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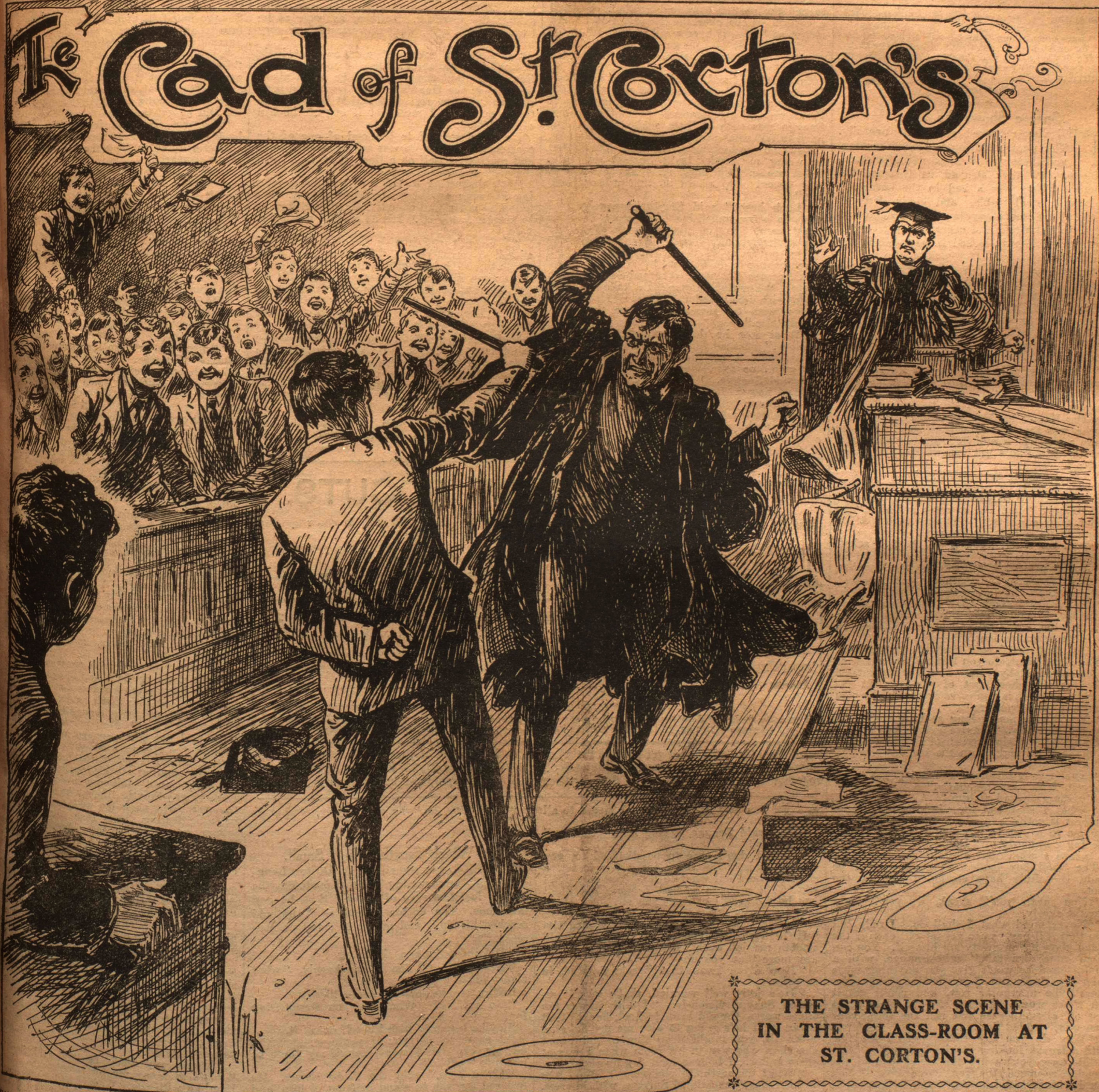
EVERY BOY'S AND YOUNG MAN'S
STORY AND HOBBY PAPER.




No. 311, Vol. VI.

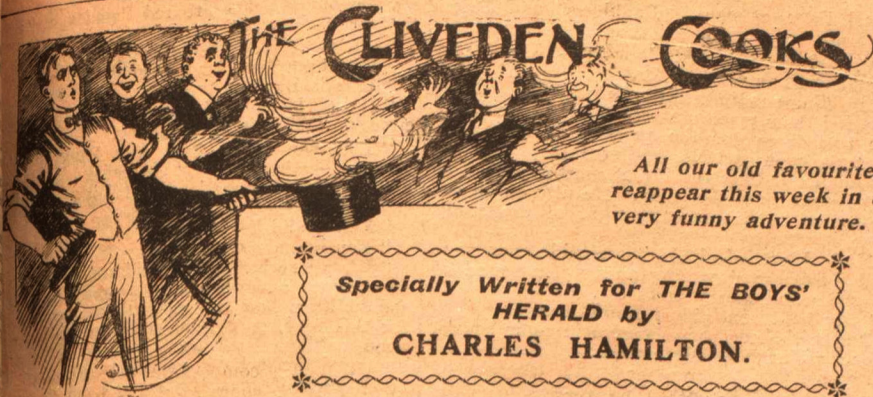
EVERY WEDNESDAY—ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING JULY 3, 1909.



THE STRANGE SCENE
IN THE CLASS-ROOM AT
ST. CORTON'S.

In one last frenzied rush, Mr. Blyte, having utterly lost his head, tried to bear Neil back, his ruler plying like a broad-sword, when the class-room door was flung wide open, and the Head, stopping short in the doorway, stared aghast at the scene before him.



All our old favourites reappear this week in a very funny adventure.

Specially Written for THE BOYS' HERALD by CHARLES HAMILTON.

The 1st Chapter.

The Combine Decline to Stand It.

GUESS I'm not going to stand it," said Lincoln G. Poindexter resolutely to his chums in the Fourth Form at Cliveden. And Dick Neville and Micky Flynn nodded sympathetically. "I guess it's getting too thick."

"Yes, rather." "Faith, and if it's the soup ye're alludin' to, darling, it's not too thick it's getting, but too in!" said Micky Flynn. "Why, yesterday I'm not alluding to the soup, fathead; but the circus generally. The whole thing is getting too thick, and I'm not going to stand it any longer."

Poindexter looked very determined as he made that statement. And the looks of his chums showed that the matter was a serious one.

There had been discontent, not loud but deep, in the Fourth Form at Cliveden for some days past. And it was not without reason. The housekeeper was down with influenza. That was not what the juniors were dissatisfied about. A housekeeper, as Poindexter admitted, had a right to be down with influenza if she wanted to. But the housekeeper being on the sick-list, her place was temporarily taken by a substitute.

Now, Dr. Rayne, the Head of Cliveden, was quite satisfied with the many recommendations of Miss Skinner. But the boys were not satisfied with the fare she provided.

What Miss Skinner knew about cooking would have filled whole cookery-books. What she knew about economical management ought to have made her fortune. But what she didn't know about boys would have overflowed libraries, and was likely to cause trouble at Cliveden.

Savings on the housekeeping bills might be gratifying in some quarters. Experimental dishes might increase Miss Skinner's knowledge of the noble art of cooking and management, and of what the human frame could stand. But fellows who found a sparing allowance in the place of plenty, and kickshaws in lieu of substantial dishes, could not be expected to be pleased.

The Fifth and the Sixth took it philosophically. It was beneath their dignity to complain. And besides, they were better treated. Moreover, as most of them had liberal pocket-money, they could compensate themselves for sparing meals in Hall by extensive study feeds.

With the juniors it was different. Their pocket-money was more limited; while, on the other hand, their appetites were keener, and made bigger demands. And besides, as Poindexter pointed out, the juniors were not so well treated as the seniors. Miss Skinner's idea seemed to be that the younger a boy was, the more important he became. Which, of course, was absurd.

"If the whole school suffered alike," said Poindexter, "I guess we might stick it. But the Sixth is favoured, and the Fifth come off pretty well. They had chicken on Monday. It was done up in some new-fangled way, and it was chicken right enough. Now, we had token-broth on Tuesday. I leave you to draw the inference."

