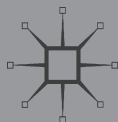


CLASSICS OF
CHILDREN'S
LITERATURE

the
Story
of
the Treasure
Seekers
and
the
Wouldbegoods
by e. nesbit

a new critical edition of the classic texts
edited by **claudia nelson**



The Story of the Treasure Seekers and
The Wouldbegoods

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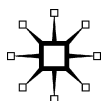
E. Nesbit

Edited with an Introduction by

Claudia Nelson

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This edition is dedicated to Mary Isabel,
Gabrielle, and Alex Nelson.

– C.N.

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My deepest appreciation, of course, must go to the memory of Edith Nesbit, whose stories and words these are. She's the author; I'm just the editor.

Introduction

When Edith Nesbit (1858–1924) began producing the Bastable stories, she was an experienced but undistinguished author. She had published many volumes of verse, novels, short-story collections, adaptations from Shakespeare, historical works for the young, and collaborative projects. Her output ranged from *The Prophet's Mantle* (1885), a novel written with her first husband, Hubert Bland (1855–1914), and expressing their support of socialism, marriage reform, and other aspects of the radical thought of the day, to pot-boilers such as *A Book of Dogs: Being a Discourse on Dogs, with Many Tales and Wonders Gathered by E. Nesbit* (1898). Bland, an erstwhile bank clerk turned brush manufacturer, had failed in the latter business in 1880 when, in an experience that Nesbit subsequently assigned to the Bastable children's father in *The Story of the Treasure Seekers*, he contracted smallpox and his partner decamped with whatever funds remained to their struggling enterprise. Since his intellectual interests were primarily political and policy-oriented, he moved on to journalism and pamphleteering; with Nesbit, he was one of the original members of the Fabian Society, a socialist group that also included in its numbers George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, and he later helped to found the London School of Economics. While he was still recovering from his illness, however, Nesbit, then still a new wife and mother, took up the challenge of supporting the family, making steady if not particularly lucrative sales to various periodicals and book publishers.

At first glance, Nesbit might seem an unlikely children's author to emerge in the late Victorian years. From the eighteenth century onward, women writers had been associated with books for the young largely because such writing was viewed as an extension of child rearing, a way for (presumably) virtuous preceptresses to transmit moral messages in a form that children would find digestible. Although by the late nineteenth century many children's authors had preceded Nesbit in abandoning the emphasis on overtly Christian training that had once driven the juvenile mar-

ketplace, a more general emphasis on good moral tone remained the norm in books for the middle class. But while Nesbit was not averse to pointing morals in her tales, which often urge such values as courage, honesty, and consideration for others, some critics read her children's fiction as engaging in 'protest against the reinforcement of intellectual and social subjection of women in patriarchal culture,'¹ while others argue that the Bastable stories' major contribution was not to socialize child readers but rather to impersonate a child sensibility for the delight of young and old alike. As Erika Rothwell observes, the tales, 'though told from a child's point of view, address both child and adult readers and focus attention upon the common, but conflicting, experiences of adult and child.'²

Nesbit's emphasis on the importance of the child's experience is understandable in one whose early life was punctuated with dramatic changes. The youngest of four surviving children of Sarah and John Collis Nesbit (from an earlier marriage, Sarah Nesbit also had a daughter, Saretta Green, who was fifteen years Edith's senior), Edith spent some years of her childhood in France, where her mother had gone in search of a healthier climate for Edith's tubercular sister Mary. Edith lost her father to a sudden illness when she was three; ten years later, Mary died. Edith herself was sent as a boarder to a lengthy series of schools and private homes in England, France, and Germany, often feeling the pangs of disruption and homesickness.

Perhaps her unsettled early life contributed not only to Nesbit's frequent depictions of family separation and bereavement in her children's fiction but also to her evident desire to form a new family of her own as soon as possible. Her approach to family in her personal life, however, would have struck many of her middle-class contemporaries as inappropriate in someone who aspired to influence the young. Back in England and engaged at eighteen to another teenager, bank clerk Stuart Smith, Nesbit met his colleague Hubert Bland in 1877, broke her engagement, and married Bland in 1880, when she was seven months pregnant with their first

¹ Amelia A. Rutledge, 'E. Nesbit and the Woman Question,' in *Victorian Women Writers and the Woman Question*, ed. by Nicola Diane Thompson (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1999), pp. 223–40 (p. 227).

² Erika Rothwell, "'You Catch It If You Try to Do Otherwise': The Limitations of E. Nesbit's Cross-Written Vision of the Child,' *Children's Literature*, 25 (1997), 60–70 (p. 60).

child, Paul. Throughout their unorthodox marriage, which ended thirty-four years later with Bland's death, husband and wife practiced infidelity both sexual and intellectual as they cycled through assorted relationships and creeds, Nesbit at various times adopting socialism, Catholicism, dress reform, public cigarette smoking (at the time a shocking habit in a middle-class woman), and the belief that Shakespeare's plays were written by Francis Bacon. The names of three of the Bastable boys memorialize men who may have been Nesbit's lovers, a tribute that would have raised eyebrows had her public been aware of it. Nor would the Victorian bourgeoisie necessarily have endorsed Nesbit's decision to help her unmarried and pregnant friend Alice Hoatson by employing her as companion-housekeeper and passing off Hoatson's daughter, Rosamund, as Nesbit's. This pattern was repeated when Hoatson produced a second baby, John – even though by that time Nesbit had realized that the father of both children was her own husband. Hoatson continued to live with the family until Bland's death, the children's parentage kept secret from them and from all but close family friends until they were young adults.³

Even before her marriage, Nesbit had begun to sell her poems and stories, and despite her turbulent home life, her growing knowledge of the literary marketplace and ability to use her precarious finances and considerable good looks to play on the sympathies of editors enabled her to publish many early works that do not rise to the level of what she was to produce during her prime. The late nineteenth century was a booming time for literary periodicals, all hungry for material, and Nesbit could well have remained a hack writer while still earning enough to contribute a useful sum to the household budget. Instead, beginning tentatively in 1894 and escalating from 1897, Nesbit 'discovered her voice and style,' as Jan Susina puts it,⁴ when she published as magazine instalments, first

³ This complicated family dynamic has been well described by various Nesbit critics; see particularly Julia Briggs's biography *A Woman of Passion: The Life of E. Nesbit 1858–1924* (New York: New Amsterdam, 1987).

