Portugal, Napier returned to his command in the British Navy, and in 1840 again distinguished himself in the Syrian War at the capture of Sidon and Beyrout.

In the war with Russia (1854-5) he commanded the Baltic Fleet, and with the close of that campaign the fighting career of Admiral Sir Charles Napier came to an end.

Thenceforth he devoted his energies to the improvement of sailors' surroundings both afloat and ashore. By his death in 1860, the British Navy lost one of her ablest seamen—an intrepid leader, a roving, jovial sea-dog, whose eccentricity and independence of character was shewn in every action of his life, even to the tilt of his cocked hat, which (as will be seen by the portrait) he always persisted in wearing "athwart-ships" instead of fore-and-aft, as a cocked hat is meant to be worn.





# HODGES MAJOR.

A SCHOOL STORY. TOLD BY THE JUNIOR HOUSE MASTER.

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"TALKING about the unpopularity of boys in schools," said the Junior House Master, as we all sat smoking in the Senior Master's Study one Saturday night at Warnham College, "reminds me of a fellow who was at school where I was once Junior Master. This boy was most unpopular among his fellows, but through an exciting and dangerous incident in which he played an important part, he suddenly became as great a favourite as he had erstwhile been the reverse."

"That may be so," remarked the Physics Master sceptically; "if he did anything uncommonly notorious, he would, as you say, become popular among his schoolfellows. Still, I think you would find my opinion is correct in nine cases out of ten. Let a boy once become really disliked in a school, he will never—even if he remains there some years—rise into favour again, unless he does some deed out of the common. But what about your story?"

"When I arrived at Eastover Grammar School eight years ago now," began the Junior House Master, "there seemed no doubt that Hodges major was the least liked boy in the school. Even the masters who, as a rule, are loth to notice such things, felt bound to confess in this case that Hodges was looked on as a kind of 'black sheep.' The fact was brought home forcibly to us at every hour of the day. In class-rooms, at meal times, at recreation and 'Prep,' it was self evident that the unfortunate Hodges had incurred the dislike and contumely of every boy in the school.

"It was his appearance as well as manner that made the boy disliked. Whilst two younger boys bearing the same name of Hodges were strong, hardy little fellows who entered with zest into school sports and boyish escapades, the hero of my story—a tall, lank, consumptive-looking boy—loved to retire to a corner of the playground with a book, the butt of many a sneer and gibe from his school-fellows.

"On my arrival, Hodges major had been

nearly a year at Eastover. During that time he had given—in a scholastic sense—every satisfaction to his masters, and a goodly portion of the prizes would undoubtedly fall to his share at the end of the term which was fast approaching. The golden opinions won from the masters, in addition to his peculiarities, only added to his unpopularity among the boys.

"It was a lovely day about the middle of July. Eastover was *en fete*. The friends and relations of masters and boys, together with a good sprinkling of the neighbouring gentry, were expected to appear in force shortly, to witness the celebration of aquatic sports held annually at the school. Eastover boasted a fine stretch of river flowing through its grounds, and during the last two or three months many a four oar and single skiff might have been seen practising for the events to take place that day. Beyond the Eastover property, the river narrowed down to a swift rushing stream, tumbling, bubbling and frothing over a series of rough, craggy rocks, eventually to fall with noisy uproar into a deep and dangerous chasm some twenty feet below.

"The hour of the first race drew nigh. A bell sounded, and two rival 'fours' proceeded to the dressing tent to get ready.

"The banks on either side along the 'course' by this time presented an animated, lively scene of young and old people in the brightest of summer raiment. The 'Head' was chatting affably to the ladies of his party, their bright sunshades and snowy dresses looking refreshingly cool in the blazing July sunshine. Every master had his own particular party to entertain and amuse, and each boy seemed to have someone belonging to him in that gay throng but Hodges, who remained in the background, his eyes wandering listlessly from group to group. He apparently took little or no interest in the races.

