



I SAY, some of you fellows are determined to turn the Editor of "CHUMS" into a walking encyclopaedia, whatever his own feelings on the subject may be. Scarcely a week passes without some curious lad coming along with a curious question, and this week is no exception to the rule. Master Aldridge, of Dulwich, he's the sinner to-day—yet, by my halibut, as Waggles has it, his question is not without its interest. Why do we speak of John Bull when we mean the typical Englishman? he asks; also, how does it happen that "Uncle Sam" stands for all Americans? Hands up, please, for those who know. What! Only the hand of Waggles, and that a very black one. Well, I suppose I must answer the question myself.

"John Bull," I would have you to know, is a person of whom we first hear in a work by Dr. Arbuthnot, entitled "The History of John Bull." That history treated of the Spanish succession in the reign of Queen Anne and Louis XIV. Old John Bull stands there for the typical Englishman, a bluff old chap, capital in all sport, a fine rider, good with the cross-swords, yet quarrelsome and touchy withal, and very ready to have a shindy with his best friend. In the same book, John Bull's mother typifies the Church of England, Mrs. Bull represents Good Queen Anne, and John Bull's sister, "Peg," stands for the Scots. This book, I may add, was published in the year 1712, and ever since that time people have spoken of "John Bull" when they wish to indicate the typical Englishman.

"Uncle Sam" is another matter, or rather another person. He was not named originally after the character in a book, but from a certain Samuel Wilson, the uncle of Ebenezer Wilson, who used to have a store in the old days on the Hulton river in America. When Ebenezer Wilson had his goods sent out to this store they used to be marked "U.S.," to indicate that they were to go to the United States. But people always declared that the initials stood for Uncle Sam, and so in time whenever the United States was represented by the picture of a man, Uncle Sam was the name they gave him.

It is curious, when we speak of a subject like this, to remember how names are often given to a race to be forgotten afterwards. All through the Franco-German war, the Prussian troops spoke of the French soldiers as "Red Breeches." Yet that is a name you never hear to-day. Why such a name as "John Bull" should have stuck, no man can say. I think it must have been because the thing is so apt. It seems the very name of all others for the bull-necked, bluff, farmer type which foreigners used to associate with England. You have but to hear it once to know that nothing else would ever be half so good in the same connection.

Foreigners, of course, always think that the people of other nations are very ugly and very stupid. Take ourselves, for instance. We consider the Chinese a hideously ugly race. To us they are positively repulsive. The Chinaman, on his part, does he consider that the Englishman is a handsome fellow? Not a bit of it. A man who has lived for twenty years in China was telling me the other day that he showed a copy of "The Queen's Empire" to a little girl in a school in China. She admired the superb pictures of places and scenery very much, but when she saw the photograph of an English crowd, she exclaimed: "Are there really people as ugly and hideous as that?" In her eyes, the Chinaman was the handsomest gallant in the world.

Before I leave Master Aldridge's letter, just let me say a word in answer to his question: "Is Waggles ill?" Master Aldridge thinks that the boy has been very silent lately. Silent! Great accordions! Let our correspondent come up here and listen to the boy's imitation of a cock crowing at sunrise. Waggles says that it is an imitation which you can hear at the distance of a mile, and I have not the slightest doubt of it. If he continues it much longer, there will not be a business man left

within a quarter of a mile of St. Paul's Cathedral. A friend who called yesterday left the office hurriedly to fetch a policeman. He thought that murder was being done. But it was only Waggles showing the New Boy how the "interfering parrot" can squawk when things don't go well at home.

Happily, we shall have more work for Master Waggles by and by. I am thinking of the decision of that great bicycle prize of ours, when it will be the lad's business to arrange the letters for our Prize Editor's inspection. I am hoping that those letters will be many. Surely, every Chum in the land will have a shot for such a splendid bike, or, at least, for one of the hundred handsome volumes which we give away at the same time? Now that summer is with us, I pity the fellow who is mewed up in London and has no bike to carry him to green woods and pastures new. Just think of the delights of those long rides through leafy lanes, of the quiet days in the old-world villages, of the dashing rides by moonlight, of the thousand and one pleasures a good bike can give us. And our prize will be a stunner. I am sure, if you fellows could only clap your eyes on it you would not hesitate for an instant. It is a really beautiful machine.

Some of you, possibly, are not prepared to take the trouble of trying. If this is your mood I beg of you to reflect what a very simple thing we are asking you to do. For what does it come to you? You send your name and address to us. We, in return, send you forty-one leaflets, forty of which you distribute to such of your friends as do not yet read "CHUMS." When you have done this you write on the leaflet you have kept for yourself the twenty-four names—Christian names—which you consider are the most popular names for boys. You send that leaflet to us, and if it does not win you a bike, it may at least win for you a volume, or a medal, or a certificate. So wake up, boys, and wire in. Each one of you stands a chance of being the actual winner of as pretty a bicycle as ever left a workshop.