⁴ Jan Susina, 'Textual Building Blocks: Charles Dickens and E. Nesbit's Literary Borrowings in *Five Children and It*,' in *E. Nesbit's Psammead Trilogy: A Children's Classic at 100*, ed. by Raymond E. Jones (Lanham, MD: Children's Literature Association and Scarecrow Press, 2006), 151–68 (p. 153).

in *Nister's Holiday Annual* and the Christmas supplement to the *Illustrated London News* but subsequently and more extensively in *Pall Mall* and *Windsor*, the series of stories that, when collected and reordered, became her 1899 breakthrough book, *The Story of the Treasure Seekers*.⁵ It was followed by two sequels, *The Wouldbegoods* (1901) and *The New Treasure Seekers* (1904), both of which also traced the adventures of the Bastable children.

After *The Wouldbegoods*, which was divided between *Pall Mall* and the *Illustrated London News*, Nesbit's children's works were usually serialized in a single magazine, the *Strand* (also the original home of Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories), before being published as books in Britain. That the Bastable tales appeared in an assortment of venues reflects her comparative lack of stature as a writer in the late 1890s; she could not know how well the stories would take with the public and how many she should therefore expect to produce and sell, especially to a single editor. In addition, the periodicals that published the instalments varied, most but not all being general-interest titles primarily aimed not at children but at adults, a blurring of audience that aids in the analysis of the stories' narrative strategy. It is also worth noting that the order in which the tales appeared in periodicals differs from the order in which they appeared when they were subsequently published in volume form. Because they were first published as free-standing works, the tales, considered as a novel rather than as a series of short stories, do not follow a conventional dramatic arc by moving from exposition through climax to denouement. Yet that the order of the chapters may seem somewhat random, insofar as most of the episodes do not build upon one another to any significant extent, is for many readers part of the charm.

Nesbit's biographer Julia Briggs ascribes the genesis of *The Treasure Seekers* and *The Wouldbegoods* to several factors, among them the 1894 death of Nesbit's brother Alfred and Nesbit's partnership, literary and probably sexual, with a younger writer, Oswald Barron. Barron, dedicatee of the first Bastable book, encouraged Nesbit to think and talk about her childhood and to mine it for

⁵ See 'A Note on the Texts', pp. xviii–xx of the present volume, for a description of where each chapter originally appeared.

material. This exercise bore fruit when she published in the *Girl's Own Paper* (October 1896–September 1897) a set of reminiscences entitled ‘My School-Days,’ a memoir that Susina describes as ‘pivotal for the transformation of Nesbit’s children’s writing,’⁶ but her recollections of her early days also informed her fiction. Episodes in both *The Treasure Seekers* and *The Wouldbegoods*, including the burial of Albert-next-door, the exploration of the haunted tower, and the children’s expedition to find ‘the source of the Nile,’ rework events in Nesbit’s childhood, while she also heavily rewrote a sequence originally published, as ‘The Play Times,’ in *Nister’s Holiday Annual* in 1894, 1895, and 1896, to fit it into the Bastable framework.⁷ According to Nesbit’s friend Edgar Jepson, some of the events of *The Treasure Seekers* are also based on the exploits of the Bland children, who ‘were, to an extent, the children of the House of Bastable.’ Thus, for instance, the instalment called ‘The Nobleness of Oswald’ incorporates Nesbit’s rewriting of events that took place in 1895, when, Jepson recounts, eleven-year-old Rosamund and ten-year-old Fabian ‘made posies of flowers from their garden, took off their shoes and stockings, and in their shabbiest clothes sold the posies to native residents on their way to catch the business trains to London. For a while the two children lived happily in an affluence beyond all dreams.’⁸

The Bastables’ amusing doings establish a formula that Nesbit would repeatedly draw upon in her later writings, in which children’s well-meant actions or high-spirited searches for entertainment go comically wrong but are eventually rewarded by a reunited family – a perennial Nesbit fantasy perhaps inspired by her father’s death and her frequent separation from her mother. Yet the stories’ success results most proximately from the vividness with which Nesbit establishes the voice of their narrator, Oswald Bastable. While Oswald is by no means either the first child narrator in Victorian children’s fiction or the first of its protagonists to illustrate the realization that, as Angela Sorby puts it, ‘children

⁶ Jan Susina, p. 153.

⁷ ‘The Play Times,’ which purports to be three numbers of a newspaper produced by a group of siblings, became the basis for the *Treasure Seekers* chapter ‘Being Editors.’ See ‘A Note on the Texts,’ p. xix in this volume.

⁸ Edgar Jepson, *Memories of an Edwardian and Neo-Georgian* (London: Richards, 1937), p. 25; see also Julia Briggs, p. 180.

were not just undeveloped adults,⁹ he is arguably the most successful in terms of his transformative effect upon his creator's subsequent career.

In breathing life into Oswald, Nesbit draws not only upon lived experience and upon predecessor texts such as Charles Dickens's 1868 serial *A Holiday Romance*¹⁰ but also upon her shrewd understanding of the furnishings of a bright child's mind. As a group, Oswald, his siblings, and their friends Daisy (Nesbit's own childhood nickname) and Denny have read extensively, much of this material imperfectly retained and all of it filtered through their individual sensibilities: Denny's vision of Charlotte Yonge's popular domestic novel *The Daisy Chain* (1856) is very different from Daisy's, for example. Among many other texts, the Bastables are familiar with tags from eighteenth-century poetry and Shakespeare plays, pieces of history perhaps encountered in the schools that they attended before the wreck of the family finances, news events such as battles and shipwrecks, advertising slogans, mass-market fiction about highwaymen or counterfeiters, hymns and music-hall songs, didactic tales, and the works of Nesbit's slightly younger contemporary and frequent inspiration Rudyard Kipling.

This reading in turn gives direction to the children's own creative energies, from Noël's versifying, to pieces of home entertainment such as the ill-starred attempt to re-enact *The Jungle Book*, to Oswald's self-consciously literary turns of phrase. Their schemes come from their reading, as do their assumptions about adult motivations or likely responses, their ways of transforming events into narratives, and the optimism that arises from their assurance that a happy ending is inevitable. For Marah Gubar, the effect of the insistence upon outside texts 'is to break down the divide between adult writer and child reader by suggesting that both parties can improvise on other people's stories to produce their own narratives.'¹¹ Moreover, just as in *The Wouldbegoods* Oswald

⁹ Angela Sorby, 'Golden Age,' in *Keywords for Children's Literature*, ed. by Philip Nel and Lissa Paul (New York: New York University Press, 2011), 96–9 (p. 97).

¹⁰ For a discussion of this connection, see Jan Susina, p. 157.