"The afternoon wore on. Each event was stoutly contested, and every race carried through without a hitch, until it came to the last event but one.

"Single Skiff Race for Juniors under 16," appeared on the notice board.

"Now then take up your positions!" shouted the starter and time-keeper, watch in hand.

"All eyes were fixed on the four skiffs doing their best to get level before the gun was fired. The race was to be round a small boat containing a red flag, anchored a mile down the stream, and back to the starting post.

"The gun was fired, and away they went. The whole school—and a great many of the guests—accompanied the competitors along the river banks, cheering and urging on their favourites. Now the boats had reached the red flag, and had all turned for the row home, with the exception of one, which suddenly appeared to have something wrong with it. The occupant was seen to lean forward to reach a scull which had fallen overboard, when the frail skiff capsized. The boy dashed the water from his eyes, and just had time to cling to the upturned keel, when the current—which ran here with considerable force—carried the hapless youth rapidly towards the seething cataract known as 'The Devil's Cauldron.'

"All was now consternation and uproar on the river bank. Men and boys shouted themselves hoarse; ladies screamed; some fainted, but above all could be heard the 'Head's' voice calling the boat-house attendants to hasten to the rescue with ropes and the necessary gear.

"But they were destined to be anticipated.

"Hodges major, who had been strolling along the river bank towards the cataract, reading a highly edifying work on the advance of science among the Ancients, soon saw what had occurred. His face lit up with an unwonted excitement. He threw his book on the grass; coat and shoes quickly followed suit; and then to the surprise and amazement of the frightened spectators, he plunged into the rushing stream.

"He'll be drowned."

"That muff can't swim" shouted some of the boys.

"Bravo! I knew there was something in the lad!" exclaimed a master.

"What is the matter Dr. Pockock?" several ladies screamed, "another boy fallen in?"

"Keep calm ladies, keep calm if you please," retorted the half-distracted 'Head,'

endeavouring to stem the crowd of frightened ladies rushing to the river's edge, "there really is no danger, and both boys will speedily be rescued."

"By this time Hodges, striking out with powerful strokes had reached the half-drowned lad, who had let go his hold on the capsized skiff, which was now racing faster than ever towards the 'Devil's Cauldron,' into which it presently disappeared.

"Hodges had seized his companion round the waist, whilst the other arm encircled a slender pillar of rock.

"Cheer after cheer rent the air.

"Hold on Hodges, there's a good chap."

"Don't let go, my brave fellow," shouted the 'Head.'

"Now then with the rope," cried a master running towards the boathouse men, who were hastening to the spot.

"The situation was critical in the extreme, as it was uncertain how long Hodges would be able to retain his hold of the slippery rock. Should he let go, there was nothing before them but a speedy and awful death.

"Be quick!" exclaimed Hodges faintly, "my strength is—almost exhausted."

"The excitement was now at fever pitch. Three times, four times, the rope, with a noose at the end, was flung at Hodges. At last to the great relief of everybody, the rope passed over his shoulders, the knot tightened, and in five or six exciting moments, which seemed like so many years, Hodges and his burden were dragged slowly to land."

"And were both unconscious?" asked the Senior House Master.

"Yes. Artificial respiration was tried, and rescuer and rescued were taken back to the school to bed."

"And what had the 'Head' to say to it all?" someone asked.

"As soon as Hodges and the rescued boy had got over the effects of the ducking, the 'Head' and all the masters—myself included—paid them a visit. We warmly congratulated Hodges on his gallant act, all of which he took in an extraordinarily humble manner. On Prize Day a silver cup bearing his name and an account of the rescue, subscribed for by masters and boys, was presented to him with a suitable speech from the 'Head.' From that day forward—it need scarcely be said, Hodges major was the most popular boy at Eastover."



