The Police Review.

The Editor will give an ardent welcome to interesting news, paragraphs, veld stories, jokes and anecdotes, short stories and verse. Photographs and line drawings are also wanted. The originals, mounted, of sketches appearing in this paper, may be purchased at cheap rates on application to the Editor.

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Types I Have Met.

I.—THE DEPOT DUTYMAN.

This type is met with exclusively in Salisbury, his favourite haunt being the canteen, where invariably by day he is to be found. His favourite pastime is the study of ornithology, and many are the birds that have passed through his hands; more frequently than not, to be plucked. At nighttime, should he have decoyed or enticed a specimen from that gigantic aviary, he obtains, from that unfortunate, 2/- and the use of his best civies, and proceedings down town to worship at the shrine of Maggie—the guardian angel of police in those parts. Here, should the borrowed plumes be sufficiently loud to eclipse those of the Civil Service (for whom he entertains violent feelings of hatred), he deems himself an entire success. Self-confidence is the salient feature in his individuality—probably it's just as well he believes in himself—no one else does.

Towards midnight (or later should there still be change out of that 2/-) he returns to Camp. If in borrowed clothes—on all fours—often, however, in a ricksha. Arriving at the C. and I. Office, he instructs the ricksha boy to call to-morrow, or does a double shuffle through the back door—generally the latter. When unusually flush or flushed, as the case may be, he has been known to pay. His personal kit consists of a handkerchief with violent autographs. Many of his specimens are indelibly engraved upon his cleaning kit—others upon his crime sheet—the majority, however, upon crisp, curt notes from tradesmen or their solicitors. He is never allowed on the veldt, being needed as bathroom orderly—he'd only get lost if he were.

To disclose his paces enquire why his last Troop Officer returned him to Depot. "THE YOUNG RECRUIT,"
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Detective Stories.

A CRITICISM.

No form of artistic effort has more from indiscriminate condemnation than the type of narrative which we commonly call the Detective Story.

The detective, or mystery, story need not, of course, be primarily concerned with detectives. Some of the best stories of this type, like "The Woman in White," have not the shadow of a detective from cover to cover. The real distinguishing feature is that the reader should be confronted with a number of mysterious facts of which the explanation is reserved till the end. Now this reservation of the final solution, in order to pique the reader's curiosity, excite his ingenuity, and lead him on to an unexpected climax, is a quite legitimate artistic effect. The only question to be asked about it in any particular instance is whether it succeeds, whether the effect is really obtained.

The second condition is even more constantly bafTering, but he is never unnatural. He leaves nothing unexplained. He never stretched the long arm of coincidence. Suspicion shifts naturally from culprit to culprit, as it would in real life. Sometimes, as in "La Veuve Lerouge," a single unnoticed circumstance will turn the whole story upside down. But the circumstance is not in itself unnatural or even startling. We feel rather foolish not to have thought of it ourselves.

Wilkie Collins was inferior to Gaboriau in the special technique of the detective story. But he has immense compensation in his superiority in the larger art of creation.

Poe has perhaps less ingenuity than Gaboriau, and certainly less power of creative characterisation than Collins. Such a conception as that of "The Purloined Letter" is imaginatively beyond the reach of any other writer of the kind.

A criticism of modern detective fiction would obviously be inadequate without some appreciation of the great Sherlock Holmes cycle. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is at least entitled to claim the honour of being the only novelist, since Dickens, one of
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whose creations has become a popular proverb. It is easy to test this. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is generally considered a popular writer. Mulvaney is probably Mr. Kipling’s most popular creation. But let anyone say in an assembly of twenty average men chosen at random from the street—"That man is quite a Mulvaney." Perhaps two men will understand the reference; perhaps one; quite possibly none. But let him say—"That man is quite a Sherlock Holmes." The recognition will be instantaneous and unanimous. A man who had not heard of Holmes would be more singular than a man who could not sign his own name. Sir Arthur is the only writer of our time who has done the impossible. It was not a difficult performance to have Holmes solve a mystery story. The man who had not heard of Holmes would not have been more singular than a man who could not sign his name. Sir Arthur is the only writer of our time who has done the impossible. It was not a difficult performance to have Holmes solve a mystery story.

The idea that you cannot put good philosophy into certain art-forms is as absurd and mischievous as the idea that you cannot put good workmanship into them. Mr. Shaw, for example, has put his philosophy into the form of ordinary melodrama in "The Devil’s Disciple." Ibsen has put his into the form of pantomimic extravaganza in "Peer Gynt." There is no earthly reason why a man with a specific talent for the work should not put ideas as profound into the form of the detective story. For, after all, the essence of the detective story is the presence of visible phenomena with a hidden explanation. And that, when one comes to think of it, is the essence of all the philosophies.

To conclude this article on the detective in fiction by the detective in fact would, I venture to remark, be not at all out of place. The greatest living detective, in my estimation, is Professor Pepper, of Scotland Yard, the great criminal analyst, chemist, and microscopic expert. The man who, in the maze of conflict and doubt which enshrouds the average murder case, says coldly and analytically "this is what happened in the ordinary course of law and science," or "this particular crime was committed in this particular way," and the average man when he hears Dr. Pepper put forward his theories, says: "How wonderfully simple! Why on earth didn’t some one else think of that?"

Privately he lives in Wimpole Street, and is surgeon to several London hospitals. He is also the Home Office adviser. In looks he rather belies his reputation as one of the keenest of modern scientists, but there is no mistaking him when he begins to speak. He fixes his eyeglasses on his nose, leans forward slightly, and then in a long slow stream of perfect English, contained in beautifully modelled sentences, tells his story. On his word hangs the fate of many men, but it is rarely doubted, for he has studied the secrets of Nature all his life, and Nature does not lie.

P. S.

It appears that Home athletes have not yet acquired the secret of long-distance running. In the Surrey Athletic Club’s fifteen miles road running race, although the winner was a Kentish man, A. Williams, the 2nd, 3rd, 5th and 7th places were filled by Italians resident in London, while the 6th place was occupied by a Turk.

Cardiff is the latest place to be blessed by an anti-boxing police force. All matches are forbidden in that town.

In the Storbeck-Curran contest, held at Plymouth, on Jan. 12th, the Englishman was disqualified in the 3rd round.
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THE SALISBURY SPORTS.

The Caledonian Sports on New Year's Day were largely attended, and the competition was good, though the starting in the sprints spoilt the finishes somewhat. Both the scratch men, Hutchinson of Bulawayo, and little Roos, were badly left in their heats, but got placed nevertheless. Boyd got second place in his heat.

In the Hop, Step and Jump, I believe Boyd, if he had got well off his mark, would have just about won, but, by taking off too far back, was only able to get second place. He must practice his take off if he wants to win that event.

Jack Roos turned out for the High Jump, and sprained his ankle, completely spoiling any chance he had in the sprint championship. Perhaps Roos doesn't know that jumping does a sprinter no good, and Roos isn't a good enough jumper to get placed, unless in a handicap. Had he left the jump alone, he had a chance in the 100 yards handicap, and, in my opinion, a winning chance in the 100 yards championship. As it was he pluckily turned out in the two finals and got 3rd place in the slow time of 11 sees., which time is a good 4 yards worse than Roos could do on a track like the Alexandra one.

