

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from Page 5).

after her in the darkness.

The next few minutes were a period of tense excitement, and neither spoke again until they were seated side by side and the car glided out of the mews into a wide, deserted road.

"Turn to the right, then first to the left. We've got to cross London. Go quietly till we leave the houses behind," said Kitty in a tone of suppressed excitement. Dick obeyed submissively. His reason told him that escape was impossible. The telephones would soon be busy with the news of his flight—and very soon their car would be stopped by the police.

But for the moment he was free, and Kitty was here by his side.

In spite of the dictates of reason, he could not help feeling wildly, deliriously happy.

They passed through the City and the East End of London at a very moderate pace and without adventure.

As the long rows of houses were left behind them and the hedgerows began to appear a distant clock struck the hour of eleven.

It was a fine clear night, and the moon was nearly at the full.

Kitty breathed a deep sigh of relief, and at the sound of it Dick turned his head and glanced at her.

Her sweet face looked very pale in the moonlight, and he realised how great had been the strain of the events through which she had passed.

"You are tired," he said anxiously. "Will you get in behind and try to get some sleep?"

"No, no," she replied, snuggling closer to him; "in a couple of hours we shall be at Winnerleigh, and there you'll be safe. Remember, Dick, your name is Richmond—Tom Richmond, and I am your young brother Kenneth. Clara—Miss Clarke, I mean—knows the truth, but nobody else. She is going to get you out of the country as her agent, and I shall follow. We have arranged everything."

Dick's left arm was about her. He drew her closer to him.

"What a wonderful little woman you are, Kitty!" he said in a voice charged with emotion, "you almost make me hope. It is madness to think that we can set at defiance the whole law of England, but you are so clever and so brave you make me feel there is a chance."

"If we only get to Winnerleigh before daybreak there is more than a chance, there is certainty," replied Kitty eagerly. "All the people who have helped me can be trusted. The police will think you are hiding in London. They will never guess the truth. Oh, Dick, I've saved you! I know I have! All the hard part is over. Nothing can spoil it now. In another hour—"

She stopped abruptly, for at that moment something went wrong with the car.

The engine misfired, the pace slackened, and then the car came to a sudden halt.

Dick sprang out and endeavoured to discover the source of the trouble.

The minutes passed, and he was still busy.

Suddenly he stepped back and stood at the side of the road wiping his hands.

Kitty rose in her seat.

"Dick!" It is serious?"

There was fear in her voice.

"Afraid so," replied Dick gloomily.

"Hard lines! Our luck has failed us just when we wanted it most. It's a complete breakdown. We shall have to wait until something comes along that can tug us into the next town."

For a few moments they faced one another in silence in the moonlight, and then suddenly Kitty burst into tears.

Dick sprang to her side and took her in his arms.

"My dear, my dear," he said tenderly. "Don't cry. There is still a chance. Someone may come along soon. Who knows? We won't give up hope."

Holding her close, he kissed her tear-stained face.

With many whispered words he strove to console her, and finally she fell asleep in his arms.

Dick kept very still, so as not to disturb her, and gazed out moodily over the deserted landscape.

It was a very lonely spot.

On one side of the road a dark wood rose gloomily and on the other cornfields rustling mysteriously in the night breeze stretched away into the distance.

There was no building—not even a barn—in sight, and Dick knew by the map that they were several miles from the nearest town and a good twenty miles from their destination.

So this was the end of their mad enterprise! He knew he could do nothing. In the morning the local police would find him. No doubt they had already been warned of his escape.

He would be seized and taken back ignominiously to gaol.

And Kitty? Ah! she would be taken

from him and he would never see her again.

He looked down at the sweet, pathetic face, and in spite of himself the hot tears came into his eyes.

Then with set teeth he stared out again at the desolate, moonlit landscape, and awaited the coming dawn.

THE MASTER OF BEAUMONT HALL.

Beaumont Chase was thirty-five, a bachelor, and if he had given away half his fortune he would still have been a millionaire.

millionairehefk.stp0.00-- vbg vbkg bqjjj.

He came into his wealth before he was twenty, and at once set about seeing life.

He saw a good deal in fifteen years, and at the end of that period he was utterly weary of the whole dreary business.

Now at the age of thirty-five he had buried himself in his country mansion in Essex thoroughly disgusted with himself, with the world, and with all it had to offer.

One sultry summer's night he stood on the terrace of Beaumont Hall and gazed out over his lands, which looked ghostly and dreary in the moonlight.