## HOBBIES.

### REPOUSSÉ, or BEATEN METAL WORK.

**T**O all boys who delight in using tools, beaten metal work will be a charming occupation for their hours of leisure. The materials needed are neither expensive nor numerous, and with them many useful and ornamental articles may be made. Trays and salvers of every conceivable size and shape for pins, tobacco ashes, visiting cards, &c.; finger plates for doors and knobs to match, candle rings, designs for inlaying, jardinières, match-box holders, corner-pieces and initial plates for boxes and trunks, can all be easily made by deft-fingered boys who read this article attentively.

Sheet copper, brass, or pewter may be used, and the tools needed are a fine punch and chisel, a flat punch, a round-headed punch, a star punch, and a hammer or wooden mallet.

A block of pitch or wax to form a bed for the metal is required; also some turpentine, fine whiting, and rough soap for cleaning the articles when finished.

In taking up any fresh hobby, as in everything else, it is always wisest to begin with something simple, and, as the worker becomes more expert, to proceed to the more elaborate designs. Therefore the diagrams given herewith are purposely drawn as a guide to beginners.

The first diagram is intended as a design for any small circular tray or initial plate. The design to be transferred to the metal must first be drawn upon tracing-paper.

A piece of metal of the required size must be cut from the sheet and laid on the bed or block, right side up. The transfer must then be laid upon the metal, so that the design may be traced upon it. The outline of the design must now be cut into the metal by means of a fine punch and a hammer. Great care should be taken to secure equal force in tapping the punch with the hammer or mallet, so that the depth of the outline may be uniform. An adept in the art, of course, in working out intricate patterns, will know how to regulate the force used in outlining those parts which should be in higher relief than the others. The punch should be moved each time it is struck.

The whole outline of the design should now be visible on the *back* of the metal. Having ascertained this the worker should again lay the metal upon the block *right* side up.

The whole of the metal not included in the design is called the background, and from

this, the design, when finished, will stand out in relief.

This background must now be gently hammered with a flat punch, or roughened by being punched with a star punch. Care should be taken not to tap the punch too hard, or the metal most probably will be cut quite through and the whole thing spoiled. The beginner cannot hope to avoid accidents of this kind. Should such occur, the spoiled piece may not be altogether wasted. The good part may be used for something smaller, such as a triangular pin tray, or corner for a box, or even for a small initial plate.

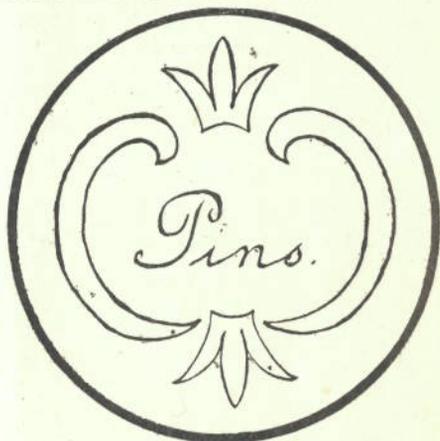


DIAGRAM I.

Actual size, diameter 4 inches.

The background being finished, the metal must be turned over on its face, so that the *back* of it, with the design in outline, is toward the worker.

Great care was needed in working upon the face of the metal, but much greater care must now be used, as, upon the manner in which the design is hammered from the back depends the whole beauty of the finished article.

The round-headed punch must be used in hammering up the design, and there are one or two points, in using it, that are important to be remembered. The punch must be kept moving all the time it is in use, and it must be struck with equal, and firm though gentle taps. The punch must not be allowed to slip beyond the outline, or the contour of the design will be destroyed.

The centre, or central line, of each form in the design must be beaten down the most, and the edges, next the outline, the least, so

as to ensure an embossed appearance on the face of the metal.

It will now be seen why a yielding surface, such as pitch or wax, must be used for the block upon which to beat the metal. The elastic nature of either of these two allows the metal to be beaten into it, as it were, while, at the same time, it receives an impression of the design itself. It would be an obvious impossibility to beat the metal into a block of wood, or iron, or stone. Then, too, by becoming embedded, so to speak, in the pitch or wax, the metal cannot slip while being operated upon.