D. W. Smith, a natural jumper, won the High Jump with a height of 5 ft. 3½ ins., which was a fairly good jump, considering the loose soil. With practice and judgment, this young "lepper" ought to top 5 ft. 6 ins. or more quite easily.

Boyd won the Long Jump with 19 ft. 7 ins. He will improve on that I think.

Big Donald McLean showed the superiority of the "turn" in the Hammer Competition, by beating his nearest rival by about 18 ft. Mac, if he would only practice a "double turn," could put another 10 or 15 ft. on the 110 ft. he threw the hammer that day. He also won "Tossing the Caber" very easily.

Hutchinson won the 220 Yards Scratch as he liked, but the exertions of the sprints and this race finished him, and he never got near the 440 Yards Championship, which D. R. McLachlan, of Salisbury, won with yards to spare from Boyd, in the slow time of 54 2-5 secs.

Smith, who has all the makings of a good athlete, romped home in the 120 Yards Hurdles in fairly good time, Harry Kirby just beating Boyd for second place.

The Mile Championship was a very slow race, Elsworth of Salisbury, winning in a canter in time which a half-a-dozen peds. in Bulawayo could beat.

The Tug-of-War was by way of being a surprise. The Police looked like holding their heavier opponents at the first, but weight (and perhaps a wee drappie whisky just before the pull) told its tale, and the Caledonians at last got the best of it, in spite of good coaching by Constable Perry. The second pull did not last long, the Caledonians getting a good set-off, and they never stopped heaving until they got the Police over the line again.

The musical ride by the S.R.V. was the feature of the day, and was a clever exhibition of horsemanship and training. Altogether it was a fine day's sport.

With reference to the challenge of Roos to run Hutchinson or the Rabinsons, Hutchison accepts the challenge to run Roos 120 yards at the first King's Sports, provided they will arrange such an event. I am afraid the Rabinsons are hardly good enough to run either Roos or Hutchinson on level terms.

I mentioned the challenge to the Secretary of the King's Club, and I think he will do his best to fix matters up. It will be at least two months before the first athletic meeting takes place.

The Waster.

A NEW READING OF A POPULAR CLASSIC.

I came to this land, you will quite understand,
For the good of the country I'd quit.
They attached me off-hand to this ruddy command
To prepare for the Bottomless Pit.

They think I'm remaining in excellent training;
At least I am out of the way,
And it's no good explaining the knowledge I'm gaining
Is just on a par with the pay.

Yip-i-addy-i-ay! Yip-i-addy-i-ay!
I don't care what becomes of me, since I joined the B.S.A.P.

Yip-i-addy-i-ay! I only get five bob a day.
And it will not increase while I'm in the Police.

The Bard of Bembesi.
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Letters to the Editor.

[We shall be pleased to publish the written opinions of our readers, especially those of interest which are likely to arouse discussion. Letters of a libellous nature will not be printed.—The Editor]

To the Editor, "The Police Review."

SIR,—May I take the liberty of drawing attention to an evil which bids fair to become a menace to the future well-being of this corps. I refer to the spread of hero-worship so prevalent amongst the younger members of the force, evinced more particularly towards what is picturesquely known as the "hard case."

Now for the benefit of the uninitiated, a "hard case" is a man who is unclean in mind and body—who is utterly devoid of the decencies of life—whose principal ambition seems to be the acquiring of intoxicants, and who is, in himself, an awful monument to human weakness and degeneration, and a pitiful example of the depths to which a man can sink.

Now one would think that such an individual would be barred from the society of decent men, but, unfortunately, such is not the case. Not only is he tolerated, but he is accepted as a boon companion, by many guileless young men in the Corps, who quote his sayings with zest, and emulate, or endeavour to emulate, his acts with unction.

It is all the more unfortunate when we realise that these same youths are, in many cases, Public School men, who ought to have had the nonsense knocked out of them long ago.

That the baleful influence of the "hard case" is making itself felt throughout the Corps, is only too apparent. I have entered a barrack-room and encountered the painful sight of men—with only a few months' service in the corps—scattered about in various stages of intoxication, and babbling the most drivelling rot interspersed with ribald song and obscene anecdotes.

At this stage I would make a few remarks on the most noticeable features of "hard-casedom" (if I may be allowed to coin a word), and that is the absolute and utter lack of respect and gentlemanly feeling displayed by the "hard cases" towards women.

"Women, whose names ought to be held sacred from discussion in a community of men, are discussed with a freedom that is as revolting as it is unnecessary. A remark, which amongst men would bring down upon its perpetrator a just retribution, is only greeted with a roar of silly laughter.

Now, these men, it is to be presumed, were brought up in the refining influence of home life, and possess mothers and sisters, whose names and sex they insult and dishonour every day of their lives. One wonders if they realise this.

Another result of the cult of the "hard case" is the conversation habitually indulged in both in the barrack room and at mess. To begin with—the subject chosen, for the most part, is one which needs most delicate hand-

Letters to the Editor.
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THE POLICE REVIEW.

HEADQUARTERS.

The address by the Commanding Officer, which appeared in the January issue of the Review, was much appreciated by all ranks, and the sentiment conveyed therein compels one to feel that we need to keep in mind the true value of things.

It is admitted that we have much to contend with, but it should always be borne in mind that our dull and seemingly profitless occupations are as a background upon which to paint acts of service.

To the unthinking, a policeman is nothing, and a tin of bully and a mule is not much, but a policeman, a tin of bully and a mule, should always be borne in mind that our dull and seemingly profitless occupations are as a background upon which to paint acts of service.

The Band acquitted themselves well at the Que Que Yuletide Sports, and the Committee expressed themselves in flattering terms for the excellent way the men carried out their engagement under very trying conditions.

Their services were again requisitioned on the Friday night following their return from Que Que, the occasion being "Guest Night" at the Officers' Mess, and the improvement made in their playing during the last three months was generally commented upon.

Following the Troop festivities, the event of the year is undoubtedly the "Annual Dinner and Concert" held in the Sergeant's Mess with the advent of the new year. With three exceptions, all the talent was drawn from our own reserve.

The dinner, prepared by our debonair Troop Cook, under the watchful eye of "Willie," was excellently served, and could scarcely have been improved upon.

Now then "Hacker"? Sit down, or bring the gloves, just as you like; THEN we might see the end of the Artillery, HE KNOWS!

Our "Willie," alias Sergt. Taylor, has decided to take his discharge. Dear old "Golligow"! We shall miss him without a doubt. Always willing and ready to assist in making life cheerful under varying conditions, we honestly regret his departure from our midst.

The elephant shoot goes on apace in the Mafungabusi District and the latest addition to the patrol is Lienr. Broxton, who left Salisbury a few days ago to join the party, and in view of the fact that he took with him a couple of express rifles, excellent results are expected in the course of time.