¹¹ Marah Gubar, *Artful Dodgers: Reconceiving the Golden Age of Children's Literature* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2009), p. 132.

praises Kenneth Grahame's *The Golden Age* (1895), a book about childhood aimed at an adult readership, as 'A1 except where it gets mixed up with grown-up nonsense' (p. 188), both adults and children can read the Bastable stories with pleasure, recognizing them as common ground.

Even so, Rothwell observes, Nesbit recognizes and exploits a division here: just as the children do not respond identically to texts that they all read or adventures that they all share, readers of different ages will understand and appreciate the children's voices and actions differently. Since much of the humour comes at the children's expense, Rothwell continues, child readers may be less ready than adults to recognize and be amused by childish misuses of language, mishandlings of social intercourse with adults, or naïve failures to perceive adult actions such as Albert's uncle's planting of a modest 'treasure' in the Bastables' back-garden excavations. For Rothwell, the tales often emphasize 'the disjunction between adult and child worlds: children do not understand adults to adults' satisfaction, and adults do not see children as they see themselves. Thus, adults and children seem to occupy separate spheres that are firmly segregated from each other.'¹²

Yet 'seem' is the operative word here. Just as the tales' audience encompasses both child and adult readers, within the tales these spheres repeatedly intersect, particularly through the sharing of story. Albert's uncle, a novelist, recognizes and appreciates the children's tendency to approach problems within the framework of popular fiction; some of the Bastables' experiences, as Oswald notes, testify to the verisimilitude of plots by adult authors whose works they enjoy, such as Dickens and Kipling; and if adults do not always appreciate the Bastables' outlook, energy, and manoeuvrings, nevertheless they often prove willing, with whatever initial reluctance, to participate in bringing about the happy ending that the children have plotted. Moreover, Isabelle Guillaume points out, if the child's understanding is presented as limited, the adult's vision is simultaneously critiqued as prosaic: Nesbit 'offers a negative vision of the adult world whose corollary is the representation of childhood as an autonomous space' sacred to imagination and creativity, and the Bastable children's very fail-

¹² Erika Rothwell, pp. 61–2.

ures 'sanction the divide between the two worlds.' Thus, according to Guillaume, Oswald's errors in judgment empower both segments of Nesbit's audience, in that they 'leave the field open to the reflections of the reader' and allow a childish reading and an adult reading to compete.¹³

The crossover between child and adult readership noted by critics such as Rothwell, Gubar, Guillaume, Mavis Reimer, and others is something that Nesbit continued in further instalments of this family saga. Not only did she incorporate into her adult novel *The Red House* (1902) interaction between the adult narrator and the Bastables, she subsequently retold the same episode from Oswald's point of view in *The New Treasure Seekers*. For Reimer, the point of this interweaving is to enable Nesbit to explore the 'mechanism by which her culture produced the structural relation of child and adult,'¹⁴ a sophisticated question that also preoccupied such canonical authors as Dickens and Henry James. For the reader – and it is the adult reader, not the child, who is more likely to become familiar with both the Bastables and *The Red House* – Nesbit's playful move enables a journey both into childhood and back out of it as an appreciative observer, a vantage point that Nesbit adopted as her own throughout her career as successful children's writer. In taking this stance, Nesbit contributed to an important literary and cultural trend of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, an era obsessed with gaining a better understanding of childhood. Simultaneously, in creating with energy, detail, and humour the Bastables' collective sensibility, Nesbit produced a children's classic that continues to speak to readers today.

¹³ Isabelle Guillaume, 'Les paradoxes de la représentation chez Edith Nesbit,' in *Devenir adulte et rester enfant? Relire les productions pour la jeunesse*, ed. by Isabelle Cani, Nelly Chabrol-Gagne, and Catherine d'Humières (Clermont-Ferrand: Presses Université Blaise Pascal, 2008), pp. 163–76 (pp. 163, 170, 172; my translation).

¹⁴ Mavis Reimer, 'Treasure Seekers and Invaders: E. Nesbit's Cross-Writing of the Bastables,' *Children's Literature*, 25 (1997), 50–9 (p. 58).

Note on the Texts

As the above introduction observes, the Bastable stories first appeared between 1894 and 1899 for *The Story of the Treasure Seekers* and between 1900 and 1901 for *The Wouldbegoods*. They were published in an assortment of periodicals – *Nister's Holiday Annual*, the *Illustrated London News (ILN)* and its Christmas supplement, *Pall Mall, Windsor* – sometimes as singletons but more often in a series of instalments, detailed in the list at the end of this Note.

In preparing this edition, I have used as the source text for *The Story of the Treasure Seekers* the first British edition, published by T. Fisher Unwin Ltd in 1899, and as the source text for *The Wouldbegoods* the first American edition, published by Harper & Brothers in 1901, whose approach to punctuation more closely resembles that found in the periodical instalments. Readers may thus derive a sense of the range of flavours presented to Nesbit's original readers.

The occasional typographical errors to be found in the 1899 and 1901 editions have been silently corrected, and although I have provided a generous sampling in the notes in order to indicate the kinds of changes that the texts underwent as they moved away from their original venues, minor discrepancies between volume and periodical versions are not always chronicled. With regard to *The Wouldbegoods*, for instance, my notes do not observe that the *Pall Mall* version sometimes uses contractions instead of spelling out words. Speaking generally, the Oswald of *Pall Mall* is a less polished writer than that of the Harper & Brothers version, sometimes producing repetitive sentences such as 'And we all felt this so much that we felt in our chests just as if we had swallowed a hard-boiled egg whole. At least, this is what Oswald felt,' and preferring more juvenile diction; thus *Pall Mall* has 'we hadn't really meant to be naughty' where Harper & Brothers has 'we had not really meant to do anything wrong.' Similarly, *ILN* uses 'Dickie' for 'Dicky' and 'minute-book' for 'Golden Deed book'

throughout. As the notes make clear, *ILN* also omits references to instalments published elsewhere.

The most dramatic difference between the periodical instalments and the one-volume versions of the chapters has to do with the order in which they appeared. The lists below, organized chronologically from earliest appearance to latest, indicate the reorderings and, in some cases, the extensive rewritings that the tales underwent.

The Story of the Treasure Seekers

Chapter 8, 'Being Editors,' based, with revision too considerable to be reflected in the notes to the present edition, on a three-part serial that appeared as 'The Play Times' in *Nister's Holiday Annual* in 1894, 1895, and 1896.

