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EVERY BOY'S AND YOUNG MAN'S  
STORY AND HOBBY PAPER.

No. 248, Vol. V.

EVERY WEDNESDAY—ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 18, 1908.



The flag told Chippy that he stood in the presence of the patrol leader, and he gave the full salute. But Arthur did not return it. "Who are you?" he demanded. "My name's Slynn," replied the other. "But they gen'ly call me Chippy. I come over wi' a little challenge. Our patrol 'ud like to have a fren'ly try wi' yourn, at any sort o' scoutin' ye like."



# Cliveden's Little Mystery

Another of  
CHARLES HAMILTON'S  
Popular  
Complete School Stories.



## The 1st Chapter. Grahame Wants Information!

**H**AVE you seen Philpot?" It was Grahame, a prefect at Cliveden College, who asked the question, and the individual he addressed was Lincoln G. Poindexter, of the Fourth Form. Poindexter stopped in the passage, and looked at the prefect. Grahame's face was dark with anger, and boded no good to the junior he was inquiring for when he found him. "Do you hear me?" rapped out Grahame. "Have you seen Philpot?" "I guess so," drawled the American junior, in his easy way. "Where?" "In the Close."

"In the Close? It is dark out there—and raining," grunted Grahame, evidently not disposed to brave the rain in search of Philpot, anxious as he seemed to find him. "Can't help it," said Poindexter. "That's where I saw him."

"Oh, very well." And Grahame started off; and then, catching a peculiar grin upon the face of the American youth, he stopped again. "When did you see him in the Close, Poindexter?" he asked. Poindexter looked very thoughtful. "When? Let me see. It was some time this morning, I know, because I spoke to him just before we went into morning lessons."

"You young hound!" roared Grahame, making a dart at the American junior. But Poindexter was ready for him, and was off like a shot. Chuckling to himself at the little joke upon the ill-tempered prefect, Poindexter scudded along the passage to his own study, No. 4 in the Fourth Form. The prefect, with a dark scowl upon his face, followed him. Poindexter dashed up to the study, rather startling two juniors who were lounging in the doorway. They were his chums, Flynn and Neville of the Fourth—the famous partners in the Cliveden Combine.

"Sure, and where are ye runnin' to, ye spalpeen ye!" exclaimed Micky Flynn, as he was sent staggering against the door-post. "Ye wild omadhaun!" "It's that bully, Grahame," said Dick Neville. "Line up!" "I guess so!" gasped Poindexter. The Combine "lined up," and Grahame halted. He was a Sixth-Former, a burly fellow, and had the authority of a prefect; but the Combine looked rather too dangerous to be lightly tackled. "I guess you'd better go slow, pardner," drawled Lincoln G. Poindexter. "You young scoundrels!"

"Oh, draw it mild, Grahame. What would the Head say if he heard a prefect talking like that?" said Poindexter, looking shocked. "Faith, and he'd give Grahame the order of the boot intirely," said Flynn; "and sure, that would be a good thing too, darlings." "Rather!" said Neville heartily. "Better behave yourself, Grahame, or we shall really have to see about getting you sacked." The prefect glared at them. "Have you seen Philpot?" he said at last. "I want to see him most particularly, and he's not in his study or in the common-room." Neville grinned. "Well, I have seen him, as a matter of fact," he said. "But I'm not going to tell you, Grahame. You're a beastly bully, you know. I can guess what you want him for."

"What was the omadhaun ather you for, alanna?" Poindexter chuckled. "He wanted to know if I had seen Philly, and I told him yes—in the Close before morning school! That seemed to annoy him. But, I say, Neville, do you really know where Philpot is all this time?" "Yes, rather. I saw him go into No. 10 a little while back—Pankhurst and Price's study, you know. And they must be having a long jaw, too; he's been in there at least ten minutes now. He was looking very down in the mouth." The American shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps he's in a difficulty again. You remember we fished him out of one last week, by finding the four pounds for him. Perhaps he's giving Panky and Price a turn this time." "Shouldn't wonder. Hallo, there's the kettle boiling over! Come in and have tea." And the Cliveden Combine entered their study.

## The 2nd Chapter. Friends in Need!

**P**HILPOT, whom Grahame the prefect was so anxious to discover, was indeed in No. 10 study at that time, the quarters of Pankhurst and Price. Pankhurst and Price, the red-headed chums of the Fourth, and the deadly rivals of the Combine, were having tea when Philpot came in, and they looked at him with anything but favour. "I say, Panky," began Philpot, in a deprecating manner. "Do you?" said Pankhurst, cutting the loaf. "I say—"

"Grahame is looking for me."

"Oh!" said Pankhurst. "Can I stay?" "Yes, of course you can," grunted Pankhurst. "This isn't a likely place for Grahame to look for you, anyway. Sit down and have some tea." "I'd rather—"

"Oh, rats! Sit down! Here's another cup, Pricey; fill it up for our distinguished guest, Shylock. What's the trouble with Grahame, Philly?" Philpot sat down. "He wants me to go down to the Green Man in Clivebank with a message, and I'm not going to," he said. Pankhurst stared at him again. "You've been down there often enough," he said. "What do you mean? Are you turning over a new leaf?"

"Yes, that's it." "Honest Injun?" "Yes, I tell you." "Well, if that's a fact, we'll stand by you," said Pankhurst more affably. "Of course, you know you've always been a disgrace to the Fourth Form at Cliveden, Philly, and if you're thinking of becoming decent, you ought to be backed up."

"Quite so," said Price. "You've been to that rotten place often enough of your own accord, and you ought to have had a hiding each time," went on Pankhurst. "But if you're going to be decent, Grahame has no right to send you there. I'd tell him so to his face. I'd like to hear what Mr. Lanyon would say if he knew!" "He wouldn't know," said Philpot miserably; "and if I complained about Grahame licking me, the rotter would have some jolly good excuse ready. He would say I had checked him, or that he had found me out in lending money among the juniors."