Battery Sergt. Major Chalmers has qualified for the "ROLL." Quietly, very quietly, in fact too quietly, he incurred the bonds of matrimony on the 9th January. We congratulate him, and our hearty good wishes for a bright and happy future are extended to Mrs. Chalmers.

It is whispered that Sgt. Sanders is also pretty well within the maze, in fact, providing nothing unforeseen happens to prevent it, HE also will be running in double harness by the time these notes appear in print. Again, our hearty congratulations.

"Hampshire" has relinquished the pen for the sword, Sgt. Rivett having returned off leave and again resumed duty in the Commissioner's office.

A goodly number of recruits have joined during the month. They are a very likely looking lot of young fellows and will no doubt do credit to the corps after being stripped and assembled by the Instructors in the Headquarters' "Arcadia."

From a number of inquiries made in connection with the announcement that "Hacker" was writing a new history of the Boer War, it is apparent that much interest is centred therein. It behoves that eminent author to hurry up the publication, or there will also be an end of the "Cavvy" in addition to the cook.

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The night was NOT dark and stormy, and under such conditions the wind does NOT howl very wild, but on that fateful day "Madushwa" lost his tooth, the roads were rough, the trees pranced about like unto wild horses, and the straight path had many TURNINGS in it, but we found Africa quite big enough to hold us after all.

Cpl. Keefe has been transferred to "D" Troop, and Cpl. Simmons from "D" to Headquarters.

The Crocodile Cordon having disbanded, Sgt. Douglas has returned to Headquarters. He expects to go on leave at an early date.

Is it true that the "K" Troop poet presented himself at the editor's room with a roll of manuscript, with a polite request to have the trifle he had written about the beautiful sunset inserted in the Review—if there was room?

"Oh, plenty of room! Just insert it yourself!" replied Bussy, gently pushing the waste paper basket towards him, which happened to be one of Waterlow's "Review" brand.

By the way, Sgt. "Dicky" Dent came in from Mazoe the other day and took unto himself a wife.

Our latest aspirants for the Matrimonial Stakes are apparently suited to take high honours in the C.I. Department. At least, that is the impression conveyed in view of the silent methods adopted and the certainty of getting there.

"SHAMWARI."

"C" TROOP.

Public Prosecutor, what price perambulators?

We welcome Tpr. Hale to Hartley. He has come to put up a recreation room. We may use it as a bathroom on the quiet. What ingratitude!

"Barney" has returned from his trip to the metropolis, where he has been for his health. We are glad to hear he has lost nothing by it; some do, ask Harding! The "D" Troop poet presented himself at the editor's room with a roll of manuscript, with a polite request to have the trifle he had written about the beautiful sunset inserted in the Review—if there was room?

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"G" TROOP.

The T.S.M. is building an aviary. What does this augur? Is it possible that Willoughby is stopping here after all, or are we to expect a batch of the best from Headquarters?

We regularly pull Bertie's leg but we must say he takes it so thumpingly to the heart that we are giving him a short rest, only falling back on him when short of copy.

In consequence of the Labour Tax, we hear our Licence Inspector contemplates opening a Bureau of his own for the supply of licences for gentler sex and hitherto we have employed. What does the Colonel think of it? Anyway, that "bob a nob" business has to be evaded somehow, and personally we favour this scheme.

The Colonel's resolve to uphold many sport is not altogether (damn! what's the word I want meaning "standing alone," "one by itself"—"put it in for me"). A faint whisper reached us from 'Selingwe that Hector is all for it. Even to turning the Black Watch out under arms to act as audience when tennis is on. Very praiseworthy, Hector, keep it up!

Cheer up, Johnson, Don't take it to heart. Why not go the whole hog and call him "Lysanda Potiphar"?

Broncho bustin' barrackin' Lea,
Mounted Silpani haughtily.
Pig rooted—fencing wire.
Got entangled. Back to kia.

Enthusiasm is absolutely rampant in Gwanda. Not only is there a man who polishes his trouser buttons, but actually another has employed blue goggles ("God, my eyes didn't harmonise with Review Order. Where will it end?"

There—now we've done it and shall have Miss Honey on our tracks for being under if anyone. I wonder if anyone on behalf of the Police has wished her a Happy New Year. Here's rectifying their oversight if they haven't.

Shangani, swinging stables,
Vanished very valiantly—
Serious stove to swank.
Willy warrior W. O. de Legh—
Realised rather rattily—
"Owen" older bird than he.

Hacker has our deepest sympathy. Feeding "G" may be a stupendous undertaking but it's a work of Christian Charity and after all he's not struck our representative from the Jersey Marshals! Wah!

That "Umfaan from Ermelo" has taught us a lesson. Never judge by appearances! Years may be against him but oh—his mind and at the same time the minds of his black brethren. The following short extract from his notebook will serve to lucidate my point:

"Atungana, Amajute, Abantu, skwelwa mena indlhebhe cavena. Mena fika falo Cesar lapu pasi, Ikonon bonga. Lo mubi lo enhla noko yena fely, lo mulha maningi scat fakal line dozelo matambo ca yena,"—"Kwethembelenkomo!"

This is in keeping with Natural History should ask Cpl Cronin to expound his theory regarding the Peahen. Does it really demolish the lot? What a gourmand!

"Malala Teare" has taken up his residence in Belingwe. We wonder will there be any Tearedrops there.

From Gwanda ("G" Troop.)

Although "We"—"I write on behalf of the few Ichabods stationed in Gwanda," I say although we may not be Troop headquarters any longer, we don't see why we shouldn't have our "pertickler" corner in the B.S.A.P. Notes. So it was unanimously decided that Mhlega being the physically weakest member on the station, he should write the Notes, or else be— But that's another matter. Anyway, I thought if politic to acquiesce, so here goes!

We had a most enjoyable Xmas and New Year, making special efforts on Boxing Day and New Year's Eve. The former was devoted to an affair of the Cold Collation order—and the recovery therefrom. It was quite a success, and we lift our hats to Tprs. Wood and Brown for their efforts in the gastronomic line. The one and only "Nookley" made the hit of the day by his fine renditions of "Tuli march past"—"with chorus!"—whilst "Freezer" Frost—who was in great form—performed prodigiously on the Mouth Organ, executing the "Tuli march past" with great gusto.

Tuli Thomas—(Tuli in italics, please, Mr. Editor) I wants to know what the Eno's Fruit Salts a donkey's made for, if not for carrying a pack; and also felt quite annoyed when the N.C.O. of a station explained that a donkey must have left quite a lot of "Monickas" at the Village Inn!

Still we have a soft corner for this sybaritze of "Tottie Tottie Cough Drop" in our hearts, and we looks towards him in that far distant Tropical Tuli, where they never see a white man (R.M.K.'s letter in the oversea mail)—there was a cow! (Mhlega).

We hope that the Tuli square may flourish as gravely as ever, and that there are no horrid people like those Border Guard fellows to disarrange the brilliants.

Any way may Reggie soon acquire the coveted Park-keeper's badge.

Maudie wants to know if Polly can undo knots?

