SAY, some of you fellows are determined to turn to the dictionary—well, wait a minute, and let me take care of some of the leg-pulling that is going on here.

"John Bull," I would have you to know, is a person of whom we first hear in a work by Dr. Arbeinouge, entitled "The History of John Bull." That history treated of the Spanish accession in the reign of Queen Anne and Louis XIV. Old John Bull, when he was first introduced, was a short, old chap, capital in spate, a little lord, with the cross-swords, yet quarrelsome and touchy withal, and very ready to have a shindy with his best friend. In this same book John Bull's mother types the Church of England, Mrs. Bull represents Good Queen Anne, and John Bull's sister, Peg, stands for Protestant dissenters, which publication 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 personage, named originally after the character in a book, but first become the familiar name of the national soil, Uncle Sam, the uncle of Ebenezer Wilson, who used to have a store in the old days on the Hudson river in America, where the typical American farmer went out to this store to use it. He was marked "U.S." to indicate that they were to go to the United States. But it always happened 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, we speak of a subject like this, to remember how names are often given to a race or nationality as a matter of convenience. At the time of the Franco-German war, the Prussian troops spoke of the French soldiers as "Red Brethren." Yet that is not the only way we have of getting names for the nationality of our neighbors. The name as "John Bull" should have stuck, no man can say. I think it must have been because the Englishman was so much a character that the Americans thought of him in the same light. As for "Uncle Sam," although I am sure they thought of him in the same light, they could not have a distinct name for him, because he has always been a popular name for the national American, and now it is only a casual name for a man in America.

Foreigners, of course, always think that the people of other nations are very ugly and very stupid. They take exception, for instance, to the Chinese, because he is a hideously ugly race. To us they are positively repulsive. The Chinaman, on his part, doesn't care whether you are ugly or not. He is just as he looks.

Before I leave Master Aldridge's letter, just let me say a word in answer to his question: "Is Waggles ill?" Master Aldridge of Dundee thinks that the boy has been very silent lately. Silent! Great scoundrums! Let our correspondent come up here and take a look at the boy. He is anything but silent. He has been saying more than his share of books at sunrise. Waggles says that it is an illusion which you can hear at a 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. After him, there will be left not a single individual who can squawk when things don't go well at home."

"Happily, we shall be able to write for Master Waggles by and by. I am thinking of the decision that this great bicycle prize of ours, when it will be the bait's business to arrange the letters for our correspondent'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 a new one if the order for any goes away at the same time. Now that summer is with us, I pity the fellow who is mowed down by the London dust as he rides through the woods and pastures new. Just think of the delights of those long rides through leafy lanes, of the quiet days spent away from the city in the quiet, remote regions, by moonlight, of the thousands and one pleasure a good bike can give us. And our prize will be a happy man. I can see, if you fellows could only clap your eyes on it you wouldn't hesitate for a moment. 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 simple thing we are to have a simple thing to yourself. You need not send your name and address to us. We, in return, send you forty-one leaflets, forty of which are distributed, and do not yet read "Chums." When you have done this you choose on the leaflets you have for yourself the twenty-five you like best, and then we will advise you which youconstitute 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."

"Subbarum," a correspondent who seems to be in a dilemma. He has studied for the profession of the schoolmaster and has been at school for four years of the work he finds it distasteful to him, and asks me what calling or employment a man placed in such circumstances can turn. It is a difficult question. I cannot answer it, but if he really paid any attention to things 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 wearsies of his employment, he may seek to enter the Civil Service or one of the Government offices. His education will have taught him the ability to pass a fair examination and to take a creditable place. Or, if he have a little money, he might start in business at home, or venture his fortunes in one of the new lands at the Cape; but it would be dangerous for him to abandon his work 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 the question is, in a way, to Mr. Wodehouse, of Dulwich, who asks me: "How can one become a journalist?" One cannot usually become a journalist unless Providence has willed it. The first requisite is, not only that a man shall be able to write about events, 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 love 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, he can usually discover the fact and wish to employ him. It is the man who cannot write who is the nuisance to them. He deluges them with his books and his hoped-for productions. He is on the wrong track, 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 has the kind of work to think he can write best. When he learns what the editor is in the habit of accepting, let him sit down to his article. His first efforts should be written for a good periodical, and that should deal with some subject a little out of the common. In this way they are likely to catch the editor's eye, and it is better for 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 of general interest will be dealt with in these columns.

TELL ALL YOUR CHUMS.

Every reader should remember that the "Funny Animal" and "Chums" Certificates of Merit will be awarded at the end of the competition, and that every Chum who sends in a correspondent whatever he has done during the course of the competition in any form, and that every one who has done anything in the spirit of "Chums" stands a chance of being the actual winner of as pretty a bicycle as ever left a workshop."

A MAGNIFICENT BICYCLE

with pneumatic tires, and all the latest improvements. Try the twelve numbers of the next month's current list. I shall give

100 HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES

calculating prices, and if I am justified by the result of the competition, a sum of money.

"Chums" Certificate of Merit will also be awarded, as indicated on the leaflets, in proportion to the number of applications for it.

appeals to all readers, irrespective of age or special ability.

FUNNY ANIMALS WANTED.

I WANT a zoological collection, and am therefore asking every one in the neighborhood to send me the names of as many of the "FUNNY ANIMALS" in the neighborhood, and the "CHUMS" Certificate of Merit will also be awarded, as indicated on the leaflets, in proportion to the number of applications for it.

Six CHUMS CRICKET BATS, or

Six GOLD-MOUNTED FOUNTAIN PENS,

FIVE STONE-SET CRYSTAL CUPS,

or.

SIX "CHUMS" CRICKET BATS, or

Six GOLD-MOUNTED FOUNTAIN PENS,

or.

Six GOLDCOIN STONE-SET CRYSTAL CUPS,

FIFTY-FIVE GALLONS OF BEER.

Postcards must reach us before Monday, May 23rd, and will be stored for the benefit of the Competition. A "Funny Animal" or a "Chums" Certificate of Merit will be given you some slight idea of what I shall give.

Six CHUMS CRICKET BATS, or

Six GOLD-MOUNTED FOUNTAIN PENS,

Six GOLDCOIN STONE-SET CRYSTAL CUPS,

FIFTY-FIVE GALLONS OF BEER.

[Note: The Machine—a "Garbago" Roadster, of which an illustration is given—is filled with Welsh Druryjean Doodle Tubular Tires, beautifully engineered, all parts detachable, brass plates, brass bearings, brass screws, brass parts tined-plated on copper, and designed by A. W. Babbage, Ltd., the well-known automo-

chums" revolver.

This Competition was first announced on p. 655 of the April 20th number in the May monthly paper.]