"Oh, rats! Travel!" "Quite so," said Price. Philpot bit his lip. He was on the worst of terms with the Old Firm of Cliveden. He was known as the cad of the Fourth, and on more than one occasion the Old Firm had been down on him for rascally ways—little ways that had brought him within measurable distance of expulsion. It was by an alliance between the Old Firm and the Combine that Philpot had been stopped in his secret practice of lending money at interest among the juniors of Cliveden. Such a character was not likely to get on well with a couple of frank, wholesome lads like Pankhurst and Price. But Philpot did not take Pankhurst's very broad hint that his room was preferable to his company. "I say, Panky, I haven't come to tea."

"That was very thoughtful of you," said Pankhurst. "I only want to stick in here for a bit." Pankhurst stared at him. "What on earth for?" "Grahame is looking for me."

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**GREAT NEW CRICKET TALE,**  
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**THE BOYS' REALM, 1D.**

"Yes, that's very likely; and it would be true, too. And you're known to be such a liar that a word you said wouldn't be believed," Pankhurst remarked. "It's a case of turning over a new leaf under difficulties, I know."

"Quite so. Have some of these jam tarts, Philly. They're good." "Thank you, Price. But—"

"Get 'em down. Then try some of these cream puffs. I say, Panky, we shall have to back up Philly somehow. If he's trying not to be a cad, he ought to be supported."

"That's what I think," said Pankhurst. "So Grahame is looking for you to give you a hiding, Philly?" Philpot shivered. "Yes."

"And you don't want to take it?" "No. If you could advise me—"

"Oh, I can give you a lot of advice," said Pankhurst. "If you've got grit enough to follow it, you're all right. Stand up against the rotter like a Briton. If he licks you, go for his shins. No matter if he half kills you. Kick as hard as you can every time, and he'll soon get tired of licking you. He'd soon stop trying to send you to the pub, if you won't go, and he has a row over it every time. Of course, you'll get hurt. But you must regard that as a punishment for having been a rotten cad for such a long time. What are you grinning at, Price, you ass?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I don't see anything to cackle at myself." "Well, I was thinking that that method isn't exactly the one Philpot wants. He doesn't like lickings."

"I don't," said Philpot. "I—I'm not like you fellows. I—I can't bear pain, you know." Pankhurst sniffed contemptuously. "Then you ought to learn. How do you expect to keep your end up in a world like this if you're always soft. A chap with a backbone in him can always stand a little pain."

"But I—I—"



The Old Firm had gone into the school tuck-shop. The Combine followed them in, and found Pankhurst and Price busily making purchases, which the latter was packing into a basket. "Hallo! Going on a picnic, Panky?" asked Neville. Pankhurst turned rather red. "Oh, rats!" he exclaimed. "You three kids are always poking your noses into things."



**CLIVEDEN'S LITTLE MYSTERY.**

(Continued from the previous page.)

**The 3rd Chapter.**

**Grahame Backs Down!**

PANKHURST smiled agreeably. "Anything we can do for you, Grahame?" he asked. "You're looking bothered about something."

"You young villain!"

"What a nice way he has of speaking. Your people must be proud of you, Grahame—I don't think. You must be an ornament to the family circle."

The prefect panted with rage, but the hot teapot and the ready pat of butter made him hesitate.

"Let that rat Philpot come out, Pankhurst!"

"Rats!"

"I'm going to lick him!"

"Your mistake; you're not."

"Will you—"

"No!"

"Then I'll break your confounded neck!" roared Grahame, completely losing his temper, and he rushed furiously at the Old Firm.

Philpot gave a whimper, and dodged behind the table. But Pankhurst and Price stood their ground manfully.

A spout of hot tea came from the pot, and dashed over Grahame's hands and chest, and he gave a yell. The next moment the teapot was knocked to the floor, and broke into a dozen pieces, and Pankhurst was in the grip of the bully.

"Now then!" panted Grahame.

"Quite so!" gasped Price, as he slammed the pat of butter into Grahame's left eye, and dashed his fist into the other.

The prefect whooped wildly. Pankhurst tore himself free, and caught up a couple of tarts from the tea-table, one in either hand. To slam them upon the greasy countenance of the prefect was the work of a moment.

"Get the poker, Philly!"

Philpot did not stir; but Price had the poker in hand in a moment. Pankhurst caught up a cricket bat. Grahame rubbed butter and jam out of his eyes madly, and glared at the juniors. But he had had enough. He could have hurt them, but not so much as he would have been hurt himself.

"I—I'll remember this!" he muttered savagely as he turned towards the door.

Pankhurst chuckled.

"I hope you will, Grahame," he said. "It will be a lesson to you about coming into our study without an invitation. Nice sort of a chap you are to visit two good and respectable youths like us, anyway."

Grahame stamped out of the study and slammed the door savagely.

"Good riddance," said Pankhurst.

"Quite so," said Price.

"Buck up, Philly! You see, he always backs down if you've got nerve," said Pankhurst encouragingly. "You've only got to stick it out long enough, you know, and take a few hard knocks."

The prospect did not seem to please Philpot.

"This will make him worse than ever," he said.

"I shan't dare to face him after this. He'll take it all out of me for what you've done."

"I shouldn't wonder! Then what price the old tower for a bit? If you're willing to face the row at the finish—"

"Quite so."

"It's better than running away from school, anyway," said Pankhurst. "We'll stand by you and get you grub, and that sort of thing, and come and see you there. It will be a lesson to Grahame."

Philpot nodded.

"It would make a fearful row," he said.

"Let it," said Pankhurst cheerfully.

"You fellows will stand by me?"

"Yes, rather! Why, the mere fact that you are trying to turn over a new leaf and be decent makes us regard you as a long-lost brother," said Pankhurst. "We'll stand by you to the last shot in the locker, and the last stale bun in the cupboard."

Philpot grinned faintly.

"I think I shall do it. I dare not face Grahame again; and it's no good appealing to the Form-master; he would believe a prefect sooner than me."

"That's one of the disadvantages of getting a

reputation as an amateur Ananias, my son," said Pankhurst. "Better turn over a new leaf in that line too, while you're about it. I know it will come a bit painful to you at first to tell the truth, but you must do it by degrees, and gradually accustom yourself to the change. Now sit down and finish your tea. We've busted a teapot in standing up for you, so mind you don't have any backslidings. If you really improve we are willing to sacrifice the family teapot on the altar of your reformation."