Chapters 1, 2, and 7, 'The Council of Ways and Means,' 'Digging for Treasure,' and 'Being Bandits,' based, again too extensively for this edition to record, on 'The Treasure Seekers,' published under the pen name Ethel Mortimer in *Father Christmas*, a Christmas supplement to the *Illustrated London News (ILN)*, in December 1897. Nesbit considered that the *Father Christmas* version had been 'miserably mutilated.'¹

Chapters 4 and 5, 'Good Hunting' and 'The Editor,' published in a single instalment as 'Good Hunting' in *Pall Mall* for April 1898.

Chapter 10, 'Lord Tottenham,' published in *Pall Mall* for May 1898.

Chapter 6, 'Noël's Princess,' published in *Pall Mall* for June 1898.

Chapter 14, 'The Divining-Rod,' published in *Pall Mall* for July 1898.

Chapters 15 and 16, 'Lo, the Poor Indian!' and 'The End of the Treasure-Seeking,' published in a single instalment as 'Lo, the Poor Indian!' in *Pall Mall* for August 1898.

Chapter 9, 'The G.B.,' published in *Windsor Magazine* for September 1898.

¹ Quoted in Julia Briggs, p. 427.

Chapter 3, 'Being Detectives,' published in *Pall Mall* for May 1899.

Chapter 11, 'Castilian Amoroso,' published in *Pall Mall* for August 1899.

Chapter 13, 'The Robber and the Burglar,' published in *Pall Mall* for September 1899.

Chapter 12, 'The Nobleness of Oswald,' published in *Windsor* for October 1899.

The Wouldbegoods

Chapter 3, 'Bill's Tombstone,' published as 'The Soldier's Mother: Being a Passage from the Life of Master Oswald Bastable' in *Pall Mall* for July 1900.

Chapter 1, 'The Jungle,' with the subtitle 'Being a Passage from the Life of Master Oswald Bastable,' published in *Pall Mall* for August 1900.

Chapter 2, 'The Wouldbegoods,' published as 'The Perils of the Deep' in *ILN* for 18 August 1900.

Chapter 5, 'The Waterworks,' with the subtitle 'Passages in the Life of Master Oswald Bastable,' published in *Pall Mall* for October 1900.

Chapter 6, 'The Circus,' published in *Pall Mall* for November 1900.

Chapter 4, 'The Tower of Mystery,' published in *ILN* for 17 November 1900.

Chapter 7, 'Being Beavers,' published in *ILN* for 22 December 1900.

Chapter 9, 'Hunting the Fox,' published in *ILN* for 19 January 1901.

Chapter 8, 'The High-Born Babe,' published in *ILN* for 23 February 1901.

Chapter 10, 'The Sale of Antiquities,' published in *ILN* for 23 March 1901.

Chapter 11, 'The Benevolent Bar,' published in *ILN* for 20 April 1901.

Chapter 12, 'The Canterbury Pilgrims,' published in *ILN* for 18 May 1901.

Chapter 13, 'The Dragon's Teeth,' published in *ILN* for 29 June 1901.

Chapter 14, 'Albert's Uncle's Grandmother,' published in *ILN* for 20 July 1901.

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THE STORY OF THE TREASURE SEEKERS

Being the adventures of the Bastable children in search
of a fortune

by E. Nesbit

To

OSWALD BARRON

Without whom this book could never have been written

The Treasure Seekers is dedicated in

memory of childhoods identical

but for the accidents of

time and space¹

SOME chapters of this story have appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*,
and in the *Windsor Magazine*, and some portions were printed by the
Illustrated London News and in *Nister's Holiday Annual*. To the Editors of
these journals my thanks are due. – E. NESBIT

Chapter 1

The Council of Ways and Means

This is the story of the different ways we looked for treasure, and I think when you have read it you will see that we were not lazy about the looking.

There are some things I must tell before I begin to tell about the treasure-seeking, because I have read books myself, and I know how beastly it is when a story begins, “‘Alas!’ said Hildegarde with a deep sigh, we must look our last on this ancestral home’ – and then some one else says something – and you don’t know for pages and pages where the home is, or who Hildegarde is, or anything about it. Our ancestral home is in the Lewisham Road.¹ It is semi-detached and has a garden, not a large one. We are the Bastables. There are six of us besides Father. Our Mother is dead, and if you think we don’t care because I don’t tell you much about her you only show that you do not understand people at all. Dora is the eldest. Then Oswald – and then Dicky. Oswald won the Latin prize at his preparatory school – and Dicky is good at sums. Alice and Noël are twins: they are ten, and Horace Octavius is my youngest brother. It is one of us that tells this story – but I shall not tell you which: only at the very end perhaps I will. While the story is going on you may be trying to guess, only I bet you don’t.

It was Oswald who first thought of looking for treasure. Oswald often thinks of very interesting things. And directly he thought of it he did not keep it to himself, as some boys would have done, but he told the others, and said –

‘I’ll tell you what, we must go and seek for treasure: it is always what you do to restore the fallen fortunes of your House.’

Dora said it was all very well. She often says that. She was trying to mend a large hole in one of Noël’s stockings. He tore it on a nail when we were playing shipwrecked mariners on top of the chicken-house the day H.O. fell off and cut his chin: he has the scar still. Dora is the only one of us who ever tries to mend anything. Alice tries to make things sometimes. Once she knitted a red scarf for Noël because his chest is delicate, but it was

much wider at one end than the other, and he wouldn't wear it. So we used it as a pennon, and it did very well, because most of our things are black or grey since Mother died; and scarlet was a nice change. Father does not like you to ask for new things. That was one way we had of knowing that the fortunes of the ancient House of Bastable were really fallen. Another way was that there was no more pocket-money – except a penny now and then to the little ones, and people did not come to dinner any more, like they used to, with pretty dresses, driving up in cabs – and the carpets got holes in them – and when the legs came off things they were not sent to be mended, and we gave up having the gardener except for the front garden, and not that very often. And the silver in the big oak plate-chest that is lined with green baize all went away to the shop to have the dents and scratches taken out of it, and it never came back. We think Father hadn't enough money to pay the silver man for taking out the dents and scratches. The new spoons and forks were yellowy-white, and not so heavy as the old ones, and they never shone after the first day or two.

Father was very ill after Mother died; and while he was ill his business-partner went to Spain – and there was never much money afterwards. I don't know why. Then the servants left and there was only one, a General.² A great deal of your comfort and happiness depends on having a good General. The last but one was nice: she used to make jolly good currant puddings for us, and let us have the dish on the floor and pretend it was a wild boar we were killing with our forks. But the General we have now nearly always makes sago puddings, and they are the watery kind, and you cannot pretend anything with them, not even islands, like you do with porridge.