"Sudburian," is a correspondent who seems to be in a dilemma. He has studied for the profession of a schoolmaster, but after three or four years of the work he finds it distasteful to him, and asks me to what calling or employment a man placed in such circumstances can turn. It is a difficult question. Unfortunately, education alone is a poorly paid thing nowadays. Unless a man has some trade or business at his fingers' ends, he will find it very troublesome to make a good start in life. Some people who have been schoolmasters, but wish to be something else, think of journalism and literature. As often as not they fail utterly, and they fail because the ability to write is just as much a gift as the ability to paint or to compose music.

If a schoolmaster is young when he wearies of his employment, he may seek to enter the Civil Service or one of the Government offices. His education will help him there. He should be able to pass a fair examination and to take a creditable place. Or, if he have a little money, he might emigrate and try farming in Canada or Australia, or venture his fortunes in one of the new lands at the Cape; but it would be dangerous for him to abandon his work at the school until his future is definitely planned out, and he has a very sound notion of his ability to make money in a new sphere.

The answer to this question is, in a way, an answer to Mr. Wodehouse, of Dulwich, who asks me: "How can one become a journalist?" One can become a journalist, Mr. Wodehouse, only if Providence has willed it. The first requisite is, not only that a man shall be able to write about the things he sees and hears, but that he shall be able to write about them in such a way that other people will be interested in his work. If he have this gift, the rest is easy. People find it so hard to get on in journalism because so many of them have not the gifts of the born journalist. If a man can write, editors will soon discover the fact and wish to employ him. It is the man who cannot write who is the nuisance to them. He deluges them and the waste-paper basket with his hopeless productions. He is on the wrong tack, to put it very bluntly, and his career can be but one of disappointment and of failure.

Let us assume in charity, however, that Mr. Wodehouse has some of the gifts which go to make a pleasing writer. In that case he should begin by studying the columns of some journal which buys

the kind of work he thinks he can write best. When he begins to understand what kind of contribution the editor is in the habit of accepting, let him sit down to his article. His first efforts should be brief; they should be bright; and they should deal with some subject a little out of the common. In this way they are likely to catch the editor's eye, and the author of them to begin a career in which every subsequent step will be in the right direction to recognition and to profitable employment.

* * Letters from Chums to the Editor are invited, and if of general interest will be dealt with in these columns.

TELL ALL YOUR CHUMS.

EVERY reader should remember that the "Funny Animal" Competition is announced below for the last time, and that it is the duty of all Chums to take part in the "Bicycle" Competition.

WHO'S FOR OUR BIKE?

In order to make "CHUMS" still more widely known, we have prepared a Four-page Illustrated Leaflet, which includes, in an abbreviated form, the whole of the first weekly Installments of our Two New Serials, "THE SPY IN THE SCHOOL," and "A PIRATE'S LEGACY." To every reader of "CHUMS" who sends name and address to me I will forward, postage paid, FORTY-ONE Illustrated Leaflets—ONE for the Applicant, and FORTY for distribution among friends and others who do not at present read "CHUMS" regularly. When the Illustrated Leaflets—of which no more than a single copy may be given to one person—have been distributed, the applicant must write—in the blanks provided for the purpose on each Leaflet—in Alphabetical Order, what such applicant considers to be the

24 MOST POPULAR NAMES FOR BOYS.

The Prizes will be given according to the Voting of the Competitors. To the Reader whose Selection of Names most nearly corresponds to the selection of the majority of the Competitors, as shown by their lists, I shall award

