

The Slowcoach

A Story of Roadside Adventure

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With Pictures by L. Raven-Hill

CHAPTER I

THE AVORIES



ONCE upon a time there was a nice family. Its name was Avory, and it lived in an old house in Chiswick, where the Thames is so sad on gray days and so gay on sunny ones.

Mr.—or rather Captain—Avory was dead; he had been wounded at Spion Kop, and died a few years after. Mrs. Avory was thirty-five, and she had four children. The eldest was Janet, aged fourteen, and the youngest was Gregory Bruce, aged seven. Between these came Robert Oliver, who was thirteen, and Hester, who was nine. They were all very fond of each other and they rarely quarreled. (If they had done so, I should not be telling this story. You don't catch me writing books about people who quarrel.) They adored their mother.

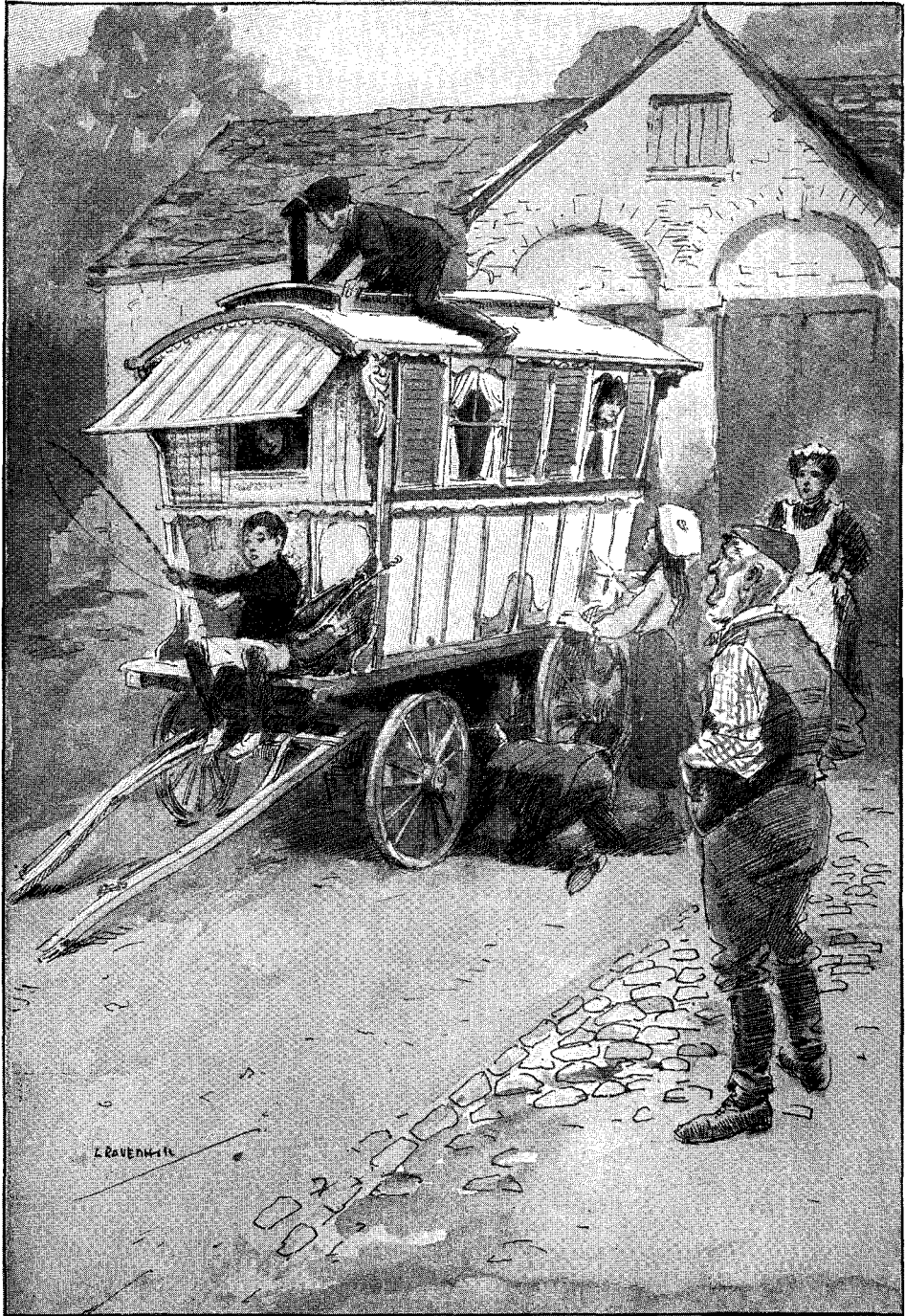
The name of the Avories' house was "The Gables," which was a better name than many houses have, because there actually were gables in its roof. Hester, who had funny ideas, wanted to see all the people who lived in all the houses that are called "The Gables" everywhere drawn up in a row so that she might examine them. She used to lie awake at night and wonder how many there would be. "I'm sure mother would be the most beautiful, anyway," she used to say.

History was Hester's passion. She could read history all day. Here she differed from Robert Oliver, who was all for geography. Their friends knew of

these tastes, of course, and so Hester's presents were nearly always history books or portraits of great men, such as Napoleon and Shakespeare, both of whom she almost worshiped, while Robert's were compasses and maps. He also had a map-measurer (from Mr. Lenox), and at the moment at which this story opens, his birthday being just over, he was the possessor of a pedometer, which he carried fastened to his leg, under his knickerbockers, so that it was certain to register every time he took a step. He kept a careful record of the distance he had walked since his birthday, and could tell you at any time what it was, if you gave him a minute or two to crawl under the table and undo his clothes. He could be heard grunting in dark places all day long, having been forbidden by Janet to undress in public.