Then we left off going to school, and Father said we should go to a good school as soon as he could manage it. He said a holiday would do us all good. We thought he was right, but we wished he had told us he couldn't afford it. For of course we knew.

Then a great many people used to come to the door with envelopes with no stamps on them, and sometimes they got very angry, and said they were calling for the last time before putting it in other hands. I asked Eliza what that meant, and she kindly explained to me, and I was so sorry for Father.

And once a long, blue paper came; a policeman brought it, and we were so frightened. But Father said it was all right, only when

he went up to kiss the girls after they were in bed they said he had been crying, though I'm sure that's not true. Because only cowards and snivellers cry, and my Father is the bravest man in the world.

So you see it was time we looked for treasure and Oswald said so, and Dora said it was all very well. But the others agreed with Oswald. So we held a council. Dora was in the chair – the big dining-room chair, that we let the fireworks off from, the Fifth of November when we had the measles and couldn't do it in the garden.³ The hole has never been mended, so now we have that chair in the nursery, and I think it was cheap at the blowing-up we boys got when the hole was burnt.

'We must do something,' said Alice, 'because the exchequer is empty.' She rattled the money-box as she spoke, and it really did rattle because we always keep the bad sixpence in it for luck.

'Yes – but what shall we do?' said Dicky. 'It's so jolly easy to say let's do *something*.' Dicky always wants everything settled exactly. Father calls him the Definite Article.

'Let's read all the books again. We shall get lots of ideas out of them.' It was Noël who suggested this, but we made him shut up, because we knew well enough he only wanted to get back to his old books. Noël is a poet. He sold some of his poetry once – and it was printed, but that does not come in this part of the story.

Then Dicky said, 'Look here. We'll be quite quiet for ten minutes by the clock – and each think of some way to find treasure. And when we've thought we'll try all the ways one after the other, beginning with the eldest.'

'I shan't be able to think in ten minutes, make it half an hour,' said H.O. His real name is Horace Octavius, but we call him H.O. because of the advertisement, and it's not so very long ago he was afraid to pass the hoarding where it says 'Eat H.O.' in big letters.⁴ He says it was when he was a little boy, but I remember last Christmas but one, he woke in the middle of the night crying and howling, and they said it was the pudding. But he told me afterwards he had been dreaming that they really *had* come to eat H.O., and it couldn't have been the pudding, when you come to think of it, because it was so very plain.

Well, we made it half an hour – and we all sat quiet, and thought and thought. And I made up my mind before two minutes were

over, and I saw the others had, all but Dora, who is always an awful time over everything. I got pins and needles in my leg from sitting still so long, and when it was seven minutes H.O. cried out –

‘Oh, it must be more than half an hour!’

H.O. is eight years old, but he cannot tell the clock yet. Oswald could tell the clock when he was six.

We all stretched ourselves and began to speak at once, but Dora put up her hands to her ears and said –

‘One at a time, please. We aren’t playing Babel.’⁵ (It is a very good game. Did you ever play it?)

So Dora made us all sit in a row on the floor, in ages, and then she pointed at us with the finger that had the brass thimble on. Her silver one got lost when the last General but two went away. We think she must have forgotten it was Dora’s and put it in her box by mistake. She was a very forgetful girl. She used to forget what she had spent money on, so that the change was never quite right.

Oswald spoke first. ‘I think we might stop people on Blackheath – with crape masks and horse-pistols – and say “Your money or your life! Resistance is useless, we are armed to the teeth” – like Dick Turpin and Claude Duval.’⁶ It wouldn’t matter about not having horses, because coaches have gone out too.’

Dora screwed up her nose the way she always does when she is going to talk like the good elder sister in books, and said, ‘That would be very wrong: it’s like pickpocketing or taking pennies out of Father’s great-coat when it’s hanging in the hall.’

I must say I don’t think she need have said that, especially before the little ones – for it was when I was only four.

But Oswald was not going to let her see he cared, so he said –

‘Oh, very well. I can think of lots of other ways. We could rescue an old gentleman from deadly Highwaymen.’

‘There aren’t any,’ said Dora.

‘Oh, well, it’s all the same – from deadly peril, then. There’s plenty of that. Then he would turn out to be the Prince of Wales, and he would say, “My noble, my cherished preserver! Here is a million pounds a year. Rise up, Sir Oswald Bastable.”’

But the others did not seem to think so, and it was Alice’s turn to say.

She said, 'I think we might try the divining-rod. I'm sure I could do it. I've often read about it. You hold a stick in your hands, and when you come to where there is gold underneath the stick kicks about. So you know. And you dig.'

'Oh,' said Dora suddenly, 'I have an idea. But I'll say last. I hope the divining-rod isn't wrong. I believe it's wrong in the Bible.'

'So is eating pork and ducks,' said Dicky. 'You can't go by that.'

'Anyhow, we'll try the other ways first,' said Dora. 'Now, H.O.'

'Let's be Bandits,' said H.O. 'I dare say it's wrong but it would be fun pretending.'

'I'm sure it's wrong,' said Dora.

And Dicky said she thought everything wrong. She said she didn't, and Dicky was very disagreeable. So Oswald had to make peace, and he said –

'Dora needn't play if she doesn't want to. Nobody asked her. And, Dicky, don't be an idiot: do dry up and let's hear what Noël's idea is.'

Dora and Dicky did not look pleased, but I kicked Noël under the table to make him hurry up, and then he said he didn't think he wanted to play any more. That's the worst of it. The others are so jolly ready to quarrel. I told Noël to be a man and not a snivelling pig, and at last he said he had not made up his mind whether he would print his poetry in a book and sell it, or find a princess and marry her.

'Whichever it is,' he added, 'none of you shall want for anything, though Oswald did kick me, and say I was a snivelling pig.'

'I didn't,' said Oswald, 'I told you not to be.' And Alice explained to him that that was quite the opposite of what he thought. So he agreed to drop it.

Then Dicky spoke.

'You must all of you have noticed the advertisements in the papers, telling you that ladies and gentlemen can easily earn two pounds a week in their spare time, and to send two shillings for sample and instructions, carefully packed free from observation. Now that we don't go to school all our time is spare time. So I should think we could easily earn twenty pounds a week each. That would do us very well. We'll try some of the other things first, and directly we have any money we'll send for the sample

and instructions. And I have another idea, but I must think about it before I say.'

We all said, 'Out with it – what's the other idea?'