"Faith, and it was the remnants they did up for us!" said Micky Flynn indignantly. "And precious skinny remnants they were, too!"

"I guess we're not satisfied with feeding on the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table," said Poindexter. "I've had enough of it."

"So have we all," said Dick Neville. "But in blessed if I see what's to be done. The doctor says the housekeeper is getting better."

"Yes; but you know what the flu is. She may be all right to-morrow, and she mayn't be right this time next week."

"Faith, and it's right ye are intirely!" "I guess we've got to make a move. I'm getting tired of new-fangled stuff that wouldn't satisfy the hunger of a decent rabbit, and stews made up of old joints from the seniors' tables. Miss Skinner may have taken all the prizes and emblems at the cookery school in London, but she doesn't know anything about boys. Right-ho!"

"Faith, and if it's an idea ye've got for oppin' it all, Puntdodger, sure, I'll back ye intirely."

Well, I guess I've got an idea. No good getting out of it, I guess."

"What's the idea?" asked Neville. "Why shouldn't we go on strike, and let the school alone?"

Neville and Flynn stared at him. "Well, what do you think of the idea?" demanded Poindexter.

"Oh, ripping!" said Neville sarcastically. "I can see myself missing meals as a protest against the diet, I don't think!"

"Faith, and I think it's a howlin' lunatic ye are, Puntpusher. I get hungry enough already, without missin' me meals intirely!"

"Ass, I don't mean you to miss your meals." "But if we cut the grub—" "What's the matter with grubbing ourselves in the study?"

"My hat!" "That's the wheeze," said Poindexter, with considerable satisfaction. "I guess I know a lot about cooking."

"Sure you guess correctly?" "Oh, don't be funny! I reckon I'm all there in that line, and you kids can help. We'll grub ourselves in the study, and cut the meals in Hall. Lanyon won't miss us at first perhaps; but if there's an inquiry, why, all the better. We explain in public that we cut the grub because we can't stand it. We're willing to go to the trouble and expense of providing grub and cooking it for ourselves. I don't see how the Head himself could find fault with that."

"Faith, and it's a janius ye are!" exclaimed Micky Flynn enthusiastically. And he hugged the American junior in his glee. "Sure, and —"

"Oh—ow! Leggo, you howling ass!" "Faith, and it's admirin' ye I am!" Poindexter tore himself away.

"Then do it a bit more quietly, you dangerous duffer!" "But what about the tin?" said Neville doubtfully. "It costs money grubbing oneself, you know."

"I guess that's all O.K.! I've had a remittance from my popper, and it was really that that made me think of it. I've got nearly five pounds in hand, and that will see us through for a start. If we find the idea catch on, we can get the whole Form to back us up, and have a whip round for funds. Of course, we can feed a large number more cheaply than a few."

"Of course. The Form will want to know something about the cooking, though."

"That's all serene! I'm a good cook—"

"Have ye done much cooking, Puntdodger darling?" "Well, no, I haven't had much actual practice; but I've been reading up a cookery-book, and I've got a lot of ideas on the subject. Practice makes perfect. I don't say that the first dinner will be worthy of a French chef. Rome wasn't built in a day."

"Faith, and if ye're goin' to take as long to learn cookin' as they took to build Rome —"

"Ass! I'm not! I'm letter-perfect already, so to speak. I only want a little practice. I've got a jolly good cookery-book. If it comes a bit expensive we can't grumble, at first. When the whole Form see the thing going on swimmingly they will come into the scheme, and there will be funds enough to do the thing in style. You remember the time we were catering? That would have paid all right if Panky and Price hadn't chipped in and mucked it up. I can foresee the time when the whole of the Fourth will be backing us up, and Mr. Lanyon will be sitting alone at the Fourth table in Hall at meal-times."

"Good for ye! We'll thry it, at any rate." "Then let's get along to the tuckshop, and lay in some provisions before they close." And along to the tuckshop the Cliveden Combine went.

The 2nd Chapter. Getting to Work.

LINCOLN G. POINDEXTER had "woke things up" considerably in the Fourth Form since he came to Cliveden, and there was no denying that he was a youth with ideas. His keen American brain was, in fact, remarkably prolific of ideas; though, perhaps, a certain proportion of them were impracticable ones. But he had never, in all his career, hit upon a more surprising idea than the present one.

But, surprising as the idea might be, the American junior's chums were ready to back him up all along the line. The Cliveden Combine always backed one another up, for good or ill. And, having made up their minds to make a stand against the Skinner regime, the Combine went into it with their usual determination.

If the thing were a success, the whole Form would come into it, and the Combine were determined to spare no trouble or expense to make it a howling success. Micky Flynn said that anyway it would be good fun, but he was immediately frowned up. It was a serious business, into which frivolous youths were not to be allowed to introduce an element of fun at all.

"We can't get all we want at the tuck-shop," Neville remarked thoughtfully. "We shall want meat for dinner to-morrow. I suppose we're dining in the study to-morrow?"

Poindexter nodded. "I guess so! I'll get Trevelyan to give us a pass down to the village, and we can run

down there on our bikes to do the shopping. We'll get the groceries at the school shop, though. It will save time."

As the Combine walked into the school-shop, two red-headed juniors, who were chatting in the doorway looked round at them. Pankhurst and Price, the rival leaders of the Fourth Form at Cliveden, at once saw that something was "on." The important looks of the Combine were sufficient to betray that fact.

"Hallo, some jape, I suppose," said Pankhurst. "Quite so!" assented his chum. "My word! Listen to the orders he's giving!" exclaimed Pankhurst, in amazement. "Two pounds of raisins, two pounds of sultanas, two pounds of currants, two pounds of peel. I say, Puntdodger, are you giving a two-pound feed?"

"I guess I know what I'm doing," said Poindexter loftily. "We might take you ginger merchants into the idea."

"Faith, and they'd think it was their own intirely."

"Yes; I guess it's safer to leave them out." "What's the little game?"

"Little boys shouldn't ask questions. It's not up against you. We've no time to attend to you now," said Poindexter, in a tone of superiority that got the Old Firm's backs up at once. "You'll know some time."

"Look here—" "Rats! Buzz off, young 'uns!"

And Poindexter went on giving orders. The bill ran up to more than a pound, and still the American junior did not seem to be finished. Many juniors had gathered round now. Fish and King, the fat chums of the Fourth, listened with glistening eyes. They had no doubt that a stupendous feed was being projected, and they meant to be in at that feed.

"I suppose you'll want a hand with the cooking, Puntdodger?" said Fish, in an insinuating tone.

"I guess not, Fishy! I'm doing all the cooking myself this journey."

"But you can't cook, you know!" "Can't I? Are you looking for a thick ear, Fishy?"

"N-n-n-no!" said Fish, starting back. "Only—" "Then sheer off!"

Fish sheered off. More extensive and curious grew the crowd, watching the movements of the Cliveden Combine, and the little school shop was crammed, but this was rather pleasing than otherwise to the three chums. They felt that they were taking their proper place as chiefs of the Fourth Form, and the cynosure of all eyes. Pankhurst and Price occupied an extremely back seat just now. All eyes were on the Combine. Pankhurst was puzzled. This could not be an ordinary study feed that the Combine were planning, but, then, what was it? What was the little game?

The purchases in the tuck-shop finished, Poindexter planked down twenty-seven shillings, a sum that made the juniors stare. Then the new purchases were packed into a basket, and Poindexter and Neville carried it between them as they left the place. After them went a crowd of curious juniors.

"What on earth does it mean?" said Gatty, in wonder. "Are they going to have a barring-out in No. 4 Study, and stand a siege?"

"I think I can guess," said Pankhurst thoughtfully. "Puntdodger's governor used to send him tinned beef from Chicago, and I suppose he's stopped supplies now. I hear there's a new law on the subject of admitting live stock in bad condition into the country."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Poindexter turned red. The Poindexter dollars had all been made out of the mysterious things that are canned in Chicago, and exported to guileless foreigners under the fanciful title of tinned beef. It was a favourite subject for chipping with the Old Firm. But Poindexter restrained the desire to retort, and walked on majestically with the basket.

