

"That's true," agreed John Millbank seriously. "The boy is out of the ordinary, and I thank God and you for it every day of my life. It gives us something to work for, eh, my darling? Makes everything worth while."

She looked up at him, her eyes brimming with happiness, and he, gazing down into those eyes and profoundly moved by what he saw in their blue depths, took her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers.

"My dear, my dear!" he said unsteadily. "God bless you and help me to win success in all I am planning for you and our boy."

She was about to answer him, but just then the child in the cot moved, and she turned quickly.

Jackie's eyes were wide open, and he was surveying his doting parents with the bland indifference of infancy.

"Oh, John, we've woke him up!" exclaimed Lucy in dismay.

"He doesn't seem to mind," remarked John, and indeed the baby face was already wreathed in smiles.

"You young villain, I believe you are laughing at your father!"

As he spoke, John Millbank playfully clucked his fist and shook it in front of the little one's face.

The child stopped smiling, but he did not flinch. His tiny face became very serious, and then suddenly his little hand jerked back with a quaint defiant gesture. The movement was instinctive and indescribably comic, and the father laughed aloud.

"Did you see that?" he cried delightedly. "And yet you say he takes after me. Why, it is your own very trick—I have seen you do it a dozen times when you were worrying over the household accounts and wondering how you were going to face the butcher."

"Dinner is ready, ma'am," said Minnie, the little maid, appearing at the door at that moment.

Lucy bent over the cot, but Jackie was indeed a good-tempered baby, and required very little soothing. Almost before the mother had arranged the bed-clothes the little one was fast asleep again.

Very gently John and Lucy tiptoed out of the room.

After dinner John Millbank was about to go to his own room to study up a case on which he was engaged, when something in his wife's face made him pause.

"Anything worrying you, dear?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, no, no, John. I am very, very happy!" replied Lucy, waking as though from a dream.

"Then what were you thinking about?" The young wife's face flushed a little self-consciously.

"Just then I—I was thinking about Jackie," she said.

"You looked very serious."

Lucy was silent for a moment. Then, impulsively approaching her husband, she put two trembling hands on his breast and looked up earnestly into his face.

"John, dear, don't think me foolish. You will always be kind to Jackie? You won't be too strict. I know you will want him to be famous—you are so clever and strong yourself. But you are right, John. He will grow up like me. He will be sensitive, and perhaps not very clever. And you will be gentle and kind with him, John if—anything should happen to me?"

Her voice faltered, and he felt her whole body trembling against his own.

He put his strong arms protectively around her and held her close.

"You dear, foolish little wife," he said tenderly. "Nothing but what is delightful is going to happen to you. I am going to win riches and fame, and I am going to win them for you—for you and Jackie. You shall be rich and drive in your carriage, and have troops of servants, and move among the highest in the land, and you shall make of Jackie just whatever you please."

Lucy smiled and appeared to be content, but when left alone, she fell on her knees and prayed, and the prayer that fell tremulously from her lips was not for her husband's success, or for her own brilliant future, but simply that her baby boy might be shielded from all harm.

A LITTLE SCOTCH.

A well-known Irish priest in Ontario was chatting one day with a Scotchman. Charmed with the Irish priest's native wit, the Scotchman said to him:

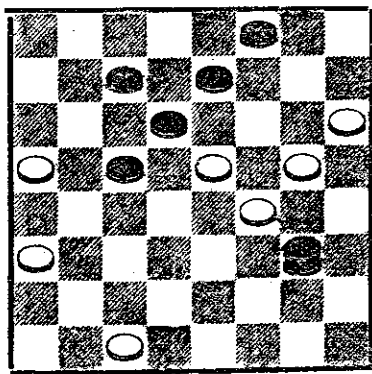
"Father Malone, you may be Irish; in fact, your name implies that you are; but I am very sorry that there must be a little Scotch in you."

"Ah, my friend," said the jolly friar, "am never so happy as when there is a Scotch in me."

Draughts.

(Conducted by F. Hutchins.)

PROBLEM No. 1.



Black: 3 6 7 10 and 14. King on 24.

White: 12 13 15 16 19 21 and 30.

White to play and win.