But Dicky said, 'No.' That is Dicky all over. He never will show you anything he's making till it's quite finished, and the same with his inmost thoughts. But he is pleased if you seem to want to know, so Oswald said –

'Keep your silly old secret, then. Now, Dora, drive ahead. We've all said except you.'

Then Dora jumped up and dropped the stocking and the thimble (it rolled away, and we did not find it for days), and said –

'Let's try my way *now*. Besides, I'm the eldest, so it's only fair. Let's dig for treasure. Not any tiresome divining-rod – but just plain digging. People who dig for treasure always find it. And then we shall be rich and we needn't try your ways at all. Some of them are rather difficult: and I'm certain some of them are wrong – and we must always remember that wrong things –'

But we told her to shut up and come on, and she did.

I couldn't help wondering as we went down to the garden, why Father had never thought of digging there for treasure instead of going to his beastly office every day.

* * *

Chapter 2

Digging for Treasure

I am afraid the last chapter was rather dull. It is always dull in books when people talk and talk, and don't do anything, but I was obliged to put it in, or else you wouldn't have understood all the rest. The best part of books is when things are happening. That is the best part of real things too. This is why I shall not tell you in this story about all the days when nothing happened. You will not catch me saying, 'thus the sad days passed slowly by' – or 'the years rolled on their weary course' – or 'time went on' – because

it is silly; of course time goes on – whether you say so or not. So I shall just tell you the nice, interesting parts – and in between you will understand that we had our meals and got up and went to bed, and dull things like that. It would be sickening to write all that down, though of course it happens. I said so to Albert-next-door's uncle, who writes books, and he said, 'Quite right, that's what we call selection, a necessity of true art.' And he is very clever indeed. So you see.

I have often thought that if the people who write books for children knew a little more it would be better. I shall not tell you anything about us except what I should like to know about if I was reading the story and you were writing it. Albert's uncle says I ought to have put this in the preface, but I never read prefaces, and it is not much good writing things just for people to skip. I wonder other authors have never thought of this.

Well, when we had agreed to dig for treasure we all went down into the cellar and lighted the gas. Oswald would have liked to dig there, but it is stone flags. We looked among the old boxes and broken chairs and fenders and empty bottles and things, and at last we found the spades we had to dig in the sand with when we went to the seaside three years ago. They are not silly, babyish, wooden spades, that split if you look at them, but good iron, with a blue mark across the top of the iron part, and yellow wooden handles. We wasted a little time getting them dusted, because the girls wouldn't dig with spades that had cobwebs on them. Girls would never do for African explorers or anything like that, they are too beastly particular.

It was no use doing the thing by halves. We marked out a sort of square in the mouldy part of the garden, about three yards across, and began to dig. But we found nothing except worms and stones – and the ground was very hard.

So we thought we'd try another part of the garden, and we found a place in the big round flower bed, where the ground was much softer. We thought we'd make a smaller hole to begin with, and it was much better. We dug and dug and dug, and it was jolly hard work! We got very hot digging, but we found nothing.

Presently Albert-next-door looked over the wall. We do not like him very much, but we let him play with us sometimes, because his father is dead, and you must not be unkind to orphans, even if their

mothers are alive. Albert is always very tidy. He wears frilly collars and velvet knickerbockers. I can't think how he can bear to.

So we said, 'Hullo!'

And he said, 'What are you up to?'

'We're digging for treasure,' said Alice; 'an ancient parchment revealed to us the place of concealment. Come over and help us. When we have dug deep enough we shall find a great pot of red clay, full of gold and precious jewels.'

Albert-next-door only sniggered and said, 'What silly nonsense!' He cannot play properly at all. It is very strange, because he has a very nice uncle. You see, Albert-next-door doesn't care for reading, and he has not read nearly so many books as we have, so he is very foolish and ignorant, but it cannot be helped, and you just have to put up with it when you want him to do anything. Besides, it is wrong to be angry with people for not being so clever as you are yourself. It is not always their faults.

So Oswald said, 'Come and dig! Then you shall share the treasure when we've found it.'

But he said, 'I shan't – I don't like digging – and I'm just going in to my tea.'

'Come along and dig, there's a good boy,' Alice said. 'You can use my spade. It's much the best –'

So he came along and dug, and when once he was over the wall we kept him at it, and we worked as well, of course, and the hole got deep. Pincher worked too – he is our dog and he is very good at digging. He digs for rats in the dustbin sometimes, and gets very dirty. But we love our dog, even when his face wants washing.

'I expect we shall have to make a tunnel,' Oswald said, 'to reach the rich treasure.' So he jumped into the hole and began to dig at one side. After that we took it in turns to dig at the tunnel, and Pincher was most useful in scraping the earth out of the tunnel – he does it with his back feet when you say 'Rats!' and he digs with his front ones, and burrows with his nose as well.

At last the tunnel was nearly a yard long, and big enough to creep along to find the treasure, if only it had been a bit longer. Now it was Albert's turn to go in and dig, but he funk'd it.

'Take your turn like a man,' said Oswald – nobody can say that Oswald doesn't take his turn like a man. But Albert wouldn't. So we had to make him, because it was only fair.

'It's quite easy,' Alice said. 'You just crawl in and dig with your hands. Then when you come out we can scrape out what you've done, with the spades. Come – be a man. You won't notice it being dark in the tunnel if you shut your eyes tight. We've all been in except Dora – and she doesn't like worms.'

'I don't like worms neither.' Albert-next-door said this; but we remembered how he had picked a fat red and black worm up in his fingers and thrown it at Dora only the day before.

So we put him in.

But he would not go in head first, the proper way, and dig with his hands as we had done, and though Oswald was angry at the time, for he hates snivellers, yet afterwards he owned that perhaps it was just as well. You should never be afraid to own that perhaps you were mistaken – but it is cowardly to do it unless you are quite sure you are in the wrong.

'Let me go in feet first,' said Albert-next-door. 'I'll dig with my boots – I will truly, honour bright.'

So we let him get in feet first – and he did it very slowly and at last he was in, and only his head sticking out into the hole; and all the rest of him in the tunnel.

'Now dig with your boots,' said Oswald; 'and, Alice, do catch hold of Pincher, he'll be digging again in another minute, and perhaps it would be uncomfortable for Albert if Pincher threw the mould into his eyes.'

You should always try to think of these little things. Thinking of other people's comfort makes them like you. Alice held Pincher, and we all shouted, 'Kick! dig with your feet, for all you're worth!'