Robert's birthday was on June 20, Hester's on November 8, and Janet's on February 28. She had the narrowest escape, you see, of getting birthdays only once in every four years; which is one of the worst things that can happen to a human being. Gregory Bruce was a little less lucky, for his birthday was on December 20, which is so near to Christmas day that mean persons have been known to make one gift do for both events. None the less, Gregory's possessions were very numerous; for he had many friends, and most of them were careful to keep these two great anniversaries apart.

Gregory's particular passion just now was the names of engines, of which he had one of the finest collections in Europe;



"IT WAS A REAL CARAVAN"

but a model aeroplane which Mr. Scott had given him was beginning to turn his thoughts towards the conquest of the air, and whereas he used to tell people that he meant to be an engine-driver when he grew up, he was now adding, "or a man like Wilbur Wright."

Most children have wanted to fly ever since "Peter Pan" began, and, as I dare say you have heard, some have tried from the nursery window, with perfectly awful results, having neglected to have their shoulders touched magically first; but Gregory Bruce Avory wanted to fly in a more regular and scientific manner. He wanted to fly like an engineer. To his mind, indeed, the flying part of "Peter Pan" was the least fascinating; he preferred the underground home and the fight with the Indians and the mechanism of the crocodile. For a short time, in fact, his only ambition had been to be the crocodile's front half.

Janet, on the other hand, liked Nana and the pathetic motherly parts the best; Robert's favorite was Smee, and often at meal-times he used to say, "Woe is me, I have no knife;" while Hester was happiest in the lagoon scene. This difference of taste in one small family shows how important it is for any one who writes a play to put a lot of variety into it.

Janet, the eldest, was also the most practical. She was, in fact, towards the others almost more of a younger mother than an elder sister. Not that Mrs. Avory neglected them at all; but Janet relieved her of many little duties. She always knew when their feet were likely to be wet, and Robert had once said that she had "stocking-changing on the brain." She could cook too, especially cakes, and the tradesmen had a great respect for her judgment when she went shopping. She knew when a joint would be too fat, and you should see her pointing out the bone!

Janet was a tall girl, and very active, and, in spite of her responsibilities, very jolly. She played hockey as well almost as a boy, which is, of course, saying everything, and her cricket was good, too. Her bowling was fast and straight, and usually too much for Robert, who knew, however, the initials of all the gentlemen and the Christian names and birthplaces of most of the professionals. Gregory could not



"HER BOWLING WAS FAST AND STRAIGHT AND USUALLY TOO MUCH FOR ROBERT"

bear cricket, except when it was his own innings, which he seemed to enjoy during its brief duration. Hester thought it dull throughout, so that Janet had to depend upon Robert and the Rotherams for the best games.

Janet had very straight fair hair and just enough freckles to be pretty. She looked nicest in blue. Hester, on the contrary, was a dark little thing whose best frock was always red.

As for the boys—it doesn't matter what boys are like; but Gregory, I might say, usually had black hands, not because he was naturally a grubby little beast, but because engineers do. Robert, on the contrary, was disposed to be dressy, and he declined to allow his mother or Janet to buy his socks or neckties for him without first consulting him as to colors.

Among the friends of the family must be put first Uncle Chris, who was Captain Avory's brother and a lawyer in Golden

Square. Uncle Chris looked after Mrs. Avory's money and gave advice. He was very nice and came to dinner every Sunday (hot roast beef and horseradish sauce). There was an Aunt Chris too, but she was an invalid and could not leave her room, where she lay all the time and remembered birthdays.

Next to Uncle Chris came Mr. Scott, who was a famous author and a very good cricketer on the lawn, and Mr. Lenox, who was private secretary to a real lord, and therefore had lots of time and money. Both Mr. Scott and Mr. Lenox were bachelors, as the best friends of families always are; unless, of course, their wives are invalids.

Gregory, who was more social than Robert, also knew one policeman, one coachman, three chauffeurs, and several Chiswick boatmen extremely intimately.



"KINK"

Robert's principal friend outside the family was a bird-stuffer in Hammersmith; but he does not come into this story.

The Avories did not go to boarding-school, or indeed to any school in the ordinary way at all; Mrs. Avory said she could not spare them. Instead they were visited every day except Saturday by Mr. Crawley and Miss Bingham, who taught them the things that one is supposed to know—Mr. Crawley taking the boys in the old billiard-room and Miss Bingham the girls in the morning-room. At some of the lessons—such as history—they all joined. The classes were attended also by the Rotherams, the doctor's children, who lived at "Fir Grove," and Horace Campbell, the only son of the vicar. So it was a kind of school, after all.

Horace Campbell had always intended when he grew up to be a cowboy, but a visit to a play called "Raffles" was now rather inclining him to gentlemanly burglary. William Rotheram, like Gregory, leaned towards flying; but Jack Rotheram voted steadily for the sea, and talked of little but Osborne.

Mary Rotheram played with a bat almost as straight as "Plum" Warner's, and she knew most of the old Somersetshire songs—"Mowing the Barley" and "Lord Rendal" and "Seventeen come Sunday"—by heart, and sang them beautifully. Gregory, who used to revel in Sankey's hymns as sung by Eliza Pollard, the parlormaid, now thought that the Somerset music was the only real kind. Mary Rotheram had a snub nose and quantities of freckles and a very nice nature.

"The Gables" had a large garden with a shrubbery of evergreens in it and a cedar. It was not at all a garden-party garden, because there was a well-worn cricket-pitch right in the middle of the lawn, and Gregory had a railway system where the best flowers ought to be; but it was a garden full of fun, and old Kink, the gardener, managed to get a great many vegetables out of it too; although not so many as Collins thought he ought to. Collins was the cook, a fat, smiling, hot lady of

about fifty, who had been with Mrs. Avory ever since she married. Collins understood children thoroughly, and made cakes that were rather wet underneath. Her Yorkshire pudding (for Sunday's dinner) was famous, and her horseradish sauce was so perfect that it brought tears to the eyes.