Those parts of the design which are intended to be more raised, or in higher relief, must be more beaten up than the remainder of the design. For example, a bunch of cherries or grapes or other globe-like fruit would require a much more embossed appearance than the

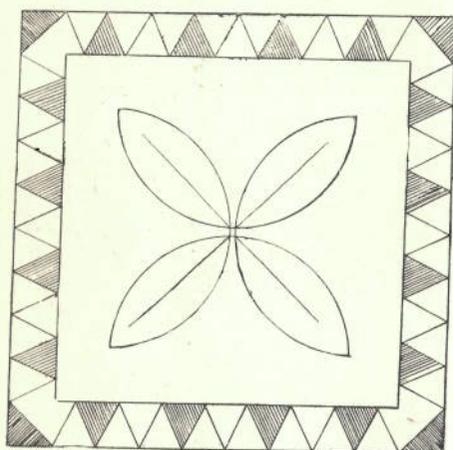


DIAGRAM II.

Actual size, 5 inches square.

spray of foliage accompanying it. In a design of growing acorns and oak-leaves on a twig, the cups of the acorns would need to be a trifle more in relief than the acorns themselves, and the acorns than the leaves.

It is not necessary to enumerate more instances, for the worker, as he progresses in the art, will himself be able to discriminate between the parts which require greater prominence and those which should simply be raised somewhat above the background.

When the whole design has been carefully beaten up, the metal should be taken from the block, cleaned, and minutely examined. Should any inequalities in the beating-up of the design be observed, the metal must again be placed upon the bed, and defects remedied.

All veins of leaves, stems of flowers, lettering, or other lines which appear upon the various objects or figures in the design, other

than the actual outlines, must be cut upon the face of the metal.

Diagram 1 should be cut a half or three-quarters of an inch greater in circumference, so as to allow an edge of that width to be turned up all round. The edge thus turned up will, of course, be very wide, and the width must be used up by fluting the edge.

It would be well to trace the outline with some instrument having a sharp strong point, to ensure correctness. The circle is intended simply to mark the size of the tray.