Baby Gunn lent us for England, Home and beauty via Flabusi. We speed him with all good wishes, trusting he may spend next festive season out of "dock." Not that he didn't make up for lost time when he did get out!

Gwanda fellows want to know whether other troops have heard Sgt. Douglas sing "Killerney!" It's as good as—Well, it's with a guinea a box!

"Billy" Williams is coming back to duty from "Town Slop." It is our earnest hope that he won't mistake the road from the Harter Lights next time he's out there.

Why should the aforesaid "Bill" get wild when asked "If 'e 'ainst got an elmet?"

The Ruling Question in Gwanda at the present moment is—

"Do policemen carry revolvers?"

Mhlega.

"H" TROOP.

Once again the festive season, with all its attendant joys and unpaid bills, has come and gone. Our annual new resolutions have again been resusculated, and after, in most cases, a single day's sitting, have once again been buried for another long twelve months' rest. Here in Gwanda Xmas Day was, as usual, celebrated in jovial fashion. A tennis tournament was arranged for the afternoon, and a billiard handicap for the evening. Some exciting games were witnessed in the former, but alas! "the day was hot and the beer was cold," and by the time the tennis players had quenched their thirst, little attention could be given to billiards. In the evening came the event of the day, which was—need we say—"The Dinner." This was attended with much enthusiasm by all members of the detachment, and after the eating, drinking and speechifying, the troops settled down for a "Smoker." Things progressed merrily, and some very good talent was unearthed—Tpr. Foster's rendering of the "Blind Fiddler," coming in for especial notice. Of the rest of proceedings of that merry party, one memory is, we regret to say, somewhat dim, but just before breaking up time—and surely it was a sad faux-pas on the part of the Grave Trooper who asked G. M.C.—he, arising with some slight assistance from the deep backed deck-chair in which he had been reclining, and glaring reproachfully at the solitary violinist, remarked, "Scuseme, gentlemen, but s'hat a duet you're playin'?"

It was a dark and dreary night, a few hours before the break of dawn on Xmas Day, at a time when the streets of Gwelo are as free from travellers as the billiard ball is from cockroaches, and when only the clang of the Policeman's 11 a.m. boot is heard crashing on the cobbles, when just as Constable E——was passing a butcher's shop, there came from within the building sounds as of someone helping himself to the hard earned contents of the butcher's cash register. In nowise daunted, but hurriedly blowing his whistle for assistance, our young constable dashed round to get the keys of the store. These obtained he returned to find six civilians variously armed with crowbars, knives, revolvers, etc., anxiously waiting near by. Quickly unlocking the store, and clasp ing his truncheon in his right hand, the constable dashed into the building at the head of his gallant little band, and grasped with the nearest of the miscreants. Meeting but little resistance lights were called for and the capture inspected. It consisted of three large geese and one turkey!

Cpl. Joice has left us on transfer to Salisbury. A rumour is current in Town Police circles that he is reading for the Law Exam.

Enkeldoorn, we are informed, is still a Township. The latest innovation there is a Police band, and this has been heard discoursing sweet music to the inhabitants. Seriously though, isn't it about time Enkeldoorn was declared open veld and ploughed up.
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Enkeldoorn is much mystified as to the indentity of a certain dark-eyed maiden who was, we hear, the belle of a ball recently held there. She was accompanied by a Scotsman dressed in full national costume. Barrings a slight sensation of Gin the lady's get up was perfect. But who was she? Cpl. M—— enquires.

Cpl. Mackintosh has returned to us after a lengthy sojourn in the land of the Maswina. He has gone back to Enkeldoorn, his old station, there to take up the duties of 'Town Police and Prosecutor. A cheerful place, any way, so we trust he won't die of excitement.

Poor Zeede, our caterer, complains that some members of the Gwelo Mess are so very very hard to please. One Gentleman, not content with expressing his disapproval in the usual manner, has even gone to the length of trying to supplement his rations by catching birds with a sieve and a piece of string. The birds are very wily tho' and Nimrod gets thinner day by day.

We hear from our Selukwe correspondent that "The Weavil" has recently been exploring the depths of the Tokwe River. What was he looking for anyway—Stripes?

Many and drastic changes have taken place during the month. Sgt. Kennedy, Tprs. Rochard, Lemon, Harveyson and Reaney have arrived to take the places of Sgt. Sims, Tprs. Jones, Foster and Boulton. Sgt. Sims was exceptionally popular at Wankie and received a great send-off, practically every European on the property turning out to wish him bon voyage and good luck on his new station. "Hey!" Sims' friends wishes "Sundown" would leave every day. He did a roaring trade did "Happy."

What is mealie meal? Or rather is Boer meal mealie meal? Harveyson says "Yes." Sgt. Kennedy says "Decidedly not." At least that was what he meant.

Reaney has started searching for diamonds in the N.C.'s kopje at the back of the stables. I told him he wouldn't find any but he looked upon me with scorn and I felt crushed.

"The Rip" proposed a system of fines for talking "shop" in the mess kia. Reaney said wicked things at first but he had the desired effect.

Yesterday the Sergeant and his A.D.C. sallied forth to take the Wankie fair sex by storm at the local tennis court. Unfortunately there are no beauteous maidsens here, only staid and respectable matrons, so the spotless flannelers and "Posh" Police blazers were wasted. Hard luck! But nevertheless there was no reason for Reaney to saddle poor old "Tiger" Marriott with a wife.!!

Why this eagerness to be in town for next High Court. Surely his Honour isn't the attraction! Maybe its because our new hands pine for Hacker and his delicacies. But "The Rip" murmurs "Salome" even in his sleep.

Our gay and gallant volunteers are giving a "smoker" on Saturday, 28th inst. at "C" Troop. It is, unfortunately (or otherwise) away on the Gwaa, so will not be able to delight us with his meritorious warblings.

I heard rather a neat yarn the other day which is more than applicable to this place. Here it is:—A gentleman flung himself into a railway carriage at the station of W (somewhere in Yorkshire) with the remark just as the train moved out, "My G——, what a place! I should think it's the last place God ever made." To which a severe individual, who had also just got in, replied "Sir, you are wrong!"

Fearing that he had given offence, the first speaker apologised with "Oh, come, sir, I hope I have not offended, but surely you can't say much for W——..."

"Sir," repeated the other, in even more sepulchral tones, "you are wrong. I have lived at W—— these twenty years. God did not make it. What's more, sir. He doesn't know it's made. And when He finds out there'll be the devil to pay!"

Rochard has been down with fever for more than a week but is somewhat better now. Got it on his one and only patrol. Hard luck, old sport, but keep your pecker up. You've got the devil of a long while to live yet. Only the good die young.

"K" and "C" Troops will be glad to hear of the marriage which has taken place in Johannesburg between their old comrades, Mr. W. F. H. Craigie, and Miss Muriel Evelyn Maxwell. Bride and bridegroom are both Australian. Craigie has recently had the luck to win the Ferreira Deep Sweep on the Johannesburg Summer Handicap Meeting, to the value of £520. We offer Mr. Craigie and his wife our heartiest congratulations on behalf of his old chums in the Police.
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THE POLICE REVIEW

“L” TROOP.