"I suppose that's it?" said Greene. "I hear that there was trouble the other day through some of Poindexter's tinned beef escaping from the study, and getting downstairs."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, ring off!" growled Poindexter. "That wheeze is getting mouldy!"

"Like the subject of it," said Pankhurst. "Ha, ha, ha!"

With an accompaniment of questions and jokes, the Combine marched to their study, and dumped down the basket, and slammed the door in the faces of half the Fourth Form. The latter dispersed, excitedly discussing the matter, and wondering what on earth was in the wind. The Combine did not choose to enlighten them. Poindexter looked at his watch. "I'll get the pass from Trevelyan," he said. "He's bound to give it to me. You chaps get the jiggers down to the gates ready."

"Right you are!"

The provisions were stacked away in the cupboard, which almost overflowed, and the juniors left the study, locking the door after them. While Neville and Flynn went down to the bicycle shed, Poindexter tapped at the study door of Trevelyan, the captain of Cliveden. The Sixth-Former's deep voice told him to come in, and in he went, to find Trevelyan with Heathcote and Mills, of the Sixth, deep in a cricket discussion. The Cliveden captain looked at him.

"What is it? Buck up!" "Can I have a pass to Clivebank. Important business," said Poindexter, with equal terseness.

"What business?" "I want to buy something." Trevelyan laughed. "Grub, I suppose?"



Pankhurst waved his hand in a lordly way. "It's all right, my sons, tuck in! I'm standing this feed, and I want you to enjoy yourselves!" "Are you?" roared Poindexter, from the doorway, almost purple with rage. "Why, you—you horrid burglars—"

"I guess so," said Poindexter. Trevelyan scrawled on a piece of paper. "There you are! Back before locking-up, you know, or you'll catch it!" "Thanks awfully! I—" "Cut!"

And Poindexter cut. Trevelyan knew how the juniors had suffered under the new regime, and he was sympathetic to some extent, and there was no objection to provisions being brought in from the village. Had the captain of Cliveden known exactly what Poindexter's scheme was, however, he would probably not have given his permission so readily.

Poindexter hurried down to the school gates, and found Neville and Flynn already there with the three bicycles. They mounted, and pedalled away gaily in the sunset towards the village. Pankhurst and Price, from a distance, watched them go. The Old Firm looked at one another.

"They're out of the way," said Pankhurst. "Quite so."

"And they've left grub enough in their study to make the whole Fourth happy, after the starvation we've had for the past few days."

"Quite so."

"I saw Fish almost weeping outside the door of No. 4. It was locked. I call it cruelty to animals."

"Ha, ha! Quite so."

"We must set this matter right," said Pankhurst. And Price chuckled and followed his leader into the school-house.

The 3rd Chapter.

A Little Shopping.

THE Cliveden Combine did not take long for the spin down the lane to Cliveden bank. In a very short time, they were in the village, and they dismounted in the old High Street. Poindexter put the machines together.

"Micky can stay here and mind the jiggers while we do the bit of shopping," he remarked. "Come on, kid!"

"Faith, and it's myself that could help ye wid the shoppin', Pointpusher darling. Sure, and I can't trust ye alone."

"Rats! You stay there!"

And Poindexter walked into the establishment of Mr. Cleaver, the local butcher. The stout, ruddy, good-natured butcher was rather surprised to see the juniors. He supplied Cliveden School, but the juniors, as a rule, had no desire for butcher's meat. The cooking in the studies usually stopped at sausages and bacon. But Mr. Cleaver was all politeness.

"What can I do for you, young gentlemen?" he asked.

Poindexter looked round the shop. As a matter of fact, he was hopelessly ignorant of this branch of shopping; but he would not have admitted the fact for worlds. He felt that as chief of the Combine, he was called upon to know all about it.

"Let me see," he said, cocking his eye thoughtfully at the contents of the shop; "I want some—some beef."

"Beef? Yes, sir! How much?"

"H'm—lemme see! I—I think I'll have a leg of beef, please."

"A-a-a-a what?"

"A leg of beef," said Poindexter. "Wrap it up for me, and I'll take it with me. You needn't trouble to send it."

Mr. Cleaver stared at him.

"A-a-a-a a leg of beef!" he murmured.

"I guess so. Look sharp, I've got some more shopping to do yet!"

"But—but—have you any idea of the size of a leg of beef?" demanded Mr. Cleaver, in amazement. "Look here!"

"Oh!"

"We sell it by the pound, you see!"

"Of course, I know that!" said Poindexter.

"I didn't suppose you sold it by the yard. On second thoughts, I'll have—er mutton. I suppose I can have a leg of mutton?"

"Oh, yes, sir, certainly! I have some very prime legs of mutton. What do you think of this?"

Poindexter looked at it. He hadn't the faintest idea whether it was a very prime leg of mutton or not, but he made a bold plunge.

"Yes, I guess that's all right," he said. "Of course, if the stuff's satisfactory, there'll be a heap more orders. We're starting a new idea in feeding at the school, and I expect to have a lot of catering in my hands. I guess that will do about right. I say, Neville, you buzz along to the greengrocer's, will you, and get the things there while I finish here!"

"Right-ho!" said Neville.

"I suppose that thing can be boiled, baked, or roasted," said Poindexter hurriedly, as soon as Neville was out of hearing. "You see, I'm going to cook it myself, and I don't want to come a bloomer."

The butcher grinned.

"Yes, sir; you can cook it in any way you like!"

"Good! Wrap it up for me!"

The leg of mutton was wrapped up and paid for. Poindexter took it under his arm, and joined Neville at the greengrocer's. Dick was giving orders for potatoes, carrots, turnips, parsnips, cabbages, and other things, in a rather reckless way. The purchases he had already made amounted to a bulk that it was impossible for the juniors to think of shifting from the shop.

"I guess that'll be about enough!" said Poindexter. "We can't carry them."

"Very pleased to send them for you, sir," said the greengrocer.

"H'm! Well, I suppose that would be all right. You can tell your boy to get them into No. 4 Study without attracting a lot of attention. We're doing some cookery on our own, you see, and we're keeping it rather quiet at present."

"Certainly, sir!"

The juniors left the shop. With the leg of mutton safe under Poindexter's arm, they remounted their machines to ride homeward.

Lincoln G. Poindexter was very satisfied.

"This will be ripping!" he said. "We can get up a big fire in the study this evening, and roast the leg of mutton, and just warm it up again to-morrow for dinner!"

"We shall want a roasting-jack, then!"

"Great snakes, I forgot that! Hold on!"

Poindexter halted. He jumped off his machine and gave it to Neville to hold, and handed the leg of mutton to Micky Flynn. There was a tinware-shop in the High Street, and Poindexter had no difficulty in securing a roasting-jack—and at the same time it occurred to him that other utensils would be wanted.

"Snakes, it's lucky I thought of it!" he murmured. "If anything should go wrong with the roasting, I might boil it instead, and then I should want a big saucepan. I may as well get the things at once, in case they're wanted."

The shopman found a good customer in Lincoln G. Poindexter. He bought a couple of large tin saucepans, several tin pans and dishes, and various other utensils, that the shopman assured him were to be found in every respectable kitchen. The man offered to send them in the morning, his boy being gone—but that was no use to Poindexter. He had them wrapped in brown paper, and fastened them upon his machine, and then, the shopping being done at last, the Combine rode towards the school.

A musical clink-clink proceeded from Poindexter's machine, with its rattling burden, and attracted some attention on the road. They reached the gates in good time before locking-up, and the clink-clink brought a curious crowd

round them at once. Pankhurst and Price were not to be seen, but there were plenty of juniors to inquire what Poindexter was investing his cash in old tins for.

The chums maintained a lofty silence. They wheeled their machines into the shed, and left the tins there for the present, intending to smuggle them into No. 4 after dark.

Poindexter took the leg of mutton with him as he went up to the study. He uttered an exclamation as he came in sight of the study door.

He had left it locked; it was wide open now, and light was streaming out, and a sound of laughter and merry voices!

"My hat!" exclaimed Poindexter.