Philpot finished his tea with the Old Firm, and carefully scouted in the passage before leaving the study, fearful that Grahame the prefect might be lying in wait for him. But the coast was clear—Grahame had evidently given up the matter for the present. After all, he could lay his finger upon the victim at almost any time. The prefect was, as a matter of fact, in his study at that moment, talking to his chum Carr—a Sixth-Former, and a bully like Grahame himself.

"He wouldn't take my message down to the Green Man," said Grahame, with a vicious snap of the teeth. "He seems to be turning over a new leaf or something."

Carr chuckled.

"That's not much in Philpot's line, old man. He's got some new swindle on, more likely."

"I don't know; he was rather thick with those whelps in No. 4 last week, and you know they're always up against anything they regard as—"

"As blackguardly," suggested Carr.

"I don't mean that. They're down on sporting proclivities of any kind, I mean. They may have been backing up Philpot in reforming."

"It won't last long then, I fancy."

Grahame gritted his teeth.

"That it won't! I'll cut it out of him!"

"Good. Never mind now, though; let's go down to the village, and we may as well call in at the Green Man ourselves. I owe Twigg his revenge at a game of billiards."

"Right you are."

And the precious pair were soon gone.

**The 4th Chapter.**

**Grahame Has a Shock!**

"HALLO! What's the matter with Grahame?"

Pointdexter uttered the words sharply. The Combine were coming along the lower passage at Cliveden, when the prefect came out of his study, and met them face to face. It was late in the evening, and Grahame had only recently come in.

The prefect's face was strangely pale, and his eyes had a half-furious, half-frightened look that was very curious to see.

The three chums stopped in amazement and alarm. They did not like Grahame, but he looked as if he had had a terrible shock.

"I say, what's the matter?" asked Pointdexter anxiously. "Are you ill, Grahame?"

"No," muttered the prefect thickly.

"Bad news, I guess," said Pointdexter, noticing a note crumpled up in the prefect's hand. Grahame hastily thrust the paper into his pocket.

"No, no! Have you seen Philpot?"

"My hat!" said Dick Neville. "Still looking for Philly?"

"Oh, if that's all—" began Pointdexter.

"Stop! Have you seen Philpot! It's—it's important. I'm afraid something has happened to him."

"Phew."

"Have you seen him?"

"No," said Pointdexter. "I guess not." He looked curiously at the prefect. "What have you done to him?"

Grahame started violently.

"I? Nothing! Who says I have done anything to him?"

"Nobody that I know of," said Pointdexter cheerfully. "But if anything's happened to him, I suppose it was through you—"

"It's a lie—it's—I say, will you go and find him. I—I promise you that I'm not going to lick him. I—I believe this is a joke of his, but—"

"What's a joke of his?"

"Nothing. Only—only find him. It's—it's important."

"You're not going to lick him—honour bright?"

"Yes, yes."

"Then we'll find him for you," said Pointdexter, impressed by the prefect's strange, anxious manner. "Come on, kids."

The Combine went on their way. Grahame

descended the stairs, and the chums, glancing back, saw that his walk was strangely unsteady.

"Well, of all the giddy mysteries!" exclaimed Pointdexter. "What do you make of that, chaps?"

"Faith, and it's nothin' I can make of it intirely."

"Same here," said Neville, looking puzzled. "I suppose Grahame hasn't really hurt Philpot, has he, or anything of that kind?"

"Can't make it out. Let's go and see Panky and Price. Philly was with them the last we heard of him."

"Good."

The Combine hurried to No. 10 study, but it was empty, and in darkness. The junior common room was drawn blank, also; the Old Firm were not there. But just as the Combine came out of the common-room they met the red-haired chums in the passage. The rain on the Old Firm's clothes showed that they had been out of doors.

"Hallo! Where have you been, kids?" exclaimed Neville.

"Minding our own business, infants," grinned Pankhurst.

"Quite so," said Price.

"Have you seen Philpot?"

Pankhurst looked thoughtful.

"Do you mean to-day or yesterday?"

"To-day, fathead. He was in your study about tea-time."

"So he was, now I come to think of it."

"Quite so."

"Well, where is he now?"

"Can you see him, Price?" asked Pankhurst gravely.

Price looked up and down the passage, and felt

in his pockets, and then shook his head in most solemn way in the world.

"No, I can't, Panky," he said.

"I can't, either," said Pankhurst. "Do you want to see him very particularly, kids?"

"Yes. Grahame wants him."

"Ha, ha, ha! Grahame had better find then."

"But—"

"Oh, come on, Price, we can't stay talking night to these bounders."

"Quite so, Panky."

And the Old Firm walked away grinning. The Combine looked after them in rather weird amazement.

"They know something about it," said Neville.

"I guess so. There's a pesky mystery somewhere, and I'm blessed if I can guess what it is," said the puzzled American. "Let's go on."

The Combine inquired right and left. But one had seen Philpot since tea-time; no one had noticed or cared where he had been or what he had been doing. The Combine returned at last to Grahame's study. They found the prefect sitting at a crumpled paper. He thrust it hastily into a pocket as the juniors came in. It was evidently the same paper they had seen in his hand in the passage before.

"Have you seen anything of him?" asked the prefect eagerly.

"No. He doesn't seem to be in the school, nobody appears to have seen him lately," Pointdexter.

Grahame muttered something.

(Continued on the next page.)

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"Perhaps he's gone somewhere for a master or prefect," Neville suggested. Grahame shook his head. "I've inquired; he hasn't." "Look here," said Poindexter bluntly. "Do you really think that anything may have happened to him, Grahame?" "How should I know?" said Grahame uneasily. "I don't suppose for a moment that anything has happened to him." But his trembling lips gave the lie to his words. "You do think so, I guess," said Poindexter deliberately. "And if anything has happened, you know something about it, too." "You young liar! Get out of my study." The Combine left the room. "I guess there's something wrong somewhere," said Poindexter. And ere long it was certain that the American youth "guessed" correctly. For when bedtime came for the Fourth Form, Philpot did not take his place with the rest of the juniors to march up to the dormitory. Philpot was missing!