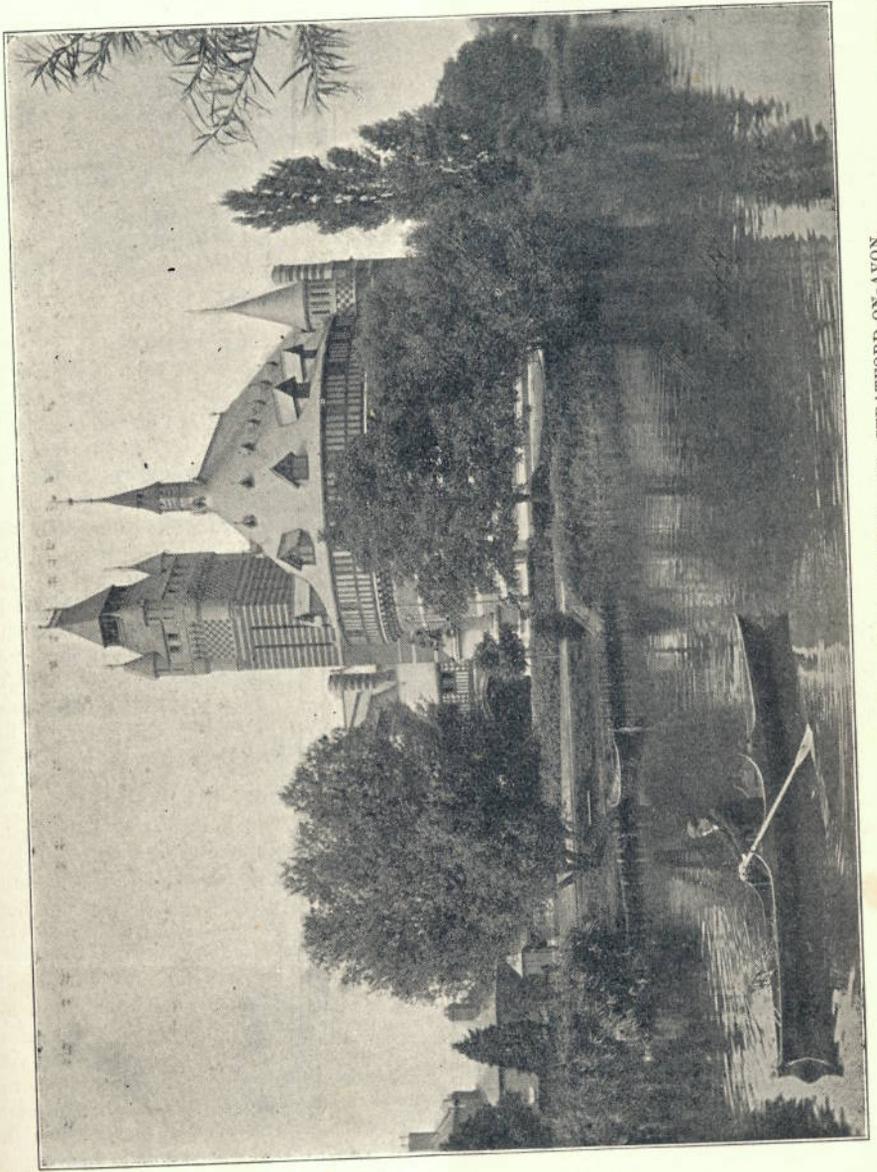
The background, outside the design, should be punched with a star punch, while the inner portion should be left smooth, to allow the cutting of the letters to be clearly seen. This would do just as well for an ash-tray, and should any boy wish to show his parents how usefully he can employ his spare time, he may make one like the diagram for his mother, and a similar one, with the word "pins" omitted and a pipe drawn on the tracing-paper in its place for his father. This would look well worked in copper or pewter, but the latter is easier for a learner to begin upon.

Diagram 2 is a trifle more difficult, and requires greater accuracy in the tracing. The central design should be well beaten up, so that it may stand out boldly in relief. The background within the border should be beaten with a flat-headed punch to break it up. The darkened triangles in the border should be cut on the surface, and the alternate ones left smooth.

A piece of metal large enough to allow of two diagrams this size being traced upon it, with a space of an inch between, may, when finished, be bent down the middle of the space, resulting in an article resembling the cover of a book. This, when placed upon a twisted wire frame with the bent side downward, will make a useful little letter-rack. Or, if the words "Out" and "In" be substituted for the central design, and the metal bent as before, and placed upon a table with the bent side upward, a very useful article will be the result.

Photograph frames, pretty backs for crumb brushes, and trays to match, stands for ink bottles, &c., may be produced by the advanced worker, but it is essential to ultimate success that the designs chosen should be judiciously graduated. Each article, upon completion, should be well cleaned with turpentine and soap, and polished with dry whiting.

Should the worker be dexterous, diligent, and endowed with good taste and fine discriminating power, some very happy hours may be spent at this pleasant occupation, and many charming presents may be given to those who will value the labour bestowed upon the articles more than their intrinsic value.



THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

## ANECDOTES.

### Wanted to be Tempted.

Willie (who had eaten his apple): "Mabel, let's play Adam and Eve. You be Eve, and I'll be Adam."

Mabel: "All right. Well?"

Willie: "Now, you tempt me to eat your apple, and I'll succumb."