Has Ossil the Outcast lost his duelap yet? Ask Sinoa.
It is a pity that such a lot of Zetril is sold in the Headquarters, when plenty of Squash is obtainable at Sinoa. Support home industry.

The stamp of trooper joining the B.S.A.P. nowadays is indeed useful to the Chartered Company, as it can be used for locomotives as well as police work.

If any members of the Corps are desirous of having a little instruction in pronunciation let them apply to Fort Usher, where the Mess is turned into a kindergarten department, and instructions are daily given by Bingley and the Toad.

A new cattle cordon has just been started here, and the most efficient trooper, namely, his Reverence, has been sent to take charge.

Has Holi recovered from its Christmas festivities yet; if not, I am sorry for Ginger and the Cart.

The London Rough Riders are not a success in this Corps. Mules do not like them.

“L” Troop sends out a challenge to “K” Troop to play a cricket match at the Matopos Terminus. If accepted, it will come efficient trooper, namely, his Reverence, has been sent to take charge.

We are all at work. It’s New Year’s Day. Our sports begin at 10 a.m., but there is heaps to be done before then, arranging tents, chairs, rigging, flags, bunting, and the most particular item, refreshments, that must not be forgotten. At 10 a.m. sharp the judging starts for the first part of the programme.

ITEMS —

(I) The smartest turned out N.C.O. There was some difficulty in selecting Nos. 1, 2, and 3.

(II) Smartest Private. After being reduced to six possibles, the judging gave a little trouble, and only minor details caused the failure of the unfortunate three to fall out.

(III) Smartest turned out N.C.O. and Private in Marching Order. This event did not take so long, but a very good turn out it proved, and it was again difficult to select the 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

(IV) Smartest turned out Town Police and Buglers. A great fight we had here between a Bugler and a Town Policeman. A decision of seven people was arranged, before the first and second prize was decided upon.

It had been raining before the events 1, 2, 3 and 4 took place, but ceased and enabled us to go on with the inspection at 10 a.m., but during lunch it simply fell down, and did not cease till past 3 o’clock.

At the appointed time (1.30 p.m.), led by Major Byas, we decided to start the second half of the programme. Still raining.

The 440 yards was won in grand style by Bandsman Kayenda, a really fine sprinter.

The 100 yards was secured by the same man after seven heats, semi-final and final.

Tilling the Bucket caused roars of laughter, and many were the attempts to get the stick through the hole and avoid the usual ducking.

The 880 yards produced two heats and a final, the latter being well contested.

The Potato Race for Police wives was certainly interesting, the husbands most enthusiastically and vigorously shouting their wives to victory.

After the interval for tea we had the Bolster Bar. Sgt.-Majors Warren and Taylor led the field, followed by many police who revel in this particular event. It was very laughable and was enjoyed by the visitors, who were now turning up in strong numbers. The elements having favoured us after the tea interval, the ladies put in appearance, the colour of their dresses and hats, with the flags, etc., giving a better touch to the scene around and making the day more enjoyable.

Event 14 (Sack Race)—Many competed, causing the usual merriment.

Hurdles next, over eight ½ ft. hurdles. No trouble was experienced by the police, and the event was won in fine style by Sgt. Kambondoma, a really champion hurdler.

Band and Walking Race (playing) was awfully amusing.

Basses booming their best, big drum going like wind and banging for all he was worth, the modest triangle doing his share, as did the cornets, with “Stop your tickling, Jock.” The cymbal player clashed as though he had no time to live, the whole, combined making a weird yet not too untuneful sound.

The Obstacle Race was excellent; the obstacles being rather hard, but still amusing and novel to all. Two fresh items were introduced, a complicated wood trap and a twelve feet climb, then shunting the shute into six feet of water.

Final (Tug-of-War)—A stiff struggle between the Police and the Public Works Dept., saw the police victors after three pulls.

Chasing the Chicken took place at intervals during the afternoon. This interesting event causes any amount of laughter, as a chicken hanging on a six foot pole is sought after by twenty blindfolded men, all hitting at one another. He who happens to be in the way may receive a rather nasty smack on the head.

The success of the Sports are due to the following committee who stuck to work under adverse conditions:—Lieut.-Col. Carden, C.M.G.—a keen critic at the smartest turned out police event; Major Byas and Sgt.-Major Ferguson—up-to-date starters and whippers in; Lieut. and Adjt. James and Lieut. Castle had plenty to do with the tape at the other end, also to keep an eye on the victors.

Lieut. Withers gave us a visit from Sheseke and assisted during the day.

The Band, under Sgt.-Major Taylor, played the following programme:

March, “Our Director” (Higginson); Valse, “The Dollar Princess” (Leo Fall); Slow March, “Coburg” (Arrgd. Grant); Two Step, “The Picnic” (W. B. Taylor); Valse, “Druids Prayer” (Davison); Two Step, “Victrix” (W. B. Taylor); Two Step, “Colon Town” (Hoffman); March, “H.R.H.” (W. B. Taylor).

LIVINGSTONE LETTER.

Headquarters,
Northern Rhodesia Police.

We are all at work. It’s New Year’s Day. Our sports begin at 10 a.m., but there is heaps to be done before then, arranging tents, chairs, rigging, flags, bunting, and the most particular item, refreshments, that must not be forgotten. At 10 a.m. sharp the judging starts for the first part of the programme.

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THE CALL OF THE BUGLE.

"Well, good-bye, you fellows and good luck. No more fatigues and morning stables for me. I'm a civilian and a gentleman at large," and with a laugh, time-expired Trooper John Errol swung out of the barrack room and across the square for the last time; followed by the envious glances and thoughts of his late comrades.

He walked quickly, rejoicing in his freedom and the thought that for him, sergeant-majors, parades and the dreaded "peg" had lost their terrors. On the morrow he would commence life afresh as a civilian in a promising billet; and he hoped within the year to be in a position to marry the girl who had lately brought into his life a sense of comradeship and happiness that ten years of soldiering had done little to inspire.

Ten years! He shrugged his shoulders as he thought of them, wondering whether they had been entirely wasted. Happy, irresponsible years, at least he would never see their like again. Seven with the Colours and three with the Mounted Police; and now, at the end of them, he had to begin life again, begin with almost as little knowledge of the outside world as he had had when first he joined the Service.

It had been a good deal of a wrench, this sudden snatching asunder of old associations, and deep in his heart he knew that but for Her he had never before seen their like again. Seven with the Colours and three with the Mounted Police; and now, at the end of them, he had to begin life again, begin with almost as little knowledge of the outside world as he had had when first he joined the Service.

His reverie was disturbed by the sudden call of a bugle sounding from the Camp, and more from habit than anything else he stopped to listen.