Collins collected picture postcards and adored the family. She had never been cross to any of them, but her way with the butcher's boy and the grocer's boy and the fishmonger's boy was terrible. She snapped their heads off (so to speak) every morning, and old Kink spent quite a lot of his time in rubbing off the back door the awful things they wrote about her in chalk.

The parlormaid was Eliza Pollard, who had red hair and a kind heart, but was continually falling out with her last young man and getting another; and she told Hester all about it. Hester had a special knack of being told about the servants' young men, for she knew also all about those of all Eliza Pollard's predecessors.

The housemaid was Jane Masters, who helped Eliza Pollard to make the beds. Jane Masters did not hold with fickleness in love—in fact, she couldn't abide it—and therefore she was steadily true to a young man called 'Erb, who looked after the lift at the Stores, and was a particular friend of Gregory's in consequence. No man who had charge of a lift could fail to be admired by Gregory.

Finally—and very likely she ought to have come first—was Runcie, or Mrs. Runciman, who had not only been the nurse of all the Avories, but of Mrs. Avory before them when Mrs. Avory was a slip of a girl named Janet Easton. Runcie was then quite young herself, and why she was suddenly called Mrs. no one ever quite knew, for she had never married. And now she was getting on for sixty, and had not much to do except sympathize with the Avories and reprove the servants. She had a nice sitting-room of her own, where she sat comfortably



"I HAD TO GIVE HIM OUT LEG-BEFORE
AT THE ANNUAL ESTATE MATCH"

every afternoon when such work as she did was done, and received visits from her pets, as she called the children (none of whom, however, was quite so dear to her as their mother), and listened to their adventures.

On those evenings on which he came to "The Gables" Mr. Lenox always looked in on her for a little gossip; and this was called his "runcible spoon"—the joke being that Mr. Lenox and Runcie were engaged to be married.

And now you know the Avory family root and branch.

CHAPTER II

THE SOUND OF MYSTERIOUS WHEELS

One day in late June the Avories and the Rotherams and Horace Campbell

were sitting at tea under the cedar talking about a great tragedy that had befallen. For Mrs. Avory had just heard that Mrs. Dudeney—their regular landlady at Sea View, in the Isle of Wight, where they had had lodgings every summer for years and years, and where they were all ready to go next month as usual—Mrs. Avory had just heard that Mrs. Dudeney had been taken very ill, and no other rooms were to be had.

Here was a blow! For the Rotherams always went to Sea View too, and had a tent on the little strip of beach under the wood adjoining the Avories', and they did everything together. And now it was very likely that the Avories would not get lodgings at all, and certainly would not get any half so good as Mrs. Dudeney's, where their ways were known, and their bathing-dresses were always dried at once in case they wanted to go in again, and so on.

They were all discussing this together and saying what a shame it was, when suddenly the unfamiliar sound of the opening of the old stable-yard gates was heard, and then heavy wheels scrunched in and men's voices called out directions, such as "Steady, Joe!" "A little bit to the near side, Bill!" and so forth.

Now since the stable-yard had not been used for years, it was no wonder that the whole party was, so to speak, on tiptoe, longing to run and investigate. But Mrs. Avory had always objected very strongly to inquisitiveness, and so they stayed where they were and waited expectantly. And then, after a minute or so, Kink came up to the table with a twinkle in his old eye and a letter in his old hand.

"Didn't we hear the sound of a carriage?" Mrs. Avory asked.

"Did you, mum?" said old Kink, who was a great tease.

"I'm sure there were wheels," said Mrs. Avory.

Kink, who was a great tease, said nothing.

"Of course there were wheels," said Robert. "Don't be such an old humbug."

But Kink only twinkled.

"It's only coals," said Gregory; "isn't it?"

"The first I've heard of coals," said Kink, who loved teasing.

"Kinky, dear," said Janet, "is it something awfully exciting?"

"Nothing very exciting about a house, that I know of, Miss Janet," said Kink.

"A house!" cried Janet. "It couldn't have been a house!"

"There's all sorts of houses," said Kink; "there's houses on the ground and there's houses on—"

"O Kinky," cried Hester, "I know!" And she clapped her hands and absolutely screamed. "I know. It's a caravan!"

"A caravan!" the children shouted together, and with one movement they dashed off to see.

Old Kink laughed and Mrs. Avory laughed.

"It's a caravan right enough," he said. "And a very pretty one, too, and none of they nasty gypsies in it neither."

"But where does it come from?" Mrs. Avory asked, and in reply Kink handed her the letter; but she had done no more than open it when Janet ran back to drag her to see the wonderful sight.

Gregory, I need hardly say, was already on the box with the whip in his hand, while all the others were inside, except Horace Campbell, who had climbed on the roof and was telephoning down the chimney. The men and horse that had brought it were gone.

"O mother," cried Hester, "whose is it? Is it ours?"

"I expect the letter tells us everything," said Mrs. Avory, and, sitting on the top of the steps, she unfolded the letter, and, after looking it through, read it aloud.

This is what it said:

Dear Children—It has long been my wish to give you a new kind of present; but I have hitherto had no luck. I thought once of an elephant, and even wrote to Jamrach about the idea—a small elephant, not a mountain; but I gave that up. Chiswick is too crowded and your garden is too small. But now I think I have found the very thing. A caravan. It belonged to a lady artist who, having to live abroad, wished to sell it; and it is now yours. I tell you this so that mother need not be afraid that it is dirty. It should reach you this week, and can stand in the old coach-house until you are ready to set forth on the discovery of your native land. I should have liked also to have added a horse and a man; but you must do that and keep an account of what everything costs and let me know when I come back from abroad. I shall expect some day a long



"RUNCIE"

account of your adventures, and if you keep a log-book, so much the better.