### The 5th Chapter.

#### The Disappearance of Philpot!

HERE is Philpot? Trevelyan, the captain of Cliveden, whose duty it happened to be that night to see lights out in the Fourth Form dormitory, asked the question. It was a question which no one could—or would—answer. Philpot was not in his place, and the amazement in his Form-fellows' faces showed that they did not know what had become of him. "Where is Philpot?" Trevelyan was puzzled. He was seen to speak in a low voice with Mr. Lanyon, the master of the Fourth Form, and Mr. Lanyon looked puzzled, too. The Form-master questioned some of the juniors, but the replies were unsatisfactory. No one had seen Philpot for a couple of hours at least.

"Go up to bed," said Trevelyan. "This will be looked into." The Fourth Form, greatly wondering, went up to the dormitory. The Combine were greatly troubled in their minds. Philpot's absence at bedtime was a pretty clear proof that something unusual had happened, and they were anxious about him. Of late the cad of the Fourth had shown symptoms of a desire to turn over a new leaf; and the chums of No. 4 were rather interested in his progress. "Worried about something, kids?" asked Pankhurst, glancing towards the Combine as the Fourth Form slowly undressed. "I guess so," said Poindexter abruptly. "Do you know where he is, Panky?" "My dear chap, how should I know?" "I believe he's run away," said Gatty. Poindexter started. "What makes you think that, Gatty?" "He said he was going to." "What for?" "Because Grahame was always licking him." "He'd never have the nerve to run away," said Neville, shaking his head. "Besides, we saw him after locking up." "Bounds have been broken before now," said Greene, shaking his head. "Well, that's true." "If he hasn't run away, where is he?" said Gatty.

"Answer that if you can," said Pankhurst. "Why do you believe he's run away from school, Panky?" "My dear chap, it's not a question of what I believe; I settle it on the evidence," said Pankhurst, with a yawn. "I believe I'm sleepy, and I'm going to bed." Trevelyan came in to see lights out. He was looking rather troubled. Several fellows were seated on Gatty's bed, talking to him. They were urging him that it was his duty to tell the Cliveden captain what he knew. "Now, then, bed!" said Trevelyan. "Don't bother me now." "Gatty's got something to tell you," said Myers. "No time now." "It's about Philpot." The captain of Cliveden was all attention at once. "Do you know anything about Philpot, Gatty?" "Only what he said to me, Trevelyan," said Gatty, uncomfortably. "Tell me what it was." "He said he was going to run away from school because Grahame was always licking him," said Gatty. Trevelyan compressed his lips. "When did he say that?" "This evening just before tea. Grahame

was looking for him at the time, to lick him for something or other." "Thank you. I am glad you have told me that, Gatty. Good-night, boys!" "Good-night, skipper!" Trevelyan turned out the light and left the dormitory. "Did you see the look on his face?" muttered Poindexter. "He's going to see Grahame about it. I don't envy Grahame during the next ten minutes, I guess." Poindexter was right. Trevelyan went straight from the Fourth Form dormitory to the study of the bully of the Sixth. He tapped at the door and walked straight in. Grahame started up nervously. He had been sunk in a chair before the fire, which was nearly out. His face was pale, and there were drops of perspiration on his brow. He gave the captain of Cliveden a haggard look. "Do you know what has become of Philpot, Grahame?" asked Trevelyan, in his direct way. "How should I know?" muttered Grahame hoarsely.

"You look as if you knew something," said the Cliveden captain, eyeing him keenly. "What is the matter with you?" "I'm not—I'm not feeling quite well." "Gatty says that Philpot declared it was his intention to run away because you were always licking him," said Trevelyan abruptly. Grahame shivered. "It's not true." "How do you know it's not true?" "Well, I don't suppose it is." "I knew you were a brute to the juniors as a rule," said Trevelyan, in measured tones; "but I thought that you and Philpot were birds of a feather. And I have never noticed how you treated him. Have you ill-used him lately?" "I may have licked him once or twice. He deserved it."

"And you cannot throw any light upon his disappearance?" "How should I know anything about it?" "Do you, as a matter of fact, know anything?" There was a pause. "No," said Grahame desperately. "Very well. I must go and tell the Head what I have discovered, so that the boy can be searched for. The police must be communicated with." The prefect shuddered. "The police!" "Of course. It's plain that he has run away from school; and he must be found and brought back as quickly as possible. Then"—and Trevelyan's tone became hard and significant—"then will come an inquiry as to why he ran away."

And the Cliveden captain quitted the room. As soon as he was alone Grahame let his white face fall into his hands. "Has he run away? Oh, if it is only nothing worse!" the wretched senior groaned.

### The 6th Chapter.

#### The Combine on the Track.

THE next day all Cliveden knew that Philpot had run away from school. His place was empty at the breakfast-table and in chapel, and his desk had an unoccupied space in the Fourth Form class-room. Philpot was gone! He had not been liked. The boys had nicknamed him "Shylock" and the "Cad of the Fourth." But now that he had taken such a desperate step there were few who did not feel some concern about him. To run away from school was a serious offence. It might mean expulsion as a punishment. It would certainly mean a severe flogging; and Dr. Rayne, kind headmaster as he was, knew how to lay it on when occasion required. There was a rough time in store for Philpot when he was recaptured. That he would be recaptured seemed certain. The junior could only, at the best, reach home, and then he would be sent back to school as a matter of course. The desperate step of running away was as futile as it was desperate.