\* \* \*

### Misunderstood.

A correspondent sends us the following incident that happened while he was accompanying a shooting party, which was largely made up of town-dwelling novices, who had little knowledge of field sports. They were much puzzled by the technical terms that were freely used, of course, in the drives. "Mark cock," "'Ware hen," and even "Hare to the left," were Greek to them. They learned, however, that the last phrase meant that they were to expect a hare on the left side of the line. By-and-bye, as the ill-formed line straggled too far to the left, the head keeper found it necessary to direct them to the other hand. Accordingly he called out: "Bear to the right, gentlemen; bear to the right!" The anxious gunners no sooner heard this appalling cry than they dropped their guns and swarmed up trees. They evidently expected an infuriated grizzly on the right flank, and their nerves were not equal to the strain. It took the keeper some time to explain that he only wanted them to keep to the right, and that there were no "bears" in the coverts.

\* \* \*

### No Wonder he was Wild.

The amateur cyclist strode into the second-hand bicycle dealer's shop with a look of intense rage upon his face. "Look here, this is a pretty thing you have given me. Why, it would take a steam engine to furnish power enough to run this machine!" "Why, what is the matter with it?" asked the dealer, alarmed at the growing rage of the youthful customer of the day before. "Matter! Why, you told me this was an easy-running machine, and I can't make it move. I oiled it afresh this morning, just before going out, and in five minutes, sir, it was like drawing a load of stone." "Surely you used poor oil?" "I used the stuff you gave me in the bottle. Bad enough, probably." "In the bottle? Why, my boy, I didn't give you any bottle of oil. It is in a can." "Can, eh? Well, what do you call that?" said the irate youngster, as he held up a bottle. "I put it in the bearings, just as you told me." "My dear fellow, that is liquid cement for the tyres."

### True Modesty.

King Frederick VI. of Denmark, while travelling through Jutland, one day entered a village school, and found the children lively and intelligent, and quite ready to answer his questions. "Well," he said, "what are the names of the greatest kings of Denmark?" With one accord they cried out, "Canute the Great, Waldemar, and Christian IV." Just then a youngster, to whom the school-master had whispered something, stood up and raised his hand. "Do you know another?" asked the King. "Yes; Frederick VI." "What great act did he perform?" The boy hung his head, and stammered out, "I don't know," "Be comforted, my son," said the King; "I don't know either."

\* \* \*

### Not so Bad.

Some time ago, when in Ireland, a cyclist beheld a curious spectacle. Upon turning round a bend in the road he was surprised to see a collection of household furniture scattered in every direction outside the door of a small cabin. In the midst of this scene of disorder sat an old woman. The whole scene led the tourist to believe that an eviction was taking place, so he immediately dismounted, full of sympathy, and went to her side. Placing a few silver coins in her hands, he asked her why she was evicted. "Ah, sir!" she exclaimed, after pocketing the money, "it's no eviction at all—only my man be whitewashing to-day." The cyclist rode on very quickly after that.

\* \* \*

### Duly Grateful.

At a small village church a considerable number of loaves are distributed every year on a certain Sunday a few weeks before Christmas. The bread is piled up in a huge cone in front of the altar during the service, and given at the close. On that particular Sabbath the services are, as one would expect, well attended, the building being crammed sometimes to excess. Just before the commencement of the ceremony last year the worthy vicar while passing through the crowds in the churchyard recognised several indigent members of his flock whom he knew only attended his ministrations once a year, this being the particular occasion. "Ah, Bridget," exclaimed he to an aged dame, "pleased to see you attend church, but I'm afraid," added he "you've only come for the loaves and fishes." "Fishes this year, too!" exclaimed the old lady, with a grateful smile. "Well, that will be a treat. Thankee kindly, sir." But the minister had hurried on.



1.—The first apple.

### That Parrot.

A parrot in a remote country district escaped from its cage, and settled on the roof of a labourer's cottage. When it had been there a little time the labourer caught sight of it. He had never seen such a thing before, and after gazing in admiration at the bird with its curious beak and beautiful plumage he fetched a ladder and climbed up with a view of securing so great a prize. When he had reached the level of the roof the parrot flapped a wing at him and said: "What d'ye want?" Very much taken aback, the labourer touched his cap and replied: "I beg your pardon, sir, I thought you were a bird."