I am,

Your true, if unsettling, friend,

X.

P. S. You will find a use for the inclosed key sooner or later, and if you want to write to me, address the letter to X, care of Smithurst & Wynn, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W. C.

For a while after the letter was finished

the Avories were too excited and thoughtful to speak, while as for the Rotherams and Horace Campbell, however they may have tried, they could not disguise an expression, if not exactly of envy, certainly of disappointment. There was no X in their family.

"May we really go away in it and discover England?" Robert asked.

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Avory.

"Then that makes Sea View all right," said Gregory. "Because this will do instead."

The poor Rotherams! Sea View had suddenly become tame and almost tiresome.

Mrs. Avory saw their regrets in their faces, and cheered them up by the remark that the caravan must sometimes be lent to others.

"Oh, yes," said Janet. "Do you think Dr. Rotheram would let you go?" she asked Mary.

"Of course he would," said Jack. "But I wish it was a houseboat."

The suggestion was so idiotic that every one fell on him in scorn.

"But who is X?" Mrs. Avory asked.

The letter was written in a round office-hand that told nothing. Mr. Scott was the most likely person, but why should Mr. Scott hide? He never had done such a thing. Or Mr. Lenox? But neither was it his way to be secret and mysterious. Nor was it Uncle Christopher's.

When, however, you have a caravan given you and it is standing there waiting to be explored, the question who gave it or did not give it becomes unimportant.

Gregory put the case in a nutshell. "Never mind about old X now," he said. "Let's make a thorough examination!"

CHAPTER III

THE THOROUGH EXAMINATION

It was a real caravan. That is to say, either gypsies might have lived in it or any one that did live in it would soon be properly gypsified. It was painted in gay colors and had little white blinds with very neat waists and red sashes round them. That is the right kind of caravan. The brown caravans highly varnished are wrong: they may be more luxurious, but no gypsy would look at them.

The body of it was green—a good apple green—and the panels were lined with blue. Some people say that blue and green won't go together; but don't let us take any notice of them. Just look at a bed of forget-me-nots, or a copse of bluebells; or, for that matter, try and see the Avories' caravan. The window

frames and bars were white. The spokes and hubs of the wheels were red. It was most awfully gay.

Inside—but the inside of a caravan is so exciting that I hardly know how to hold my pen. The inside of a caravan! Can you imagine a better phrase than that? I can't. If Coleridge's statement is true that poetry is the best words in the best order, then that is the best poem: the inside of a caravan!

The caravan was sixteen feet six inches long and six feet two inches high inside. From the ground it stood ten feet. It was six feet four inches wide. If you measure these distances in the dining-room, you will see how big it was and you will be able to imagine yourselves in it.

The woodwork was all highly varnished and very new and clean. More than half-way down the caravan were heavy curtains hanging across it, and behind these was the bedroom, containing four beds, two on each wall, on hinged shelves, that could be let down against the wall by day, when the folding-chairs could be unfolded, and this became a little boudoir.

The floor space was, however, filled this afternoon with great bundles which turned out to be gypsy tents and sleeping-sacks. "For the boys and Kink to sleep in," said Janet; "but we must be very careful about waterproof sheeting on the ground first."

The rest of the caravan, between the door and the bedroom—about ten feet—was the kitchen and living-room. Here every inch of the wall was used, either by chairs that folded back like those in the corridors of railway carriages, or by shelves, racks, cupboards, or pegs. There were two tables, which also folded to the wall.

The stove was close to the door, but of course no one who lives in a caravan ever uses the stove except when it is raining. You make the fire out of doors at all other times and swing the pot from three sticks. (Hedgehog stew!—can't you smell it!) There were kitchen utensils on hooks and racks on each side of the stove, which was covered in with shining brass; and rows of enameled cups and saucers and plates and knives and forks. The living-room floor was covered with linoleum; the bedroom floor had a carpet.

Swinging candlesticks were screwed into the wall here and there. It was more like the cabin of a ship than anything on land could ever be, and Jack Rotheram began to weaken towards it.

In course of time other things were discovered, showing what a thorough per-

a box of little india-rubber pads with tin tacks, the use for which (not discovered till later) was to prevent the rattling of the furniture by making it fit a little better. And in one of the cupboards was a bottle of camphor pills, and a tin of tobacco labeled "Tramps and Gypsies."



"SHE ALSO GAVE JANET SOME LESSONS IN FRYING-PAN COOKING"

son X was. A large india-rubber bath, for instance, and a bath sheet to go under it. A Beatrice oil-stove and oil. An electric torch for sudden requirement at night. A tea-basket for picnics. Quantities of cart oil. A piece of pumice stone (very thoughtful). There was also

There was even a bookshelf with books on it: "Hans Andersen," "The Arabian Nights," "Lavengro," "Inquire Within," "Mrs. Beeton," "Bradshaw" (rather cowardly, Robert thought), and "The Blue Poetry Book." There was also "The Whole Art of Caravaning," with



"HER WAY WITH THE BUTCHER'S BOY WAS TERRIBLE"

certain passages marked in pencil, such as this:

We pull up to measure the breadth of the gate, and if it be broad enough, send forward an ambassador to the farm, who shall explain that we would fain camp here, that we are not gypsies, vagabonds, or suspicious characters, that we will leave all as we find it, and will not rob or wantonly destroy. And in case of need, he shall delicately hint that we may incidentally provide good custom in butter, eggs, milk, and half a dozen other things. Our ambassador must also, if it be possible, secure a stall for the horse.