It was only the "Fall In" that sounded, but the wailing notes seemed to stir every fibre of his being, and his blood ran swift as it had not done for many a long day: and, with a rush, memory carried him back to the days when, as a child, he had listened at the Barrack gates to the stirring trumpet notes and had run home to dream of battle and glory and all the glamour which his youthful imagination had lent to a soldier's life. Well, he knew now that there was little romance and much hard work in the lives of those who wore the King's uniform; but, for all that, it was the life he loved, and he swore under his breath as the thought came home to him for the first time that he was now a civilian—one of a class of whom he knew little, and whom he had always been inclined to hold in some measure of contempt—and that for him the bugles would never sound again, and his ears never hear the creaking of harness and the ring of steel which speaks of a squadron on the march, and which is the sweetest music in the ears of those who love it.

He came out of his dreams with a start, to the realization that someone was speaking, and found himself looking into the sweet face of his future bride.

"I'm so sorry, dear," he said, "I did not see you coming. I'm afraid I was woolgathering."

"I know your thoughts were far away from poor little me," laughed the girl, adding in a softer tone, "Poor old John, it must be very hard to have to give it up after so many years; and to think that you have done it all for me." She sighed, "I wonder if you will ever regret it, dear?"

What answer could any lover make to such a question, from such a questioner? And as they walked slowly home, his doubts and regrets seemed to fade into insignificance, and he rejoiced in the thought that he was now free to battle with the world and to win a home and happiness for the gentle girl who walked by his side.

During the days and weeks that followed, John Errol threw himself into his new work with feverish energy.

It was not particularly difficult, and his hopes ran high. If ever the dull routine of office work palled and he found himself half unconsciously longing for the freedom of the veldt and the music of a horse's hoof-beats, he pulled up with a jerk, and rigorously concentrated his attention on the work in hand, or, better remedy still, built majestic castles in the air, all of which edifices, curiously enough, had the same sweet face for their foundation stone.

But in spite of everything he felt vaguely unsatisfied, something seemed to be missing in this new life. The men he associated with were different; their very language even was quite unlike that to which he had been accustomed, and he found himself comparing them mentally, usually, it must be confessed, to their disadvantage, with his former comrades.

He eyed wistfully the mounted patrols he saw passing, and speculated on their destination; thought of the farms at which they would call, the route they would take, and where they would outspan for the night.

He got into a habit, too, when he could not see Edith, of spending his evenings at the Camp, and took a keen interest in discussing "Shop" with the men up there.

As the months passed by, however, Errol's despondency grew gradually less, and he began to think that he was at last forgetting his military existence. He found his work more interesting and his prospects became exceedingly bright.

His marriage with Edith was arranged and the date settled, and they spent many happy hours house-hunting and furniture choosing. They were both supremely happy, and she, at least, was convinced that whatever regrets her lover might have had at leaving the service for her sake were long since forgotten.

Then came the terrible news of the declaration of war, and all over South Africa men held their breath at the prospect of a terrible struggle, a fight that was to be a finish, with no room for compromise. One side or the other would have to go under.

To Errol it was a terrible time. His duty to Edith and his inclination to be at the front waged
unceasing war in his heart, and he did not know which way to turn in his perplexity.

He spent long hours at night tramping the dusty roads fighting out his battle; and it was whilst returning from one of these solitary walks that the question was settled definitely for him.

His way led past the Police Camp, and as he marched through a bugle wailed out the "Last Post." Like a man transfixed he stopped to listen, and as the last long-drawn wailing note died away in the silence of the night, he knew that the answer to his question had been decided. The bugle-call had won.

Curiously enough he felt comparatively happy as he returned to his rooms, and although he instinctively dreaded the interview with Edith, he knew he had been true to his traditions, and even found himself wondering that, as a soldier, he should ever have hesitated as to which call he should obey—that of duty or that of love.

Filled with his resolve, he presented himself at the office next morning, and formally handed in his resignation. Everyone was very good and applauded his courage, even though they hesitated to take a similar step themselves; whilst a definite promise of a post, should he return, filled him with satisfaction.

Nevertheless, it was with some trepidation that he sought out Edith that evening. With a man's natural horror of a scene, he shirked the meeting more than he would have cared to confess.

During the day he had been formally enrolled as a member of the "Horse," and they expected marching orders very shortly.

She saw at once in his tone and manner that what she had so much dreaded had come to pass, and that her influence, when put to the test, had proved weaker than that of a rattling drum.

But she did not, contrary to his expectations, and greatly to his relief, upbraid or blame him at all. She simply clung to him, whispering, "Poor John, I knew that in the end you would go. It is in your blood, dear, and I do not blame you. The future is in Higher hands than ours, and I can only be patient and wait. The day on which you come back, darling, will find me as ready as now, to marry you."

Almost unmanned, Errol could hardly bear to look at the girl's bent head. He felt sure that if he did so he would inevitably reverse his decision: and that, he knew, would mean forfeiting her respect, even though it brought her happiness.

An hour later he left the house, feeling like a man in the throes of nightmare, and yet knowing in his heart that he had done the right thing, both to his country and himself.

The pitiless midday sun was blazing down on the open hillside; the air was full of the laboured breathing of exhausted men, mingled with the groans of the wounded, whilst overhead the sharp hiss of bullets and the whistle of an occasional shell almost drowned the quick, low commands of the officers, imploring and threatening by turns, as they did their best to keep their men in check.

For an hour the "Horse" had lain under a merciless fire, waiting, with a patience that was marvellous, for the long-delayed order to advance.

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**PURVEYORS TO THE B.S.A.P.**

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The Public is reminded that we only stock the finest provisions obtainable; we also beg to state that we are absolutely the cheapest house in town.

A. Fillis, Local Manager.
Errol lay pressed close to the ground, emptying his rifle almost mechanically at a perfectly invisible foe; cursing because of the aching thirst that scorched his vitals, and railing at the iron discipline that refused to let them go forward and get to grips with the hidden enemy.

For this, he told himself cynically, he had thrown up all that made life beautiful and sweet. To lie here on a scorching kopje and be potted at like a rabbit, without even a hope of hitting anything in return.

The man on his right lay with his face hidden in his arms, and from beneath his sleeve a thin stream of scarlet flowed and was absorbed into the earth. Errol felt thankful that he could not see his face, used though he was to the horrors of war, for minutes before the man had been speaking of his home in the old country—that he was destined never to see again.

As he lay watching him, Errol was conscious of a sudden burning pain which seemed to run right through his body. He half rose and then dropped back, and with a curious feeling of detachment he realised that he was badly hit. He even wondered without emotion whether he would die.

Then loud and clear above the roar of the engagement a bugle sounded shrilly, and with a mighty cheer the British line leapt to its feet and dashed forward, to exact a terrible vengeance for those quiet figures lying on the slope behind them.

John Errol leapt to his feet as the call rang out, took a short step forward and staggered to his knees, a stream of blood pouring from his mouth. For a moment he knelt as though in prayer, then as he sank to the ground he muttered a girl’s name, stretched out his limbs and lay still; whilst the noise of the pursuit died away above him and the silence of death settled on the hill.

The bugle had him for her own at last, and she gave him her own reward. “ISIKOVA.”