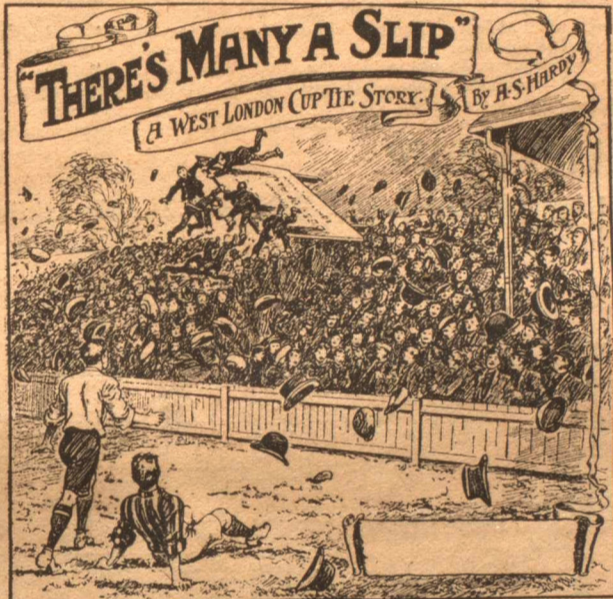
The Combine were concerned about the disappearance of Philpot, and almost equally so by their conviction that the Old Firm had the clue to the secret. Philpot had perhaps consulted the Old Firm about running away, or they had learned something about it. At all events, Poindexter "guessed" that they knew more than they told, and Poindexter, as usual, guessed correctly. "Panky wouldn't grin like that if he wasn't up to something behind our backs," said Poindexter, as the Old Firm passed the Combine in the Close after morning school. "He knows something we don't know."

"Faith, and let's knock their heads together till they're ather explainin'," was Micky Flynn's brilliant suggestion. "I guess we couldn't knock the secret out that way, Micky," said Poindexter, with a shake of the head. "Philly seems to have really run away," Neville remarked. "There's no sign of him about Cliveden. It was a silly thing to do. It will show up Grahame; but Philpot will have a painful time with the Head afterwards if he comes back." "There's something about it I don't understand," said Poindexter, wrinkling his brows. "Those red-headed images are up to it; and we're not."

"Faith, and that won't do intoirely. It's derogatory to our dignity as heads of the Form," said Micky Flynn. "As a descendant of the ancient kings of Ireland, I can't—"

"Oh, blow the ancient kings of Ireland!" "Is it a thick ear ye're lookin' for, Punt-pusher?" "Rats! What's this little secret Panky and Price have got between them. That's what we've got to find out." "Sure and we can only do that by shadowing them, Puntdodger, darling." Poindexter looked dubious. "I don't know about shadowing people in broad daylight," he remarked. "However, I suppose it can't do any harm, if it doesn't do any good."

"Faith, and it's right ye are." "Come along, then." The Old Firm had gone into the school tuckshop. The Combine followed them in, and found Pankhurst and Price busily making purchases, which the latter was packing into a basket. The chums looked at them curiously. "Hallo! Going on a picnic, Panky?" asked Neville. Pankhurst turned rather red. He was evidently not best pleased at being found in his present occupation by the Cliveden Combine. "Oh, rats!" he exclaimed. "Funny thing that you three kids are always poking your noses into things." "My dear chap, if it's a picnic we'll come with you with pleasure," said Poindexter liberally. "Never shall it be said that the Cliveden Combine refused to share a feed with anybody, friend or foe." Pankhurst sniffed. "Well, it isn't a picnic; so cut."



A dramatic incident from the powerful, complete football story in this week's "Boys' Realm." Now on sale, 1d.

"Ah, it's a study feed, I suppose. Never mind; we'll be just as pleased to come along to No. 10 with you and—"

"It isn't a study feed." "What is it, then?" "Oh, rats!" The Combine looked rather surprised. They called for ginger-pop, and consumed it while Pankhurst and Price finished packing the little basket and carried it out of the tuckshop. Poindexter dragged his chums to the door the moment the Old Firm were gone. "Come on," he muttered. "We've got to keep them in sight." "What's the game?" "That grub in the basket. What do you think they want it for?" "Blessed if I know, if it isn't a feed." "It's to take to somebody." "Eh? I suppose Panky and Price haven't started in business in the catering line, have they?" "Yes, I believe so—and I believe they're catering for Philpot!" whispered Poindexter excitedly.

Neville and Flynn gave a simultaneous jump. "Philpot!" "I guess so." "Faith, and sure I—"

"I told you they knew something about it all along. They weren't at all anxious like the rest of us over Philpot's disappearance. They know where he is," said Poindexter, with conviction. "My hat!" "I don't believe he's left Cliveden at all. It's all a wheeze up against Grahame. He's hiding somewhere about." "But where?" "Well, there are lots of places—the ruined priory, or the old tower," said Poindexter. "Let's have a hunt for him," suggested Neville eagerly. Poindexter shook his head. "I guess not. We'll just keep Panky and Price in sight. If they are going to feed him, they will have to get that basket to him, and that's where we come in." Neville and Flynn chuckled. "Good! Let's get on with the shadowing, then." The Combine kept the Old Firm in sight. Pankhurst was carrying the basket. He looked back several times, and appeared annoyed to see the Combine still in sight. The Old Firm strolled into the gym, and so did the Combine a minute later. They strolled out again, and wandered down to the ruined

Priory of Cliveden; and the Combine wandered down there at their heels. Then they strolled round the old tower, and the Combine strolled round the old tower, too. Finally Pankhurst and Price stopped and waited for the chums of No. 4 to come up.

"What are you following us about for?" demanded Pankhurst, looking rather dangerously at his rivals of the Fourth Form. "Quite so," said Price, clenching his fists. The Combine looked at them in innocent surprise. "Following you about?" repeated Poindexter. "Faith, and is it followin' ye about ye're manin'?" said Flynn. "Rats!" said Neville. "You know jolly well that you're following us about," exclaimed Pankhurst, rather excitedly. "What do you mean by it?" "Is that a conundrum?" asked Poindexter blandly.

"Look here—" "Quite so!" "Oh, go on, I like to hear your pretty voices," said Poindexter encouragingly. "What are you following us about for, then?" "Perhaps it's because we think a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, and so we don't want to lose sight of you," said Poindexter reflectively. "Perhaps it's like the moths we are, and can't resist the attraction of the flame," said Micky Flynn, with a glance at Pankhurst's red hair. "You rotters! Come on, Pricey." The Old Firm stalked away indignantly. Fast on their track, never losing sight of them for a moment, went the Cliveden Combine. Pankhurst looked back again and sniffed. "They smell a mouse, Pricey." "Quite so." "We shall have to leave this till after afternoon school."