And this useful reminder:

We must have water near at hand and a farm within reasonable distance, and we should look for shelter from prevailing winds. We must avoid soft ground, and it is a mistake to camp in long grass unless the weather be particularly dry. We should be as far as possible from the road if there is much traffic upon it. It is a great advantage if there is a stream or lake at hand for bathing. An old pasture field sloping away from the road will often satisfy our requirements in low-lying districts. And up among the

moors we shall be content to take a piece of level ground where we can find it. There will be nothing to disturb us there.

And this excellent caravan poem:

I love the gentle office of the cook,
The cheerful stove, the placid
twilight hour,
When, with the tender fragrance
of a flower,
And all the bubbling voices of the
brook,

The coy potato or the onion
browns,
The tender steak takes on a nobler
hue.
I ponder 'mid the falling of the
dew,
And watch the lapwings circling
o'er the downs.

Like portals at the pathway of the
moon
Two trees stand forth in penciled
silhouette
Against the steel-gray sky, as
black as jet—
The steak is ready. Ah! too
soon! too soon!

So much (with one exception) for the inside of the caravan. Underneath it were still other things, for a box with perforated sides swung between the wheels, and this was the larder, always cool and shady (except, as Janet

remarked, on dusty days), and near it on hooks were a hanging saucepan, a great kettle, two pails and two market-baskets, a nose-bag, and a skid. Close by was a place for oats and chaff.

A new set of harness was packed on the box, and it was so complete that on each of the little brass ornaments that hang on the horse's chest was the letter A. On the back of the caravan was a shelf that might be let down, making a kind of sideboard for outdoor meals.

For two or three days the caravan did nothing but hold receptions. Every one who knew the Avories came to see it, even Robert's bird-stuffer, who said he would like to borrow it for a week's holiday in Epping Forest and observe nature through its windows. Several of Gregory's intimates also examined it and approved. Miss Bingham pronounced it elegant and commodious, and Mr. Crawley (who, like all schoolmasters and tutors,

made too many puns) said that its probable rate of speed reminded him of his name. Collins wished she might never have to cook in it, but otherwise was very tolerant. Eliza Pollard said that her choice would be a motor car, and Jane Masters brought 'Erb back on Sunday afternoon, and they examined it together and decided that with such a home as that they might be married at once.

I have left till the last the most exciting thing of all. In an inclosure, you remember, was a key concerning the purpose of which nothing was said in the letter. Well, in the course of the exploration of the caravan, which went on for some days, always yielding a fresh discovery, Robert came upon a box securely fastened to the floor in a dark corner.

"Mother! mother!" he cried; "where's that key? I've found a mysterious key-hole!"

They all hurried to the stable-yard to see, and Robert swiftly inserted the key, and turned it. He fell back, too much overcome to speak. The box contained twenty-five new sovereigns.

CHAPTER IV

THE ITEMS

Mr. Lenox either knew everything or knew some one who knew everything, so that he was always certain to be able to help in any difficulty. Mrs. Avory wrote to him to come round and consult with her about it, and he was there at tea-time.

"A caravan!" he said, after she had finished. "Ripping. Nothing better." "Yes," said Mrs. Avory, "but—"

"Oh, well," said Mr. Lenox, "that's all right. A few little bothers, but soon over." He checked them off on his finger. "Item—as your old Swan of Avon, Hester, would say—item, a driver."

"I was thinking of Kink," said Mrs. Avory; "but there's the garden."

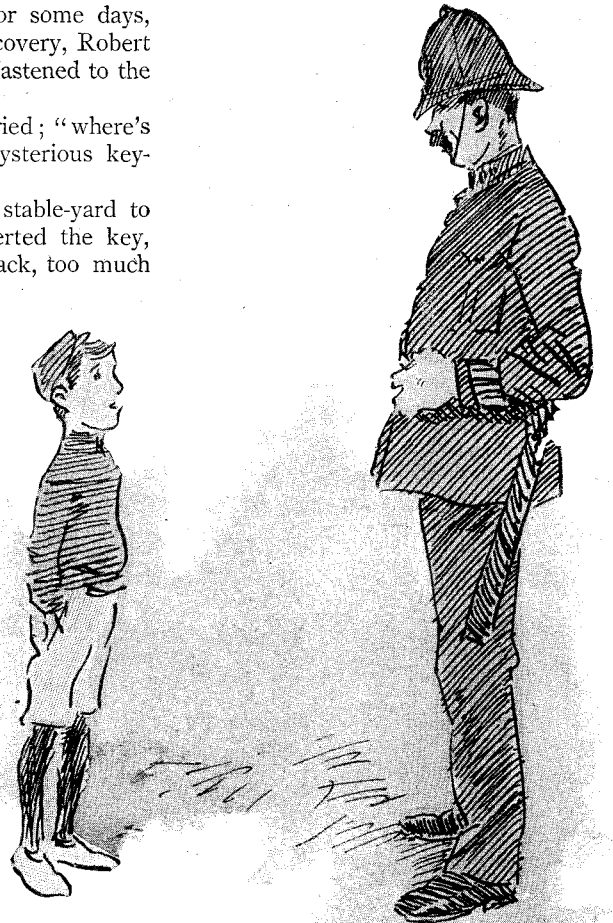
"Yes," said Mr. Lenox, "and there's also Kink. Do you think he'd go?"

"The best thing to do is to ask him," said Mrs. Avory. "Gregory, just run and bring Kink in."

Kink soon appeared, fresh from the soil.

"Would you be willing to drive the caravan if we decided to use it?" Mrs. Avory asked.

"'If'!" cried the children. "Steady on, mother. 'If'!"