A MAGNIFICENT BICYCLE

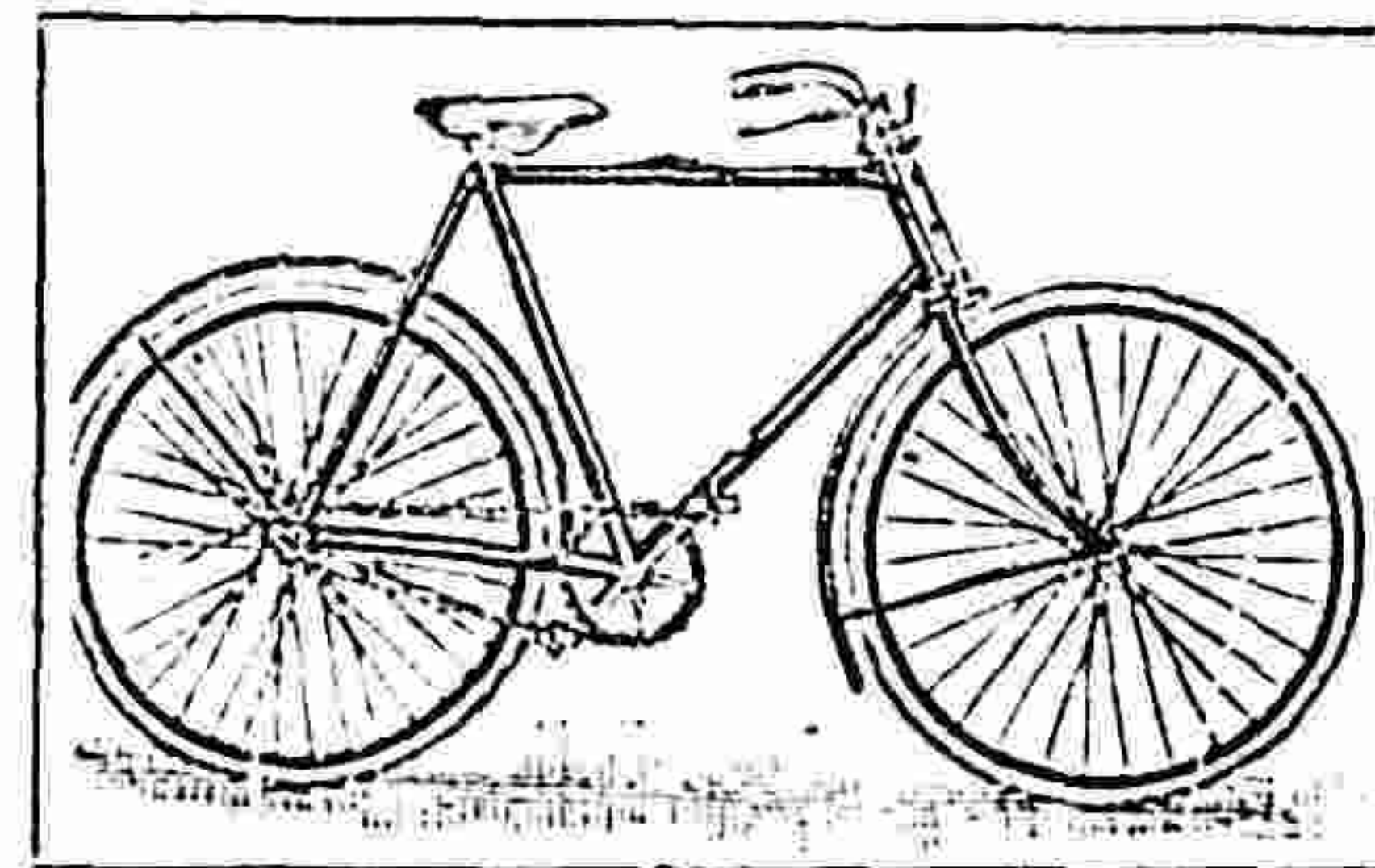
with pneumatic tires, and all the latest improvements. To the ONE HUNDRED senders of the next most correct lists I shall give

100 HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES

as CONSOLATION PRIZES, and if I am justified by the result of the Competition a number of "Chums" Bronze Medals, and "Chums" Certificates of Merit will also be awarded.

Only one answer can be received from each competitor, and all readers, whether Weekly or Monthly, who fulfil the conditions above named are eligible to compete. Remember

that my decision as to the winners must be absolutely final, and that I cannot enter into any correspondence whatever about the Competition—in which, of course, only those who distribute the requisite number of Illustrated Leaflets can take part. No applications for Illustrated Leaflets can be received after



"CHUMS" BICYCLE.

Monday, June 13, 1898, and all Competitors must forward to me their Lists of Names on or before Wednesday, June 22, 1898.

From the foregoing it will be seen that this Competition, which decides itself, is EXCEEDINGLY SIMPLE in nature, and APPEALS TO ALL READERS, irrespective of age or special ability.

[N.B.—The Machine—a "Gamage" Roadster, of which an illustration is given—is fitted with Welch Dunlop Pneumatic Tires, beautifully enamelled, all parts detachable and dust-proof, ball bearings, usual parts nickel-plated on copper, and will be supplied by A. W. Gamage, Limited, the well-known athletic outfitters of Holborn, London.]

FUNNY ANIMALS WANTED.

I WANT a zoological collection, and am therefore asking every reader to send me, on a postcard, a drawing of a FUNNY ANIMAL in not more than Five Strokes. The accompanying picture of a cat will give you some slight idea of what I need, and any living animal may be chosen for your subject.



SIX "CHUMS" CRICKET BATS, or SIX GOLD-MOUNTED FOUNTAIN PENS,

will be awarded to the Six senders of the Funniest drawings—and the Prizes will be divided equally between the following Two Classes:—

- Class I. For those over 15 years of age;
- Class II. " " " under 15 " " "

Postcards must reach me on or before Monday, May 23rd, 1898. Winners will be allowed to choose either a "CHUMS" Cricket Bat or a "Swan" Fountain Pen (with Gold Nib).

[This Competition was first announced on p. 555 of the April 20 No., included in the May monthly part.]

"N.B." and "P.S." Be sure to read the paragraphs under these headings on p. 623 of this issue. PRIZE EDITOR.