So Albert-next-door began to dig with his feet, and we stood on the ground over him, waiting – and all in a minute the ground gave way, and we tumbled together in a heap: and when we got up there was a little shallow hollow where we had been standing, and Albert-next-door was underneath, stuck quite fast, because the roof of the tunnel had tumbled in on him. He is a horribly unlucky boy to have anything to do with.

It was dreadful the way he cried and screamed, though he had to own it didn't hurt, only it was rather heavy and he couldn't move his legs. We would have dug him out all right enough, in time, but he screamed so we were afraid the police would come, so Dicky climbed over the wall, to tell the cook there to tell Albert-

next-door's uncle he had been buried by mistake, and to come and help dig him out.

Dicky was a long time gone. We wondered what had become of him, and all the while the screaming went on and on, for we had taken the loose earth off Albert's face so that he could scream quite easily and comfortably.

Presently Dicky came back and Albert-next-door's uncle came with him. He has very long legs, and his hair is light and his face is brown. He has been to sea, but now he writes books. I like him.

He told his nephew to stow it, so Albert did, and then he asked him if he was hurt – and Albert had to say he wasn't, for though he is a coward, and very unlucky, he is not a liar like some boys are.

'This promises to be a protracted if agreeable task,' said Albert-next-door's uncle, rubbing his hands and looking at the hole with Albert's head in it. 'I will get another spade,' so he fetched the big spade out of the next-door garden tool-shed, and began to dig his nephew out.

'Mind you keep very still,' he said, 'or I might chunk a bit out of you with the spade.' Then after a while he said –

'I confess that I am not absolutely insensible to the dramatic interest of the situation. My curiosity is excited. I own that I should like to know how my nephew happened to be buried. But don't tell me if you'd rather not. I suppose no force was used?'

'Only moral force,' said Alice. They used to talk a lot about moral force at the High School where she went, and in case you don't know what it means I'll tell you that it is making people do what they don't want to, just by slanging them, or laughing at them, or promising them things if they're good.

'Only moral force, eh?' said Albert-next-door's uncle. 'Well?'

'Well,' Dora said, 'I'm very sorry it happened to Albert – I'd rather it had been one of us. It would have been my turn to go into the tunnel, only I don't like worms, so they let me off. You see we were digging for treasure.'

'Yes,' said Alice, 'and I think we were just coming to the underground passage that leads to the secret hoard, when the tunnel fell in on Albert. He *is* so unlucky,' and she sighed.

Then Albert-next-door began to scream again, and his uncle wiped his face – his own face, not Albert's – with his silk

handkerchief, and then he put it in his trousers pocket. It seems a strange place to put a handkerchief, but he had his coat and waistcoat off and I suppose he wanted the handkerchief handy. Digging is warm work.

He told Albert-next-door to drop it, or he wouldn't proceed further in the matter, so Albert stopped screaming, and presently his uncle finished digging him out. Albert did look so funny, with his hair all dusty and his velvet suit covered with mould and his face muddy with earth and crying.

We all said how sorry we were, but he wouldn't say a word back to us. He was most awfully sick to think he'd been the one buried, when it might just as well have been one of us. I felt myself that it was hard lines.

'So you were digging for treasure,' said Albert-next-door's uncle, wiping his face again with his handkerchief. 'Well, I fear that your chances of success are small. I have made a careful study of the whole subject. What I don't know about buried treasure is not worth knowing. And I never knew more than one coin buried in any one garden – and that is generally – Hullo – what's that?'

He pointed to something shining in the hole he had just dragged Albert out of. Oswald picked it up. It was a half-crown. We looked at each other, speechless with surprise and delight, like in books.

'Well, that's lucky, at all events,' said Albert-next-door's uncle.

'Let's see, that's fivepence each for you.'

'It's fourpence – something; I can't do fractions,' said Dicky; 'there are seven of us, you see.'

'Oh, you count Albert as one of yourselves on this occasion, eh?'

'Of course,' said Alice; 'and I say, he was buried after all. Why shouldn't we let him have the odd somethings, and we'll have fourpence each.'

We all agreed to do this, and told Albert-next-door we would bring his share as soon as we could get the half-crown changed. He cheered up a little at that, and his uncle wiped his face again – he did look hot – and began to put on his coat and waistcoat.

When he had done it he stooped and picked up something. He held it up, and you will hardly believe it, but it is quite true – it was another half-crown!

'To think that there should be two!' he said; 'in all my experience of buried treasure I never heard of such a thing!'

I wish Albert-next-door's uncle would come treasure-seeking with us regularly; he must have very sharp eyes: for Dora says she was looking just the minute before at the very place where the second half-crown was picked up from, and *she* never saw it.

* * *

Chapter 3

Being Detectives

The next thing that happened to us was very interesting. It was as real as the half-crowns – not just pretending. I shall try to write it as like a real book as I can.¹ Of course we have read Mr Sherlock Holmes, as well as the yellow-covered books with pictures outside that are so badly printed; and you get them for fourpence halfpenny at the bookstall when the corners of them are beginning to curl up and get dirty, with people looking to see how the story ends when they are waiting for trains. I think this is most unfair to the boy at the bookstall. The books are written by a gentleman named Gaboriau, and Albert's uncle says they are the worst translations in the world – and written in vile English. Of course they're not like Kipling, but they're jolly good stories. And we had just been reading a book by Dick Diddlington – that's not his right name, but I know all about libel actions, so I shall not say what his name is really, because his books are rot. Only they put it into our heads to do what I am going to narrate.²

It was in September, and we were not to go to the seaside because it is so expensive, even if you go to Sheerness, where it is all tin cans and old boots and no sand at all. But every one else went, even the people next door – not Albert's side, but the other. Their servant told Eliza they were all going to Scarborough, and next day sure enough all the blinds were down and the shutters up, and the milk was not left any more. There is a big horse-chestnut tree between their garden and ours, very useful for getting

conkers out of and for making stuff to rub on your chilblains. This prevented our seeing whether the blinds were down at the back as well, but Dicky climbed to the top of the tree and looked, and they were.

It was jolly hot weather, and very stuffy indoors – we used to play a good deal in the garden. We made a tent out of the kitchen clothes-horse and some blankets off our beds, and though it was quite as hot in the tent as in the house it was a very different sort of hotness. Albert's uncle called it the Turkish Bath. It is not nice to be kept from the seaside, but we know that we have much to be thankful for. We might be poor little children living in a crowded alley where even at summer noon hardly a ray of sunlight penetrates; clothed in rags and with bare feet – though I do not mind holes in my clothes myself, and bare feet would not be at all bad in this sort of weather.³ Indeed we do, sometimes, when we are playing at things which require it. It was shipwrecked mariners that day, I remember, and we were all in the blanket tent. We had just finished eating the things we had saved, at the peril of our lives, from the fast-sinking vessel. They were rather nice things. Two pennyworth of cocoa-nut candy – it was got in Greenwich, where it is four ounces a penny – three apples, some macaroni – the straight sort that is so useful to suck things through – some raw rice, and a large piece of cold suet pudding that Alice nicked from the larder when she went to get the rice and macaroni. And when we had finished some one said –

'I should like to be a detective.'