"GREGORY ALSO KNEW ONE POLICEMAN"

Kink, who was a great tease, pretended to think for quite a long time, until his silence had driven the children nearly desperate. "Yes," he then said, "I should, mum, provided you let me find a trustworthy man to go on with the garden. Otherwise I shouldn't dare to face Mrs. Collins when I came back."

"That's very kind of you, Kink," said Mrs. Avory.

"Good old Kinky!" said Gregory.

"Yes," said Mr. Lenox. "And now for item two. The horse. How would you go to work to get a horse, Kink?"

"Well," said Kink, "that's a little out of my way. A horseradish, yes; but not a horse."

Every one laughed: the old man expected it.

"Then," said Mr. Lenox, with a mock sigh, "I suppose the horse will have to be found by me. We don't want to buy one—only to hire it."

"Don't let's have a horse," said Gregory; "let's have a motor? I think a motor caravan would be splendid."

"There you're quite wrong," said Mr. Lenox. "The life-blood of a caravan is sloth; the life-blood of a motor is speed. You can't mix them. And how could Robert here survey England creditably if he rushed through it in a motor? You're going to survey England, aren't you, Bobbie? No, it must be a horse, and I will get it. I will make friends with cabmen and coachmen and grooms and stable-boys. I will carry a straw in my mouth. I will get a horse to do you credit. What color would you like?"

"White," said Janet.

"It shall be a white horse," said Mr. Lenox. "And now," he added, "the way is cleared for item three. Can you guess what that is?"

They all tried to guess, but could not. They were too excited.

"A dog," said Mr. Lenox.

"Oh, yes," they cried.

"To guard the caravan at night and when we are away," said Janet.

"Exactly," said Mr. Lenox. "And what kind of a dog?"

"A dachshund," said Hester.

"Too small," said Mr. Lenox.

"A St. Bernard," said Robert.

"Too mild," said Mr. Lenox.

"A spaniel," said Janet.

"Too gentle," said Mr. Lenox.

"A fox-terrier," said Gregory.

"Not strong enough," said Mr. Lenox.

"I leave it to Mr. Lenox," said Mrs. Avory.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Lenox, "a retriever. A retriever, because it is big and formidable, and also because, when tied up, it will always be on the watch. We'll buy the 'Exchange and Mart' and look up retrievers. We can't hire a dog; we must buy outright there. Now then, Bobbie, item four?"

"Maps," said Bobbie.

"Right," said Mr. Lenox. "I wish I was coming with you."

"Do," they all cried.

"I can't," said Mr. Lenox. "If I were to go away before September, I should get the sack, and then I should starve. His Lordship is sufficiently cross with me now, because I had to give him out leg-before at the annual estate match last Saturday when I was umpiring. He couldn't stand anything else."

That night Mrs. Avory, Uncle Christopher, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Lenox were talking after dinner.

"It's a very wonderful present," said Mrs. Avory, "but there are two things about it that are not quite satisfactory. One is that one likes to know where such gifts come from, and the other is that for a party of children to go away alone, with only Kink, is a great responsibility." (That's a word which mothers are very fond of.) "Suppose they're ill?"

"It's a risk you must take," said Uncle Chris. "Don't anticipate trouble."

"Because," Mrs. Avory went on, "I should not go with them, although I might arrange to meet them here and there on their journey. They would like me to be with them, I know, and they would like to be without me, I know."

"I shouldn't worry about the giver of the present," said Mr. Scott. "You have many friends from whom you would have no objection to accept a caravan, and there's no harm in one of those friends wishing to be anonymous. As for the other matter, I don't see much risk so long as Kink goes too. He's a careful and very capable old sport, and Janet's as good a mother as you any day."



"STRONG AS AN ELEPHANT AND DOCILE AS A TORTOISE"

Mrs. Ivory laughed. "Yes, I know that," she said. "But what about gypsies and tramps?"

"One has always got to take a few chances," said Uncle Christopher. "They may get things stolen now and then from the outside of the caravan, but I should doubt if anything else happened. Kink and a good dog would see to that. And Janet would see to the children keeping dry, or getting dry quickly after rain, and so forth. Such an experience as a fort-

night in a caravan of their own should be a splendid thing for all of them. Gregory, for example—it's quite time that he studied the A B C of engineering and began where James Watt began instead of merely profiting by the efforts of all the investigators since then. I mean, it's quite time he watched a kettle boil; and Hester would get no harm by mixing a little washing-up with her 'Romeo and Juliet' wool-gathering."

"I think you're right," said Mrs.

Avory; "and I'm sure they are very unlikely to get any such experience here. But I shall be very nervous."

"No, you won't," said Mr. Lenox, "because we'll arrange that you shall have news. I have thought of that. A telegram every morning at breakfast and a telegram every evening after tea. That will be perfectly simple. And letters, of course."

In this way it was settled that the Great Experiment might be tried, especially as so wise a woman as Collins and so old an ally as Runcie were not against it. Both, indeed, were of Uncle Christopher's opinion that the self-help and self-reliance which the caravan would lead to would be of the greatest use.

Collins, when she heard later some hint of the possible route the caravan would follow, became not only a supporter of the scheme but an enthusiast, because her own home was not distant, and she made the children promise to spend a day there with her brother, the farmer. She also gave Janet some lessons in frying-pan cooking.

Runcie never became an enthusiast, but she allowed herself to be interested, if cautionary.

"To think of the nice comfortable beds you'll be leaving," she would say.

"A horse is a vain thing for safety," she would say.

"The blisters you'll get on your poor feet!" she would say.

"The indigestion!" she would say.

"Living like gypsies," she would say.

"No proper washing or anything," she would say.

"Cheer up, Runcie," Gregory would reply, "you're not going."

"And glad I am I'm not," she would answer.