2.—The tenth apple.

### One for the Farmer.

There is a story told of a conversation which Dr. Lawson, of Selkirk, once had with a farmer belonging to his congregation, in which the celebrated divine did not get the best of it. Calling on the farmer on the occasion of one of his pastoral visits, and seeing all the family assembled with one exception, he asked the farmer why his son was not present.

"He is out shooting the crows," was the reply.

"And why does he shoot the crows?" he asked.

"Because they destroy the grain," rejoined the farmer.

"The crows have as good a right to the grain as you," rejoined Dr. Lawson.

"Ay, sir," replied the farmer; "but they don't pay any rent."



3.—The fortieth apple.

## STAMP PAGE.

**N**EW varieties have not been wanting lately, but are not very interesting. The Transvaal has surcharged a couple more stamps with "E.R.I.," the half-penny, green, is already obsolete, and is likely to become a scarce stamp. A provisional half-penny (on the brown and green two-penny stamp) has been issued. Some of the stamps show the capital "H" of "Half-penny" without any bar.

No stamp with King Edward's head on it has appeared since His Majesty came to the throne, up to the time of writing, and the excitement still continues as to which colony will be first in the field with a "King's Head."

Any of our readers who have managed to secure a set of Victoria Stamps can congratulate themselves. These stamps had the words "Stamp Duty" erased from the plate. Now a further alteration has been made to several values that had not the word "postage" on them before, by the addition of this word, and it is anticipated that all the issue will be altered in the same way. The following values have already been altered:— $\frac{1}{2}$ d., green;  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d., brown on yellow; 3d., orange brown; 4d., bistre; 6d., green; 1s., orange; and 2s., blue on rose.

It is rumoured that Wurtemberg will soon cease to issue separate stamps. Collect the present issue while you can get them.

If you have any friends out at the War, ask them to look out for Orange Free State Stamps, surcharged "V.R.I.," and, in addition, "A.T."

A new set of stamps for Greece is due, of somewhat picturesque design, if report is correct.

\* \* \*

This is the moment for considering "What shall I collect?" and the answer is generally determined according to what one has immediate access. However, there seems no doubt that we should take care that our collection is complete in all the common Colonials bearing *Queen Victoria's head*. They will

become obsolete, one by one, as the stock of each stamp runs out. Some of them will, no doubt, rapidly become scarce once the critical moment arrives, and if we have any cash to spare, an investment in *unused* copies cannot result in loss. The unused stamps of the Mother Country should not be neglected. Already the  $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. is obsolete, and the manner of its death points a moral. Very few realised that it had run out of stock until they asked for it at the Post Office, and found it—gone. The same sort of fate overtook the old green shilling, and the same thing will happen to all "Victorian" stamps one by one.

To those who wish to specialise and gain Philatelic knowledge and experience, no wider (or cheaper) field lies open than that of the old English stamp with letters in the corners. The red penny, with its various watermarks, plate numbers, letters, and dies, is an excellent educator. A start can easily be made for a shilling or two. Many dealers keep a sack of old English stamps in their office, and will let you have a "dip" for a shilling or so. Or an advertisement in the *Bazaar* will bring you as much as you want for half-a-crown.

Begin on the red penny and its plate numbers, and you will find a winter's work in securing copies of plates 71 to 224, and another winter's work in securing a copy of plate 225, which is hard to find. A text book is necessary, or a philatelic friend who will tell you what to look for and how to look for it.

The dealers are all saying that an excellent "Stamp" season is expected, and we all hope it is true. The War stamps set people collecting, and once a collector always a collector.

We still have a weakness for blank albums—for one thing they are so cheap,—their paper is better than the cheap German "Stamp Album," and they give the beginner a chance of rectifying his mistakes by re-arranging a page or a book whenever he desires.