I wish to be quite fair, but I cannot remember exactly who said it. Oswald thinks he said it, and Dora says it was Dicky, but Oswald is too much of a man to quarrel about a little thing like that.⁴

'I should like to be a detective,' said – perhaps it was Dicky, but I think not – 'and find out strange and hidden crimes.'

'You would have to be much cleverer than you are,' said H.O.

'Not so very,' Alice said, 'because when you've read the books you know what the things mean: the red hair on the handle of the knife, or the grains of white powder on the velvet collar of the villain's overcoat. I believe we could do it.'

'I shouldn't like to have anything to do with murders,' said Dora; 'somehow it doesn't seem safe –'

'And it always ends in the poor murderer being hanged,' said Alice.

We explained to her why murderers have to be hanged, but she only said, 'I don't care. I'm sure no one would ever do murdering twice. Think of the blood and things, and what you would see when you woke up in the night!⁵ I shouldn't mind being a detective to lie in wait for a gang of coiners, now, and spring upon them unawares, and secure them – single-handed, you know, or with only my faithful bloodhound.'

She stroked Pincher's ears, but he had gone to sleep because he knew well enough that all the suet pudding was finished. He is a very sensible dog.

'You always get hold of the wrong end of the stick,' Oswald said. 'You can't choose what crimes you'll be a detective about. You just have to get a suspicious circumstance, and then you look for a clue and follow it up. Whether it turns out a murder or a missing will is just a fluke.'

'That's one way,' Dicky said. 'Another is to get a paper and find two advertisements or bits of news that fit. Like this: "Young Lady Missing," and then it tells about all the clothes she had on, and the gold locket she wore, and the colour of her hair, and all that; and then in another piece of the paper you see, "Gold locket found," and then it all comes out.'

We sent H.O. for the paper at once, but we could not make any of the things fit in. The two best were about how some burglars broke into a place in Holloway where they made preserved tongues and invalid delicacies, and carried off a lot of them. And on another page there was, 'Mysterious deaths in Holloway.' Oswald thought there was something in it, and so did Albert's uncle when we asked him, but the others thought not, so Oswald agreed to drop it. Besides, Holloway is a long way off. All the time we were talking about the paper Alice seemed to be thinking about something else, and when we had done she said –

'I believe we might be detectives ourselves, but I should not like to get anybody into trouble.'

'Not murderers or robbers?' Dicky asked.

'It wouldn't be murderers,' she said; 'but I *have* noticed something strange. Only I feel a little frightened. Let's ask Albert's uncle first.'

Alice is a jolly sight too fond of asking grown-up people things. And we all said it was Tommy-rot, and she was to tell us.

'Well, promise you won't do anything without me,' Alice said, and we promised. Then she said –

'This is a dark secret, and any one who thinks it is better not to be involved in a career of crime-discovery had better go away ere yet it be too late.'

So Dora said she had had enough of tents, and she was going to look at the shops. H.O. went with her because he had twopence to spend. They thought it was only a game of Alice's but Oswald knew by the way she spoke. He can nearly always tell. And when people are not telling the truth Oswald generally knows by the way they look with their eyes. Oswald is not proud of being able to do this. He knows it is through no merit of his own that he is much cleverer than some people.

When they had gone, the rest of us got closer together and said –
'Now then.'

'Well,' Alice said, 'you know the house next door? The people have gone to Scarborough. And the house is shut up. But last night *I saw a light in the windows.*'

We asked her how and when, because her room is in the front, and she couldn't possibly have seen. And then she said –

'I'll tell you if you boys will promise not ever to go fishing again without me.'

So we had to promise. Then she said –

'It was last night. I had forgotten to feed my rabbits and I woke up and remembered it. And I was afraid I should find them dead in the morning, like Oswald did.'

'It wasn't my fault,' Oswald said; 'there was something the matter with the beasts. I fed them right enough.'

Alice said she didn't mean that, and she went on –

'I came down into the garden, and I saw a light in the house, and dark figures moving about. I thought perhaps it was burglars, but Father hadn't come home, and Eliza had gone to bed, so I couldn't do anything. Only I thought perhaps I would tell the rest of you.'

'Why didn't you tell us this morning?' Noël asked. And Alice explained that she did not want to get any one into trouble, even

burglars. 'But we might watch to-night,' she said, 'and see if we see the light again.'⁶

'They might have been burglars,' Noël said. He was sucking the last bit of his macaroni. 'You know the people next door are very grand. They won't know us – and they go out in a real private carriage sometimes. And they have an "At Home" day, and people come in cabs. I daresay they have piles of plate and jewellery and rich brocades, and furs of price and things like that. Let us keep watch to-night.'

'It's no use watching to-night,' Dicky said; 'if it's only burglars they won't come again. But there are other things besides burglars that are discovered in empty houses where lights are seen moving.'

'You mean coiners,' said Oswald at once. 'I wonder what the reward is for setting the police on their track?'

Dicky thought it ought to be something fat, because coiners are always a desperate gang; and the machinery they make the coins with is so heavy and handy for knocking down detectives.

Then it was tea-time, and we went in; and Dora and H.O. had clubbed their money together and bought a melon; quite a big one, and only a little bit squashy at one end. It was very good, and then we washed the seeds and made things with them and with pins and cotton. And nobody said any more about watching the house next door.

Only when we went to bed Dicky took off his coat and waist-coat, but he stopped at his braces, and said –

'What about the coiners?'

Oswald had taken off his collar and tie, and he was just going to say the same, so he said, 'Of course I meant to watch, only my collar's rather tight, so I thought I'd take it off first.'

Dicky said he did not think the girls ought to be in it, because there might be danger, but Oswald reminded him that they had promised Alice, and that a promise is a sacred thing, even when you'd much rather not. So Oswald got Alice alone under pretence of showing her a caterpillar – Dora does not like them, and she screamed and ran away when Oswald offered to show it her. Then Oswald explained, and Alice agreed to come and watch if she could. This made us later than we ought to have been, because Alice had to wait till Dora was quiet and then creep out