"I wish you were, Runcie, and then we'd show you in the villages as 'The Old Woman Who Can't See Any Fun in Caravaning.' 'Walk up! Walk up! A penny a peep!'"

CHAPTER V

DIOGENES AND MOSES

The Sea View disappointment being so keenly felt, Mrs. Avory decided to give the children an extra holiday of a fortnight at once in which to taste the de-

lights of the caravan, and meanwhile she would herself go down to the Isle of Wight to try and find other rooms; and it was arranged that Mary Rotheram and one of her brothers and Horace Campbell should be squeezed into the party too. Jack and William Rotheram therefore tossed up for it, and Jack won.

This suddenness, as we shall see, was very fortunate, but it threw Mr. Lenox into a state of perspiration quite strange to him.

"My dear Jenny," he said to Mrs. Avory, "how am I to get a horse to do you credit, if you hurry me so? A horse is an animal requiring the most careful study. Each one of its four legs needs separate consideration. I should have liked some weeks of thought. The dog, too. Just as there is only one satisfactory horse in the world for each family, so is there only one satisfactory dog; and you ask me to get both in a few minutes."

He lay back and fanned himself.

Then he pulled two pennies from his pocket and gave them to Gregory and told him to go the station book-stall and bring back the "Exchange and Mart."

The "Exchange and Mart," as perhaps you may not know, is without any exaggeration the most delightful paper in the world. It contains nothing that one dislikes to read about, such as accidents, murders, suicides, politics, and criticisms of concerts; it contains nothing whatever of such things, while, on the other hand, it is packed with matters of real interest. It tells you who has dogs for sale, and rabbits for sale, and magic-lanterns for sale, and cameras for sale, and bicycles for sale, and guinea-pigs for sale—all at a bargain—and it tells you also who wants to buy rabbits and cameras and guinea-pigs; and it also tells you who wants to exchange rabbits for a gun, or a dog for a fishing-rod, or a gramophone for a parrot.

Gregory brought the paper back, and Mr. Lenox at once turned to the section entitled "The Kennel," and then to the sub-section "Retrievers," and he found the names of three persons who wished to sell wonderful specimens of that breed.

Two were in London and one was at Harrow.

Gregory therefore went off to find a

taxicab (no easy thing at Chiswick), and, coming back with one at last, Mr. Lenox and he drove to the nearest of the London addresses.

The first was no good at all. The retrievers were all puppies, so gentle and playful that they would not have frightened even a mouse from the caravan door. But the next, which was at Bermondsey, was better. Here, in a small back yard, they found Mr. Amos, the advertiser, surrounded by kennels. He was a little man with a squint, and he declared that he had nothing but the best-bred dogs with the longest pedigrees.

"But we don't want anything so swagger as that," said Mr. Lenox. "We want a watchdog to be kept on a chain, but friendly enough with his own people. If you keep only pedigree dogs, we may as well get on to our next address."

Mr. Amos stepped between Mr. Lenox and the door. "It's most extraordinary odd," he said, "for, although I make it almost a religion never to have any but pedigree dogs, it happens that just at this very moment I have got, for the first time in my whole career, an inferior animal. It's not mine. Oh, no, I'm only taking care of it for a friend. But it's a retriever all right, and a good one, mark you, though not a pedigree dog. My friend wants a good home for it. He's very particular about that. Kind, nice people, you know. Bones. I dare say you know him," Mr. Amos added; "Mr. Bateman, who keeps the Bricklayers' Arms."

How funny, Gregory thought, to keep bricklayers' arms! And he wondered why the bricklayers didn't keep their own arms,

and who kept their legs, and he might have asked if Mr. Amos had not called to a boy named Jim to "Bring Tartar over here, and look sloppy."

While Jim was bringing Tartar—who lived in a tub, and must therefore, Mr. Lenox said, be called in future Diogenes—Mr. Amos reminded them of how much more likely you were to get good watch work from a dog who was not of the highest breeding than from a prize-winner. "As I often say," he added, "you can have too much blood; that you can. Too much blood. It's the only fault of many of my dogs."

Diogenes now stood before them, looking by no means overburdened with blood and extremely ready for a new home.

Mr. Lenox asked why Mr. Amos thought he was a good watchdog.

"Think!" said Mr. Amos. "I don't think; I know. If Mr. Bateman was here and you were to hit him, that dog would kill you. No thinking twice, mark you. He'd just kill you."

"I hope," said Mr. Lenox, "I shall never meet Mr. Bateman in his presence. Suppose I were to fall against him accidentally—how perfectly ghastly!"

"No fear of that," said Mr. Amos. "He's a clever dog. He knows the difference between an attack and a feeling

of faintness. But just come down to the Bricklayers' Arms and I'll show you."

"No, thank you," said Mr. Lenox, hastily. "How much is he?"

"Three pounds," said Mr. Amos.

"Oh, come!" said Mr. Lenox. "Not for a public-house dog?"

"Not a penny less," said Mr. Amos.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Lenox,



"HE WAS A LITTLE
MAN WITH A SQUINT"

"we must get on, Gregory. We have still that other address."

"Two pounds ten," said Mr. Amos.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Lenox; "much too dear. Come along, Gregory."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Amos, "though it will be the end of my friendship with Mr. Bateman. I'll say nothing about the collar and chain and take two pounds."

"Too dear," said Mr. Lenox, stepping to the taxi.

"Well, how much will you give?" Mr. Amos asked.

"I'll give you twenty-five shillings as he stands," said Mr. Lenox.

"He's yours," said Mr. Amos. Mr. Lenox immediately paid the money, and then he went to a small grocer's near by and bought a bag of biscuits, and with them he and Gregory fed the famished Diogenes all the way back to Chiswick, and by the time they reached home he seemed so affectionate with them as never to have had another master.