The above is an end game played by two Invercargill players and is an interesting study for beginners.

My efforts in conducting this column will be directed more towards interesting the younger players and bringing this intellectual and profitable pastime more into popular favour. To this end I will ask that the older players or anyone interested will assist me by sending along any tit-bits of information, games, critical positions or humorous incidents that may come under their notice that would be of interest to my readers.

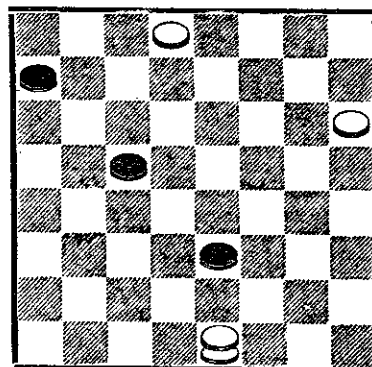
The game is well worthy of encouragement. It does not lead to gambling, it exercises the very useful faculties of memory calculation and foresight. Its chief attraction lies in its infinite variety, the development of combinations resulting in plot and counterplot, always affording something new. To all its real beauties one must study and concentrate and study till a certain stage is reached, when it becomes a never-ending source of pleasure and an asset of great worth in declining years.

The following is a well known trap in the Kelso opening. There are a number of these traps in the different openings which I intend to publish. They are mostly known to older players, but will be found very interesting and instructive to those who wish to get a knowledge of the game.

GAME No. 1.

KELSO.		
10-15	11-16	13-6
23-19	17-13	2-9
6-10	16-23	27-2
22-17.		

White wins.
a. 7-10 or 15-18 are better.



GAME No. 2.

GLASCOW.			
11-15	24-20	7-10	13-6
23-19	16-19	32-28	1-10
8-11	25-22	9-14	11-7
22-17	4-8	25-21	15-19
11-16	29-25	5-9	23-16
24-20	10-15	28-24	12-19
27-11	2-7	11-16	7-2a.
7-16	21-17	15-18	Draw.
20-11	8-11	22-15	
3-7	26-23	10-28	
28-24	19-26	17-10	
7-16	30-23	6-15	

a.—This leaves the following position which is called Martin's draw.

BLACK to move and draw.

10-14	7-10	18-22	31-22
2-7	19-23	15-18	28-32
14-18	10-15	22-26	

And white can only draw with two against one.

Solutions to problems and criticisms are invited.

It is stated that there are over 2,000,000 different kinds of insects in the world, of which less than 500,000 have been described by scientists.

AHMET.

A True Story of Life with the N.Z. Division in Egypt.

(By 11/1275.)

HE LEARNS ENGLISH.

CHAPTER 1.

AHMET.

Ahmet was a small boy, a very small boy indeed, and what is more he was a very small black boy. His home was at Helmeih, which as everyone who has been there knows, is not far from Cairo. His father "Mahmoud" was a Moghassil (a washer of the dead), and his mother; well the less said about her the better, for it is not considered polite to ask after the womenfolk of an Arab family. Suffice it, that as far as Ahmet was concerned, he was the son of "Mahmoud" the Moghassil, and in time would be a Moghassil himself.

Hassan the Ghaffar had been known to say, when at times he had been smoking too much Hashish, that Mahmoud could tell an entirely different tale of the parentage of Ahmet if he should be so inclined. Also there were not wanting tales when in the evening the women were filling their water jars at the well, when the Salkieh was stilled and its creaking, as the patient beast went on his weary round was silent for the night, of how, once upon a time there came to Helmeih a stranger woman, who was so black as to appear to be a Berberine, and she went to the house of Mahmoud the Moghassil and within two days had died giving birth to a son, "Ahmet." "How, then," said the gossips, "could Ahmet be the son of Mahmoud?" Then there would be the wagging of heads and busy clacking of tongues, albeit most of the talk would be in whispers lest Mahmoud should pass and overhear, and, as everybody knows the Moghassil could cast the evil eye; at those who should offend him.

Ahmet loved funerals, they appealed to his sense of superiority over the other sex, for were not the men the pre-eminent actors at such times, did not all the world know that the women had to follow the corpse, whilst the men walked in front extolling the virtues of the departed, and immediately behind the blind men who chanted the Koran.