And with keen apprehension in their hearts, the Combine hurried forward.

The 4th Chapter: Panky's Treat.

PANKHURST and Price were in the study, and pretty nearly half the Fourth Form seemed to be there with them. The study was a large one for the Fourth; but it wasn't built to accommodate the number of juniors who were crammed inside it now. There hardly seemed to be breathing room—but the juniors looked very cheerful, apparently not greatly troubled by their close quarters.

Pankhurst was sitting on the table, with Price. The chairs and stools were occupied by Green, Gatty, Medway, and Simpson, and Hill. Philpot and Trimble were sitting on the window-sill. Fish and King were on the fender. Other juniors were standing about, or sitting anywhere—and all were eating.

And the things they were eating!

The Combine, staring in blankly, saw that the cupboard door was wide open, and the purchases they had made at the school shop an hour or so before were in the hands of the raiders.

All kinds of materials for cooking—raisins, sultanas, currants, lemon-peel, and so forth—the juniors were handing to one another, with the unlimited generosity of fellows who did not have to pay for them.

Then apples, and oranges, and cakes, and buns, and marmalade, and rolls—everything, in short, that the Combine had laid in—all were being eaten and offered to and fro in the most liberal manner.

"My hat," said Greene, "this is a ripping feed, Panky! We're all awfully obliged to you!"

"Quite so!" said Price.

Pankhurst waved his hand in a lordly way.

"It's all right, my sons, tuck in! I'm standing this feed, and I want you to enjoy yourselves!"

"Are you?" roared Poindexter, almost purple with rage. "Why, you—you horrid burglars!"

"Hallo, there's Puntdodger!"

"Come in and have some, Puntsmasher!" said Pankhurst hospitably. "We're not greedy—we welcome all comers!"

"Faith, and I—"

"We're standing a feed to all the Fourth, or as many as can get into the study," explained the chief of the Old Firm. "Squeeze in! Make room there, Gatty!"

"Right-ho, you can come in Puntdodger!"

"You—you—you—"

"He seems to be annoyed about something," said Pankhurst, looking surprised. "Is there anything annoying you, Pointpounder?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you—"

"I had to give the feed in your study, you know, as the grub was here," said Pankhurst. "I hope you don't mind a little thing like that—and I'm inviting you to join, too!"

"Quite so! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get out of this!" roared Poindexter. "That grub along!"

"Oh, draw it mild, old chap!"

"We came here for a feed!"

"This is Panky's treat—"

"It isn't!" shouted the American junior citedly. "This is my grub!"

"You can settle that with Panky!"

Greene obstinately. "We came here for a feed, and I don't see leaving till it's finished!"

"I guess—"

"Faith, and I—"

"You bounders—"

"It's all right," said Pankhurst. "You should have had to wait till you were open with a crowbar. I hope I didn't crack when it gave way."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Combine exchanged glances. It was useless to lose their tempers and a fuss about the matter, especially as pretty clear that the Fourth-Formers would be turned out of the study till they had their feed. It was a joke that they might have played upon the Old Firm had circumstances been different; but that was little comfort to the Combine.

"Have some more jam, Fishy," said Pankhurst.

"Yes, rather."

"And some more cake?"

"Yes, rather."

"Any more buns?"

"Shove 'em this way."

Poindexter pushed his way into the study. Along with the other supplies for the feed he had laid in plenty of condiments expected to find them still untouched in the cupboard. There was a grim smile on Poindexter's face.

"Here, don't shove," exclaimed Poindexter, pushing against him, and with a splash of condensed milk he had just opened, pouring down his trousers. "Look what you've done!"

"Rats!"

"Don't you tread on my feet, Pankhurst!" exclaimed Greene angrily.

"More rats!"

It was not easy to get to the cupboard at the cost of upsetting several jars and their eatables, Poindexter managed it. Pankhurst and Price watched him from the table with a grin.

They had no idea what was in Lincoln G. Poindexter's mind, but they knew that he could not turn the crowd out of the study by force. As a rule, the allegiance of the juniors was very much divided; but on the present occasion they would have backed up the Old Firm to a man—until the feed was over, at least.

"You needn't look in the cupboard, old man," grinned Pankhurst. "The feed's all out here."

"Quite so."

"I guess what I want is here," said Poindexter.

He groped in the cupboard. That he was looking for was a large packet of pepper, as he expected, it was untouched. There was nothing in that to tempt the juniors. But he were destined to have it all the same.

Poindexter opened the end of the packet and turned from the cupboard with it in his hand.

"Hallo, what have you got there?" asked Pankhurst.

"Pepper, I guess."

"Eh?"

"Will you have some along with that?" asked Poindexter, blandly.

"No—no—oh—look here—"

"I guess you will!"

"Ow—I tell you—atchoo-o-o!"

(Continued on the next page.)

HOW TO MAKE A HAND CAMERA PAY.

The Last of a New Short Series of Photography Articles by the Rev. F. C. LAMBERT, M.A., F.R.P.S.

Little Things of Great Importance in the Dark Room.

BY this title I do not refer to such little things as minim measures, grain weights, or dark-room pins—all of these are of great importance in their own way—but rather to little actions, little errors which may lead to serious defects in our work.

It is a common saying among photographers at a lantern meeting that there are eight ways of putting a slide into the lantern, and yet only one of them is the right way. This might give a tyro the idea that putting a slide into the lantern was quite a difficult matter, but one might just as well say that there are six ways of putting on one's waistcoat and only one of them the right way, yet is it not an operation most of the readers of this note perform every day quite easily and correctly without ever giving the matter a thought, and, in fact, is usually done while the thoughts are fixed on some quite different matter.

As a matter of fact there are scores of little things one can do in the wrong way in photography, but the right way is just as easy—often the easiest, and if once thought of and properly done the act becomes automatic.

By way of example I propose to mention a few little things which, if neglected, may have fatal consequences as regards the attempt to make a good photograph.

1. The Box of Plates.—Do not tear off the

brown paper cover, but run a penknife blade round and under one end and keep this paper cover to slip on the box again as soon as the required number of plates have been withdrawn from it. In this way you will at once see that if a plate box has been returned to its brown-paper casing that the box contains unexposed plates. Many a score of good plates have been lost by someone unthinkingly lifting off the lid, and "Oh, I didn't know there was anything inside!" comes too late.

Do not mix up on the same shelf boxes which contain negatives and boxes which contain unexposed plates.

When exposed plates are returned to the box for subsequent development do not put them into a box along with unexposed plates or it is more than likely that you will get mixed, and try to develop the unexposed plates, or you will load up again with those already exposed and get the exposures on the same plate. When exposed plates are returned to a box for subsequent development put them face to face—i.e., film to film in pairs, and wrap up in brown paper in the way the manufacturer does, but stick a bit of white stamp edging or gum paper on the outside of the brown paper packet, and also put a gum label on the outside of the paper casing of the box.

2. Loading Up.—Practise loading up the camera or slides with old plates until you can do this with ease and certainty in absolute darkness. The point likely to trip you up is that if you talk to anyone or do not think

about what you are doing, it is quite likely that you will put the plates into the holders wrong way round, so that when exposing they will be glass and not film side towards the lens.

3. Dust.—Clean out the inside of the camera as well as the dark slides pretty often. Before a plate is put in the plateholder hold it vertically by finger and thumb at its opposite edges and give it a sharp, light tap on the table. This will dislodge any dust which may be clinging to its film side, but, as a matter of fact, it is not in the plate factory but in the camera, dark slide, and our dark-rooms that they pick up dust. When unloading after exposure and before development the same tapping of the edge to dislodge the dust is equally if not more important. Dust is the chief (but not only) cause of the many tiny pinhole-like spots in the negative.

4. Dark-room fog is very much more common than many young workers—and some of them long-experienced ones—quite realise. It is a safe plan to start off with the assumption that the slowest plate can be fogged with the safest of safe dark-room lamps if only time enough be allowed. The best way to regard the matter is to assume that the less light, of any kind whatever, the plate is exposed to in the dark room until it is fixed the better the chance of a fogless negative. Therefore, do not use more light than is really necessary to see what you are doing. Remember the law of inverse squares, and keep as far away from the lamp as possible. Get an expert friend to try your lamp with a spectroscope, or, better still, make a plate test yourself in the usual way. When unloading the dark slide turn your back to the lamp so as to manipulate the plate in the shadow of the body, and transfer the plate quickly from the slide to the dish and cover the dish at once.