Diogenes had of course come to stay; but the horse was merely to be hired. To hire a carriage-horse or a riding-horse is easy enough, but a cart-horse as strong as a steam-engine is more difficult to find.

Mr. Lenox decided to advertise, and he therefore sent the following advertisement to the "Daily Telegraph:"

Wanted—To hire for a month at least, an exceedingly powerful, gentle white horse to draw a caravan. Reply by letter. L., "The Gables," Chiswick.

"There," said Mr. Lenox, as he read it out, "that's as clear as crystal. No one can misunderstand that."

But as a matter of fact people will misunderstand anything; for on the day the advertisement appeared quite a number of men called at "The Gables," all leading horses of every size and color. Kink was kept busy in getting rid of them, but one man succeeded in finding Robert unattended and did all he could to persuade him that a pair of small skew-bald ponies

such as he had brought with him would be far more useful in a caravan than one large cart-horse.

"Run in and tell your father that, old sport," said he. "Tell him I've got a pair of skewers here as will do him credit and he shall have the two for twenty pounds."

"No, no," said Robert; "they're no use at all. We advertised for one large, strong white horse."

Mr. Crawley was coming away from the house at this moment, and the man tackled him.

"Have the pair, mister," said the man. "They're wonderful together—draw a pantechicon. There's lots of white on them, too. Your little boy here has taken such a fancy to them," he added. "Eighteen pound for the two."

Another man, who brought a black horse and said that white horses always had a defect somewhere, fastened on Miss Bingham.

"This is what you want, mum," he said. "Honest black. Never trust a white horse," he said. "Black's the color. Look at this mare here—she's a beauty. Strong as a nelephant and docile as a tortoise. Fifteen quid, mum, and a bargain."

"My good man," said Miss Bingham, "you are laboring under a misapprehension. I require no horse."

Fortunately, among the letters were several that told of exactly the kind of horse that was needed, and one afternoon a stable-boy led into the yard a perfectly enormous creature which Mr. Lenox had hired for a pound a week from a man at Finchley.

"Warranted sound in wind and limb," said Mr. Lenox, "and his name is Moses."

Gregory, having given Moses a lump of sugar, declined ever again to wish for a motor caravan, especially as Mr. Scott slipped into his hand that evening a large knife containing eight useful articles, including a hook for extracting stones from horses' feet.

(To be continued)

Psychology and Daily Life

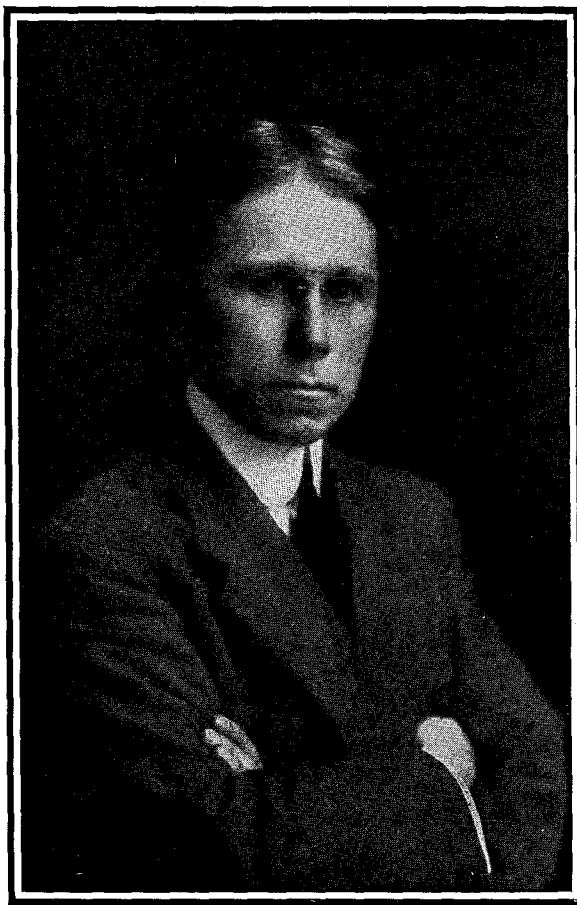
By H. Addington Bruce

IN a previous article, published in *The Outlook* for September 4, 1909, I endeavored to give some idea of the remarkable contributions made by modern psychology to the practice of medicine—contributions of such profound significance that to-day many specialists in nervous and mental diseases are successfully treating their patients by psychological rather than medical methods, while the general practitioner also is in many cases using psychological knowledge to reinforce the curative value of ordinary therapy. But the helpfulness of modern psychology is by no means confined to the physician.

It equally proffers aid to the parent, the educator, the sociologist, the criminologist, the lawyer, the judge, the manufacturer, merchant, and artisan, the writer, public speaker, artist, and musician. In fact, it is not too much to say that there is no field of human endeavor in which benefit may not be had through wise application of the discoveries of psychological research.

Only a comparatively short time ago, it is true, this could not be said. As late as the seventies of the last century, psychology was regarded, and not without reason, as one of the most impractical of sciences,

of philosophical and theoretical importance, no doubt, but incomparably inferior to physics, chemistry, geometry, and other branches of science with reference to the possibility of its finding practical application. All this was changed with the establishment by Professor Wundt at Leipzig University of the first laboratory for experimental psychology. Wundt and his pupils, and other experimenters in various countries, invented and perfected apparatus and methods for investigating the processes of the human mind with a precision impossible to earlier psychologists. Such instruments as the chronoscope for measuring, even to thousandths of a second, the rapidity of thought, the sphygmograph for studying the emotions, and the ergograph for ascertaining the exact characteristics and consequences of fatigue, together with the discovery of the tremendous value of hypnotism and hypnoidism as means of getting at subconscious mental states, have enabled psychologists to make more progress during the past thirty years than throughout the previous



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