"My hat! Philly will get deuced hungry." "He'll have to stand it. It will be a punishment for running away from school, anyway," said Pankhurst, rather unreasonably. "Come on, I'm going in." The Old Firm went in. And the Cliveden Combine chuckled gleefully. They remained on the watch till the bell rang for afternoon classes, and then they stalked the Old Firm to the classroom. They passed Grahame in the passage, as he went towards the Sixth Form-room. The prefect was looking white and shaky, and his looks had attracted the attention of others besides the juniors. Poindexter noticed that Pankhurst and Price looked rather uneasy during class.

"They know we're on the track, I guess," the American chum whispered, when Mr. Lanyon's back was turned. "I guess we'll do the shadowing after school a little more cunningly. No need to give ourselves away. We'll keep out of sight, and keep an eye on the bouders, and let them guide us to the spot where they've hidden Philpot." "Good wheeze," said Neville. "Faith, and it's a janus ye are, Puntdodger," said Micky Flynn.

### The 7th Chapter.

#### Philpot Turns Up!

"CAN you see those rotters?" "No, Panky." "Good! I suppose they've given it up. Come on."

Pankhurst and Price came quickly out of their study, in the dusk of the April evening. They scudded down the passage, Pankhurst carrying the basket, and left the school-house. A glance round into the shadows showed nothing suspicious, and the Old Firm darted off towards the old tower of Cliveden.

Then three dim forms detached themselves from the black shadows of the ancient elms. "There they are!" muttered Neville. "Faith, and ye're right. They've gone towards the old tower." "And I guess Panky had the basket of grub in his hand."

"Sure and I saw it, Puntdodger." "Come on, kids. We're on this." The Combine had been watching for the Old Firm to come out. The dusk favoured them. As they scudded after the red-headed chums through the dusk of the Close, they heard a creaking of rusty hinges through the gloom. It was a proof that the Old Firm were going into the old disused tower.

"Quiet now," whispered Poindexter. The Combine reached the ancient door of the tower. It was ajar. The Old Firm had not quite closed it, on account of the noise the rusty hinges made. The interior, as Poindexter peeped in, was intensely dark. There was no sound, and it was pretty plain that Pankhurst and Price had gone up the spiral staircase. Poindexter carefully prised open the stiff door. It creaked a little, but he had only to pull it back a few inches to make the opening wide enough for the chums to squeeze through.

They squeezed in, and found themselves in the dense darkness of the old tower. It was the first time they had entered it since a famous occasion when they had been trapped and made prisoners there by Panky and Price, and Poindexter grinned in the darkness at the recollection of that little adventure. It was the Combine's turn now. "Quiet!" he whispered again.

They felt and groped their way to the spiral stair, and mounted slowly up the heavy stone steps. At the second turn of the staircase a glimmer of light fell upon their eyes. It came from a deep recess in the staircase wall, a kind of stone cell without a door. There had been a door once, but it had yielded centuries before to the ravages of time.

Poindexter made a sign of caution to his comrades. Keeping close to the wall, they stole on cautiously, and looked from the gloom into the lighted cell.

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"Philpot!" whispered Poindexter. The American chum's suspicions were correct. A bicycle lantern was burning in the little cell, and its light showed Pankhurst and Price leaning against the stone wall, talking to a junior who was sitting on a camp stool, unpacking the basket. It was Philpot!

The missing junior was found! Philpot's face was rather pale in the light. He did not seem to have had a pleasant time since taking up his quarters in the old tower. Pankhurst was speaking, and the sound of his voice came clearly to the ears of the Combine.

"Are you game to stick it out for another night, Philly? I don't think you should. The Head is anxious, and he's a good old sort."

"I'm thinking of Grahame," said Philpot. "I'm jolly hungry. Why couldn't you fellows come before?"

"Couldn't be did; those rotters from No. 4 were watching us. They smelt a rat. About Grahame—I don't think you'd bear him much of a grudge now, Philly, if you saw him."

Philpot grinned. He had selected a steak pie from the basket, and was devouring it hungrily.

"What does he look like?"

"As if he had a fearful weight on his conscience," said Pankhurst. "Everybody sees that he's awfully cut up about your going, and so I suppose he's sorry for having been such a beast. You should see him!"

"I can guess what he's like," said Philpot. "You don't know the reason, though. I left a note for him on his study table before I came here."

Pankhurst looked at him in surprise.

"A note! What sort of a note?"

"Oh, I told him that I was afraid to let him see me again—and afraid to run away because my father would only send me back; and so I told him I had made up my mind to drown myself in the river. I piled it on, you know, and I knew that when I disappeared he would take it all in."

"You—you young rotter!"

"Oh, draw it mild! I wanted to give him a bit of a twist—"

"By Jove! and you've done it," said Pank-

hurst. "He's said nothing about that note. Of course, he's afraid of being called to account for his share in your suicide. You—you cunning young rascal! That was taking it altogether too far. I never suspected anything of that sort."

"I knew you didn't," grinned Philpot.

"He must have been through a horrid time," said Price. "But I say, that'll get you an extra licking when you turn up, Philly."

Philpot grinned again.

"Not at all. If he hasn't shown the note—and I knew he wouldn't—he won't dare to show it afterwards, because he ought to have shown it at first."

"I'm afraid, my young friend, that you'll be a desperate criminal of some sort when you grow up," said Pankhurst. "You're a little too deep for me. I—"

"Faith and sure—"

The words were clearly heard in the silence of the old tower. There was a gurgling sound the next moment, as if a hand had been clapped over a mouth. But Pankhurst and Price had heard enough. Philpot dropped the steak-pie in alarm. The Old Firm dashed out upon the staircase with clenched fists.

"Poindexter, you rotter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Knock 'em flying, Pricey!"

"Quite so."

"Ha, ha! Sock it to 'em, kids!"

In a moment five juniors were mingled in a wild tussle in the darkness of the stairs. Pankhurst and Price had the advantage of position, but the odds were on the side of the Combine. With many a gasp and howl the rivals of the Fourth struggled, heedless at first of a strong voice that rang through the din.

"Stop that, will you! Stop it, I say!"