When pouring on the developer do this also

in the shade of the body and cover the dish with your hand. If you are a time developer you will not again until time is up. If you go by the old-fashioned method of exposing until the plate is just about to be developed, do not examine the plate until near the end of the exposure, so that the required density is acquired. This is previous experience will have taught you. Although the plate is less sensitive to light it is well wetted than in the dry state, and the longer you delay the better the chance for a moment's inspection the better the plate. By keeping your eyes closed for a minute just previous to the time of inspection your eyesight will not be so sensitive, so that you will not be all near the light or make any long passages or two should amply suffice.

5. Order and System.—Keep your properties in a definite order, or place on a shelf so that you can find any bottle or tray with your eyes shut.

Work on a system—i.e., each act in a proper order, and this will soon become automatic and reduce the chance of anything forgotten or wrongly done through carelessness or mindlessness.

For instance, make it your rule to use the right hand for handling the plates, the developer and the left hand for putting in and out of the fixing bath. This will reduce the chance of many of those stains and edge markings found on negatives.

The same advice applies also to the printing.

Also make it a rule to rinse the developer the tap or in a piedish of water or in any every time they are put into any solution it developer or fixing bath, etc.

THE END.

(The Rev. F. C. Lambert has written another series of Photography articles, which will begin in the next issue.)

With a sweep of the hand Poindexter scattered the pepper over the feasting juniors. A blinding cloud of it spread all over the room. The feasters sprang to their feet, coughing and sneezing and shouting. "You—you rotter!" roared Pankhurst. "You—oooo—atchoo." "Quite—oooo—so—atchoo." "Hold on," gasped Greene. "I'm finished—I'll get out."

"Stop it—I'll bunk." "Ow! Hold on, you ass." But Poindexter did not hold on. He was master of the situation now. He scattered clouds of pepper on all sides, and there was a frantic stampede to the door on the part of the coughing, sneezing juniors. Neville and Flynn were roaring with laughter at the door. Pankhurst and Price and Greene and Gatty and Philpot came in a rush for the doorway, and jammed in it, and rolled over one another. After them came the frantic juniors, stumbling over them, and piling over in all directions, yelling and sneezing wildly. The noise of sneezing could be heard the length of the corridor. And over the struggling, frantic crowd Poindexter was still scattering clouds of pepper.

Pankhurst dragged himself out of the frenzied heap of juniors and rolled into the passage. Price rolled after him. The rest were still kicking and struggling, giving each other hard knocks in their wild excitement. "Achoo—atchoo—chooooooo!" "Gr-r-r-r-r-r." "Ow! Help! Groo!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Micky Flynn. "Faith, and it's in a mess ye are." They were! Jam and marmalade and condensed milk and other things were mixed up with them, and as they sorted themselves out and escaped into the passage, they presented a series of blocking sights.

With all the fun taken out of them, the Old Firm and the rest of the feasters retreated, amid a storm of coughs and sneezes; and the combine stood in the study and roared with laughter. But there was still plenty of pepper in the air, and the laughs were soon changed to sneezes. Poindexter jammed the window wide open, and Micky Flynn waved a newspaper about with the idea of fanning away the pepper. Neville wrenched away the paper and pushed Micky into the armchair.

"Faith!" gasped Micky. "I—" "You ass! Let the pepper settle." "Three for ye—I didn't think of that. All the same—"

"Snakes!" said Poindexter. "This is a nasty mess, and no mistake. But I think we've taught Panky and Co. a lesson about sneezing with our culinary arrangements." "Ha, ha! I rather think so." "There's a lot of the stuff left yet, too—they've not had time to scoff it all," said Poindexter. "Let's get the place tidy, and start."

And the Combine set to work.

The 5th Chapter.
Poindexter, Cook.

I took some time to get the study in order again, but the Combine were industrious. They cleared away all the litter, and packed up what was left of the provisions. The pepper settled at last, and they left off sneezing. A huge fire was banked up in the grate, and Poindexter affixed the roasting-jack to the little mantelpiece. He stepped back to admire it.

"Snakes! That looks jolly businesslike," he remarked. "We shall want a tin to catch the gravy, too. You chaps go down to the binshed and get up the tins. It's dark now, and you can get 'em in without being noticed." Neville and Flynn were about to leave the study when there was a kick at the door, and the Old Firm came in. They stared at the roasting-jack; and the Combine stared at them. Flynn reached out for the hearth-iron, but Pankhurst held up his hand in sign of peace. He had a swollen nose, very red from sneezing, and Price had a discoloured eye, the results of the scramble through the door. But the Old Firm were friendly all the same.

"It's pax," said Pankhurst. "Keep that Irish linnatic quiet." "Faith, and sure I—" "Rats!" said Poindexter. "It's not pax along—we've got a fire here already." "Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, come, get off that," said Pankhurst, with perfect good humour. "We've come to cash up for what?"

"The grub. How much did we scoff?" and Pankhurst drew a handful of silver from his trousers' pocket. "It was a jape, of course, but we're going to cash up." "I guess you're not," said Poindexter. "We won't take it. We might have japed in the same way. Thanks for the offer, all the same." "Oh, just as you like," said Pankhurst. "But what on earth are you kids driving at? What's that thing fixed up on the mantelpiece for?" "They're going to roast something," said Pankhurst. "Is that a new wheeze for roasting snouts, Panky?" "Of course it isn't, ass. That's to roast a leg of mutton."

"A leg of mutton," said Poindexter. "Look here, I don't mind letting you kids into it—I don't want you chipping in and mucking the business up all the time. We're going on strike!"

"My only hat!" "It's the rotten grub we've had lately under Miss Skinner's rule," explained Poindexter. "We're not going to stand it!" "Good for you," said Pankhurst, cordially. "We'll back you up, if you've got a scheme. We don't like it any more than you do. I was famished in the classroom this afternoon. Weren't you, Pricey?"

"Quite so." "It's simply rotten," said Pankhurst, growing excited. "Miss Skinner may have boxes and trunks full of certificates, but we don't want the blessed recipes worked off on us. I know 'em—how to make three gallons of nourishing soup out of a mutton chop that the dog has finished with, and so on. Scat!"

Poindexter grinned. "Well, you chaps can back us up, then, and we'll let you into the scheme on equal terms. We're going to grub ourselves in the study, and cut all the meals in Hall."

Pankhurst gave an expressive whistle. "That will mean trouble, my son. We're allowed to have tea in the studies, but there would be a row if we started missing dinner." "I don't care! If there's a row it will lead to an inquiry, and the Head wouldn't let Miss Skinner go on with her theories if he knew how it worked out in practice. Anyway, we're up against the present rules, and we're ready for a row." "Faith, and it's always ready for a row we are!"

"Oh, good!" said Pankhurst, laughing. "We're with you if it comes to that. I'd rather have a licking than go on feeding on skinny broth and weak-kneed soup. If ever I run a school I won't have a housekeeper with theories. A theory's like a colt, it runs away

in their studies, while the quantity was not specified, anything on this scale had never been attempted before. Poindexter's heart beat as he saw Trevelyan stop the greengrocer's man on the stairs and question him, but to his relief the Cliveden captain only laughed and walked away.

Pankhurst stared at the huge heap of green-groceries in the corner of the study. Potatoes were rolling in all directions from the heap. There were enough cabbages and turnips and carrots to last the juniors for weeks, Pankhurst thought.

"I guess we want enough, you know," said Poindexter. You see, stews are awfully nourishing, and you can make ripping stews out of vegetables and a little meat. I reckon we shall have this leg of mutton hot to-morrow and cold the next day, and stew up what's left of it on the third day. That's the economical way of running a house, you know; and you save waste."

"Quite so." "You chaps can begin peeling potatoes now," said Poindexter. "I am thinking of having mashed potatoes to-morrow with the mutton, and we want to get them boiled to-night ready. We sha'n't have much time after morning lessons to-morrow."