He had just lit a cigar. He took it from his mouth, stared at it for a moment, and then flung it away.

"Cigars are not what they used to be," he growled, and swinging round, stepped back into the handsome, lighted room behind him.

A man having the appearance of a superior servant was moving softly about the apartment.

"Underwood," said Mr Chase abruptly.

"What do you get out of life?"

"The satisfaction of serving you, sir," replied the man smoothly.

The millionaire laughed grimly.

"I'm thirty-five," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"I am fit and well with a good constitution."

"Yes, sir."

"I may live another fifty years."

"Very possibly, sir."

"Good lord! what am I to do with half a century?"

"As a beginning, sir, I would suggest matrimony."

"Don't be a fool, women bore me."

The servant stroked his chin thoughtfully and made another suggestion.

"Fretwork is an excellent hobby, sir. I'm told it's most soothing to the nerves," he remarked.

Beaumont Chase made a gesture of impatience.

"I don't want to be soothed. I want to be excited, or, at least, to be interested. What's more, I want to do something. What's the time?"

"Nearly twelve, sir."

"Well, I can't go to bed, I shouldn't sleep. Get out the car, I'll have a spin round."

"By yourself, sir?"

"Yes, yes. You can go to bed. I don't suppose I shall be back till the morning."

Beaumont Chase went for his moonlight spin, but he returned in less than an hour, and he came dragging behind him another car, in which a man was seated, holding in his arms a sleeping boy.

MR CHASE AMUSES HIMSELF.

Beaumont Chase insisted on his two unexpected visitors remaining his guests for the night.

After they had been conducted to their rooms, the millionaire sat up alone for a considerable time.

He was thinking, and as he thought there was a smile upon his lips and a distant gleam of interest in his weary eyes.

He was a good-looking man, with strong features; the kind of man who would surely have carved a way for himself in life had he not had the ill-luck to be born rich.

"Queer," he muttered, "I wonder what is behind it all? A girl dressed as a boy!—a gallant boy she makes, too. They are not criminals, I'll swear. Romantic lovers I suppose. Young fools! Now, I wonder"—the smile broadened on his cynical face—"I wonder if I can get a bit of amusement out of this business?"

He arose, and going to a writing-table, began to write.

For ten minutes or so he wrote steadily, and then enclosing the double-sheet of notepaper in an envelope, he addressed it to Mr Underwood.

Everyone but himself had gone to bed, but he placed the envelope in a prominent position on the table, where it would be seen the first thing in the morning.

Then with the smile still upon his lips he put out the lights, and at length retired to rest.

Dick Foster was awakened early the next morning.

With the sleep still in his eyes he looked up drowsily at the servant standing by his bedside.

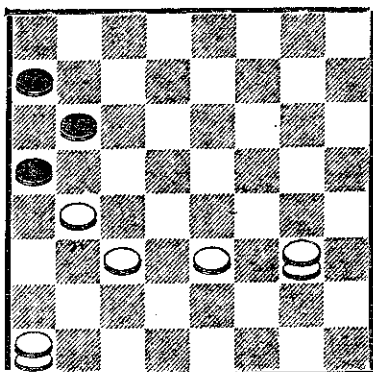
"My master has to leave home early,"

(Continued on Page 10).

DRAUGHTS.

(Conducted by F. Hutchins.)

PROBLEM 3.



Black 5, 9, 13, King on 29.

White 17, 22, 23, King 24.

White to play and win.

A pretty one from an old scrap book. Author unknown.

In my next week's notes I expect to publish some play in the big contest at Timaru for the Australasian championship.

A common fallacy among players is that criticism of published play is a thing to be dreaded, and many accordingly feel very much put out if an improvement be pointed out in any of their contributions. This, I think, is a result of taking a wrong view. None of the great analysts escaped correction to some extent. Even Andersen, Lees, and Heffner fall some little way short of perfection. Why, therefore, should the ordinary contributor take it to heart if his play be corrected? Good criticism is the life of any draughts publication, and is always of equal interest with the contribution from which it is taken. It is always possible to point out an improvement in another man's play without attempting to "take him down" in the process. Criticism should always be combined with courtesy. Be thankful that you can see a little more than the other man in the game or problem without blowing your own horn about it.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 2.

Which, by the way, was one of W. Voal's. The author's name was inadvertently omitted last week.

Black—5, 7, 8, 11, 16, 21, Kings 13 and 22.