He also loved wedding processions, when the bride in an Arabish was taken to the home of the bridegroom, and he would dearly have liked to peep between the curtains, had he not feared the sticks carried by the male relatives of the bride, who usually rode on the steps of the carriage.

This was his love of pomp and show developed, and when he saw an English regiment march through the village led by its band he was in the seventh heaven of delight.

But there came a day when men got together and talked in whispers, when the faithful went still more often to the Mosque, to hear the words of the strange Iman (or priest) who, it was said was preaching a new Jihad, for had not the mighty German monarch who was the "Friend of Islam" said that the English should be driven out of Egypt.

Now although Ahmet was not old enough to go to the Mosque, he yet heard the talk in the bazaar of how there would be war, and that war meant soldiers, and to Ahmet soldiers meant processions, which were his heart's delight.

Also one evening when the men of the village were gathered in the Sok (market place) to hear the Khedive's latest Firman or decree read by the Omdar, little Ahmet managed to secrete himself behind some bundles of reeds that, were the property of "Said the Thatcher."

He heard the Omdar read the Firman, calling all loyal subjects to arms in defence of Islam, and as commanded by Tewfik Pasha's Suzerain the Sultan of Turkey the "Commander of the Faithful."

Then arose ancient Abu Salieman, who had that day returned from the Hedjaz, and who was wearing the green turban that denoted that three times had he made the pilgrimage and was now a holy man, and this was the manner of his speaking:

"Many times, Oh my brothers have we of the faith striven against these accursed, and many times have they come with their cannon, and their rifles and their horses, and many true believers are now with the Houris of Paradise that should be now with their wives. Ye all have heard of the great Sirdar Kitchener, who although an infidel is a Friend to Islam, and under whom great benefits have been derived.

Will ye who have received benefits now bite the hand of Kitchener. Know now that mine eyes have seen a vision of many and great ships, so many that the eye could not see the waters for them, and each ship was filled with men who were warriors, and it was told me that these warriors of the cross should overcome the warriors of the crescent. Now therefore since we know that Tewfik Pasha has fled and that Wingate the Sirdar is the real ruler of Egypt, I counsel that we obey not this Firman, but that all shall work secretly against these infidels."

Then there were cries of Quies; Quies (good, good), and the Omdar tore up the Firman.

Ahmet then lost all interest in the proceedings and fell asleep in his hiding-place, where he was found and severely cuffed by "Said the Thatcher" next morning.

Now Mahmoud being a fairly rich man, had several wives, in fact if the relatives of a dead man for whom he was called in in order to exercise his calling, had not the wherewithal to pay, it was Mahmoud's custom should any of the deceased's widows be young and comely, to take her as payment. Then again it was said that he waxed rich on the goods of the dead, and he was accused in secret of robbing the dead in rags, and appropriating to his own use the rich garments provided by the relatives.

Of his wives thus obtained, his favourite was Zeinab, she was of Koreishan stock, and thus was of the tribe of the Prophet. Zeinab did not love Ahmet, and would not suffer him to be in the house unless with his father. Her name for Ahmet was "Maris," which she said was justified since his mother was a Berberine and everyone knows that the Koreishites consider the Berberines as dogs, therefore she called Ahmet "Maris," which being politely interpreted means "The offspring of a female dog."

Now Mahmoud received word to go to Tanta where his brother had died, and he left saying that he would be gone three weeks. Then Zeinab started to give Ahmet what she considered was suitable, I.E.—A dog's life.

When Mahmoud had been but two days away, Ahmet resolved that he would run away, and at daybreak crept out.

It was a chilly foggy morning as he crossed the railway line to strike out across the desert towards Heliopolis, here he received a shock, for instead of finding a deserted railway siding, he saw trucks and trucks, and big men in their shirtsleeves, and wearing broadbrimmed hats, were getting horses out of the trucks.

Others were unloading boxes and bags, and on Ahmet approaching nearer he saw what the fog had hitherto hidden. The men were soldiers.