"Anything to help," said Pankhurst obligingly. "But what are you doing with the mutton, Puntddodger?"

"I'm hanging it up to roast." "Better let me do it. You see—" "Rats! You peel the potatoes." Poindexter fastened up the joint to roast. A slightly puzzled look came over his face.

"I say, you chaps, do you remember whether mutton ought to have a slow or a quick fire?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"Quick," said Price. "Slow," said Pankhurst. Poindexter grunted. "Lot of good asking you for advice. I dare say a medium fire is about the thing—a fire

—and dragged the jack away from the mantelpiece at the same time.

"Arrah, now—" The leg of mutton crashed down into the cinders.

"You ass!" roared Poindexter. "Faith, and how could I help it intirely?" Poindexter dragged the mutton out of the fender.

"Give me a cloth to wipe it," he said crossly. And he wiped off ashes and cinders, and set the jack up again, and cut off the burnt corner with his pocket-knife.

"I guess that'll do. You can watch it and turn it, Micky."

The 6th Chapter.
Something Like Cookery!

POINDEXTER arranged a large flat tin on the fender to catch the drippings from the mutton. There were none as yet, but it was as well to be ready. Pankhurst and Price cheerfully peeled potatoes. Micky Flynn watched the joint, and turned it whether it wanted it or not. Pankhurst gave expert advice on the subject of cooking mutton, Lincoln G. Poindexter turning a deaf ear to it. Dick Neville began to peel onions, a task that seemed quite a pathetic one, for it soon made him weep. Poindexter continually looked at the mutton, and admonished Micky Flynn. The Cliveden cooks were very busy—so busy that they forgot that it was long past tea-time, and that the Combine, at least, had had no tea. An inward rumbling brought the matter to Poindexter's mind.

"I guess I'm getting hungry," he remarked. "You fellows peckish?" "Oh, no!" said Pankhurst blandly. "We've had quite a feed."

And Price chuckled. "I don't mean you ginger merchants," said Poindexter. "I'm peckish. We can't stop to get tea now, though. One of you cut some bread and cheese. We'll have a decent supper after we've finished."

"Faith, and ye're right! Sure, I don't care what it is, so long as it's nice and there's enough of it, Puntddodger, darling!"

And the Cliveden cooks ate bread and cheese and cooked. A large saucepan was put on filled with potatoes, under Panky's care, and it showed more signs of cooking than the mutton did. A medium fire did not seem to have much effect on the mutton. Grease was dripping down a little, but the mutton did not seem to be cooking. A curious smell began to make itself observed in the study, and Pankhurst looked at the mutton and sniffed.

"Better if you'd taken my advice, Puntddodger. I told you I knew how to cook." "What's wrong now?" demanded the American junior.

"Something's wrong with that blessed mutton, or it wouldn't be niffing like that. The fire's too quick, I expect."

"Too slow, to my mind," said Price. "Oh, rats!" Poindexter sniffed. "There does seem to be a sort of a niff about, too. I don't calculate it comes from the mutton."

"Where does it come from, then?" grinned Pankhurst. Poindexter sniffed and sniffed.

"Why, it's the saucepan!" he exclaimed suddenly. "The saucepan! Bosh!"

"I guess it is! Look here! Phew!" Poindexter dragged off the lid of the saucepan. A smell of burning potatoes, so strong that it could almost have been cut with a knife, emerged from the saucepan, and a blinding vapour that filled the study. The juniors sniffed and coughed.

"What do you call that?" exclaimed Poindexter triumphantly. "Is that the giddy way you cook potatoes, Panky?" Pankhurst stared blankly at the smoking saucepan.

"The potatoes are all right!" he grunted. "Do you call that all right?"

"It's the fault of the saucepan. It's too thin, or too thick, or something! I know jolly well how to cook potatoes, I can tell you!"

"Rats! You can't cook for toffee!" "Look here, Puntddodger—" "I suppose I shall have to cook the vegetables as well as the meat," said Poindexter, in a tone of resignation. "The work always falls upon the most sensible chap in a party; I've noticed that."

"You don't seem to be cooking the mutton very quick," jeered Pankhurst. "The potatoes are getting done, anyway."

"Done for, you mean!" said Neville. "The mutton isn't touched yet—" "That's because I've been worried by a lot of silly asses!" said Poindexter. "We want a bigger fire. Stir it up, Micky!"

"Faith, it's a jolly big one already!" "Never mind; make it bigger." They made the fire bigger. The grate was not a large one, but it was necessary to have a large fire to cook the mutton, and so the coals were banked up on the hobs. The grate was soon a glowing mass, sending forth a terrible heat, and the juniors had to take their jackets off to stand it.

"My hat!" said Pankhurst. "It's warm!" "The mutton will be done pretty soon, I think."

"What's that row in the Close?" "Blessed if I know, or care either!" But Neville went to the window. It was quite dark in the Close, but a crowd of fellows were there, staring up apparently at the sky over Cliveden School. Neville looked upward, and saw sparks floating across the dark sky.



Neville sniffed. "What's that? Something's burning! Snakes! It's the mutton! Turn it, quick!" Micky Flynn dashed towards it, dragged it away from the fire, and the jack from the mantelpiece at the same time. The leg of mutton crashed down into the cinders.

with you when you start riding it. Old Mrs. Norris never had any theories, and never went to a cookery school, but she managed all right. But have you really got a leg of mutton?"

"Yes, rather; and I'm going to cook it now, and have it warmed up for dinner to-morrow. You chaps can dine with us. The Form is bound to follow our lead, and in a few days we shall have all the Fourth grubbing in their studies."

"Quite so." "I know a lot about cooking," said Pankhurst. "I'll help you with that mutton. Of course, you'll be glad of a little expert advice?"

"I guess I'm expert enough," said Poindexter. "You can grease the dishes for the puddings, if you like, and stone the raisins. Get those tins here as quick as you can, you chaps."

Neville and Flynn went for the tinware. Poindexter unwrapped the leg of mutton, Panky and Price watching him with great interest. There was a sound of bumping in the passage. Pankhurst opened the door, and stared at a hirsute individual who was dragging along a heavy sack.

"Hallo! What's that?" "Greengroceries for the young gentlemen, sir."

"Phew! My hat!" "That's all right!" said Poindexter, coming to the door. "Bring them in here. Shove them into the corner if you want the sack. There's a bob for you."

"Thank you kindly, sir." The greengrocer's man departed, and Poindexter rather anxiously watched him go. Though the juniors were allowed eatables

about like what we've got. Hallo! What's that unearthly row about in the passage?"

There was a sound of running feet in the passage, and a clatter-clatter of tins. The juniors rushed to the door. Neville and Flynn, laden with tinware, were coming along the passage at top speed, with eight or nine vengeful Fourth-Formers hot on their track.

"Stop 'em!" shrieked Greene. "We'll give 'em pepper." "Collar the rotters!"

Neville and Flynn dashed breathlessly up to the door of the study. They had left a trail of clattering tins behind them, and had not brought in more than half their load.

"Collar them!" roared Greene. "Here—quick—help!" gasped Neville. They pulled him in, and Flynn, and the clanking, clinking tins. The pursuers stopped, not caring to tackle the juniors who stood in the doorway, and retreated, kicking the fallen tins before them.

The din was terrific, and in a few moments an angry voice called up the stairs, and it was followed by a prefect with a cane. The juniors scuttled off, and the prefect growled as he saw the tins scattered along the floor, and went on to look for the youngsters. Poindexter and his chums hurried out and gathered up the tins, and quickly brought them into the study. A smell of burning greeted them.

Neville sniffed. "What's that? Something's burning!" "Snakes! It's the mutton! Turn it, quick!"

Poindexter had hung the mutton much too close; it was not beginning to cook, but it was beginning to burn. Micky Flynn dashed towards it and dragged it away from the fire

"Somebody letting off fireworks, I think," he said, turning back into the study. Poindexter did not listen. He was cocking his eye thoughtfully at the mutton. In spite of the huge fire, it did not seem to be getting on satisfactorily. In some places it was scorched, and in others it wasn't cooked at all.