White—6, 14, 18, 27, 30, 31, and 32.

White to play.

6—1, 22—18, 30—25, 21—30, 14—9, 5—14,

31—26, 30—23, 27—9, 13—6, 1—10.

White wins.

We are indebted to the Western Mail for the single corner game below, which says: "It is a finely played old game contested between Harry Freedman (formerly champion of Scotland) and James Robinson, a Glasgow player. Freedman's win was forced in fine style. As a rule white is bottom dog in the single corner melle; but few rules lack exceptions and an exception is neatly demonstrated in the game here given. The foregoing remarks were by the "Weekly Times," which diagrammed the position as given at note (d) in the form of a problem.

SINGLE CORNER.

(Black) Robinson. (White) Freedman.

11.15 9.14 10.6c 32.28e 18.22 9.14

22.18 26.22 3.10 9.14 26.23 13.9

15.22 7.10 27.23 23.24 22.26 1.5

25.18 30.26 19.24 20.27 16.11 7.10

12.16 10.19 28.19 31.24 6.9 14.18

18.15a 23.16 4.8 10.15 11.7 10.14

10.19 5.9 19.16 24.20 26.31 White

24.15 22.17 8.11 16.19 7.2 Wins

16.20b 8.12 16.7 23.16 31.26

29.25 17.10 2.11 14.18 2.7

12.19 25.22 22.17 17.13

11.16n

(A) Unusual and considered weak.

(B) 7.11 is a good line.

(C) A wee Scotch sacrifice. Freedman

handles his side in good style.

(D) The necessary move.

The "Glasgow Weekly Herald" contains details of the recent annual Scottish tournament for the draughts championship of Scotland. Mr A. B. Scott was the winner. The tourney lasted nine days. Scott won nine games, lost three and drew eighteen. He has competed in every tourney for twenty-seven years and has three wins to his credit. The first against Ferrie in 1914.

ORIGINAL.

AHMET.

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

(By 11/1275.)

HE JOINS THE FORCES.

CHAPTER THREE.

Zeinab, the wife of Mahmoud, was not too pleased at Ahmet's return. At first she thought he would be useful to her, as she could send him to the camps to sell things to the troops, but on hearing that his pass had been taken from him, and that he would not be allowed to pass the guard, she bewailed her fate. Said she to her neighbours "It is not enough that my husband should be at Tanta, and that the Omdar hath cast covetous eyes at me, and that Abu Saleiman should have robbed me of the earnings of Ahmet my husband's son, but now I am left with this offspring of a Berberine woman, who hath got in trouble with the Ingleses."

But it is safe to say that nothing could keep the small Ahmet away from the camps. His quaint English or rather "Australiese," amused the troops and from before "Revielle" till after "Lights Out" he was to be seen hanging about the cook-houses and mess huts, or near the stables. He attended parades of all kinds, and rapidly picked up the words of command. In the village it was his delight to gather a mob of smaller boys and drill them, not forgetting to correct their faults with all the acid vituperation of a veteran sergt. major.

Armed with sticks which they sloped like rifles, Ahmet's squad soon became very expert. He taught them everything that he learned from "right turn to the bayonet exercise," and after seeing the funeral of a soldier; he soon had them "reversing arms" and "resting on their arms reversed," in true guardsman style.

One day Ahmet's squad were as usual being put through it, by their small commander, who was airing his most recently acquired epithets, and taking away their characters, and casting reflections on their birth and parentage in pungent Australiese, in a manner that had they only understood its meaning would have called their dire wrath to descend on his devoted head, but which at the time called forth only their uttermost admiration.

He had gone through the whole of his repertoire, and was on the point of dismissing the squad, when he saw that a party of Aussies was watching the performance with evident amusement. At once he formed his squad to the right, to face the new arrivals, and calling out "Present Arms!" He gravely saluted the party. One of the Aussies at once called out "Party Shun," and, as the grinning soldiers "sprang to it" he returned Ahmet's salute.

Ahmet then marching up to the Aussie said, "Sir, have I your permission to dismiss my men?"

"Dismiss at once, and report to me immediately after," was the reply.

Ahmet then returned to his squad, "Now, you—I, am going to dismiss you, though what the 'ell's the good of me standin' ere talkin' to a lot ov—such as this—squad is more than I can tell yer, all I can say is that youse—s think yer—selves—soldiers, then gawd 'elp ther—British army, squad! shun!! 'amiss." "Spare me days I'm dry."