"Trevelyan!" exclaimed Poindexter, at last. "Here, hold on! I mean, let go! Pax! It's old Trevelyan!"

The juniors, considerably dusty and rumped, separated at last. The captain of Cliveden strode into the midst of them.

"I saw you sneaking into the tower," he said, "and I guessed that something was up. What the—why—how—Philpot!"

He had caught sight of the missing junior. Philpot's jaw dropped at the expression upon the Cliveden's captain face. Trevelyan's quiet eye took in all the scene—the blankets on the floor of the cell, the lunch-basket and lantern, and he understood all.

"You had better come with me, Philpot," he said quietly.

"If you please, Trevelyan—"

"Come with me!"

"I say, Trev," said Pankhurst, "we're in this. We advised Philly to cut it—to get away from Grahame's bullying, and we've been feeding him here."

"I can see you have," said the Cliveden captain drily. "Come with me, Philpot."

And with Trevelyan's grasp upon his collar, the cad of the Fourth was marched off down the stairs, and out of the old tower, across the dusky Close, and into the School House, and straight to the study of Dr. Rayne, the Head of Cliveden.

The Combine and the Old Firm looked at one another.

"Well, of all the giddy asses!" said Poindexter. "You pair take the cake. You waltz off with the whole giddy Huntley & Palmer, and no mistake! But I say, we can't leave Philly to face the music alone."

"I'm going to speak up for him," said Pankhurst, going down the stairs.

"Better than that; let us make Grahame speak up for him."

"Grahame?"

"I guess so. Come along to his study."

The determined American led the way. Grahame was alone in his study. He looked at the juniors with a nervous start as they came in. He was rather given to starting nervously of late.

"Philpot's come back, Grahame," said Poindexter, plunging directly into the subject. He was startled by the effect of his words. Grahame sprang to his feet, his colour coming and going.

"What! What did you say?"

"Philpot's turned up."

"No; he's not drowned in the river," grinned Poindexter. "That was a little wheeze to make you sit up. Trevelyan's marched him off to the

Head. We want you to go and speak to him."

"I don't want him punished!"

"Then get him off."

Grahame hesitated some moments, and then left the room. The chums watched him until the Head's study. They waited anxiously for Philpot to come out. The cad of the Fourth made his appearance at last, and the expression of his face showed that he had escaped nothing worse than a lecture.

"Well, how did it go?" asked Poindexter.

"Right as rain," said Philpot. "The Head was in a fearful wax when Trevelyan explained to him, but then Grahame came in. He plained to the Head that he had had to do with me rather severely—perhaps had a bit overdone it—and begged me off. He was much in earnest that the Head gave in. He said if I know what's come over Grahame's thing's jolly certain, he won't dare to do after this, not for a jolly long time to come away. Everybody's got an eye on him now."

"Good!" said Poindexter. "And mind keep to the straight path, Philly, and don't let that you're turning over a new leaf."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Philpot.

"Mind, we don't want to have taken all trouble for nothing," said Pankhurst. "I undertook to turn over a new leaf, and you got to keep your word. I expect you to start being a cad again I shall regard all trouble as wasted."

"Quite so," said Price.

"And then I shall feel it my duty to give you high old time," said Pankhurst. "I shall see a fatherly eye on you in the future, Philpot, and if you start any of your mean tricks, see that you do not fall from grace."

"And I guess we'll help," said Poindexter heartily. "You must look upon us all as fatherly friends, and if you start any of your mean tricks, remember we're one and all ready to give you a hiding as soon as necessary. We don't like taking trouble in a good cause."

And Philpot smiled a rather sickly smile.

THE END.  
("Cliveden's Opening Match," a cricket next week.)

A MODEL BATTLESHIP.

How to Build One Simply Explained by HARCOURT J. BOWDICH, Stud. Inst. N.A.

What Wood to Use.

Now first I am going to advise you as to what kind of wood to use. If cost be a matter of great consideration, I should recommend American yellow pine, as besides being easy to work, it is the cheapest that would answer to our requirements. Three-and-sixpence should purchase all you will need. But yellow (or, as it is called in America, "white") pine is not very strong or durable. So if you can afford a little more—say, 4s. 6d.—and do not mind hard work, you had better use pitch pine, which is strong and very hard.

A better class wood is maple; it is firm, does not warp, and will take a good polish. But you must be sure not to get a heavy kind, such as birdseye maple, as that would not be suitable for our purpose.

If money be no object, or you purpose making only a small boat and want to turn out something extra fine, there is mahogany, which for all-round worth and durability is difficult to beat. But the price (7s. at least) will no doubt be prohibitive to many.

Do not use teak, oak, or elm, as the former two are very hard, while oak is apt to rust screws and nails, and elm is spoilt by constant wetting.

We are now in a position to estimate the total cost of the vessel. Thus:

Wood	s. d.	s. d.
Screws	3 6	7 0
Nails (brass-headed)	8 "	1 6
Paint	4 "	4 "
Accessories, say	6 "	6 "
Total	5 6	9 4

Say 10s. outside cost for 30-in. boat.

Similarly the 18in. size should range from 2s. to 4s., and the 40-in. size from 8s. to perhaps a sovereign.

Now there is just one sum in connection with the design which you will all have to do, each for himself. I have done all the other calculations for you, and made everything as simple and straightforward as I can. But all shipbuilders have to do sums, and you must see by means of measuring it, weighing it, and then calculating out that the wood you buy does not weigh more than forty-eight pounds to the cubic foot. It would be better not to exceed forty-five pounds, but forty-eight is quite the outside limit, which will allow of the ship floating at the designed draught.

Only a few woods will exceed this limitation, and they are not the sorts you are likely to come across except perhaps Spanish mahogany and some rare kinds of maple.