"I guess you can't roast meat at an open grate like this," said Poindexter suddenly. "On second thoughts, I think boiled mutton is preferable."

"Faith, and ye're right!" said Micky Flynn loyally.

He had been just going to raise an objection, when he saw Pankhurst and Price wink at one another, and that, of course, decided him to back up his chief.

"Of course," said Neville, "I really wonder we didn't think of that at first."

"I guess," went on Poindexter, with a challenging glance at the Old Firm—"I guess the cooking it's already had will make it boil the sooner; it really amounts to the same thing in the long run."

"You haven't a saucepan big enough," said Pankhurst.

"You can turn the potatoes out."

"They're not done yet."

"If you keep 'em on much longer they'll be done to cinders."

"If you know more about cooking potatoes than I do—"

"Look here—"

"Why not fry it?" suggested Price. "There's a jolly big frying-pan among these things, and fried mutton is—is ripping!"

Poindexter hesitated for a moment.

"I don't know whether it mightn't be too big to fry," he said.

"Oh, stuff!" said Pankhurst instantly. "I'll show you how to do it. You take—"

"Rats! Do you think I don't know how to fry a leg of mutton?" demanded Poindexter disdainfully.

"Why, you just said—"

"Never mind what I just said. I can fry a leg of mutton with any cook in the kingdom. Hand me that frying-pan, Dick!"

"Here you are."

Poindexter greased the frying-pan, and set it on the roaring fire. Then he unhooked the leg of mutton, and placed it in the pan, with another disdainful glance at the criticising Old Firm.

"All right so far," said Pankhurst condescendingly. "Of course, you ought to fry it in—in lard."

"Rats! I always fry legs of mutton in butter."

"Lard—"

"Butter—"

"Faith, and it's cooking now!" exclaimed Micky Flynn.

There was no doubt about that. The leg of mutton seemed to be on the way to being reduced to dripping bodily. The frying-pan was swimming with gravy, and the parts of the joint that stuck over the edges of the pan were burning, and smelling vilely.

"We shall have to let the fire down a bit!" gasped Poindexter, his face streaming with perspiration.

"Faith, I'll pour a jug of water on it—"

"Stop, you ass! Oh, great Scott!"

Poindexter had reached out to stop the over-zealous Micky, and knocked the handle of the frying-pan. A flood of melted grease overflowed into the fire. There was a terrific burst of flame, and the juniors scuttled off to escape it. Then from the door they watched the fire in dismay.

The frying-pan was overturned, and the hapless leg of mutton was hissing away in the midst of the embers. Blaze was roaring up the chimney, and they heard the duller roar above that told of a chimney on fire.

There was a fresh shouting from the Close, and the meaning of the crowd there dawned upon Neville.

"My hat! It was our chimney they were watching!"

Poindexter dashed forward to drag the mutton from the fire, but the heat and the spluttering drove him back.

"I guess it's done in!"

"And so are we!" gasped Neville. "The chimney's afire!"

"Great snakes!"

"My word!" murmured Pankhurst. "There will be a row!"

Footsteps, rapid and heavy, sounded in the passage. The door was kicked open, and Trevelyan stared in. He started back in amazement.

"Why—what the—how the—you young rascals!"

"It's—it's all right, Trevelyan!"

"All right!" roared the captain of Cliveden. "Do you call this all right? The chimney's on fire! Do you hear?"

"We didn't mean—"

"No, I don't suppose you did! Get out of the study at once!"

"But—"

"Get out!"

That the Cliveden cooks were hauled over the coals for that escapade we need not say. But the Head, if he was a Tartar, was a just Tartar. He had learned enough from the stammering explanations of the juniors to know that they had cause for complaint, and no doubt he gave Miss Skinner a hint on the subject, for the next day there was a decided improvement in the House fare.

THE END.

("The Lone Rider" is next week's grand feature.)

SUMMER HINTS FOR THE OUTDOOR BOY.

If you know any hints suitable for this feature, send them to Your Editor. We pay 2s. 6d. for every one published.

Hints to Gardeners.

To prevent onion maggot take two ounces of citrate of soda and add one gallon of water. This must be put on the onions when just coming through the soil (about April) at the rate of two ounces of citrate of soda to the square yard.

To kill wireworms get some fresh gaslime and put on the ground while lying fallow; or, failing this, a heavy dose of quicklime will answer the same purpose.

To kill rose-tree pests.—Get quarter of a pound of soft soap, two quarts of boiling water, one pint of paraffin, mix well together by boiling them, and then add ten times its volume of water.

To kill slugs on gooseberry-trees.—Get half a pound of Paris green paste and add a hundred gallons of water. Fungi on apple-trees may be treated in the same manner. The trees should receive a good sprinkle early in the morning about two or three times a week.

Gooseberry bushes should be pruned in early spring. Start from the centre of the bush, not letting any twigs cross, and encourage plenty of young wood, as most of the fruit grows on the young shoots. When not fruiting the bushes should be tied up to prevent birds lodging on them.

When planting strawberry plants always choose the young plants growing nearest the parent plant, and be sure to bury only the roots and not the crowns of the plants. Plant them where an early crop of peas has been gathered off the ground.—Leonard Whitehouse, c.o. A. Whitehouse, Landywood, Great Wyrley, near Walsall.

COOT.—The nest is found in marshes and ponds, and is built of reeds, flags, and rushes, on willows that grow in the water. Seven to ten eggs are laid of a dull bluish colour, spotted and speckled with brown. The spots are less numerous, but darker than the speckles.

LAPWING.—Builds in the same place as the coot. A hollow in the ground, lined with dry grass, is the nest of the lapwing. Four eggs of a dirty green are laid, blotched all over with dark-brown spots.

TAWNY OWL.—A hollow in a tree, or a deserted crow's nest serves this bird for a nest. Three to five pure white eggs are laid, of an elliptical shape.

MISSAL THRUSH.—The missal thrush builds her nest in trees, resting it on a branch close to the trunk. It is composed of dry grass and moss, with a liberal mixture of wool, which helps it to stick to the bark. She lays four to six eggs of a pale-green, speckled with brown.

SWALLOW.—The swallow's favourite nesting-place is among the rafters of cow-barns and stables. There she lives in a neat clay cup for a nest, lined with soft feathers. Four to six eggs are laid, white in colour, with deep red speckles.

PIED FLYCATCHER.—This bird builds its nest from moss, grass, bents, feathers, and hair, in holes in pollard-trees and walls. Four or five eggs of a pale-blue or greenish-blue, unspotted. The same nest is used every year.

RED-BACKED SHRIKE.—This bird builds in furze-bushes, whitethorn hedges, etc. The nest is composed of wool, moss, bents of grass, and hair, etc. She lays five or six cream-coloured eggs,

Matches like these would be very useful for Scouts when they are camping out. As they take more rubbing to light them than ordinary matches it would be practically impossible to get them on fire accidentally.—B. Henson, 100, Street, London Road, Retford, Notts.

A Bicycle Tyre for Muscles.

Here is a new exercise that I think might be some use to the readers of THE BOYS' HERALD. It consists of a piece of bicycle tyre inner tube about eighteen inches long. By holding the hands at back of head, grasping ends of tyre in each hand, and pulling outwards, a slight exercise for the upper shoulder muscles is done. Then repeat in front of chest. Other exercises may be made with this.—Albert Williams, 12, Winton Street, Runcorn, Cheshire.

Cabinets for Birds' Eggs.

(Continued from last week.)

The sides of the case are, say, 3in. wide and 3in. thick. The back measures 1ft. 5in. length, and the ends are 1ft. 6in. long. The rear extremities of the end pieces are cut by "rebating" the wood is cut away to a lap or tongue 3in. thick and 3in. wide, which cavity the back length is glued.