Then he marched smartly to where the Aussies were waiting. The following dialogue took place:—

Aussie: "What's yer moniker son?"

Ahmet: "Me not know monika."

Aussie: "What do they call yer, what is your name, Hassan? Mahomet?"

Ahmet: "Nor Sar I Ahmet."

Aussie: "Who's yer ole man?"

Ahmet: "Not know ol' man."

Aussie: "Yer father yer blomin' Abu."

Ahmet: "Mahmoud Abu Ahmet, I Ahmet Ben Mahmoud (Mahmoud is the father of Ahmet, I am Ahmet the son of Mahmoud)."

"I suppose yer right son, but gawd knows what yer talkin' about," said the Aussie, "now supposin you was ter come with us, and we will get youse a dinkum soldiers rig, and a dinkum gun, and all the rest of it, and make you our blinkin' mascot, how'd it suit yer?"

Ahmet did not understand all of this but he did understand that his new friends were going to give him a uniform and a gun and these things had for him the same attractions as they would have for any other small boy, be he white or

black. Thus, it was not long before Ahmet was marching off towards the camp with his Aussie pals.

Behold him next morning, clad in a suit of khaki, made by the regimental tailors, puttees, tan boots, and slouch hat with emu plume complete, a miniature webb equipment, and to cap all, a pea rifle which later made him feel very proud indeed.

Behind the cook-house he practised his drill with his rifle, till he became quite used to it, encouraged by any of the troops who could find time (and quite a lot of them did too) to help him.

One day his new friends after making him polish his equipment and arms, for by this time a miniature bayonet had been made by the armourer, took him before the O.C. company, and introduced him as a new recruit. The "Skipper" was very much amused, at the quaint way in which the boy "drilled himself." He agreed to the men's request that Ahmet might remain as the company's mascot. Thinking that the joke was too good to be kept, he ordered the boy to report to him at the officers mess, the same night.

The officers had just finished their dinner and were leaving their mess, when Ahmet full of importance marched up to his company commander, and saluted saying "Private Ahmet, reporting in accordance with orders, Sir."

A curious group formed, all passing remarks and criticising the little figure who was standing to "Attention" and looking straight to his front. A little way off was a crowd of grinning Aussies, whilst the most astonished man of all was the Colonel.

Private Ahmet will give an exhibition of rifle exercises," said the Skipper. "Carry on Private Ahmet."

Then Ahmet started to drill himself calling out the commands and carrying out the movements, whilst all the time he carried on a running fire of correction and lurid criticism.

"Squad shun! su ware, spring to it what dye think y'are a bloomin' sunday school picnic? shake it up number five, and don't be lookin' at your feet, number three they're big enough gawd knows, shun! s'better, slo— wait fer th' last sound of the word number four. Slow pip! fer gawds sake ump yerself number five, that's the second time I've spoke ter yer, p'raps yer didn't ear before, well, git yer ears washed out before next p'rade; steady now, change—if you don't wait for the last sound of the word number four I'll put yer up in the mornin' change ip! ther's number three gainin' at them feet ov his again, old yer ed up can't yer, yer bloomin' feet won't fall off, I only wish they would, try it again, change ip! s'better, slow pip! take yer eyes off yer feet number three, I shan't speak ter yer again. Smartly now, pre-fer the luv ov Mike ump yerself number five you ain't ome on the farm now, yer a sojer. Present ip, not so dusty, dam good job I was'n't lookin' at yer that time number three, just remember yer bloomin' feet can't fall off worse luck, if they did I'd hang em up level with yer eyes so as yer'd av ter old yer ed up ter lock at em, slow pip, not so dusty, but number five, 'll ave ter ump isselt a bit, ordah ip, don't drop yer blinkin' rifle like that number three yer might urt them feet ov yourn, s'natease, s'aneasy."

The Colonel, when he had recovered from his laughter complimented Ahmet on his turnout and his smartness, and said that such an eloquent instructor should not remain in the ranks but should be promoted sergeant, and he gave orders to that effect and Ahmet was duly placed on the strength of the umpteenth as Sergt. Ahmet Mackenzie, which was the nearest the orderly room clerk could get to Ahmet Ben Mahmoud.

(Next Chapter, Mahmoud comes Home.)

"Father, are generals brave men?" asked Johnny of his parent. "Yes, my son, as a rule, I think they are," was the answer. "Then why do artists always make pictures of 'em standing on a hill miles away, looking at the battle through an opera-glass?"