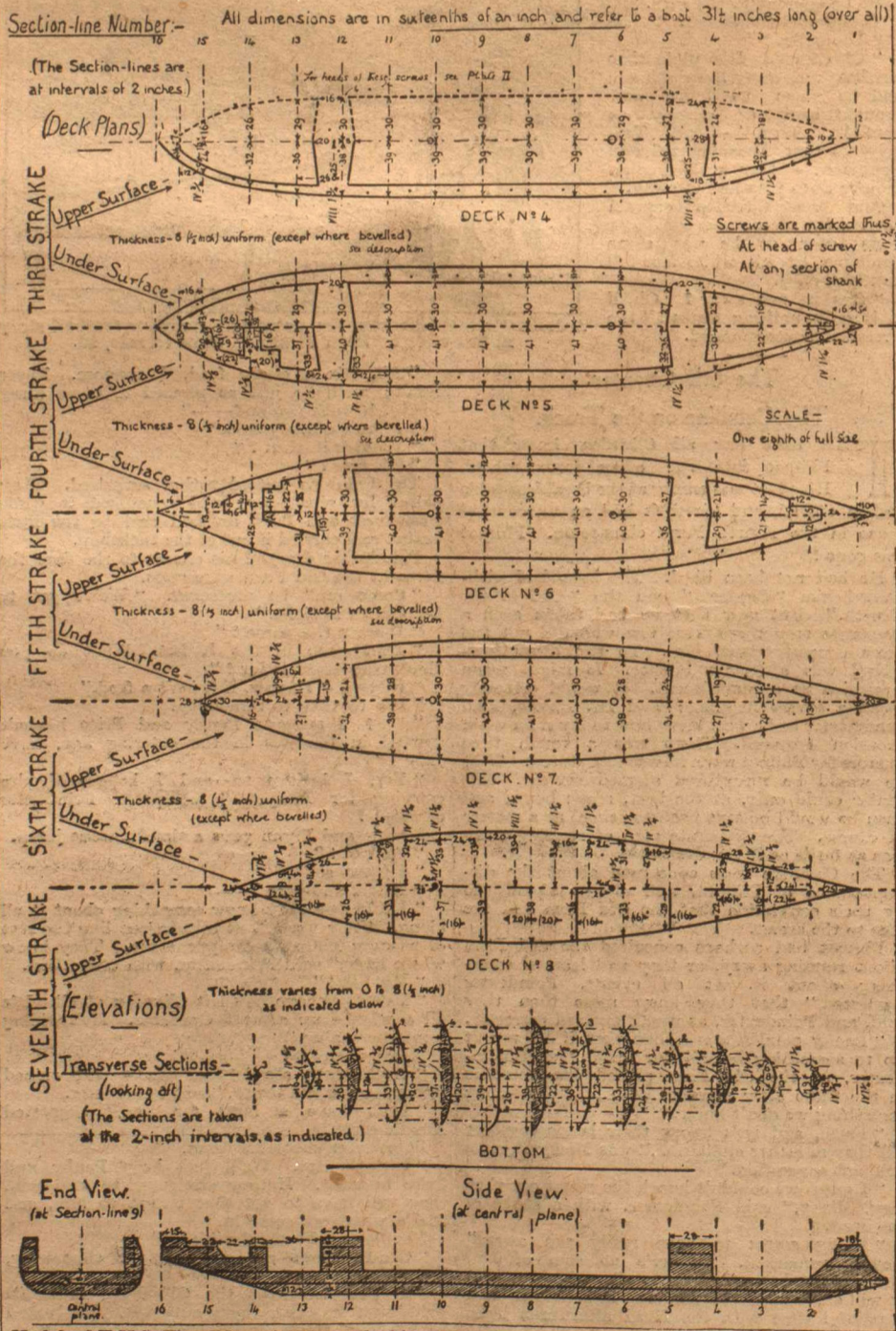
On the other hand, any wood that weighs less than say thirty-two pounds to the cubic foot (such as deal and other common stuff), had better be left severely alone, as they are likely to prove too weak to stand the necessary number of screws, etc., with the drilling entailed.

\* Paint not required with choice wood and superior screws.

(Next week I will tell you how to set to work.)

POSTCARD PHOTOGRAPHY.

Explaining How the Amateur Can Make His Own Picture Postcard and Pocket-money Out of Them.



Model of H.M.S. King Edward VII. battleship. The lower portion of hull. (See the article on this page.)

To continue last week's Chat:

Sulphocyanide Baths.

Water, 20 ozs.; ammonium sulphocyanide 15 grs.; chloride of gold, 14 grs. With the combined bath there must be preliminary washing, and toning and fixing done together, but, after it, washing must thorough.

With the other there must be a thorough washing to remove the reduced silver, give the washing water a milky opalescence. Washing must continue until the water is clear. Then transfer to the toning, doing a series of about six to twelve at a time, keeping constantly moving, and adding the solution as the bath is exhausted.

Tone until the prints get a purplish appearance, then rinse and place in the fixing made up as follows:

Sodium hyposulphate (hypo), 1 oz.; water, 10 ozs. Keep them in this for fifteen minutes, thoroughly wash in running water for an hour, or, if this is not available, in changes, till all the hypo is driven out. After a time, when the amateur is experienced he will be surprised at the economy that can be made with the expensive gold chloride; still produce superb tones ranging from dark purple.

Always warm the toning during cold weather and tone in subdued light.

Now for a few hints about

Masks and Masking.

The general type of mask consists of paper with an opening to print the photograph through, and it leaves an ugly, clear white border, which, besides being inartistic, does not in any way contribute to show the photograph to full advantage.

As I have said there are several sets on the market, some made of paper and some of celluloid, which are a great aid to the amateur, and some of the celluloid films are very effective, being generally actual photographs of flowers arranged artistically, but they are expensive, the cheapest I have found being 1s. each.

Then, again, they do not always suit the subject. A marine view does not look enclosed by a border mask, composed of roses, or, in fact, any flower; but a marine design, say, of a chain and anchor would no doubt suit the subject better.

There are several simple methods of making masks, especially if the amateur has a camera for drawing and designing, as I will explain.

Method No. 1.—Procure a sheet of paper, the size of a postcard, and trace the design required on it in pencil, then fill in with opaque watercolour or Indian ink, or make a negative of it. For instance, if you were making the design I mentioned, the parts are blocked out, leaving a white space and anchor would be left clear while the parts are blocked out, vice versa (see page of which A is the mask—negative—and B print—positive).

(Another grand article next week.)