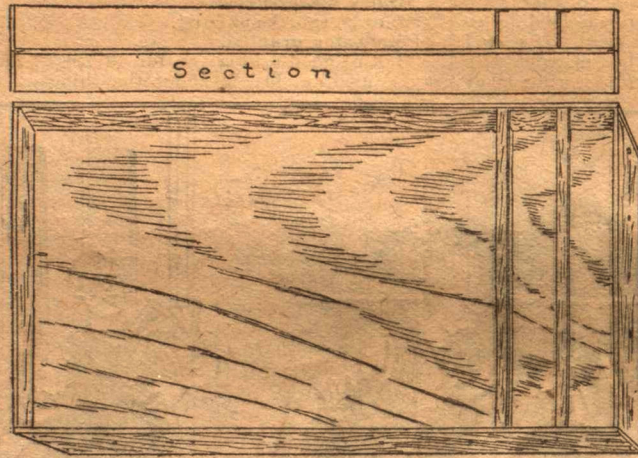
The rebating must be carefully done by pencilling the limits of the stuff that is to be cut away. Two cuts with a fine saw will do the business.

But the strips on which the drawer runners—must also fit into cavities cut in the end lengths. These are the same length as those we have just made, and are 3in. wide also, for this is the thickness of the runners. They terminate 3in. from the front end, so as to be invisible. Fig. 12 shows all this. Look at fig. 10 again. You notice a bar running across the top from end to end. The extremities of this fit into a recess cut in each end piece (fig. 12). It is 2in. long, and deep enough to hold the bar, which is 3in. thick and 2 1/2in. wide. The cavity is made 3in. from the front edge.

The runners are 3in. wide, and 1 1/2in. long. Their rear extremity is glued and screwed to a rebated portion of the back, a counterbore of that of the end pieces, and their other extremity is halved to the extent of 1 1/2in., to fit a strip in the lower front bar, which is as long as the back end—3in. wide and 3in. thick. This may be made with a sharp chisel, and the bar rebates with a cutting gauge or with a plane too.

Two strips of wood run above the runners from the front bar to the back to prevent the drawer rising. These are 3in. square in section, and are glued and screwed to the ends of the case.

Two pins or studs are inserted in the upper edge of each end to project 3in. They are formed of 1in. brass screws, which have their head removed with a fret saw designed for metal cutting. Let them be placed about 1in. from the front and back. The base has the studs correspondingly inserted, and the drawers have holes made in their lower edge to receive them. It would be wise to cut a little plate of brass with a hole in it for the studs, say 1 1/2in. x 3in., and screw it to the end edges in the correct position, sinking it level (fig. 13). It is not essential, but such an addition would avoid damaging the wood when in the act of putting one case on another. The drawers and back are of 3/4in. material; the front 3/4in. The width of the back piece is 1 1/2in.; the others are 1 1/2in. Cut the end pieces 1ft. 5 1/2in. long, the front 1ft. 5 1/2in., and the back 1ft. 4 1/2in. (Another grand article next week.)



Section

Fig. 11.

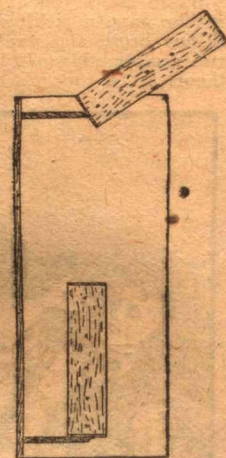


Fig. 12.

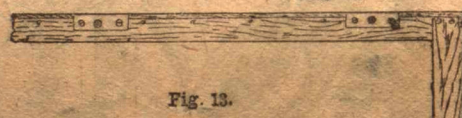


Fig. 13.

See the article "Cabinets for Birds' Eggs" on this page.

Where to Find Birds' Eggs.

Some people call egg-collecting a cruel-pastime. They are quite right in a way, for there is the right and wrong way of going about it. Keep a close watch on the building operations of the birds whose eggs are required. When a nest has been discovered take only one specimen, and even then do not do so until you have good reason to believe the bird has finished laying. Not only is it cruel to take an egg in which incubation has commenced, but it will often be found of no use to the collector.

Here is a list of birds, and a description of their eggs:

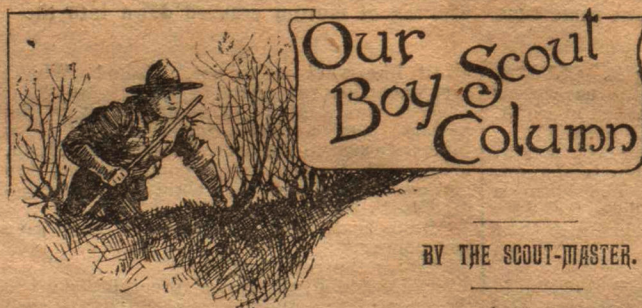
with brown spots predominating at the larger end.

In the month of July nearly every species of eggs can be found.—Wm. Banks, 35, Scotia Street, Glasgow.

Waterproof Matches.

A simple, inexpensive way of waterproofing matches is to dip them into some melted paraffin wax (care being taken that it is as cool as possible), and then allow them to cool.

When they are scratched upon the box the wax is rubbed off, and they light in the usual way.



BY THE SCOUT-MASTER.

Scouting in Camp.

THE work of a patrol when in camp should be of the "campaigning" order. That is to say, not so much of the drill and dress business, but a free-and-easy. Each day the leader ought to rough out the road which his patrol has to take, and the best way to do this is to place a compass down in the centre of their camping-ground, mark off the points N., E., S., or W., and march off in that direction, without troubling about beaten tracks or anything else.

Of course, this advice refers more particularly to town Boy Scouts. With them the habit of finding a certain spot by following named roads has become second nature, and so their camping work ought to be directed at teaching them a new method of keeping direction—namely, by following the compass, marching on landmarks, etc.

It takes a town-bred man a long time to shake off the "down so-and-so street, along so-and-so road" way of reaching a place; but I need hardly say how hopeless such a method is when

stranded on the country-side or tracking through a forest.

A very young scout of my acquaintance, when asked how he would go about to find a certain spot, replied, "I'd ask a policeman." And, although we all laughed at the youngster, the reply served to show how much the town boy must rely on the knowledge of others.

Therefore, let the chief work of a patrol, when camping-out, be to cultivate that sixth sense of direction which old hunters and backwoodsmen have to an extraordinary degree.

First of all, a clearly-defined point ought to be selected by the leader—a high hill, a tree standing alone, or a solitary house—any of these will do quite well, so long as it is far enough away from the camp. And here let me say that the camp also should have a distinguishing mark, particularly if it is close to a belt of trees. A Union Jack on a twelve-foot bamboo pole, placed clear of the camp, makes an ideal mark. The pole should not cost more than a few pence, and it is wonderful how well the old flag looks to the eyes of a weary patrol, campwards bound, when they first catch sight of it when trudging back, tired with their day's work.

Having selected the point to march upon, the leader should extend his patrol into as wide a line as possible. Anything up to five hundred yards between each is not too much. Each scout has to rely absolutely on himself. The leader simply indicates the point he wishes to reach, makes sure that each scout knows where it is, then his work, as far as leading is concerned, is over.

To the uninitiated it would seem a very simple

thing, this marching on a clearly-defined point. But when there are some six or seven miles to be covered, with hills and vales, and short belts of forest, perhaps, to be won through between, it is wonderful how quickly a man loses his direction. While the landmark is in sight, of course, it is child's play; but as the ridge, or a hollow, where the point is, is lost sight and one is marching guided only by memory, soon proves how weak is the human instinct of the average scout.

Plans of Manoeuvres.

The patrol has been ordered to make shelterproof shelters at various points. The patrol will march in close formation, and will then select various places, and will then select various material—sand, earth, brick, etc.—and will of each of his scouts how they would go to form shelters.

The following table will enable the leader to judge the value of the various materials.

- To stop a modern rifle bullet at point-blank range requires:
 - 5ft. of clay (maximum amount for any material).
 - 3ft. of earth (unrammed; earth packed tightly has its resisting power increased).
 - 2ft. 6in. of sand.
 - 18in. of sand (between boards).
 - 9in. of brickwork (if made of good material and well built).
 - 48in. of soft wood (across grain).
 - 27in. of hard wood (oak, across grain).
 - 6in. of shingle.
 - 15in. of coal.
 - 18ft. of snow.

(Note.—The above are all point-blank thicknesses.)

(Another splendid article next week.)