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**THE POLICE REVIEW.**

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**A History of the British South Africa Police.**

*(CHAPTER VI.)*

**DUTCH ASPIRATIONS—A LETTER TO LOBENGULA—A FRUSTRATED TREK—RETNCHMENT—LAWLESSNESS OF THE MATABELE—THE INVASION OF MASHONALAND.**

Throughout the early days of the occupation, the British authorities had to keep a watchful and somewhat uneasy eye on the adventurers of the Dutch republics in the South. Since the time of the British reverses in ’81, Boer statesmen had been dreaming of a gigantic African republic which was to stretch far North of the Zambesi. Hence the real origin of the filibustering “republics” of Stellaland and Goshen, and the necessity for Sir Charles Warren’s expedition and the proclamation of Bechuanaeland as a British protectorate. For Bechuanaeland was the high road to Zambesia, and had the Boers once won the ascendancy in Matabeleland there would have existed—instead of a Transvaal shut in between the Vaal and the Limpopo—a Transvaal larger than Great Britain.

So early as ’82, the actions of the British in Matabeleland had been foreseen. Mr. Selous—at that time a young man—happened to be at Lobengula’s kraal in that year when a messenger from the South arrived with a letter, written in Dutch, for the King. It was dated “Marico, S.A.R., March 9, 1882,” and addressed to “the great ruler, chief Lobengula, son of Umzililage, the great King of the Matabele nation.” It was worded thus:—“Now you must have heard that the English took away our country, the Transvaal, or, as they say, annexed it. We then talked nicely for four years, and begged for our country. But no; when an Englishman once has your property in his hands, then he is like to an ape that has its hands full of pumpkin-seeds. If you don’t beat him to death, he will never let go. And thus all our nice talk for four years did not help us at all. Then the English first found that it would be better to give us back our country... And we will now once more live in friendship with Lobengula, as we lived in friendship with Umzililage, and such must be our friendship that so long as there is one Boer and one Matabele living these must remain friends.”

After alluding to the time “when the stink which the Englishman brought with him is blown away altogether,” the document closes with the signature of “The Commandant-General of the S.A. Republic, for the Government and Administration, P. J. Joubert.”

Lo Ben was shrewd enough to see through this little effort in diplomacy, and the Dutch had.
to resort to more active courses in the attempt to carry out their policy—as we have shown in the description of the "Grobelaa case." “Even after that occurrence several of the inhabitants of the Transvaal had displayed a disposition to pass the Limpopo and raise a small Dutch colony in Southern Mashonaland. Mr. Rhodes spoke significantly on the subject in the course of a speech at Cape Town, when he warned President Kruger that “no more republics would be permitted to be established in South Africa.” Of course the President answered that he had no intention of sanctioning any such proceeding, and even affected surprise at the idea of his law-abiding burghers making the attempt to cross the border. Nevertheless the attempt was made by an organised force of Boers under Commandant Ferreira, an old campaigner who had earned the C.M.G. while fighting for the British in the Zulu war. The British authorities were ready, however. Every drift was held by the men of the B.S.A.C. Police, who were supported by a small column of B.B.P. troopers. When the men reached the river they were confronted by Dr. Jameson himself, at the head of a few Police troopers. The gallant doctor assured them that he was authorised to try to persuade them to go back in a peaceful manner but, failing this, he would not hesitate to shoot. The burghers, who had learnt something of the prowess of the Rhodesian police, took him at his word and, deciding that discretion was the better part of valour, turned back as quietly as they had come, without firing a shot. Ferreira and his secretary, Jerome, were made prisoners. That was the last occasion on which the Police, as a whole, had to confront an armed body of white men until the days of the ill-fated raid in '96.

The last few months of 1891 brought great prosperity to the country, and the authorities came to the conclusion that it was unnecessary to maintain a large standing body of Police any longer. The idea had been formed in Salisbury of raising a volunteer force in the neighbourhood for the protection of the district against Lobengula and his impis. The suggestion was acted upon, and, with the aid and sanction of the Company, the Mashonaland Horse were recruited under the popular command of Major Forbes. But the step was not welcomed very heartily by the majority of the settlers. The large portion of the police force which had been disbanded declared openly that the members of the Mashonaland Horse had been duped by the Company, and were expected to do for nothing what the police had been paid to do. The retrenchment also affected the commercial element of the community, for nearly all those who were discharged at once left the country and, as hitherto the police had formed a very large section of the population, trade began to decline. Those who remained settled on the Mashonaland Police Farms—good lands of 1,500 morgen which were granted to the police of 1890-92, for £3 quit rent, payable annually in advance. The most important clause in the titles of these land owners stated that there should be bona-fide and beneficial occupation of the lands, the desire of the Company being to procure an effective settlement of the country, and to prevent large tracts of land from being locked up.

The disputes which the retrenchment had caused were still in progress when they were interrupted by the great menace which caused the eyes of all Rhodesia to be centred on one object—the attitude of the Matabele. On the occupation of Mashonaland it had been found that the Mashonas, while naturally excellent agricultural workers, were of no manner of use on the mines. Hence boys were drafted into the province from the Northern banks of the Zambesi and from Matabeleland. The Matabele soon proved to be a great source of worry, both to their employers and the Native Commissioners who had been appointed to supervise and protect them. They were most daring thieves and worse than that, for after a short time reports of murders and attempted murders of white men began to pour into Salisbury. To add to the trouble, it was found impossible to arrest the boys unless they were detected at the time the crimes took place, for they made straight for the Matabeleland border, over which the King had forbidden the whites to cross.

Furthermore these Matabele were planning a campaign of vengeance against the lesser tribes of Mashonaland. Previous to the occupation, the natives of the Mashona, Makalaka and Banyai tribes had been regarded as slaves by their black conquerors. But now a change had come about. It was proclaimed by the white men that they had come into the country for the protection of these inferior tribes, and that they were going to prevent the Matabele from raiding them and stealing their women and cattle. As a result, the Mashonas began to show insolence on every possible occasion towards Lobengula and his impis, greatly incensing the young warriors, who had learnt to look upon these people as dogs, to be robbed and massacred at the will of the masters. The King tried, so long as it was possible, to keep his regiments in hand, well knowing that the Mashona were assured of the protection of the white men. At length, however, the cravings for revenge proved too strong for him, and he allowed his impis to make for Mashonaland and inflict punishment on those tribes who had refused to pay his taxes or obey his decrees. Orders were given that the whites were not to be molested, and that their belongings were crossed the border and entered Mashonaland.

WILFRID BUSSY.

(To be continued).

[The next instalment of this narrative will deal with the Victoria massacre, the "Lendy affair," and the war of '93.]

We anticipate that South Africa will at least be considered seriously as a sporting centre in the next Olympic games. They have real hopes in the track and quarter (S. H. Patching), the Marathon race (K. McArthur), and the walk (A. C. St. Norman).
At Home.

London, Dec. 30th, 1911.