For hours he wandered about amongst the men and their horses, getting in the way and getting chased away by sentries who spoke a language he did not understand. Then he saw Abu Salieman talking to a resplendent being with a red hatband. Abu Salieman told Ahmet that he had seen in a vision the arrival of these men, and that their numbers were as the sands of the desert. Also that he had from his being able to speak English, been appointed as an interpreter.

Ahmet begged to be taught some English words that he might speak to these soldiers, whom he was told were called "Australians" so then and there he had his first lesson in English. So apt a pupil did he prove that at the end of an hour, he was going about saying "Australia dam good gib it bucksheesh."

This so amused the "Aussies" that Ahmet got a lot of coin of a kind he had not previously seen, also some bread and a square tin which upon opening with a great effort he found contained some meat.

He also learned some more words of the new language, what they were every "Digger" will readily guess. He told these new words to old Abu who said they were new even to him.

Next Chapter—He Sells Things.

This interesting story will be continued in our next issue.

FATHER AND SON.

John Millbank, K.C., sat in a handsome room in a great house in one of the most fashionable of London squares.

He was alone.

Success had come to him—he was now rich and famous—but he had not achieved it without paying the price.

He was now forty-four years of age, his strong face had many lines in it, and his hair was thickly sprinkled with grey.

His expression was hard and stern, and now, there was no trace of that tenderness which formerly was wont to soften the grim, fighting look in his cold grey eyes.

John Millbank was a widower. His young wife had died with tragic suddenness five years ago.

The blow had shaken him to the centre of his being, but it had not turned him from his path. If anything, it made him more determined to fight his way to the front, and conquer the recognition of the world.

And he had won. He was now the coming man in his profession, and no one dared to say where he would stop. The very men who had most bitterly opposed him in his upward fight now sought his friendship and his favour.

The love of power was now his dominant passion. He lived for nothing else.

The door of the room opened and a man-servant entered.

"Master Jack has arrived, sir."

John Millbank slightly turned his head, but his cold, grave expression did not change.

"Tell him I wish to see him here at once," he said.

A few minutes later the door opened again and a boy of fifteen stepped into the room.

He was a tall, good-looking lad, with curly brown hair and blue eyes. His features were delicate and refined, and yet there was something of his father's strength in the square chin and determined mouth.

John Millbank without rising held out his hand.

"Another term over, Jack," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Your report is not so good as usual."

"No, sir. Cricket was all the rage this term, and I am afraid it rather got hold of me."

"I am sorry, but I got my cricketing colours."

"That is interesting, but not really important, is it?" said the man slightly raising his eyebrows.

Jack coloured and made no reply.

"I am taking you away from St. Bede's," continued the barrister in matter-of-fact tones.

A look of dismay came into the boy's face.

"Leaving St. Bede's, sir? What! This term?"

"Yes; you are not going back. You have done well, but you must do better. You will follow my profession, and ultimately go into Parliament. I can help you, and I have mapped out the next ten years of your life. First—"

"But, sir, I don't want to go in for the law."

"Indeed."

"No, sir."

"And what do you want, pray?"

"I want to be an engineer."

"Drive a train?"

"No, sir, but—"

"Don't be a fool."

John Millbank leaned forward in his chair and fixed his son with his steely eyes.

"Listen to me," he said harshly, "I know what is best for you, and I have made up my mind. All you have to do is to obey. You've got to work and work hard to one end—the carrying out of my wishes. I have my ambitions, and they are wrapped up in you. If you dare to thwart me, I'll break you. Understand?"

For a moment the boy made no answer, but his face became very white. Then he smiled.

"Am I to have no say in the matter?" he asked quietly.

"None," thundered John Millbank, suddenly rising to his feet.

Jack, though only fifteen, was already in the Sixth Form at St. Bede's, and accustomed to exercise authority himself, he instinctively resented his father's treatment.

(Continued on Page 10.)

USEFUL SERVICE OF THE 'DIGGER'

"The Great War will have been fought in vain, however, if we do not think out for ourselves the lessons it has taught, and apply them for the benefit of this and future generations.

"In this respect the 'Digger' can render useful service, not only on behalf of returned soldiers, but to the state."

Brig. General RICHARDSON.