Christmas, in some of its aspects, is a trying time to those of us whose stockings have been cut down to the dimensions of the "passionate" sock, and who have, somehow or other, lost our interest in Teddy Bears and boxes of chocolate; but it has its compensations. "Jam yesterday, and jam to-morrow; but never jam to-day" was what troubled Alice in Wonderland. Our reading is "troubles before Christmas, and troubles after Christmas; but never troubles at Christmas." It is a dull, quiet, highly respectable time, and the "troubles"—there is much amusement in them, by the way, for those who are not in a hurry to look beneath the surface—have been giving us quite a welcome rest.

The early part of the month has again been monopolised by the Suffragettes; and they have succeeded in making the political situation—or, at least, the domestic affairs of the Cabinet—quite interesting. When I speak of "domestic affairs," please understand, I make no reference to the fact that the First Lord of the Admiralty is the bitter enemy of the Suffrage movement while his wife is prominent on Suffragist platforms, and that Mrs. Asquith, wearing a worried look, is present at deputations to which the Prime Minister, looking still more worried, insists that "Votes for Women" would be a menace to the Empire. The point is that the Cabinet is at war with itself on the question.

Not many days after Mr. Asquith had sent the Suffragists tearful away and had told the anti-Suffragists what remarkably sensible women he considered them, a great meeting in support of "the cause" was held in Westminster. Mr. Lloyd George has long been suspected of casting covetous eyes on Mr. Asquith's position as leader; and Mr. George was the "star" speaker at this meeting, supported by Sir Edward Grey, and—at a distance—by Lord Haldane. It may not have been a declaration of war, of course; but, regarded as an expression of loyalty, it has its curious features. Mr. George, having gone as an enthusiastic supporter to open a "campaign," was hit over the head with a brass-bound despatch box by a fellow-sympathiser as he left the meeting; but this is a movement in which nobody bothers about consistency. We are asked to regard it as an evidence of the earnestness with which the demand for the vote is made; and if Mr. Lloyd George is satisfied to let it go at that, nobody else is likely to grumble.

London lost one of its most popular men early in the month; and the man was a lawyer! We have seen many solicitors in the dock, of late years; and there are many others whom some of us would like to see there; but nobody ever had a hard word for Sir George Lewis, the acknowledged leader of his profession. There has not been a big swindle, a social scandal, or a matrimonial difference in the aristocratic world for nearly half-a-century without George Lewis knowing all about it; and the secrets that he held would have made the fortunes of a score of Society journals—or got their editors and proprietors into gaol. He was the soul of discretion, though. He kept no diary, and burned his papers. I have often sat in his room in Ely Place (no! not as a prospective co-respondent, I assure you!) and listened while he talked for half an hour on some matter that I wanted to unravel completely; and I have gone away gloatting over my success until I came to realise that he had told me everything that did not really matter—not what I wanted to know, but what he was prepared to admit! There are people in high places who will have breathed a sigh of relief when his death was announced; but even they will regret the disappearance of a charming man. His white mane, his heavy fur-coat, and his dapper appearance have been lost to the Courts for a couple of years past; but London had not forgotten him, and he will be much missed.

Do you take any interest in cattle-breeding, out there where the B.S.A.P. grow? The Cattle Show still ushers in the Christmas season, with us, and this year it had a new feature that may be noteworthy. The enormous beasts of a few years ago are not grown, now-a-days. The breeder gets almost as much weight with his animals as ever, but he breeds for quality rather than quantity; and this tendency has led him to make a new departure.
by crossing some of the large breeds—the Short-horns and the Herefords, for instance—with miniature cattle like the Kerrys. The experiment is too new for it to have impressed the judges, as yet; but there is no knowing how it may develop. If any of you have any experience of cross-breeding between the elephant and the klipspringer, or anything of that sort, it would be kind to forward a memorandum of it to the Smithfield Club, for future guidance.

So much for our anti-Christmas news. Now that Christmas is over the labour troubles have come back to us. I probably told you, months ago, of the Irish railway strike that grew out of the sawing of a few logs of wood. This one is due to the fact that a man and his wife have left their trade union. They were weavers in Accrington; and their fellow weavers declined to work with them until they changed their minds. Such a case often arises, and the mill-owner, to avoid trouble, tells the employee that he had better either join the union or clear out. At last, though, employers have come to the conclusion that the unions are getting too tyrannical. The mill-owners themselves have a federation; and it has been decided that the Accrington couple shall not be coerced. The reply to the "strike," therefore, has taken the form of a "lock-out." Nearly half the cotton mills of Lancashire are standing idle, and 160,000 weavers are "playing." The spinners are likely to have their work stopped in a few days, as there will be no use for their yarns while the looms are standing idle. Some 300,000 workers, altogether, may be affected, leaving the lace-makers of Nottingham (who will also be affected) out of consideration. Neither side has any desire for arbitration, and both have every appearance of perfect happiness. But the pinch will be felt unless the dispute ends very soon.

There was a strike, accompanied by riots, a few weeks ago, in Dundee, where the marmalade comes from. Troops were asked for, and sent, and Mr. Winston Churchill, who is M.P. for the borough, rubbed his hands to think that he was no longer Home Secretary, and so responsible for this outrage on his constituents. At the last congress of the Unions, by the way, it was suggested that a sum of money should be set aside for purchasing arms for prospective strikers. And we are all wishing each other—and our brothers across the seas—a Happy New Year!

Holway, the Yankee sprinter, has challenged Reggie Walker to run a triple sprint for £200 in Durban. The races will probably take place in March.

From a Troop Officer's Mail Bag.

Honoured Mr. Polis Captain,

Jam Chubandar, rival Sammy, has this day, and much before, toed white mens that my fruit is no good and of the baser sort. Honorable, I have the audacity and temerity to swear, that I am not of those useless imigrants that the Persecution Ordinance was framed to chase willy-nilly, but though I make pretence to take no heed of Chubandar, whom I treat with contumely cum grano salis, I affirm that he does me prolific hurt and damage, and therefore I rush cringingly and pell-mell to your honorable protection. I would ask you to say to fellow, Chubandar, in words of honorable Bard of Avon—Mr. Shakespeare (William): "Vae Victis!"

I am,
Most honored Mister,
Yours to the proverbial cinder,
"Rummy Tumsamy,"
(Fruit Merchant and Indian Fellow).

Deer Mister,

Kindly send a soldier To Missis Snyder, she is a common Kaffir Woman. And does be most rood to me. you Shood see her goinges on mister, she is no klass.

"Missis Snooks."

Deer Captain,

that theer Missis Snooks is a low Kaffir wummin and owt toe be in the location. I go erbout in feer formi Life and will you send a solger. She is not a respectable wummin and puts out er tung at me.

"Missis Snyder."

Paris recently defeated London in a Hockey match by 7 goals to 4, but the Britishers have "got their own back" in the French hill-climbing competition for motor cyclists, our competitors securing almost every victory, and Moorhouse proving chief winner with a speed representing 63 miles per hour.

The A.F.A. has once more given practical testimony to its real sporting spirit by offering to place its members at the disposal of the Football Association for the purpose of the Olympic Games. In the interest of sport, it is to be hoped that the F.A. will play the game and shake hands.